

WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 1 February 2024
7.30pm

Brindley Sherratt bass
Julius Drake piano
Leon Bosch double bass

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

L'incanto degli occhi D902 No. 1 (1827)
Fahrt zum Hades D526 (1817)
Auf der Donau D553 (1817)
Der Schiffer D536 (1817)

Modest Musorgsky (1839-1881)

Songs and Dances of Death (1875-7)
Lullaby • Serenade • Trepak • The Field Marshal

Interval

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Per questa bella mano K612 with double bass obbligato (1791)

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Mit vierzig Jahren ist der Berg ersteigen Op. 94 No. 1 (1883-4)

Steig auf, geliebter Schatten Op. 94 No. 2 (1883-4)

Mein Herz ist schwer Op. 94 No. 3 (1883-4)

Sapphische Ode Op. 94 No. 4 (1883-4)

Kein Haus, keine Heimat Op. 94 No. 5 (1883-4)

John Ireland (1879-1962)

Sea Fever (1913)

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Fear no more the heat o' the sun from *Let us garlands bring* Op. 18 (1929-42)

Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)

By a Bierside (1916)

Michael Head (1900-1976)

Limehouse Reach from *6 Sea Songs* (1948)

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

Captain Stratton's Fancy (1921)

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Both halves of this death-haunted recital begin with flashes of love, light and life. Where appropriate, **Schubert** often made tongue-in-cheek allusions to, and even light-hearted parodies of, other styles, and the poem *L'incanto degli occhi* by Pietro Metastasio – most famous for his opera libretti – must have proved irresistible: he turned it into a witty number that wouldn't be out of place in an opera buffa. The next three songs were all written in 1817, using poems by Schubert's friend, sometime housemate and collaborator Johann Mayrhofer. The three introduce a recurring sub-theme of this recital: water, in all its intrigue, danger, thrill and beauty. Schubert's boat journey through the underworld river ('Fahrt zum Hades') is lugubrious – 'heavy with death', in Mayrhofer's words – while the waves in 'Auf der Donau' ripple with a melancholy foreboding. The Danube boater sees castles and forests rise above him: these are both characteristic emblems of German Romanticism and local landmarks as the river runs through and beyond Schubert and Mayrhofer's city. 'Der Schiffer' plunges us into another awe- or terror-inspiring landscape, with a relentless piano part underlying the protagonist's resolve to submit himself to the elements, come what may.

Death appears in many forms in the *Songs and Dances of Death*, a four-song set written by **Musorgsky** in 1875-1877 to poems by Arseny Golenishchev-Kutuzov. In the first, Death sings a gentle lullaby with chilling persistence, eventually overcoming the mother's pleas for her child to live. In 'Serenade', Death seduces a young woman and claims her as his own, while in 'Trepak' a drunken peasant is danced to his death above a piano line inspired by the opening contour of the *Dies irae* plainchant. Military destruction unfolds in 'The Field Marshal', as Death surveys the scene victorious. The songs all present dramatic scenes inspired by the grim realities of life, and several composers have been inspired to orchestrate them, including Glazunov, Rimsky-Korsakov and Shostakovich.

Mozart's aria 'Per questa bella mano' was written in 1791 for bass singer, double bass and orchestra. It was first performed by the bass Franz Xaver Gerl, who was known for his operatic roles as Don Giovanni, Sarastro and Figaro, and the double bassist Friedrich Pischelberger. The obbligato double bass line that runs through the aria is showy and virtuosic – and is all the more difficult for today's players because the double bass of late-18th-century Vienna was tuned differently to the typical modern instrument.

Brahms's many songs were grouped into opus numbers for various reasons, often practical as much as musical. Despite including four poets (Rückert, Halm, Geibel, Schmidt), Op. 94 of 1883-4 is fairly

cohesive as a set, and is often understood as a miniature cycle of sorts: it showcases the low voice, has overarching themes of aging and the awareness of mortality, and predominantly uses related keys. The protagonist of the first song is a wanderer, contemplating his 40 years and what's yet to come through mountain metaphors (Brahms was 50 at the time); the second and third songs look backwards, seeking rejuvenation and wondering where the time has gone. 'Sapphische Ode' is the best-known song of Op. 94, and is more often heard apart from the set. Within it, however, it provides respite from its existential surroundings with a comforting pulse and gently unfolding melody. Brahms uses a strophic form that both enhances the sense of formal rigour followed by the poet, and allows us to enjoy twice the magisterial beauty of the music. After this, the abrupt and perfunctory 'Kein Haus, keine Heimat' is all the more startling – its pessimistic statement is over in a matter of seconds – but its imagery returns us to the theme of water for the closing group of English songs.

This time, the poems are inflected variously by aspects of docklands life and colonial seafaring. John Masefield was a sailor and prolific writer, whose poems have been set to music by many a British composer. The best-known of the bunch is **John Ireland's** 'Sea Fever', which uses one of Masefield's *Salt-Water Ballads* first published in 1902; Ireland composed his steely ballad in 1913 and it later found popularity over the airwaves, even topping a BBC poll of listeners' favourite songs. 'Sea Fever' is an ode to the excitement and promise of the sea, but the next two songs return to the theme of death. **Finzi's** Shakespeare setting 'Fear no more the heat o' the sun' is a lament that lilts with pathos; it is drawn from *Let us garlands bring*, which was written as a birthday present for Vaughan Williams in 1942 and first performed at a National Gallery concert that year as the war continued. Masefield's *By a Bierside* was set to music by **Gurney** in 1916, in the midst of his service in the French trenches during the first world war; it is a sombre and radiant paean to beauty, life and death. A voyage by boat to Canada so inspired Cicely Fox Smith that much of her literary output centred around seafaring; frequently writing insightfully and empathetically from a sailor's perspective, she was so often assumed to be male that she began publishing explicitly as 'Miss'. Her *Limehouse Reach* tells of a spurned lover setting sail from London, and was set to music by **Michael Head** as one of his *6 Sea Songs*. *Captain Stratton's Fancy* is another Masefield poem that captured the imagination of several composers, and **Peter Warlock's** setting is appropriately swash-buckling.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

L'incanto degli occhi The magic of eyes

D902 No. 1 (1827)

Pietro Metastasio

Da voi, cari lumi, Dipende il mio stato; Voi siete i miei Numi, Voi siete il mio fato. A vostro talento Mi sento cangiar, Ardir m'inspirate, Se liete splendete; Se torbidi siete, Mi fate tremar.	On you, beloved eyes, depends my life; you are my gods, you are my destiny. At your bidding my mood changes, you inspire me with daring if you shine joyfully; if you are overcast, you make me tremble.
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Fahrt zum Hades D526 Journey to Hades

(1817)

Johann Mayrhofer

Der Nachen dröhnt, Cypressen flüstern – Horch, Geister reden schaurig drein; Bald werd' ich am Gestad', dem düstern, Weit von der schönen Erde sein.	The boat creaks, cypresses whisper hark, spirits utter their chilling cries; soon I shall reach the gloomy shore, far from the lovely world.
Da leuchten Sonne nicht, noch Sterne, Da tönt kein Lied, da ist kein Freund. Empfang die letzte Träne, o Ferne! Die dieses müde Auge weint.	Neither sun nor stars shine there, no song is heard, no friend is found. O distant earth, accept this last tear shed by my weary eyes.
Schon schau' ich die blassen Danaiden, Den fluchbeladnen Tantalus; Es murmelt todesschwangern Frieden, Vergessenheit, dein alter Fluss.	Already I see the pale Danaides, and curse-laden Tantalus; your ancient river, O Oblivion, murmurs of death- swollen peace.
Vergessen nenn' ich zwiefach Sterben. Was ich mit höchster Kraft gewann, Verlieren – wieder es erwerben – Wann enden diese Qualen? Wann?	Oblivion to me is a double death. To lose that which needed all my strength to win, and to strive for it once more – when will these torments cease? When?

Auf der Donau D553

(1817)

Johann Mayrhofer

Auf der Wellen Spiegel Schwimmt der Kahn. Alte Burgen ragen Himmelan; Tannenwälder rauschen Geistergleich – Und das Herz im Busen Wird uns weich.	The boat glides on the waves' surface. Old castles soar heavenward; pine-forests stir like ghosts – and our hearts grow faint within us.
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Denn der Menschen Werke Sinken all'; Wo ist Turm, wo Pforte, Wo der Wall, Wo sie selbst, die Starken? Erzgeschirmt, Die in Krieg und Jagden Hingestürmt.	For the works of man all perish; where are towers, where gates, where ramparts, where are the mighty themselves? Who, clad in bronze armour, stormed into wars and hunts.
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Trauriges Gestrüppe Wuchert fort, Während frommer Sage Kraft verdorrt. Und im kleinen Kahne Wird uns bang – Wellen droh'n, wie Zeiten, Untergang.	Melancholy briars grow rank and rampant, while the power of pious myth withers. And in our small boat we grow afraid – waves, like time, threaten destruction.
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Der Schiffer D536 (1817) The boatman

Johann Mayrhofer

Im Winde, im Sturme befahr'
ich den Fluss,
Die Kleider durchweicht der
Regen im Guss;
Ich peitsche die Wellen mit
mächtigem Schlag,
Erhoffend, erhoffend mir
heiteren Tag.

I ply the river in wind and
storm,
my garments soaked by
teeming rain,
I lash the waves with
powerful strokes,
filled with hopes for a
bright day.

Die Wellen, sie jagen das
ächzende Schiff,
Es drohet der Strudel, es
drohet das Riff,
Gesteine entkollern den
felsigen Höh'n,
Und Tannen erseufzen wie
Geistergestöh'n.

The waves drive on the
creaking boat,
whirlpool and reef loom
threateningly,
rocks roll down the
towering cliffs,
and fir-trees sigh like
groaning ghosts.

So musste es kommen – ich
hab es gewollt,
Ich hasse ein Leben
behaglich entrollt;
Und schlängen die Wellen
den ächzenden Kahn,
Ich priese doch immer die
eigene Bahn.

It had to come – I willed it
so,
I hate a snugly unfolding
life,
and were waves to engulf
the creaking boat,
I should still extol my
chosen course.

Drum tose des Wassers
ohnmächtiger Zorn,
Dem Herzen entquillet ein
seliger Born,
Die Nerven erfrischend – o
himmlische Lust!
Dem Sturme zu trotzen mit
männlicher Brust.

So – let waters roar in
impotent rage,
a fountain of bliss spurts
from my breast,
renewing my courage, O
heavenly joy!
To brave the storm with a
manly heart.

Modest Musorgsky (1839-1881)

Songs and Dances of Death (1875-7)

Arseny Golenishchev-
Kutuzov

Lullaby

Stonet rebyonok... Svecha,
nagoraya,
Tusklo mertsamet
krugom.
Tseluyu noch kolybelku
kachaya,
Mat ne zabylyasya snom.
Ranyim-ranyokhonko v dver
ostorozhno
Smert serdobolnaya
stuk!

Songs and Dances of Death

A child moans... a candle,
burning low,
casts its dull flicker all
around.
All through the night, as
she rocks the cradle,
a mother has not slept.
Early in the morning comes
the gentle knock
of Death, the
compassionate one, at
the door!

Vzdrognula ma',
oglyanulas
trevozhno...

The mother shudders,
anxiously looking
around her...

'Polno pugatsya, moi
drug!

'There's no need to be
afraid, my friend!

Blednoe utro uzh
smotrit v
okoshko...

The pale morning is
peeping through the
window...

Placha, toskuya,
lyublya,

you have worn yourself
out with crying, longing,
loving,

Ty utomilas, vzdremni-ka
nemnozhko,

so rest a while, my
dear,

Ya pozizhu za
tebya.

and I will take your place
at his side.

Ugomonit ty ditya ne sumela.

You couldn't soothe the
little child,

Slashche tebya ya
spoyu.' –

but I can sing more
sweetly than you.'

'Tishe! rebyonok moi
mechetsya, byotsya,

'Shhh! The child is tossing
and turning,

Dushu terzaya
moyu!'

my heart grieves to see
him thus!'

'Nu, da so mnoyu on skoro
uimyotsya.

'Come now, with me he
will soon calm down,

Bayushki, bayu, bayu.'

hushaby, hushaby-hush.'

'Shchyochki bledneyut,
slabeet dykhanye...

'His cheeks are so pale, his
breathing so shallow...

Da zamolchi-zhe, molyu!' –

please be quiet, I beg you!'

'Dobroe znamenye,
stikhnet

'That's a good sign, his
suffering will soon be

stradanye,

over,

Bayushki, bayu, bayu.'

hushaby, hushaby-hush.'

'Proch ty,
proklyataya!

'Be away with you,
accursed woman!

Laskoi svoeyu sgubish ty
radost moyu!'

You will destroy my joy
with your caresses!'

'Net, mirnyi son ya
mladentsu naveyu.

'No, I will waft the sleep of
peace over the infant,

Bayushki, bayu, bayu.' –

hushaby, hushaby-hush.'

'Szhalsya, pozhdi dopevat
khot mgnoven'ye,

'Have pity! Cease your
singing for just a moment,

Strashnuyu pesnyu tvoyu!'

cease your terrible song!'

'Vidish, usnul on pod tikho
penye.

'See now, my quiet song
has sung him to sleep,

Bayushki, bayu, bayu.'

hushaby, hushaby-hush.'

Serenade

Nega volshebnaya, noch golubaya,
Trepetnyi sumrak vesny.
Vnemlet, poniknuv golovkoi, bolnaya
Shopot nochnoi tishiny.
Son ne smykaet blestyashchie ochi,
Zhizn k naslazhdenyu zovyot,
A pod okoshkom v molchani polnochi
Smert serenade poyot:
'V mrake nevoli surovoy i tesnoi
Molodost vyanet tvoya;
Rytsar nevedomyi, siloi chudesnoi
Osvobozhu ya tebya.
Vstan, posmotri na sebya: krasotoyu
Lik tvoi prozrachnyi blestit,
Shchyoki rummyany, volnistoi kosoyu
Stan tvoi, kak tuchei obvit.
Pristalnykh glaz goluboe siyanye,
Yarche nebes i ognya;
Znoem poludennym veyet dykhanье...
Ty obolstila menya.
Slukh tvoi plenilsya moei serenadoi,
Rytsarya shopot tvoi zval,
Rytsar prishyol za poslednei nagradoi:
Chas upoenya nastal.
Nezhen tvoi stan, upoitelen trepet...
O, zadushu ya tebya
V krepkikh obyatyakh: lyubovnyi moi lepet
Slushai!... molchi!... Ty moyal'

Languid enchantment, the blue of the night,
the quivering half-light of spring.
Ailing, her head hung low, the young woman
listens to the whisper of night's stillness.
Sleep cannot close her shining eyes,
life's pleasures summon her still,
but under her window, in the silence of midnight,
death sings this soft serenade:
'In the gloom of confinement, severe and narrow,
your youth is fading;
but I, a mysterious knight,
will free you with my wondrous power.
Rise and look on yourself: your countenance
shines with limpid beauty,
your cheeks are flushed, and your rippling tresses
encircle your waist like clouds.
The radiant blue of your eager eyes
is brighter than heaven or flame;
your breath is as the midday heat...
you have bewitched me.
Your hearing is captivated by my serenade,
your whispering summoned this knight,
who has come for his final reward:
the hour of rapture is nigh.
Your form is fair and your trembling – enchanting...
ah, I shall smother you in my strong embrace:
listen to my words of love!
Be silent!... You are mine!'

Trepak

Arseny Golenishchev-Kutuzov

Les da polyany, bezlyudye krugom.
Vyuga i plachet i stonet,

Forests and glades, not a soul in sight.
A blizzard wails and howls.

Chuetsya, budto vo mrake nochnom,
Zlaya, kogo-to khoronit;
Glyad, tak i est! V temnote muzhika
Smert obnimaet, laskaet,
S pyanenkim plyashet vdvoyom trepaka,
Na ukho pesn napevaet:
'Oi, muzhichok, starichok ubogoi,
Pyan napilsya, poplyolsya dorogoi,
A myatel-to, vedma, podnyalas, vzygrala.
S polya v les dremuchii nevnachai zagnala.
Gorem, tosnoi da nuzhdoi tomimyi,
Lyag, prikorni, da usni, rodimyi!
Ya tebya, golubchik moi, snezhkom sogreyu,
Vkrug tebya velikuyu igru zateyu.
Vzbei-ka postel, ty myatel-lebyodka!
Gei, nachinai, zapevai pogodka!
Skazku, da takuyu, chtob vsyu noch tyanulas,
Chtob pyanchuge krepko pod neyo zasnulos!
Oi, vy lesa, nebesa, da tuchi,
Tem, veterok, da snezhok letuchii!
Sveites pelenoyu, snezhnoi, pukhovoyu;
Eyu, kak mladentsa, starichka prikroyu...
Spi, moi druzhok, muzhichok schastlivyi,
Leto prishlo, rastsvelo!
Nad nivoi solnyshko smeyotsya da serpy glyayut,
Pesenka nesoyotsya, golubki letayut...'

In the darkness of night,
it is as if someone is being buried by some evil force:
just look – it is so! in the darkness,
death tenderly embraces a peasant,
leading the drunken man in a lively dance,
and singing this song in his ear:
'Oh, poor peasant, pitiful old man,
drunk and stumbling on your way,
and the blizzard, like a witch, rose up and raged,
driving you by chance from the field into the deep woods.
Oppressed by grief and sadness and want,
lay down, rest and sleep, my dear!
I will warm you, my friend, with a cover of snow,
weaving a great game around you.
Whip up a bed, oh swan-like snowstorm!
Hey, you elements, strike up a song,
spin a tale that will last all night,
so that that old drunk might sleep soundly to its strains!
Hey, you woods and heavens and storm clouds,
darkness and winds and driving snow!
Spin him a shroud of downy snow,
and I will swathe the old man, like a new-born child...
Sleep my friend. you fortunate peasant,
summer has come, all in bloom!
The sun smiles down on the cornfield and the sickles glimmer,
a song wafts across the air and the doves are flying...'

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

The Field Marshal

Grokhochet bitva, bleshut broni, Orudya mednye revut, Begut polki, nesutsya koni I reki krasnye tekut. Pylaet polden, lyudi byutsya; Sklonilos solntse, boi silnei; Zakat bledneyet, no derutsya	The battle rages, the armour flashes, bronze canons roar, regiments charge, horses gallop by and red rivers flow. Midday burns and men still fight; the sun sinks low, yet the battle rages ever more; twilight fades, yet enemies are locked more violently, more fiercely in conflict. Night falls on the field of battle. Legions disperse in the darkness... all is calm, and in the darkness of night groans rise up to the sky. And then, in the moonlight, on her warhorse, her white bones shining brightly, death appears; and in the silence, listening to the groans and prayers with pride and pleasure, she bestrides the field of battle like a field marshal. From atop of a mound she looks around, stops and smiles... and across the war-torn plain rings the sound of her fateful voice: 'The battle is over! I have vanquished you all! You have all surrendered before me, ye warriors! Life set you at odds, but I have reconciled you! Stand to attention for review, ye dead! March by in solemn procession, I wish to account for my troops; then lay down your bones in the earth, and rest sweetly, rest life's labours down! The years will pass by imperceptibly, and you will slip from the memory of the living.
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Ya ne zabudu i gromko nad vami Pir budu pravit v polnochnyi chas! Plyaskoi tyazhyoloyu zemlyu syruyu Ya pritopchu, chtoby sen grobovuyu Kosti pokinut vovek ne mogli, Chtob nikogda vam ne vstat iz zemli!	Yet I will not forget you and will host a banquet at midnight over your bones! The heavy tread of my dance will trample down the moist earth, so that your bones may never more escape the fastness of the grave, so that you may never more rise from the grave!
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Interval

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

**Per questa bella mano
K612 with double bass
obbligato (1791)**
Anonymous

By this fair hand

Per questa bella mano,
Per questi vaghi rai
Giuro, mio ben, che
mai
Non amerò che te.

By this fair hand,
by these lovely eyes,
I swear, my dearest, that
never
will I love anyone but you.

L'aure, le piante, i
sassi,
Che i miei sospir ben
sanno,
A te qual sia diranno
La mia costante fè.

The breezes, the plants,
the stones,
which know my sighs full
well,
will tell you how constant
is my fidelity.

Volgi lieti o fieri
sguardi,
Dimmi pur che m'odi o
m'ami,
Sempre acceso ai dolci dardi,
Sempre tuo vo' che mi
chiami,
Nè cangiar può terra o
cielo
Quel desio che vive in
me.

Turn your proud gaze
happily on me
and say whether you hate
or love me!
Ever inflamed by your
tender glances,
I want you to call me
yours forever;
neither earth nor heaven
can change
that desire which dwells
within me.

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Mit vierzig Jahren ist der Berg ersteigen Op. 94 No. 1 (1883-4) *Friedrich Rückert*

Mit vierzig Jahren ist der
Berg erstiegen,
Wir stehen still und schau'n
zurück;
Dort sehen wir der Kindheit
stilles liegen
Und dort der Jugend lautes
Glück.

Noch einmal schau, und
dann gekräftigt weiter
Erhebe deinen Wanderstab!
Hindehnt ein Bergesrücken
sich, ein breiter,
Und hier nicht,
drüben gehts
hinab.

Nicht atmend aufwärts
brauchst du mehr zu
steigen,
Die Ebene zieht von selbst
dich fort;
Dann wird sie sich mit dir
unmerklich neigen,
Und eh' du's denkst, bist du
im Port.

Steig auf, geliebter Schatten Op. 94 No. 2 (1883-4) *Friedrich Halm*

Steig auf, geliebter Schatten,
Vor mir in toter Nacht,
Und lab mich
Todesmatten
Mit deiner Nähe
Macht!

Du hast's gekonnt im Leben,
Du kannst es auch im Tod,
Sich nicht dem Schmerz
ergeben,
War immer dein Gebot.

So komm! Still' meine Tränen,
Gib meiner Seele Schwung,
Und Kraft den welken
Sehnen,
Und mach' mich wieder jung.

At forty the mountain has been climbed

At forty the mountain has
been climbed,
we stand in silence and
look back;
there we see our
childhood's silent joys
and there the strident
joys of youth.

Take one more look, and
then, strengthened,
take up your walking staff!
A broad mountain ridge
stretches far away,
and the descent lies not
here but on the other
side.

You no longer need to
gasp your way
upwards,
the plain draws you on of
its own accord;
imperceptibly, then, it will
descend with you,
and before you know, you
will be in port.

Rise up, beloved shade

Rise up, beloved shade,
at the dead of night,
and revive me, wearied to
death,
by the power of your
presence!

You could do it in life,
you can in death as well;
never yield to
sorrow
was always your command.

Come then! Dry my tears,
exhilarate my soul
and strengthen my
shrivelled limbs
and make me young again.

Mein Herz ist schwer Op. 94 No. 3 (1883-4) *Emanuel Geibel*

Mein Herz ist schwer, mein
Auge wacht,
Der Wind fährt seufzend
durch die Nacht;
Die Wipfel rauschen weit und
breit,
Sie rauschen von vergangner
Zeit.

Sie rauschen von vergangner
Zeit,
Von grossem Glück und
Herzeleid,
Vom Schloss und von der
Jungfrau drin –
Wo ist das alles, alles
hin?

Wo ist das alles, alles
hin,
Leid, Lieb und Lust und
Jugendsinn?
Der Wind fährt seufzend
durch die Nacht,
Mein Herz ist schwer, mein
Auge wacht.

Sapphische Ode Op. 94 No. 4 (1883-4) *Hans Schmidt*

Rosen brach ich nachts mir
am dunklen Hage,
Süsser hauchten Duft
sie, als je am
Tage;
Doch verstreuten reich die
bewegten Äste
Tau, der mich nässte.

Auch der Küsse Duft
mich wie nie
berückte,
Die ich nachts vom
Strauch deiner Lippen
pflückte;
Doch auch dir, bewegt im
Gemüt gleich jenen,
Tauten die Tränen.

My heart is heavy

My heart is heavy, my
eyes keep watch,
the wind goes sighing
through the night;
the tree-tops murmur far
and wide,
murmuring of times now
past.

Murmuring of times now
past,
of great happiness and
heartache,
of the castle and the
maiden within –
where has all this, all this
fled?

Where has all this, all this
fled?
Grief, love and joy and
youth?
The wind goes sighing
through the night,
my heart is heavy, my
eyes keep watch!

Sapphische Ode

I gathered roses from the
dark hedge by night,
the fragrance they
breathed was sweeter
than by day;
but when I moved the
branches, they showered
me with dew.

And the fragrant kisses
thrilled me as never
before,
when I gathered them
from your rose-bush
lips by night;
but you too, moved in your
heart like those roses,
shed the dew of tears.

**Kein Haus, keine
Heimat Op. 94 No. 5**

(1883-4)

Friedrich Halm

Kein Haus, keine Heimat,
Kein Weib und kein Kind,
So wirbl' ich, ein
Strohalm,
In Wetter und Wind!

Well' auf und Well' nieder,
Bald dort und bald
hier;
Welt, fragst du nach mir
nicht,
Was frag ich nach dir?

**No house, no
homeland**

No house, no homeland,
no wife and no child,
thus I'm whirled, a wisp of
straw,
in storm and wind!

Tossed on the waves,
here one moment, there
the next;
if you, world, don't ask
about me,
why should I ask about you?

John Ireland (1879-1962)

Sea Fever (1913)

John Masefield

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the
sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white
sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running
tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume and the seagulls
crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like
a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's
over.

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

**Fear no more the heat o' the sun from *Let us
garlands bring* Op. 18 (1929-42)**

William Shakespeare

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownèd be thy grave!

Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)

By a Bierside (1916)

John Masefield

This is a sacred city built of marvellous earth.
Life was lived nobly here to give such beauty birth.
Beauty was in this brain, and in this eager hand.
Death is so blind and dumb. Death does not understand.

Death drifts the brain with dust and soils the young limbs'
glory.
Death makes justice a dream and strength a traveller's
story.
Death drives the lovely soul to wander under the sky.
Death opens unknown doors. It is most grand to die.

Michael Head (1900-1976)

Limehouse Reach from *6 Sea Songs* (1948)

Cicely Fox Smith

I fell in love with a Limehouse lass,
But she has proved untrue:
She looked as fresh as a figurehead
That's just been painted new:

But she's took and married a lighterman,
So it's time for me to go,
But I would have loved you so, my dear,
I would have loved you so!

Oh, a shake o' the foresheet pays for all
That a sailor leaves behind,
For an alehouse shot, and a friend forgot,
And a sweetheart false or kind.

And a bloomin' mudhook's off the ground,
For it's time for us to go:
But I would have loved you so, my dear,
I would have loved you so!

Now a long goodbye to Limehouse Reach,
And a last goodbye to you:
A feller's a fool to die for love,
Which I don't mean to do.

There are girls as smart in every port
From here to Callao
But I would have loved you so, my dear,
I would have loved you so!

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

Captain Stratton's Fancy (1921)

John Masefield

Oh, some are fond of red wine and some are fond of white,
And some are all for dancing by the pale moonlight,
But rum alone's the tipples and the heart's delight
Of the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are fond of Spanish wine and some are fond of
French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench,
But I'm for right Jamaica till I roll beneath the bench,
Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are for the lily and some are for the rose,
But I am for the sugar cane that in Jamaica grows,
For it's that that makes the bonny drink to warm my
copper nose,
Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are fond of fiddles and a song well sung
And some are all for music for to lit upon the tongue,
But mouths were made for tankards and for sucking at the
bung,
Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some that's good and godly ones they hold that it's a
sin
To troll the jolly bowl around and let the dollars spin,
But I'm for toleration and for drinking at an inn,
Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

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