

WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 11 July 2024
7.30pm

This concert is supported by the Rick Mather David Scrase Foundation

My Father's Son

Nicky Spence tenor
Malcolm Martineau piano

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)	The little boy lost (pub. 1920)
Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)	Midnight on the Great Western from <i>Winter Words</i> Op. 52 (1953)
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)	Les berceaux Op. 23 No. 1 (1879)
Michael Tippett (1905-1998)	Full fathom five from <i>Songs for Ariel</i> (1962)
Buxton Orr (1924-1997)	Shy Geordie from <i>Songs of a Childhood</i> (1962)
Frederic Rzewski (1938-2021)	No Good from <i>Dear Diary</i> (2014)
Benjamin Britten	The Lark Lad from <i>Who are these Children?</i> Op. 84 (1969)
Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)	Amid the din of the ball Op. 38 No. 3 (1878)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)	Ihr seid die Allerschönste from <i>Italienisches Liederbuch</i> (1890-6)
Gabriel Fauré	Donc, ce sera par un clair jour d'été from <i>La bonne chanson</i> Op. 61 (1892-4)
Benjamin Britten	Proud songsters from <i>Winter Words</i> Op. 52
Libby Larsen (b.1950)	Pregnant (2015)
Victoria Wood (1953-2016)	Litter Bin (pub. 1992)
Carl Loewe (1796-1869)	Erlkönig Op. 1 No. 3 (1818-23)

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Benjamin Britten	Sephestia's Lullaby from <i>A Charm of Lullabies</i> Op. 41 (1947)
Hugo Wolf	Storchenbotschaft from <i>Mörike Lieder</i> (1888)
	<i>Interval</i>
William Bolcom (b.1938)	Waitin from <i>12 Cabaret Songs</i> (1977-1985)
Thomas Dunhill (1877-1946)	The Cloths of Heaven from <i>The Wind among the Reeds</i> (1911)
John Ireland (1879-1962)	Baby from <i>Mother and Child</i> (1918)
Robert Schumann (1810-1856)	An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust from <i>Frauenliebe und - leben</i> Op. 42 (1840)
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)	Der Vater mit dem Kind D906 (1827)
Robert Schumann	Hochländisches Wiegenlied from <i>Myrthen</i> Op. 25 (1840)
Samuel Barber (1910-1981)	A slumber song of the Madonna (1925)
Benjamin Britten	The Highland Balou from <i>A Charm of Lullabies</i> Op. 41
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)	Um Mitternacht from <i>Rückert Lieder</i> (1901-2)
André Previn (1929-2019)	Will there really be a morning? (1999)
Tim Minchin (b.1975)	Lullaby (2011)
Buxton Orr	The Boy in the Train from <i>Songs of a Childhood</i> (1962)
Michel Legrand (1932-2019)	Pieces of Dreams (Little Boy Lost) (1971)

When exploring themes for my residency at Wigmore Hall, I wanted to reflect on experiences which are both personal but perhaps also universal. *My Father's Son* is semi-autobiographical in that it looks at my own path to fatherhood and the emotions provoked by some of my own childhood. This narrative recital uses the words of others but is fairly close to my own perceived experience.

Of course the idea of becoming a parent has fertilised many the imagination of composers and poets alike, and if I allowed this recital to take in every voice I discovered on the subject, I'd have the gestation of an elephant as opposed to the human being I was aiming for.

Many psychologists believe that babies arrive in a desert when they're first born. They're lost and know nothing before that moment when they're ideally scooped up and shown love and boundaries to make them feel safe and cherished. In our first pairing of **Howells** and **Britten**, we find a young boy looking for a ballast in the storm of early life and mysterious familial circumstance. The father leaves through the hypnotic rocking ballad of **Fauré's** 'Les berceaux' and the idea of him is laid to rest in **Tippett's** dramatic retelling of 'Full fathom five', originally used as stage music in *The Tempest* for the Royal Shakespeare Company. The cliché of it taking a village to bring up a child is explored through the music of Glaswegian-born **Buxton Orr** in an excerpt from his *Songs of a Childhood* and the touching Scots sentiment of our 'Shy Geordie'. This incarnation of the boy leans into his fatherless home before turning rogue in **Rzewski** and Britten's miniatures which even feature spoken dialogue from the pianist. Talk about badly behaved!

In this next section we meet a seemingly evolved boy looking for love. The trauma of childhood may make him question future ideals of stability through the dance of **Tchaikovsky's** waltzing apparition before the reticence gives way to a panting self-soothing love-bombing exercise in **Wolf's** *Italienisches Liederbuch* which even does wonders for the Italian tourist board. Fauré penned this next wedding scene as a serving suggestion for his desired love which, through a rippling idealistic prose, calls the stars, who eventually anoint their love and so ground the loving pair in the reality of their union. The

returning soundscape of Britten and Hardy's *Winter Words* ushers in baby-making music through the guise of many birds, and the results of their chirrups are awkwardly announced in **Libby Larsen's** fantastically colloquial 'Pregnant'.

I feel as if parenting begins the moment your baby is conceived in your mind. If that's the case, then with that miraculous moment promptly arrives a level of accompanying worry reserved solely for new parents. My fathering imagination is fierce and could compete with many of the world's most extravagant fiction writers. The music of **Wood, Loewe, Britten** and **Wolf** opens our mind to a parent's wildest fears, earthly pressures and the laughable absurdity of growing another human being in this current world.

For as long as I can remember, when I thought of my future, it was holding a baby. Waitin' for that wee person to arrive was like waitin' for what I thought was my big chance. A chance to embrace that symbol of collaborated love, hoped for, wanted, a chance to heal a past, right some wrongs and maybe even try again. That simplicity of newness in Yeats's request set by **Dunhill** in 'The Cloths of Heaven' is echoed in **Ireland's** 'Baby', which is in stark contrast to **Schumann's** oft-trod outpouring for a new arrival and how jealous a man must be to never know a mother's happiness. The ever-evolving joys of modern science, dear reader. For balance, although **Schubert** didn't sire any of his own *kinderlein*, here he manages to perfectly encapsulate the feeling of a father holding his newborn for the first time. Once felt, a sensation you would not surrender for the whole world.

An adage of parents is to remark that 'the nights are long but the years are short', so in tribute to those magical *mitternachts* I propose - in the style of *Masterchef* - a lullaby cooked six ways. From Robert Burns turning left at Rückert and on to the musings of **Tim Minchin**, we wonder together: will there really be a morning again?

We finish as we began. A special journey leading to a 'Little boy lost' but this time, in search of a 'little boy found', through the music of **Michel Legrand**.

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Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

The little boy lost (pub. 1920)

William Blake

'Father! father! where are you going?
O do not walk so fast.
Speak, father, speak to your little boy,
Or else I shall be lost.'
The night was dark, no father was there;
The child was wet with dew;
The mire was deep, and the child did weep,
And away the vapour flew.

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Midnight on the Great Western from *Winter Words Op. 52* (1953)

Thomas Hardy

In the third-class seat sat the journeying boy,
And the roof-lamp's oily flame
Played down on his listless form and face,
Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going,
Or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy
Had a ticket stuck; and a string
Around his neck bore the key of his box,
That twinkled gleams of the lamp's sad beams
Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy
Towards a world unknown,
Who calmly, as if incurious quite
On all at stake, can undertake
This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy,
Our rude realms far above,
Whence with spacious vision you mark and mete
This region of sin that you find you in,
But are not of?

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Les berceaux Op. 23 The cradles

No. 1 (1879)

Sully Prudhomme

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,	Along the quay the great ships,
Que la houle incline en silence,	listing silently with the surge,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux	pay no heed to the cradles

Que la main des femmes balance.	rocked by women's hands.
Mais viendra le jour des adieux, Car il faut que les femmes pleurent, Et que les hommes curieux Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.	But the day of parting will come, for it is decreed that women shall weep, and that men with questing spirits shall seek enticing horizons.
Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux, Fuyant le port qui diminue, Sentent leur masse retenue Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.	And on that day the great ships, leaving the dwindling harbour behind, shall feel their hulls held back by the soul of the distant cradles.

Michael Tippett (1905-1998)

Full fathom five from *Songs for Ariel* (1962)

William Shakespeare

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell
Hark! now I hear them, – Ding-dong, bell.

Buxton Orr (1924-1997)

Shy Geordie from *Songs of a Childhood* (1962)

Helen B Cruickshank

Up the Noran Water
In by Inglismaddy,
Annie's got a bairnie
That hasna got a daddy.
Some say it's Tammas's,
An' some say it's Chay's;
An' naebody expected it,
Wi' Annie's quiet ways.

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

Up the Noran Water
The bonnie little mannie
Is dandlit an' cuddlit close
By Inglismaddy's Annie.
Wha the bairnie's father is
The lassie never says;
But some think it's Tammas's,
An' some think it's Chay's.

Up the Noran Water
The country folk are kind;
An' where the bairnie's daddy is
They dinna muckle mind.
But oh! the bairn at Annie's briest,
The love in Annie's e'e -
They mak me wish wi' a' my might
The lucky lad was me!

Frederic Rzewski (1938-2021)

No Good from *Dear Diary* (2014)

Frederic Rzewski

What did you learn in school today?
I learned that I'm no good.
Who told you that?
The teacher.
Don't believe it!
Don't believe it.
If I can't believe the teacher,
Why do I have to go to school?
Because if you don't, I will be punished.
Isn't there a place where we can live
Where I don't have to go to school,
And you will not be punished?
No.
Then the world is no good.
Tell that to the teacher.

Benjamin Britten

The Larky Lad from *Who are these Children?* Op. 84 (1969)

William Soutar

The larky lad frae the pantry
Skipp't through the muckle ha';
He had sma' fear o' the gentry,
And his respec' was sma'.
He cockit his face richt merry;
And as he jiggit on
His mou' was round as a cherry
Like he whistled a braw tune.
And monie a noble body
Glower'd doun frae his frame o'gowd
On the plisky pantry-laddie
Wha was sae merry and royd.

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

Amid the din of the ball Op. 38 No. 3 (1878)

Aleksey Konstantinovich Tolstoy

Sred shumnogo bala, sluchaino, V trevoge mirskoi suety, Tebya ya uvidel, no taina Tvoi pokryvala cherty.	Amid the din of the ball, by chance in all of vain society's alarms, I caught sight of you, but a mystery hid your features from me.
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Lish ochi pechalno glyadeli, A golos tak divno zvuchal, Kak zvon otdalyonnoi svireli, Kak morya igrayushchii val.	Your eyes were gazing sadly, but your voice had a wonderful sound, like notes played on a distant flute, like waves swelling playfully in the sea.
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Mne stan tvoy ponravilsya tonkii, I ves tvoi zadumchivyi vid, A smekh tvoi, i grustnyi i zvonkii, S tekh por v moyom serdtse zvuchit.	I liked your slim figure and your pensive look; your laughter, sad and musical, rings in my heart ever since.
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V chasy odinokiye nochi, Lyublyu ya, ustalyi prilech. Ya vizhu pechalnye ochi, Ya slyshu vesyoluyu rech.	At night in solitary hours, tired, I like to lie back. I see your sad eyes, I hear your gay speech.
---	--

I grustno ya, grustno tak zasypayu, I v gryozakh nevedomykh splyu; Lyublyu li tebya? Ya ne znayu No kazhetsya mne, chto lyublyu ...	And, melancholy, I fall asleep and dream mysterious dreams... I don't know if this means I love you, but it seems to me I'm in love!
--	---

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Ihr seid die Allerschönste from *Italienisches*

Liederbuch (1890-6)

*Paul Heyse after
Tommaseo, Tigri, Marcoaldi
and Dalmedico*

Ihr seid die Allerschönste weit und breit, Viel schöner als im Mai der Blumenflor.	You are the fairest and wide, fairer by far than flowers in May.
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Orvietos Dom steigt so voll Herrlichkeit, Viterbos grösster Brunnen nicht empor. So hoher Reiz und Zauber ist dein eigen, Der Dom von Siena muss sich vor dir neigen. Ach, du bist so an Reiz und Anmut reich, Der Dom von Siena selbst ist dir nicht gleich.	Not Orvieto Cathedral or Viterbo's grandest fountain rises with such majesty. Your charms and magic are such that Siena Cathedral must bow before you. Ah, you are so rich in charm and grace, even Siena Cathedral cannot compare.
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Gabriel Fauré

**Donc, ce sera par un
clair jour d'été from La
bonne chanson Op. 61**
(1892-4)
Paul Verlaine

**So, on a bright
summer day it shall
be**

Donc, ce sera par un clair
jour d'été:
Le grand soleil, complice de
ma joie,
Fera, parmi le satin
et la soie,
Plus belle encor votre chère
beauté;

So, on a bright summer
day it shall be:
the glorious sun, my
partner in joy,
shall make, amid the satin
and the silk,
your dear beauty lovelier
still;

Le ciel tout bleu, comme une
haute tente,
Frissonnera somptueux à
longs plis
Sur nos deux fronts
qu'auront pâlis
L'émotion du bonheur et
l'attente;

The sky, all blue, like a tall
canopy,
shall quiver sumptuously
in long folds
above our two brows,
grown pale
with pleasure and
expectancy;

Et quand le soir
viendra, l'air
sera doux
Qui se jouera, caressant,
dans vos voiles,
Et les regards paisibles des
étoiles
Bienveillamment souriront
aux époux.

And when evening
comes, the breeze shall
be soft
and play caressingly
about your veils,
and the peaceful stars
looking down
shall smile benevolently
on man and wife.

Benjamin Britten

**Proud songsters from Winter Words Op.
52 (1953)**
Thomas Hardy

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud nightingales in bushes

Pipe, as they can when April wears,
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand new birds of twelve months'
growing,
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales, nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain,
And earth, and air, and rain.

Libby Larsen (b.1950)

Pregnant (2015)
Cheryl Strayed

My husband was out of town,
But he'd be home that ev'ning ...

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Victoria Wood (1953-2016)

Litter Bin (pub. 1992)
Victoria Wood

In a multistorey car park
In the middle of the night ...

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text of this song

Carl Loewe (1796-1869)

Erlkönig Op. 1 No. 3 Erlking
(1818-23)
*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?	Who rides so late through night and wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;	It is the father with his child;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,	he has the boy safe in his arms,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.	he holds him close, he keeps him warm.

„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?“	‘My son, why hide your face in fear?’
„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?“	‘Can't you see the Erlking, father?’
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?“	The Erlking with his crown and robe?’
„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.“	‘My son, it is a streak of mist.’

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

„Komm, liebes Kind, komm,
geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich
mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind
an dem Strand;
Meine Mutter hat manch
gülden Gewand.“

'You sweetest child, come
go with me!
Wondrous games I'll play
with you;
many bright flowers grow
on the shore;
my mother has many a
garment of gold.'

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und
hörest du nicht,
Was Erlkönig mir leise
verspricht?“
„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein
Kind;
In dürrn Blättern säuselt der
Wind.“

'Father, O father, can't
you hear
the Erlking's whispered
promises?'
'Be calm, stay calm, my
child,
the wind is rustling in
withered leaves.'

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit
mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich
warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den
nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und
singen dich ein.“

'Won't you come with me,
fine boy?
My daughters shall take
good care of you;
my daughters lead the
nightly dance,
and will rock and dance
and sing you to sleep.'

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und
siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am
düstern Ort?“
„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich
seh' es genau;
Es scheinen die alten Weiden
so grau.“

'Father, O father, can't
you see
the Erlking's daughters
there in the gloom?'
'My son, my son, I can see
quite clearly:
it's the old willows
gleaming so grey.'

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt
deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so
brauch' ich Gewalt.“

'I love you. Your beautiful
figure excites me;
and if you're not willing, I'll
take you by force.'

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt
fasst er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids
getan!“

'Father, O father, he's
seizing me now!
The Erlking's done me
harm!'

Dem Vater grauset's, er
reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das
ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh
und Not;
In seinen Armen das Kind
war tot.

The father shudders,
swiftly he rides,
with the groaning child in
his arms,
with a final effort he
reaches home;
the child lay dead in his
arms.

Benjamin Britten

Sephestia's Lullaby from

A Charm of Lullabies Op. 41 (1947)

Robert Greene

*Weep not, my wanton, smile upon my knee;
When thou art old there's grief enough for thee.*

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy;
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe;
Fortune changèd made him so,
When he left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.

Weep not ...

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leapt;
More he crowdèd, more we cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide:
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bliss,
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.

Weep not

Hugo Wolf

Storchenbotschaft from *Mörike Lieder*

(1888)

Eduard Mörike

Stork-tidings

Des Schäfers sein Haus und
das steht auf zwei Rad,
Steht hoch auf der Heiden,
so frühe wie spat;
Und wenn nur ein mancher
so'n Nachtquartier hätt!
Ein Schäfer tauscht nicht
mit dem König
sein Bett.

The shepherd's house
stands on two wheels,
high on the moor,
morning and night,
a lodging most would be
glad of!
A shepherd wouldn't
change his bed with a
king.

Und käm ihm zu Nacht auch
was Seltsames vor,
Er betet sein Sprüchel und
legt sich aufs Ohr;
Ein Geistlein, ein Hexlein, so
lustige Wicht,
Sie klopfen ihm wohl, doch er
antwortet nicht.

And should by night any
strange thing occur,
he prays a brief prayer
and lies down to sleep;
a ghost, a witch, some
airy creature –
they might knock, but
he'll not answer.

Einmal doch, da ward es ihm
wirklich zu bunt:
Es knopert am Laden, es
winselt der Hund;
Nun ziehet mein Schäfer den
Riegel – ei schau!
Da stehen zwei Störche, der
Mann und die Frau.

But once it really became
too much:
the shutters banged, the
dog whined;
so my shepherd unbolts –
lo and behold!
Two storks stand there,
husband and wife.

Das Pärchen, es machet ein schön Kompliment, Es möchte gern reden, ach, wenn es nur könnt! Was will mir das Ziefer! – ist so was erhört? Doch ist mir wohl fröhliche Botschaft beschert.	The couple, they make a beautiful bow, they'd like to speak, if only they could! What do these fowl want? Whoever heard the like? They must have joyful tidings for me.
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Ihr seid wohl dahinten zu Hause am Rhein? Ihr habt wohl mein Mädels gebissen ins Bein? Nun weinet das Kind und die Mutter noch mehr, Sie wünschet den Herzallerliebsten sich her?	I guess you live there, down by the Rhine? I guess you've pecked my girl on the leg? The child's now crying, the mother still more, wanting her sweetheart by her side?
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Und wünschet daneben die Taufe bestellt: Ein Lämmlein, ein Würstlein, ein Beutelein Geld? So sagt nur, ich käm in zwei Tag' oder drei, Und grüsst mir mein Bübel und rührt ihm den Brei!	And wanting the christening arranged: A lambkin, a sausage, a purse of money? Well, tell her I'm coming in two days or three, say hello to my boy, give his pap a stir!
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Doch halt! warum stellt ihr zu zweien euch ein? Es werden doch, hoff ich, nicht Zwillinge sein? – Da klappern die Störche im lustigsten Ton, Sie nicken und knixen und fliegen davon.	But wait! Why have two of you come? It can't, I hope, be a case of twins? – The storks clap their beaks most merrily, they nod and curtsy and fly away.
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Translation by Richard Stokes © from *The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf. Life, Letters, Lieder* (Faber, 2021).

Interval

William Bolcom (b.1938)

Waitin from *12 Cabaret Songs* (1977-1985)

Arnold Weinstein

Waitin', waitin'
I've been waitin', waitin', waitin' all my life.
That light keeps on hiding from me,
But it someday just might bless my sight.
Waitin', waitin', waitin'.

Thomas Dunhill (1877-1946)

The Cloths of Heaven from *The Wind among the Reeds* (1911)

WB Yeats

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths
Enwrought with golden and silver light
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,
I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

John Ireland (1879-1962)

Baby from *Mother and Child* (1918)

Christina Rossetti

Love me - I love you,
Love me, my baby;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Sing it as may be.

Mother's arms under you,
Her eyes above you;
Sing it high, sing it low,
Love me - I love you.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust from <i>Frauenliebe und -leben</i>	On my heart, at my breast
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Op. 42 (1840)

Adelbert von Chamisso

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust, Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!	On my heart, at my breast, you my delight, my joy!
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Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb' ist das Glück, Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.	Happiness is love, love is happiness, I've always said and say so still.
--	---

Hab' überschwenglich mich geschätzt, Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.	I thought myself rapturous, but now am delirious with joy.
--	---

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

Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt;	Only she who suckles, only she who loves the child that she nourishes;
Nur eine Mutter weiss allein, Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.	Only a mother knows what it means to love and be happy.
O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann, Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!	Ah, how I pity the man who cannot feel a mother's bliss!
Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du, Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!	You dear, dear angel, you, you look at me and you smile!
An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust, Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!	On my heart, at my breast, you my delight, my joy!

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Vater mit dem Kind D906 (1827)

Eduard von Bauernfeld

Dem Vater liegt das Kind im Arm, Es ruht so wohl, es ruht so warm, Es lächelt süss; lieb' Vater mein! Und mit dem Lächeln schläft es ein.	The child lies in its father's arms resting so snug, resting so warm. It smiles sweetly: 'Dear father!' And with the smile falls asleep.
Der Vater beugt sich, atmet kaum, Und lauscht auf seines Kindes Traum; Er denkt an die entschwund'ne Zeit Mit wehmutsvoller Seligkeit.	The father stoops, scarcely breathing, listening to his child's dream; he thinks of times past with wistful happiness.
Und eine Trän' aus Herzensgrund Fällt ihm auf seines Kindes Mund; Schnell küsst er ihm die Träne ab, Und wiegt es leise auf und ab.	And a tear from deep in his heart falls on the child's mouth; quickly he kisses the tear away, and rocks the child gently to and fro.

Um einer ganzen Welt Gewinn Gäb er das Herzenskind nicht hin. Du Seliger schon in der Welt, Der so sein Glück in Armen hält!	He would not give up his beloved child for all the world. Happy are you in this world, who hold thus your happiness in your arms.
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Robert Schumann

Hochländisches Wiegenlied from *Myrthen Op. 25* (1840) *Robert Burns, trans.* *Wilhelm Gerhard*

Schlafe, süsser, kleiner Donald, Ebenbild des grossen Ronald! Wer ihm kleinen Dieb gebar, Weiss der edle Clan aufs Haar.	Sleep, sweet little Donald, the very image of great Ronald! Our noble clan knows all too well who conceived with him the little thief.
Schelm, hast Äuglein schwarz wie Kohlen! Wenn du gross bist, stiehl ein Fohlen; Geh die Ebne ab und zu, Bringe heim 'ne Carlisle- Kuh!	You little rogue, you've coal-black eyes! When you grow up, you'll steal a foal; you'll travel the plains up and down, and bring home a Carlisle cow!
Darfst in Niederland nicht fehlen; Dort, mein Bübchen, magst du stehen; Stiehl dir Geld und stiehl dir Glück, Und in's Hochland komm zurück!	Make sure you go to the Lowlands; there, my boy, you may steal; steal money and steal happiness and come back to the Highlands!

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

A slumber song of the Madonna (1925) *Alfred Noyes*

Sleep, little baby, I love thee;
Sleep, little king, I am bending above thee!
How should I know what to sing
Here in my arms as I sing thee to sleep?
Hushaby low, rockaby so.
Kings may have wonderful jewels to bring,

Mother has only a kiss for her king!
Why should my singing so make me to weep?
Only to know that I love thee, I love thee,
Love thee, my little one, sleep.

Benjamin Britten

The Highland Balou from *A Charm of Lullabies Op. 41* (1947)

Robert Burns

Hee Balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald!
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
What gat my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furdur!
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Syne to the Highlands hame to me!

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Um Mitternacht from *Rückert Lieder* (1901-2)

Friedrich Rückert

Um Mitternacht hab' ich gewacht	At midnight I kept watch
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;	and looked up to heaven;
Kein Stern vom Sterngewimmel	not a star in the galaxy
Hat mir gelacht um Mitternacht.	smiled on me at midnight.

Um Mitternacht hab' ich gedacht	At midnight my thoughts went out
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken	to the dark reaches of space;
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken	no shining thought
Mir Trost gebracht um Mitternacht.	brought me comfort at midnight.

Um Mitternacht nahm ich in acht	At midnight I paid heed
Die Schläge meines Herzens	to the beating of my heart;
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens	a single pulse of pain
War angefacht um Mitternacht.	was set alight at midnight.

Um Mitternacht kämpft' ich die Schlacht, O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;	At midnight I fought the fight, O Mankind, of your afflictions;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden	I could not gain victory
Mit meiner Macht um Mitternacht.	by my own strength at midnight.

Um Mitternacht hab' ich die Macht	At midnight I gave my strength
In deine Hand gegeben: Herr über Tod und Leben, Du hältst die Wacht um Mitternacht.	into Thy hands: Lord over life and death, thou keepest watch at midnight.

André Previn (1929-2019)

Will there really be a morning? (1999)

Emily Dickinson

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water-lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies!

Tim Minchin (b.1975)

Lullaby (2011)

Tim Minchin

Sleep, little baby,
Sleep now, my love ...

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

Buxton Orr

The Boy in the Train from *Songs of a Childhood* (1962)

Mary Campbell Smith

Whit wey does the engine say 'toot-toot'?
Is it feart to gang in the tunnel?
Whit wey is the furnace no pit oot
When the rain gangs doon the funnel?
What'll I hae for my tea the nicht?
A herrin', or maybe a haddie?
Has Gran'ma gotten electric licht?
Is the next stop Kirkcaddy?

There's a hoodie-craw on yon turnip-raw!
An' seagulls! – sax or seeven.
I'll no fa' oot o' the windae, Maw,
Its sneckit, as sure as I'm leevin'.
We're into the tunnel! we're a' in the dark!
But dinna be frichtit, Daddy,
We'll sune be comin' to Beveridge Park,
And the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

Is yon the mune I see in the sky?
It's awfu' wee an' curly,
See! there's a coo and a cauf ootbye,
An' a lassie pu'in' a hurly!
He's chackit the tickets and gien them back,
Sae gie me my ain yin, Daddy.
Lift doon the bag frae the luggage rack,
For the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

There's a gey when boats at the harbour mou',
And eh! dae ya see the cruisers?
The cinnamon drop I was sookin' the noo
Has tummelt an' stuck tae ma troosers ...
I'll sune be ringin' ma Gran'ma's bell,
She'll cry, 'Come ben, my laddie',
For I ken mysel' by the queer-like smell
That the next stop's Kirkcaddy!

Michel Legrand (1932-2019)

Pieces of Dreams (Little Boy Lost) (1971)

Alan and Marilyn Bergman

Little boy lost
In search of little boy found ...

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