

Nicky Spence Masterclass

Nicky Spence tenor
Eamonn Walsh tenor
Roxanna ShiniMehrabzadeh 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)	<i>Er ist gekommen</i> No. 1 from 3 Songs Op. 12 (1841)
Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)	Morire? (c.1917-8)
Richard Strauss (1864-1949)	Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)
Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)	Little Sir William from <i>Vol. 1 British Isles</i> (1941-2)
Frank Bridge (1879-1941)	Come to me in my dreams
Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)	La grenouillère 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)

Er ist gekommen Op. 12 He came in storm No. 1 from 3 Songs Op. and rain

12 (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?	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?
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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.	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.
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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.	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.
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Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Morire? (c.1917-8) To die?

Giuseppe Adami

Morire? E chi lo sa qual'è la vita? Questa che s'apre luminosa e schiatta Ai fascini, agli amori, alle speranze, O quella che in rinuncie s'è assopita?	To die? But who knows what life really is? Does it with radiant sincerity welcome enthusiasms, loves and hopes, or sleepily succumb to resignation?
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	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

Di sogni nuovi sopra sogni stanchi, E la pace travolta e l'inesausta Fede d'avere per desiderare?	of new dreams that replace the worn-out ones, and peace overwhelmed and infinite confidence that one can have what one desires?
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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.	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.
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Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Heimliche Secret invitation Aufforderung Op. 27

No. 3 (1894)

John Henry Mackay

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 trunkenen Schwätzer – verachte sie nicht zu sehr.	And quietly like me, look around at the hordes of drunken gossips – do not despise them too much.
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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.
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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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Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

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,
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 –	And twine in your hair the glorious rose –

O komm, du wunderbare, ersehnte Nacht!	Ah! come, o wondrous, longed-for night
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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."

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.

Francis Poulenc

Bleuet (1939)

Guillaume Apollinaire

Jeune homme
De vingt ans
Qui as vu des choses
si affreuses
Que penses-tu des
hommes de ton
enfance

Rookie

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

Transmets ton
intrépidité
A ceux qui viendront
Après toi

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

You have faced death
more than a hundred
times
you do not know what life
is

Hand down your
fearlessness
to those who shall come
after you

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

Tu as de la décision
Il est 17 heures et tu
saurais

Mourir
Sinon mieux que tes
aînés

Du moins plus pieusement
Car tu connais mieux
la mort que
la vie

O douceur
d'autrefois

Lenteur
immémoriale

You are resolute
it is 1700 hrs and you
would know

how to die
if not better than your
elders

at least with greater piety
for you are better
acquainted with death
than life

O sweetness of bygone
days

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.

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

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 greave 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 "Er ist gekommen", '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'.