

WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 16 November 2024
7.30pm

Dame Sarah Connolly mezzo-soprano
Joseph Middleton piano

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

6 Gedichte von *N Lenau und Requiem Op. 90* (1850)
*Lied eines Schmiedes • Meine Rose • Kommen und
Scheiden • Die Sennin • Einsamkeit • Der schwere
Abend • Requiem*

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Auch kleine Dinge from *Italienisches Liederbuch* (1890-6)
Gesang Weylas from *Mörike Lieder* (1888)
Nachtzauber from *Eichendorff-Lieder* (1880-88)
Mignon 'Kennst du das Land?' from *Goethe Lieder* (1888-90)
Die Zigeunerin from *Eichendorff-Lieder*

Interval

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Chansons de Bilitis (1897-8)
La flûte de Pan • La chevelure • Le tombeau des naïades

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Extase (1874)
L'invitation au voyage (1870)
Chanson triste (1868)
Au pays où se fait la guerre (?1869-70)

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

O Waly, Waly (1945-6)
Sephestia's Lullaby from *A Charm of Lullabies Op. 41* (1947)
At the mid hour of night (1957)

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Rain has fallen Op. 10 No. 1 (1935)
Sleep now Op. 10 No. 2 (1935)
I hear an army Op. 10 No. 3 (1936)



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Schumann's Op. 90 opens with six settings of Nikolaus Lenau. 'Lied eines Schmiedes' breathes an atmosphere of contentment: the smithy hammers away at the forge (on the beat accented chords in the right hand, off the beat accented chords in the left), as he prepares Faust's horse for his imminent journey. The poem of 'Meine Rose' was enclosed by Lenau in a letter to his mistress, Sophie von Löwenthal, to reassure her of his love; 'Die Sennin', despite a succession of bright F sharps suggestive of cow-bells and yodelling, ends on a melancholy note – one day, we are told, death or marriage will snatch the cowgirl away. The chromatic, introspective style of 'Kommen und Scheiden', 'Einsamkeit' and 'Der schwere Abend' suggests that Schumann had a deep understanding of the poet who by 1850 had spent five years in an asylum – a fate that was also to befall Schumann in the final two years of his life. Schumann was convinced, when composing these songs, that Lenau had already died, and 'Requiem' was appended to the work as a tribute to the 'dead' poet. News of Lenau's actual death reached Schumann during the first performance of Op. 90 at the house of painter Eduard Bendemann in Dresden, where Robert and Clara were being fêted before their departure to Düsseldorf.

We hear next five Lieder by **Hugo Wolf** from four different songbooks. 'Auch kleine Dinge' from the *Italienisches Liederbuch* states that 'even small things can delight us', and Wolf presumably opened his final songbook with it to indicate the miniature form of these masterpieces. 'Gesang Weylas' refers to the song sung by the tutelary goddess of the imaginary island Orplid in Mörike's novel *Maler Nolten*; Wolf informed Professor Emil Kauffmann that in composing the song he imagined Weyla sitting on a reef in the moonlight, accompanying herself on the harp. 'Nachtzauber' from the *Eichendorff-Lieder*, steeped in the sort of romantic enchantment that had so appealed to Schumann, flows along hypnotically with a swaying accompaniment that almost seems to anticipate Debussy. The plangent melody of Goethe's 'Mignon ('Kennst du das Land')' gradually grows more exalted until in the final verse G flat shifts to F sharp minor, tremolandi thunder out in both hands, and the music, ineffably overwrought, mirrors Mignon's ecstatic, unattainable vision of her homeland beyond the Alps. 'Die Zigeunerin' (Eichendorff), with its flirtatiously melismatic triplets, is one of the most successful 'Gypsy' songs in the Lieder repertoire.

Bilitis clearly appealed to **Debussy's** pagan side that had already produced the *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune* (1894) and was later to create that apostrophe to paganism, *Le martyr de Saint Sébastien*. The wonderful recitatives of the *Chansons de Bilitis* recall *Pelléas* of three years earlier, and

conjure up an exotic world of awakening, erotic love. The accompaniments evoke this atmosphere, and in 'La flûte de Pan' Debussy manages to convey with a few deft touches the main images of Louÿs's poem: the playing of the flute at 'il m'apprend à jouer...', the croaking of the frogs and Bilitis's final scurrying off. The conversational nature of the whole cycle is mirrored in the extreme narrowness of the vocal range, which only expands in 'La chevelure', especially in the octave at 'la bouche, sur la bouche'; after this outburst of passion, 'Le tombeau des naïades' depicts a frozen landscape in which Bilitis vainly pursues the naiads and is confronted at the close with an infinite expanse of wintry sky and Debussy's transfixing and relentless semiquavers.

This evening's **Duparc** group opens with 'Extase', a miniature *Liebestod* of limited range which hovers between *pp* and *mp*. 'L'invitation au voyage' was later orchestrated by Duparc, but this version lacks the bright quality of the piano accompaniment, which exploits to perfection the sonorities of the instrument, especially in the vibrant oscillation of the open fifths and the way they contrast with the utter stillness of the refrain. 'Chanson triste' is an early song that reveals Duparc's fully developed genius; 'Au pays où se fait la guerre', composed at the time of the Franco-Prussian war, was intended to form part of Duparc's opera *Roussalka*, of which it is the only surviving fragment.

'O Waly, Waly' is for many the most moving of all **Britten's** folksongs and there is a memorable live performance of it by Britten and Pears on YouTube. 'Sephestia's lullaby' from *A Charm of Lullabies* sets a poem by Robert Greene which occurs in his play *Camilla's Alarum to Slumbering Euphues* (1589). The accompaniment is marked *piangendo* to illustrate the child's tears, and Britten finds a most touching melody to which Sephestia rocks her child to sleep. 'At the mid hour of night' comes from volume four of Britten's folksongs, which comprises arrangements of ten of Thomas Moore's *Irish Melodies*.

Samuel Barber's Op. 10 consists of 'Rain has fallen', 'Sleep now' and 'I hear an army', all to poems by James Joyce from *Chamber Music*. The songs chart the progression of a love affair, from the dreamy 'Rain has fallen' to the despair of 'I hear an army' whose final phrase up to 'love' is marked *very broadly, rallentando* and, on the third repetition of 'love', *lunga*, before the poet asks with great agitation: 'Why have you left me alone?' The pianist, playing *agitato e stringendo*, brings this dramatic song to a close on three *sforzando* chords.

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Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

6 Gedichte von *N Lenau und Requiem*

Op. 90 (1850)

Lied eines Schmiedes **Blacksmith's song**

Fein Rösslein, ich
Beschlage dich,
Sei frisch und fromm,
Und wieder komm!

Fine little steed,
you'll soon be shod,
be frisky and good,
and come back again!

Trag deinen Herrn
Stets treu dem Stern,
Der seiner Bahn
Hell glänzt voran!

Carry your master
ever true to the star
that shines brightly
on his path!

Trag auf dem Ritt
Mit jedem Tritt
Den Reiter du
Dem Himmel zu!

With each step
as you go,
carry your rider
nearer heaven!

Nun, Rösslein, ich
Beschlagen dich,
Sei frisch und fromm,
Und wieder komm!

There, little steed,
now you're shod,
be frisky and good,
and come back again!

Meine Rose **My rose**

Dem holden
Lenzgeschmeide,
Der Rose, meiner Freude,
Die schon gebeugt und
blasser
Vom heissen Strahl der
Sonne,
Reich' ich den Becher
Wasser
Aus dunklem, tiefen
Brunnen.

To spring's fair
jewel,
to the rose, my delight,
already drooping and
pale
from the heat of
the sun,
I bring a beaker of
water
from the deep, dark
well.

Du Rose meines Herzens!
Vom stillen Strahl des
Schmerzens
Bist du gebeugt und
blasser;
Ich möchte dir zu Füßen,
Wie dieser Blume Wasser,
Still meine Seele
giessen!
Könnt' ich dann auch nicht
sehen
Dich freudig auferstehen.

Rose of my heart!
You droop and
pale
from the silent shaft of
pain;
I would silently pour out
my soul at your feet,
as I pour water for this
flower!
Even though I might not
then
see you happily revive.

Kommen und Scheiden **Meeting and parting**

So oft sie kam, erschien mir
die Gestalt
So lieblich, wie das erste
Grün im Wald.

Each time we met, the
sight of her
seemed as dear as the
first green in the wood.

Und was sie sprach, drang
mir zum Herzen ein
Süss wie des Frühlings
erstes Lied.

And what she said,
pierced my heart
as sweetly as the spring's
first song.

Und als Lebewohl sie winkte
mit der Hand,
War's, ob der letzte
Jugendtraum mir schwand.

And when she waved to
me in parting,
youth's last dream
seemed to
vanish.

Die Sennin **The cowgirl**

Schöne Sennin, noch
einmal
Singe deinen Ruf ins Tal,
Dass die frohe
Felsensprache
Deinem hellen Ruf erwache.

Lovely cowgirl, sing once
more
your song into the valley,
that the cliffs wake with
joyful speech
at your clear summons.

Horch, o Sennin, wie dein
Sang
In die Brust den Bergen
drang,
Wie dein Wort die
Felsenseelen
Freudig fort und fort
erzählen!

Listen, girl, how your
song
has pierced the heart of
the mountains,
how the souls of the
craggs joyfully
keep echoing your words!

Aber einst, wie Alles
flieht,
Scheidest du mit deinem
Lied,
Wenn dich Liebe
fortbewogen,
Oder dich der Tod entzogen.

But all things pass, and
one day
you will depart with your
song,
when love has drawn you
away
or death has claimed you.

Und verlassen werden
stehn,
Traurig stumm herübersehn
Dort die grauen
Felsenzinnen
Und auf deine Lieder
sinnen.

And the towering grey
craggs
will then stand deserted,
sadly looking down in
silence,
remembering your songs.

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

Einsamkeit

Wild verwachs'ne dunkle
Fichten,
Leise klagt die Quelle
fort;
Herz, das ist der rechte
Ort
Für dein schmerzliches
Verzichten!

Grauer Vogel in den
Zweigen,
Einsam deine Klage singt,
Und auf deine Frage bringt
Antwort nicht des Waldes
Schweigen.

Wenn's auch immer
Schweigen bliebe,
Klage, klage fort; es
weht,
Der dich höret und
versteht,
Stille hier der Geist der Liebe.

Nicht verloren hier im
Moose,
Herz, dein heimlich Weinen
geht,
Deine Liebe Gott
versteht,
Deine tiefe,
hoffnungslose!

Der schwere Abend

Die dunklen Wolken hingen
Herab so bang und schwer,
Wir beide traurig
gingen
Im Garten hin und her.

So heiss und stumm,
so trübe
Und sternlos war die Nacht,
So ganz wie unsre Liebe
Zu Tränen nur gemacht.

Und als ich musste scheiden,
Und gute Nacht dir bot,
Wünschst' ich bekümmert
beiden
Im Herzen uns den
Tod.

Solitude

A wild tangle of dark
spruce,
the fountain's soft and
ceaseless lament;
heart, this is a fitting
place
for your painful
renunciation!

A grey bird alone in the
branches
sings of your sorrow,
and to your questioning
the silent forest brings no
reply.

Even if silence reigned
forever,
continue, continue your
lament;
the spirit of love blows
silently here,
it hears and understands
you.

Heart, your secret
weeping
is not lost here amongst
the moss,
God understands your
love,
your deep and hopeless
love!

The oppressive evening

The dark clouds hung
so anxiously and heavy,
we both walked up and
down
sadly in the garden.

The night was so sultry
and silent,
so gloomy and starless,
just like our love,
fit only for tears.

And when I had to leave
and bade you good night,
I wished us both dead
in the anguish of my
heart.

Requiem

*Anonymous trans.
Leberecht Blücher Dreves*

Ruh' von schmerzreichen
Mühen
Aus und heissem
Liebesglühen;
Der nach seligem Verein
Trug
Verlangen,
Ist gegangen
Zu des Heilands Wohnung
ein.

Dem Gerechten leuchten
helle
Sterne in des Grabes Zelle,
Ihm, der selbst als Stern der
Nacht
Wird erscheinen,
Wenn er seinen
Herrn erschaut in
Himmelspracht.

Seid Fürsprecher, heil'ge
Seelen,
Heil'ger Geist, lass Trost
nicht fehlen;
Hörst du? Jubelsang erklingt,

Feiertöne,
Darein die
schöne
Engelsharfe singt:

Ruh' von schmerzreichen
Mühen
Aus und heissem
Liebesglühen;
Der nach seligem Verein
Trug
Verlangen,
Ist gegangen
Zu des Heilands Wohnung
ein.

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Auch kleine Dinge from Even small things *Italienisches*

*Liederbuch (1890-6)
Paul Heyse after
Tommaseo, Tigri, Marcoaldi
and Dalmedico*

Auch kleine Dinge können
uns entzücken,
Auch kleine Dinge können
teuer sein.

Requiem

Rest from pain-wracked
toil
and love's passionate
ardour;
he who desired
blessed reunion in
Heaven
has entered
the Saviour's
dwelling.

For the righteous, bright
stars
shine within the tomb,
for him, who will
himself
appear as a night star,
when he beholds his Lord
in Heavenly
glory.

Intercede for him, holy
souls,
Holy spirit, let comfort
not be lacking.
Do you hear? Songs of joy
resound,
solemn tones,
among them the lovely
song
of the angels' harp:

Rest from pain-wracked
toil
and love's passionate
ardour;
he who desired
blessed reunion in
Heaven
has entered
the Saviour's
dwelling.

Even small things can
delight us,
even small things can be
precious.

Bedenkt, wie gern wir uns mit Perlen schmücken; Sie werden schwer bezahlt und sind nur klein.	Think how gladly we deck ourselves with pearls - they fetch a great price but are only small.
Bedenkt, wie klein ist die Olivenfrucht, Und wird um ihre Güte doch gesucht.	Think how small the olive is, and yet is prized for its goodness.
Denkt an die Rose nur, wie klein sie ist Und duftet doch so lieblich, wie ihr wisst.	Think only of the rose, how small it is, and yet smells so sweet, as you know.

**Gesang Weylas from
Mörike Lieder** (1888)
Eduard Mörike

Weyla's song

Du bist Orplid, mein Land! Das ferne leuchtet; Vom Meere dampfet dein besonnter Strand Den Nebel, so der Götter Wange feuchtet.	You are Orplid, my land! That shines afar; Sea mists rise from your sunlit shore And moisten the cheeks of the gods.
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Uralte Wasser steigen Verjüngt um deine Hüften, Kind! Vor deiner Gottheit beugen Sich Könige, die deine Wärter sind.	Ancient waters climb, Rejuvenated, child, about your waist! Kings, who attend you, Bow down before your divinity.
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**Nachtzauber from
Eichendorff-Lieder**
(1880-88)
*Joseph, Freiherr von
Eichendorff*

Night magic

Hörst du nicht die Quellen gehen Zwischen Stein und Blumen weit Nach den stillen Waldeseen, Wo die Marmorbilder stehen In der schönen Einsamkeit? Von den Bergen sacht hernieder, Weckend die uralten Lieder, Steigt die wunderbare Nacht, Und die Gründe glänzen wieder, Wie du's oft im Traum gedacht.	Do you not hear the distant springs flowing between rocks and flowers towards the silent woodland lakes where the marble statues stand in lovely solitude? Softly from the mountains, awakening age-old songs, wondrous night descends, and the valleys gleam again, as you often imagined in dreams.
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Kennst die Blume du, entsprossen	Do you know the flower that blossomed
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In dem mondbeglänzten Grund? Aus der Knospe, halb erschlossen, Junge Glieder blühend sprossen, Weisse Arme, roter Mund, Und die Nachtigallen schlagen, Und rings hebt es an zu klagen, Ach, vor Liebe todeswund, Von versunk'nen schönen Tagen - Komm, o komm zum stillen Grund!	in the moonlit valley? From its half-open bud young limbs have flowered forth, white arms, red lips, and the nightingales are singing, and all around a lament is raised, ah, wounded to death with love, for the lovely days now lost - come, ah come to the silent valley!
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**Mignon 'Kennst du das
Land?' from Goethe
Lieder** (1888-90)
*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Mignon

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühn, Im dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen glühn, Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht, Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht, Kennst du es wohl? Dahin! Dahin Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.	Do you know the land where lemons blossom, where oranges grow golden among dark leaves, a gentle wind drifts across blue skies, the myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall, do you know it? It is there, it is there I long to go with you, my love.
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Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach, Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach, Und Marmorbilder stehn und seh'n mich an: Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan? Kennst du es wohl? Dahin! Dahin Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.	Do you know the house? Columns support its roof, its hall gleams, its apartments shimmer, and marble statues stand and stare at me: what have they done to you, poor child? Do you know it? It is there, it is there I long to go with you, my protector.
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Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg?	Do you know the mountain and its cloud- girt path?
Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg;	The mule seeks its way through the mist,
In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut;	in caverns dwell the dragons' ancient brood;
Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut,	the cliff falls sheer, the torrent over it,
Kennst du ihn wohl? Dahin! Dahin	Do you know it? It is there, it is there
Geht unser Weg! O Vater, lass uns ziehn!	our pathway lies! O father, let us go!

Die Zigeunerin from *Eichendorff-Lieder*

*Joseph, Freiherr von
Eichendorff*

Am Kreuzweg da lausche ich, wenn die Stern'	At the crossroads I listen, when the stars
Und die Feuer im Walde verglommen,	and fires in the wood have faded,
Und wo der erste Hund bellt von fern,	and where, afar, the first dog barks,
Da wird mein Bräut'gam herkommen.	from there my bridegroom will come.
La, la, la –	La, la la –

„Und als der Tag graut', durch das Gehölz	'And at dawn, through the copse,
Sah ich eine Katze sich schlingen.	I saw a cat slinking,
Ich schoss ihr auf den nussbraunen Pelz,	I fired a shot at her nut- brown coat,
Wie tat die weitüber springen! –	how that made her jump! –
Ha, ha, ha!"	Ha, ha, ha!"

Schad' nur ums Pelzlein, du kriegst mich nit!	A shame about the coat, you won't catch me!
Mein Schatz muss sein wie die andern:	My sweetheart must be like the others:
Braun und ein Stutzbart auf ung'rischen Schnitt	swarthy, with a beard of Hungarian trim,
Und ein fröhliches Herze zum Wandern.	and a happy heart for wandering.
La, la, la...	La, la, la...

Interval

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Chansons de Bilitis

(1897-8)

Pierre Louÿs

Songs of Bilitis

La flûte de Pan

Pour le jour des Hyacinthies,
il m'a donné une syrinx
faite de roseaux bien
taillés, unis avec la blanche
cire qui est douce à mes
lèvres comme le miel.

The flute of Pan

For Hyacinthus day he
gave me a syrinx made
of carefully cut reeds,
bonded with white wax
which tastes sweet to
my lips like honey.

Il m'apprend à jouer, assise
sur ses genoux; mais je
suis un peu tremblante. Il
en joue après moi, si
doucement que je
l'entends à peine.

He teaches me to play, as
I sit on his lap; but I am
a little fearful. He
plays it after me, so
gently that I scarcely
hear him.

Nous n'avons rien à nous
dire, tant nous sommes
près l'un de l'autre; mais
nos chansons veulent se
répondre, et tour à tour
nos bouches s'unissent sur
la flûte.

We have nothing to say,
so close are we one to
another, but our songs
try to answer each
other, and our
mouths join in turn on
the flute.

Il est tard; voici le chant des
grenouilles vertes qui
commence avec la nuit. Ma
mère ne croira jamais que
je suis restée si longtemps
à chercher ma ceinture
perdue.

It is late; here is the song
of the green frogs that
begins with the night.
My mother will never
believe I stayed out so
long to look for my lost
sash.

La chevelure

Il m'a dit: 'Cette nuit, j'ai rêvé.
J'avais ta chevelure autour
de mon cou. J'avais tes
cheveux comme un
collier noir autour de ma
nuque et sur ma
poitrine.

The tresses of hair

He said to me: 'Last night
I dreamed. I had your
tresses around my
neck. I had your hair
like a black necklace all
round my nape and
over my breast.

'Je les caressais, et c'étaient
les miens; et nous étions
liés pour toujours ainsi, par
la même chevelure la
bouche sur la bouche, ainsi
que deux lauriers n'ont
souvent qu'une racine.

I caressed it and it was
mine; and we were
united thus forever by
the same tresses,
mouth on mouth,
just as two laurels
often share one
root.

'Et peu à peu, il m'a semblé,
tant nos membres étaient
confondus, que je devenais

And gradually it seemed
to me, so intertwined
were our limbs, that I

toi-même ou que tu entrais
en moi comme mon
songe.'

was becoming you, or
you were entering into
me like a dream.'

Quand il eut achevé, il mit
doucement ses mains sur
mes épaules, et il me
regarda d'un regard si
tendre, que je baissai les
yeux avec un frisson.

When he had finished, he
gently set his hands on
my shoulders and
gazed at me so
tenderly that I lowered
my eyes with a shiver.

Le tombeau des naïades

The tomb of the Naiads

Le long du bois couvert de
givre, je marchais; mes
cheveux devant ma
bouche se fleurissaient de
petits glaçons, et mes
sandales étaient lourdes
de neige fangeuse et
tassée.

Along the frost-bound
wood I walked; my hair,
across my mouth,
blossomed with tiny
icicles, and my sandals
were heavy with
muddy, packed
snow.

Il me dit: 'Que cherches-tu?'
– 'Je suis la trace du satyre.
Ses petits pas fourchus
alternent des trous dans
un manteau blanc.' Il me
dit:
'Les satyres sont
morts.

He said to me: 'What do
you seek?' 'I follow the
satyr's track. His little
cloven hoof marks
alternate like holes in a
white cloak.' He said to
me: 'The satyrs are
dead.

'Les satyres et les nymphes
aussi. Depuis trente ans il
n'a pas fait un hiver aussi
terrible. La trace que
tu vois est celle d'un bouc.
Mais restons ici,
où est leur
tombeau.'

The satyrs and the
nymphs too. For thirty
years there has not
been so harsh a winter.
The tracks you see are
those of a goat. But let
us stay here, where
their tomb is.'

Et avec le fer de sa houe il
cassa la glace de la source
où jadis riaient les naïades.
Il prenait de grands
morceaux froids,
et les soulevant
vers le ciel pâle, il
regardait au
travers.

And with the iron head of
his hoe he broke the ice
of the spring where the
naiads used to laugh.
He picked up some
huge cold fragments,
and, raising them to the
pale sky, gazed through
them.

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Extase (1874)

Jean Lahor

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur
dort
D'un sommeil doux comme
la mort:

Rapture

On a pale lily my heart is
sleeping
a sleep as sweet as
death:

Mort exquise, mort parfumée

exquisite death, death
perfumed

Du souffle de la
bien-aimée:

by the breath of the
beloved:

Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur
dort ...

on your pale breast my
heart is sleeping ...

L'invitation au voyage (1870)

Charles Baudelaire

Invitation to journey

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre
ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les
charmes

My child, my sister,
think how sweet
to journey there and live
together!
To love as we please,
to love and die
in the land that is like you!
The watery suns
of those hazy skies
hold for my
spirit

Si
mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs
larmes.

the same mysterious
charms
as your treacherous eyes
shining through their
tears.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et
beauté,
Luxe, calme et
volupté.

There – nothing but order
and beauty dwell,
abundance, calm and
sensuous delight.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est
vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout
du monde.
– Les soleils couchants
Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

See on those canals
those vessels sleeping,
vessels with a restless
soul;
to satisfy
your slightest desire
they come from the ends
of the earth.
The setting suns
clothe the fields,
canals and all the town
with hyacinth and gold;
the world falls asleep
in a warm light.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et
beauté,
Luxe, calme et
volupté.

There – nothing but order
and beauty dwell,
abundance, calm and
sensuous delight.

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

Chanson triste (1868)

Jean Lahor

Dans ton cœur dort un clair
de lune,
Un doux clair de lune
d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie
importune,
Je me noierai dans
ta clarté.

J'oublierai les douleurs
passées,
Mon amour, quand tu
berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes
pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes
bras.

Tu prendras ma tête
malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes
genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler
de nous;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de
tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je
boirai
Tant de baisers et de
tendresses
Que peut-être je
guérirai.

Au pays où se fait la guerre (?1869-70)

Théophile Gautier

I
Au pays où se fait la
guerre
Mon bel ami s'en est
allé;
Il semble à mon cœur
désolé
Qu'il ne reste que moi sur
terre!
En partant, au baiser
d'adieu,
Il m'a pris mon âme à ma
bouche.
Qui le tient si longtemps,
mon Dieu!
Voilà le soleil qui se couche,
Et moi, toute seule en ma
tour,

Song of sadness

Moonlight slumbers in
your heart,
a gentle summer
moonlight,
and to escape the cares
of life
I shall drown myself in
your light.

I shall forget past
sorrows,
my sweet, when you
cradle
my sad heart and my
thoughts
in the loving calm of your
arms.

You will rest my poor
head,
ah! sometimes on your
lap,
and recite to it a ballad
that will seem to speak of
us;

And from your eyes full of
sorrow,
from your eyes I shall
then drink
so many kisses and so
much love
that perhaps I shall be
healed.

To the land where there is war

I
To the land where there is
war
my handsome lover has
gone;
it seems to my desolate
heart
that I alone am left on
earth!
When we parted with a
farewell kiss,
he took my soul from my
lips.
Who detains him so long,
my God?
See, the sun is setting,
and I, all alone in my
tower,

J'attends encore son retour. still await his return.

II

Les pigeons sur le toit
roucoulent,
Roucoulent amoureuxment
Avec un son triste et
charmant;
Les eaux sous les grands
saules coulent.
Je me sens tout près de
pleurer;
Mon cœur comme un lis
plein s'épanche,
Et je n'ose plus
espérer.
Voici briller la lune
blanche,
Et moi, toute seule en ma
tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

II

The pigeons on the roof
are cooing,
cooing their songs of love
with a sad, enchanting
sound;
waters flow beneath tall
willows.
I feel I am near to
tears;
my heart unfolds like a
full blown lily
and I dare no longer
hope.
See, the white moon is
shining,
and I, all alone in my
tower,
still await his return.

III

Quelqu'un monte à grands
pas la rampe:
Serait ce lui, mon doux
amant?
Ce n'est pas lui, mais
seulement
Mon petit page avec ma
lampe.
Vents du soir, volez,
dites-lui
Qu'il est ma pensée et
mon rêve,
Toute ma joie et mon
ennui.
Voici que l'aurore
se lève,
Et moi, toute seule en ma
tour,
J'attends encore son retour.

III

Someone is bounding up
the stairs:
could it be he, my sweet
lover?
It is not he, but
only
my little page with my
lamp.
Take wing, evening
breezes, and tell him
that he is my thought and
my dream,
and all my joy and my
sorrow.
See, the dawn is
breaking,
and I, all alone in my
tower,
still await his return.

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

O Waly, Waly (1945-6)

Traditional

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadows the other day,
A-gath'ring flowers both fine and gay,
A-gath'ring flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak,
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;

But first he bended and then he broke,
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know not if I sink or swim.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

Sephestia's Lullaby from A Charm of Lullabies Op. 41 (1947)

Robert Greene

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

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

Weep not ...

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

Weep not

At the mid hour of night (1957)

Thomas Moore

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in
thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of
air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to
me there,
And tell me our love is remember'd even in the sky.

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,
When our voices commingling breathed like one on
the ear;

And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison
rolls,
I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of
Souls
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so
dear.

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

Rain has fallen Op. 10 No. 1 (1935)

James Joyce

Rain has fallen all the day.
O come among the laden trees:
The leaves lie thick upon the way
Of mem'ries.

Staying a little by the way
Of mem'ries shall we depart.
Come, my beloved, where I may
Speak to your heart.

Sleep now Op. 10 No. 2 (1935)

James Joyce

Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying 'Sleep now'
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying 'Sleep no more'.

My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart –
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart!

I hear an army Op. 10 No. 3 (1936)

James Joyce

I hear an army charging upon the land,
And the thunder of horses plunging, foam about
their knees:
Arrogant, in black armour, behind them stand,
Disdaining the reins, with fluttering whips, the
charioteers.

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

They cry unto the night their battlename:
I moan in sleep when I hear afar their whirling
laughter.
They cleave the gloom of dreams, a blinding flame,
Clanging, clanging upon the heart as upon an anvil.

They come shaking in triumph their long green hair:
They come out of the sea and run shouting by the
shore.
My heart, have you no wisdom thus to despair?
My love, my love, my love, why have you left me
alone?

*Translations of Schumann and 'Die Zigeunerin' by Richard Stokes from
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