

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 20 June 2025
10.00pm

Since she whom I loved: friendship and PRIDE

Nicky Spence tenor
Clare Presland mezzo-soprano
Andrew Matthews-Owen piano
Robert Rinder presenter

THE CAFE

Ned Rorem (1923-2022)

Early in the Morning (1955)

Jonathan Dove (b.1959)

Prandial Plaint from *All You Who Sleep Tonight* (1996)

'I'VE SEEN SOMEONE...'

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

From *Frauenliebe und -leben* Op. 42 (1840)
Seit ich ihn gesehen • Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Fancie (1961)

THE TEXT

Robert Schumann

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben from *Frauenliebe und -leben* Op. 42

THE RING

Nathan James Dearden (b.1992)

a million little diamonds from *That now are distant* (2023)

Robert Schumann

Du Ring an meinem Finger from *Frauenliebe und -leben* Op. 42



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THE WEDDING DAY

Robert Schumann

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern from *Frauenliebe und -leben* Op. 42

Michael William Balfe (1808-1870)

Trust her not (?1855)

Jonathan Dove

Adelaide's aria from *The Enchanted Pig* (2006)

Benjamin Britten

Since she whom I loved from *The Holy Sonnets of John Donne*
Op. 35 (1945)

NEW LIFE

Robert Schumann

Süsser Freund, du blickest from *Frauenliebe und -leben* Op. 42

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Greeting from *Arias and Barcarolles* (1988)

Robert Schumann

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust from *Frauenliebe und -leben* Op. 42

SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT...

Stephen Hough (b.1961)

Radical Hope from *Songs of Love and Loss* (2021)

Nathan James Dearden

lies on paper from *That now are distant*

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Fancy (1959)

PARTING

Jennifer Higdon (b.1962)

Breaking from *Trumpet Songs* (2004)

Jonathan Dove

Soon from *All You Who Sleep Tonight*

YOU, MY WORLD!

Robert Schumann

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan from *Frauenliebe und -leben* Op. 42

Nathan James Dearden

That now are distant from *That now are distant*

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

The world feels dusty from *12 poems of Emily Dickinson*
(1949-50)

MEETING AGAIN

Aaron Copland

At the river from *Old American Songs II* (1952)



UNDER 35S

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At the centre of this warm and vibrant recital – a celebration of relationships – sits Schumann's *Frauenliebe und -leben*, composed in 1840 to a set of poems by Adelbert von Chamisso. The cycle has been a regular presence on recital platforms over the last two centuries, and has more recently been re-evaluated, and often recontextualised. Andrew Matthews-Owen, the curator of this programme, intersperses the movements from Schumann's cycle with songs and words by LGBTQ+ composers and poets, those voices which would have been hidden or coded in Schumann's time. Throughout the recital they track the progress of Schumann's cycle (first meeting, initial romance, wedding bells, childbirth, loss) through their own contemporary lens, making the relationship between a woman and her gay best friend the primary focus. Nathan James Dearden's cycle *That Now Are Distant* was specifically designed to interweave with the Schumann set, and even sets the final poem by Chamisso (which Schumann did not) as a brief, but potent glance back in time. The programme as a whole situates Schumann's cycle in a continuum of fascinating, evolving relationships through the centuries. In comradeship with the life and loves of Schumann's 'frau', these songs convey a beautiful range of other lives, loves – and reactions to both in the modern world.

The programme opens in **'The Café'**, with Rorem's blissful idyll on the Rue François Premier in Paris, all waltz, schmaltz, and croissants; while Jonathan Dove's rhapsodic protagonist adores everything about their bestie – except the way they slurp coffee. Schumann's cycle makes its first appearance, singing first reverentially then breathlessly of the initial stages of infatuation, followed by Britten's equally giddy 'Fancie', which will be contrasted intriguingly – and movingly – with Poulenc's more elegiac setting of the same words later in the programme.

What Carolyn Sampson has described as the 'OMG' moment of *Frauenliebe* follows (**'The Text'**). Schumann's heroine is thrilled that the man of her dreams returns her feelings, her vocal line alternating between assertive and hesitant as she dares to believe. Moving into the **'Ring'** section, Dearden's 'a million little diamonds' is a witty setting of Mary Frances Butt's deliciously ironic poem, noting how symbols of romance can be simple illusions. 'Du Ring an meinem finger', by contrast, is a hymn to marriage, the voice initially sinking low in the voice's register to convey the sincere depths of feeling. The impassioned middle section, with its chromatic climb to 'ganz' (wholly), exposes the thrill of excitement, even within an otherwise sober and devotional reflection.

'The wedding day' embraces a wide range of responses to the act of partnering up. Schumann's protagonist is both joyfully and tearfully leaving her sisters behind, her voice rising and falling with her shifting moods as she moves into the realm of marriage. Balfe's duet, by contrast, is a gossip warning not to trust the beloved, each voice insistently advising the

listener to 'Beware'. Meanwhile Adelaide, in Dove's opera *The Enchanted Pig*, has gone full Bridezilla ahead of her marriage (which was, incidentally, brought about by deception and witchcraft) and is furiously reminding us that this day is 'all about me'. In a considerably more sedate environment, Britten's setting of Donne's 'Since she whom I loved' is one of the most achingly tender and poignant songs he ever wrote.

The following section **'New life'** is unequivocally in awe of childbirth. Of the two framing Schumann songs the first is one of the most substantial of the cycle, its anticipation of the new arrival expressed in a recurring, downward 'sighing' motif. The second is a whirlwind, the rapid piano figures only ceasing as the new mother regards her baby's smile. In between is Bernstein's 'Greeting,' from *Arias and Barcarolles*, the last work he completed. It is a touchingly simple three-line poem, briefly expounding on the universal joy a new child can bring, not only to its parents but – perhaps – to the whole world.

After expounding on the bliss a relationship can bring, the next two sections (starting with **'Something isn't right...'**) consider the potential pitfalls, and the heartbreak when love dies. Stephen Hough's 'Radical Hope' consciously draws on a Noël Cowardesque 'patter song', yet one whose tongue-twisting rhythms and regular triplets disintegrate by the end, wherein lies the 'clue' to both song and poem. Dearden's 'lies on paper', with its sighing, falling fourths, is a sorrowful lament, the protagonist stricken by the cold withdrawal of affection. Poulenc's version of 'Fancy', as noted above, is noticeably different in approach to Britten's light-as-air setting, and seems to highlight, in its doleful repetitions of the bell, the passing nature of fancy, rather than its excitements.

'Parting' of a more permanent nature is movingly explored in Jennifer Higdon's deeply lyrical 'Breaking', and in Dove's impassioned 'Soon'. The latter sets the inner thoughts of a man dying of AIDS, powerfully full-blooded in expression and utterly devastating in its final bars. The consequences of loss are addressed in the group entitled **'You, my world!'**, opening with the final song of Schumann's 'frau'. She is viscerally angry with her beloved best friend, for the first time, because his death has caused her pain, finally retreating into silence as the piano recalls themes from the first song. Dearden suggests a brief afterlife, or fragment of memory, in the elegiac 'That now are distant', the poem left unset by Schumann. Copland's setting of Emily Dickinson's 'The world feels dusty' is more consoling, quenching the dry world of the soul. It is full of Copland's characteristic open-space intervals and winningly lyrical falling thirds.

Copland finally offers the chance of **meeting again** 'At the river'. His soulful arrangement, with its touches of discord, is a stirring and powerful conclusion to a recital steeped in life, love, death – and what happens next.

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THE CAFE

Ned Rorem (1923-2022)

Early in the Morning (1955)
Robert Hillyer

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day,
As they lowered the bright awning
At the outdoor café,
I was breakfasting on croissants
And café au lait
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier.
They were hosing the hot pavement
With a dashing of flashing spray
And a smell of summer showers
When the dust is drenched away.
Under greenery like scenery,
Rue François Premier,
I was twenty and a lover
And in Paradise to stay,
Very early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day.

Jonathan Dove (b.1959)

Prandial Complaint from *All You Who Sleep Tonight* (1996)
Vikram Seth

My love, I love your breasts. I love your nose.
I love your accent and I love your toes.
I am your slave. One word, and I obey.
But please don't slurp your coffee in that way.

'I'VE SEEN SOMEONE...'

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

From *Frauenliebe und -leben* Op. 42 (1840) A woman's love and life
Adelbert von Chamisso

Seit ich ihn gesehen	Since first seeing him
Seit ich ihn gesehen, Glaub' ich blind zu sein; Wo ich hin nur blicke, Seh' ich ihn allein; Wie im wachen Traume Schwebt sein Bild mir vor, Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel Heller nur empor.	Since first seeing him, I think I am blind; wherever I look, I see only him; as in a waking dream his image hovers before me, rising out of deepest darkness ever more brightly.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos Alles um mich her, Nach der Schwestern Spiele Nicht begehrt ich mehr, Möchte lieber weinen Still im Kämmerlein; Seit ich ihn gesehen, Glaub' ich blind zu sein.	All else is dark and pale around me, my sisters' games I no more long to share, I would rather weep quietly in my little room; since first seeing him, I think I am blind.
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Er, der Herrlichste von allen	He, the most wonderful of all
Er, der Herrlichste von allen, Wie so milde, wie so gut! Holde Lippen, klares Auge, Heller Sinn und fester Mut.	He, the most wonderful of all, how gentle and loving he is! Sweet lips, bright eyes, a clear mind and firm resolve.
So wie dort in blauer Tiefe, Hell und herrlich, jener Stern, Also er an meinem Himmel, Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.	Just as there in the deep-blue distance that star gleams bright and brilliant, so does he shine in my sky, bright and brilliant, distant and sublime.
Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen; Nur betrachten deinen Schein, Nur in Demut ihn betrachten, Selig nur und traurig sein!	Wander, wander on your way; just to gaze on your radiance, just to gaze on in humility, to be but blissful and sad!
Höre nicht mein stilles Beten, Deinem Glücke nur geweiht; Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen, Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!	Do not heed my silent prayer, uttered for your happiness alone; you shall never know my lowly self, you noble star of splendour!
Nur die Würdigste von allen Darf beglücken deine Wahl, Und ich will die Hohe segnen, Viele tausendmal.	Only the worthiest woman of all may your choice bless, and I shall bless that exalted one many thousands of times.
Will mich freuen dann und weinen, Selig, selig bin ich dann; Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen, Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran?	I shall then rejoice and weep, blissful, blissful I shall be; even if my heart should break, break, O heart, what does it matter?

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Fancie (1961)

William Shakespeare

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I'll begin it, – Ding, dong, bell.

THE TEXT

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Ich kann's nicht fassen, I cannot grasp it,
nicht glauben from believe it
Frauenliebe und -leben
Op. 42

Adelbert von Chamisso

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben, Es hat ein Traum mich berückt; Wie hätt' er doch unter allen Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?	I cannot grasp it, believe it, a dream has beguiled me; how, from all women, could he have exalted and favoured poor me?
--	---

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen: „Ich bin auf ewig dein“ – Mir war's – ich träume noch immer, Es kann ja nimmer so sein.	He said, I thought, 'I am yours forever,' I was, I thought, still dreaming, after all, it can never be.
---	--

O lass im Traume mich sterben, Gewieget an seiner Brust, Den seligsten Tod mich schlürfen In Tränen unendlicher Lust.	O let me, dreaming, die, cradled on his breast; let me savour blissful death in tears of endless joy.
--	--

THE RING

Nathan James Dearden (b.1992)

a million little diamonds from *That now are distant* (2023)

Mary Frances Butts

A million little diamonds
Twinkled on the trees
And all the little maidens said:
'A jewel, if you please!'

But while they held their hands outstretched,
To catch the diamonds gay,
A million little sunbeams came,
And stole them all away.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Du Ring an meinem Finger from <i>Frauenliebe und -leben</i> Op. 42 <i>Adelbert von Chamisso</i>	You ring on my finger
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Du Ring an meinem Finger, Mein goldenes Ringelein, Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen, Dich fromm an das Herze mein.	You ring on my finger, my golden little ring, I press you devoutly to my lips, to my heart.
--	--

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet, Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum, Ich fand allein mich, verloren Im öden unendlichen Raum.	I had finished dreaming childhood's peaceful dream, I found myself alone, forlorn in boundless desolation.
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Du Ring an meinem Finger Da hast du mich erst belehrt, Hast meinem Blick erschlossen Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.	You ring on my finger, you first taught me, opened my eyes to life's deep eternal worth.
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Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben, Ihm angehören ganz, Hin selber mich geben und finden Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.	I shall serve him, live for him, belong to him wholly, yield to him and find myself transfigured in his light.
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Du Ring an meinem Finger, Mein goldenes Ringelein, Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen Dich fromm an das Herze mein.	You ring on my finger, my golden little ring, I press you devoutly to my lips, to my heart.
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Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

THE WEDDING DAY

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

**Helft mir, ihr
Schwestern from
Frauenliebe und -leben
Op. 42**

Adelbert von Chamisso

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute
mir,
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte
Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im
Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine törichte Bangigkeit;
Dass ich mit klarem
Aug' ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Gibst du mir, Sonne, deinen
Schein?
Lass mich in Andacht,
Lass mich in Demut,
Lass mich verneigen dem
Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
Bringet ihm knospende
Rosen dar,
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüss' ich mit Wehmut,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer
Schar.

Help me, O sisters

Help me, O sisters,
with my bridal attire,
serve me today in my
joy,
busily braid
about my brow
the wreath of blossoming
myrtle.

When with contentment
and joy in my heart
lay in my beloved's
arms,
he still called,
with longing heart,
impatiently for this day.

Help me, my sisters,
help me banish
a foolish fearfulness;
so that I with bright eyes
may receive him,
the source of my joy.

Have you, my love,
really entered my life,
do you, O sun, give me
your glow?
Let me in reverence,
let me in humility
bow before my
lord.

Scatter flowers, O sisters,
scatter flowers before him,
bring him budding
roses.
But you, sisters,
I greet with sadness,
as I joyfully take leave of
you.

Michael William Balfe (1808-1870)

Trust her not (?1855)

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

I know a maiden fair to see
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be

Beware! Beware!
Trust her not
She is fooling thee!

She has two eyes, so soft and brown
Take care!
She gives a side-glance and looks down
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not
She is fooling thee!

And she has hair of a golden hue
Take care!
And what she says, it is not true
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not
She is fooling thee!

She has a bosom as white as snow
Take care!
She knows how much it is best to show
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not
She is fooling thee!

She gives thee a garland woven fair
Take care!
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear
Beware! Beware!
Trust her not
She is fooling thee!

Jonathan Dove (b.1959)

Adelaide's aria from *The Enchanted Pig* (2006)
Alasdair Middleton

Tiara! Tiara!
Do you call this a tiara?

I want a proper tiara!
Not this thing!

I had more sparkle from beads on an old bit of string!
I want shine!
I want Bling!

And the veil?
Where's the veil?
The design was so fine that four of the nuns who were
making it found they'd gone blind?

Do I look like I mind
If some nuns have gone blind?
The whole bleeding convent can drop down dead
Just so long as that veil is on top of my head by tonight.
All right?
And the Swan?
Where's it gone?
The sixteen foot swan that I'm sitting on as I'm pulled up
the aisle by those dwarves.
God! Those dwarves!

Send them back!

I said all along
I want dwarves that are strong
And those dwarves can't lift up my train.

Send them all back again!
And get out and hustle some midgets with muscle!

And the doves!
The doves!
The doves that are being released
when I stand in front of the priest
And say "I do"
They won't do.

Shoot them all.
They're too small!

Maybe it's me
But I like a dove you can see.
Is it really too much to ask?
Have I set some impossible task?

I just want some sparkle,
I want things to shine.
It's my wedding.
My wedding.
Mine.

It's like some awful conspiracy
Why can't you get it?
Why don't you see?
It's my wedding.
So who's it about?
It's my wedding.
I don't want to shout.
It's my wedding.
So it's all about me!

Now get out!
And don't come back till everything's perfect.

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Since she whom I loved from *The Holy Sonnets of John Donne* Op. 35 (1945)

John Donne

Since she whom I loved hath paid her last debt
To Nature, and to hers, and my good is dead,
And her Soule early into heaven ravished,
Wholly on heavenly things my mind is sett.
Here the admyring her my mind did whett
To seeke thee God; so streames do shew their head;
But although I have found thee, and thou my thirst hast
fed,
A holy thirsty dropsy melts mee yett.
But why should I begg more Love, when as thou
Dost wooe my soule for hers; offering all thine:
And dost not only feare least I allow
My Love to Saints and Angels things divine,

But in thy tender jealousy dost doubt
Least the World, Fleshe, yea Devill putt thee out.

NEW LIFE

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Süsser Freund, du
blickest from
Frauenliebe und -leben
Op. 42

Adelbert von Chamisso

Sweet friend, you
look

Süsser Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Lass der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir!

Sweet friend, you look
at me in wonder,
you cannot understand
how I can weep;
let the unfamiliar beauty
of these moist pearls
tremble joyfully bright
in my eyes!

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüsst' ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will ins Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

How anxious my heart is,
how full of bliss!
If only I knew
how to say it in words;
come and hide your face
here against my breast,
for me to whisper you
all my joy.

Weisst du nun die
~Tränen,
Die ich weinen kann,
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann?
Bleib' an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Dass ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Do you now understand
the tears
that I can weep,
should you not see them,
beloved husband?
Stay by my heart,
feel how it beats,
that I may press you
closer and closer.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildnis
Mir entgegen lacht.

Here by my bed
there is room for the cradle,
silently hiding
my blissful dream;
the morning shall come
when the dream awakens,
and your likeness
laughs up at me.

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

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Greeting from *Arias and Barcarolles* (1988)
Leonard Bernstein

When a boy is born,
The world is born again,
And takes its first breath with him.

When a girl is born,
The world stops turning round,
And keeps a moment's hushed wonder.

Every time child is born,
For the space of that brief instant,
The world is pure.

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust from On my heart, at my breast
Frauenliebe und -leben
Op. 42
Adelbert von Chamisso

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust, Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!	On my heart, at my breast, you my delight, my joy!
Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb' ist das Glück, Ich hab's gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.	Happiness is love, love is happiness, I've always said and say so still.
Hab' überschwenglich mich geschätzt, Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.	I thought myself rapturous, but now am delirious with joy.
Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung gibt;	Only she who suckles, only she who loves the child that she nourishes;
Nur eine Mutter weiss allein, Was lieben heisst und glücklich sein.	Only a mother knows what it means to love and be happy.
O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann, Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!	Ah, how I pity the man who cannot feel a mother's bliss!
Du lieber, lieber Engel, Du, Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!	You dear, dear angel, you, you look at me and you smile!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust, Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!	On my heart, at my breast, you my delight, my joy!
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SOMETHING ISN'T RIGHT...

Stephen Hough (b.1961)

Radical Hope from *Songs of Love and Loss* (2021)
Jonathan Galassi

Darling, I'm running
On radical hope:
That the clouds will dispel
And the way will come clear,
That the UPS package
Contains our relief,
That magic will bring us
An end to our grief.

But the signs at the crossroads
Are pointing both ways
And the roundabout traffic
Has no right of way.
It sneaks through the town,
Up the hill and back down,
And all of our pigeons
Are coming to ground.

Where are the objects
Of all my affections?
Will what I am doing
Result in right action?
The landslide has happened,
The bridge is unsound;
There's no backing up now,
No turning around.

So much for direction,
For learning and knowing,
For seeking and heeding,
For staying or going.
These were the ways
Of the life that we've known
And all of this time
I've been going alone

And I can't anymore.
Will it happen this way?
Do you hear what I'm telling
You, softly, today?
Can you listen to me?
Are you right? Am I wrong?
The answer is somewhere
Inside of this song.

Nathan James Dearden (b.1992)

lies on paper from *That now are distant*
Patrick Gale

My darling, you refuse my visits,
Do you see?
But there's nothing I can do, but keep trying.

My darling, I want us to be together as we were,
Making toast, in the cottage.
Raking leaves.
Together in the cottage.
Sitting in silence.

My darling, I wrote to you in my head
But was too cowardly to write more lies on paper.
I find that I no longer find that I care.

I love you.
Your face, your voice, your touch.
I love you.
My darling.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Fancy (1959)
William Shakespeare

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishèd?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies.
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:
I'll begin it, - Ding, dong, bell.

PARTING

Jennifer Higdon (b.1962)

Breaking from *Trumpet Songs* (2004)

Jonathan Dove (b.1959)

Soon from *All You Who Sleep Tonight*
(1996)
Vikram Seth

I shall die soon, I know.
This thing is in my blood.
It will not let me go.
It saps my cells for food.

It soaks my nights in sweat.
And breaks my days in pain.
No hand or drug can treat
These limbs for love or gain.
Love was the strange first cause
That bred grief in its seed.
And gain knew its own laws –
To fix its place and bread.
He whom I love, thank God,
Won't speak of hope or cure.
It would not do me good
He sees that I am sure.

He know whatI have read
And will not bring me lies.
He sees that I am dead.
I read it in his eyes.
How am I to go on –
Now will I bear this taste.
My throat cased in white spawn –
These hands that shake and waste?
Stay by my steel ward bed
And hold me where I lie.
Love me when I am dead
And do not let me die.

YOU, MY WORLD!

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan from <i>Frauenliebe und - leben</i> Op. 42	Now you have caused me my first pain
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Adelbert von Chamisso

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan, Der aber traf. Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann, Den Todesschlaf.	Now you have caused me my first pain, but it struck hard. You sleep, you harsh and pitiless man, the sleep of death.
Es blicket die Verlassne vor sich hin, Die Welt ist leer. Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt, ich bin Nicht lebend mehr.	The deserted one stares ahead, the world is void. I have loved and I have lived, and now my life is done.
Ich zieh' mich in mein Innres still zurück, Der Schleier fällt, Da hab' ich dich und mein verlornes Glück, Du meine Welt!	Silently I withdraw into myself, the veil falls, there I have you and my lost happiness, you, my world!

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

Nathan James Dearden (b.1992)

That now are distant from *That now are distant*

Adelbert von Chamisso, trans. Nathan James Dearden based on Richard Stokes

Dream of my own days
That now are distant,
Take, before the weary one
Is covered by a shroud,
Take into your young life
My own blessing, blessing

When I buried
The man I loved,
I cherished my love
In my faithful heart:
And the ashes of old age
Preserve the sacred glow.

Let time fly
On and on,
What I once said,
Let time fly,
On and on,
What once I said
I shall not take back:
Happiness alone is love,
Love alone is...

Dream of my own days
That now are distant,
Take, before the weary one
Is covered by a shroud,
Take into your life
My own blessing, blessing.

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

The world feels dusty from 12 poems of Emily Dickinson (1949-50)

Emily Dickinson

The world feels dusty
When we stop to die;
We want the dew then,
Honors taste dry.

Flags vex a dying face
But the least fan
Stirred by a friend's hand
Cools like the rain.

Mine be the ministry
When thy thirst comes,
Dews of thyself to fetch
And holy balms.

MEETING AGAIN

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

At the river from *Old American Songs II* (1952) Robert Lowry

Shall we gather by the river,
Where bright angel's feet have trod,
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?

Yes, we'll gather by the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Ere we reach the shining river
Lay we every burden down,
Praise our spirits will deliver
And provide our robe and crown.

Yes, we'll gather at the river.
The beautiful, the beautiful, river.
Gather with the saints at the river,
That flows by the throne of God.

Soon we'll reach the shining river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease,
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

Yes, we'll gather by the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river,
Gather with the saints by the river
That flows by the throne of God.

Translation of Schumann *Frauenliebe und -leben* Op. 42 by © Richard Stokes from *The Book of Lieder* (Faber & Faber, 2001), with thanks to George Bird, co-author of *The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder* (Victor Gollancz Ltd, 1977).

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