

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 20 July 2025
7.30pm

William Thomas bass
Dylan Perez piano

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 24 (1840)

*Morgens steh' ich auf und frage • Es treibt mich hin •
Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen • Lieb Liebchen, leg's
Händchen aufs Herze mein • Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden •
Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann • Berg' und Burgen •
Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen • Mit Myrten und Rosen*

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Sad is the night Op. 26 No. 12 (1906)

César Cui (1835-1918)

The statue at Tsarskoye Selo Op. 57 No. 17 (1899)

Sergey Rachmaninov

I was with her Op. 14 No. 4 (1896)

César Cui

I loved you Op. 33 No. 3 (1885-6)

Sergey Rachmaninov

Fate Op. 21 No. 1 (1900)

Interval

Henri Sauguet (1901-1989)

Visions infernales (1948)

*Voyage • Voisinage • Que penser de mon salut •
Régates mystérieuses • Le petit paysan • Exhortation*

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

The Daisies Op. 2 No. 1 (1927)

With Rue my Heart is Laden Op. 2 No. 2 (1928)

Bessie Bobtail Op. 2 No. 3 (1934)

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

Pretty Ring Time (1925)

Sleep (1922)

Late Summer (1921-2)

In an arbour green (1922)



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Please note that the running order for this concert has changed slightly since these notes were written.

Robert Schumann's love for Clara Wieck gave rise to the songs of his wondrous *Liederjahr* of 1840. He wrote to Clara, 'I'm brimming over with music ... you'll be amazed at what I've been writing – *not* piano pieces, but I shan't tell you what they are just yet.' The Heine *Liederkreis* Op. 24 was written in February 1840, while the court case to overturn Clara's father's refusal to grant permission for their marriage was still ongoing. This explains the sorrowful and anxious undertone of many of the songs; however, the final song, with the CLARA theme in the piano bass, ends with the hope that Robert's songs will speak to Clara 'mit ... Liebeshauch' (the breath of love).

César Cui's 25 *Poems by Pushkin* Op. 57 are dedicated 'To the Circle of Lovers of Russian Music', a performance society founded in Moscow in 1896 by Maria and Arkady Kerzin. The Kerzins were friends of both Cui and Rachmaninov, and the 'Circle' concerts regularly included the works of both composers. 'The statue at Tsarskoye Selo' sets a Pushkin poem written in 1830. The town of Tsarskoye Selo (Tsar's Village), near St Petersburg, contains two palaces, former imperial residences. The Catherine Palace, begun in 1744 and remodelled in the reign of Catherine the Great, is noted for the many statues adorning its gardens. The Alexander Palace was begun in 1792 and became Tsar Nicholas II's first prison in 1917, when the imperial family were held under house arrest here. Cui's 'I Loved You' is also a setting of Pushkin and is dedicated 'To my wife'.

Rachmaninov's 15 *Romances* Op. 26 are all dedicated to the Kerzins; Maria who, like Rachmaninov, was a brilliant pianist, helped him select the poems. His 12 *Romances* Op. 14 were written specifically to sell to his publisher to pay off debts resulting from the theft of some money on a train in 1896. 'Fate', Rachmaninov's longest song, is subtitled 'On Beethoven's Fifth Symphony' and uses the famous 'Fate' motif from the symphony. It is dedicated to the bass Feodor Chaliapin, who sang it, with Rachmaninov playing, at Leo Tolstoy's house in Moscow in January 1900. Tolstoy was apparently unimpressed, telling Rachmaninov that Beethoven was 'nonsense'. Nonetheless Rachmaninov and Chaliapin performed this song in public many times after this, to great acclaim.

Henri Sauguet was born Henri-Pierre Poupard in Bordeaux. His first songs date from 1921, when he was

20, and his last from 1987 when he was 86. *Visions Infernales*, settings of prose poems by Max Jacob, was written in 1948, commissioned by and dedicated to the American bass Doda Conrad. Max Jacob was gay, lived a life of poverty and debauchery, and his poetry often has a similar feel to that of Baudelaire. He was a friend of Picasso, who (perhaps ironically) based the image of the Monk in his painting 'Three Musicians' on Jacob.

Like Sauguet, **Samuel Barber** wrote songs throughout his life, the final ones when he was 72. Barber was a fine baritone and his family, at least on his mother's side, were musical – his mother was a pianist, his maternal aunt, Louise Homer, was a contralto at the Met, and his uncle, Sidney Homer, was a composer, especially of songs, who mentored and encouraged Barber in his career. His 3 *Songs* Op. 2 were written in 1927 (when he was just 17 and a student at the Curtis Institute of Music in Philadelphia), 1928 and 1934, and brought together to form this group, published in 1936. They are his earliest published songs.

Three of the **Peter Warlock** songs that end this recital were written in 1922. *Late Summer* sets a poem by Edward Shanks; it's one of two songs (with *The Singer*) referred to by Warlock as 'two by little Shanksers' in a letter to Colin Taylor dated 20 April 1922. Warlock set *In an arbour green* three times; the other settings are titled *Lusty Juventus* and *Youth*. Robert Wever's poem, written around 1550, is called 'An Interlude called Lusty Juventus', and comes from Warlock's favourite anthology, *Corn from Olde Fieldes*. *Sleep* is a setting of a poem from the Beaumont and Fletcher play *The Woman Hater* (1607), one of their first collaborations. This is billed as a comedy, but it's actually a very nasty piece about a character called Gondarino, the misogynist of the title. Oriana is hideously persecuted by Gondarino, and sings this song in Act III, by which point he has locked her up in a brothel. Sleep is her only escape. *The Woman Hater* contains the first known use of the word 'prostitute' in any English work of literature. *Pretty Ring Time*, written in 1925, sets a poem from Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, describing the love (and lust) of young people in the springtime. Though Shakespeare's use of the word 'carol' denotes a song for dancing, and has no religious connotations, Warlock, at the words 'This carol they began that hour', quotes the Christmas carol *Unto us a boy is born* in the piano part, repeated from the beginning of the song. A delightful 'in-joke', especially as Christmas isn't a springtime festival.

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Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Liederkreis Op. 24 (1840)

Heinrich Heine

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage

Morgens steh' ich auf und frage:
Kommt feins Liebchen heut?

Abends sink' ich hin und klage:
Ausblieb sie auch heut.

In der Nacht mit meinem Kummer
Lieg' ich schlaflos, lieg' ich wach;
Träumend, wie im halben Schlummer,
Wandle ich bei Tag.

Every morning I wake and ask

Every morning I wake and ask:
will my sweetheart come today?

Every evening I lie down,
complaining she stayed away.

All night long with my grief
I lie sleepless, lie awake;
dreaming, as if half asleep,
I wander through the day.

Es treibt mich hin

Es treibt mich hin, es treibt mich her!
Noch wenige Stunden, dann soll ich sie schauen,
Sie selber, die schönste der schönen Jungfrauen; –
Du armes Herz, was pochst du schwer?

Die Stunden sind aber ein faules Volk!
Schleppen sich behaglich träge,
Schleichen gähmend ihre Wege; –
Tumme dich, du faules Volk!

Tobende Eile mich treibend erfasst!
Aber wohl niemals liebten die Horen; –
Heimlich im grausamen Bunde verschworen,
Spotten sie tückisch der Liebenden Hast.

I'm driven this way

I'm driven this way, driven that!
A few more hours, and I shall see her,
she, the fairest of the fair –
faithful heart, why pound so hard?

But the Hours are a lazy breed!
They dawdle along and take their time,
crawl yawningly on their way –
get a move on, you lazy breed!

Raging haste drives me onward!
But the Horae can never have loved –
cruelly and secretly in league,
they spitefully mock a lover's haste.

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen

Ich wandelte unter den Bäumen
Mit meinem Gram allein;
Da kam das alte Träumen,
Und schlich mir ins Herz hinein.

Wer hat euch dies Wörtlein gelehret,
Ihr Vöglein in luftiger Höh'?"
Schweigt still! wenn mein Herz es höret,
Dann tut es noch einmal so weh.

„Es kam ein Jungfräulein gegangen,
Die sang es immerfort,
Da haben wir Vöglein gefangen
Das hübsche, goldne Wort.“

Das sollt ihr mir nicht erzählen,
Ihr Vöglein wunderschlau;
Ihr wollt meinen Kummer mir stehlen,
Ich aber niemandem trau'.

I wandered among the trees

I wandered among the trees,
alone with my own grief,
but then the old dreams returned
and stole into my heart.

Who taught you this little word,
you birds up there in the breeze?
Be silent! If my heart hears it,
my pain will return once more.

'A young woman once passed by,
she sang it again and again,
and we birds snatched it up,
that lovely golden word.'

You shouldn't tell me such things,
you wondrously cunning birds,
you thought to steal my grief from me,
but I trust no one.

Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs Herze mein

Lieb Liebchen, leg's Händchen aufs Herze mein; –
Ach, hörst du, wie's pochet im Kämmerlein?
Da hauset ein Zimmermann schlimm und arg,
Der zimmert mir einen Totensarg.

Es hämmert und klopft bei Tag und bei Nacht;
Es hat mich schon längst um den Schlaf gebracht.
Ach! sputet Euch, Meister Zimmermann,
Damit ich balde schlafen kann.

Lay your hand on my heart, my love

Lay your hand on my heart, my love; –
ah, can you not hear it throbbing?
A wicked, evil carpenter's there,
fashioning me my coffin.

He bangs and hammers day and night;
the noise has long since robbed me of sleep.
Ah! master carpenter, make haste,
so that I soon might sleep.

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

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden

Schöne Wiege meiner Leiden,
Schönes Grabmal meiner Ruh,
Schöne Stadt, wir müssen scheiden, –
Lebe wohl! ruf' ich dir zu.

Lebe wohl, du heil'ge Schwelle,
Wo da wandelt Liebchen traut;
Lebe wohl! du heil'ge Stelle,
Wo ich sie zuerst geschaut.

Hätt' ich dich doch nie gesehen,
Schöne Herzenskönigin!
Nimmer wär es dann geschehen,
Dass ich jetzt so elend bin.

Nie wollt' ich dein Herze rühren,
Liebe hab' ich nie erlebt;
Nur ein stilles Leben führen
Wollt' ich, wo dein Odem weht.

Doch du drängst mich selbst von hinnen,
Bitter Worte spricht dein Mund;
Wahnsinn wühlt in meinen Sinnen,
Und mein Herz ist krank und wund.

Und die Glieder matt und träge
Schlepp' ich fort am Wanderstab,
Bis mein müdes Haupt ich lege
Ferne in ein kühles Grab.

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann

Warte, warte, wilder Schiffmann,
Gleich folg' ich zum Hafen dir;
Von zwei Jungfrauen nehm' ich Abschied,
Von Europa und von Ihr.

Lovely cradle of my sorrows

Lovely cradle of my sorrows,
lovely tombstone of my peace,
lovely city, we must part –
farewell! I call to you.

Farewell, O sacred threshold,
where my dear beloved treads,
farewell! O sacred spot,
where I first beheld her.

Had I never seen you though,
fair queen of my heart!
It would never then have happened
that I'm now so wretched.

I never wished to touch your heart,
I never begged for love;
to live in peace was all I wished,
and to breathe the air you breathe.

But you yourself drive me away,
your lips speak bitter words;
madness rages in my mind,
and my heart is sick and wounded.

And my limbs, weary and feeble,
I drag along, staff in hand,
until I lay my tired head down
in a cool and distant grave.

Wait, O wait, wild sailor

Wait, O wait, wild sailor,
soon I'll follow to the harbour;
I'm taking leave of two maidens,
of Europe and of her.

Blutquell, rinn' aus meinen Augen,
Blutquell, brich aus meinem Leib,
Dass ich mit dem heissen Blute
Meine Schmerzen niederschreib'.

Ei, mein Lieb, warum just heute
Schaudert dich, mein Blut zu sehn?
Sahst mich bleich und herzeblutend
Lange Jahre vor dir stehn!

Kennst du noch das alte Liedchen
Von der Schlang' im Paradies,
Die durch schlimme Apfeligabe
Unsern Ahn ins Elend stiess?

Alles Unheil brachten Äpfel!
Eva bracht' damit den Tod,
Eris brachte Trojas Flammen,
Du bracht'st beides, Flamm' und Tod.

Berg' und Burgen

Berg' und Burgen schau'n herunter
In den spiegelhellen Rhein,
Und mein Schiffchen segelt munter,
Rings umglänzt von Sonnenschein.

Ruhig seh' ich zu dem Spiele
Goldner Wellen, kraus bewegt;
Still erwachen die Gefühle,
Die ich tief im Busen hegt'.

Freundlich grüssend und verheissend
Lockt hinab des Stromes Pracht;
Doch ich kenn' ihn, oben gleissend,
Birgt sein Innres Tod und Nacht.

Oben Lust, im Busen Tücken,

Stream from my eyes, O blood,
gush from my body, O blood,
that with my hot blood
I may write down my agonies.

Why today of all days, my love,
do you shudder to see my blood?
You've seen me pale with bleeding heart
before you for years on end!

Do you remember the old story
of the serpent in Paradise,
who, through the evil gift of an apple,
plunged our forbears into woe?

The apple's the cause of all our ills!
Eve brought death with it,
Eris brought flames to Troy,
And you – both flames and death.

Mountains and castles

Mountains and castles look down
into the mirror-bright Rhine,
and my boat sails merrily on,
with sunshine glistening all around.

Calmly I watch the play of golden, ruffled waves;
quietly the feelings awaken
I'd nursed deep in my heart.

With friendly greetings and promises
the river's splendour beckons me;
but I know how, gleaming above,
it hides death and night within.

On the surface – pleasure, at heart – malice,

Strom, du bist der Liebsten
Bild!
Die kann auch so freundlich
nicken,
Lächelt auch so fromm und
mild.

Anfangs wollt' ich fast verzagen

Anfangs wollt ich fast verzagen,
Und ich glaubt', ich trüg' es
nie;
Und ich hab' es doch
getragen –
Aber fragt mich nur nicht, wie?

Mit Myrten und Rosen

Mit Myrten und Rosen,
lieblich und hold,
Mit duft'gen Zypressen und
Flittergold,
Möcht' ich zieren dies Buch
wie 'nen Totenschrein,
Und sargen meine Lieder
hinein.

O könnt' ich die Liebe
sargen hinzu!
Auf dem Grabe der Liebe
wächst Blümlein der Ruh',
Da blüht es hervor, da
pflückt man es ab, –
Doch mir blüht's nur, wenn
ich selber im Grab.

Hier sind nun die Lieder, die
einst so wild,
Wie ein Lavastrom, der dem
Ätna entquillt,
Hervorgestürzt aus dem
tiefsten Gemüt,
Und rings viel blitzende
Funken versprüht!

Nun liegen sie stumm und
totengleich,
Nun starren sie kalt und
nebelbleich,
Doch aufs neu' die alte Glut
sie belebt,
Wenn der Liebe Geist einst
über sie schwebt.

Und es wird mir im Herzen
viel Ahnung laut:
Der Liebe Geist einst über
sie taut;

river, how you resemble
my love!
She too can be kind and
friendly,
smiles her gentle,
innocent smile.

At first I almost lost heart

At first I almost lost heart,
and thought I could never
bear it;
and yet I have borne
it –
only do not ask me how.

With myrtles and roses

With myrtles and roses,
sweet and fair,
with fragrant cypress and
golden tinsel,
I should like to adorn this
book like a coffin
and bury my songs
within.

Could I but bury my love
here too!
On Love's grave grows
the flower of peace,
there it blossoms, there is
plucked,
but only when I'm buried
will it bloom for me.

Here now are the songs,
which once
streamed like lava from
Etna,
wildly from the depths of
my soul,
scattering sparks all
around!

Now they lie mute, as
though dead,
now they stare coldly, as
pale as mist,
but the old glow shall
revive them again,
when one day Love's
spirit floats over them.

And a thought speaks
loudly in my heart:
that Love's spirit will one
day thaw them;

Einst kommt dies Buch in
deine Hand,
Du süßes Lieb im fernen
Land.

Dann löst sich des Liedes
Zauberbann,
Die blassen Buchstaben
schaun dich an,
Sie schauen dir flehend ins
schöne Aug',
Und flüstern mit Wehmut
und Liebeshauch.

Sergey Rachmaninov (1873-1943)

Sad is the night Op. 26 No. 12 (1906)

Ivan Bunin

Noch pechalna, kak mechty
moi ...
Daleko, v glukhoi stepi
shirokoi,
Ogonyok mertsayet
odinokii ...
V serdtse mnogo grusti i
lyubvi.

No komu i kak raskazhesh
ty,
Shto zovoyot tebya, chem
serdtse polno?
Put dalyok, glukhaya step
bezmolvna ...
Noch pechalna, kak moi
mechti.

one day this book will fall
into your hands,
my sweetest love, in a
distant land.

And on that day the spell
will break,
the pale letters will gaze
at you,
gaze imploringly into
your beautiful eyes,
and whisper with sadness
and the breath of love.

Mournful is the night, and
sad my dreams ...
Far off, in the wide
deserted steppe,
a solitary light is
flickering ...
your heart brims with
melancholy and love.

But to whom and how
would you express
what summons you, what
fills your heart?
The way is long, the
empty steppe is silent,
the night is sad, like my
dreams.

César Cui (1835-1918)

The statue at Tsarskoye Selo Op. 57 No. 17 (1899)

Aleksandr Sergeyevich Pushkin

Urnu s vodoi uroniv,
Ob utyos eyo deva
razbila.
Deva pechalnaya sidir,
Prazdnyi derzhacherepok,
Chudo! Ne syaknet
voda,
Izlivayas iz
urnyrazbitoi:
Deva, nad vechnoi
struyei,
Vechno pechalna sidir.

Dropping the urn of water,
the maiden broke it
against a rock.
The maiden sits sorrowfully,
holding the useless handle.
A miracle! The water does
not stop running
as it pours from the
broken urn:
the maiden sits eternally
sorrowful,
over the eternal stream.

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

Sergey Rachmaninov

I was with her Op. 14 No. 4 (1896)

Aleksey Vasil'yevich Koltsov

Ya byl u nei; ona skazala: „Lyublyu tebya, moi milyi drug!“ No etu tainu ot podrug Khranit mne strogo zaveshchala.	I came to her, and she told me: ‘I love you, my dear friend!’ But made me take a solemn vow to keep this secret from her girlfriends.
Ya byl u nei, na prelest zlata Klyalas menya ne promenyat; Ko mne lish strastiyu pylat, Menya lyubit, lyubit, kak brata.	I came to her, and she swore not to forsake me for the lure of gold; to burn with passion for me alone, to love me, to love me, like a brother.
Ya byl u nei; ya vечно budu S yeyo dushoi dushoyu zhit. Puskai ona mne izmenit, No ya izmennikom ne budu.	I came to her, and will forever live with her in my heart. Let her betray me if she will, I will never be a traitor.

César Cui

I loved you Op. 33 No. 3 (1885-6)

Aleksandr Sergeyevich Pushkin

Ja vas ljubil: ljubov' jeshchjo, byt' mozhet, V dushe mojej ugasla ne sovsem; No pust' ona vas bol'she ne trevozhit: Ja ne khochu pechalit' vas nichem.	I loved you: and perhaps this love in my soul has not yet died out; But I do not wish it to trouble you any more: I do not want to grieve you with anything.
Ja vas ljubil bezmolvno, beznadezhno, To robost'ju, to revnost'ju tomim: Ja vas ljubil tak iskrenno, tak nezhno, Kak daj vam Bog ljubimoj byt' drugim.	I loved you silently, hopelessly, now timid, now jealous; May God grant that another someday will love you as sincerely, as tenderly as I did.

Sergey Rachmaninov

Fate Op. 21 No. 1 (1900)

Aleksey Apukhtin

S svoei pokhodnoyu klyukoj, S svoimi mrachnymi ochami Sudba, kak groznyj chasovoi, Povsyudu sleduyet za nami. Bedoi litso eyo grozit, Ona v ugrozakh posedela, Ona uzh mnogikh odolela, I vsyo stuchit, i vsyo stuchit:	With her walking crutch, with her somber gaze, fate, like a grim sentinel, pursues us wherever we go. Her face spells trouble, her hair is white from dire threats, she's already vanquished many, and she keeps on tapping, keeps on tapping:
Stuk, stuk, stuk!... Polno, drug, Bros za schastyem gonyatsya! Stuk, stuk, stuk!...	Tap, tap tap... Time's up, friend, give up chasing after happiness! Tap, tap tap...
Bednyak sovsem obzhilsya s nei: Ruka s rukoi oni gulyayut, Sbirayut vmeste khleb s polei, V nagradu vmeste golodayut.	A poor man's learned to live with Fate: the two of them walk hand in hand, together they harvest grain from the fields, together they go hungry as their reward.
Den tselyi dozhd ego kropit, Po vecheram laskayet vyuga, A nochyu s gorya da s ispuga Sudba skvoz son emu stuchit:	Rain pelts him all day long, his evening comfort is whirling snow, and at night, in his grief and fear, fate comes knocking in his dreams:
Stuk, stuk, stuk!... Glyan-ka, drug, Kak drugiye pozhivayut! Stuk, stuk, stuk!...	Tap, tap tap... Take a look, friend, how other people live! Tap, tap tap...
Drugiye prazdnovat soshlis Bogatstvo, molodost i slavu. Ikh pesni radostno neslis, Vino smenilos im v zabavu:	Others gather to celebrate riches, youth and fame. Merrily their songs ring out, they pour wine for their pleasure;
Davno uzh pir u nikh shumit. No smolkli vdrug bledneya gosti... Rukoi drozhashcheyu ot zlosti, Sudba v okoshko k nim stuchit:	the noisy feast has lasted long, when suddenly the guests fall silent, turn pale... trembling with malice, the hand of Fate knocks at their window:
Stuk, stuk, stuk!... Novyi drug	Tap, tap tap... A new friend

K vam prishyol, gotovte mesto!	has come to the feast, set a place for her!
Stuk, stuk, stuk!..	Tap, tap tap...

Ne yest zhe schastye na zemle!	But there is happiness on earth!
Odnazhdy, polnyi ozhidanya, S vostorgom yunym na chele,	One day, full of anticipation, with youthful rapture on his face,
Prishyol schastlivets na svidanye.	a lucky lad's come to meet his sweetheart.

Yeshchyо odin on, vsyo molchit,	He's still alone, all is silent,
Zarya za roshchei potukhayet,	twilight darkens behind the grove,
I solovei uzh zatikhayet	the nightingale finishes its song,
A serdtse byostsya i stuchit:	his heart is beating, pounding:

Stuk, stuk, stuk,	Tap, tap tap...
Milyi drug,	Dearest friend,
Ty pridyosh li na svidanye?	will you come to meet me?
Stuk, stuk, stuk!...	Tap, tap tap...

No vot idyot ona, i vmig	But here she comes, and in one instant
Lyubov, trevoga, ozhidanye, Blazhenstvo – vsyo slilos u nikh	love, alarm, anticipation, bliss – all flowed together for them
V odno bezumnoye lobzanye!	into one mad kiss!

Nemaya noch na nikh glyadit,	Mute night watches them,
Vsyo nebo zalito ognymi,	the whole sky is filled with lights,
A kto-to tikho za kustami	when someone softly behind a bush
Klyukoi dokuchnoyu stuchit:	taps with her intrusive crutch:

Stuk, stuk, stuk!...	Tap, tap tap...
Saryi drug k vam prishyol,	An old friend has come to see you,
Dovolno schastya!	enough of happiness!
Stuk, stuk, stuk!...	Tap, tap tap...

Interval

Henri Sauguet (1901-1989)

Visions infernales (1948)

Max Jacob

Voyage

Chemin de nuit, nuit du chemin! la lune est sur le lac,
 Le lac est dans tes yeux. La voiture emportait notre voyage
 Nocturne. Tes yeux sont les yeux des voyages, voyages des
 Convalescents. Quand le postillon ne chantera plus je te
 Dirai ma pensée, c'est une question de géologie architecturale
 Au sujet de l'infini des montagnes, de la forme des montagnes.
 Il y
 Avait sur la couverture à griffes un bol de
 Porcelaine où la lune mettait un point. Dans le demi-sommeil
 De la voiture – le postillon chante, chante postillon –
 Je croyais que la lune était le bol, que la couverture à griffes
 C'était les montagnes et que nous n'étions plus sur terre.
 Plus de lune! O nuit des chemins! O chemin des nuits:
 Tes yeux sont des yeux de la mer et je ne te connais pas. C'est
 Ainsi que nous avançons avec tout notre laisser-aller vers
 Ce pays qui n'est pas loin que je ne souhaitais pas de
 Connaître et où une certaine angoisse m'indique que le postillon
 Me conduit en chantant. Maintenant c'est la peur!

Journey

Path of night, benighted path! The moon is on the lake,
 the lake is in your eyes. The carriage bore us on our nocturnal journey.
 Your eyes are the eyes of journeys, journeys made by
 convalescents. When the postilion stops singing,
 I shall tell you what I think, it's a question of architectural geology
 about the infinity of mountains. There was on the coverlet of claws a porcelain
 bowl, surmounted by the moon. Half-asleep
 in the carriage – the postilion is singing, sing postilion –
 I thought the moon was the bowl, thought the coverlet of claws was
 the mountain range and that we were no longer on earth.
 No more moon ! O benighted paths ! O path of nights:
 your eyes are the eyes of the sea and I do not know you. It is
 thus that we advance, utterly carefree, towards
 this country that is not far, that I did not wish
 to know and where a certain anguish tells me
 that the postilion leads me singing.
 It is now fear!

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

Voisinage

La porte s'ouvre! on parle! il
n'y a personne! je sens
Qu'il y a là quelqu'un.
J'allume la lampe et le mur
s'anime;
Chaque fleur du papier a du
sang sur les ailes, chaque
animal
A du sang sur ses pétales.
Tout cela s'anime et
s'avance,
Tout vient au milieu du tapis;
et le crépuscule de la
cheminée
Est un cône. Dans quel état
mon domestique me
trouvera-t-il
Demain! Mes doigts qui
tâtonnent dans l'ombre ont
ren-
Contré le coin du lit,
le lit sauveur s'il
ne m'emporte,
s'il
Ne m'emporte ailleurs!
Or on ne retrouva plus le
couché
Mais à sa place une bête
visqueuse.

Que penser de mon salut

Il est comme la tige au
milieu des herbes
Il est comme l'herbe au
milieu des tiges.
Grand comme un sire chez
les vaisseaux
Ou comme un roi chez les
barons
Petit si tu le changes un
peu
Comme un vieillard chez des
soldats.
Grand comme un Saint chez
les tziganes
Petit comme un tzigane
chez les Saints
Petit comme un bœuf chez
les tigres
Grand comme un tigre chez
les bœufs
Juste assez grand pour l'enfer
Riche de ce qui attire le
diable
Et dépourvu de tout le reste.

Surroundings

The door opens! Voices!
No one there! I sense
someone is there. I light
the lamp and the wall
comes to life;
each flower on the paper
has blood on its wings,
each animal
blood on its petals. All
this comes to life and
comes forth,
thronging the centre of
the carpet; and the
twilight of the hearth
is a cone. In what
condition will my
servant find me
tomorrow! My fingers that
grope in the shadows
have en-
countered the corner of
the bed, the bed will be
my salvation unless it
carry me off,
carry me off elsewhere!
The sleeper will then
not be found,
but in his place a slimy
beast.

Thoughts on my salvation

He is like the stalk amid
the grasses
he is like the grass amid
the stalks.
Great as a lord with his
vassals
or like a king with his
barons
small if you change him a
fraction
like an old man with his
soldiers.
Great like a Saint with
gypsies
small like a gypsy with
Saints
small like an ox with
tigers
great like a tiger with
oxen
just large enough for Hell
rich in all that entices the
devil
and lacking in all else.

Régates mystérieuses

Galères! les proues et les
poupes s'avancent et
reculent!
Par l'œil et la gueule de
monstres sculptés on jette
à la mer
Des hommes nus pour la
fête. Proues et poupes
imitent
Par leurs sculptures et leurs
mouvements les vagues et
leur
Glissement. Chaque dent
des monstres tient un bras,
chaque
Bras tient un homme
qui ne réparait plus. Il ne
paraîtra
Plus sur cette terre! mais les
monstres sculptés
semblent
Sourire: c'est que
l'homme paraîtra ailleurs,
hélas!

Le petit paysan

Sous les ormeaux plus vieux
que mon père et que mon
Grand'père, sous les
ormeaux du Mont Frugy
d'Odét. Sous
Les marronniers des bords
d'Odét où je suis né, j'ai vu
passer
Le petit paysan malade. Oh!
ne me regarde pas comme
si
J'allais mourir car tu es moi-
même et je te connais.
L'enfant!
L'enfant vient-il du ciel ou de
l'enfer? Souris, je te
connaîtrai
Par ton sourire.

Exhortation

Vous, si beaux, qui
passez! vous si bons qui
m'aimez!
Vous si grands qu'on admire
! Je pleure à vous. Oh! oui!
mes
Yeux se rempliront de larmes et
quand vous aurez passé,

Mysterious regattas

Galleys! prows and
poops rise and
fall!
the eyes and jaws
of sculpted
monsters
hurl overboard naked men
for the festival. Prows and
poops imitate
by their carvings and
their movements the
waves and their
gliding. Each tooth of the
monsters holds onto an
arm, each
arm holds a man who will
not reappear. He will
appear
no longer on this earth!
but the carved
monsters seem
to smile: because these
men will appear
elsewhere, alas!

The little peasant

Beneath elms older than
my father and my
grandfather, beneath the
elms off Mount Frugy
d'Odét. Beneath
the chestnut-trees on the
banks of the Odét
where I was born, I saw
the little sick peasant
pass by. Ah! do not look
at me as if I were
going to die, for you are
myself and I know you.
The child!
does the child come from
Heaven or Hell? Smile, I
shall know you
by your smile.

Exhortation

You beautiful people who
pass by! you good
people who love me!
you great people we
admire! I weep before
you. Ah, yes! my
eyes shall fill with tears
when you have passed,

Mes larmes ne cesseront pas car je sais vers quel trou vous	my tears will not cease for I know towards which hole you
Marchez! je connais, mieux que personne, celui qui vous	are walking! I know, more than anyone, who is watching you
Guette au détour!	at the turning!

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

The Daisies Op. 2 No. 1 (1927)

James Stephens

In the scented bud of the morning O,
When the windy grass went rippling far!
I saw my dear one waling slow
In the field where the daisies are.

We did not laugh, and we did not speak,
As we wandered happ'ly, to and fro,
I kissed my dear on either cheek,
In the bud of the morning O!

A lark sang up, from the breezy land;
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar;
As she and I went, hand in hand,
In the field where the daisies are.

With Rue my Heart is Laden Op. 2 No. 2 (1928)

A. E. Housman

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.

Bessie Bobtail Op. 2 No. 3 (1934)

James Stephens

As down the road she wambled slow,
She had not got a place to go:
She had not got a place to fall
And rest herself – no place at all!
She stumped along, and wagged her pate;
And said a thing was desperate.

Her face was screwed and wrinkled tight
Just like a nut – and, left and right,
On either side, she wagged her head
And said a thing; and what she said
Was desperate as any word
That ever yet a person heard.

I walked behind her for a while,
And watched the people nudge and smile:
But ever, as she went, she said,
As left and right she swung her head,
'O God He knows: And, God He knows!
And, surely God Almighty knows!'

Peter Warlock (1894-1930)

Late Summer (1921-2)

Edward Shanks

The fields are full of summer still
And breathe again upon the air
From brown dry side of hedge and hill
More sweetness than the sense can bear.

So some old couple, who in youth
With love were filled and over-full,
And loved with strength and loved with truth,
In heavy age are beautiful.

In an arbour green (1922)

Robert Wever

In an arbour green asleep whereas I lay
The birds sang sweet in the middis of the day:
I dreamèd fast of mirth and play.
In youth is pleasure.

Methought I walkèd still to and fro,
And from her company I could not go,
But when I wakèd it was not so.
In youth is pleasure.

Therefore my heart is surely pyght
Of her alone to have a sight
Which is my joy and heart's delight.
In youth is pleasure.

Sleep (1922)

John Fletcher

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dreams beguile
All my fancies, that from thence
There may steal an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy,
We, that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding.

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

Pretty Ring Time (1925)

William Shakespeare

It was a lover and his lass,
 With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
 In the spring time,
 The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
 With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no,
These pretty country folks would lie,
 In the spring time,
 The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
 With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no,
How that life was but a flower
 In the spring time,
 The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
 With a hey and a ho and a hey nonny no,
For love is crownèd with the prime
 In the spring time,
 The only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing,
Hey ding a ding ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.