

WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 19 April 2023
7.30pm

Supported by the Rubinstein Circle

...car le songe est plus beau que la réalité... - Songs from the Gilded Age

Elsa Dreisig soprano
Jonathan Ware piano

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

From *7 frühe Lieder* (1905-8)

Nacht • Die Nachtigall • Traumgekrönt • Liebesode

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Asie from *Shéhérazade* (1903)

Charles Koechlin (1867-1950)

Le voyage Op. 84 No. 2 (1922-3)

Maurice Ravel

La flûte enchantée from *Shéhérazade*

Charles Koechlin

L'oiseau en cage Op. 84 No. 6 (1922-3)

Maurice Ravel

L'indifférent from *Shéhérazade*

Interval

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

Was du mir bist? Op. 22 No. 1 (1928-9)

Mit Dir zu schweigen Op. 22 No. 2 (1928-9)

Welt ist stille eingeschlafen Op. 22 No. 3 (1928-9)

Amy Beach (1867-1944)

In the Twilight Op. 85 (1922)

Springtime Op. 124 (1929)

The Singer Op. 117 No. 1 (1925)

Mine be the lips Op. 113 (1921)

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Alabama Song from *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny* (1927-9)

Surabaya Johnny from *Happy End* (1929)

George Gershwin (1898-1937)

The Man I Love (1924)

Kay Swift (1897-1993)

Can't we be friends? (1929)

George Gershwin

I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise (1922)

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Alban Berg's 7 frühe Lieder ('7 early songs') were written in Vienna in 1905-8 when he was in his early 20s. This was Vienna's 'Gilded Age'; the Vienna Secession art movement, epitomised by Berg's friend Gustav Klimt's *The Kiss*, painted in 1907, was in full flight, and the *7 frühe Lieder* with their rich, extravagant and dreamlike musical language are written in the same style. The poems that Berg chose are mysterious, erotic and full of sensual imagery, and explore different facets of night and dreaming. In 1907 Berg met and fell in love with Helene Nahowski, rumoured to be the illegitimate daughter of Emperor Franz Josef I; he dedicated these songs to her, and they married in 1911.

One Thousand and One Nights is a collection of folk tales from across Asia and North Africa, brought together as the story of Shahryar, a ruler who discovers that his wife has been unfaithful and so has her killed. Deciding that all women are equally untrustworthy, he resolves to marry a virgin every day, and has each one executed the following morning before they have a chance to be unfaithful. The last available virgin, Scheherazade, believes she can outwit him. On their wedding night, she tells him a story, but doesn't finish it, promising to complete it the following night. Shahryar, curious to know how the story ends, agrees to postpone her execution for a day. Every night, Scheherazade begins a new story immediately after finishing the previous one. In this way she delays her execution for a thousand and one nights, after which Shahryar realises he truly loves her and they live happily ever after. **Ravel** had long been fascinated by these stories, and in 1898 had written an overture inspired by them. His cycle *Shéhérazade*, written in 1903, sets poems by his friend Tristan Klingsor, the pseudonym of Léon Leclère, who gave himself the names of a hero and a villain from Wagner's dream world. **Charles Koechlin** wrote two sets of *Shéhérazade* songs, in 1914-6 and in 1922-3. Tonight, two of his second set (his Op. 84) are interpolated between Ravel's three songs to expand the dream-like elements of the story.

The second half of this programme is devoted to the 'Roaring Twenties', when all of Europe and America erupted with exuberance, fun and artistic experimentation and creativity (or all those who lived in cities and could afford to do...) which burst forth as a reaction to and relief from the horrors of the Great War and continued until the Wall Street Crash of 1929 put a stop to the partying.

Both **Erich Wolfgang Korngold** in Vienna and **Amy Beach** in America found musical success in their teens; Beach enjoyed a substantial career as a concert pianist from the age of 16, and Korngold's ballet *Der Schneemann* ('The Snowman') was performed at the Vienna Court Opera when he was 11.

Both composers crossed the Atlantic - Beach moved to Germany in 1910 following the death of her husband, an eminent surgeon, who had tried to forbid her to play or compose on the grounds that being a working musician was 'unseemly' for the wife of a man of his status. Korngold fled the Nazis in 1934, moving to America where he became possibly the greatest composer to work in Hollywood. Beach moved back to America in 1914, becoming a mentor for young composers and an educator, setting up 'Beach Clubs' that made music available to children. Korngold's Op. 22 songs were written in 1928-9 and again, the subject matter of the poems is sleep, twilight and dreams. The four songs by Amy Beach in tonight's concert were written between 1921 and 1929 and are settings of poems that contrast a sinister twilight world with (real) life and tell that reality can be just as beautiful as dreams, especially if we sing about it!

Bertolt Brecht's *Alabama Song* was originally written for his *Home Devotions*, a satire on the collected sermons of Martin Luther. **Kurt Weill** set it to music in 1927 as part of *Mahagonny, ein Songspiel*. Mahagonny is a 'golden city' of dreams, but there are troubles even there. In 1930 Weill and Brecht expanded this into a full-scale opera; *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny* ('Rise and Fall of the City of Mahagonny'). 'Surabaya Johnny' comes from *Happy End*, another Brecht/Weill collaboration, which opened in Berlin in 1929. The plot concerns criminal gangs, a Salvation Army band, and a long-lost husband, and does indeed have a happy ending.

New York in the 1920s was seen as a city where people could follow and achieve their dreams. **George Gershwin** and his brother Ira were examples of this, born into a Ukrainian-Jewish émigré family who moved to America to escape antisemitism. *The Man I Love* is from their musical comedy *Lady Be Good* (1924). *I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise* was written two years earlier for *George White's Scandals*, a series of Broadway revues that ran from 1919 to 1939.

Kay Swift began her career as a classical musician, studying piano and composition at the Institute of Musical Art in New York, now the Juilliard School. In 1918 she married James Warburg who, under the pseudonym Paul James, wrote the lyrics for many of her songs. She met George Gershwin in 1925; he encouraged her to explore the world of music theatre, and they became lovers around 1927. Their relationship continued through Swift and Warburg's divorce in 1934 until Gershwin's death in 1937. 'Can't we be friends?' was written in 1929 as an independent song, which was then introduced into the Broadway revue *The Little Show* and later recorded by Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby and Ella Fitzgerald.

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Alban Berg (1885-1935)

From 7 frühe Lieder (1905-8)

Nacht

Carl Hauptmann

Dämmern Wolken über
Nacht und Tal.
Nebel schweben. Wasser
rauschen sacht.
Nun entschleiert sich's mit
einem Mal.
O gib acht! gib acht!

Weites Wunderland ist
aufgetan,
Silbern ragen Berge
traumhaft gross,
Stille Pfade silberlicht
talan
Aus verborg'nem Schoss.

Und die hehre Welt so
traumhaft rein.
Stummer Buchenbaum am
Wege steht
Schattenschwarz – ein
Hauch vom fernen Hain
Einsam leise weht.

Und aus tiefen Grundes
Düsterheit
Blinken Lichter auf in
stummer Nacht.
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!
O gib acht! gib acht!

Die Nachtigall

Theodor Storm

Das macht, es hat die
Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht
gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süssen
Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes
Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in
Sinnen;
Trägt in der Hand den
Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne
Glut
Und weiss nicht, was beginnen.

From 7 Early Songs

Night

Clouds loom over night
and valley.
Mists hover, waters softly
murmur.
Now at once all is
unveiled.
O take heed! take heed!

A vast wonderland opens
up,
silvery mountains soar
dreamlike tall,
silent paths climb silver-
bright valleywards
from a hidden womb.

And the glorious world so
dreamlike pure.
A silent beech-tree
stands by the wayside
shadow-black – a breath
from the distant grove
blows solitary soft.

And from the deep
valley's gloom
lights twinkle in the silent
night.
Drink soul! drink solitude!
O take heed! take heed!

The nightingale

It is because the
nightingale
has sung throughout the
night,
that from the sweet
sound
of her echoing song
the roses have sprung up.

She was once a wild
creature,
now she wanders deep in
thought;
in her hand a summer
hat,
bearing in silence the
sun's heat,
not knowing what to do.

Das macht, es hat die
Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht
gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süssen
Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Traumgekrönt Rainer Maria Rilke

Das war der Tag der weissen
Chrysanthemen, –
Mir bangte fast vor seiner
Pracht...
Und dann, dann kamst du
mir die Seele nehmen
Tief in der Nacht.

Mir war so bang, und du
kamst lieb und leise, –
Ich hatte grad im Traum an
dich gedacht.
Du kamst, und leis wie eine
Märchenweise
Erklang die Nacht...

Liebesode

Otto Erich Hartleben

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen
wir selig ein.
Am offenen Fenster lauschte
der Sommerwind,
Und unsrer Atemzüge
Frieden
Trug er hinaus in die helle
Mondnacht. –

Und aus dem Garten tastete
zagend sich
Ein Rosenduft an unserer
Liebe Bett
Und gab uns wundervolle
Träume,
Träume des Rausches – so
reich an Sehnsucht!

It is because the
nightingale
has sung throughout the
night,
that from the sweet
sound
of her echoing song
the roses have sprung up.

Crowned with dreams

That was the day of the
white chrysanthemums –
its brilliance almost
frightened me...
And then, then you came
to take my soul
at the dead of night.

I was so frightened, and you
came sweetly and gently,
I had been thinking of you
in my dreams.
You came, and soft as a
fairy tune
the night rang out...

Ode to love

In love's arms we fell
blissfully asleep.
The summer wind listened
at the open window,
and carried the peace of
our breathing
out into the moon-bright
night. –

And from the garden a
scent of roses
came timidly to our bed
of love
and gave us wonderful
dreams,
ecstatic dreams – so rich
in longing!

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Asie from *Shéhérazade* (1903)

Tristan Klingsor

Asie, Asie, Asie,	Asia, Asia, Asia,
Vieux pays merveilleux des contes de nourrice,	ancient wonderland of fairy tales,
Où dort la fantaisie	where fantasy sleeps
Comme une impératrice	like an empress
En sa forêt tout emplie de mystères, Asie,	in her mystery-filled forest, Asia,
Je voudrais m'en aller avec la goélette	I long to set sail with the schooner
Qui se berce ce soir dans le port,	which rocks this evening in the harbour,
Mystérieuse et solitaire,	mysterious and solitary,
Et qui déploie enfin ses voiles violettes	and which spreads at last its violet sails
Comme un immense oiseau de nuit dans le ciel d'or.	like a huge night-bird in the golden sky.
Je voudrais m'en aller vers des îles de fleurs	I long to set sail for isles of flowers
En écoutant chanter la mer perverse	as I listen to the song of the wayward sea
Sur un vieux rythme ensorceleur;	with its old bewitching rhythm;
Je voudrais voir Damas et les villes de Perse	I long to see Damascus and the cities of Persia
Avec les minarets légers dans l'air;	with their airy minarets;
Je voudrais voir de beaux turbans de soie	I long to see beautiful silken turbans
Sur des visages noirs aux dents claires;	above black faces with white teeth;
Je voudrais voir des yeux sombres d'amour	I long to see eyes dark with love
Et des prunelles brillantes de joie	and pupils sparkling with joy
En des peaux jaunes comme des oranges;	sunk in skins as yellow as oranges;
Je voudrais voir des vêtements de velours	I long to see velvet raiments
Et des habits à longues franges;	and long-fringed robes;
Je voudrais voir des calumets entre des bouches	I long to see calumets in mouths
Tout entourées de barbe blanche;	fringed about with white beards;

Je voudrais voir d'après marchands aux regards louches,	I long to see grasping merchants with shifty looks,
Et des cadis, et des vizirs	and cadis and viziers
Qui du seul mouvement de leur doigt qui se penche	who with a single crook of the finger
Accordent vie ou mort au gré de leur désir.	dispense life or death on a whim.
Je voudrais voir la Perse, et l'Inde, et puis la Chine,	I long to see Persia, and India, and then China,
Les mandarins ventrus sous les ombrelles,	portly mandarins beneath their sunshades,
Et les princesses aux mains fines,	and princesses with delicate hands,
Et les lettrés qui se querellent	and learned men disputing
Sur la poésie et sur la beauté;	about poetry and beauty;
Je voudrais m'attarder au palais enchanté	I long to linger in enchanted palaces,
Et comme un voyageur étranger	and like a foreign traveller
Contempler à loisir des paysages peints	gaze at leisure on landscapes painted
Sur des étoffes en des cadres de sapin	on fabrics in pinewood frames,
Avec un personnage au milieu d'un verger;	with a figure in the midst of an orchard;
Je voudrais voir des assassins souriant	I long to see assassins smiling,
Du bourreau qui coupe un cou d'innocent	as the executioner cuts off an innocent head
Avec son grand sabre courbé d'Orient;	with his great curved Oriental scimitar;
Je voudrais voir des pauvres et des reines;	I long to see beggars and queens;
Je voudrais voir des roses et du sang;	I long to see roses and blood;
Je voudrais voir mourir d'amour ou bien de haine,	I long to see death for love or else for hate,
Et puis, m'en revenir plus tard	and then to return later
Narrer mon aventure aux curieux de rêves,	and recount my adventures to those intrigued by dreams,
En élevant comme Sindbad	while raising like Sinbad
Ma vieille pipe arabe	my old Arabian pipe
Du temps en temps jusqu'à mes lèvres	from time to time to my lips,
Pour interrompre le conte avec art...	artfully to interrupt the tale...

Charles Koechlin (1867-1950)

Le voyage Op. 84 No. 2 The journey

(1922-3)

Tristan Klingsor

Mais non, mieux vaut rester ici,	But no, it is better to tarry here
Et conserver l'illusion charmante,	and preserve the charming illusion,
La nuit d'en vient avec sa mante	night arrives with its mantle
Toute brodée d'étoiles d'or;	embroidered all over with golden stars;
Le ciel violacé s'obscurcit,	the purplish-blue sky darkens,
Et la ville, au bord de l'eau qui chante,	and the town, on the shore of the singing water.
Mystérieusement s'endort.	falls mysteriously asleep.
Et moi aussi, ce soir d'automne,	And I too, on this autumn evening,
J'écouterai dans mon sommeil,	shall from my casement window
Par la croisée la vieille mer	listen in my sleep to the ancient ocean
Et sa berceuse monotone	and its monotonous lullaby,
Tout bas jouée par d'invisibles instruments,	played very quietly by invisible instruments;
Et le merveilleux mensonge invent	and the wondrous lie invented
Par l'enchanteur de cette heure brève	by the enchantress of this brief hour
Me sera sans doute plus cher demain encore,	will be even dearer to me tomorrow,
Car le songe est plus beau que la réalité,	for dreams are more beautiful than reality,
Car les plus beaux pays sont ceux que l'on ignore,	for the most beautiful countries are those we do not know,
Et le plus beau voyage est celui fait en rêve.	and the most beautiful voyage is the one made in our dreams.

Maurice Ravel

La flûte enchantée from The enchanted flute *Shéhérazade*

Tristan Klingsor

L'ombre est douce et mon maître dort,	The shade is soft and my master sleeps,
Coiffé d'un bonnet conique de soie,	a cone-shaped silken cap on his head,
Et son long nez jaune en sa barbe blanche.	and his long yellow nose in his white beard.
Mais moi je suis éveillée encore	But I am still awake,
Et j'écoute au dehors	listening to the song
Une chanson de flûte où s'épanche	of a flute outside that pours forth
Tour à tour la tristesse ou la joie,	sadness and joy in turn,
Un air tour à tour langoureux ou frivole	a tune now languorous now lively,
Que mon amoureux chéri joue,	which my dear lover plays,
Et quand je m'approche de la croisée,	and when I draw near the casement,
Il me semble que chaque note s'envole	each note seems to fly
De la flûte vers ma joue	from the flute to my cheek
Comme un mystérieux baiser.	like a mysterious kiss.

Charles Koechlin

L'oiseau en cage

Op. 84 No. 6 (1922-3)

Tristan Klingsor

O jeune fille, ton corps délicieux	O young girl, your exquisite body
Est parfumé de lilas et de lys	is scented with lilac and lily
Comme un jardin de délices,	like a garden of delights,
Et quand tu passes, les vieillards clignent des yeux	and when you pass, the old men squint,
En devinant sous la robe de couleur,	discerning beneath your colourful dress
Le trésor de ta croupe rose et large,	the treasure of your rosy, wide behind,
En se disant que l'amour est dans ton cœur,	and tell themselves that love is in your heart,
Comme un oiseau en cage.	like a caged bird.

The caged bird

Maurice Ravel

L'indifférent from *Shéhérazade*

Tristan Klingsor

Tes yeux sont doux comme
ceux d'une fille,
Jeune étranger,
Et la courbe fine
De ton beau visage de duvet
ombragé
Est plus séduisante encore
de ligne.

Ta lèvre chante
Sur le pas de ma porte
Une langue inconnue et
charmante
Comme une musique fausse;
Entre! et que mon vin te
réconforte...

Mais non, tu passes
Et de mon seuil je te vois
t'éloigner
Me faisant un dernier geste
avec grâce
Et la hanche légèrement ployée
Par ta démarche féminine et
lasse.

The indifferent one

Your eyes are soft like a
girl's,
young stranger,
and the delicate curve
of your handsome down-
shaded face
is still more attractively
shaped.

Your lips sing
at my door
an unknown charming
tongue,
like music off-pitch;
enter! and let my wine
refresh you...

But no, you pass by
and I see you leaving my
threshold,
gracefully waving
farewell,
your hips lightly swaying
in your languid feminine
way.

Interval

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

Was du mir bist? Op. 22 No. 1 (1928-9)

Eleonore van der Straaten

Was du mir bist?
Der Ausblick in ein schönes
Land,
Wo fruchtbelad'ne Bäume
ragen,
Blumen blühn' am
Quellenrand.

Was du mir bist?
Der Stern' Funkeln, das
Gewölk durchbricht,
Der ferne Lichtstrahl,
Der im Dunkeln
spricht:
O Wand'rer, verzage nicht!

What are you to me?

What are you to me?
The sight of a beautiful
country
where fruit-laden trees
soar upwards
and flowers bloom at the
water's edge.

What are you to me?
The twinkling star breaking
through the cloud,
the distant ray of light
which speaks in the
darkness:
traveller, don't give up hope!

Und war mein Leben auch
Entsagen,
Glänzte mir kein froh
Geschick,
Was du mir bist?
Kannst du noch fragen?

Was du mir bist
Mein Glaube an das Glück.

Mit Dir zu schweigen Op. 22 No. 2 (1928-9)

Karl Kobald

Mit Dir zu schweigen still im
Dunkel,
Die Seele an der Träume
Schoss gelehnt,
Ist Lauschen ew'gen
Melodien,
Ist Liebe ohne End.

Mit Dir zu schweigen in der
Dämmerzeit
Ist Schweben nach der
Welten grossen Fülle,
Ist Wachsen weit in die
Unendlichkeit,
Entrückt in ew'ge
Stille.

Welt ist stille eingeschlafen Op. 22 No. 3 (1928-9)

Karl Kobald

Welt ist stille
eingeschlafen,
Ruht im Mondenschein
Öffnen sich im Himmelshafen
Augen, golden,
rein.

Gottes Geige singt jetzt leis'
Liebste, denk' an Dich,
Wie im Traumboot geht die
Reise,
Such' in Sternen Dich.

Strahlen sel'ger Lieb erhellen
Meines Herzens
Raum.
Zweisprach halten uns're
Seelen,
Küssen sich im Traum.

And even if my life were
one of renunciation,
where no good luck came
my way,
what are you to me?
Do you need to ask?

What are you to me:
my belief in happiness.

To be silent when I'm with you

To be silent when I'm with
you in the dark,
our souls reclining in the
lap of dreams,
is to hear eternal
melodies,
love without end.

To be silent with you at
dusk,
is to float towards the
abundance of worlds,
is to grow far into
infinity,
transported into eternal
stillness.

The world has gone to sleep

The world has gone to
sleep,
resting in the moonlight.
In the haven of heaven
eyes, golden and pure,
open.

God's violin sings sweetly;
my love, I think of you.
Sailing in a boat of
dreams,
I seek you in the stars.

Beams of blissful love
light up the whole of my
heart.
Our souls, in rapt
communion, kiss,
in my dream.

Amy Beach (1867-1944)

In the Twilight Op. 85 (1922)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The twilight is sad and cloudy,
The wind blows wild and free,
And like the wings of seagulls
Flash the white caps of the sea.

But in the fisherman's cottage
There shines a ruddier light,
And a little face at the window
Peers out into the night.

Close, close it is pressed to the window,
As if those childish eyes
Were looking into the darkness,
To see some form arise.

And a woman's waving shadow
Is passing to and fro,
Now rising to the ceiling,
Now bowing and bending low.

What tale do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, bleak and wild,
As they beat at the crazy casement,
Tell to that little child?

And why do the roaring ocean,
And the night-wind, wild and bleak,
As they beat at the heart of the mother,
Drive the color from her cheek?

Springtime Op. 124 (1929)

Susan Merrick Heywood

White lilacs in the garden,
White locust on the tree,
Air with fragrance laden,
Love is in life for me.

Golden the jonquil's chalice,
Golden the visiting bee,
Golden the sky at sunset,
Love is the gold for me.

Clear as the song of showers,
Or butterflies, made free,
Clear as the rapture of Springtime
Is the call of my love to me.

The Singer Op. 117 No. 1 (1925)

Muna Lee

I would sing with my lips
To the lips of a seashell,
I would sing to the thrush
And the cardinal bird,
I would sing though
The singing breezes heard me,
Though the tall field grasses and light rains heard.
For I have a song that is fit for the singing,
And a song unmatched till the world be done,
Though never a heart on the wide world heed it
But mine and another one,
Though never a heart
But mine and another one!

Mine be the lips Op. 113 (1921)

Leonora Speyer

If I could sing the song of the dawn,
The caroling word of leaf and bird
And the sunwaked fern uncurling there,
I would go lonely and would not care.

If I could sing the song of the dusk,
The stars and moon of glist'ning June,
Lit at the foot and head of me,
The Spinner might break the thread of me.

If I could sing the song of Love,
Fill my throat with each sounding note,
Others might kiss and clasp and cling,
Mine be the lips that would sing!

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Alabama Song from *Aufstieg und Fall der Stadt Mahagonny* (1927-9)

Bertolt Brecht

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Surabaya Johnny from *Happy End* (1929)

Bertolt Brecht

Ich war jung, Gott, erst
sechzehn Jahre
Du kamest von Burma herauf

I was young, god, just
sixteen years old;
you came up from Burma
and said that I should go
with you -

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it was all your idea.
I asked about your
position
and you said, as I stand
here,
you had something to do
with the railways
and nothing to do with
the sea.
You said a lot of things,
Johnny;
not a word was true, Johnny;
you deceived me, Johnny,
from the first hour.
How I hate you, Johnny;
how you stand there and
grin, Johnny;
take that pipe out of your
mouth, you hound.

Surabaya Johnny, why are
you so cruel?
Surabaya Johnny, my
god, I love you so.
Surabaya Johnny, why
aren't I happy?
You have no heart, Johnny,
and I love you so.

At first every day was like
Sunday
with you, until I went with
you -
but after just two weeks
I couldn't do anything
right for you any more.
Up and down across the
Punjab
along the the river to the
sea;
in the mirror, I already
look
like a forty-year-old.
You didn't want love,
Johnny,
you wanted money, Johnny,
but, Johnny, all I saw was
your face;
you wanted it all, Johnny;
I gave you more, Johnny.
Take that pipe out of your
mouth, you hound.

Surabaya Johnny ...

I never thought to wonder
why you had that name
but all along the
coast
you were a well-known
guest.
One morning in a
flophouse
I'll hear the sea
thundering
and you'll go, without a
word;
your ship is down at the
dock.
You have no heart, Johnny,
you're a scoundrel, Johnny,
and now you're leaving,
Johnny, tell me why!
I still love you, Johnny,
like the first day, Johnny -
take that pipe out of your
mouth, you hound!

Surabaya Johnny ...

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George Gershwin (1898-1937)

The Man I Love (1924)

Ira Gershwin

Kay Swift (1897-1993)

Can't we be friends? (1929)

James Warburg

George Gershwin (1898-1937)

I'll Build a Stairway to Paradise (1922)

Ira Gershwin

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