

WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 14 October 2021 7.30pm

In the footsteps of...

Gweneth Ann Rand soprano

Allyson Devenish piano

Spiritual

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Erik Satie (1866-1925)

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)

Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)

Shirley Thompson (b.1958)

Errollyn Wallen (b.1958)

Spiritual

Sarah Daramy-Williams violin

Cathy Tyson narrator

City called Heaven *arranged by Hall Johnson*

Witness *arranged by Hall Johnson*

Is There Anybody Here? *arranged by Roland M. Carter*

Solitude from *Belshazzar's Feast* Op. 51 (1939)

Norden Op. 90 No. 1 (1917)

Svarta rosor Op. 36 No. 1 (1899)

Var det en dröm? Op. 37 No. 4 (1902)

Gypsy Songs Op. 55 (1880)

*My song of love rings through the dusk • All round about the woods are still •
Songs my mother taught me • Give a hawk a fine cage*

Phidylé (1882)

La dame de Monte Carlo (1961)

Je te veux (?1900)

L'heure exquise from *Chansons grises* (1892)

Interval

4 Last Songs (1948)

Frühling • September • Beim Schlafengehen • Im Abendrot

Why do they shut me out of heaven? from *12 poems of Emily Dickinson* (1949-50)

My Favourite Things from *The Sound of Music* (1959) *arranged by Allyson Devenish*

I Want To Die While You Love Me (1975)

Tapestry from *Tapestry* (1993)

My Feet May Take a Little While

By an' by *arranged by Clement Ishmael • world première*

My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord *arranged by Florence Price*

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In the footsteps of...

Songs of sorrow. Songs of endurance. Songs of faith. Born on the plantations of North America, the spiritual is testament to the resilience of the human spirit in the face of terror. What does it mean to hear these songs today? What does it mean to sing them? In their selection of spirituals arranged by the African-American composers **Hall Johnson**, **Roland M Carter** and **Florence Price**, and by the British-Canadian composer, **Clement Ishmael**, Gweneth Ann Rand and Allyson Devenish are remembering and renewing the history of spirituals in the concert hall: not just as the final set in a programme of European art songs but also at the top of that programme.

As the novelist Kaitlyn Greenidge wrote this year in *The New York Times*, reflecting on the Black Lives Matter movement and the disproportionate lethality of Covid-19 in the African-American community, spirituals are 'meditations on the triumph of the metaphysical over the physical realities of slavery...What does freedom feel like if your only access to it is in your imagination?'

Every syllable of a spiritual that is sung this evening can be traced back to artists who came before, and to the collectives of anonymous enslaved composers who created this form. These melodies also connect us to the churches of Philadelphia, St Louis and Augusta, where the voices of Marian Anderson, Grace Bumbry and Jessye Norman were nurtured in their childhoods. As the grandchildren or great-grandchildren of slaves, or as children of the Great Migration to the industrial cities of the North, this music was their inheritance.

While Anderson embraced repertoire as diverse as Bach and Sibelius, Bumbry balanced recitals of Schubert and Brahms with a remarkable double operatic career, and Norman sang music from Ravel to Richard Rodgers, promoting in her final years awareness of the career of Sissieretta Jones (1868-1933), the first Black singer to perform at Carnegie Hall, the spiritual remained a bedrock. First published in compilation in 1867, these songs are as instructive in the art of *legato* as the famous collection of *24 Italian Songs and Arias* that was published by Schirmer in 1894.

Spirituals match the ecstatic and rapt imagery of Emily Dickinson's poetry, as set by **Aaron Copland**, and predate **Dvořák's** *Zigeunerlieder* Op. 55, which Bumbry toured in Europe in the 1960s with the pianist Beaumont Glass. Dvořák's work at the National Conservatory of Music of America in New York introduced him to the African-American composer and singer Henry Thacker Burleigh, who would play a vital role in establishing the spiritual as an art song. It was Burleigh's arrangement of 'Deep River' that Anderson chose to sing in her Wigmore debut of 15 June 1928, alongside songs by Quilter, Schubert and Debussy, and that Bumbry performed here in her debut recital of 5 June 1959, alongside songs by Strauss.

Anderson's affinity for the melodic simplicity, emotional honesty and subtle grace notes of **Sibelius's** love songs was rewarded by

the composer in his dedication to her of 'Solitude' in 1939. The more candid sensuality of **Duparc's** 'Phidylé' and **Hahn's** 'L'heure exquise' was a better fit for Bumbry, while Norman's perfectly idiomatic French and wry humour could be heard in her performances of Poulenc, Satie and Ravel, whose *Chansons madécasses* and *3 mélodies hébraïques* closed her Wigmore debut of 30 August 1980.

Where Norman redefined the tone and tempo of **Strauss's** *4 Last Songs* for a generation of audiophiles in her sumptuous 1983 recording with Kurt Masur and the Gewandhausorchester Leipzig, Rand and Devenish return to the lighter timbres of Strauss's own era in this reduction for piano and violin. It is followed tonight by **Devenish's** arrangement of **Richard Rodgers's** song *My Favourite Things*, as sung by Sarah Vaughan on the 1961 album, *After Hours*, with the guitarist Mundell Lowe and the double bassist George Duvivier.

After Hours was one of Norman's favourite jazz recordings. Like Bumbry and Anderson before her, she took all genres of music seriously. She was a tirelessly inquisitive musician and reader, and gifted the world the première of Judith Weir's *woman.life.song* to lyrics by Maya Angelou, Clarissa Pinkola Estés and Toni Morrison, the late laureate of Black American literature.

Before Morrison came Georgia Douglas Johnson, poet, playwright, columnist and a member of the Harlem Renaissance. The African-American composer **Undine Smith Moore** was another prolific arranger of spirituals but her 1975 setting of Johnson's 'I want to die while you love me' places us firmly in American late Romanticism, with perhaps an echo of Florence Price in the piano writing. **Shirley Thompson's** 'Tapestry' sets verse by the Guyanese poet Grace Nichols in an impassioned style, and what is this programme if not a demonstration of 'the long line of blood and family ties'? To complete the trio of words written and set by women, we have **Errollyn Wallen's** 'My Feet May Take a Little While', an infusion of Britten and Blossom Dearie, spiritual and soul.

In the footsteps of... closes where it began, with the songs that Kaitlyn Greenidge described as 'maps of profound imagination'. **Price's** 1937 arrangement of 'My soul's been anchored in the Lord' is one of the classic spiritual arrangements, recorded by Anderson and her beloved accompanist Kosti Vehanen in the same year. **Clement Ishmael's** new arrangement of 'By an' by', commissioned for this performance, marks the continuation of a tradition born of lived experience and testimony. 'The stuff I've written now is who I am,' said Ishmael last year in interview with *The Enormity of Now*. 'I'm only who I am because of the experiences I've had, politically...Even when I'm supposed to be writing something uplifting, there's always a tinge of darkness.'

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Spiritual

City called Heaven

Traditional

arranged by Hall Johnson

I am a po' pilgrim of sorrow
I'm tossed in dis wide worl' alone
No hope I have for tomorrow
I've started to Heav'n my home

Sometimes I am tossed an' driven, Lord,
Sometimes I don' know where to roam
I heard of a city called Heaven
I've started to make it my home

My mother has reached that pure glory
My father's still walkin' in sin
My brothers an' sisters won't own me
Because I am try'n' to get in

Sometimes I am tossed an' driven, Lord...

Witness

Traditional

arranged by Hall Johnson

Oh, Lord, what manner of man is dis?
All nations in Him are blest,
All things are done by His will,
He spoke to de sea an' de sea stood still.
Now ain't dat a witness for my Lord?
Ma soul is a witness for my Lord.
Now dere was a man of de Pharersees
His name was Nicodemus an' 'e didn' believe.
De same came to Chris' by night,
Wanted to be taught out o' human sight.
Nicodemus was a man desired to know
How a man kin be born when he is ol'.
Chris' tol' Nicodemus, as a frien',
"Man, you mus' be born again."
Said, "Marvel not, man, ef you wanter be wise,
Repent, believe, an' be baptize'."
Den you'll be a witness for my Lord.
Soul is a witness for my Lord.
You read about Samson, from his birth
Stronges' man dat ever lived on earth.
Way back yonder in ancien' times
He killed ten thousan' of de Philistines.
Den ol' Samson went wand'rin' about;
Samson's strength was never found out
Till 'is wide sat upon 'is knees,
She said, "Tell me where yo' strength lies, ef you please."
Now Samson's wife, she talk so fair,
Samson said, "Cut off-a my hair.

Shave my head jes' as clean as yo' han'
An' my strength will 'com lak a natch-ul man.
Ol' Samson was a witness for my Lord.
Soul is a witness for my Lord.
Da's another witness, My soul is a witness for my Lord.

Is There Anybody Here?

Traditional

arranged by Roland Carter

Is there anybody here who loves my Jesus,
Anybody here who loves my Lord?
I want to know if you love my Jesus.
I want to know if you love my Lord.

When I was blind and could not see
King Jesus brought the light to me,
And when every star refuse to shine,
I know King Jesus will be mine!

Is there anybody here...

O brethren this world is a wilderness of woe,
So let us all to Glory go,
Yes religion is like a blooming rose
And none but him who feels it knows
That none but the righteous shall see God

If there's anybody here who loves my Jesus?
Say Amen if you love my Lord!
I want to know if you love my Jesus.
I want to know if you love my Lord.

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Belshazzar's Feast Op. 51 (1939)

Solitude

Hjalmar Fredrik Eugen Procopé

Hur kan jag le, hur kan jag vara
glad?
Jag är en fånge i de älvars stad.
En tåreström har mina visor
dränkt,
Min harpa har jag i ett pilträäd
hängt.
Hur kan jag sjunga i de fångnas
hus?
Jerusalem!
Hur kan jag glömma dig, du
släckta ljus?

Solitude

How can I smile, how can I be
glad?
I'm a prisoner in the city of rivers.
A stream of tears has drowned
my songs,
my harp I've hung up on a
willow.
How can I sing in the captive's
house?
Jerusalem!
How can I forget you, you
extinguished light?

Jag vill stå upp. Jag vill stå upp och gå	I will stand up. I will stand up and go
Med snabba fötter såsom markens rå.	with swift feet like the woodland roe.
Si, jag vill vandra genom öknars sand	See, I'll wander through desert sands
Och genom Edoms ogästfria land,	and through Edom's inhospitable land,
Där farligheter lura på var ort. Jerusalem!	where dangers lurk everywhere. Jerusalem!
Hur lång kan vägen vara till din port?	How long can the way be to your portals?

Norden Op. 90 No. 1

(1917)

Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Löfven de falla, Sjöarna frysa... Flyttande svanor, Seglen, o seglen Sorgsna till södern, Söken dess nödspis, Längtande åter; Plöjen dess sjöar, Saknande våra! Då skall ett öga Se er från palmens Skugga och tala: 'Tynande Svanor, Hvilken förtrollning Hvilar på norden? Den som från södern Längtar, hans längtan Söker en himmel.'	The leaves are falling, the lakes are freezing... moving swans, sail, O sail sorrowful to the South looking for its meagre fare, longing back, ploughing its lakes, missing ours! Then shall an eye see you from the palm's shadow and speak: 'Swans, languishing away, what enchantment lies upon the North? He, who from the South is longing, his longing seeks a heaven.'
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Svarta rosor Op. 36 No. 1 (1899)

Ernst Josephson

Säg, hvarför är du så ledsen i dag, Du, som alltid är så lustig och glad? Och inte är jag mera ledsen i dag Än när jag tyckes dig lustig och glad; Ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.	Tell me, why are you so sad today, You, who are always so cheerful and happy? And I am no more sad today As when I appear to you cheerful and happy; For grief has roses black as night.
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I mitt hjerta der växer ett rosendeträd Som aldrig nånsin vill lämna mig fred, Och på stjelkarne sitter det tagg vid tagg,	In my heart a rose tree grows That will never leave me in peace. And on its branches sit thorn upon thorn,
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Och det vållar mig ständigt sveda och agg: Ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.	And it causes me constant pain and bitterness; For grief has roses black as night.
Men av rosor blir det en hel klenod, Än hvita som döden, än röda som blod. Det växer och växer. Jag tror jag förgår, I hjertträdet's rötter det rycker och slår; Ty sorgen har nattsvarta rosor.	But from roses come a whole treasure, White as death, red as blood. It grows and grows. I believe I will perish, My heart-tree's roots wrench and beat; For grief has roses black as night.

Var det en dröm? Op. 37 No. 4 (1902)

Josef Julius Wecksell

Var det en dröm att ljvut en gång Jag var ditt hjärtas vän? Jag minns det som en tystnad sång, Då strängen darrar än.	Did I just dream that once upon a time I was the friend of your heart? I remember it like a bygone song, although its string still vibrates.
Jag minns en törnros av dig skänkt, En blick så blyg och öm; Jag minns en avskedstår, som blänkt. Var allt, var allt en dröm?	I remember a rose, a gift from you, a glance so timid and tender, I remember a glistening parting tear. Was all this, all this just a dream?
En dröm lik sippans liv så kort Uti en vårgrön ängd, Vars fågring hastigt vissnar bort För nya blommors mängd.	A dream as short as an anemone's life out in a green spring meadow, whose beauty fades away before a multitude of new flowers.

Men mången natt jag hör en röst Vid bittra tårars ström: Göm djupt dess minne i ditt bröst, Det var din bästa dröm!	But often at night I hear a voice over a stream of bitter tears: hide this memory deep within your breast, it was your finest dream!
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Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Gypsy Songs Op. 55 (1880)

Adolf Heyduk

My song of love rings through the dusk

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní, Když starý den umírá;	My song resounds, a psalm of love when day begins to fade,
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A chudý mech kdy na šat
svůj
Si tajně perle sbírá.
Má píseň v kraj tak toužně,
zní
Když světem noha bloudí;
Jen rodné pusty dálnou
Zpěv volně z řader proudí.

and when the moss and
withered grass
secretly drink in pearls of dew.
My song resounds full of
wanderlust
in the green of lofty forests,
only on the puszta's wide plains
can I sing out happily.

Má píseň hlučně láskou zní,
Když bouře běží plání;
Když těším se, že bídý
prost
Dlí bratr v umírání.

My song is also full of love,
as storms rage across the heath;
when the breast of my friend
heaves,
as he breathes his last!

All round about the woods are still

A les je tichý kolem
kol,
Jen srdce mír ten ruší,
A černý kouř, jenž spěchá v
dol,
Mé slze v lících, mé slze suší.

All around the woods are so still
and silent,
my heart beats so fearfully;
the black smoke sinks ever
deeper
and dries the tears on my cheek.

Však nemusí jich usušit,
Necht' v jiné tváře bije.
Kdo v smutku může
zazpívat,
Ten nezhyne, ten žije, ten žije!

Ah, my tears do not dry,
you must seek out other cheeks!
He who can praise his pain in
song,
will not curse death.

Songs my mother taught me

Když mne stará matka zpívá,
zpívá učívá,
Podivno, že často, často
slzívá.
A teď také pláčem snědé líce
mučím,
Když cigánské děti hrát a zpívá,
hrát a zpívá učím!

When my old mother taught me
songs to sing,
tears would well strangely in
her eyes.
Now my brown cheeks are wet
with tears,
when I teach the children how
to sing and play!

Give a hawk a fine cage

A tak i cigánu příroda cos
dala:
Dejte klec jestřábu ze zlata
ryzého;
K volnosti ho věčným poutem, k
volnosti ho upoutala.
Komoní bujnému, jenž se pustou
žene,

If, O gypsy, nature has given
you something,
As long as the falcon can fly
above the Tatra mountains,
she has given me freedom all
my life.
If the wild foal can race across
the heath,

Nezmění on za ni hnízda
trněného.
Zřídka kdy připnete uzdy a
třemene.

he will never exchange his
rocky nest for a cage.
he'll find no pleasure in bridle
and reins.

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Phidylé (1882)

*Charles-Marie-René Leconte de
Lisle*

L'herbe est molle au sommeil
sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources
moussues
Qui, dans les prés en fleur
germant par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs
halliers.

Phidylé

The grass is soft for sleep
beneath the cool poplars
on the banks of the mossy
springs
that flow in flowering meadows
from a thousand sources,
and vanish beneath dark
thickets.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les
feuillages
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le tréfle et le thym, seules,
en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the
leaves
is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.
By the clover and thyme, alone,
in the bright sunlight,
the fickle bees are humming.

Un chaud parfum circule au
détour des sentiers;
La rouge fleur des blés
s'incline;
Et les oiseaux, rasant de l'aile la
colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

A warm fragrance floats about
the winding paths,
the red flowers of the cornfield
droop;
and the birds, skimming the
hillside with their wings,
seek the shade of the eglantine.

Mais quand l'Astre, incliné sur
sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire et ton
meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

But when the sun, low on its
dazzling curve,
sees its brilliance wane,
let your loveliest smile and
finest kiss
reward me for my waiting!

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

La dame de Monte Carlo

(1961)

Jean Cocteau

Quand on est morte entre les
mortes,
Qu'on se traîne chez les
vivants,
Lorsque tout vous flanque à la
porte
Et la ferme d'un coup de vent,

The lady from Monte Carlo

When you're dead amongst the
dead,
when you're withering in the
land of the living,
when everything kicks you
out
and the wind slams the door shut,

Ne plus être jeune et aimée ...	when you're no longer young and loved ...
Derrière une porte fermée, Il reste de se fiche à l'eau Ou d'acheter un rigolo - Oui, messieurs, voilà ce qui reste	When behind a closed door, there's nothing left but to drown or buy a pistol - Yes, gentlemen, that's what's left
Pour les lâches et les salauds. Mais si la frousse de ce geste S'attache à vous comme un grelot, Si l'on craint de s'ouvrir les veines, On peut toujours risquer la veine D'un voyage à Monte Carlo.	for cowards and bastards. But if the thought of suicide makes you tremble like a leaf, if you balk at slashing your veins, you can always take the gamble of a trip to Monte Carlo,

Monte Carlo, Monte Carlo. J'ai fini ma journée. Je veux dormir au fond de l'eau de la Méditerranée.	Monte Carlo! Monte Carlo! I've done with life. I want to sleep on the bed of the Med.
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Après avoir vendu votre âme Et mis en gage des bijoux Que jamais plus on ne réclame, La roulette est un beau joujou. C'est joli de dire: 'je joue'. Cela vous met le feu aux joues Et cela vous allume l'œil. Sous les jolis voiles de deuil On porte un joli nom de veuve. Un titre donne de l'orgueil! Et folle, et prête, et toute neuve, On prend sa carte au casino. Voyez mes plumes et mes voiles, Contemplez les strass de l'étoile Qui mène à Monte Carlo.	Having sold your soul and pawned your jewellery once and for all, roulette is a pretty plaything. It's fun to say: 'I gamble'. It makes your cheeks flush and lights up your eyes. Beneath your fine widow's veil you've a fine widow's name. Such a title gives you pride! Crazy, prepared, and wholly restored, you take out your card at the casino. Just look at my feathers and my veils. behold the bejewelled star leading to Monte Carlo.
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La chance est femme. Elle est jalouse De ces veuvages solennels. Sans doute elle m'a cru l'épouse D'un véritable colonel.	Luck is a woman. She's jealous of these solemn widows. She no doubt took me for the wife of a real colonel.
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J'ai gagné, gagné sur le douze. Et puis les robes se décousent, La fourrure perd des cheveux. On a beau répéter: 'Je veux', Dès que la chance vous déteste, Dès que votre cœur est nerveux, Vous ne pouvez plus faire un geste, Pousser un sou sur le tableau Sans que la chance qui s'écarte Change les chiffres et les cartes	I won, won on the twelve. Dresses then become unstitched, fur loses its hair. Say as one may: 'I want', once fortune hates you, once you're highly strung, you can no longer make a move, push a coin on the board, without luck beating a retreat and changing numbers and cards
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Des tables de Monte Carlo. Les voyous, les buses, les gales! Ils m'ont mise dehors ... dehors ... Et ils m'accusent d'être sale, De porter malheur dans leurs salles, Dans leurs sales salles en stuc. Moi qui aurais donné mon truc A l'œil, au prince, à la princesse, Au Duc de Westminster, Au Duc, parfaitement. Faut que ça cesse, Qu'ils me criaient, votre boulot! Votre boulot? ...	on the tables at Monte Carlo. The scoundrels! The fools! The scabs! They threw me out ... threw me out ... They accuse me of being dirty, of bringing misfortune to their saloons, to their dirty stucco saloons - I, who would have told my trick for free, to the Prince, the Princess, the Duke of Westminster, yes, Sir, the Duke himself. This must stop, they screamed at me, this business of yours! This business? ...
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Ma découverte. J'en priverai les tables vertes. C'est bien fait pour Monte Carlo. Monte Carlo. Et maintenant, moi qui vous parle, Je n'avouerai pas les kilos que j'ai perdus, Que j'ai perdus à Monte Carle, Monte Carle, ou Monte Carlo. Je suis une ombre de moi- même ... Les martingales, les systèmes Et les croupiers qui ont le droit De taper de loin sur vos doigts Quand on peut faucher une mise. Et la pension où l'on doit Et toujours la même chemise Que l'angoisse trempe dans l'eau. Ils peuvent courir. Pas si bête. Cette nuit je pique une tête Dans la mer de Monte Carlo, Monte Carlo ...	My discovery - I'll deprive the green tables of it. Serves Monte Carlo right. Monte Carlo. And now, I who am talking to you, I shan't admit how many kilos I've lost, I've lost at Monte Carle, Monte Carle, or Monte Carlo. I am a shadow of myself ... The martingales, the systems and the croupiers who have the right to rap your knuckles, when you're about to pinch the stake. And the money you owe at your digs, and always the same wet night- shirt drenched with anguish. Let them pursue me. I'm not that stupid. Tonight I'll hurl myself head first into the sea at Monte Carlo, Monte Carlo ...
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Erik Satie (1866-1925)

Je te veux (?1900)

Henry Pacory

J'ai compris ta détresse,
Cher amoureux,

I want you

I've understood your distress,
dear lover,

Et je cède à tes vœux,
Fais de moi ta maîtresse.
Loin de nous la sagesse,
Plus de détresse,
J'aspire à l'instant précieux
Où nous serons heureux;
Je te veux.

and yield to your desires:
make of me your mistress.
Let's throw discretion
and sadness to the winds.
I long for the precious moment
when we shall be happy:
I want you.

Je n'ai pas de regrets
Et je n'ai qu'une envie:
Près de toi, là, tout près,
Vivre toute ma vie.
Que mon cœur soit le tien
Et ta lèvre la mienne,
Que ton corps soit le mien,
Et que toute ma chair soit
tienne.

I've no regrets
and only one desire:
close, very close by you
to live my whole life long.
Let my heart be yours
and your lips mine,
let your body be mine
and all my flesh yours.

Oui, je vois dans tes yeux
La divine promesse
Que ton cœur amoureux
Vient chercher ma caresse.
Enlacés pour toujours,
Brûlés des mêmes flammes,
Dans des rêves d'amours
Nous échangerons nos deux
âmes.

Yes, I see in your eyes
the exquisite promise
that your loving heart
is seeking my caress.
Entwined forever,
consumed by the same desire,
in dreams of love
we'll exchange our
souls.

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Chansons grises (1892)

L'heure exquise

Paul Verlaine

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre

The exquisite hour

The white moon
gleams in the woods;
from every branch
there comes a voice
beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
deep mirror,
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
consolation
seems to fall

Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

from the sky
the moon illumines...

C'est l'heure exquise.

Exquisite hour.

Interval

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

4 Last Songs (1948)

Frühling

Hermann Hesse

In dämmrigen Grüften
Träumte ich lang
Von deinen Bäumen und blauen
Lüften,
Von deinem Duft und Vogelsang.

Nun liegst du erschlossen
In Gleiss und Zier
Von Licht übergossen
Wie ein Wunder vor mir.

Du kennest mich wieder,
Du lockest mich zart,
Es zittert durch all meine Glieder
Deine selige Gegenwart.

September

Hermann Hesse

Der Garten trauert,
Kühl sinkt in die Blumen der
Regen.
Der Sommer schauert
Still seinem Ende entgegen.

Golden tropft Blatt um Blatt
Nieder vom hohen Akazienbaum.
Sommer lächelt erstaunt und
matt
In den sterbenden Gartentraum.

Lange noch bei den Rosen
Bleibt er stehn, sehnt sich nach
Ruh.
Langsam tut er die
Müdigewordnen Augen zu.

Spring

In twilight caverns
I have long dreamt
of your trees and blue
skies,
your fragrance and birdsong.

Now you lie revealed
in shining graceful splendour,
bathed in light
like a miracle before me.

You recognise me once more,
you lure me tenderly,
my whole frame quivers
with your blissful presence.

September

The garden mourns,
the cool rain sinks into the
flowers.
Summer shudders
quietly to its close.

Leaf after golden leaf
falls from the tall acacia.
Summer smiles, astonished and
drained,
into the garden's dying dream.

For a long time it lingers
by the roses, yearning for
rest.
Slowly it closes
its now wearied eyes.

Beim Schlafengehen

Hermann Hesse

Nun der Tag mich müd gemacht,
Soll mein sehnlisches Verlangen
Freundlich die gestirnte Nacht
Wie ein müdes Kind empfangen.

Hände lasst von allem Tun,
Stirn vergiss du alles Denken,
Alle meine Sinne nun
Wollen sich in Schlummer senken.

Und die Seele unbewacht
Will in freien Flügen schweben,
Um im Zauberkreis der Nacht
Tief und tausendfach zu leben.

Im Abendrot

Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff

Wir sind durch Not und Freude
Gegangen Hand in Hand,
Vom Wandern ruhen wir
Nun überm stillen Land.

Rings sich die Täler neigen,
Es dunkelt schon die Luft,
Zwei Lerchen nur noch steigen
Nachträumend in den Duft.

Tritt her, und lass sie schwirren,
Bald ist es Schlafenszeit,
Dass wir uns nicht verirren
In dieser Einsamkeit.

O weiter stiller Friede!
So tief im Abendrot
Wie sind wir
wanderermüde –
Ist dies etwa der Tod?

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

12 poems of Emily Dickinson (1949-50)

Emily Dickinson

Why do they shut me out of heaven?

Why do they shut me out of heaven?
Did I sing too loud?
But I can sing a little minor,
Timid as a bird.

Going to sleep

Now that day has wearied me,
may my yearning desire
be received by the starlit night
like a tired child.

Hands, refrain from all work,
brow, forget all thought,
all my senses now
long to sink in slumber.

And the unwatched soul
longs to soar up freely,
to live in night's magic circle
profoundly and a thousandfold.

At sunset

We have gone hand in hand
through joys and distress,
now we rest from our wanderings
high above the quiet land.

Around us the valleys slope down,
the skies have begun to darken,
only two larks, recalling a dream,
soar up into the haze.

Come, and leave them to fly,
soon it will be time to sleep,
we must not lose our way
in this solitude.

O vast and silent peace!
So deep in the sunset glow,
how weary we are with
wandering –
could this perhaps be death?

Wouldn't the angels try me
Just once more?
Just see if I troubled them –
But don't shut the door!

Oh, if I were the gentlemen
In the white robes
And they were the little hand that knocked –
Could I forbid?

Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)

The Sound of Music

(1959)

My Favourite Things

arranged by Allyson Devenish
Oscar Hammerstein II

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens
Bright copper kettles and warm woollen mittens ...

Undine Smith Moore (1904-1989)

I Want To Die While You Love Me (1975)

Georgia Douglas Johnson

I want to die while you love me
While yet you hold me fair,
While laughter lies upon my lips
And lights are in my hair

I want to die while you love me
I could not bear to see
The glory of this perfect day
Grow dim or cease to be

I want to die while you love me
Oh who would care to live
Till love had nothing more to ask
And nothing more to give

I want to die while you love me
And bear to that still bed
Your kisses turbulent, unspent
To warm me when I'm dead

Shirley Thompson (b.1958)

Tapestry (1993)

Grace Nichols

The long line
Of blood and family ties ...

Errollyn Wallen (b.1958)

My Feet May Take a Little While

Errollyn Wallen

My feet may take a little while
To walk the way of my dreaming heart;
The more I walk, the more I breathe,
The more I breathe, the less I know.

There is a song that I was taught,
Of hills and streams and all
The hopes and fears of living things
Are written there in me.

My feet are slower than my heart,
Slower than my dreams, than my will.
I'll walk a million miles,
I've walked a million miles of innocence.

My feet may take a little while
To walk the way of my dreaming heart;
The more I walk, the more I breathe,
The more I breathe, the less I know.

Spiritual

By an' by

Traditional

arranged by Clement Ishmael

Oh, by an' by, by an' by
I'm goin' to lay down this heavy load

I know my robe's goin' to fit me well
I tried it on at the gates of hell

Oh hell is deep and dark despair
Stop poor sinner and don't go there

Oh Christians can't you rise and tell
That Jesus hath done all things well

Some a dese morning bright and fair
Going' to take my wings an' cleave the air

My Soul's Been Anchored in the Lord

Traditional

arranged by Florence Price

In de Lord, in de Lord,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord.
In de Lord, in de Lord,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord.

Befo' I'd stay in hell one day,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord;
I'd sing and pray myself away,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord;

O Lord,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord;
O Lord,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord.

I'm goin' to pray an' never stop,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord;
Until I've reached the mountain top,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord;

O Lord,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord;
O Lord,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord.

In de Lord, in de Lord,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord.
In de Lord, in de Lord,
My soul's been anchored in de Lord.
God knows my soul's been anchored in de Lord!

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