

Nicky Spence Masterclass

Nicky Spence tenor
Eamonn Walsh tenor
Roxanna Shini Mehrabzadeh piano
Owen Lucas tenor
Daniel Peter Silcock piano
Sonny Fielding baritone
Luke Lally-Maguire piano
Francis Melville tenor
Ella O'Neill piano

Clara Schumann (1819-1896)	From 3 Songs Op. 12 (1841) <i>Er ist gekommen No. 1 • Warum willst du and're fragen No. 3</i>
Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)	Morire? (c.1917-8)
Richard Strauss (1864-1949)	Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)
Robert Schumann (1810-1856)	From <i>Dichterliebe</i> Op. 48 (1840) <i>Im wunderschönen Monat Mai • Aus meinen Tränen sprissen • Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne • Wenn ich in deine Augen seh</i>
Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)	Little Sir William from <i>Vol. 1 British Isles</i> (1941-2)
Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)	Ständchen Op. 9 No. 3 (1911-3)
Frank Bridge (1879-1941)	Come to me in my dreams
Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)	La grenouillère
Richard Strauss	Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)
Francis Poulenc	Bleuet (1939)
Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)	The dance continued from <i>A Young Man's Exhortation</i> Op. 14 (1926-9)

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ENGLAND**



Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

From 3 Songs Op. 12 (1841)

Er ist gekommen Op. 12 No. 1 (1841)

Friedrich Rückert

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Ihm schlug beklommen
Mein Herz entgegen.
Wie konnt ich ahnen,
Dass seine Bahnen
Sich einen sollten meinen
Wegen?

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen,
Er hat genommen
Mein Herz verwegen.
Nahm er das meine?
Nahm ich das seine?
Die beiden kamen sich
entgegen.

Er ist gekommen
In Sturm und Regen.
Nun ist gekommen
Des Frühlings Segen.
Der Freund zieht weiter,
Ich seh es heiter,
Denn er bleibt mein auf allen
Wegen.

Warum willst du and're fragen Op. 12 No. 3

(1841)

Friedrich Rückert

Warum willst du and're
fragen,
Die's nicht meinen treu mit
dir?
Glaube nichts, als was dir
sagen
Diese beiden Augen hier.

Glaube nicht den fremden
Leuten,
Glaube nicht dem eignen
Wahn;
Nicht mein Tun auch sollst
du deuten,
Sondern sieh die
Augen an!

He came in storm and rain

He came
in storm and rain,
my anxious heart
beat against his.
How could I have known
that his path
should unite itself with
mine?

He came
in storm and rain,
audaciously
he took my heart.
Did he take mine?
Did I take his?
Both drew near to each
other.

He came
in storm and rain.
Now spring's blessing
has come.
My friend journeys on,
I watch with good cheer,
for he shall be mine
wherever he goes.

Why enquire of others

Why enquire of
others,
who are not loyal to
you?
Only believe what
these
two eyes here tell you.

Do not believe what
strangers say,
do not believe your own
delusions;
nor should you interpret
my deeds,
but instead look at these
eyes!

Schweigt die Lippe deinen
Fragen,
Oder zeugt sie gegen
mich?
Was auch meine Lippen
sagen,
Sieh mein Aug' – ich liebe
dich.

Are my lips silent to your
questions
or do they testify against
me?
Whatever my lips might
say;
look at my eyes – I love
you.

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Morire? (c.1917-8)

Giuseppe Adami

Morire? E chi lo sa qual'è
la vita?
Questa che s'apre luminosa e
schietta
Ai fascini, agli amori, alle
speranze,
O quella che in rinuncie s'è
assopita?

È la semplicità timida e queta
Che si tramanda come
ammonimento,
Come un segreto di virtù
segreta
Perchè ognuno raggiunga la
sua mèta,

O non piuttosto il vivo
balenare
Di sogni nuovi
sovra
sogni stanchi,
E la pace travolta e
l'inesausta
Fede d'avere per desiderare?

Ecco io non lo so. Ma
voi che siete
All'altra sponda sulla riva
immensa
Ove fiorisce il fiore della
vita,
Son certo lo
saprete.

To die?

To die? But who knows
what life really is?
Does it with radiant
sincerity
welcome enthusiasms,
loves and hopes,
or sleepily succumb to
resignation?

Is it simplicity, timid and
retiring,
handed down as if an
admonition,
as if it were a secret of
secret strength
by means of which all
goals can be achieved,

Or rather is it not the
incandescence
of new dreams that
replace the worn-out
ones,
and peace overwhelmed
and infinite
confidence that one can
have what one desires?

As you see, I do not know.
But you who stand
on the farther side upon
the boundless shore
where blooms the flower
of life,
you, I am certain, will
know.

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

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Heimliche

Aufforderung Op. 27

No. 3 (1894)

John Henry Mackay

Auf, hebe die funkelnde
Schale empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim
Freudenmahle dein Herz
gesund.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so
winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich, und dann
trinke ich still wie du...

Und still gleich mir betrachte
um uns das Heer
Der trunknen Schwätzer –
verachte sie nicht
zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende
Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden
Mahle sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das
Mahl genossen, den
Durst
gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten
Genossen festfreudiges
Bild,

Und wandle hinaus in den
Garten zum
Rosenstrauch, -
Dort will ich dich dann
erwarten nach altem
Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir
sinken, eh du's
gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie
ehmals oft,

Und flechten in deine Haare
der Rose Pracht –
O komm, du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!

Auf, hebe die funkelnde
Schale empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim
Freudenmahle dein Herz
gesund.

Secret invitation

Come, raise to your lips
the sparkling goblet,
and drink at this joyful
feast your heart to
health.

And when you raise it,
give me a secret sign,
then I shall smile and
drink as quietly as you...

And quietly like me, look
around at the hordes
of drunken gossips – do
not despise them too
much.

No, raise the glittering
goblet, filled with wine,
and let them be happy at
the noisy feast.

But once you have
savoured the meal,
quenched your
thirst,
leave the loud
company of happy
revellers,

And come out into the
garden to the rose-
bush, -
there I shall wait for you
as I've always
done,

And I shall sink on your
breast, before you
could hope,
and drink your kisses, as
often before,

And twine in your hair the
glorious rose –
Ah! come, o wondrous,
longed-for night

Come, raise to your lips
the sparkling goblet,
and drink at this joyful
feast your heart to
health.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so
winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich, und dann
trinke ich still wie du...

Und still gleich mir betrachte
um uns das Heer
Der trunknen Schwätzer –
verachte sie nicht
zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende
Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden
Mahle sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du
das Mahl genossen,
den Durst
gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten
Genossen
festfreudiges Bild,

Und wandle hinaus in den
Garten zum
Rosenstrauch, -
Dort will ich dich dann
erwarten nach altem
Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir
sinken, eh du's
gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie
ehmals oft,

Und flechten in deine Haare
der Rose Pracht –
O komm, du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!

And when you raise it,
give me a secret sign,
then I shall smile and
drink as quietly as you...

And quietly like me, look
around at the hordes
of drunken gossips – do
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No, raise the glittering
goblet, filled with wine,
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the noisy feast.

But once you have
savoured the meal,
quenched your
thirst,
leave the loud
company of happy
revellers,

And come out into the
garden to the rose-
bush, -
there I shall wait for you
as I've always
done,

And I shall sink on your
breast, before you
could hope,
and drink your kisses, as
often before,

And twine in your hair the
glorious rose –
Ah! come, o wondrous,
longed-for night

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Dichterliebe Op. 48 (1840)

Heinrich Heine

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai (1840)

Im wunderschönen Monat
Mai,
Als alle Knospen
sprangen,
Da ist in meinem
Herzen
Die Liebe
aufgegangen.

In the wondrous month of May

In the wondrous month of
May,
when all buds were
bursting into bloom,
then it was that in my
heart
love began to
blossom.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai, Als alle Vögel sangen, Da hab' ich ihr gestanden Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.	In the wondrous month of May, when all the birds were singing, then it was I confessed to her my longing and desire.
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**Aus meinen Tränen
spriessen (1840)**

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen Viel blühende Blumen hervor, Und meine Seufzer werden Ein Nachtigallenchor.	From my tears will spring many blossoming flowers, and my sighs will become a choir of nightingales.
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Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen, Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all', Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen Das Lied der Nachtigall.	And if you love me, child, I'll give you all the flowers, and at your window shall sound the nightingale's song.
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**Die Rose, die Lilie, die
Taube, die Sonne (1840)**

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne, Die liebt' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne. Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine; Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne, Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.	Rose, lily, dove, sun, I loved them all once in the bliss of love. I love them no more, I only love she who is small, fine, pure, rare; she, most blissful of all loves, is rose and lily and dove and sun.
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**Wenn ich in deine
Augen seh (1840)**

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh', So schwindet all mein Leid und Weh; Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund, So werd ich ganz und gar gesund.	When I look into your eyes, all my pain and sorrow vanish; but when I kiss your lips, then I am wholly healed.
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Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,	When I lay my head against your breast,
--	--

Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust; Doch wenn du sprichst: Ich liebe dich! So muss ich weinen bitterlich.	heavenly bliss steals over me; but when you say: I love you! I must weep bitter tears.
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Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Little Sir William from Vol. 1 British Isles

(1941-2)

Traditional

Easter day was a holiday
Of all the days in the year,
And all the little schoolfellows
Went out to play
But Sir William was not there.

Mamma went to the School Wife House
And knocked at the ring,
Saying, "Little Sir William
if you are there,
Pray let your mother in."

The School Wife open'd the door
And said "He is not here today.
He is with the little schoolfellows
Out on the green
Playing some pretty play."

Mamma went to the Boyne water
That is so wide and deep, saying,
Little Sir William
if you are there,
Oh pity your mother's weep."

"How can I pity your weep, mother
And I so long in pain?
For the little penknife
Sticks close to my heart
And the School Wife hath me slain.

Go home, go home my mother dear,
And prepare my winding sheet,
For tomorrow morning
before eight o'clock,
You with my body shall meet.

And lay my prayer book at my head,
And my grammar at my feet,
That all the little schoolfellows
as they pass by
May read them for my sake."

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

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

Ständchen Op. 9 No. 3 Serenade

(1911-3)

Joseph, Freiherr von
Eichendorff

Auf die Dächer zwischen blassen	From pallid clouds the moon
Wolken scheint der Mond herfür,	looks out across the roofs,
Ein Student dort auf den Gassen	there in the street a student sings
Singt vor seiner Liebsten Tür.	before his sweetheart's door.

Und die Brunnen rauschen wieder	And again the fountains murmur
Durch die stille Einsamkeit, Und der Wald vom Berge nieder,	in the silent loneliness, and the woods on the mountain
Wie in alter, schöner Zeit.	murmur, as in good old times.

So in meinen jungen Tagen	Likewise in my young days,
Hab ich manche Sommernacht	often on a summer's night
Auch die Laute hier geschlagen	I too plucked my lute here,
Und manch lust'ges Lied erdacht.	and composed some merry songs.

Aber von der stillen Schwelle	But from that silent threshold
Trugen sie mein Lieb zur Ruh,	my love's been taken to rest.
Und du, fröhlicher Geselle, Singe, sing nur immer zu!	And you, my blithe friend, sing on, just sing on!

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

Come to me in my dreams

Matthew Arnold

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to all the rest as me.

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say: My love! why suff'rest thou?

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

La grenouillère

Guillaume Apollinaire

Au bord de l'île
on voit
Les canots
vides qui
s'entre-cognent,
Et maintenant
Ni le dimanche, ni les jours
de la semaine,
Ni les peintres ni
Maupassant ne se
promènent
Bras nus sur leurs canots
avec des femmes à
grosses poitrines
Et bêtes comme chou.
Petits bateaux vous me
faites bien de la peine
Au bord de l'île.

The Froggery

By the shore of the island
one sees
The empty boats which
bump against each
other,
And now
Neither on Sundays, nor
on weekdays,
Neither painters nor
Maupassant
go walking
With bare arms on their
boats with women of
full bosom
And stupid like cabbage.
Little boats, you make me
very sorrowful
By the shore of the island.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Heimliche

Aufforderung Op. 27

No. 3 (1894)

John Henry Mackay

Auf, hebe die funkelnde
Schale empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim
Freudenmahle dein Herz
gesund.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so
winke mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich, und dann
trinke ich still wie du...

Und still gleich mir betrachte
um uns das Heer
Der trunkenen Schwätzer –
verachte sie nicht
zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende
Schale, gefüllt mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden
Mahle sie glücklich sein.

Secret invitation

Come, raise to your lips
the sparkling goblet,
and drink at this joyful
feast your heart to
health.

And when you raise it,
give me a secret sign,
then I shall smile and
drink as quietly as you...

And quietly like me, look
around at the hordes
of drunken gossips – do
not despise them too
much.

No, raise the glittering
goblet, filled with wine,
and let them be happy at
the noisy feast.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den Durst gestillt, Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen festfreudiges Bild,	But once you have savoured the meal, quenched your thirst, leave the loud company of happy revellers,
Und wandle hinaus in den Garten zum Rosenstrauch, - Dort will ich dich dann erwarten nach altem Brauch,	And come out into the garden to the rose- bush, - there I shall wait for you as I've always done,
Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh du's gehofft, Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehmals oft,	And I shall sink on your breast, before you could hope, and drink your kisses, as often before,
Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht – O komm, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!	And twine in your hair the glorious rose – Ah! come, o wondrous, longed-for night
Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale empor zum Mund, Und trinke beim Freudenmahle dein Herz gesund.	Come, raise to your lips the sparkling goblet, and drink at this joyful feast your heart to health.
Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke mir heimlich zu, Dann lächle ich, und dann trinke ich still wie du...	And when you raise it, give me a secret sign, then I shall smile and drink as quietly as you...
Und still gleich mir betrachte um uns das Heer Der trunknen Schwätzer – verachte sie nicht zu sehr.	And quietly like me, look around at the hordes of drunken gossips – do not despise them too much.
Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale, gefüllt mit Wein, Und lass beim lärmenden Mahle sie glücklich sein.	No, raise the glittering goblet, filled with wine, and let them be happy at the noisy feast.
Doch hast du das Mahl genossen, den Durst gestillt, Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen festfreudiges Bild,	But once you have savoured the meal, quenched your thirst, leave the loud company of happy revellers,
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Und will an die Brust dir sinken, eh du's gehofft, Und deine Küsse trinken, wie ehmals oft,	And I shall sink on your breast, before you could hope, and drink your kisses, as often before,
Und flechten in deine Haare der Rose Pracht – O komm, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!	And twine in your hair the glorious rose – Ah! come, o wondrous, longed-for night

Francis Poulenc

Bleuet (1939)
Guillaume Apollinaire

Rookie

Jeune homme De vingt ans Qui as vu des choses si affreuses Que penses-tu des hommes de ton enfance	Young man of twenty you who have seen such terrible things what do you think of the men from your childhood
Tu connais la bravoure et la ruse	You know what bravery is and cunning
Tu as vu la mort en face plus de cent fois Tu ne sais pas ce que c'est que la vie	You have faced death more than a hundred times you do not know what life is
Transmets ton intrépidité A ceux qui viendront Après toi	Hand down your fearlessness to those who shall come after you
Jeune homme Tu es joyeux ta mémoire est ensanglantée Ton âme est rouge aussi De joie Tu as absorbé la vie de ceux qui sont morts près de toi	Young man you are joyous your memory is steeped in blood your soul is red also with joy you have absorbed the life of those who died beside you

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

Tu as de la décision	You are resolute
Il est 17 heures et tu saurais	it is 1700 hrs and you would know
Mourir	how to die
Sinon mieux que tes aînés	if not better than your elders
Du moins plus pieusement	at least with greater piety
Car tu connais mieux la mort que la vie	for you are better acquainted with death than life
O douceur d'autrefois	O sweetness of bygone days
Lenteur immémoriale	slow-moving beyond all memory

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

The dance continued from A Young Man's Exhortation Op. 14 (1926-9)

Thomas Hardy

Regret not me;
Beneath the sunny tree
I lie uncaring, slumbering peacefully.

Swift as the light
I flew my faery flight;
Ecstatically I moved, and feared no night.

Did not know
That heydays fade and go,
But deemed that what was would be always so.

I skipped at morn
Between the yellowing corn,
Thinking it good and glorious to be born.

I ran at eves
Among the piled-up sheaves,
Dreaming, 'I grieve not, therefore nothing grieves'

Now soon will come
The apple, pear, and plum,
And hinds will sing, and autumn insects hum.

Again you will fare
To cider-makings rare,
And junketings; but I shall not be there.

Yet gaily sing
Until the pewter ring
Those songs we sang when we went gipsying.

And lightly dance
Some triple-timed romance
In coupled figures, and forget mischance;

And mourn not me
Beneath the yellowing tree;
For I shall mind not, slumbering peacefully.

Translations by Richard Stokes of 'Ständchen', as well as 'Er ist gekommen', 'Warum willst du and're fragen', 'Heimliche Aufforderung', 'Dichterliebe', 'Heimliche Aufforderung' 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. Translation by Richard Stokes of 'Bleuet' from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Translation by Avril Bardoni of 'Morire?'. Translation by Derek Welton of 'La grenouillère'.