

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 11 May 2025
3.00pm

High Hopes

Arvid Fagerfjäll baritone
Hikaru Kanki piano

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)	Dichters Genesung Op. 36 No. 5 (1840)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)	Im Frühling from <i>Mörike Lieder</i> (1888)
Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)	The Cloths of Heaven (?1912)
Ethel Smyth (1858-1944)	The Clown (1913)
Robert Schumann	Mit Myrten und Rosen from <i>Liederkreis</i> Op. 24 (1840)
	Mein Wagen rollet langsam Op. 142 No. 4 (1840)
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)	Am Fenster D878 (1826)
	Der Doppelgänger from <i>Schwanengesang</i> D957 (1828)
André Caplet (1878-1925)	From <i>3 Fables of Jean de La Fontaine</i> (1919)
	La cigale et la fourmi • Le loup et l'agneau
Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)	From <i>Songs and Proverbs of William Blake</i> Op. 74 (1965)
	A Poison Tree • The Tyger
William Bolcom (b.1938)	Poet Pal of Mine from <i>Cabaret Songs</i> (1993-6)
Benjamin Scheuer (b.1987)	Der Makler from <i>Sieben Unsympathen</i> (2022-3)
Kurt Weill (1900-1950)	Buddy on the night shift from <i>Propaganda Songs</i> (1942)
Tōru Takemitsu (1930-1996)	Yesterday's Spot (1995)



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In 1840, **Robert Schumann** had high hopes of finally marrying his beloved Clara Wieck. 'Dichters Genesung' was written in July 1840, while the long legal battle with her father to allow them to get married was still ongoing. The song speaks of the allure of the queen of the elves, which the poet rejects in favour of a true love, with whom he can live free from trickery and deceit. The poet, Robert Reinick was later to become a friend of the Schumanns, and godfather to their second son Ludwig. **Hugo Wolf's** 'Im Frühling' is another song telling of high hopes of being with the beloved. Wolf's 53 settings of the Lutheran pastor and poet Eduard Mörike form his first major song-book, written in 1888.

Rebecca Clarke's father was far more tyrannical even than Clara Wieck's – he subjected her to beatings as a child and turned her out of the family home when she had the temerity to criticise him for his extra-marital affairs. *The Cloths of Heaven* sets a poem by WB Yeats that speaks of a love that can only ever be a dream. **Ethel Smyth's** *The Clown* (1913) is in prison and hopes for freedom. Smyth had spent two months in Holloway Prison with other Suffragettes in 1912 for throwing stones to break the windows of the home of the Colonial Secretary Lewis Harcourt, who had said that women could have the vote if they were 'as submissive' as his wife. Smyth and the poet Maurice Baring were friends; she wrote a biography of him in 1938.

We return to Robert Schumann's wondrous *Liederjahr* of 1840 for 'Mit Myrthen und Rosen'. He wrote to Clara, 'I'm brimming over with music ... you'll be amazed at what I've been writing – not piano pieces, but I shan't tell you what they are just yet.' This is the final song of his Heine *Liederkreis* and tells of songs, now lying mute and dead, but which can be brought back to life by love. 'Mein Wagen rollet langsam' is one of the songs Robert discarded from *Dichterliebe*; the three mysterious figures in Heine's poem, which are personifications of evil thoughts, were too sinister to be a part of this cycle of romantic love and loss.

Schubert's *Am Fenster* tells of a poet sitting in his room; once sad, but now feeling happy in the hope that his beloved is thinking of him. Perhaps the room is a monastic cell; Schubert had visited two monasteries (St Florian and Kremsmünster) the previous summer on holiday with the baritone Johann Michael Vogl. The poem is by Johann Gabriel Seidl, who wrote several guidebooks about the Austrian Tyrol. We return to Heine with 'Der Doppelgänger', in which the poet is standing outside the house of his long-departed beloved, and sees a desperate vision of himself. This is from *Schwanengesang*, a 'cycle' of two unconnected groups of songs, seven setting poems by Ludwig Rellstab, six by Heine and a single Seidl, put together after Schubert's death by the publisher Tobias

Haslinger in a cynical (and successful) ploy to make money from Schubert's untimely demise.

Two of **André Caplet's** settings of fables by Jean de la Fontaine, based on Aesop, follow. 'La cigale et la fourmi' tells of a grasshopper who finds himself starving in winter and, with high hopes, begs food from a very unsympathetic ant. The grasshopper is a symbol of the artist/musician who has sung all summer, giving his all for the public, while the supremely unartistic but very practical ant has saved up and stored provisions for the winter. Caplet certainly gave his all as a musician; he was a brilliant pianist and accompanist, who would have formed a duo partnership with Pierre Bernac had he (Caplet) not died at the age of just 46 as a result of the wounds and gas-poisoning he suffered during the First World War. He also directed the Boston Opera in America as well as the Paris Opera. 'Le loup et l'agneau' tells of another gross injustice, as the wolf falsely accuses and then eats the lamb.

Benjamin Britten's *Songs and Proverbs of William Blake* are dedicated to Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau ('For Dieter: the past and the future'). The poems of 'A Poison Tree' and 'The Tyger' are both from Blake's *Songs of Experience*. Blake had high hopes for social change in Britain; in 1780 he led a crowd of rioters who burned down Newgate Prison; he was an ardent supporter of the French Revolution and provided illustrations for an anti-slavery book by John Gabriel Stedman.

'Poet Pal of Mine' is one of **William Bolcom's** *Cabaret Songs*. Like Caplet, Bolcom was a fantastic pianist and accompanist, especially for his wife the mezzo Joan Morris, for whom he wrote his *Cabaret Songs*. 'Der Makler' is an estate agent, one of the seven classic 'villains' of today's society that are depicted in **Benjamin Scheuer's** *Sieben Unsympathen* (2022-3). Other villains include a Mrs Kannegiesser from the immigration office, an autocrat, and a mask refuser. **Kurt Weill's** 'Buddy on the night shift' (1942) is from his wartime *Propaganda Songs*, written to promote American values. Weill certainly fulfilled all the high hopes of his career; after huge success in the Berlin Cabaret scene, he was forced to flee Nazi Germany in 1933, going first to Paris where he successfully adapted himself to the French *chanson* style and then in 1935 to New York where he became a master of the American musical tradition. The recital ends with **Tōru Takemitsu's** *Yesterday's Spot* (1995). As Weill's work encompasses both 'serious' classical music and more 'popular' music (ultimately a meaningless distinction), Takemitsu's work encompasses both traditional Japanese music and 'western' European-based music, including the avant-garde.

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Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Dichters Genesung Op. 36 No. 5 (1840)

Robert Reinick

The poet's recovery

Und wieder hatt' ich der
Schönsten gedacht,
Die nur in Träumen bisher
ich gesehen;
Es trieb mich hinaus in die
lichte Nacht,
Durch stille Gründe musst
ich gehen.
Da auf einmal
Glänzte das Tal,
Schaurig als wär es ein
Geistersaal.

And once again I thought
of my beloved,
whom till then I had seen
but in dreams;
I was drawn out into the
bright night,
I had to wander through
silent valleys:
then suddenly
the valley began to gleam
eerily, like a hall full of
ghosts.

Da rauschten zusammen zur
Tanzmelodei
Der Strom und die Winde
mit Klingen und Zischen,
Da weht' es im flüchtigen
Zuge herbei
Aus Felsen und Tale, aus
Wellen und Büschen,
Und im Mondesglanz
Ein weisser Kranz,
Tanzten die Elfen den
Reigentanz.

The river and winds whistled
together a dance melody
with a hissing and a
roar.
A fleeting throng came
rushing by
from rocks and valleys,
bushes and waves,
and in the moonlight,
like a white ring,
the elves began to dance
their rounds.

Und mitten im Kreis ein
luftiges Weib,
Die Königin war es, ich hörte
sie singen:
„Lass ab von dem schweren
irdischen Leib!
Lass ab von den törichten
irdischen Dingen!
Nur im Mondenschein
Ist Leben allein!
Nur im Träumen zu
schweben, ein ewiges Sein!

And I heard in their midst
an airy maiden,
the Queen of the Elves,
begin to sing:
'Leave your heavy earthly
body!
Leave all foolish earthly
things!
Only in moonlight
can true life be found!
Eternity only in floating
dreams!

„Ich bin's, die in Träumen du
oft gesehn,
Ich bin's, die als Liebchen du
oft besungen,
Ich bin es, die Elfenkönigin,
Du wolltest mich schauen,
es ist dir gelungen.
Nun sollst du mein
Auf ewig sein,
Komm mit, komm mit in den
Elfenreihn!“

'I am she you've often
seen in dreams,
I am she you've often
hymned as your love,
I am the Queen of the Elves,
you wanted to see me—
your wish is fulfilled!
You shall now be mine
for evermore,
come, come dance with
me in our fairy circle!"

Schon zogen, schon flogen
sie all um mich her,
Da wehte der Morgen, da bin
ich genesen.

They were fluttering and
flying all around me now,
the dawn wind blew, and I
recovered.

Fahr wohl nun, du
Elfenkönigin,
Jetzt will ein andres Lieb ich
mir erlesen;
Ohn Trug und Schein
Und von Herzen rein
Wird wohl auch für mich eins
zu finden sein!

Farewell now, O Queen of
the Elves,
for now I shall choose
another love;
without deceit and wiles,
and pure of heart,
there must be one out
there for me!

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Im Frühling from Mörrike Lieder (1888)

Eduard Mörrike

In Spring

Hier lieg' ich auf dem
Frühlingshügel:
Die Wolke wird mein
Flügel,
Ein Vogel fliegt mir voraus.
Ach, sag' mir, alleinzige
Liebe,
Wo du bleibst, dass ich bei
dir bleibe!
Doch du und die Lüfte, ihr
habt kein Haus.

Here I lie on the
springtime hill:
the clouds serve as my
wings,
a bird flies ahead of me.
Ah tell me, one-and-only
love,
where you are, that I
might be with you!
But you and the breezes,
you have no home.

Der Sonnenblume gleich
steht mein Gemüte offen,
Sehnend,
Sich dehnend
In Lieben und Hoffen.
Frühling, was bist du gewillt?
Wann werd' ich gestillt?

Like a sunflower my soul
lies open,
yearning,
expanding
in love and hope.
Spring, what is your will?
When shall I be stilled?

Die Wolke seh' ich wandeln
und den Fluss,
Es dringt der Sonne goldner
Kuss
Mir tief bis in's Geblüt hinein;
Die Augen, wunderbar
berauschet,
Tun, als schliefen sie ein,
Nur noch das Ohr dem Ton
der Biene lauschet.

I see the clouds drift by,
the river too,
the sun kisses its golden
glow
deep into my veins;
my eyes, wondrously
enraptured,
close, as if in sleep,
only my ears still catch
the hum of the bee.

Ich denke dies und denke
das,
Ich sehne mich und weiss
nicht recht nach was:
Halb ist es Lust, halb ist es
Klage;
Mein Herz, o sage,
Was webst du für
Erinnerung
In golden grüner Zweige
Dämmerung?
– Alte unnennbare Tage!

I muse on this, I muse on
that,
I yearn, and yet for what I
cannot say:
it is half joy, half
lament;
tell me, O heart,
what memories you
weave
into the twilight green and
golden leaves?
– Past, unutterable days!

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

Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

The Cloths of Heaven (?1912)

William Butler Yeats

Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.
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;

Ethel Smyth (1858-1944)

The Clown (1913)

Maurice Baring

There was once a poor clown all dressed in white,
And chained to the dungeon bars;
And he danced all day, and he danced all night,
To the sound of the dancing stars.

'O clown, silly clown, O why do you dance?
You know you can never be free.
You are tied by the leg to the strings of chance,
Yet you dance like a captive flea.'

'My chain is heavy, my cell is dark,
I know I can never be free.
In my heart, in my heart there's a dancing spark,
And the stars make music for me.

'Oh, muffle my cell and rivet my chains,
And fetter my feet and my hands,
My soul is a horse of foam without reins
That dances on deathless sands.'

Robert Schumann

Mit Myrten und Rosen With myrtles and from *Liederkreis* Op. 24 roses

(1840)

Heinrich Heine

Mit Myrten und Rosen, lieblich und hold,	With myrtles and roses, sweet and fair,
Mit duft'gen Zypressen und Flittergold,	with fragrant cypress and golden tinsel,
Möcht' ich zieren dies Buch wie 'nen Totenschrein,	I should like to adorn this book like a coffin
Und sargen meine Lieder hinein.	and bury my songs within.

O könnt' ich die Liebe
sargen hinzu!

Auf dem Grabe der Liebe
wächst Blümlein der Ruh',
Da blüht es hervor, da
pflückt man es ab, –
Doch mir blüht's nur, wenn
ich selber im Grab.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die
einst so wild,
Wie ein Lavastrom, der dem
Ätna entquillt,
Hervorgestürzt aus dem
tiefsten Gemüt,
Und rings viel blitzende
Funken versprüht!

Nun liegen sie stumm und
totengleich,
Nun starren sie kalt und
nebelbleich,
Doch aufs neu' die alte Glut
sie belebt,
Wenn der Liebe Geist einst
über sie schwebt.

Und es wird mir im Herzen
viel Ahnung laut:
Der Liebe Geist einst über
sie taut;
Einst kommt dies Buch in
deine Hand,
Du süßes Lieb im fernen
Land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes
Zauberbann,
Die blassen Buchstaben
schaun dich an,
Sie schauen dir flehend ins
schöne Aug',
Und flüstern mit Wehmut
und Liebeshauch.

Mein Wagen rollet langsam Op. 142 No. 4

(1840)

Heinrich Heine

Mein Wagen rollet langsam
Durch lustiges
Waldesgrün,
Durch blumige Täler, die
zaubrisch
Im Sonnenglanze blühn.

Ich sitze und sinne und träume,
Und denk' an die Liebste mein;
Da huschen drei
Schattengestalten

Could I but bury my love
here too!

On Love's grave grows
the flower of peace,
there it blossoms, there is
plucked,
but only when I'm buried
will it bloom for me.

Here now are the songs,
which once
streamed like lava from
Etna,
wildly from the depths of
my soul,
scattering sparks all
around!

Now they lie mute, as
though dead,
now they stare coldly, as
pale as mist,
but the old glow shall
revive them again,
when one day Love's
spirit floats over them.

And a thought speaks
loudly in my heart:
that Love's spirit will one
day thaw them;
one day this book will fall
into your hands,
my sweetest love, in a
distant land.

And on that day the spell
will break,
the pale letters will gaze
at you,
gaze imploringly into
your beautiful eyes,
and whisper with sadness
and the breath of love.

My carriage rolls slowly

My carriage rolls slowly
through cheerful green
woodlands,
through flowery
valleys
magically blooming in sun.

I sit and muse and dream,
and think of my dear love;
three shadowy forms nod
at me

Kopfnickend zum Wagen
herein. through the carriage
window.

Sie hüpfen und schneiden
Gesichter, They hop and pull
faces,
So spöttisch und doch so
scheu, so mocking yet so
shy,
Und quirlen wie Nebel
zusammen and whirl together like
mist
Und kichern und huschen
vorbei. and flit chuckling
by.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Am Fenster D878 (1826) At the window

Johann Gabriel Seidl

Ihr lieben Mauern, hold und
traut, Dear, friendly, familiar
walls
Die ihr mich kühl
umschliesst, that enclose me with your
coolness,
Und silberglänzend
niederschaut, and gaze down with
silvery sheen
Wenn droben Vollmond
ist: when the full moon
shines above:

Ihr saht mich einst so traurig
da, Once you saw me here so
sad,
Mein Haupt auf schlaffer
Hand, – head sunk in weary
hands –
Als ich in mir allein mich
sah, when my thoughts turned
in on myself,
Und keiner mich verstand. and no one understood me.

Jetzt brach ein ander Licht
heran: But now another light has
dawned:
Die Trauerzeit ist
um: the time for mourning is
past:
Und manche ziehn mit mir
die Bahn now many keep me
company
Durch's Lebensheiligtum. along life's blessed way.

Sie raubt der Zufall ewig
nie Chance shall never
banish them
Aus meinem treuen Sinn:
from my loyal thoughts:
In tiefster Seele trag' ich
sie, – they are ever there in my
inmost soul –
Da reicht kein Zufall
hin. where chance can never
reach.

Du Mauer wahnst mich trüb'
wie einst, You walls think I'm sad as
once I was,
Das ist die stille Freud'; that is my silent joy;
Wenn du vom Mondlicht
widerscheinst, when you shimmer in the
moonlight,
Wird mir die Brust so weit. my heart swells.

An jedem Fenster wahnst' ich
dann Then I imagine I see at
every window
Ein Freundeshaupt,
a friendly face with
gesenkt, lowered gaze,
Das auch so schaut zum
that also gazes up to
Himmel an, heaven
Das auch so meiner denkt!
and thinks of me as well!

Der Doppelgänger from The wraith Schwanengesang D957

(1828)

Heinrich Heine

Still ist die Nacht, es ruhen
die Gassen, The night is still, the
streets are at rest,
In diesem Hause wohnte
mein Schatz; this is the house where
my loved-one lived;
Sie hat schon längst die
Stadt verlassen, she left the town long
ago,
Doch steht noch das Haus
auf demselben Platz. but the house still stands
in the same place.

Da steht auch ein Mensch
und starrt in die Höhe, A man stands there too,
and stares up,
Und ringt die Hände, vor
Schmerzensgewalt; wracked with pain, he
wrings his hands;
Mir graust es, wenn ich sein
Antlitz sehe, – I shudder when I see his
face –
Der Mond zeigt mir meine
eigne Gestalt. the moon shows me my
own form.

Du Doppelgänger! du
bleicher Geselle! You wraith! You pale
companion!
Was äffst du nach mein
Liebesleid, Why do you ape the pain
of love
Das mich gequält auf dieser
Stelle, that tormented me on
this same spot,
So manche Nacht, in alter
Zeit? so many nights in times
gone by?

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

André Caplet (1878-1925)

From 3 Fables of Jean de La Fontaine (1919)

Jean de la Fontaine

La cigale et la fourmi

The grasshopper and the ant

La cigale, ayant
chant

Tout l'été,
Se trouva fort
dépourvue
Quand la bise fut venue.
Pas un seul petit morceau
De mouche ou de vermisseau.

Ella alla crier
famine

Chez la fourmi sa
voisine,

La priant de lui prêter
Quelque grain pour subsister
Jusqu'à la saison nouvelle.

'Je vous paierai, lui
dit-elle,

Avant l'oût, foi
d'animal,

Intérêt et principal.'

La fourmi n'est pas prêteuse;
C'est là son moindre
défaut.

Que faisiez-vous au temps
chaud?

Dit-elle à cette
emprunteuse.

--Nuit et jour à tour
venant

Je chantais, ne vous
déplaise.

--Vous chantiez? j'en suis
fort aise.

Eh bien! dansez maintenant.'

The grasshopper, having
sung

all summer long,
found herself most
destitute,
when the North Wind came.
Not a morsel to her name
of either fly or worm.

She blurted out her tale of
want

to her neighbour Mistress
Ant,

and begged her for a loan
of grain to last her
till the coming spring.

'I shall pay you', were her
words,

'on insect oath, before the
fall,

interest and principal.'

Mistress Ant is not a lender -
that's the last thing to
reproach her with!

'Tell me how you spent
the summer,'

was what she asked this
borrower.

'Night and day, to every
comer,

I sang, so please you
ma'am.'

'You sang? I'm
overjoyed.

Now off you go and dance!

Le loup et l'agneau

The wolf and the lamb

La raison du plus fort est
toujours la meilleure,

Nous l'allons montrer tout à
l'heure.

Un agneau se désaltérait
Dans le courant d'une onde
pure.

Un loup survient à jeun qui
cherchait aventure,
Et que la faim en ces lieux
attirait.

'Qui te rend si hardi de
troubler mon breuvage?'

Dit cet animal plein de rage:
'Tu seras châtié de ta
témérité.'

'Sire', répond l'agneau, 'que
Votre Majesté

Ne se mette pas en colère;
Mais plutôt qu'elle considère
Que je me vas désaltérant

Dans le courant,
Plus de vingt pas au-
dessous d'elle,

Et que par conséquent, en
aucune façon

Je ne puis troubler sa
boisson.'

'Tu la troubles,' reprit cette
bête cruelle,

'Et je sais que de moi tu
médis l'an passé.'

'Comment l'aurais-je fait, si
je n'étais pas né?'

Reprit l'agneau, 'Je tette
encor ma mère.'

'Si ce n'est toi, c'est donc ton
frère.'

'Je n'en ai point.'

'C'est donc quelqu'un des tiens:
Car vous ne m'épargnez
guère,

Vous, vos bergers et vos
chiens.

On me l'a dit: il faut que je
me venge.'

Là-dessus au fond des
forêts

Le loup l'emporte, et puis le
mange

Sans autre forme de procès.

The mightiest are always
right,

which we shall now set
out to prove.

A lamb was slaking its thirst
in the waters of a limpid
stream.

A famished wolf arrived
to try his luck,
drawn by hunger to this
place.

'Who made you so bold to
foul my drink?'

said this animal full of rage:
'You shall be punished for
such cheek.'

'Sir', said the lamb, 'so
please your Grace,

do not fly into a rage;
consider, rather, first,

the stream where I
assuage my thirst
is twenty yards downstream
below your place,

it can in no way therefore
be the case

that I am fouling your
drink.'

'You foul it all the same',
the cruel beast went on,

'And last year I know that
you slandered me.'

'How can that be, if I
wasn't yet born?'

replied the lamb, 'My
mother still suckles me.'

'If it isn't you, it's your
brother then.'

'I have no brother.'

'Then some relation:
for you are always
plaguing me,

you, your dogs and
shepherds too.

They tell me I should
wreak revenge.'

Whereupon the wolf
dragged him through

the forest's depths and
ate him up

without further ado.

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

From *Songs and Proverbs of William Blake*

Op. 74 (1965)

William Blake

A Poison Tree

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,
Night and morning with my tears;
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright.
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole
When the night had veil'd the pole,
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

The Tyger

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand? And what dread feet?

What the hammer? What the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Bolcom (b.1938)

Poet Pal of Mine from *Cabaret Songs* (1993-6)

Arnold Weinstein

Poet Pal of Mine!
Dead but so what
Your words, your verse, so striking
Who could ever forget
The sonnet that began
'Oh Russian wolf'
And ended in Japan
And you did write
After all, that villanelle
The world remembers well
With that recurring line:
'Those bones in that cave.'
Your loft, modern
As the inside of an earl
Your pride, your poverty
Your weekly sestina
And in your radical phase
Your accusatory pantoum:
'Time, get out of my hair.'
And on your deathbed
Your parting shot
Your deathless rondeau
How did it go?
I forgot

Benjamin Scheuer (b.1987)

Der Makler from *Sieben* The broker

Unsympathien (2022-3)

Dorian Steinhoff

Die Rolex glitzert	The Rolex glitters
Die Pomade glänzt im Haar	The pomade gleams in his hair
Stets ist der Makler Schon vor allen andren da	The broker is always there long before the rest arrive.
Ausladend die Handbewegung	A sweeping hand gesture,
Eng der Blick	a piercing gaze.
Manchmal, ja manchmal da hilft dann nur ein grosser Scheck	Sometimes, yes sometimes, only a big check will do.
Einmal Jahresmiete vorneweg Einmal den Scheitel glattgeleckt.	A year's rent upfront, a slicked-back parting in return.

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

Die Chancen sind für alle gleich Frag dich lieber Warum bist nicht selber reich Hast wohl das Studium verschlafen Hast wohl nur gekiff Mein Freund, die Playstation ist kein Bestimmungshafen.	The chances are the same for everyone. Ask yourself instead Why aren't you rich? Slept through your studies, did you? Spent your days just getting high? My friend, the PlayStation is no port of destiny.
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So spricht er gern Das glatte Gesicht Die Schmeichelei stets auf den Lippen Gleich hinterm linken Backenzahn Da liegt sein Mitgefühl Für alle Taugenichtse, für die Krümmen und Unbequemen Unter einer Goldfüllung begraben.	That's how he talks, his face so smooth, flattery always on his lips. Right behind his left molar, there lies his sympathy, for all the good-for- nothings, the crooked and the inconvenient, buried beneath a gold filling.
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Sein erstes Haus, das kaufte er mit Neunzehn Jetzt hat er dreiundsechzig, und es sind ihm nicht genug Sky is the limit Oder wie sagt man das Am Ende zählt, dass das, was gestern war, morgen schon mehr geworden ist.	His first house—he bought it at nineteen. Now he owns sixty-three, and still, it's not enough. "Sky is the limit," or however they say it. In the end, what matters is that what was yesterday will be even more tomorrow.
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Derweil reicht er Hand um Hand Das ganze Land, es müsse ja, so könne man's doch auch mal sehen, Glücklich sein über sein Schaffen, wär's doch sonst nicht lange hin Und der Michl stände auf der Strasse Keine freie Wohnung weit und breit Nur er, er packt's ja an Baut uns Haus und Hof Und lässt uns lachen. Dann bellt er los, den Kopf in Nacken Der Goldzahn glänzt und was niemand weiss Mathe hat der Makler früher gern geschwänzt.	Meanwhile, he shakes one hand after another. The whole country — well, one could also see it this way — should be grateful for his work; Without him, it wouldn't take long, and Michel would be on the street. No vacant apartment far and wide, but he — he gets things done, builds us houses and homes, and keeps us smiling. Then he bursts into laughter, head thrown back, his gold tooth gleaming and what no one knows: Back in school, the broker used to skip math quite a lot.
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Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Buddy on the night shift from *Propaganda Songs* (1942)

Oscar Hammerstein

Hello there, buddy on the nightshift. ...

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Tōru Takemitsu (1930-1996)

Yesterday's Spot (1995)

Shuntaro Tanikawa

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Even if today seems spotless,
It still bears the stains of yesterday.
'It is the way, it is'
Is no bleach —
Only tears can be rinsed away in the shower.

Even wounds on the body take time to fade,
Those on the heart ache even more.
'I'm sorry'
Is no painkiller —
At best, alcohol can dull the sting.

There are days we'd rather not remember,
Yet some refuse to be forgotten.
'Tomorrow is a new day'
Is no vitamin —
Hope is something you must find yourself.

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