

WIGMORE HALL 125

Sunday 21 December 2025
7.30pm

Morpheus

Hugh Cutting countertenor

Refound Ensemble

Naomi Burrell violin

Leo Appel violin, viola

Jonathan Rees cello, viola da gamba

Alexander Jones double bass

Sergio Bucheli theorbo

Magdalenna Krstevska clarinet

Libby Burgess piano

James Larter percussion

Geoffrey Burgon (1941-2010)

Francesco Cavalli (1602-1676)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

This Lunar Beauty from *Lunar Beauty* (1986)

Erme e solinghe cime from *La Calisto* (1651)

One charming night from *The Fairy Queen* Z629 (1692)

Goddess of Night (1920)

Le rossignol des lilas (instrumental) (1913)

L'énamourée (?1891)

Les rêveries du Prince Églantine from *Le rossignol éperdu*
(1902-10)

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Welcome, wanderer!...I know a bank from *A Midsummer Night's Dream* Op. 64 (1959-60)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Erlkönig D328 (1815)

Richard Rodney Bennett (1936-2012)

Baby, baby, naughty baby from *Songs before Sleep* (2002)

Interval

Don McLean (b.1945)

Vincent (1970)

Elena Langer (b.1974)

Fabulous Beasts (2025) *world première*

*Prologue • Molosus • Parrot • Dyomede • Prologue I •
Leviathan • Bees • Prologue II • Cock*

Henry Purcell

From *Amphitryon, or The Two Sosias* Z572 (1690)

Minuet • Hornpipe • Borry, or Gavotte • Scotch Tune

Traditional

She moved through the fair

Trad/English

Sweet Nightingale

Henry Purcell

Fantasia a 4 No. 7 in C minor Z738 (c.1680)

William Bolcom (b.1938)

Song of Black Max from *12 Cabaret Songs* (1977-1985)

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Speak Low from *One Touch of Venus* (1943)

Piers Connor Kennedy (b.1991)

Morpheus (2025) *world première*



UNDER 35S

Supported by the AKO Foundation
Media partner Classic FM

Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management. In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions. Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141. Wigmore Hall is equipped with a loop to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.



Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • Wigmore-hall.org.uk • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG
Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan

Morpheus is a programme based around the night – our relationship with it, and how darkness facilitates parts of us that are often hidden in daylight. Tonight's music delves into dreams and nightmares; but it is our human psychology and stories (and how the night colours these) that most interest me. Every piece is a freshly-conceived arrangement for our ensemble, built on a shared interest in exploring timbral possibilities – we're interested in versions of works, rather than historical accuracy.

We open with the moon; Auden's poem 'This Lunar Beauty', set by **Burgon**, broaches the dichotomy of reality and surrealism that pervades our concert. The moon captivates us because it exists outside of our earthly experience, representing our inverted (maybe hoped-for?) lives. In **Cavalli's** 'Erme e solinghe cime', Endimione sings a love song to the moon, invoking the power of night to bring him his beloved. **Purcell's** 'One charming night' delves into this idea of night's pleasure; there's more delight 'than a hundred lucky days' in a single night. **Howells's** *Goddess of Night*, tonight arranged for percussion, takes us out into the night sky and expanse of starry space – 'you sit there watching us' – omniscient night observes our tiny lives; we can't know this cosmic perspective through which our existence unfolds...

From here, we zoom back down to earth; nightingales must be one of the most storied images in music, and their song in **Hahn's** *Le rossignol* evokes past loves and memory. I like the specificity of a creature who only sings after dark, it marks clearly the change in our psyche after sunset. It's this psychological development we experience at night that is so central to *L'énamourée*; the speaker sees their deceased love during 'sleepless nights', even intimately experiencing their presence and voice. 'Les rêveries du Prince Églantine' pushes us even further from this world of visions towards fully-blown dreams.

Britten's 'I know a bank' is the most important composition for the countertenor voice in the 20th Century, marking the beginning of this modern operatic voice type. Shakespeare's plot begins to unravel after sunset, and in this scene Oberon is directing Puck to 'anoint' Demetrius's eyes so that he falls in love with the first being he sees on waking...

We close this first half with a cold plunge into nightmares. There is something so inevitable about **Schubert's** *Erlkönig*; like the worst of our nightmares, we can't escape the dread of the chase. Worst of all, everyone else inside the nightmare is oblivious to our terror – the father won't believe that his son has seen the Erlking. The death of the boy is then reflected in **Rodney Bennett's** 'Baby, baby, naughty baby' – a frightening bedside story of Bonaparte beating, and then eating, children. SNAP!

Vincent (Don McLean) opens our second half; Van Gogh's inimitable 'starry, starry night' is a ubiquitous image, calling to mind the man himself and the darkness that coloured much of his troubled, brilliant life and work.

Elena Langer's *Fabulous Beasts* has been written specifically for tonight's concert. The composer writes: 'A year ago Hugh asked me to write a song cycle on a theme of sleeping, dreaming and surrealism – actually quite a problem for a composer, who would like the audience to stay awake and even smile during the performance. When looking for a suitable text, I came across an online medieval bestiary (www.bestiary.ca), a huge collection of texts by ancient philosophers, naturalists and theologians including Aristotle, Pliny the Elder, Claudius Aelianus, Saint Ambrose, Isidore of Seville. These bestiaries describe both real and imaginary creatures. I loved the humour in these ancient descriptions, and also the time and care that serious philosophers like Aristotle had spent observing animals: "The parrot is a bird that can be taught to speak like a man ... It becomes most loquacious when intoxicated." I selected various creatures, and made a set of six contrasting songs – some funny, some lyrical or dramatic. Neither the piano nor the clarinet simply accompany; both have virtuosic roles and represent the beasts. A repeated quote from *The Book of Job* threads between movements to unify the songs into an organic shape. The final song is a lullaby, the piano acting as a ticking clock while the clarinet imitates some cockerel sounds (hoping to wake up the audience).'

We use **Purcell** in our instrumental breaks in the second half – the *Amphytrion Suite* links to the idea of classical mythology and storytelling at bedtime, and the *Fantazia* is an imagination/dream-driven musical form.

In *She moved through the fair*, a man and woman meet and seem destined for marriage. The final verse describes a dream, implying the woman's premature death – the night offers up unfulfilled versions of our lives, achingly wrought in visions conjured by our sleeping brains. In *Sweet Nightingale*, the couple do marry. They are joined and drawn by the nightingale's song 'in the valley below'.

The music of this final section is intrinsically 'night music' due to its performance contexts: jazz bars and cabaret. **Bolcom's** 'Song of Black Max' describes the enigmatic titular character as he stalks Rotterdam's streets. He manifests towards the end of life, or in moments of particular despair. **Kurt Weill's** 'Speak Low' reflects that, as we treasure love, time robs us of it all too soon. There's an urgency here, bringing to mind a proclamation of desire in the early hours; passion drives us to reveal our feelings for someone before sunrise.

We finish with another new commission – **Piers Connor Kennedy's** *Morpheus*; Brooke's poem sums up our theme: the night 'calls out' to us, we are drawn by its strangeness. Pulled into the night, we feel the boundaries of thought and feeling shift in a way that they cannot in daytime.

© Hugh Cutting 2025

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

Geoffrey Burgon (1941-2010)

This Lunar Beauty from *Lunar Beauty* (1986)
WH Auden

This lunar beauty
Has no history ...

Due to copyright reasons we are unable to reproduce the
text for this song.

Francesco Cavalli (1602-1676)

Erme e solinghe cime
from *La Calisto* (1651)
Giovanni Faustini

Endimione

Recitativo
Erme, e solinghe cime,
Ch'al cerchio m'accostate
Delle luci adorate,
In voi di novo
imprime,
Contemplator segreto
Endimione l'orme.

Le variate
forme
Della stella d'argento
Lusingando, e baciando,
Di chiare notti tra i sereni orrori,
Sulla terra, e sui sassi i suoi
splendori.

Aria
Lucidissima face
Di Tessaglia le
note
Non sturbino i tuoi giri, e la
tua pace.

Dagl'atlantici
monti
Traboccando le
rote,
Febo, del carro ardente,
omai tramonti.

Il mio lume nascente
Illuminando il cielo
Più bello a me si mostri, e
risplendente.

Lonely, deserted
peaks

Endymion

Recitative
Lonely, deserted peaks,
you who bring me closer
to the moonlight I adore,
Endymion, gazing
unobserved,
walks among you
once again.

From the clear and
peaceful night sky,
the silvery moon,
ever waxing and waning,
caresses and kisses
the rocky ground with her
gleaming light.

Aria
Most resplendent of stars,
may no sound from
Thessaly
disrupt either your travels
or your peace.

Let Phoebus now turn the
wheels
of his fiery chariot
downwards
and vanish behind the
towering peaks.

As you rise, beloved moon,
and light up the heavens,
unveil yourself to me in all
your fair radiance.

Astro mio vago, e caro A' tuoi raggi di gelo, Nel petto amante a nutrir fiamme imparo.	Dear beauteous star of mine, at the touch of your icy beams I feel the flames build within my loving heart.
---	--

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

One charming night from *The Fairy Queen*
Z629 (1692)
Anonymous, after William Shakespeare

One charming night
Gives more delight
Than a hundred lucky days.
Night and I improve the feast,
Make the pleasure longer last,
A thousand thousand several ways.

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

Goddess of Night (1920)
Frederick William Harvey

Calm with the calm of all old earth has taken
To her peaceful breast
And will not waken,
Pale with passion of Life that never dies;
You sit there watching us,
Watching us with with clear bright eyes.

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

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

Le rossignol des lilas The nightingale
(1913) among the lilac

Léopold Dauphin

This song will be performed as an instrumental piece. The text is included for the audience's reference only.

O premier rossignol qui viens	O first nightingale to appear
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre,	among the lilac beneath my window,
Ta voix m'est douce à reconnaître!	how sweet to recognise your voice!
Nul accent n'est semblable au tien!	There is no song like yours!
Fidèle aux amoureux liens,	Faithful to the bonds of love,
Trille encore, divin petit être!	trill away, divine little being!
O premier rossignol qui viens	O first nightingale to appear
Dans les lilas, sous ma fenêtre!	among the lilac beneath my window!
Nocturne ou matinal, combien	Night or morning – O how
Ton hymne à l'amour me pénètre!	your hymn to love strikes at my heart!
Tant d'ardeur fait en moi renaître	Such ardour reawakens in me
L'écho de mes avrils anciens,	echoes of my Aprils past,
O premier rossignol qui viens!	O first nightingale to appear!

L'énamourée (?1891) The loved one
Théodore de Banville

Ils se disent, ma colombe,	They say, my dove,
Que tu rêves, morte encore,	that, though dead, you dream
Sous la pierre d'une tombe:	beneath the headstone of a grave:
Mais pour l'âme qui t'adore	but for the soul that adores you,
Tu t'éveilles ranimée,	you waken, restored to life,
Ô pensive bien-aimée!	O pensive beloved!
Par les blanches nuits d'étoiles,	During sleepless, starlit nights,
Dans la brise qui murmure,	in the murmuring breeze,
Je caresse tes longs voiles,	I caress your long veils,
Ta mouvante chevelure,	your billowing hair,
Et tes ailes demi-closes	and your half-folded wings
Qui voltigent sur les roses!	that flutter over roses!

Ô délices! je respire	O delight! I inhale
Tes divines tresses blondes!	your divine blonde tresses!
Ta voix pure, cette lyre,	Your pure voice, this lyre,
Suit la vague sur les ondes,	follows the waves across the water,
Et, suave, les effleure,	and softly ripples them,
Comme un cygne qui se pleure!	like a lamenting swan!

Les rêveries du Prince Églantine from *Le rossignol éperdu* (1902-10)

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Welcome, wanderer!...I know a bank from *A Midsummer Night's Dream Op. 64* (1959-60)
William Shakespeare

Welcome, wanderer. Hast thou the flower there?

I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine:
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lull'd in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enamell'd skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in:
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove:
A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth: anoint his eyes;
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady: thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Erlkönig D328 (1815)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Erlking

Wer reitet so spät durch
Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem
Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in
dem Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn
warm.

Who rides so late through
night and wind?
It is the father with his
child;
he has the boy safe in his
arms,
he holds him close, he
keeps him warm.

"Mein Sohn, was birgst du so
bang dein Gesicht?"
"Siehst, Vater, du den
Erlkönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron'
und Schweif?"
"Mein Sohn, es ist ein
Nebelstreif."

'My son, why hide your
face in fear?'
'Can't you see the Erlking,
father?
The Erlking with his
crown and robe?'
'My son, it is a streak of
mist.'

"Du liebes Kind, komm, geh
mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich
mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind
an dem Strand;
Meine Mutter hat manch
gülden Gewand."

'You sweetest child, come
go with me!
Wondrous games I'll play
with you;
many bright flowers grow
on the shore;
my mother has many a
garment of gold.'

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und
hörest du nicht
Was Erlenkönig mir leise
verspricht?"
"Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein
Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt
der Wind."

'Father, O father, can't
you hear
the Erlking's whispered
promises?'
'Be calm, stay calm, my
child,
the wind is rustling in
withered leaves.'

"Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit
mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich
warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den
nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und
singen dich ein."

'Won't you come with me,
fine boy?
My daughters shall take
good care of you;
my daughters lead the
nightly dance,
and will rock and dance
and sing you to sleep.'

"Mein Vater, mein Vater, und
siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am
düstern Ort?"
"Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich
seh' es genau;
Es scheinen die alten
Weiden so grau."

'Father, O father, can't
you see
the Erlking's daughters
there in the gloom?'
'My son, my son, I can see
quite clearly:
it's the old willows
gleaming so grey.'

"Ich liebe dich, mich reizt
deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so
brauch' ich Gewalt."
"Mein Vater, mein Vater,
jetzt fasst er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids
getan!"

'I love you, your beautiful
figure excites me;
and if you're not willing, I'll
take you by force.'
'Father, O father, he's
seizing me now!
The Erlking's done me
harm!'

Dem Vater grauset's, er
reitet geschwind,
Er hält in Armen das
ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh
und Not;
In seinen Armen das Kind
war tot.

The father shudders,
swiftly he rides,
with the groaning child in
his arms,
with a final effort he
reaches home;
the child lay dead in his
arms.

Richard Rodney Bennett (1936-2012)

Baby, baby, naughty baby from Songs
before Sleep (2002)

Anonymous

Baby, baby, naughty baby,
Hush, you squalling thing, I say,
Peace this moment, peace or maybe
Bonaparte will pass this way.

Baby, baby he's a giant,
Tall and black as Rouen steeple.
And he breakfasts, dines, rely on't,
Ev'ry day on naughty people.

Baby, baby, if he hears you,
As he gallops past the house,
Limb from limb at once he'll tear you,
Just as pussy tears a mouse.

And he'll beat you, beat you, beat you,
And he'll beat you all to pap,
And he'll eat you, eat you, eat you,
Snap, snap, snap.

Interval

Don McLean (b.1945)

Vincent (1970)

Don McLean

Starry, starry night
Paint your palette blue and gray
Look out on a summer's day
With eyes that know the darkness in my soul

Shadows on the hills
Sketch the trees and the daffodils
Catch the breeze and the winter chills
In colors on the snowy linen land

Now, I understand, what you tried to say to me
And how you suffered for your sanity
And how you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they did not know how
Perhaps they'll listen now

Starry, starry night
Flaming flowers that brightly blaze
Swirling clouds in violet haze
Reflect in Vincent's eyes of china blue

Colors changing hue
Morning fields of amber grain
Weathered faces lined in pain
Are soothed beneath the artist's loving hand

Now, I understand, what you tried to say to me
And how you suffered for your sanity
And how you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they did not know how
Perhaps they'll listen now

For they could not love you
But still your love was true
And when no hope was left inside
On that starry, starry night

You took your life as lovers often do
But I could have told you, Vincent
This world was never meant for one
As beautiful as you

Starry, starry night
Portraits hung in empty halls
Frame less heads on nameless walls
With eyes that watch the world and can't forget

Like the strangers that you've met
The ragged men in ragged clothes
The silver thorn of bloody rose
Lie crushed and broken on the virgin snow

Now, I think I know what you tried to say to me
And how you suffered for your sanity
And how you tried to set them free
They would not listen, they're not listening still
Perhaps they never will

Elena Langer (b.1974)

Fabulous Beasts (2025)

Anonymous

Prologue

Ask the animals, and they will teach you;
or the birds in the sky, and they will tell you.
or let the fish of the sea enlighten you.

Molosus

The Molosus is a large and aggressive beast
with a huge smile and prominent teeth.
It savagely attacks strong men — yet it's terrified.
It savagely attacks strong men — yet it's terrified.
It savagely attacks strong men — yet it's terrified.

Parrot

The parrot is a bird that can be taught
to speak like a man.
It learns better when it is young.
But if it will not learn, one must hit it
over the head with an iron bar.
It becomes most loquacious when intoxicated.

Dyomede

Dyomede is a bird that can distinguish
between local people and foreigners.
It attacks foreigners.

Prologue I

Ask the animals, and they will teach you;
or the birds in the sky, and they will tell you.
or let the fish of the sea enlighten you.

Leviathan

Leviathan is an unconquerable monster
that lives in the sea.

The mere sight of it is overpowering.
Its snorting throws out flashes of light;
its eyes are like the rays of dawn.
Flames stream from its mouth,
sparks of fire shoot out.
Smoke pours from its nostrils
as from a boiling pot.

Strength resides in its neck;
its chest is hard as rock.
When it rises up, the mighty are terrified.

The sword that reaches it has no effect,
nor does the spear, or the dart, or the javelin.
Iron it treats like straw,
and bronze like rotten wood.
Arrows do not make it flee;
slingstones are like chaff to it.
It laughs at the rattling of the lance.

Leviathan – nothing on earth is its equal:
a creature without fear.

Bees

Bees are the smallest of birds.
Bees are very industrious.
Bees are afraid of smoke
and are excited by noise.

Each has its own duty:
guarding the food supply,
watching for rain,
collecting dew,
and making wax from flowers.

Although they serve under a king,
they are free.
They have wars and make honey.

Honey is not only a source of pleasure,
but of health.
It soothes the throat and heals wounds.
It helps those who have dropsy,
and those who have been bitten
by a mad dog.

Prologue II

Ask the animals, and they will teach you;
or the birds in the sky, and they will tell you.
or let the fish of the sea enlighten you.

Cock

The cock is a bird
with crested beak and head.
The cock is a skilled astronomer.
It knows the time from the stars and trines,
and distinguishes the hours of day by singing.

When it is about to sing,
it spreads its wings
it spreads its wings
It sings stronger in the deep night,
lighter in the morning.
Its song is carried with the wind,
and is heard farther than can be estimated.

It soothes horses,
but instigates camels
and drives them fantastically!

Its purpose is awakening mortals.
Its likeness rests on towers and churches.
And it climbs up to sleep.
It turns its face against the wind,
and rests on one foot.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Suite from *Amphitryon*, or *The Two Sosias* Z572 (1690)

*Minuet – Hornpipe - Borry, or Gavotte - Scotch
Tune*

Traditional

She moved through the fair

My young love said to me: 'My mother won't mind,
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kind.'
And she stepped away from me, And this she did say:
'It will not be long love til our wedding day.'

She stepped away from me, and she moved through the
fair,
And fondly I watched her move here and move there.
And then she went homeward, with one star awake,
Like the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me, my dead love came in,
So softly she came, that her feet made no din.
And she laid her head on me, and this she did say:
'It will not be long love, til our wedding day'.

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

Trad/English

Sweet Nightingale

Mv sweetheart, come along, don't you hear the fond song,
The sweet notes of the nightingale flow,

*Don't you hear the fond tale,
Of the sweet nightingale
As she sings in the valley below,
As sings in the valley below*

Pretty Betty, don't fail, For I'll carry your pail
Safe home to your bed as we go.
You shall hear the fond tale...

Pray let me alone, I have hands of my own;
Along with you, I will not go.
To heed the fond tale...

Pray sit yourself down with me on the ground,
On this bank where the Primroses grow:
You shall hear the fond tale...

This couple agreed to be married with speed
And soon to the church they did go.
She was no more afraid for to walk in the shade,
Nor yet in the valley below.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Fantasia a 4 No. 7 in C minor Z738 (c.1680)

William Bolcom (b.1938)

Song of Black Max from *12 Cabaret Songs*

(1977-85)

Arnold Weinstein

He was always dressed in black,
Long black jacket, broad black hat,
Sometimes a cape,
And as thin, and as thin as rubber tape:
Black Max.

He would raise that big black hat
To the big shots of the town
Who raised their hats right back,
Never knew they were bowing to
Black Max.

I'm talking about night in Rotterdam
When the right night people of all the town
Would find what they could in the night neighborhood of
Black Max.

There were women in the windows
With bodies for sale
Dressed in curls like little girls
In little doll house jails.
When the women walked the street

With the beds upon their backs,
Who was lifting up his brim to them?
Black Max!

And there were looks for sale, the art of the smile,
Only certain people walked that mystery mile
Artists, charlatans, vaudevillians,
Men of mathematics, acrobatics and civilians.

There was knitting needle music from a lady organ
grinder
With all her sons behind her.
Marco, Vito, Benno
(Was he strong! Though he walked like a woman)
And Carlo, who was five.
He must still be alive!

Ah, poor Marco had the syph
And if you didn't take the terrible cure those days
You went crazy and died
And he did.

And at the coffin
Before they closed the lid,
Who raised his lid?
Black Max!

I was climbing on the train one day
Going far away to the good old USA
When I heard some music underneath the tracks.
Standing there beneath the bridge,
Long black jacket, broad black hat,
Playing the harmonica,
One hand free to lift that hat to me:
Black Max!

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

Speak Low from *One Touch of Venus* (1943)

Ogden Nash

Speak low when you speak, love
Our summer day withers away too soon, too soon
Speak low when you speak, love
Our moment is swift, like ships adrift, we're swept apart,
too soon

Speak low, darling, speak low
Love is a spark, lost in the dark too soon, too soon
I feel wherever I go that tomorrow is
Near, tomorrow is here and always too soon

Time is so old and love so brief
Love is pure gold and time a thief
We're late, darling, we're late
The curtain descends, everything ends too soon, too soon

I wait, darling, I wait
Will you speak low to me, speak love to me and soon

Piers Connor Kennedy (b.1991)

Morpheus (2025)

Rupert Brooke

Come away! Come away!
Ye are sober and dull through the common day,
But now it is night!
It is shameful night, and God is asleep!
(Have you not felt the quick fires that creep Through the
hungry flesh, and the lust of delight, And hot secrets of
dreams that day cannot say?). The house is dumb;
The night calls out to you. Come, ah, come!
Down the dim stairs, through the creaking door, Naked,
crawling on hands and feet
– It is meet! It is meet!
Ye are men no longer, but less and more,
Beast and God... Down the lampless street,
By little black ways, and secret places,
In the darkness and mire,
Faint laughter around, and evil faces
By the star-glint seen--ah! follow with us!
For the darkness whispers a blind desire,
And the fingers of night are amorous.
Keep close as we speed,
Though mad whispers woo you, and hot hands cling, And
the touch and the smell of bare flesh sting,
Soft flank by your flank, and side brushing side – Tonight
never heed!
Unswerving and silent follow with me,
Till the city ends sheer,
And the crook'd lanes open wide,
Out of the voices of night,
Beyond lust and fear,
To the level waters of moonlight,
To the level waters, quiet and clear,
To the black unresting plains of the calling sea.

Goddess of Night (FW Harvey/Herbert Howells). © Copyright 1921 by Boosey & Co. Ltd. Reproduced by permission of Boosey & Hawkes Music Publishers Ltd.

Don McLean Vincent, text by Don McLean, printed with permission.

Bolcom 'Song of Black Max', text by Arnold Weinstein, Copyright © 1979 Edward B. Marks Music Co. Used with permission.

'Speak Low', Words by Ogden Nash, Music by Kurt Weill. © 1943 Ogden Nash Music Publishing (ASCAP). All rights on behalf of Ogden Nash Music Publishing administered by WC Music Corp.

Translation of Cavalli 'Erme e solinghe cime' by © Susannah Howe.

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