

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)
Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)	As I lay in the early sun from <i>Oh fair to see</i> Op. 13b (1921-56)
Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)	Mattinata
Richard Hageman (1881-1966)	Do not go, my love
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 dürft' 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!

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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Paolo Tosti (1846-1916)

Mattinata

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.

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...

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!

Mary, tremando l'ultima
stella

Nel vasto azzurro tra poco
vanirà...

Morning

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.

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.

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, the last star
trembling

Shortly will vanish from
yonder azure-sky;

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

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.

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Elégie

Ellie Mac Swiney

Oh ! ne murmurez pas son
nom ! Qu'il dorme dans
l'ombre,
Où froide et sans
honneur repose sa
dépouille.
Muettes, tristes, glacées,
tombent nos larmes,
Comme la rosée de la nuit,
qui sur sa tête humecte la
gazon;

Mais la rosée de la nuit,
bien qu'elle pleure en
silence,
Fera briller la
verdure
sur sa couche
Et nos larmes, en
secret
répandues,
Conserveront sa mémoire
fraîche et verte dans nos
cœurs.

Elegy

Oh! breathe not his
name, let it sleep in the
shade,
Where cold and
unhonour'd his relics
are laid:
Sad, silent, and dark, be
the tears that we shed,
As the night-dew that
falls on the grass o'er
his head.

But the night-dew that
falls, though in silence it
weeps,
Shall brighten with
verdure the grave
where he sleeps;
And the tear that we
shed, though in secret
it rolls,
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!

On the lake

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

Die Welle wieget unsern
Kahn
Im Rudertakt hinauf,
Und Berge, wolkig himmelan,
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!...

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!...

Meine Ruh ist nun verloren,
Meine Freude floh davon,
Und ich hör' vor meinen
Ohren
Immer nur den
alten Ton,

Converted

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

So la la, le ralla!...

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Manuel de Falla (1876-1946)

Séguidille from *Trois Mélodies*

Théophile Gautier

Un jupon serré sur les hanches,	Her skirt clinging to her hips,
Un peigne énorme à son chignon,	in her chignon a huge comb,
Jambe nerveuse et pied mignon,	rippling legs and dainty feet,
Œil de feu, teint pâle et dents blanches;	eyes ablaze, pale complexion, white teeth;
Alza! olà!	Alza! Olà!
Voilà	Behold
La véritable Manola.	a true street-girl of Madrid.

Gestes hardis, libre parole,	Bold of gesture, free of speech,
Sel et piment à pleine main,	almost too hot to handle,
Oubli parfait du lendemain,	utterly oblivious of the morrow,
Amour fantasque et grâce folle;	explosive love and wild grace;
Alza! olà!	Alza! Olà!
Voilà	Behold
La véritable Manola.	a true street-girl of Madrid.

Chanter, danser aux castagnettes,	She sings and dances to castanets
Et, dans les courses de taureaux,	and, in the bull-ring,
Juger les coups des toreros,	judges the bullfighters' blows,
Tout en fumant des cigarettes;	while smoking her cigarettes;
Alza! olà!	Alza! Olà!
Voilà	Behold
La véritable Manola.	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 'Élégie', and Lawrence Snyder and Rebecca Plack for 'Auf dem see'.