

# WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 15 September 2024  
3.00pm

'All things truly wicked start from innocence.' - Ernest Hemingway

Laurence Kilsby tenor  
Ella O'Neill piano

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)	Unbewegte laue Luft Op. 57 No. 8 (c.1871)
Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)	La coccinelle (1868)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)	Der Knabe und das Immelein from <i>Mörike Lieder</i> (1888)
Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)	Galathea from <i>Brettli-Lieder</i> (1901)
Wilhelm Stenhammar (1871-1927)	Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte Op. 4b No. 1 (1893)
Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)	The Seal Man (1922)
Hugo Wolf	Nimmersatte Liebe from <i>Mörike Lieder</i> (1888)
Hugh Wood (b.1932)	Horizon from <i>Wild Cyclamen</i> (2006)
Kurt Weill (1900-1950)	Complainte de la Seine (1934)
Arnold Schoenberg	Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm Op. 2 No. 2 (c.1899-1900)
Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)	Fish in the unruffled lakes (1938) Canticle I: My beloved is mine Op. 40 (1947)
Rebecca Clarke	The Tiger (1929-33 rev. 1972)
Jake Heggie (b.1961)	Animal Passion from <i>Natural Selection</i> (1997)

CLASSIC *fm* Wigmore Hall £5 tickets for Under 35s supported by Media Partner Classic FM

*Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management. In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions. Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141. Wigmore Hall is equipped with a loop to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.*



*Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.*

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838  
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • Wigmore-hall.org.uk • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG  
Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan

 Department  
for Culture  
Media & Sport

 ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND  
LOTTERY FUNDED

Supported using public funding by  
**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**

 Registered with  
**FUNDRAISING  
REGULATOR**

This highly imaginative programme is devised as a journey from innocence to experience, and ultimately to 'animal passion'. Refreshingly eclectic in its 'playlist', the programme becomes an evolving, involving experience, each song enhanced by its juxtaposition with a surprising companion. The songs are sometimes 'wicked', occasionally dark or tragic, at other times finding a means of expression despite the necessity of concealment. The animals have the final word: liberated, for better or worse, from societal constraints.

The opening song sets the mood for the programme as a whole. **Brahms**, not generally recognised for the sensuality of his music, created gloriously evocative settings of Daumer's texts in his Op. 57 & *Lieder*, exemplified powerfully in 'Unbewegte laue Luft'. From an almost motionless, heavily-charged opening section, Brahms turbo-boosts the second half of the song, building ecstatically towards 'Komm, O komm'.

Returning to a state of innocence, or ignorance, we find young love receiving advice from the insect world. The boy in **Saint-Saëns's** 'La cocinelle' is too shy to kiss the girl he loves, easily distracted by the ladybird on her neck. Saint-Saëns treats the story with whimsical yet scathing irony, appearing to share the ladybird's view of the boy's 'bêtise'. Another worldly-wise insect is the main protagonist of **Wolf's** 'Der Knabe und das Immelein'. The song of this somewhat cynical bee is lightly illustrated by flutterings and trills in the piano under a beautifully lyrical vocal line, suggesting the sweetness of honey while encouraging the boy, a little sarcastically, to work up to a kiss.

The narrator of **Schoenberg's** 'Galathea' has no problem with kissing, in theory, yet Galathea's lips remain a fantasy (she is the 'ideal' woman in *Pygmalion*, moulded by the imaginings of her creator). The song is from the *Brettli-Lieder*, written when Schoenberg was associated with the emerging *Überbrettli*, based on the French cabaret scene but given a German twist of mordant humour. Schoenberg provides this knowing text with a suitably slinky setting.

Badly treated young women are given voice in **Stenhammar's** 'Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte' and **Clarke's** 'The Seal Man'. 'Flickan' has the tragic contours of a folksong both in its trajectory from romance to betrayal and its melancholy 'once upon a time' melody, appearing as a refrain throughout. The heroine – who ultimately sounds furious as well as heartbroken – briefly silences this melody with a spat-out monotone in the final verse, revealing the devastating truth. 'The Seal Man' is an eerie tale of blind love: a maiden lured to sea by a selkie-like figure who 'never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself'. The text is from John Masefield's *A Mainsail Haul*, and Clarke cleverly converts the prose into a dramatic 'scena'. Piano and voice move responsively through a series of moods, anchored – subtly – by falling minor-thirds at prominent moments and on significant words (for example, on 'calling,' 'to him', and 'bleeding').

The romantically-charged journey to the sea is bluntly curtailed by the tragic conclusion.

Moving into the more consummated side of love, Wolf's 'Nimmersatte Liebe' is surprisingly explicit in its depiction of sado-masochism, with its bitten lips and plea for pain. Yet Wolf frames passion's absurdity – pounding with syncopation as it is – with a witty, lyrical satire. By contrast, **Wood's** 'Horizon' is from *Wild Cyclamen*, a cycle concerned with, as the composer puts it, 'the rise and fall of a love affair'. 'Horizon' is about three-quarters through, at the start of the 'fall'; it is an elegiac depiction, or realisation, of infidelity, lightly thrumming with habanera-style rhythms. Overall it has a harmonically suspended quality, somewhere 'between sea and sky'.

Falling even further, we join **Weill** at the bottom of the Seine in his take on a French cabaret song. The sometimes shocking darkness of Magre's text is apt enough – the song was composed in 1934, not long after Weill left Nazi Germany for Paris – and Weill's setting, swivelling uneasily from minor to major and back again, becomes increasingly searing. Schoenberg's 'Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm' sets a voluptuous text from Richard Dehmel's collection *Weib und Welt*; Dehmel was tried for obscenity and blasphemy over this work due to its depiction of a woman who believes herself to be both Mary Magdalene and Jesus's mother Mary. In Schoenberg's setting, the ardent expressions to the beloved are infused initially with a rich chromaticism, rising to an operatic outburst at 'Maria', then subsiding eventually to a questioning 'Magdalena' and an exhausted piano postlude.

**Britten's** 'Fish in the unruffled lakes' comes from the feverish period in the late 1930s when the composer would set around 20 poems by his friend and collaborator WH Auden. Britten was drawn to Auden's verses which had a settable, lyrical quality to them, yet were simultaneously suggestive of much more. In this song, there is a great deal being said (or unsaid) under the song's sparkling surface. *Canticle I* is, even more powerfully, a masterclass in both expression and concealment, with a vocal line that seems liberated from years of 'polite' English restraint. Written for Britten's lover Peter Pears in 1947, it seems almost outrageously bold in its refrain 'I my best beloved's am, so he is mine': virtuosic in the first section, playful in the middle, transcendent by the end.

Ultimately we arrive, passions fully laid bare, in the animal kingdom. Rebecca Clarke's ominous setting of Blake's meditation on evil features a ferociously growling 'Tiger', drawing the vocal line down to its 'fearful' depths. **Heggie's** tangoing bobcat ('Animal Passion') is rebelling against a future of 'pussy-footing' into 'fat' domesticity. Periodically letting out a Clarke-like tiger growl, this 'great cat' is uninhibited in its desire for a good time.

© Lucy Walker 2024

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

## Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

### Unbewegte laue Luft      Motionless mild air

Op. 57 No. 8 (c.1871)

Georg Friedrich Daumer

Unbewegte laue Luft, Tiefe Ruhe der Natur; Durch die stille Gartennacht Plätschert die Fontäne nur; Aber im Gemüte schwillt Heissere Begierde mir; Aber in der Ader quillt Leben und verlangt nach Leben. Sollten nicht auch deine Brust Sehnlichere Wünsche heben? Sollte meiner Seele Ruf Nicht die deine tief durchbeben? Leise mit dem Ätherfuss Säume nicht, daher zu schweben! Komm, o komm, damit wir uns Himmelische Genüge geben!	Motionless mild air, nature deep at rest; through the still garden night only the fountain splashes; but my soul swells with a more ardent desire; life surges in my veins and yearns for life. Should not your breast too heave with more passionate longing? Should not the cry of my soul quiver deeply through your own? Softly on ethereal feet glide to me, do not delay! Come, ah! come, that we might give each other heavenly satisfaction!
---	---

## Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

### La coccinelle (1868)      The ladybird

Victor Hugo

Elle me dit: 'Quelque chose Me tourmente.' Et j'aperçus Son cou de neige, et, dessus, Un petit insecte rose.	She said to me: 'Something's itching me.' And I saw her snow-white neck, and on it a small rose-coloured insect.
J'aurais dû, - mais, sage ou fou, À seize ans, on est farouche, - Voir le baiser sur sa bouche Plus que l'insecte à son cou.	I should – but right or wrong, at sixteen one is shy –  have seen the kiss on her lips more than the insect on her neck.
On eût dit un coquillage; Dos rose et taché de noir. Les fauvettes pour nous voir	Like a shell it shone; red back speckled with black. The warblers, to catch a glimpse of us,

Se penchaient dans le  
  feuillage.

craned their necks in the  
  branches.

Sa bouche fraîche était  
  là;  
Je me courbai sur l  
  a belle,  
Et je pris la  
  coccinelle;  
Mais le baiser s'envola.

Her fresh mouth was  
  there;  
I leaned over the lovely  
  girl,  
and dislodged the  
  ladybird,  
but... the kiss flew away!

'Fils, apprend comme on  
  me nomme,'  
Dit l'insecte du  
  ciel bleu,  
'Les bêtes sont au  
  bon Dieu;  
Mais la bêtise est à  
  l'homme.'

'Son, learn my  
  name,'  
said the insect from the  
  blue sky.  
'Creatures belong to our  
  good Lord,  
but cretins belong to  
  man.'

## Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

### Der Knabe und das Immlein from *Mörike*

*Lieder* (1888)

Eduard Mörike

Im Weinberg auf der Höhe  
Ein Häuslein steht so  
  windebang;  
Hat weder Tür noch  
  Fenster,  
Die Weile wird ihm  
  lang.

On the hill-top vineyard  
there stands a hut so  
  wind-afraid,  
it has neither door nor  
  window  
and feels time dragging  
  by.

Und ist der Tag so  
  schwüle,  
Sind all' verstummt die  
  Vögelein,  
Summt an der Sonnenblume  
Ein Immlein ganz  
  allein.

And when the day's so  
  sultry  
and every little bird is  
  silent,  
a solitary bee  
buzzes round the  
  sunflower.

Mein Lieb hat einen  
  Garten,  
Da steht ein hübsches  
  Immenhaus:  
Kommst du daher  
  geflogen?  
Schickt sie dich nach mir  
  aus?

My sweetheart has a  
  garden  
with a pretty beehive  
  in it:  
is that where you've flown  
  from?  
Did she send you to me?

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

„O nein, du feiner Knabe, Es hiess mich niemand Boten gehn; Dies Kind weiss nichts von Lieben, Hat dich noch kaum gesehn.	'Oh no, you handsome boy, no one bade me bear messages; this child knows nothing of love, has scarcely even noticed you.
--	---

Was wüssten auch die Mädchen, Wenn sie kaum aus der Schule sind! Dein herzallerliebstes Schätzchen Ist noch ein Mutterkind.	And what can girls know when hardly out of school! Your beloved sweetheart is still her mother's child.
---	---

Ich bring' ihm Wachs und Honig; Ade! – ich hab' ein ganzes Pfund; Wie wird das Schätzchen lachen, Ihm wässert schon der Mund.“	I bring her wax and honey; farewell! I've gathered a whole pound. How your beloved will laugh, her mouth's already watering.'
---	--

Ach, wolltest du ihr sagen, Ich wüsste, was viel süsser ist: Nichts Lieblichers auf Erden Als wenn man herzt und küsst!	Ah, if you'd be so kind to tell her, I know of something much sweeter: there's nothing lovelier on earth than when one hugs and kisses!
--	--

## Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

### Galathea from *Brettli-Lieder* (1901) Frank Wedekind

Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Wangen, Weil sie so entzückend sind.	Ah, how I'm burning with desire, Galathea, lovely child, just to kiss your cheeks, because they're so enchanting.
--	--

Wonne die mir widerfahre, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Haare, Weil sie so verlockend sind.	The rapture that I feel, Galathea, lovely child, just to kiss your tresses, because they're so enticing.
---	--

Nimmer wehr' mir bis ich ende, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Hände,	Never resist me, till I've finished, Galathea, lovely child, kissing your hands,
--	---

Weil sie so verlockend sind.	because they're so enticing.
---------------------------------	---------------------------------

Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Knie, Weil sie so verlockend sind.	Ah, you do not sense how I burn, Galathea, lovely child, to kiss your knees, because they're so enticing.
---	--

Und was tät ich nicht, du Süsse, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Füsse, Weil sie so verlockend sind.	And what wouldn't I do, my sweet, Galathea, lovely child, to kiss your feet, because they're so enticing.
---	--

Aber deinen Mund enthülle, Mädchen, meinen Küssen nie, Denn in seiner Reize Fülle, Küsst ihn nur die Phantasie.	But never expose your lips, sweet girl, to my kisses, for the fullness of their charms can only be kissed in fantasy.
--	--

## Wilhelm Stenhammar (1871-1927)

### Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte Op. 4b No. 1 (1893)

*Johan Ludvig Runeberg*

Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte, Kom med röda händer. Modern sade: Varav rodna dina händer, flicka? Flickan sade: Jag har plockat rosor, Och på törnen stungit mina händer.	The girl came from her lover's tryst. She came with red hands. Her mother said: Why are your hands red, O daughter? The girl said: I have been picking roses, and I pricked my hands on the thorns.
---	--

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte, Kom med röda läppar. Modern sade: Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka? Flickan sade: Jag har ätit hallon, Och med saften målat mina läppar.	Again she returned from her lover's tryst. She came with red lips. Her mother said: Why are your lips red, O daughter? The girl said: I have been eating raspberries, and coloured my lips with their juice.
--	---

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,	Again she returned from her lover's tryst.
--	---

Kom med bleka kinder. Modern sade:	She came with pale cheeks. Her mother said:
Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?	Why are your cheeks pale, O daughter?
Flickan sade: Red en grav, o moder!	The girl said: Prepare a grave, O mother!
Göm mig där, och ställ ett kors däröver,	Hide me there, and place a cross above it,
Och på korset rista, som jag säger:	and, on the cross, carve what I tell you:
En gång kom hon hem med röda händer,	Once she came home with red hands,
Ty de rodnat mellan älskarns händer.	for they had reddened between her lover's hands;
En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar;	once she came home with red lips,
Ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.	for they had reddened from her lover's lips.
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder,	Finally she came home with pale cheeks;
Ty de bleknat genom älskarns otro.	for they had paled through her lover's infidelity.

## Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

### The Seal Man (1922)

*John Masefield*

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road,  
calling.  
There was a strong love came up in her at that,  
And she put down her sewing on the table, and  
'Mother,' she says,  
'There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no  
door.  
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all  
Will keep me this night from the man I love.'  
And she went out into the moonlight to him,  
There by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond  
the river.  
And he says to her: 'You are all of the beauty of the  
world,  
Will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?'  
And she says to him: 'My treasure and my strength,'  
she says,  
'I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet  
bleeding.'  
Then they went down into the sea together,  
And the moon made a track on the sea, and they  
walked down it;  
It was like a flame before them. There was no fear at  
all on her;  
Only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,  
That was stronger than the touch of the fool.  
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like  
flowers,  
And she went down into the sea with her man,

Who wasn't a man at all.  
She was drowned, of course.  
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the  
sea like himself.  
She was drowned, drowned.

## Hugo Wolf

### Nimmersatte Liebe from *Mörrike Lieder*

(1888)

*Eduard Mörrike*

So ist die Lieb! So ist die Lieb! stillen:	Such is love! Such is love!
Mit Küssen nicht zu Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb	Not to be quieted with kisses: what fool would fill a sieve
Mit eitel Wasser füllen?	with nothing else but water?
Und schöpfst du an die tausend Jahr, Und küssest ewig, ewig gar, Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.	And if you drew water for some thousand years, and if you kissed for ever and ever - you could never satisfy love.

Die Lieb, die Lieb hat alle Stund	Love, love, has every hour
Neu wunderlich Gelüsten; Wir bissen uns die Lippen wund,	new and strange desires; we bit our lips sore,
Da wir uns heute küssten. Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh,	when we kissed today. The girl kept quiet and still,
Wie's Lämmlein unterm Messer;	like a lamb beneath the knife;
Ihr Auge bat: „Nur immer zu!	her eyes kept pleading: Go on, go on!
Je weher, desto besser!“	The more it hurts the better!

So ist die Lieb! und war auch so, Wie lang es Liebe gibt, Und anders war Herr Salomo, Der Weise, nicht verliebt.	Such is love, and has been so as long as love's existed, and wise old Solomon himself was no differently in love.
---	--

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

## Hugh Wood (b.1932)

### Horizon from *Wild Cyclamen* (2006)

Robert Graves

On a clear day how thin the horizon  
Drawn between sea and sky,

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

## Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

### Complainte de la Seine Lament of the Seine (1934)

Maurice Magre

Au fond de la Seine il y a de l'or	At the bottom of the Seine there is gold,
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes	rusty boats, jewels, weapons.
Au fond de la Seine il y a des morts	At the bottom of the Seine there are corpses.
Au fond de la Seine il y a des larmes	At the bottom of the Seine there are tears.
Au fond de la Seine il y a des fleurs	At the bottom of the Seine there are flowers –
De vase et de boue elles sont nourries	nourished on slime and mud.
Au fond de la Seine il y a des cœurs	At the bottom of the Seine there are hearts
Qui souffri' de trop pour vivre la vie	that suffered too much to live.
Et puis des cailloux et des bêtes grises	And then there are pebbles and grey creatures.
L'âme des égouts soufflant des poisons	The soul of sewers spewing poison.
Les anneaux jetés par des incomprises	Rings tossed in by the misunderstood,
Des pieds qu'une hélice a coupés du tronc'	feet that a propeller has sliced from a body.
Et les fruits maudits des ventres stériles	And the cursed fruits of a sterile womb,
Les blancs avortés que nul n'aima	the aborted foetuses that no one loved.
Les vomissemens de la grand' ville	The city's vomit.
Au fond de la Seine il y a cela	All this rests at the bottom of the Seine.
O Seine clémente où vont les cadavres	O merciful Seine, where cadavers end,
O lit dont les draps sont faits de limon,	O beds with linen made of slime,
Fleuv' des déchets, sans fanal, sans hâvre	river of garbage without beacon or harbour –
Chanteuse berçant la morgue et les ponts	singer who lulls the morgue and the bridges,

Accueil' le pauvre, accueil' la femme,	welcome the poor, welcome the women,
Accueil' l'ivrogne, accueil' le fou,	welcome the drunks, welcome the insane.
Mêle leurs sanglots au bruit de tes lames	Mingle their sobs with the sound of your waves
Et porte leurs cœurs parmi les cailloux.	and carry their hearts along with the pebbles.

## Arnold Schoenberg

### Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm Op. 2 No. 2 (c.1899-1900)

Richard Dehmel

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm;	Give me your golden comb;
Jeder Morgen soll dich mahnen,	every morning shall remind you
Dass du mir die Haare küstest.	that you kissed my hair.
Schenk mir deinen seidenen Schwamm;	Give me your silken sponge,
Jeden Abend will ich ahnen,	every evening I want to sense
Wem du dich im Bade rüstest, O Maria!	for whom you prepare yourself in the bath – oh, Maria!
Schenk mir Alles, was du hast;	Give me everything you have;
Meine Seele ist nicht eitel, Stolz empfang ich deinen Segen.	my soul is not in vain, proudly I receive your blessing.
Schenk mir deine schwerste Last:	Give me your heavy burden:
Willst du nicht auf meinen Scheitel	will you not lay on my head
Auch dein Herz, dein Herz noch legen – Magdalena?	your heart too, your heart – Magdalena?

## Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

### Fish in the unruffled lakes (1938)

WH Auden

Fish in the unruffled lakes  
The swarming colours wear, ...

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

## Canticle I: My beloved is mine Op. 40 (1947)

Francis Quarles

Ev'n like two little bank-divided brooks  
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams.  
And having ranged and searched a thousand nooks  
Meet both at length at silver breasted Thames  
Where in a greater current they conjoin.  
So I my best beloved's am.  
So he is mine!

Ev'n so we met and after long pursuit  
Ev'n so we joined. We both became entire.  
No need for either to renew a suit  
For I was flax, and he was flames of fire.  
Our firm united souls did more than twine.  
So I my best beloved's am.  
So he is mine!

If all those glittering monarchs, that command  
The servile quarters of this earthly ball  
Should tender in exchange their shares of land  
I would not change my fortunes for them all;  
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin;  
The world's but theirs;  
But my beloved's mine.

Nor time, nor place, nor chance, nor death  
Can bow my least desires unto the least remove.  
He's firmly mine by oath, I his by vow.  
He's mine by faith and I am his by love.  
He's mine by water, I am his by wine;  
Thus I my best beloved's am.  
Thus he is mine.

He is my altar, I his holy place,  
I am his guest and he my living food.  
I'm his by penitence, he mine by grace.  
I'm his by purchase, he is mine by blood.  
He's my supporting elm and I his vine;  
Thus I my best beloved's am.  
Thus he is mine.

He gives me wealth: I give him all my vows;  
I give him songs, he gives me length of days.  
With wreaths of grace he crowns my longing brows  
And I his temples with a crown of praise  
Which he accepts: an everlasting sign  
That I my best beloved's am.  
That he is mine.

## Rebecca Clarke

### The Tiger (1929-33, rev. 1972)

William Blake

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 sieze the fire?

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

## Jake Heggie (b.1961)

### Animal Passion from *Natural Selection* (1997)

Gini Savage

Fierce as a bobcat's spring  
With start-up speeds of sixty miles per hour

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

*Translations of Brahms and 'Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm' 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. Saint-Saëns, Weill and 'Galathea' by Richard Stokes. Wolf by Richard Stokes © from The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf. Life, Letters, Lieder (Faber, 2021).*

*Text of 'The Seal Man' printed with kind permission of the Society of Authors as the Literary Representative of the Estate of John Masefield.*