

# WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 17 May 2025  
7.30pm

James Baillieu piano  
Jamie Barton mezzo-soprano

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

L'invitation au voyage (1870)

Extase (1874)

Chanson triste (1868)

La vie antérieure (1884)

Phidylé (1882)

Jake Heggie (b.1961)

What I Miss the Most... (2021)

*I. Order • II. Time • III. Action • IV. Music • V. You*

*Interval*

Melissa Dunphy (b.1980)

4 Poems of Nikita Gill (2020)

*Sorcery • From The Ashes She Became •  
You Have Become a Forest • Me Too*

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

6 Lieder Op. 13 (1840-3)

*Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen • Sie liebten sich beide •  
Liebeszauber • Der Mond kommt still gegangen •  
Ich hab' in deinem Auge • Die stille Lotosblume*

Leigh Harline (1907-1969)

When you wish upon a star (1940) *arranged by Gus Tredwell*

Al Hoffman (1902-1960)  
& Mack David (1912-1993)

So This Is Love (1948) *arranged by Gus Tredwell*

Frank Churchill (1901-1942)

Baby Mine (1941) *arranged by Gus Tredwell*

Al Hoffman & Mack David

A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes (1950) *arranged by  
Gus Tredwell*

George Bruns (1914-1983)

Once Upon a Dream (1959) *based on Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky  
arranged by Gus Tredwell*



UNDER 35S

Supported by the AKO Foundation  
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



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



## France

The long-lived **Henri Duparc** composed only 17 songs before a mysterious mental illness put an end to composition for his remaining 48 years. As if in compensation for such a hideous fate, his songs are among the greatest in the French language, their subtlety and gravitas remarkable. Duparc would be immortal if he had written nothing other than *L'invitation au voyage*. Here, Baudelaire's poetic alter ego seduces the beloved with a realm of perfect beauty, bathed in a Watteau-esque amber glow of sensuality. The pair will journey there by boat, so Duparc floats the song on a harmonic waterway infused with 'luxe, calme, et volupté'. From the half-Creole, half-French poet Leconte de Lisle's *Etudes latines*, Duparc plucked *Phydilé* for one of his loveliest songs. At the start, refined sensuality is evoked by limited motion to nearby harmonies; from there, ravishment proceeds apace. By the time the singer thrice bids his beloved 'Repose', we are, to quote Graham Johnson, 'putty in Duparc's hands'.

*Extase* exemplifies Wagnerism, its eroticism given a spiritual dimension à la *Tristan und Isolde*. At the beginning, we are drawn slowly, sensuously, up a chromatic line over depths in the bass, the exquisite passage repeated mid-song at a higher register. Not until the words 'mort exquise, mort parfumée' (the 'little death' of sexual ecstasy) at bar 18 do we hear arrival at the tonic, with the singer poised in the ethereal heights. In Baudelaire's sonnet *La vie antérieure*, the poet attempts to escape the horrors of modern life by going in imagination to an exotic paradise. In this, his last song before darkness descended, Duparc tracks every twist-and-turn of a profound poem, from the massive columns at the beginning, the Wagnerian surging sea, the harmonic shifts for the exotic splendours and nude slaves, the somber chanting for the sorrowful languor, and the 'dying away' postlude. The consummately beautiful *Chanson triste* might induce a lump in the throats of all who think of Duparc's fate when they hear this limpid hymn to love's powers of healing... 'peut-être', 'perhaps'. The touch of doubt puts the 'tristesse' in 'Chanson triste'.

## America

**Jake Heggie's** song cycle *What I Miss the Most* was commissioned for Jamie Barton, with whom Heggie has collaborated before (the Grammy-nominated album *Unexpected Shadows* in 2020). The pair selected five poems by women about what they missed most in Covid times.

The great singer Joyce DiDonato responded with 'Order'; she traces the progression from lock-down, then grief and finally, new dawn. Stern chimes for the order to sequester at the start, delicate chimes when hope and health return, keep company with octaves that rise, and rise again, in the bass. Patti LuPone finds 'Time' with loved ones safe at home a boon and concludes that she misses nothing. Sister Helen Prejean at first relishes time to garden, read, meditate, but is prodded by conscience into missing 'Action'. From serene initial strains to increasingly roiling music, we trace her determination to 'Do something!' The late Ruth Bader Ginsburg – an avid concertgoer – told Heggie she missed live music 'made by many', a longing she repeats over and over. Finally, the conductor-pianist Kathleen Kelly misses 'You' even as she sees her beloved on Zoom. At the end, we hear contrary motion between rising *pianissimo* intervals and descent in the bass.

## Again, America

Born in Australia, **Melissa Dunphy** immigrated to the United States in 2003; her music includes *The Gonzales Cantata*, *The Bodice-Ripper Project*, and the *N-400 Erasure Songs*. The *4 Poems of Nikita Gill* features a four-part feminist manifesto by the British-Indian poet Nikita Gill. 'Sorcery' affirms self-healing from trauma. A winding chromatic line in the piano sounds against a pedal point on G, then B flat; those same pedal points return in reverse order at the end, with a passacaglia descending fourth in the bass as the corridor to closure. 'From the Ashes She Became' tells the phoenix-like tale of a woman turning pain into strength. Massive simultaneities alternate with unharmonised sighing figures at the start and end. 'You Have Become Forest' invokes a woman whose growth has carried her far from her beginnings, and the composer and musicians dance in celebration. 'Me Too' is an unaccompanied trio for women's voices, with proclamatory chords at the start ('This is our riot act') and a canon to follow.

## Germany

**Clara Schumann** met the great poet Heinrich Heine in 1839 and described him as melancholy — 'when amiable, he is said to be irresistible', she added. She set three of his poems to music, including *Ich stand in dunklen Träumen*, an 1840 Christmas gift for Robert. Another Heine poem, *Sie liebten sich beide*, can be interpreted as the Romantic Muse and the post-Romantic poet who love one another but refuse to admit it and hence are condemned to death of the soul and separation. If that is the more 'meta' reading, the poet, no admirer of society's prim sexual mores, also tells a surface tale of thwarted passion. Schumann's setting is broken into grief-stricken fragments. Three of Schumann's most beautiful songs are to verse by Emanuel Geibel (1815-1884), whose poetry elicited over 3,000 musical settings. 'Liebeszauber' is filled with glorious melody and the thrumming of ecstatic love – on the last page, the singer reveals that everything they have sung since then is only an echo of that magical love in the past. In 'Der Mond kommt still gegangen', the weary earth sleeps in the moonlight (stanza 1, the cosmic dimension), thoughts of love sway above those who sleep (stanzas 2 and 3, the human dimension), and two bereft lovers stare into the darkness (stanza 4, individuals). From Friedrich Rückert's love poetry, beloved of both Schumanns, comes 'Ich hab' in deinem Auge', an assurance of everlasting love even when the bloom is off the rose. In 'Die stille Lotosblume', Geibel brings together two poetic metaphors: the lotus flower, its roots in the mud and its blossoms reaching for the light, and the singing swan, whose final song before death is its most beautiful.

## America at the movies

At the end, we happily return to childhood at the movies, with characters as beloved as Jiminy Cricket, who bids us all wish upon a star; Cinderella and Prince Charming, as they waltz to *So This Is Love*; Mrs. Jumbo, who cradles baby Dumbo as the lullaby *Baby Mine* sounds; Cinderella singing *A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes*; and Princess Aurora and Prince Phillips *Once Upon a Dream* in *Sleeping Beauty*, all in new arrangements by Gus Tredwell. The world could use such sweetness and hope now.

© Susan Youens 2025

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

L'invitation au voyage      Invitation to journey  
(1870)

Charles Baudelaire

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  
Si mystérieux

De tes traîtres yeux,  
Brillant à travers leurs  
larmes.

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

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.

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

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

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

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.

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

Extase (1874)

Jean Lahor

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur  
dort  
D'un sommeil doux comme  
la mort:  
Mort exquise, mort  
parfumée  
Du souffle de la  
bien-aimée:  
Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur  
dort ...

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.

Rapture

On a pale lily my heart is  
sleeping  
a sleep as sweet as  
death:  
exquisite death, death  
perfumed  
by the breath of the  
beloved:  
on your pale breast my  
heart is sleeping ...

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.

## La vie antérieure (1884)

Charles Baudelaire

J'ai longtemps habité sous  
de vastes portiques  
Que les soleils marins  
teignaient de mille feux,  
Et que leurs grands piliers,  
droits et majestueux,  
Rendaient pareils, le soir,  
aux grottes basaltiques.

Les houles, en roulant les  
images des cieux,  
Mêlaient d'une façon  
solennelle et mystique  
Les tout-puissants accords  
de leur riche musique  
Aux couleurs du couchant  
reflété par mes yeux.

C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les  
voluptés calmes,  
Au milieu de l'azur, des  
vagues, des splendeurs  
Et des esclaves nus, tout  
imprégnés d'odeurs,

Qui me rafraîchissaient le  
front avec des palmes,  
Et dont l'unique soin était  
d'approfondir  
Le secret douloureux qui me  
faisait languir.

## 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.

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

## A previous life

For long I lived beneath  
vast colonnades  
tinged with a thousand  
fires by ocean suns,  
whose giant pillars,  
straight and majestic,  
made them look, at evening,  
like basalt caves.

The sea-swells, mingling  
the mirrored skies,  
solemnly and mystically  
interwove  
the mighty chords of their  
mellow music  
with the colours of sunset  
reflected in my eyes.

It is there that I have lived  
in sensuous repose,  
with blue sky about me and  
brightness and waves  
and naked slaves all  
drenched in perfume,

Who fanned my brow  
with fronds of palm,  
and whose only care was  
to fathom  
the secret grief which  
made me languish.

## 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.

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  
égantiers.

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!

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.

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!

## Jake Heggie (b.1961)

### What I Miss the Most... (2021)

#### I. Order

Joyce DiDonato

The order comes swiftly, whispered yet firm:  
Be Quiet.  
Be Silent.  
And come Return.

The accompanying light shines stark, harsh and true:  
Unequal.  
Hollow.  
All Torn-Through.

The aching moment awakens, resonant and pure:  
Grieve.  
Rest.  
And now . . . Breathe sure.

The new dawn arrives, hopeful yet stern:  
Renew.  
Refresh.  
And All Return.

#### II. Time

Patti LuPone

What I miss the most in this unprecedented time is... huh.  
What do I miss?

I have Time in the fullness of the word.  
Time to reflect on my life and how I live it.  
Improvements are definitely in order.  
But I don't think I miss anything.

I've been given Time.  
Time with my family, home safe and all together.  
Time to look out at Mother Nature,  
To marvel at the glory she presents us every day.

I miss a paycheck and that's scary.  
But, if I weigh the need to work  
and Time with loved ones  
I don't miss anything.

### III. Action

*Helen Prejean*

At first, when it hit mid-March,  
I thought: Glee!  
I get to be home to plant flowers  
Home to read books  
To have hours for meditation  
Reflection  
For me...

But conscience, that moral membrane  
Makes me porous  
Susceptible  
To the cries of prisoners  
Crowded  
Locked down  
And anxious families  
Cut off  
Cut out

What can one person do?

Guilt is not a bad thing.  
It can be a sort of WD40  
Greasing my moral gears to act:  
Do something.  
Do something!  
DO SOMETHING!

### IV. Music

*Ruth Bader Ginsburg*

One of the things I miss:  
Music made by many in unison.  
Virtual collaboration,  
good as it is,  
pales in comparison.

### V. You

*Kathleen Kelly*

There you are. Your voice, your hair.  
The frayed neck of my old shirt draping the rise of your  
collarbone.  
No one else.  
It's you, it's all of your things.  
You look up to the right when you search for a word,  
You look down with a smile,  
Then straight at the camera. Your wide eyes.

I see you see me.

You purse your lips to tell me what you will not say.

I thought I would say, it's a sad substitution,  
But my fatigued eyes would gaze at you all day.  
At night, you move across the screen of my eyelids,

In the morning, you call.

Your hand is in your hair. You look away, through that  
other window.

I bow toward the screen,

I take a long drink of your invisible breath.

---

### Interval

---

**Melissa Dunphy** (b.1980)

**4 Poems of Nikita Gill** (2020)

*Nikita Gill*

### Sorcery

Every day, I magic myself alive again  
From the near death experience of trauma.  
I swallow my heart back from  
The lump it has become in my throat.  
I taste my own memories  
Without the flavour of blood but as poetry.  
I learn how to whisper my name  
Without it sounding like a curse.  
I murmur spells to the parts of me  
Others have found too dangerous to love.  
And after this morning ritual  
I finally smile at the woman in my mirror.  
Tell me again,  
How healing is not a magical thing.  
Tell me again,  
How I am not made of sorcery.

### From The Ashes She Became

Before she became fire, she was water.  
Quenching the thirst of every dying creature.  
She gave and she gave  
Until she turned from sea to desert.  
But instead of dying of the heat,  
The sadness, the heartache,  
She took all of her pain  
And from her own ashes became fire.

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

## You Have Become a Forest

One day when you wake up, you will find that you have become a forest. You have grown roots and found strength in them that no one thought you had. You have become stronger and more beautiful, full of life giving qualities. You have learned to take all the negativity around you and turn it into oxygen for easy breathing. A host of wild creatures live inside you and you call them stories. A variety of beautiful birds rest inside your mind and you call them memories. You have become an incredible self sustaining thing of epic proportions. And you should be so proud of yourself, of how far you have come from the seeds of who you used to be.

## Me Too

This is our riot act,  
Our manifesto,  
Our revolution:  
Because the ones  
Who did this know  
We are talking about  
Their monstrous actions.  
It's time for them  
To have the nightmares,  
For them to suffer  
For what happened,  
For them to fear being  
Named by the same  
Voices they silenced.  
I hope they are  
Forever haunted  
By these two words:  
'Me too'.

## Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

### 6 Lieder Op. 13 (1840-3)

#### Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen

*Heinrich Heine*

Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen,  
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,  
Und das geliebte Antlitz  
Heimlich zu leben begann.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich  
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,  
Und wie von Wehmutstränen  
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen  
Mir von den Wangen  
herab –

#### I stood in dark dreams

I stood in dark dreams,  
and gazed at her likeness,  
and that beloved face  
sprang mysteriously to life.

A wonderful smile played  
about her lips,  
and her eyes glistened,  
as though with sad tears.

My tears too  
streamed down my  
cheeks –

Und ach, ich kann es nicht  
glauben,  
Dass ich dich verloren hab'!

and ah, I cannot  
believe  
I have lost you!

#### Sie liebten sich beide

*Heinrich Heine*

Sie liebten sich beide, doch  
keiner  
Wollt' es dem andern gestehn;  
Sie sahen sich an so  
feindlich,  
Und wollten vor Liebe vergehn.

Sie trennten sich endlich  
und sah'n sich  
Nur noch zuweilen im  
Traum;  
Sie waren längst gestorben  
Und wussten es selber  
kaum.

#### They loved one another

They loved one another,  
but neither  
wished to tell the other;  
they gave each other  
such hostile looks,  
yet nearly died of love.

In the end they parted  
and saw  
each other but rarely in  
dreams.  
They died so long ago  
and hardly knew it  
themselves.

#### Liebeszauber

*Emanuel von Geibel*

Die Liebe sass als  
Nachtigall  
Im Rosenbusch und sang;  
Es flog der wundersüsse  
Schall  
Den grünen Wald entlang.

Und wie er klang, da stieg im  
Kreis  
Aus tausend Kelchen  
Duft,  
Und alle Wipfel rauschten  
leis',  
Und leiser ging die  
Luft;

Die Bäche schwiegen, die  
noch kaum  
Geplätschert von den  
Höh'n,  
Die Rehlein standen wie im  
Traum  
Und lauschten dem Getön.

Und hell und immer heller  
floss  
Der Sonne Glanz herein,  
Um Blumen, Wald und  
Schlucht ergoss  
Sich goldig roter Schein.

#### Love's magic

Love in the guise of a  
nightingale  
sat in a rosebush and sang;  
'twas a wonderful sweet  
sound that soared  
all about the green forest.

And with its echoes rose  
all around  
perfume from a thousand  
blossoms,  
and every treetop rustled  
quietly  
and the air moved more  
gently;

The brooks were silent,  
they that had only just  
been splashing from the  
heights,  
as in a dream stood the  
deer  
heeding every sound.

And bright and ever  
brighter flowed  
the splendour of the sun,  
flowers, woods and  
ravines were bathed  
in a glow of golden red.

Ich aber zog den Weg entlang  
Und hörte auch den Schall.  
Ach! was seit jener Stund'  
ich sang,  
War nur sein Widerhall.

I wended my way,  
hearing the sounds as well.  
Alas! The songs which I  
have since sung  
have been but their echo.

## Der Mond kommt still gegangen

*Emanuel von Geibel*

Der Mond kommt still  
gegangen  
Mit seinem gold'nen Schein.  
Da schläft in holdem  
Prangen  
Die müde Erde ein.

## The moon rises silently

The moon rises  
silently  
with its golden glow.  
The weary earth then falls  
asleep  
in beauty and splendour.

Und auf den Lüften  
schwanken  
Aus manchem treuen Sinn  
Viel tausend Liebesgedanken  
Über die Schläfer hin.

Many thousand loving  
thoughts  
from many faithful minds  
sway on the breezes  
over those who slumber.

Und drunten im Tale, da  
funkeln  
Die Fenster von Liebchens  
Haus;  
Ich aber blicke im Dunklen  
Still in die Welt hinaus.

And down in the valley  
sparkle  
the windows of my  
beloved's house;  
but I in the darkness gaze  
silently out into the world.

## Ich hab' in deinem Auge

*Friedrich Rückert*

Ich hab' in deinem Auge  
Den Strahl der ewigen Liebe  
gesehen,  
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen  
Einmal die Rosen des  
Himmels stehn.

I saw in your eyes  
the ray of eternal  
love,  
I saw on your cheeks  
the roses of  
heaven.

Und wie der Strahl im Aug'  
erlischt  
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,  
Ihr Abglanz ewig neu  
erfrischt,  
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben,

And as the ray dies in  
your eyes,  
and as the roses scatter,  
their reflection, forever  
new,  
has remained in my heart,

Und niemals werd' ich die  
Wangen seh'n  
Und nie in's Auge dir  
blicken,  
So werden sie mir in Rosen  
steh'n  
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.

And never will I look at  
your cheeks,  
and never will I gaze into  
your eyes,  
and not see the glow of  
roses,  
and the ray of love.

## Die stille Lotosblume

*Emanuel von Geibel*

Die stille Lotosblume  
Steigt aus dem blauen See,  
Die Blätter flimmern und  
blitzen,  
Der Kelch ist weiss wie  
Schnee.

## The silent lotus flower

The silent lotus flower  
rises out of the blue lake,  
its leaves glitter and  
glow,  
its cup is as white as  
snow.

Da giesst der Mond vom  
Himmel  
All seinen gold'nen Schein,  
Giesst alle seine Strahlen  
In ihren Schoss  
hinein.

The moon then pours  
from heaven  
all its golden light,  
pours all its rays  
into the lotus flower's  
bosom.

Im Wasser um die  
Blume  
Kreiset ein weisser Schwan,  
Er singt so süß, so  
leise  
Und schaut die Blume an.

In the water, round the  
flower,  
a white swan circles,  
it sings so sweetly, so  
quietly,  
and gazes on the flower.

Er singt so süß, so  
leise  
Und will im Singen vergehn.  
O Blume, weisse Blume,  
Kannst du das Lied  
verstehn?

It sings so sweetly, so  
quietly,  
and wishes to die as it sings.  
O flower, white flower,  
can you fathom the song?

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the  
texts of the following songs.

## Leigh Harline (1907-1969)

### When you wish upon a star (1940)

arranged by Gus Tredwell

*Leigh Harline and Ned Washington*

## Al Hoffman (1902-1960)

& Mack David (1912-1993)

### So This Is Love (1948)

arranged by Gus Tredwell

*Al Hoffman, Mack David and Jerry Livingston*

## Frank Churchill (1901-1942)

### Baby Mine (1941)

arranged by Gus Tredwell

*Frank Churchill and Ned Washington*

## Al Hoffman & Mack David

**A Dream Is a Wish Your Heart Makes** (1950)

arranged by Gus Tredwell

*Al Hoffman, Mack David, and Jerry Livingston*

## George Bruns (1914-1983)

**Once Upon a Dream** (1959)

based on Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky arranged by Gus Tredwell

*Sammy Fain and Jack Lawrence*

*Texts of Heggie copyright 2020 by © Joyce DiDonato, Patti LuPone, Helen Prejean, Ruth Bader Ginsburg & Kathleen Kelly. All Rights Reserved. Used by Permission.*

*Translations of Duparc by © Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion by Graham Johnson & Richard Stokes, published by OUP (2002). Schumann by © Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder (Faber & Faber, 2005), with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder (Victor Gollancz Ltd, 1977).*