

Nicky Spence Masterclass

Nicky Spence tenor
Abigail Sinclair soprano
Ben Markovic piano
Stephen Walker tenor
Yuri Inoshita piano
Harun Tekin tenor
Sooyeon Baik piano
Madeleine Perring soprano
Matthew Clemmet piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)	Gretchen am Spinnrade D118 (1814)
Claude Debussy (1862-1918)	Green from <i>Ariettes oubliées</i> (1885-7, rev. 1903)
Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)	As I lay in the early sun from <i>Oh fair to see</i> Op. 13b (1921-56)
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)	Frühlingstraum from <i>Winterreise</i> D911 (1827)
Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)	Mattinata
Richard Hageman (1881-1966)	Do not go, my love
Gareth Glyn (b.1951)	Llanrwst
Henri Duparc (1848-1933)	Elégie
Fanny Mendelssohn (1805-1847)	Auf dem See
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)	Die Bekehrte from <i>Goethe Lieder</i> (1888-90)
Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)	Séguidille from <i>Trois Mélodies</i> (1909-10)
Cheryl Frances-Hoad (b.1980)	They Bore him Barefaced on the Bier from <i>Two Shakespeare Songs</i> (2014)

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ENGLAND**



Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Gretchen am Spinnrade D118 (1814)

*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh' ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seines Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluss,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Meine Ruh ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer;
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt
Sich nach ihm hin.
Ach dürfft' ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn
So wie ich wollt',
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt'!

Gretchen at the spinning wheel

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,
life's like the grave;
the whole world
is turned to gall.

My poor head
is crazed,
my poor mind
shattered.

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

It's only for him
I gaze from the window,
it's only for him
I leave the house.

His proud bearing,
his noble form,
the smile on his lips,
the power of his eyes,

And the magic flow
of his words,
the touch of his hand,
and ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone,
my heart is heavy;
I shall never
ever find peace again.

My bosom
yearns for him.
Ah! if I could clasp
and hold him,

and kiss him
to my heart's content,
and in his kisses
perish!

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Green from *Ariettes oubliées* (1885-7, rev. 1903)

Paul Verlaine

Voici des fruits, des fleurs,
des feuilles et des
branches

Et puis voici mon cœur qui
ne bat que pour vous.

Ne le déchirez pas avec vos
deux mains blanches

Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux
l'humble présent soit
doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore
de rosée

Que le vent du matin vient
glacer à mon front.

Souffrez que ma fatigue à
vos pieds reposée

Rêve des chers instants qui
la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez
rouler ma tête

Toute sonore encore de vos
derniers baisers;

Laissez-la s'apaiser de la
bonne tempête,

Et que je dorme un peu
puisque vous reposez.

Green

Here are flowers,
branches, fruit, and
fronds,

and here too is my heart
that beats just for you.

Do not tear it with your
two white hands

and may the humble gift
please your lovely
eyes.

I come all covered still
with the dew

frozen to my brow by the
morning breeze.

Let my fatigue, finding
rest at your feet,

dream of dear moments
that will soothe it.

On your young breast let
me cradle my head

still ringing with your
recent kisses;

after love's sweet tumult
grant it peace,

and let me sleep a while,
since you rest.

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

As I lay in the early sun from *Oh fair to see*

Op. 13b (1921-56)

Edward Shanks

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text of this song

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

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Frühlingstraum from Dream of Spring

Winterreise D911 (1827)

Wilhelm Müller

Ich träumte von bunten
Blumen,
So wie sie wohl blühen im
Mai,
Ich träumte von grünen
Wiesen,
Von lustigem
Vogelgeschrei.

I dreamt of colourful
flowers,
such as might bloom in
May,
I dreamt of green
meadows
and happy singing of
birds.

Und als die Hähne
krächten,
Da ward mein Auge wach;
Da war es kalt und finster,
Es schrieen die Raben vom
Dach.

And when the cocks
crowed,
my eyes awoke;
it was dark and cold,
the ravens screamed
from the roof.

Doch an den
Fensterscheiben
Wer malte die Blätter da?
Ihr lacht wohl über den
Träumer,
Der Blumen im Winter
sah?

But who painted those
leaves
on the window-panes?
Are you mocking the
dreamer
who saw flowers in
winter?

Ich träumte von Lieb' um
Liebe,
Von einer schönen Maid,
Von Herzen und von
Küssen,
Von Wonne und Seligkeit.

I dreamt of love
requited,
dreamt of a beautiful girl,
of caressing and of
kissing,
of rapture and of joy.

Und als die Hähne
krächten,
Da ward mein Herze wach;
Nun sitz' ich hier alleine
Und denke dem Traume
nach.

And when the cocks
crowed,
my heart awoke;
now I sit here alone,
and think about the
dream.

Die Augen schliess' ich
wieder,
Noch schlägt das Herz so
warm.
Wann grünt ihr
Blätter am
Fenster?
Wann halt' ich mein
Liebchen im Arm?

I close my eyes
again,
my heart still beats so
warm.
Leaves on my window,
when will you turn
green?
When shall I hold my love
in my arms?

Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

Mattinata Morning

Enrico Panzacchi

Mary, tremando l'ultima
stella
Nel vasto azzurro tra poco
vanirà;
È presso a sorgere
l'alba novella
Con un susurro l'aura
l'annunzia
già.

Mary, the last star
trembling above thee
Shortly will vanish from
yonder azure-sky;
Dawn will soon waken in
bright rosy splendour,
For the sweet breezes
whisper that dawn is
nigh.

Io non ti dico, vieni al
verone;
Mary, in quest'ore più dolce è
riposar;
Mormoro basso la
mia canzone,
Che il tuo sopore non giunga
ad abbreviar...

I do not tell thee: Come,
wake from dreamland;
Mary, 'tis the hour still for
thy blissful sleep;
Softly I murmur my gentle
love song,
So that thy slumber may
yet be sweet and deep.

Solo domando, solo
desio
Che il canto
mio lambendo il tuo
guancial,
Versi, o fanciulla, nella
tuo mente,
L'onda lucent d'un sogno
celestial!

Only I ask, dear, only
desire,
That o'er thy heart, love,
my fervent song may
gleam;
And steep thy spirit, O
fairest maiden,
With all the wonder of
some celestial dream.

Mary, tremando l'ultima
stella
Nel vasto azzurro tra poco
vanirà...

Mary, the last star
trembling
Shortly will vanish from
yonder azure-sky;

Richard Hageman (1881-1966)

Do not go, my love

Rabindranath Tagore

Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I have watched all night,
and now my eyes are heavy with sleep;
I fear lest I lose you when I am sleeping.
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.
I start up and stretch my hands to touch you.
I ask myself, "Is it a dream?"
Could I but entangle your feet with my heart,
And hold them fast to my breast!
Do not go, my love, without asking my leave.

Gareth Glyn (b.1951)

Llanrwst

T. Glynne Davies

Ni threiglodd un nos dros y cwmwd hwn	No twilight did over this commote flow
Nad oeddwn yn ddefnyn o wlith mi wn ...	Without my enacting the dew, I know...

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Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Elégie

Ellie Mac Swiney

Oh ! ne murmurez pas son nom ! Qu'il dorme dans l'ombre,	Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade,
Où froide et sans honneur repose sa dépouille.	Where cold and unhonour'd his relics are laid:
Muettes, tristes, glacées, tombent nos larmes,	Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we shed,
Comme la rosée de la nuit, qui sur sa tête humecte la gazon;	As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er his head.

Mais la rosée de la nuit, bien qu'elle pleure en silence,	But the night-dew that falls, though in silence it weeps,
Fera briller la verdure sur sa couche	Shall brighten with verdure the grave where he sleeps;
Et nos larmes, en secret répandues,	And the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls,
Conserveront sa mémoire fraîche et verte dans nos cœurs.	Shall long keep his memory green in our souls.

Fanny Mendelssohn (1805-1847)

Auf dem see

Goethe

Und frische Nahrung,
neues Blut
Saug' ich aus freier
Welt;
Wie ist Natur so hold und
gut,
Die mich am Busen
hält!
Die Welle wieget unsern
Kahn
Im Rudertakt hinauf,

On the lake

And fresh sustenance,
new blood
I soak up from the wide
world ...

Und Berge, wolkig himmeln,
Begegnen unserm Lauf.
Aug', mein Aug', was sinkst
du nieder?
Goldne Träume, [kommt] ihr
wieder?
Weg, du Traum! so Gold du
bist;
Hier auch Lieb' und Leben
ist.

Auf der Welle blinken
Tausend schwebende
Sterne,
Weiche Nebel trinken
Rings die thürmende
Ferne;
Morgenwind
umflügelt
Die beschattete Bucht,
Und im See bespiegelt
Sich die reifende Frucht.

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Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Die Bekehrte from

Goethe Lieder (1888-90)

*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Bei dem Glanz der
Abendröthe
Ging ich still den Wald
entlang,
Damon saß und blies die
Flöte,
Daß es von den Felsen klang,
So la la!...

Converted

In the red glow of
sunset
I wandered quietly
through the wood...

Und er zog mich zu sich
nieder,
Küßte mich so hold,
so süß.
Und ich sagte: blase wieder!
Und der gute Junge blies,
So la la!...

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Meine Ruh ist nun verloren,
Meine Freude floh davon,
Und ich hör' vor meinen
Ohren
Immer nur den
alten Ton,
So la la, le ralla!...

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Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

Séguidille from *Trois Mélo-*

Théophile Gautier

Un jupon serré sur les
hanches,
Un peigne énorme à son
chignon,
Jambe nerveuse et pied
mignon,
Œil de feu, teint
pâle et dents
blanches;
Alza! olà!
Voilà
La véritable
Manola.

Seguidilla

Her skirt clinging to her
hips,
in her chignon a huge
comb,
rippling legs and dainty
feet,
eyes ablaze, pale
complexion, white
teeth;
Alza! Olà!
Behold
a true street-girl of
Madrid.

Gestes hardis, libre
parole,
Sel et piment à pleine main,
Oubli parfait du
lendemain,
Amour fantasque et grâce
folle;
Alza! olà!
Voilà
La véritable Manola.

Bold of gesture, free of
speech,
almost too hot to handle,
utterly oblivious of the
morrow,
explosive love and wild
grace;
Alza! Olà!
Behold
a true street-girl of
Madrid.

Chanter, danser aux
castagnettes,
Et, dans les courses de
taureaux,
Juger les coups des toreros,
Tout en fumant des
cigarettes;
Alza! olà!
Voilà
La véritable
Manola.

She sings and dances to
castanets
and, in the bull-ring,
judges the bullfighters'
blows,
while smoking her
cigarettes;
Alza! Olà!
Behold
a true street-girl of
Madrid.

Cheryl Frances-Hoad (b.1980)

They Bore him Barefaced on the Bier from *Two Shakespeare Songs* (2014)

William Shakespeare

They bore him barefaced on the bier,
Hey, non nonny nonny, hey nonny,
And in his grave rained many a tear.
Fare you well my love.
And will 'a not come again?
And will 'a not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death bed.
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as snow,
All flaxen was his poll,
He is gone, he is gone,
And we cast away moan, moan.
God a' mercy on his soul.

Translations by Richard Stokes of 'Gretchen am Spinnrade', 'Frühlingstraum' and 'Die Bekehrte' from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. Translations by Richard Stokes of 'Green' and 'Séguidille' from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Other translations are by Mowbray Marras for 'Mattinata', John Stoddart for 'Llanrwst', Thomas Moore for 'Elégie', and Lawrence Snyder and Rebecca Plack for 'Auf dem see'.