

# WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 10 November 2024  
3.00pm

## A Little Night Music

Angela Brower mezzo-soprano  
James Baillieu piano

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)  
Ich trage meine Minne Op. 32 No. 1 (1896)  
Hat gesagt - bleibt's nicht dabei Op. 36 No. 3 (1898)  
Schlechtes Wetter Op. 69 No. 5 (1918)

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Les nuits d'été Op. 7 (1840-1)  
*Villanelle • Le spectre de la rose • Sur les lagunes •  
Absence • Au cimetière • L'île inconnue*

Jake Heggie (b.1961)

Songs to the Moon (1998)  
*Once More - To Gloriana, Part 1: Fairy-Tales for the  
Children • Euclid • The Haughty Snail King • What the  
Rattlesnake Said • The Moon's the North-Wind's Cooky •  
What the Scarecrow Said • What the Gray-Winged Fairy  
Said • Yet Gentle Will the Griffin Be*

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This programme of 'A Little Night Music' begins with four songs by **Richard Strauss**. In the first two, love shines forth at night. 'Heimliche Aufforderung' tells of a secret signal passed between two lovers at a feast, and their subsequent meeting outside in the garden. The poem is by John Henry Mackay, who was born in Greenock in Scotland; his mother was German and his father a Scottish marine insurance broker. His father died before John was two years old, and mother and child moved to Germany. He lived in Berlin and became a campaigner for gay rights, though that terminology wasn't in use then. Writing under the pseudonym 'Sagitta', his works include *Die Bücher der Namenlosen Liebe* ('Books of the Nameless Love'), a series of books issued twice a year from 1905 to 1913, available by subscription only, that promoted the cause of homosexual emancipation. Mackay's other main work in this field, also written under the pseudonym 'Sagitta', is *Der Puppenjunge*, which was also published in English with the title *The Hustler* in 1926. Strauss knew Mackay personally, so it is inconceivable that he was unaware of Mackay's work in this field.

In 'Ich trage meine Minne', the poet's love shines forth even in the dark, gloomy night. The word 'Minne' is Middle High German for a pure, noble and selfless love, as sung by the *Minnesänger*, medieval minstrels who sang of courtly love. The repetition of the opening stanza at the end of the song is not in the original poem, but makes perfect sense in Strauss's song, and must have been of particular significance to the composer, because in December 1932, when Strauss was writing *Die schweigsame Frau*, he quoted the third and fourth lines of the outer stanzas of this song as his thanks to his librettist Stefan Zweig.

The poem is by Karl Friedrich Henckell, who was born in Hanover, but lived in Switzerland for much of his life, as well as briefly in Italy and Belgium. In 1896, he set up his own publishing business, printing his poems as well as the works of others. Strauss set nine of Henckell's poems, and Henckell was also very enthusiastic about Strauss's music, on several occasions sending him volumes of his poetry in the hope that he might set more of them.

Most of the poem of 'Hat gesagt - bleibt's nicht dabei' does not specifically take place at night, though the three kisses the lover promises to give, and what they will doubtless lead to, may be inferred as taking place throughout the following night. The poem of this song is taken from that iconic centrepiece of German folk poetry, *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*. 'Schlechtes Wetter' tells of a stormy night through which an old woman struggles with the ingredients for the cake that she plans to bake for her daughter. This song was written in 1918-9, so Strauss

was probably thinking about the importance of home comforts in the darkness of wartime. Heine's poem was written about a century earlier – it is from his *Buch der Lieder*, first published in 1827.

**Berlioz's** title for *Les nuits d'été* ('Summer nights') is curious – of the six songs, only one ('Le spectre de la rose') is specifically set at night in summer (we know it's summer because the rose was in bloom). One other ('Au cimetière') is set at sunset in summer (again, we know it's summer because the belles-de-nuits are in flower). 'Sur les lagunes' is set at night, but the season is unspecified, 'Absence' and 'L'île inconnue' make no reference to either night or summer, and the opening song, 'Villanelle', is in fact specifically set in spring and takes place in full daylight, though the final couplets, when the lovers return home to 'entwine their fingers like baskets' while they eat the wild strawberries that they have gathered, may be presumed to take place at night. The poems are by Théophile Gautier, who was a friend and near neighbour of Berlioz in Paris. The songs were originally written in 1840-1 for voice and piano (Berlioz specified tenor or mezzo as the voice-type, which gives an interesting insight into the use of the term 'mezzo' in France at that time, being a description of vocal colour rather than range) and Berlioz later orchestrated them for a range of voice-types, beginning with 'Absence', which he orchestrated in 1843 for his mistress (and later second wife) the mezzo-soprano Marie Recio.

**Jake Heggie's** eight *Songs to the Moon*, subtitled 'Fairy-Tales for Children', were written in 1998 and premièred at the Ravinia Festival, Chicago on 20 August that year by Frederica von Stade and Martin Katz. The poems are by Vachel Lindsay, who was born in Illinois in 1879. Lindsay saw himself as a modern troubadour, and travelled across America on foot, bartering his poems for food and lodging – these travels covered 600 miles from Jacksonville, Florida to Kentucky in 1906 alone, and he made similar journeys in 1908 (from New York to Hiram, Ohio), and in 1912 from Illinois to New Mexico. He saw his poetry as 'performance art' that should be declaimed or sung, not read, and he himself became famous for declaiming his poems with extravagant gestures, as what he called 'Higher Vaudeville'. In 1914, Lindsay fell in love with his fellow poet Sara Teasdale, but she married a rich businessman instead. He suffered from near-constant financial worries and later from failing health as a result of his road trips, and he committed suicide on 5 December 1931, at the age of 52. His final words were said to be, 'They tried to get me; I got them first!'

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## Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

### Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894) John Henry Mackay

### Secret invitation

Auf, hebe die funkelnde  
Schale empor zum Mund,  
Und trinke beim  
Freudenmahle dein Herz  
gesund.

Come, raise to your lips  
the sparkling goblet,  
and drink at this joyful  
feast your heart to  
health.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so  
winke mir heimlich zu,  
Dann lächle ich, und dann  
trinke ich still wie du...

And when you raise it,  
give me a secret sign,  
then I shall smile and  
drink as quietly as you...

Und still gleich mir betrachte  
um uns das Heer  
Der trunknen Schwätzer –  
verachte sie nicht  
zu sehr.

And quietly like me, look  
around at the hordes  
of drunken gossips – do  
not despise them too  
much.

Nein, hebe die blinkende  
Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,  
Und lass beim lärmenden  
Mahle sie glücklich sein.

No, raise the glittering  
goblet, filled with wine,  
and let them be happy at  
the noisy feast.

Doch hast du das  
Mahl genossen,  
den Durst  
gestillt,  
Dann verlasse der lauten  
Genossen festfreudiges  
Bild,

But once you have  
savoured the meal,  
quenched your  
thirst,  
leave the loud  
company of happy  
revellers,

Und wandle hinaus in den  
Garten zum  
Rosenstrauch, -  
Dort will ich dich dann  
erwarten nach altem  
Brauch,

And come out into the  
garden to the rose-  
bush, -  
there I shall wait for you  
as I've always  
done,

Und will an die Brust dir  
sinken, eh du's  
gehofft,  
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie  
ehmals oft,

And I shall sink on your  
breast, before you  
could hope,  
and drink your kisses, as  
often before,

Und flechten in deine Haare  
der Rose Pracht –  
O komm, du wunderbare,  
ersehnte Nacht!

And twine in your hair the  
glorious rose –  
Ah! come, o wondrous,  
longed-for night

### Ich trage meine Minne Op. 32 No. 1 (1896) Karl Friedrich Henckell

### I bear my love

Ich trage meine Minne  
Vor Wonne stumm  
Im Herzen und im Sinne  
Mit mir herum.  
Ja, dass ich dich  
gefunden,  
Du liebes Kind,  
Das freut mich alle Tage,  
Die mir beschieden sind.

I bear my love  
in silent bliss  
about with me  
in heart and mind.  
Yes, that I have found  
you,  
sweet child,  
will cheer me all  
my allotted days.

Und ob auch der Himmel  
trübe,  
Kohlschwarz die Nacht,  
Hell leuchtet meiner Liebe  
Goldsonnige Pracht.  
Und lügt auch die Welt in  
Sünden,  
So tut mir's weh –  
Die arge muss  
erblinden  
Vor deiner Unschuld Schnee.

Though the sky  
be dim,  
and the night pitch-black,  
my love shines brightly  
in golden splendour.  
And though the world lies  
and sins,  
and it hurts to see it so –  
the bad world must be  
blinded  
by your snowy innocence.

### Hat gesagt - bleibt's nicht dabei Op. 36 No. 3 (1898) Traditional

### It won't stop there

Mein Vater hat gesagt,  
Ich soll das Kindlein wiegen,  
Er will mir auf den Abend  
Drei Gaggeleier sieden;  
Siedt er mir drei,  
Isst er mir zwei,  
Und ich mag nicht wiegen  
Um ein einziges Ei.

My father told me  
to rock the baby,  
in the evening, he said,  
he'd boil me three eggs;  
if he boils me three,  
he'll eat two,  
and I don't want to rock  
for a single egg.

Mein Mutter hat gesagt,  
Ich soll die Mägdlein  
verraten,  
Sie wollt mir auf den Abend  
Drei Vögelein  
braten;  
Brät sie mir drei,  
Isst sie mir zwei,  
Um ein einzig Vöglein,  
Treib ich kein Verräterei.

My mother told me  
to tell on the  
maids,  
in the evening, she said,  
she'd roast me three  
birds;  
if she roasts me three,  
she'll eat two,  
for a single bird  
I'll not turn traitor.

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

Mein Schätzlein hat gesagt, Ich soll sein gedenken, Er wöllt mir auf den Abend Drei Küssllein auch schenken; Schenkt er mir drei, Bleibt's nicht dabei, Was kümmert michs Vöglein, Was schiert mich das Ei.	My sweetheart told me I should think of him, in the evening, he said he'd give me three kisses; if he gives me three, it won't stop there, what do I care for the bird, what do I care for the egg.
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**Schlechtes Wetter Op. 69 No. 5 (1918)**  
*Heinrich Heine*

Das ist ein schlechtes Wetter, Es regnet und stürmt und schneit; Ich sitze am Fenster und schaue Hinaus in die Dunkelheit.	<b>Dreadful weather</b>  This is dreadful weather, it's raining and blowing and snowing; I sit at my window and stare out into the darkness.
--	--

Da schimmert ein einsames Lichtchen, Das wandelt langsam fort; Ein Mütterchen mit dem Laternchen Wankt über die Strasse dort.	One solitary light flickers out there, moving slowly along; a little old woman with a lantern totters across the street.
--	---

Ich glaube, Mehl und Eier Und Butter kaufte sie ein; Sie will einen Kuchen backen Fürs grosse Töchterlein.	I fancy it's flour and eggs and butter she's been buying; she's going to bake a cake for her big little daughter.
--	--

Die liegt zu Haus im Lehnstuhl, Und blinzelt schläfrig ins Licht; Die goldnen Locken wallen Über das süsse Gesicht.	She lolls at home in the armchair, blinking sleepily into the light; her golden curls tumble down over her sweet face.
---	--

**Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)**

**Les nuits d'été Op. 7 (1840-1)**  
*Théophile Gautier*

**Villanelle**

Quand viendra la saison  
nouvelle,  
Quand auront disparu les  
froids,  
Tous les deux nous irons, ma  
belle,  
Pour cueillir le muguet  
au bois;  
Sous nos pieds égrenant  
les perles  
Que l'on voit au matin  
trembler,  
Nous irons écouter les  
merles  
Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma  
belle;  
C'est le mois des amants  
béni,  
Et l'oiseau, satinant  
son aile,  
Dit ses vers au rebord  
du nid.  
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc  
de mousse,  
Pour parler de nos beaux  
amours,  
Et dis-moi de ta voix si  
douce:  
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant  
nos courses,  
Faisons fuir le lapin caché,  
  
Et le daim au miroir  
des sources  
Admirant son grand bois  
penché;  
Puis, chez nous, tout  
heureux, tout aises,  
En panier enlaçant nos  
doigts,  
Revenons rapportant des  
fraises  
Des bois!

**Villanelle**

When the new season  
comes,  
when the cold has  
gone,  
we two will go, my  
sweet,  
to gather lilies-of-the-  
valley in the woods;  
scattering as we tread the  
pearls of dew  
we see quivering each  
morn,  
we'll go and hear the  
blackbirds  
sing!

Spring has come, my  
sweet;  
it is the season lovers  
bless,  
and the birds, preening  
their wings,  
sing songs from the edge  
of their nests.  
Ah! Come, then, to this  
mossy bank  
to talk of our beautiful  
love,  
and tell me in your gentle  
voice:  
forever!

Far, far away we'll stray  
from our path,  
startling the rabbit from  
his hiding-place  
and the deer reflected in  
the spring,  
admiring his great  
lowered antlers;  
then home we'll go,  
serene and at ease,  
and entwining our fingers  
basket-like,  
we'll bring back home  
wild  
strawberries!

## Le spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close  
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;

Je suis le spectre d'une rose  
Que tu portais hier  
au bal.

Tu me pris encore  
emperlée  
Des pleurs d'argent de  
l'arrosoir,

Et parmi la fête  
étoilée

Tu me promenais tout  
le soir.

O toi qui de ma mort fus  
cause,

Sans que tu puisses le  
chasser,

Toutes les nuits mon  
spectre rose

A ton chevet viendra  
danser.

Mais ne crains rien, je ne  
réclame

Ni messe ni *De*  
*profundis*;

Ce léger parfum est mon  
âme,

Et j'arrive du  
paradis.

Mon destin fut digne  
d'envie:

Et pour avoir un sort si  
beau,

Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,

Car sur ton sein j'ai mon  
tombeau,

Et sur l'albâtre où  
je repose

Un poète avec un baiser  
Ecrivit: Ci-gît une  
rose

Que tous les rois vont  
jalouser.

## Sur les lagunes

Ma belle amie est morte:  
Je pleurerai toujours;  
Sous la tombe elle  
emporte  
Mon âme et mes amours.

## The spectre of the rose

Open your eyelids,  
brushed by a virginal  
dream;

I am the spectre of a rose  
that yesterday you wore  
at the dance.

You plucked me still  
sprinkled  
with silver tears of dew,

and amid the glittering  
feast

you wore me all evening  
long.

O you who brought about  
my death,

you shall be powerless to  
banish me:

the rosy spectre which  
every night

will come to dance at  
your bedside.

But be not afraid – I  
demand

neither Mass nor *De*  
*Profundis*;

this faint perfume is my  
soul,

and I come from  
Paradise.

My destiny was worthy of  
envy;

and for such a beautiful  
fate,

many would have given  
their lives –

for my tomb is on your  
breast,

and on the alabaster  
where I lie,

a poet with a kiss  
has written: Here lies a  
rose

which every king will  
envy.

## On the lagoons

My dearest love is dead:  
I shall weep for evermore;  
to the tomb she takes  
with her  
my soul and all my love.

Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,  
Elle s'en  
retourna;  
L'ange qui  
l'emmena  
Ne voulut pas me prendre.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur  
la mer!

La blanche créature  
Est couchée au cercueil.

Comme dans la nature  
Tout me paraît en deuil!

La colombe oubliée  
Pleure et songe à  
l'absent;

Mon âme pleure et sent  
Qu'elle est dépareillée.

Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur  
la mer!

Sur moi la nuit  
immense

S'étend comme un linceul;  
Je chante ma romance

Que le ciel entend  
seul.

Ah! Comme elle était  
belle,

Et comme je l'aimais!  
Je n'aimerai

jamais  
Une femme autant qu'elle.

Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller  
sur la mer!

## Absence

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-  
aimée;

Comme une fleur loin du  
soleil,

La fleur de ma vie est  
fermée

Loin de ton sourire  
vermeil!

Without waiting for me  
she has returned to  
Heaven;  
the angel who took her  
away  
did not wish to take me.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to set sail loveless  
across the sea!

The pure white being  
lies in her coffin.

How everything in nature  
seems to mourn!

The forsaken dove  
weeps, dreaming of its  
absent mate;

my soul weeps and feels  
itself adrift.

How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to set sail loveless  
across the sea!

The immense night  
above me

is spread like a shroud;  
I sing my song

which heaven alone can  
hear.

Ah! how beautiful she  
was,

and how I loved her!  
I shall never love a

woman  
as I loved her.

How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to set sail loveless  
across the sea!

## Absence

Return, return, my  
sweetest love!

Like a flower far from the  
sun,

the flower of my life is  
closed

far from your crimson  
smile!

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

Entre nos coeurs quelle  
distance!  
Tant d'espace entre  
nos baisers!  
O sort amer! O dure  
absence!  
O grands désirs  
inapaisés!

Such a distance between  
our hearts!  
So great a gulf between  
our kisses!  
O bitter fate! O harsh  
absence!  
O great unassuaged  
desires!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-  
aimée!  
Comme une fleur loin du  
soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est  
fermée  
Loin de ton sourire  
vermeil!

Return, return, my  
sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the  
sun,  
the flower of my life is  
closed  
far from your crimson  
smile!

D'ici là-bas, que de  
campagnes,  
Que de villes et de  
hameaux,  
Que de vallons et de  
montagnes,  
A lasser le pied des  
chevaux!

So many intervening  
plains,  
so many towns and  
hamlets,  
so many valleys and  
mountains  
to weary the horses'  
hooves!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-  
aimée!  
Comme une fleur loin du  
soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est  
fermée  
Loin de ton sourire  
vermeil!

Return, return, my  
sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the  
sun,  
the flower of my life is  
closed  
far from your crimson  
smile!

## Au cimetière

## At the cemetery

Connaissez-vous la blanche  
tombe  
Où flotte avec un son  
plaintif  
L'ombre d'un if?  
Sur l'if, une pâle colombe,  
Triste et seule, au soleil  
couchant,  
Chante son chant;

Do you know the white  
tomb,  
where the shadow of a  
yew  
waves plaintively?  
On that yew a pale dove,  
sad and solitary at  
sundown  
sings its song;

Un air maladivement  
tendre,  
A la fois charmant  
et fatal,  
Qui vous fait mal  
Et qu'on voudrait toujours  
entendre,  
Un air, comme en soupire  
aux cieux  
L'ange amoureux.

A melody of morbid  
sweetness,  
delightful and deathly at  
once,  
which wounds you  
and which you'd like to  
hear forever,  
a melody, such as in the  
heavens,  
a lovesick angel sighs.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée  
Pleure sous terre à  
l'unisson  
De la chanson,  
Et du malheur d'être  
oubliée  
Se plaint dans un  
roucoulement  
Bien doucement.

As if the awakened soul  
weeps beneath the earth  
together  
with the song,  
and at the sorrow of  
being forgotten  
murmurs its  
complaint  
most meltingly.

Sur les ailes de la musique  
On sent lentement revenir  
Un souvenir;  
Une ombre, une forme  
angélique  
Passe dans un rayon  
tremblant,  
En voile blanc.

On the wings of music  
you sense the slow return  
of a memory;  
a shadow, an angelic form  
passes in a shimmering  
beam,  
veiled in white.

Les belles-de-nuit, demi-  
closes,  
Jettent leur parfum faible et  
doux  
Autour de vous,  
Et le fantôme aux molles  
poses  
Murmure, en vous tendant  
les bras:  
Tu reviendras?

The Marvels of Peru, half-  
closed,  
shed their fragrance  
sweet and faint  
about you,  
and the phantom with its  
languid gestures  
murmurs, reaching out to  
you:  
will you return?

Oh! jamais plus, près de la  
tombe  
Je n'irai, quand descend le  
soir  
Au manteau noir,  
Ecouter la pâle colombe  
Chanter sur la pointe de l'if  
Son chant plaintif!

Ah! nevermore shall I  
approach that tomb,  
when evening  
descends  
in its black cloak,  
to listen to the pale dove  
from the top of a yew  
sing its plaintive song!

## L'île inconnue

## The unknown isle

Dites, la jeune  
belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

Tell me, pretty young  
maid,  
where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
the breeze about to blow!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,  
Le pavillon de  
moire,  
Le gouvernail d'or fin;  
J'ai pour lest une orange,  
Pour voile une aile d'ange,  
Pour mousse un séraphin.

The oar is of ivory,  
the pennant of watered  
silk,  
the rudder of finest gold;  
for ballast I've an orange,  
for sail an angel's wing,  
for cabin boy a seraph.

Dites, la jeune  
belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?

Tell me, pretty young  
maid,  
where is it you would go?

La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

The sail is billowing,  
the breeze about to blow!

Est-ce dans la Baltique,  
Dans la mer Pacifique,  
Dans l'île de Java?  
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,  
Cueillir la fleur de neige  
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Perhaps the Baltic,  
or the Pacific  
or the Isle of Java?  
Or else to Norway,  
to pluck the snow flower  
or the flower of Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune  
belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?

Tell me, pretty young  
maid,  
where is it you would go?

Menez-moi, dit la  
belle,  
A la rive  
fidèle  
Où l'on aime  
toujours.  
– Cette rive, ma chère,  
On ne la connaît guère  
Au pays des amours.

Take me, said the pretty  
maid,  
to the shore of  
faithfulness  
where love endures  
forever.  
– That shore, my sweet,  
is scarce known,  
in the realm of love.

Où voulez-vous  
aller?  
La brise va  
souffler.

Where do you wish to go?  
The breeze is about to  
blow!

## Jake Heggie (b.1961)

### Songs to the Moon (1998)

*Vachel Lindsay*

### Once More - To Gloriana, Part 1: Fairy- Tales for the Children

Girl with the burning golden eyes,  
And red-bird song, and snowy throat:  
I bring you gold and silver moons  
And diamond stars, and mists that float.  
I bring you moons and snowy clouds,  
I bring you prairie skies tonight  
To feebly praise your golden eyes  
And red-bird song, and throat so white.

## Euclid

Old Euclid drew a circle  
On a sand-beach long ago.  
He bounded and enclosed it  
With angles thus and so.  
His set of solemn greybeards  
Nodded and argued much

Of arc and of circumference,  
Diameter and such.  
A silent child stood by them  
From morning until noon  
Because they drew such charming  
Round pictures of the moon.

## The Haughty Snail King

Twelve snails went walking after night.  
They'd creep an inch or so,  
Then stop and bug their eyes  
And blow.  
Some folks...are...deadly...slow.  
Twelve snails went walking yestereve,  
Led by their fat old king.  
They were so dull their princeling had  
No sceptre, robe or ring -  
Only a paper cap to wear  
When nightly journeying.

This king-snail said: 'I feel a thought  
Within... It blossoms soon...  
O little courtiers of mine,...  
I crave a pretty boon....  
Oh, yes...!' (High thoughts with effort come  
And well-bred snails are ALMOST dumb.)  
'I wish I had a yellow crown  
As glistening...as...the moon.'

## What the Rattlesnake Said

The moon's a little prairie-dog.  
He shivers through the night.  
He sits upon his hill and cries  
For fear that I will bite.

The sun's a bronco. He's afraid  
Like every other thing,  
And trembles, morning, noon and night,  
Lest I should spring, and sting.

## The Moon's the North-Wind's Cooky

The Moon's the North Wind's cooky.  
He bites it, day by day,  
Until there's but a rim of scraps  
That crumble all away.

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

The South Wind is a baker.  
He kneads clouds in his den,  
And bakes a crisp new moon that...greedy  
North...Wind...eats...again!

### What the Scarecrow Said

The dim-winged spirits of the night  
Do fear and serve me well.  
They creep from out the hedges of  
The garden where I dwell.

I wave my arms across the walk.  
The troops obey the sign,  
And bring me shimmering shadow-ropes  
And cups of cowslip-wine.

Then dig a treasure called the moon,  
A very precious thing,  
And keep it in the air for me  
Because I am a King.

### What the Gray-Winged Fairy Said

The moon's a gong, hung in the wild,  
Whose song the fays hold dear.  
Of course you do not hear it, child.  
It takes a FAIRY ear.

The full moon is a splendid gong  
That beats as night grows still.  
It sounds above the evening song  
Of dove or whippoorwill.

### Yet Gentle Will the Griffin Be

The moon? It is a griffin's egg,  
Hatching to-morrow night.  
And how the little boys will watch  
With shouting and delight  
To see him break the shell and stretch  
And creep across the sky.  
The boys will laugh. The little girls,  
I fear, may hide and cry.  
Yet gentle will the griffin be,  
Most decorous and fat,  
And walk up to the Milky Way  
And lap it like a cat.

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