

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 24 June 2024
1.00pm

From Earth to Heaven

Mary Bevan soprano
Joseph Middleton piano

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Kaddisch from *2 mélodies hébraïques* (1914)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Strophe aus 'Die Götter Griechenlands' D677 (1819)
Nachtstück D672 (1819)
Auflösung D807 (1824)

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Dereinst, Gedanke mein No. 2 from *6 songs* Op. 48
(1884-8)

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

The Desire for Hermitage from *Hermit Songs* Op. 29
(1952-3)

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Requiem from *6 Gedichte von N Lenau und Requiem*
Op. 90 (1850)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Now that the sun hath veiled his light (An Evening
Hymn on a Ground) Z193 (pub. 1688)

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

Come to me in my dreams

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Ganymed from *Goethe Lieder* (1888-90)

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen from *Rückert*
Lieder (1901-2)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Morgen! Op. 27 No. 4 (1894)

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Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Translation by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP

Kaddisch from 2 *mélodies hébraïques*

(1914)

Liturgical text

Yithgaddal weyithkaddash scheméh rabba be'olmâ Diverâ 'khire' outhé veyamli'kh mal'khouté behayyé'khön, Ouvezome'khôu ouve'hayyé de'khol beth yisraël Ba'agalâ ouvizman qariw weimrou: Amen. Yithbara'kh Weyischtaba'h weyith paër weyithromam Weyithnassé weyithhaddar weyith'allé weyithhallal Scheméh dequoudschâ beri'kh hou, l'êla ule'êla Min kol bir'khatha weschiratha touschbehatha Wene'hamathâ daamirân ah! Be'olma ah! We imrou: Amen.	Kaddisch May thy glory, O King of Kings, be exalted, O thou who art to renew the world and resurrect the dead. May thy reign, Adonai, be proclaimed by us, the sons of Israel, today, tomorrow, forever. Let us all say: Amen. May thy radiant name be loved, cherished, praised, glorified. May it be blessed, sanctified, exalted, thy name which soars above the heavens, above our praises, above our hymns, above all our benisons. May merciful heaven grant us tranquillity, peace, happiness. Ah! Let us all say: Amen.
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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Strophe aus 'Die Götter Griechenlands' D677

(1819)

Friedrich Schiller

Schöne Welt, wo bist du? Kehre wieder, Holdes Blütenalter der Natur! Ach, nur in dem Feenland der Lieder	Beautiful world, where are you? Come again, fair springtime of nature! Ah, only in the enchanted land of song
--	--

Lebt noch deine fabelhafte Spur. Ausgestorben trauert das Gefilde, Keine Gottheit zeigt sich meinem Blick, Ach, von jenem lebenwarmen Bilde Blieb der Schatten nur zurück.	does your fabled memory still live on. The fields, deserted, mourn, no god appears before my eyes, ah, of all that living warmth only the shadows have remained.
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Translation by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.

Nachtstück D672 (1819) Nocturne

Johann Mayrhofer

Wenn über Berge sich der Nebel breitet, Und Luna mit Gewölken kämpft, So nimmt der Alte seine Harfe, und schreitet, Und singt waldeinwärts gedämpft: „Du heil'ge Nacht! Bald ist's vollbracht. Bald schlaf' ich ihn Den langen Schlummer, Der mich erlöst Von allem Kummer.“ Die grünen Bäume rauschen dann, Schlaf süß, du guter alter Mann; Die Gräser lispeln wankend fort, Wir decken seinen Ruheort; Und mancher liebe Vogel ruft, O lass ihn ruh'n in Rasengruft!“ –	When mist spreads over the mountains, and Luna battles with the clouds, the old man takes up his harp, and steps into the forest, singing softly: 'O holy night! Soon it shall be done. Soon I shall sleep the long sleep, that shall free me from all affliction.' Then the green trees will rustle: sleep well, good old man; the swaying grass will whisper: we will cover his resting- place; and many a sweet bird will call: O let him rest in his grassy grave! –
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Der Alte horcht, der Alte schweigt – Der Tod hat sich zu ihm geneigt.	The old man listens, the old man is silent – death has inclined towards him.
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Translation by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Auflösung D807 (1824)*Johann Mayrhofer*

Verbirg dich, Sonne,
Denn die Gluten der Wonne
Versengen mein Gebein;
Verstummet Töne,
Frühlings Schöne
Flüchte dich, und lass mich
allein!

Quillen doch aus allen Falten
Meiner Seele liebliche
Gewalten;
Die mich umschlingen,
Himmlich singen –
Geh' unter Welt, und
störe
Nimmer die süssen
ätherischen Chöre!

Dissolution

Conceal yourself, sun,
for the fires of rapture
scorch my whole being;
fall silent, sounds,
spring beauty
flee, and leave me to
myself!

For sweet powers well up
from every recess of my
soul,
and envelop me
with celestial song –
dissolve, world, and never
more
disturb the sweet
ethereal choirs!

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Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

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**Dereinst, Gedanke
mein No. 2 from 6
songs Op. 48** (1884-8)*Emanuel Geibel*

Dereinst, dereinst
Gedanke mein
Wirst ruhig sein.
Lässt Liebesglut
Dich still nicht werden:
In kühler Erden
Da schläfst du gut;
Dort ohne Liebe
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

Was du im Leben
Nicht hast gefunden,
Wenn es entschwunden,
Wird's dir gegeben.
Dann ohne Wunden
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

**One day, my
thoughts**

One day, one day,
my thoughts,
you shall be at rest.
Though love's ardour
gives you no peace,
you shall sleep well
in cool earth;
there without love
and without pain
you shall be at rest.

What you did not
find in life,
will be granted you
when life is ended.
Then, free from torment
and free from pain,
you shall be at rest.

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)**The Desire for Hermitage from *Hermit
Songs Op. 29*** (1952-3)*(8th–9th Century)*

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near
me;
Beloved that pilgrimage before the last pilgrimage to
Death.
Singing the passing hours to cloudy Heaven;
Feeding upon dry bread and water from the cold
spring.
That will be an end to evil when I am alone
In a lovely little corner among tombs
Far from the houses of the great.
Ah! To be all alone in a little cell,
To be alone, all alone:
Alone I came into the world,
Alone I shall go from it.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

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**Requiem from 6
Gedichte von N Lenau
und Requiem Op. 90**
(1850)*Anonymous trans.**Leberecht Blücher Dreves*

Ruh' von schmerzreichen
Mühen
Aus und heissem
Liebesglühen;
Der nach seligem Verein
Trug
Verlangen,
Ist gegangen
Zu des Heilands Wohnung
ein.

Dem Gerechten leuchten
helle
Sterne in des Grabes Zelle,
Ihm, der selbst als Stern der
Nacht
Wird erscheinen,
Wenn er seinen
Herrn erschaut in
Himmelspracht.

Requiem

Rest from pain-wracked
toil
and love's passionate
ardour;
he who desired
blessed reunion in
Heaven
has entered
the Saviour's
dwelling.

For the righteous, bright
stars
shine within the tomb,
for him, who will
himself
appear as a night star,
when he beholds his Lord
in Heavenly
glory.

Seid Fürsprecher, heil'ge Seelen,	Intercede for him, holy souls,
Heil'ger Geist, lass Trost nicht fehlen;	Holy spirit, let comfort not be lacking.
Hörst du? Jubelsang erklingt,	Do you hear? Songs of joy resound,
Feiertöne,	solemn tones,
Darein die schöne	among them the lovely song
Engelsharfe singt:	of the angels' harp:
Ruh' von schmerzreichen Mühen	Rest from pain-wracked toil
Aus und heissem Liebesglühen;	and love's passionate ardour;
Der nach seligem Verein Trug	he who desired blessed reunion in Heaven
Verlangen,	has entered
Ist gegangen	the Saviour's
Zu des Heilands Wohnung ein.	dwelling.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Now that the sun hath veiled his light (An Evening Hymn on a Ground) Z193 (pub. 1688)

William Fuller

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light
And bid the world goodnight,
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear God, even in thy arms;
And can there be any so sweet security?
Then to thy rest, O my soul, and, singing, praise
The mercy that prolongs thy days! Halleluia.

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

Come to me in my dreams

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

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Ganymed from Goethe Ganymede

Lieder (1888-90)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wie im Morgenglanze	How in the morning radiance
Du rings mich anglühst	you glow at me from all sides,
Frühling, Geliebter!	spring, beloved!
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne	With thousandfold delights of love,
Sich an mein Herz drängt	the holy sense
Deiner ewigen Wärme	of your eternal worth
Heilig Gefühl,	presses against my heart,
Unendliche Schöne!	beauty without end!
Dass ich dich fassen möcht' In diesen Arm!	To clasp you in these arms!
Ach an deinem Busen Lieg' ich und schmachte,	Ah, on your breast, I lie and languish,
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras	and your flowers, your grass
Drängen sich an mein Herz.	press against my heart.
Du kühlst den brennenden Durst meines Busens,	You cool the burning thirst of my breast,
Lieblicher Morgenwind!	sweet morning breeze!
Ruft drein die Nachtigall	The nightingale calls out to me
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.	longingly from the misty valley.
Ich komm', ich komme! Ach wohin, wohin?	I come, I come! Where? Ah, where?
Hinauf strebt's, hinauf!	Upwards! Upwards I'm driven.
Es schweben die Wolken Abwärts, die Wolken	The clouds drift down, the clouds
Neigen sich der sehnenenden Liebe.	yield to yearning love.
Mir! Mir!	To me! To me!
In euerm Schosse Aufwärts!	Enveloped by you aloft!
Umfangend umfängen!	Embraced and embracing!
Aufwärts an deinen Busen, Alliebender Vater!	Upwards to your bosom, all-loving Father!

Translations by Richard Stokes © from The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf. Life, Letters, Lieder (Faber, 2021)

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Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

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Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

from *Rückert Lieder*

(1901-2)

Friedrich Rückert

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen, Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben. Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen, Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben.	I am lost to the world with which I used to waste much time; it has for so long heard nothing of me, it may well believe that I am dead.
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen, Ob sie mich für gestorben hält. Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen, Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.	Nor am I at all concerned if it should think me dead. Nor can I deny it, for truly I am dead to the world.
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel, Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet. Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel, In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.	I am dead to the world's tumult and rest in a quiet realm. I live alone in my heaven, in my loving, in my song.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Morgen! Op. 27 No. 4 Tomorrow!

(1894)

John Henry Mackay

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde, Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen, Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...	And tomorrow the sun will shine again and on the path that I shall take, it will unite us, happy ones, again, amid this same sun- breathing earth ...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen, Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen, Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,	And to the shore, broad, blue-waved, we shall quietly and slowly descend, speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,

Und auf uns sinkt des
Glückes stummes
Schweigen ...

and the speechless
silence of bliss shall fall
on us ...

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