

# WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 11 September 2024  
6.00pm

## 2024 Wigmore Hall/Bollinger International Song Competition

Kindly supported by William and Judith Bollinger

### Final Round and Prize-Giving

Anja Mittermüller (mezzo-soprano) and Richard Fu

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)	Der Winterabend D938 (1828)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)	Botschaft Op. 47 No. 1 (by 1868)
Robert Schumann (1810-1856)	Mondnacht from <i>Liederkreis</i> Op. 39 (1840)
Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)	La Souris (1956) Hyde Park (1945)
Americ Goh (b.1982)	From <i>Night Songs I</i> (2009) <i>Twilight • Thief in the Night</i>
Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)	In the silence of the secret night Op. 4 No. 3 (?1892)
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)	Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen from <i>Rückert Lieder</i> (1901-2)



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**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**



Jonathan Eyers (baritone) and Ilan Kurtser

<b>Douglas Lilburn</b> (1915-2001)	Holiday Piece (1946, rev. 1950)
<b>Franz Schubert</b>	Hoffnung D637 (c.1819)
<b>Sally Beamish</b> (b.1956)	Nightingale from <i>4 Songs from Hafez</i> (2007)
<b>Claude Debussy</b> (1862-1918)	Colloque sentimental from <i>Fêtes galantes Book II</i> (1904)
<b>Herbert Howells</b> (1892-1983)	King David (1919)
<b>Francis Poulenc</b>	4 poèmes de Guillaume Apollinaire (1931) <i>L'anguille • Carte postale • Avant le cinéma • 1904</i>
<b>Nicolas Medtner</b> (1880-1951)	Heimweh Op. 19 No. 3 (1907-9)

*Interval*

Mathilde Ortscheidt (mezzo-soprano) and Juliette Journaux

<b>Claude Debussy</b>	3 mélodies de Verlaine (1891) <i>La mer est plus belle • Le son du cor • L'échelonnement des haies</i>
<b>George Crumb</b> (1929-2022)	Wind Elegy from <i>3 Early Songs</i> (1947)
<b>Gustav Mahler</b>	From <i>Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen</i> (1883-5) <i>Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht • Ging heut' morgen über's Feld</i>
<b>Élise Bertrand</b> (b.2000)	La nuit from <i>Ame de Nuit</i> Op. 12 (2021)
<b>Leonard Bernstein</b> (1918-1990)	I Hate Music! from <i>I Hate Music</i> (1943)
<b>Arnold Schoenberg</b> (1874-1951)	Erwartung Op. 2 No. 1 (c.1899-1900) Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm Op. 2 No. 2 (c.1899-1900)

Santiago Sánchez (tenor) and Ian Tindale (official Competition pianist)

<b>Robert Schumann</b>	From <i>Dichterliebe</i> Op. 48 (1840) <i>Im wunderschönen Monat Mai</i> • <i>Aus meinen Tränen spriessen</i> • <i>Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne</i> • <i>Wenn ich in deine Augen seh</i>
<b>Richard Strauss</b> (1864-1949)	Nachtgang Op. 29 No. 3 (1895) Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)
<b>Benjamin Britten</b> (1913-1976)	From <i>Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo</i> Op. 22 (1940) <i>Sonetto XXXVIII: Rendete agli occhi miei, o fonte o fiume</i> • <i>Sonetto XXIV: Spirto ben nato, in cui si specchia e vede</i> Before life and after from <i>Winter Words</i> Op. 52 (1953)
<b>Alberto Ginastera</b> (1916-1983)	Zamba from <i>5 canciones populares argentinas</i> Op. 10 (1943)
<b>Joaquín Turina</b> (1882-1949)	Rima Op. 26 No. 3 (1923)
<b>Isaac Albéniz</b> (1860-1909)	Me ha herido recatándose from <i>Rimas de Bécquer</i> (pub. 1888)
<b>Manuel de Falla</b> (1876-1946)	Olas gigantes (c.1900)

## Anja Mittermüller and Richard Fu

### Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

#### Der Winterabend D938 The winter evening

(1828)

*Karl Gottfried von Leitner*

Es ist so still, so heimlich um mich, Die Sonn' ist unter, der Tag entwich, Wie schnell nun heran der Abend graut! – Mir ist es recht, sonst ist mir's zu laut. Jetzt aber ist's ruhig, es hämmert kein Schmied, Kein Klempner, das Volk verlieht und ist müd; Und selbst, dass nicht rasselte der Wagen Lauf, Zog Decken der Schnee durch die Gassen auf.  Wie tut mir so wohl der selige Frieden! Da sitz' ich im Dunkeln, ganz abgeschieden, So ganz für mich; – nur der Mondenschein Kommt leise zu mir in's Gemach.  Er kennt mich schon und lässt mich schweigen. Nimmt nur seine Arbeit, die Spindel, das Gold, Und spinnet stille, webt und lächelt hold, Und hängt dann sein schimmerndes Schleierruch Ringsum an Gerät und Wänden aus. Ist gar ein stiller, ein lieber Besuch, Macht mir gar keine Unruh' im Haus'. Will er bleiben, so hat er Ort, Freut's ihn nimmer, so geht er fort.  Ich sitze dann stumm im Fenster gern', Und schaue hinauf in Gewölk und Stern.	It is so still and homely around me, the sun has set, the day is done, how swiftly the evening now grows grey! That suits me well, day is too loud. But now all is quiet, blacksmith and plumber hammer no more, people are tired, have gone back home; and the snow has even draped the streets, lest carts should rattle as they pass.  This blissful peace is so good for me! I sit in the darkness, quite secluded, quite self-contained; only the moonlight softly enters my room.  It knows me and leaves me to my silence, just gets down to work with spindle and gold, spins silently, weaves and smiles a sweet smile, and then drapes its shimmering veil over the chattels and walls around me. The moon's a silent and much-loved guest, who does not disturb the house at all. If it wishes to stay, there's room enough, if the pleasure palls, it can move on.  Then I like to sit quietly by the window, and gaze up at the clouds and stars,
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Denke zurück, ach weit, gar weit, In eine schöne, verschwund'ne Zeit. Denk' an sie, an das Glück der Minne, Seufze still, und sinne und sinne.	think back, so far, ah! so far to the lovely vanished past. Think of her and love's happiness, sigh in silence, and muse and muse.
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### Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

#### Botschaft Op. 47 No. 1 A message

(by 1868)

*Georg Friedrich Daumer,  
after Hafez*

Wehe, Lüftchen, lind und lieblich Um die Wange der Geliebten, Spiele zart in ihrer Locke, Eile nicht, hinwegzufliehn!  Tut sie dann vielleicht die Frage, Wie es um mich Armen stehe; Sprich: „Unendlich war sein Wehe, Höchst bedenklich seine Lage;  Aber jetzo kann er hoffen Wieder herrlich aufzuleben, Denn du, Holde, Denkst an ihn.“	Blow, breeze, gently and sweetly about the cheek of my beloved, play softly with her tresses, make no haste to fly away!  Then if she should chance to ask how things are with wretched me, say: 'His sorrow's been unending, his condition most grave;  But now he can hope to revel in life once more, for you, fair one, think of him.'
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### Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

#### Mondnacht from Moonlit night

#### Liederkreis Op. 39

(1840)

*Joseph, Freiherr von  
Eichendorff*

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel Die Erde still geküsst, Dass sie im Blütenschimmer Von ihm nur träumen müsst'.	It was as though Heaven had softly kissed the Earth, so that she in a gleam of blossom had now to dream of him.
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*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

Die Luft ging durch die Felder, Die Ähren wogten sacht,	The breeze passed through the fields, the corn swayed gently to and fro, the forests murmured softly, the night was so clear with stars.
Es rauschten leis die Wälder, So sternklar war die Nacht.	

Und meine Seele spannte Weit ihre Flügel aus, Flog durch die stillen Lande, Als flöge sie nach Haus.	And my soul spread its wings out wide, flew across the silent land, as though flying home.
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### Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

#### La Souris (1956)

*Guillaume Apollinaire*

Belles journées, souris du temps, Vous rongez peu à peu ma vie. Dieu! Je vais avoir vingt-huit ans, Et mal vécus, à mon envie.	The mouse Lovely days, mouse of time, you gnaw away at my life bit by bit. Lord! I'm going to reach 28 years, and have misspent them, just like I wanted.
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#### Hyde Park (1945)

*Guillaume Apollinaire*

Les faiseurs de religions Prêchaient dans le brouillard Les ombres près de qui nous passions Jouaient à collin-maillard	Hyde Park The promoters of religions were preaching in the fog the shadowy figures near us as we passed played blind man's buff
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A soixante-dix ans Joues fraîches et petits enfants Venez venez Eléonore Et que sais-je encore	At seventy years old fresh cheeks of small children come along come along Eléonore and what more besides
---	---

Regardez venir les cyclopes Les pipes s'envolaient Mais envollez-vous-en Regards impénitents Et l'Europe l'Europe	Look at the Cyclops coming the pipes were flying past but be off obdurate staring and Europe Europe
--	--

Regards sacrés Mains énamourées Et les amants s'aimèrent	Worshipping looks hands in love and the lovers made love
--	--

Tant que prêcheurs prêchèrent	as long as the preachers preached
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### Americ Goh (b.1982)

#### From *Night Songs I* (2009)

*DH Lawrence*

#### Twilight

Twilight  
Thick underdusk  
And a hidden voice like water clucking  
Callously continuous.  
While darkness submerges the stones  
And splashes warm between the buttocks.

#### Thief in the Night

Last night a thief came to me  
And struck at me with something dark.  
I cried, but no one heard me,  
I lay dumb and stark.

When I awoke this morning  
I could find no trace;  
Perhaps 'twas a dream of warning,  
For I've lost my peace.

### Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

#### In the silence of the secret night Op. 4

#### No. 3 (?1892)

*Afanasy Fet*

O, dolga budu ya, v molchani nochi tainoi, Kovarnyi lepet tvoi, ulybku, vzor, vzor sluchainyi, Perstam poslushnuyu volos, volos tvoikh gustuyu pryad Iz myslei izgonyat i snova prizyvati; Sheptat i popravlyat bylye vyrazheniya Rechei moikh s toboi, ispolnennykh smushcheniya, I v opyaneni, naperekor umu,	O, long will I, in the silence of the mysterious night, your sly chatter, smile, glance, casual glance, hair pliant to my fingers, your thick shock of hair, banish from my thoughts and summon back again, whisper and improve past words I spoke to you, so full of shy confusion, and in rapture against all reason,
--	--

Zavetnym imenem  
budit nochnuyu  
tmu.

O, dolgo budu ya, v  
molchani nochi  
tainoi,

Zavetnym imenem  
budit nochnuyu  
tmu.

awake night's darkness  
with your cherished  
name.

O, long will I, in the silence  
of the mysterious night,

awake night's darkness  
with your cherished  
name.

## Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

### Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen from *Rückert Lieder*

(1901-2)

*Friedrich Rückert*

### I am lost to the world

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.

## Jonathan Eyers and Ilan Kurtser

### Douglas Lilburn (1915-2001)

#### Holiday Piece (1946, rev. 1950)

*Denis Glover*

Now let my thoughts be like the Arrow, wherein was  
gold,

And purposeful like the Kawarau, but not so cold.

Let them sweep higher than the hawk ill-omened,

Higher than peaks perspective-piled beyond Ben  
Lomond;

Let them be like at evening an Otago sky

Where detonated clouds in calm confusion lie.

Let them be smooth and sweet as all those morning  
lakes,

Yet active and leaping, like fish the fisherman takes;

And strong as the dark deep-rooted hills, strong

As twilight ours over Lake Wakatipu are long;

And hardy, like the tenacious mountain tussock,

And spacious, like the Mackenzie plain, not narrow;

And numerous, as tourists in Queenstown;

And cheerfully busy, like the gleaner sparrow.

Lastly, that snowfield, visible from Wanaka,

Compound their patience - suns only brighten,

And no rains darken, a whiteness nothing could  
whiten.

## Franz Schubert

### Hoffnung D637 (c.1819)

*Friedrich von Schiller*

### Hope

Es reden und träumen die  
Menschen viel

Von bessern künftigen  
Tagen,

Nach einem glücklichen  
goldenen Ziel

Sieht man sie rennen und  
jagen;

Die Welt wird alt und wird  
wieder jung,

Doch der Mensch hofft  
immer Verbesserung.

Men talk and dream a  
great amount

of better days to  
come,

we see them chasing  
and running

after a golden, happy  
goal;

the world grows old,  
grows young again,

but man always hopes for  
better things.

Die Hoffnung führt ihn ins  
Leben ein,

Sie umflattert den fröhlichen  
Knaben,

Den Jüngling begeistert ihr  
Zauberschein,

Sie wird mit dem Greis nicht  
begraben;

Denn beschliesst er im  
Grabe den müden Lauf,

Noch am Grabe pflanzt er –  
die Hoffnung auf.

Hope brings man into the  
world,

it hovers round the happy  
boy,

its magic radiance  
inspires youth,

nor is it buried with old  
age;

for though his tired life  
ends in the grave,

by that grave he sows  
seeds of hope.

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

Es ist kein leerer, kein schmeichelnder Wahn, Erzeugt im Gehirne des Toren, Im Herzen kündigt es laut sich an: Zu was Besserm sind wir geboren! Und was die innere Stimme spricht, Das täuscht die hoffende Seele nicht.	Hope is no vain, flattering illusion, begotten in the foolish mind, loud it proclaims in the hearts of men: we are born for better things! And what the inner voice declares does not deceive the hopeful soul.
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## Sally Beamish (b.1956)

### Nightingale from 4 Songs from Hafez

(2007)

Hafez, trans. Jila Peacock

Roaming the dawn garden  
I heard the call of a nightingale ...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to  
reproduce the text of this song

## Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

### Colloque sentimental      Lovers' dialogue from *Fêtes galantes*

*Book II* (1904)

Paul Verlaine

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé, Deux formes ont tout à l'heure passé.	In the ancient park, deserted and frozen, two shapes have just passed by.
---	--

Leurs yeux sont morts et leurs lèvres sont molles, Et l'on entend à peine leurs paroles.	Their eyes are dead and their lips are lifeless, and their words can hardly be heard.
---	--

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé.	In the ancient park, deserted and frozen two spectres were recalling the past.
---	---

– Te souvient-il de notre extase ancienne?	– Do you remember our past rapture?
---	--

– Pourquoi voulez-vous donc qu'il m'en souvienne?	– Why would you have me remember?
--	---

– Ton cœur bat-il toujours à mon seul nom?	– Does your heart still surge at my very name?
--	--

Toujours vois-tu mon âme en rêve? – Non.	Do you still see my soul when you dream? – No.
---	---

– Ah! Les beaux jours de bonheur indicible Où nous joignons nos bouches! – C'est possible.	– Ah, the beautiful days of inexpressible bliss when our lips met! – It may have been so.
---	--

– Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et grand, l'espoir! – L'espoir a fui, vaincu, vers le ciel noir.	– How blue the sky, how hopes ran high! – Hope has fled, vanquished, to the black sky.
---	--

Tels ils marchaient dans les avoines folles Et la nuit seule entendit leurs paroles.	So they walked on through the wild grasses and the night alone heard their words.
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## Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

### King David (1919)

Walter de la Mare

King David was a sorrowful man:  
No cause for his sorrow had he;  
And he called for the music of a hundred harps,  
To ease his melancholy.

They played till they all fell silent:  
Played and play sweet did they;  
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David  
They could not charm away.

He rose; and in his garden  
Walked by the moon alone,  
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,  
Jargoned on and on.

King David lifted his sad eyes  
Into the dark-boughed tree –  
'Tell me, thou little bird that singest,  
Who taught my grief to thee?'

But the bird in no wise heeded;  
And the king in the cool of the moon  
Harkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,  
Till all his own was gone.

## Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

### 4 poèmes de Guillaume Apollinaire (1931)

Guillaume Apollinaire

#### L'anguille

Jeanne Houhou la très  
gentille  
Est morte entre des draps  
très blancs

#### The eel

Jeanne Houhou the very  
demure  
died between the whitest  
of sheets

Pas seule Bébert dit l'Anguille	not alone Bébert alias the Eel
Narcisse et Hubert le merlan	Narcissus and Hubert the whiting
Près d'elle faisaient leur manille	played manille close by her side
Et la crâneuse de Clichy	And the swanky Clichy woman
Aux rouges yeux de dégueulade	with the vomit-red eyes
Répète Mon eau de Vichy	throws up my Vichy water
Va dans le panier à salade Haha sans faire de chichi	goes in the Black Maria haha without a fuss
Les yeux dansants comme des anges	Eyes dancing like angels
Elle riait elle riait	she laughed and laughed
Les yeux très bleus les dents très blanches	her eyes very blue her teeth very white
Si vous saviez si vous saviez	if only you knew if only you knew
Tout ce que nous ferons dimanche	just what we'll do on Sunday

### Carte postale

### Postcard

L'ombre de la très douce est évoquée ici,	Lo, the shade of the sweetest being is here evoked,
Indolente, et jouant un air dolent aussi:	indolent and playing a doleful air too:
Nocturne ou lied mineur qui fait pâmer son âme	nocturne or Lied in the minor key making her soul swoon
Dans l'ombre où ses longs doigts font mourir une gamme	down beneath her long fingers in the shade a scale is dying
Au piano qui geint comme un pauvre femme.	at the piano which whimpers like a poor woman.

### Avant le cinéma

### Before the cinema

Et puis ce soir on s'en ira Au cinéma	And then this evening we'll go to the cinema
Les Artistes que sont-ce donc	But who are these Artistes
Ce ne sont plus ceux qui cultivent les Beaux-Arts	no longer those who cultivate the Fine Arts
Ce ne sont pas ceux qui s'occupent de l'Art	nor those concerned with Art
Art poétique ou bien musique	the art of poetry or even music

Les Artistes ce sont les acteurs et les actrices	the Artistes are actors and actresses
Si nous étions des Artistes	If we were Artistes
Nous ne dirions pas le cinéma	we would not say the cinema
Nous dirions le ciné	we would say the ciné
Mais si nous étions de vieux professeurs de province	But if we were old professors from the provinces
Nous ne dirions ni ciné ni cinéma	we would say neither ciné nor cinema
Mais cinématographe	but cinematograph
Aussi mon Dieu faut-il avoir du goût	My word we must have taste and how

### 1904

### 1904

A Strasbourg en 1904 J'arrivai pour le lundi gras A l'hôtel m'assis devant l'âtre	In Strasbourg in 1904 I arrived for Shrove Monday at the hotel sat down by the fireside
Près d'un chanteur de l'Opéra Qui ne parlait que de théâtre	next to a singer from the Opéra who spoke only of theatre
La Kellnerine rousse avait Mis sur sa tête un chapeau rose Comme Hébé qui les dieux servait N'en eut jamais ô belles choses Carnaval chapeau rose Ave!	The red-haired Kellnerin had put a pink hat on her head such as Hebe who served the gods never possessed O lovely things carnival pink hat all hail!
A Rome à Nice et à Cologne Dans les fleurs et les confetti Carnaval j'ai revu ta trogne O roi plus riche et plus gentil Que Crésus Rothschild et Torlogne	At Rome Nice and Cologne in flowers and confetti carnival I've seen your fat face again O king richer and kinder than Croesus Rothschild and Torlonia

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



Je soupai d'un peu de foie gras	I dined on a little foie gras
De chevreuil tendre à la compote	on tender venison with compote
De tartes flancs etc.	on baked-custard tarts etc.
Un peu de kirsch me ravigote	a little kirsch jazzes me up
Que ne t'avais-je entre mes bras	If only I'd had you in my arms

## Nicolas Medtner (1880-1951)

### Heimweh Op. 19 No. 3 Homesickness

(1907-9)

*Friedrich Nietzsche*

Das milde Abendläuten Hallet über das Feld.	The gentle vesper bells sound across the field.
Das will mir recht bedeuten, Dass doch auf dieser Welt Heimat und Heimatsglück	That seems right to me, that still in this world probably no-one has ever found
Wohl keiner je gefunden:	home and the contentment of home:
Der Erde kaum entwunden,	barely having struggled free of the earth,
Kehr'n wir zur Erde zurück.	we turn right back towards it.
Wenn so die Glocken hallen,	When the bells sound like that,
Geht es mir durch den Sinn, Dass wir noch Alle wallen	it crosses my mind that we are all still moving
Zur ew'gen Heimat hin.	towards an eternal home.
Glücklich, wer allezeit	Happy the one who eternally
Der Erde sich entringet Und Heimatlieder singet Von jener Seligkeit.	breaks free of the earth and sings songs of home about that happiness.

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## Interval

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## Mathilde Ortscheidt and Juliette Journaux

## Claude Debussy

### 3 mélodies de Verlaine (1891)

*Paul Verlaine*

## La mer est plus belle

La mer est plus belle  
Que les cathédrales,  
Nourrice fidèle,  
Berceuse de  
râles,  
La mer sur qui prie  
La Vierge Marie!

Elle a tous les dons  
Terribles et doux.  
J'entends ses pardons  
Gronder ses courroux...  
Cette immensité  
N'a rien d'entêté.

Oh! si patiente,  
Même quand méchante!  
Un souffle ami hante  
La vague, et nous chante:  
'Vous sans espérance,  
Mourez sans  
souffrance!'

Et puis, sous les  
cieux  
Qui s'y rient plus  
clairs,  
Elle a des airs bleus,  
Roses, gris et verts...  
Plus belle que tous,  
Meilleure que nous!

## Le son du cor

Le son du cor  
s'afflige vers les  
bois  
D'une douleur on veut croire  
orpheline  
Qui vient mourir au bas de la  
colline  
Parmi la bise errant en courts  
abois.

L'âme du loup pleure dans  
cette voix  
Qui monte avec le soleil qui  
décline  
D'une agonie on veut croire  
câline  
Et qui ravit et qui navre  
à la fois.

Pour faire mieux cette  
plainte assoupie,

## The sea is lovelier

The sea is lovelier  
than the cathedrals,  
a faithful wet-nurse,  
lulling those in the grip of  
death,  
the sea over which  
the Virgin Mary prays!

It has all the qualities,  
awesome and sweet.  
I hear its forgiveness  
scolding its wrath...  
this immensity  
is without wilfulness.

Oh, so forbearing,  
even when wicked!  
A friendly breath haunts  
the wave, and sings to us:  
'You without hope,  
may you die without pain!'

And then beneath the  
skies,  
reflected there more  
brightly,  
it seems blue,  
pink, grey, and green...  
lovelier than all,  
better than we!

## The sound of the horn

The sound of the horn  
wails towards the  
woods  
with an almost orphan  
sorrow  
which fades away at the  
foot of the hill  
amid the gusts of the  
fierce North wind.

The soul of the wolf  
weeps in that voice  
which rises with the  
setting sun  
with an almost soothing  
agony,  
which delights and  
distresses all at once.

To muffle better this  
lament,

La neige tombe à longs traits  
de charpie  
A travers le couchant  
sanguinolent,

the snow falls in long  
shreds  
across the blood-flecked  
setting sun,

Et l'air a l'air d'être un  
soupir d'automne,  
Tant il fait doux par ce soir  
monotone  
Où se dorlote  
un paysage  
lent.

And the air has the air of  
an autumn sigh,  
so mild is this  
monotonous night  
on which a languid  
landscape takes its  
ease.

## L'échelonnement des haies

## The hedgerows stretch out

L'échelonnement des  
haies  
Moutonne à l'infini, mer  
Claire dans le brouillard  
clair  
Qui sent bon les jeunes  
baies.

The hedgerows stretch  
out  
frothing afar, sea-like  
and clear in the clear  
mist,  
fragrant with young  
berries.

Des arbres et des moulins  
Sont légers sur le vert  
tendre  
Où vient s'ébattre et  
s'étendre  
L'agilité des  
poulains.

Trees and windmills rise  
insubstantial on the  
delicate green,  
where agile colts  
come to stretch and  
frolic.

Dans ce vague d'un  
Dimanche  
Voici se jouer aussi  
De grandes brebis aussi  
Douces que leur laine  
blanche.

On this lazy  
Sunday,  
some large ewes,  
soft as their white wool,  
join them in their  
play.

Tout à l'heure déferlait  
L'onde, roulée en volutes,  
De cloches comme des  
flûtes  
Dans le ciel comme du lait.

Just now there broke  
a curling wave  
of flute-like  
bells  
in the milk-white sky.

## George Crumb (1929-2022)

### Wind Elegy from 3 Early Songs (1947)

Sara Teasdale

Only the wind knows he is gone,  
Only the wind grieves,  
The sun shines, the fields are sown,  
Sparrows mate in the eaves;

But I heard the wind in the pines he planted  
And the hemlocks overhead,

'His acres wake, for the year turns,  
But he is asleep,' it said.

## Gustav Mahler

### From *Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen*

(1883-5)

Gustav Mahler

### Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht

### When my love has her wedding-day

Wenn mein Schatz  
Hochzeit macht,  
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,  
Hab' ich meinen traurigen  
Tag!  
Geh' ich in mein Kämmerlein,  
Dunkles Kämmerlein!  
Weine! wein'! Um meinen  
Schatz,  
Um meinen lieben Schatz!

When my love has her  
wedding-day,  
her joyous wedding-day,  
I have my day of  
mourning!  
I go into my little room,  
My dark little room!  
I weep, weep! For my  
love,  
my dearest love!

Blümlein blau! Blümlein  
blau!  
Verdorre nicht! Verdorre  
nicht!  
Vöglein süß! Vöglein  
süß!  
Du singst auf grüner  
Heide!  
„Ach, wie ist die Welt so  
schön!  
Ziküth! Ziküth!“

Blue little flower! Blue  
little flower!  
Do not wither, do not  
wither!  
Sweet little bird! Sweet  
little bird!  
Singing on the green  
heath!  
'Ah, how fair the world  
is!  
Jug-jug! Jug-jug!'

Singet nicht! Blühet  
nicht!  
Lenz ist ja vorbei!  
Alles Singen ist nun aus!  
Des Abends, wenn ich  
schlafen geh',  
Denk' ich an mein Leid!  
An mein Leide!

Do not sing! Do not  
bloom!  
For spring is over!  
All singing now is done!  
At night, when I go  
to rest,  
I think of my sorrow!  
My sorrow!

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

## Ging heut' morgen über's Feld

Ging heut' morgen  
über's Feld,  
Tau noch auf den Gräsern  
hing;  
Sprach zu mir der lust'ge  
Fink:  
„Ei, du! Gelt?  
Guten Morgen! Ei, Gelt?  
Du!  
Wird's nicht eine schöne  
Welt?  
Zink! Zink! Schön und  
flink!  
Wie mir doch die Welt  
gefällt!“

Auch die Glockenblum'  
am Feld  
Hat mir lustig, guter  
Ding',  
Mit den Glöckchen, klinge,  
kling,  
Ihren Morgengruss  
geschellt:  
„Wird's nicht eine schöne  
Welt?  
Kling! Kling! Schönes Ding!  
Wie mir doch die Welt  
gefällt!“

Und da fing im Sonnenschein  
Gleich die Welt zu funkeln  
an;  
Alles, Alles, Ton und Farbe  
gewann!  
Im Sonnenschein!  
Blum' und Vogel, gross und  
klein!  
„Guten Tag! Guten Tag!  
Ist's nicht eine schöne Welt?  
Ei, du! Gelt? Schöne  
Welt!“

Nun fängt auch mein Glück  
wohl an?  
Nein! Nein! Das ich  
mein',  
Mir nimmer, nimmer blühen  
kann!

## I walked across the fields this morning

I walked across the fields  
this morning,  
dew still hung on the  
grass,  
the merry finch said to  
me:  
'You there, hey –  
Good morning! Hey, you  
there!  
Isn't it a lovely  
world?  
Tweet! Tweet! Bright and  
sweet!  
O how I love the  
world!'

And the harebell at the  
field's edge,  
merrily and in good  
spirits,  
ding-ding with its tiny bell  
rang out its morning  
greeting:  
'Isn't it a lovely  
world?  
Ding-ding! Beautiful  
thing!  
O how I love the  
world!'

And then in the gleaming  
sun  
the world at once began  
to sparkle;  
all things gained in tone  
and colour!  
In the sunshine!  
Flower and bird, great  
and small.  
'Good day! Good day!  
Isn't it a lovely world?  
Hey, you there! A lovely  
world!'

Will my happiness now  
begin?  
No! No! The happiness I  
mean  
can never bloom for  
me!

## Élise Bertrand (b.2000)

La nuit from *Ame de  
Nuit Op. 12* (2021)  
Claude Roy

The night

Elle est venue la nuit de plus  
loin que la nuit  
A pas de vent de loup de  
fougère et de menthe ...

She is come the night  
from beyond night  
on light steps of fern and  
mint  
stealer of scents impure  
deceitful night  
girl with foaming hair  
born from stagnant  
water

After the dawn the night  
weaver of songs  
sleeps a deep dream of  
stars and jellyfish  
and legs tangled with the  
changing seasons  
keeps watch over the  
clouded stars at rest

Her hand lets the  
constellations slide  
the fantastical sands of  
lonely worlds  
the dust of God and of his  
creation  
the seed of fire which  
enriches the lands

But she is coming the  
night from beyond  
night  
on steps of wind sea fire  
wolf snare  
shepherdess with no  
flock harvester with no  
grain  
blind thing with lips of  
gold that walks on the  
snow

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the  
French text of this song

## Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

*I Hate Music from I Hate Music!* (1943)  
Leonard Bernstein

I hate music!  
But I like to sing...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the  
text of this song

## Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Erwartung Op. 2 No. 1      Expectation  
(c.1899-1900)  
Richard Dehmel

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche From the sea-green  
pond  
Neben der roten Villa near the red villa  
Unter der toten Eiche beneath the dead oak  
Scheint der Mond. the moon is shining.

Wo ihr dunkles Abbild Where her dark image  
Durch das Wasser gleams through the  
greift, water,  
Steht ein Mann und streift a man stands, and draws  
Einen Ring von seiner Hand. a ring from his hand.

Drei Opale blinken; Three opals glimmer;  
Durch die bleichen Steine among the pale stones  
Schwimmen rot und float red and green  
grüne sparks  
Funken und versinken. and sink.

Und er küsst sie, und And he kisses her,  
Seine Augen leuchten and his eyes gleam  
Wie der meergrüne like the sea-green  
Grund: depths:  
Ein Fenster tut sich auf. a window opens.

Aus der roten Villa From the red villa  
Neben der toten Eiche near the dead oak,  
Winkt ihm eine bleiche a woman's pale hand  
Frauenhand... waves to him...

**Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm Op. 2**  
**No. 2 (c.1899-1900)**  
*Richard Dehmel*

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Give me your golden  
Kamm; comb;  
Jeder Morgen soll every morning shall  
dich mahnen, remind you  
Dass du mir die Haare that you kissed my  
küsstest. hair.  
Schenk mir deinen seidenen Give me your silken  
Schwamm; sponge,  
Jeden Abend will ich every evening I want to  
ahnen, sense  
Wem du dich im for whom you prepare  
Bade rüstest, yourself in the bath –  
O Maria! oh, Maria!

Schenk mir Alles, was du Give me everything you  
hast; have;  
Meine Seele ist nicht eitel, my soul is not in vain,  
Stolz empfang ich deinen proudly I receive your  
Segen. blessing.  
Schenk mir deine schwerste Give me your heavy  
Last: burden:  
Willst du nicht auf meinen will you not lay on my  
Scheitel head  
Auch dein Herz, dein Herz your heart too,  
noch legen – your heart –

Magdalena?

Magdalena?

**Santiago Sánchez and Ian Tindale**

**Robert Schumann**

**From *Dichterliebe* Op. 48 (1840)**

*Heinrich Heine*

**Im wunderschönen  
Monat Mai**

**In the wondrous  
month of May**

Im wunderschönen Monat  
Mai,  
Als alle Knospen  
sprangen,  
Da ist in meinem  
Herzen  
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

In the wondrous month of  
May,  
when all buds were  
bursting into bloom,  
then it was that in my  
heart  
love began to blossom.

Im wunderschönen Monat  
Mai,  
Als alle Vögel  
sangen,  
Da hab' ich ihr  
gestanden  
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

In the wondrous month of  
May,  
when all the birds were  
singing,  
then it was I confessed to  
her  
my longing and desire.

**Aus meinen Tränen  
spriessen**

**From my tears will  
spring**

Aus meinen Tränen  
spriessen  
Viel blühende Blumen  
hervor,  
Und meine Seufzer werden  
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

From my tears will  
spring  
many blossoming  
flowers,  
and my sighs will become  
a choir of nightingales.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast,  
Kindchen,  
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen  
all',  
Und vor deinem Fenster soll  
klingen  
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

And if you love me,  
child,  
I'll give you all the flowers,  
and at your window shall  
sound  
the nightingale's song.

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

## Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube,  
die Sonne,  
Die lieb' ich einst alle in  
Liebeswonne.  
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich  
liebe alleine  
Die Kleine, die Feine, die  
Reine, die Eine;  
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,  
  
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube  
und Sonne.

## Rose, lily, dove

Rose, lily, dove,  
sun,  
I loved them all once in  
the bliss of love.  
I love them no more, I  
only love  
she who is small, fine,  
pure, rare;  
she, most blissful of all  
loves,  
is rose and lily and dove  
and sun.

## Wenn ich in deine Augen seh

Wenn ich in deine Augen  
seh',  
So schwindet all mein Leid  
und Weh;  
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen  
Mund,  
So werd ich ganz und gar  
gesund.  
  
Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine  
Brust,  
Kommt's über mich wie  
Himmelslust;  
Doch wenn du sprichst: Ich  
liebe dich!  
So muss ich weinen  
bitterlich.

## When I look into your eyes

When I look into your  
eyes,  
all my pain and sorrow  
vanish;  
but when I kiss your  
lips,  
then I am wholly  
healed.  
  
When I lay my head  
against your breast,  
heavenly bliss steals  
over me;  
but when you say: I love  
you!  
I must weep bitter  
tears.

## Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

### Nachtgang Op. 29 No. 3 (1895)

*Otto Julius Bierbaum*

Wir gingen durch die stille,  
milde Nacht,  
Dein Arm in meinem,  
Dein Auge in  
meinem.  
Der Mond goss silbernes  
Licht  
Über dein Angesicht,  
Wie auf Goldgrund ruhte  
dein schönes Haupt.  
Und du erschienst mir wie  
eine Heilige,  
Mild, mild und gross und  
seelenübereif,

### A walk at night

We walked through the  
gentle silent night,  
your arm in mine,  
your eyes gazing into  
mine;  
the moon shed silver light  
over your face;  
as though on gold your  
fair head lay,  
and you seemed to me  
like a saint:  
gentle, gentle and great,  
with a brimming soul,

Heilig und rein wie die liebe  
Sonne.  
Und in die Augen  
Schwoll mir ein warmer  
Drang,  
Wie Tränenahnung.  
Fester fasst' ich dich  
Und küsste -  
Küsste dich ganz leise -  
Meine Seele weinte.

holy and pure like the  
dear sun.  
And a pressing warmth  
welled into my  
eyes,  
like impending tears.  
I held you closer  
and kissed you -  
kissed you so gently -  
my soul wept.

### Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)

*John Henry Mackay*

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 -

And twine in your hair the  
glorious rose -

O komm, du wunderbare,  
ersehnte Nacht!

Ah! come, o wondrous,  
longed-for night

## Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

### From *Seven Sonnets of Michelangelo Op.*

22 (1940)

*Michelangelo*

### Sonetto XXXVIII: Rendete agli occhi miei, o fonte o fiume

Rendete agli occhi miei, o fonte o fiume,	Give back to my eyes, you fountains and rivers,
L'onde della non vostra e salda vena,	the waves of those strong currents that are
Che più v'innalza e cresce, e con più lena	not yours, which make you swell and grow
Che non è 'l vostro natural costume.	with greater power than is your natural way.
E tu, folt'air, che 'l celeste lume	And thou, heavy air, that dims the heavenly
Tempri a' trist'occhi, de' sospir mie' piena,	light to my sad eyes, so full of sighs art thou,
Rendigli al cor mio lasso, e rasserena	give them back to my weary heart and
Tua scura faccia al mio visivo acume.	lighten thy dark face to my eye's keen sight.
Renda la terra i passi alle mie piante,	Earth, give me back my footsteps that the
C'ancor l'erba germogli, che gli è tolta,	grass may sprout again where it was trod;
E 'l suono eco, già sorda a' mie' lamenti;	and Echo, yet deaf to my laments, give back thy sound;
Gli sguardi a gli occhi mie', tue luci sante;	and you blest pupils give back to my eyes their glances;
Ch'i' possa altra bellezza un'altra volta	that I another time may love another beauty,
Amar, po' che di me non ti contenti.	since with me you are not satisfied.

### Sonetto XXIV: Spirto ben nato, in cui si specchia e vede

Spirto ben nato, in cui si specchia e vede	Noble soul, in whose chaste and dear limbs
Nelle tue belle membra oneste e care	are reflected all that nature and heaven
Quanto natura e 'l ciel tra no' puo fare,	can achieve with us,
Quand'a null'altra sua bell'opra cede:	the paragon of their works:
Spirto leggiadro, in cu' si spera e crede	graceful soul, within whom one hopes and believes

Dentro, come di fuor nel viso appare,	Love, Pity and Mercy are dwelling,
Amor, pietà, mercè, cose si rare,	as they appear in your face; things so rare
Che ma' furn' in beltà con tanta fede;	and never found in beauty so truly:
L'amor mi prende, e la beltà mi lega;	Love takes me captive, and Beauty binds me;
La pietà, la mercè con dolci sguardi	Pity and Mercy with sweet glances
Ferma speranz'al cor par che ne doni.	fill my heart with a strong hope.
Qual uso o qual governo al mondo nega,	What law or earthly government,
Qual crudeltà per tempo o qual più tardi,	what cruelty now or to come,
C'a si bel viso morte non perdoni?	could forbid Death to spare such a lovely face?

### Before life and after from *Winter Words*

Op. 52 (1953)

*Thomas Hardy*

A time there was – as one may guess  
And as, indeed, earth's testimonies tell –  
Before the birth of consciousness,  
When all went well.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss,  
None knew regret, starved hope, or heart-burnings;  
None cared whatever crash or cross  
Brought wrack to things.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed,  
If something winced and waned, no heart was wrung;  
If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed,  
No sense was stung.

But the disease of feeling germed,  
And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong;  
Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed  
How long, how long?

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

**Alberto Ginastera** (1916-1983)

**Zamba from 5 canciones populares argentinas Op. 10** (1943)

*Traditional*

**Zamba**

Hasta las piedras  
del cerro  
Y las arenas del mar  
Me dicen que no te quiera  
Y no te puedo olvidar.  
Si el corazón me has  
robado  
El tuyo me lo has de  
dar  
El que lleva cosa  
ajena  
Con lo suyo ha de pagar  
Ay!

**Zamba**

Even the stones on the  
hillside  
and the sand in the sea  
tell me not to love you.  
But I cannot forget you.  
If you have stolen my  
heart  
then you must give me  
yours.  
He who takes what is not  
his  
must return it in kind.  
Ay!

**Joaquín Turina** (1882-1949)

**Rima Op. 26 No. 3** (1923) **Rima**

*Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer*

Te vi un punto y flotando  
ante mis ojos  
La imagen de tus ojos se  
quedó,  
Como la mancha oscura  
orlada en fuego  
Que flota y ciega si se mira al  
sol.

I glimpsed you, and  
floating before my eyes  
the image of your eyes  
remained,  
like the dark spot fringed  
with fire  
that hovers and blinds if  
you look at the sun.

Y dondequiera que la yista  
clavo  
Torno a ver sus pupilas  
llamear;  
Mas no te encuentro a tí, que  
es tu mirada,  
Unos ojos, los tuyos, nada  
más.

And wherever I direct my  
gaze  
I see again your glowing  
eyes;  
but it is your gaze, not  
you that I see,  
two eyes, your own, but  
nothing more.

De mi alcoba en el ángulo  
los miro  
Desasidos fantásticos  
lucir:  
Cuando duermo los siento  
que se ciernen  
De par en par abiertos sobre  
mí.

From the corner of my  
room I see them  
floating, phantom-like,  
gleaming;  
when I sleep I feel them  
hovering  
wide open there above  
me.

Yo sé que hay fuegos fatuos  
que en la noche  
Lleven al caminante a  
perecer:

I know that will-o'-the-  
wisps at night  
take the traveller to his  
death:

Yo me siento arrastrado por  
tus ojos,  
Pero adónde me arrastran no  
lo sé.

I feel myself borne away  
by your eyes,  
but whither they bear me  
I do not know.

**Isaac Albéniz** (1860-1909)

**Me ha herido  
recatándose from**

***Rimas de Bécquer***

(pub. 1888)

*Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer*

Me ha herido recatándose en  
las sombras,  
Sellando con un beso su  
traición.  
Los brazos me echó al  
cuello y por la  
espalda  
Partiome a sangre fría el  
corazón.

**She wounded me as  
she hid**

She wounded me as she  
hid in the shadows,  
sealing her betrayal with  
a kiss.  
She flung her arms  
around my neck, then  
stabbed  
me in the back, piercing  
my heart in cold blood.

Y ella prosigue alegre  
su camino,

And now she's going  
merrily on her way,

Feliz, risueña, impávida. ¿Y  
por qué?

happy, laughing, unafraid.  
And why?

Porque no brota  
sangre de la  
herida,

Because no blood is  
flowing from the  
wound,

Porque el muerto está en pie.

because the dead man is  
still standing.

**Manuel de Falla** (1876-1946)

**Olas gigantes** (c.1900)

*Gustavo Adolfo Bécquer*

Olas gigantes que os  
rompéis bramando  
En las playas desiertas y  
remotas,  
Envuelto entre las sábanas  
de espuma,  
¡Llebadme con vosotras!

**Vast waves**

Vast waves, breaking with  
a roar  
on deserted and distant  
strands,  
shroud me in a sheet of  
foam,  
bear me away with you!

Ráfagas de huracán, que  
arreatáis

Hurricane gusts,  
snatching

Del alto bosque las  
marchitas hojas,

the tall wood's withered  
leaves,

Arrastrando en el ciego  
torbellino,

dragging all along in dark  
turbulence,

¡Llebadme con vosotras!

bear me away with you!

Nubes de tempestad que  
rompe el rayo

Storm clouds rent by  
lightning,

Y en fuego ornáis las  
desprendidas orlas,

with your edges bordered  
in fire,

Arrebatado entre la niebla oscura, ¡Llebadme con vosotras!	snatch me up in a dark mist, bear me away with you!
Llebadme, por piedad, adonde el vértigo	Bear me away, I beg, to where vertigo
Con la razón me arranque la memoria.	eradicates my memory and reason.
¡Por piedad! ... ¡Tengo miedo de quedarme	Have mercy ... I dread being left
Con mi dolor a solas!	alone with my grief!

*Translations of Schubert, Brahms, Schumann, Mahler, Schoenberg and Strauss 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. 'La Souris' and Bertrand by Jean du Monde. Debussy and all other Poulenc by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Rachmaninov by Richard D Sylvester from Rachmaninoff's Complete Songs: A Companion with Texts and Translations published by Indiana University Press. Britten by Elizabeth Mayer and Peter Pears. Ginastera by Jacqueline Cockburn. Turina and Falla by Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes from The Spanish Song Companion published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.*

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