

## Hearing Pictures

Roderick Williams baritone  
Roger Vignoles piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Figures in a landscape  
Der Wanderer D489 (1816)  
Ganymed D544 (1817)  
Im Frühling D882 (1826)  
Rastlose Liebe D138 (1815)  
Auf der Riesenkoppe D611 (1818)

To be sung on the water  
Meeres Stille D216 (1815)  
Auf der Donau D553 (1817)  
Auf dem See D543 (1817)  
Erlafsee D586 (1817)  
Der Schiffer D536 (1817)

Songs of night and Nature  
Im Freien D880 (1826)  
Nachtstück D672 (1819)  
Waldesnacht D708 (1820)

### Interval

### Seascapes

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)  
Michael Head (1900-1976)  
Frederick Keel 1871-1954)  
Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)  
Charles Edward Ives (1874-1954)

De grève from *Proses Lyriques* (1892-3)  
The Estuary from *6 Poems of Ruth Pitter* (1944-5)  
Trade winds from *3 Salt-Water Ballads* (pub. 1919)  
Seascape from *On This Island* Op. 11 (1937)  
From 'The Swimmers' (1921)

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Le travail du peintre (1956)  
*Pablo Picasso • Marc Chagall • Georges Braque •  
Juan Gris • Paul Klee • Joan Miró • Jacques Villon*

Franz Schubert

Wandrer's Nachtlied II D768 (1824)  
Auf dem Wasser zu singen D774 (1823)

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This recital concerns landscapes, seascapes, and those who inhabit them, beginning with a group of **Schubert** songs subtitled 'figures in a landscape'. Listening with visual art in mind, many of these songs' protagonists could be plucked from the Caspar David Friedrich paintings so emblematic of German Romanticism's meditations upon nature and subjectivity.

The figure of 'Der Wanderer' haunts Schubert's music. In this setting of Lübeck's poem, the singer's searching lines ask the landscape for answers, while the dactylic rhythmic impulse in the piano (long-short-short, often associated with death and despair in Schubert) foreshadows the unhappy response. The mythical Ganymed is quite a different protagonist, and we hear Schubert taking inspiration from individual words in Goethe's poem that spark imaginative motivic moves, harmonic departures and a fast-evolving structure. The variation form of 'Im Frühling' presents a hillside meditation on love, with a classic Schubertian shift into the minor illuminating the slippery thresholds between joy and sorrow. The stormy 'Rastlose Liebe' maps the capriciousness of nature onto the desires of the heart, while 'Auf der Riesenkoppe' shifts the subject position again: from a mountain summit the protagonist experiences the sense of awe and wonder central to the Romantic conception of the sublime.

Within and beyond the next group of songs 'to be sung on the water', one could imagine a compendium of Schubert's wave patterns to help us navigate his considerable body of water music. Schubert never visited the sea himself, but his vicarious experiences of it through literature, art and music gave rise to gripping songs – as in the still, disquietingly calm waters of Goethe's 'Meeres Stille'. Even the sparsely-populated staves of Schubert's score prompt a double-take: the piano part is an expanse of semibreves, devoid of motion but for the rippling lines that ask the pianist to spread the chords. Foreboding animates the waves of 'Auf der Donau', as the Danube boater sees castles and forests rise above him – characteristic emblems of German Romanticism, for sure, but also local landmarks of the river that runs through Schubert and Mayrhofer's Vienna. Now a lake poem each from Goethe and Mayrhofer: first, energetic rowing motion for the love song 'Auf dem See', then still, deep waters for the experience of life by Lake Erlaf – 'so happy, so sad'. 'Der Schiffer' plunges us once more into an awe- or terror-inspiring landscape, with a relentless piano part underlying the protagonist's resolve to submit himself to the elements.

The three 'songs of night and nature' are spacious and meaty interrogations of their subjects. Amid the vastness of night, the moon's beam and an intrepid piano part guide the protagonist of 'Im Freien' through a journey of memory and nostalgia. 'Nachtstück' tells the story of an old man turning to the forest with his harp, greeting death with a lullaby. When he begins to play and sing, we sink into one of Schubert's most magnificent nocturnes, with gentle arpeggiated 'harp' accompaniment and comforting plagal harmonic motion. After this, daybreak in the forest comes

with the thrilling momentum of 'Waldesnacht', a dramatic scene bringing quite a different experience of the sublime. Next, a sequence of French, British and American 'seascapes' from the 1890s to the 1940s. 'De grève' is a setting of **Debussy's** own free verse that plays with symbolism familiar from his favourite poets. What begins as a light-hearted seascape is darkened by a gathering storm – too grave, it suggests, for an English watercolour – but eventually calmed by the moon. In 'The Estuary', **Michael Head's** music gains momentum gradually to match Ruth Pitter's slowly-unfolding vision of a ship returning to shore; awe, gratitude and comfort exude from words and music rich in detailed evocations of sensory experience. We move to a sailor's perspective in 'Trade winds', a setting by **Frederick Keel** from John Masefield's famous *Salt-Water Poems and Ballads*. The song's title references the east-west winds that enabled empire-building European fleets to navigate to the Americas; Masefield conjures a distant island in the 'Spanish Seas', and Keel's lilting music heightens the sailor's vivid impressions. **Britten's** 'Seascape' is a product of his collaborations with WH Auden in the mid 1930s. Auden would go on to publish lectures on 'the Romantic iconography of the sea', while many of Britten's famous compositional treatments of the sea and its communities concern matters of selfhood and identity; this short song is full of such interpretative potential. The poet Louis Untermeyer praised **Charles Ives's** partial setting 'From "The Swimmers"', writing that 'all that I tried to do in words he was doing in sound'. It's a short, vigorous song – and one might imagine the singer furiously treading water to overcome the piano's unrelenting, crashing waves.

Painting – and painters – are thematised more directly in *Le travail du peintre*. Each of **Poulenc's** songs sets a poem by Paul Éluard inspired in turn by a major artist of the early 20th Century: Picasso, Chagall, Braque, Gris, Klee, Miró, Villon. Between them they cover many movements and styles, prominently cubism, surrealism and Fauvism; both the poetry and the music take on aspects of these styles as well as evoking particular thematic and formal – and perhaps personality – traits of the various artists. For instance, Poulenc plays with perspective: musical motifs often appear in slightly different guises, as if the composer is working with multiple simultaneous views of an object or a subject. Between art, poetry and music, the cycle presents an unusually multi-modal character portrait of a vibrant era of French modernism.

The recital concludes with two of Schubert's most beloved landscape scenes: the mountain treetops of 'Wandrer's Nachtlied II', and the sunset-shimmering waves of 'Auf dem Wasser zu singen'. Returning to Schubert after our voyage through time and international waters may entice us beyond German Romanticism as we conjure mental pictures to accompany these famous songs.

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## Figures in a landscape

### Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

#### Der Wanderer D489

(1816)

*Georg Philipp Schmidt von Lübeck*

#### The wanderer

Ich komme vom Gebirge her;  
Es dampft das Tal, es braust das Meer,  
Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,  
Und immer fragt der Seufzer – wo?

From the mountains I have come,  
the valley steams, the ocean roars,  
I walk in silence, with little joy,  
and my sighs keep asking – Where?

Die Sonne dünkt mich hier so kalt,  
Die Blüte welk, das Leben alt;  
Und, was sie reden, leerer Schall –  
Ich bin ein Fremdling überall.

Here the sun seems so cold,  
blossom faded, life old;  
what men say – just empty sound:  
I am a stranger everywhere.

Wo bist du, mein geliebtes Land!  
Gesucht, geahnt, und nie gekannt,  
Das Land, das Land, so hoffnungsgrün,  
Das Land, wo meine Rosen blüh'n;

Where are you, my beloved land?  
Sought for, sensed, and never known,  
the land, the land, so green with hope,  
the land where my roses bloom;

Wo meine Freunde wandelnd geh'n,  
Wo meine Toten aufersteh'n,  
Das Land, das meine Sprache spricht,  
O Land, wo bist du?

Where my friends roam,  
where my dead friends rise again,  
the land that speaks my tongue,  
O land, where are you?

Ich wandle still, bin wenig froh,  
Und immer fragt der Seufzer – wo? –  
Im Geisterhauch tönt's mir zurück,  
„Dort, wo du nicht bist, dort ist das Glück!“

I walk in silence, with little joy,  
and my sighs keep asking – Where? –  
A ghostly whisper makes reply,  
‘There, where you are not, there fortune lies!’

### Ganymed D544 (1817)

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

### Ganymede

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herze drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme  
Heilig Gefühl,  
Unendliche Schöne!

How in the morning radiance  
you glow at me from all sides,  
spring, beloved!  
With thousandfold delights of love,  
the sacred feeling of your eternal warmth  
presses against my heart,  
beauty without end!

Dass ich dich fassen möcht'  
In diesen Arm!

To clasp you in these arms!

Ach an deinem Busen  
Lieg' ich und schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras

Ah, on your breast I lie and languish,  
and your flowers, your grass

Drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden Durst  
meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend nach mir aus dem Nebeltal.

press against my heart.  
You cool the burning thirst of my breast,  
sweet morning breeze!  
The nightingale calls out to me  
longingly from the misty valley.

Ich komm', ich komme!  
Ach wohin, wohin?

I come, I come!  
Where? Ah, where?

Hinauf strebt's, hinauf!  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.  
Mir! Mir!  
In eurem Schosse  
Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfängen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Alliebender Vater!

Upwards! Upwards I'm driven!  
The clouds float down, the clouds bow to yearning love.  
To me! To me!  
Enveloped by you upwards!  
Embraced and embracing!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
all-loving Father!

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

**Im Frühling D882 (1826)***Ernst Schulze*

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels  
Hang,  
Der Himmel ist so klar,  
Das Lüftchen spielt im  
grünen Tal,  
Wo ich bei'm ersten  
Frühlingsstrahl  
Einst, ach, so glücklich war;

Wo ich an ihrer Seite  
ging  
So traulich und so nah,  
Und tief im dunkeln  
Felsenquell  
Den schönen Himmel blau  
und hell,  
Und sie im Himmel  
sah.

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling  
schon  
Aus Knosp' und Blüte  
blickt!  
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir  
gleich,  
Am liebsten pflückt' ich von  
dem Zweig,  
Von welchem  
sie  
gepflückt.

Denn Alles ist wie damals  
noch,  
Die Blumen, das Gefild,  
Die Sonne scheint nicht  
minder hell,  
Nicht minder freundlich  
schwimmt im Quell  
Das blaue  
Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will' und  
Wahn,  
Es wechseln Lust und Streit,  
Vorüber flieht der Liebe  
Glück,  
Und nur die Liebe bleibt  
zurück,  
Die Lieb' und ach, das Lied!

O wär' ich doch ein Vöglein  
nur  
Dort an dem  
Wiesenhang!  
Dann blieb' ich auf den  
Zweigen hier  
Und säng' ein süßes Lied  
von ihr

**In Spring**

I sit silently on the hillside,  
the sky is so clear,  
the breeze plays in the  
green valley  
where once, at the first  
gleam of spring,  
I was, ah, so happy;

Where I walked by her  
side  
so fondly and so close,  
and saw deep in the dark  
rocky stream  
the lovely sky blue and  
bright,  
and her reflected in the  
sky.

See how colourful  
spring  
already peers from bud  
and flower!  
Not all flowers are the  
same to me,  
I'd like best to  
pluck them  
from the branch  
from which she has  
plucked.

For all is as it used  
to be,  
the flowers and the fields,  
the sun shines no less  
brightly,  
and the blue sky  
ripples  
no less cheerfully in the  
stream.

It's only will and whim  
that change,  
joy alternates with strife,  
the happiness of love  
slips by,  
and love alone remains,  
love and, alas, sorrow!

Ah, if only I were a little  
bird  
there on the hillside  
meadow!  
Then I'd stay on these  
branches here  
and sing a sweet song  
about her

Den ganzen Sommer lang.

all summer long.

**Rastlose Liebe D138**

(1815)

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,  
Dem Wind entgegen,  
Im Dampf der Klüfte,

Durch Nebeldüfte,  
Immer zu! Immer zu!  
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden  
Wollt'ich mich schlagen,  
Als so viel Freuden  
Des Lebens ertragen.  
Alle das Neigen  
Von Herzen zu Herzen,  
Ach wie so eigen  
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich flieh'n?  
Wälderwärts zieh'n?  
Alles vergebens!  
Krone des Lebens,  
Glück ohne Ruh,  
Liebe, bist du.

**Restless love**

Into snow, into rain,  
into wind,  
through steaming  
ravines,  
through mist and haze,  
on and on!  
Without respite!

I'd rather fight  
my way through affliction  
than endure so many  
of life's joys.  
All this attraction  
of heart to heart,  
ah, what special  
anguish it brings!

How shall I flee?  
Fly to the forest?  
All in vain!  
Crown of life,  
joy without rest –  
this, Love, is you.

**Auf der Riesenkoppe  
D611 (1818)***Theodor Körner*

Hoch auf dem Gipfel  
Deiner Gebirge  
Steh' ich und staun' ich,  
Glühend begeistert,  
Heilige Koppe,  
Himmelsanstürmerin!

Weit in die Ferne  
Schweifen die trunknen  
Freudigen  
Blicke,  
Überall Leben,  
Üppiges Streben,  
Überall Sonnenschein.

Blühende Fluren,  
Schimmernde Städte,  
Dreier Könige  
Glückliche Länder  
Schau' ich begeistert,  
Schau' ich mit hoher,  
Mit inniger Lust.

**On the Riesenkoppe**

High on the summit  
of your mountains  
I stand and marvel,  
glowing with rapture,  
sacred,  
heaven-storming peak!

My joyful,  
intoxicated gaze  
ranges far into the  
distance,  
everywhere is life,  
luxuriant growth,  
everywhere sunshine.

Blossoming fields,  
shimmering towns,  
the happy kingdoms  
of three monarchs  
I behold with ardour,  
with sublime,  
heartfelt delight.

<p>Auch meines Vaterlands Grenze erblick' ich, Wo mich das Leben Freundlich begrüßte, Wo mich der Liebe Heilige Sehnsucht Glühend ergriff.</p>	<p>I see the frontiers of my homeland too, where life bade me a friendly welcome, where love's sacred longing seized me with its fire.</p>
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<p>Sei mir gesegnet Hier in der Ferne, Liebliche Heimat! Sei mir gesegnet Land meiner Träume! Kreis meiner Lieben, Sei mir gegrüßt!</p>	<p>Accept my blessing from afar, lovely homeland! Accept my blessing, land of my dreams! Loved ones, I greet you!</p>
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To be sung on the water

## Franz Schubert

### Meeres Stille D216

(1815)

*Johann Wolfgang von  
Goethe*

<p>Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser, Ohne Regung ruht das Meer, Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer Glatte Fläche rings umher. Keine Luft von keiner Seite! Todesstille fürchterlich! In der ungeheuern Weite Reget keine Welle sich.</p>	<p><b>Calm sea</b></p> <p>Deep silence weighs on the water, motionless the sea rests, and the fearful boatman sees a glassy surface all around. No breeze from any quarter! Fearful, deadly silence! In all that vast expanse not a single ripple stirs.</p>
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### Auf der Donau D553

(1817)

*Johann Mayrhofer*

<p>Auf der Wellen Spiegel Schwimmt der Kahn. Alte Burgen ragen Himmelan; Tannenwälder rauschen Geistergleich – Und das Herz im Busen Wird uns weich.</p> <p>Denn der Menschen Werke Sinken all'; Wo ist Turm, wo Pforte, Wo der Wall,</p>	<p><b>On the Danube</b></p> <p>The boat glides on the waves' surface. Old castles soar heavenward; pine-forests stir like ghosts – and our hearts grow faint within us.</p> <p>For the works of man all perish; where are towers, where gates, where ramparts,</p>
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<p>Wo sie selbst, die Starken? Erzge- schirmt, Die in Krieg und Jagden Hingestürmt.</p>	<p>where are the mighty themselves? Who, clad in bronze armour, stormed into wars and hunts.</p>
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<p>Trauriges Gestrüppe Wuchert fort, Während frommer Sage Kraft verdorrt. Und im kleinen Kahne Wird uns bang – Wellen droh'n, wie Zeiten, Untergang.</p>	<p>Melancholy briars grow rank and rampant, while the power of pious myth withers. And in our small boat we grow afraid – waves, like time, threaten destruction.</p>
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### Auf dem See D543

(1817)

*Johann Wolfgang von  
Goethe*

<p>Und frische Nahrung, neues Blut Saug' ich aus freier Welt;  Wie ist Natur so hold and gut, Die mich am Busen hält!  Die Welle wieget unsern Kahn Im Rudertakt hinauf, Und Berge, wolzig himmeln,  Begegnen unserm Lauf.</p> <p>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.</p>	<p><b>On the lake</b></p> <p>And fresh nourishment, new blood I suck from these open spaces; how sweet and kindly Nature is, who holds me to her breast! The waves cradle our boat to the rhythm of the oars, and mountains, soaring skywards in cloud, meet us in our path.</p> <p>Why, my eyes, do you look down? Golden dreams, will you return? Away, O dream, however golden; here too is love and life.</p>
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<p>Auf der Welle blinken Tausend schwebende Sterne, Weiche Nebel trinken  Rings die türmende Ferne; Morgenwind umflügelt Die beschattete Bucht, Und im See bespiegelt Sich die reifende Frucht.</p>	<p>Stars in their thousands drift and glitter on the waves, gentle mists drink in the towering skyline; morning breezes flutter round the shaded bay, and the ripening fruit is reflected in the lake.</p>
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*Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.*

**Erlafsee D586 (1817)***Johann Mayrhofer*

Mir ist so wohl, so weh  
 Am stillen Erlafsee.  
 Heilig Schweigen  
 In Fichtenzweigen.  
 Regungslos  
 Der blaue Schosss;  
 Nur der Wolken Schatten  
 flieh'n  
 Überm glatten Spiegel hin.  
 Frische Winde  
 Kräuseln linde  
 Das Gewässer;  
 Und der Sonne  
 Goldne Krone  
 Flimmert blässer.  
 Mir ist so wohl, so weh  
 Am stillen Erlafsee.

**Lake Erlaf**

I feel so happy, so sad  
 by quiet Lake Erlaf.  
 Sacred silence  
 in the pine branches.  
 Motionless  
 the blue depths;  
 only cloud shadows  
 flit  
 across the glassy surface.  
 Fresh breezes  
 gently ruffle  
 the water  
 and the sun's  
 golden crown  
 grows paler.  
 I feel so happy, so sad  
 by quiet Lake Erlaf.

**Der Schiffer D536 (1817)***Johann Mayrhofer*

Im Winde, im Sturme befahr'  
 ich den Fluss,  
 Die Kleider durchweicht der  
 Regen im Guss;  
 Ich peitsche die Wellen mit  
 mächtigem Schlag,  
 Erhoffend, erhoffend mir  
 heiteren Tag.  
  
 Die Wellen, sie jagen das  
 ächzende Schiff,  
 Es drohet der Strudel, es  
 drohet das Riff,  
 Gesteine entkollern den  
 felsigen Höh'n,  
 Und Tannen erseufzen wie  
 Geistergestöh'n.  
  
 So musste es kommen – ich  
 hab es gewollt,  
 Ich hasse ein Leben  
 behaglich entrollt;  
 Und schlängen die Wellen  
 den ächzenden Kahn,  
 Ich priese doch immer die  
 eigene Bahn.

**The boatman**

I ply the river in wind and  
 storm,  
 my garments soaked by  
 teeming rain,  
 I lash the waves with  
 powerful strokes,  
 filled with hopes for a  
 bright day.  
  
 The waves drive on the  
 creaking boat,  
 whirlpool and reef loom  
 threateningly,  
 rocks roll down the  
 towering cliffs,  
 and fir-trees sigh like  
 groaning ghosts.  
  
 It had to come – I willed it  
 so,  
 I hate a snugly unfolding  
 life,  
 and were waves to engulf  
 the creaking boat,  
 I should still extol my  
 chosen course.

Drum tose des Wassers  
 ohnmächtiger Zorn,  
 Dem Herzen entquillet ein  
 seliger Born,  
 Die Nerven erfrischend – o  
 himmlische Lust!

So – let waters roar in  
 impotent rage,  
 a fountain of bliss spurts  
 from my breast,  
 renewing my courage, O  
 heavenly joy!

Dem Sturme zu trotzen mit  
 männlicher Brust.

To brave the storm with a  
 manly heart.

**Songs of night and Nature****Franz Schubert****Im Freien D880 (1826)***Johann Gabriel Seidl*

Draussen in der weiten  
 Nacht  
 Steh' ich wieder  
 nun:  
 Ihre helle  
 Sternenpracht  
 Lässt mein Herz  
 nicht ruhn!

**In the open**

Once more I stand  
 outside  
 in the vastness of the  
 night:  
 its bright starry splendour  
 grants my heart no  
 peace!

Tausend Arme  
 winken mir  
 Süßbegehrend zu,  
 Tausend Stimmen rufen hier:  
 „Grüss' dich, Trauter, du!“

A thousand arms beckon  
 me  
 with sweet longing,  
 a thousand voices call:  
 'Greetings, dear friend!'

O ich weiss auch, was mich  
 zieht,  
 Weiss auch, was mich  
 ruft,  
 Was wie Freundesgruss und  
 Lied  
 Locket durch  
 die Luft.

Oh, I am well  
 aware  
 what draws me and what  
 calls me,  
 like a friendly word and  
 song  
 floating enticingly  
 through the air.

Siehst du dort das Hüttchen  
 stehn,  
 Drauf der Mondschein ruht?

Can you see that cottage  
 there,  
 where the moon sheds its  
 light?

Durch die blanken Scheiben  
 seh'n  
 Augen, die mir  
 gut!

From its shining  
 windows  
 a pair of loving eyes look  
 out!

Siehst du dort das Haus am  
 Bach,  
 Das der Mond bescheint?  
 Unter seinem trauten Dach  
 Schläft mein liebster  
 Freund.

Can you see the house by  
 the stream,  
 lit up by the moon?  
 Underneath its cosy roof  
 my dearest friend is  
 sleeping.

Siehst du jenen Baum, der  
 voll  
 Silberflocken flimmt?  
 O wie oft mein Busen  
 schwoll,  
 Froher dort  
 gestimmt!

Can you see that tree  
 over there,  
 laden with silver flakes?  
 Oh! how often my  
 heart  
 used to swell there with  
 joy!

Jedes Plätzchen, das mir winkt, Ist ein lieber Platz; Und wohin ein Strahl nur sinkt, Lockt ein teurer Schatz.	Every little place that beckons me is dear to my heart, and wherever a moonbeam shines, a dear loved one entices.
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Drum auch winkt mir's überall So begehrend hier, Drum auch ruft es, wie der Schall Trauter Liebe mir.	So everything here beckons me with longing, calling to me with the sounds of true love.
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### Nachtstück D672 (1819) Nocturne

*Johann Mayrhofer*

Wenn über Berge sich der Nebel breitet, Und Luna mit Gewölken kämpft, So nimmt der Alte seine Harfe, und schreitet, Und singt waldeinwärts gedämpft:	When mist spreads over the mountains, and Luna battles with the clouds, the old man takes up his harp, and steps into the forest, singing softly:
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„Du heil'ge Nacht! Bald ist's vollbracht. Bald schlaf' ich ihn Den langen Schlummer, Der mich erlöst Von allem Kummer.“	'O holy night! Soon it shall be done. Soon I shall sleep the long sleep, that shall free me from all affliction.'
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Die grünen Bäume rauschen dann, Schlaf süß, du guter alter Mann; Die Gräser lispeln wankend fort, Wir decken seinen Ruheort; Und mancher liebe Vogel ruft, O lass ihn ruh'n in Rasengruft!“ –	Then the green trees will rustle: sleep well, good old man; the swaying grass will whisper: we will cover his resting-place; and many a sweet bird will call: O let him rest in his grassy grave! –
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Der Alte horcht, der Alte schweigt – Der Tod hat sich zu ihm geneigt.	The old man listens, the old man is silent – death has inclined towards him.
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### Waldesnacht D708 Night in the forest

(1820)

*Friedrich von Schlegel*

Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel, Tief in kühler Waldesnacht	The roar of the wind, God's own wings, deep in the cool forest night,
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Wie der Held in Rosses Bügel, Schwingt sich des Gedankens Macht. Wie die alten Tannen sausen, Hört man Geistes Wogen brausen.	as the hero leaps into his horse's stirrups, so does the power of thought leap up. As the old pine-trees sough, so we hear the spirit's surging waves.
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Herrlich ist der Flamme Leuchten In des Morgenglanzes Rot, Oder die das Feld beleuchten, Blitze, schwanger oft von Tod. Rasch die Flamme zuckt und lodert, Wie zu Gott hinaufgefodert.	Glorious is the fiery glow in the red dawn, or the flashes that light up the fields, often pregnant with death. Swiftly the flame flickers and flares, as though summoned to God.
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Ewig's Rauschen sanfter Quellen, Zaubert Blumen aus dem Schmerz; Trauer doch in linden Wellen Schlägt uns lockend an das Herz; Fernab hin der Geist gezogen, Die uns locken, durch die Wogen.	The eternal murmuring of gentle springs entices flowers from sorrow; yet sadness breaks alluringly against our hearts in gentle waves; the Spirit is borne far away by those alluring waves.
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Drang des Lebens aus der Hülle, Kampf der starken Triebe wild; Wird zur schönsten Liebesfülle, Durch des Geistes Hauch gestillt. Schöpferischer Lüfte Wehen Fühlt man durch die Seele gehen.	The urge to escape life's fetters, the struggle of strong, untamed impulses, become love's fairest fulfilment, stilled by the Spirit's breath. We feel the winds of creation permeate our souls.
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Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel, Tief in dunkler Waldesnacht, Frei gegeben alle Zügel, Schwingt sich des Gedankens Macht, Hört in Lüften ohne Grausen Den Gesang der Geister brausen.	The roar of the wind, God's own wings, deep in the dark forest night, freed from all fetters, the power of thought leaps up, listen without dread to the Spirit's song soughing in the wind.
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## Interval

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### Seascapes

#### Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

##### De grève from *Proses lyriques* (1892-3)

Claude Debussy

Sur la mer les crépuscules tombent, Soie blanche effilée! Les vagues comme des petites folles, Jasent, petites filles sortant de l'école, Parmi les froufrous de leur robe, Soie verte irisée!	Dusk falls over the sea, like frayed white silk! The waves like wild little things chatter, little girls coming out of school, amid their rustling frocks of iridescent green silk!
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Les nuages, graves voyageurs, Se concertent sur le prochain orage, Et, c'est un fond vraiment trop grave A cette anglaise aquarelle. Les vagues, les petites vagues, Ne savent plus où se mettre, Car voici la méchante averse, Froufrous de jupes envolées, Soie verte affolée!	The clouds, grave travellers, consult over the coming storm, a background truly too solemn for this English watercolour. The waves, the little waves, no longer know which way to turn, for here comes the malicious downpour, the rustling of flying skirts, the panic of green silk!
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Mais la lune, compatissante à tous, Vient apaiser ce gris conflit, Et caresse lentement ses petites amies, Qui s'offrent, comme lèvres aimantes A ce tiède et blanc baiser. Puis, plus rien! Plus que les cloches attardées Des flottantes églises!	But the moon, with pity for all, comes to calm this grey conflict, and slowly caresses her lady friends, who offer themselves like loving lips to this warm, white kiss. Then, nothing more! Only the belated bells of floating churches!
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Angélus des vagues,  
Soie blanche apaisée!

Angelus of the waves,  
smoothed white silk!

#### Michael Head (1900-1976)

##### The Estuary from 6 *Poems of Ruth Pitter*

(1944-5)

Ruth Pitter

Light, stillness and peace lie on the broad sands,  
On the salt-marshes the sleep of the afternoon.  
The sky's immaculate; the horizon stands  
Steadfast, level and clear over the dune.

There are voices of children, musical and thin  
Not far, nor near, there in the sandy hills;  
As the light begins to wane, so the tide comes in,  
The shallow creek at our feet silently fills:

And silently, like sleep to the weary mind,  
Silently, like the evening after the day,  
The big ship bears inshore with the inshore wind,  
Changes her course, and comes on up through the  
bay,

Rolling along the fair deep channel she knows,  
Surging along, right on top of the tide.  
I can see the flowery wreath of foam at the bows,  
The long bright wash streaming away from her side:

I can see the flashing gulls that follow her in,  
Screaming and tumbling, like children wildly at play,  
The sea-born crescent arising, pallid and thin,  
The flat safe twilight shore shelving away.

Whether remembered or dreamed, read of or told,  
So it has dwelt with me, so it shall dwell with me ever:  
The brave ship coming home like a lamb to the fold,  
Home with the tide into the mighty river.

#### Frederick Keel (1871-1954)

##### Trade winds from 3 *Salt-Water Ballads*

(pub. 1919)

John Masefield

In the harbour, in the island, in the Spanish Seas,  
Are the tiny white houses and the orange trees,  
And day-long, night-long, the cool and pleasant  
breeze  
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

There is the red wine, the nutty Spanish ale,  
The shuffle of the dancers, and the old salt's tale,  
The squeaking fiddle, and the souging in the sail  
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.



And o' nights there's fire-flies and the yellow moon,  
And in the ghostly palm-trees the sleepy tune  
Of the quiet voice calling me, the long low croon  
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

## Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

### Seascape from *On This Island Op. 11* (1937)

*WH Auden*

Look, stranger, at this island now  
The leaping light for your delight discovers,  
Stand stable here  
And silent be,  
That through the channels of the ear  
May wander like a river  
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending pause  
Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and its tall  
ledges  
Oppose the pluck  
And knock of the tide,  
And the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf,  
And the gull lodges  
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships  
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;  
And the full view  
Indeed may enter  
And move in memory as now these clouds do  
That pass the harbour mirror  
And all the summer through the water saunter.

## Charles Edward Ives (1874-1954)

### From 'The Swimmers' (1921)

*Louis Untermeyer*

Then the swift plunge into the cool green dark,  
The windy waters rushing past me, through me; ...

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## Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

### Le travail du peintre

(1956)

*Paul Éluard*

### The work of the painter

## Pablo Picasso

Entoure ce citron de blanc  
d'œuf informe  
Enrobe ce blanc d'œuf d'un  
azur souple  
et fin

Surround this lemon with  
formless egg-white  
coat this egg-white with a  
supple and delicate  
blue

La ligne droite et noire a  
beau venir de toi  
L'aube est derrière ton  
tableau

though the straight black  
line stems from you  
dawn lies behind your  
picture

Et des murs innombrables  
croulent  
Derrière ton tableau et toi  
l'œil fixe  
Comme un aveugle comme  
un fou  
Tu dresses une haute épée  
dans le vide

And innumerable walls  
crumble  
behind your picture and  
you staring  
like a blind man like a  
madman  
you raise up a tall sword  
in the void

Une main pourquoi pas une  
seconde main  
Et pourquoi pas la bouche  
nue comme une plume  
Pourquoi pas un sourire et  
pourquoi pas des larmes  
Tout au bord de la toile où  
jouent les  
petits clous

A hand why not a second  
hand  
and why not a mouth  
unadorned like a quill  
why not a smile and why  
not tears  
at the very edge of the  
canvas where tiny nails  
are fixed

Voici le jour d'autrui laisse  
aux ombres  
leur chance  
Et d'un seul mouvement des  
paupières  
renonce

This is the day of others  
leave their good  
fortune to the shadows  
and with a single  
movement of the  
eyelids renounce

## Marc Chagall

Ane ou vache coq ou cheval  
Jusqu'à la peau d'un violon  
Homme chanteur un seul  
oiseau  
Danseur agile avec sa  
femme

Ass or cow cock or horse  
even a violin's skin  
singing man single bird  
agile dancer with his wife

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

Couple trempé dans son printemps	Couple steeped in their springtime
L'or de l'herbe le plomb du ciel	The gold of the grass the lead of the sky
Séparés par les flammes bleues	divided by the blue flames
De la santé de la rosée	of health of dew
La sang s'irise le cœur tinte	the blood grows iridescent the heart rings

Un couple le premier reflet	A couple the first reflection
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Et dans un souterrain de neige	And in a cavern of snow
La vigne opulente dessine	the luxuriant vine traces
Un visage aux lèvres de lune	a face with moon-like lips
Qui n'a jamais dormi la nuit.	which has never slept at night.

## Georges Braque

Un oiseau s'envole, Il rejette les nues comme un voile inutile, Il n'a jamais craint la lumière, Enfermé dans son vol Il n'a jamais eu d'ombre.	A bird flies off, it discards the clouds like a useless veil, it has never feared the light, enclosed in its flight it has never had a shadow.
---	--

Coquilles des moissons brisées par le soleil. Toutes les feuilles dans les bois disent oui, Elles ne savent dire que oui, Toute question, toute réponse Et la rosée coule au fond de ce oui.	Sun-split husks of harvest grains. All the forest leaves say yes, yes is all they know how to say, every question, every answer and the dew flows in the depths of this yes.
--	--

Un homme aux yeux légers décrit le ciel d'amour. Il en rassemble les merveilles Comme des feuilles dans un bois, Comme des oiseaux dans leurs ailes Et des hommes dans le sommeil.	A man with carefree eyes describes the heaven of love. He gathers together its wonders like leaves in a wood, like birds in their wings and men in sleep.
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## Juan Gris

De jour merci de nuit prends garde	Give thanks by day beware by night
De douceur la moitié du monde	one half of the world sweetness
L'autre montrait rigueur aveugle	the other showed blind harshness

Aux veines se lisait un présent sans merci	In the veins a relentless present could be read
Aux beautés des contours l'espace limité	in the beauties of the contours of limited space
Cimentait tous les joints des objets familiers	cemented together all familiar objects

Table guitare et verre vide	Table guitar and empty glass
Sur un arpent de terre pleine	on an acre of full earth
De toile blanche d'air nocturne	of white canvas of night air

Table devait se soutenir	Table had to support itself
Lampe rester pépin de l'ombre	lamp remain a pip of the shadow
Journal délaissait sa moitié	newspaper shed a half of itself

Deux fois le jour deux fois la nuit	Twice the day twice the night
De deux objets un double objet	of two objects one double object
Un seul ensemble à tout jamais	a single whole for evermore

## Paul Klee

Sur la pente fatale, le voyageur profite	On the fatal slope, the traveller profits
De la faveur du jour, verglas et sans cailloux	from the day's favour, frost-glazed and pebbleless,
Et les yeux bleus d'amour, découvre sa saison	and eyes blue with love, he discovers his season
Qui porte à tous les doigts de grands astres en bague.	which wears on each finger great stars as rings.

Sur la plage la mer a laissé ses oreilles	The sea has left its ear-shells on the shore
Et le sable creusé la place d'un beau crime,	and the hollowed sand the site of a noble crime
Le supplice est plus dur aux bourreaux qu'aux victimes	executioners agonise more than the victims

Les couteaux sont des  
signes et les balles des  
larmes.

knives are omens and  
bullets  
tears.

## Joan Miró

Soleil de proie prisonnier de  
ma tête,  
Enlève la colline, enlève la  
forêt.  
Le ciel est plus beau que  
jamais.

Sun of prey prisoner of  
my head,  
remove the hill, remove  
the forest.  
The sky is lovelier than  
ever.

Les libellules des raisins  
Lui donnent des formes  
précises  
Que je dissipe d'un  
geste.

The grapes' dragonflies  
give it precise  
forms  
that I with one gesture  
dispel.

Nuages du premier jour,  
Nuages insensibles et que  
rien n'autorise,  
Leurs graines brûlent  
Dans les feux de paille de  
mes regards.

Clouds of primeval day,  
indifferent clouds  
sanctioned by nothing  
their seeds burn  
in the straw fires of my  
glances.

A la fin, pour se couvrir d'une  
aube  
Il faudra que le ciel soit aussi  
pur que la nuit.

At the last, to cloak itself  
with dawn  
the sky must be pure as  
night.

## Jacques Villon

Irrémédiable vie  
Vie à toujours  
chérir

Irremediable life  
life to be cherished  
always

En dépit des fléaux  
Et des morales basses  
En dépit des étoiles fausses  
Et des cendres  
envahissantes

Despite scourges  
and base morals  
despite false stars  
and encroaching  
ashes

En dépit des fièvres  
grinçantes  
Des crimes à hauteur du  
ventre  
Des seins taris des fronts  
idiots  
En dépit des soleils mortels

Despite creaking  
fevers  
belly-high crimes  
desiccated breasts  
foolish faces  
despite mortal suns

En dépit des dieux morts  
En dépit des mensonges  
L'aube l'horizon l'eau  
L'oiseau l'homme l'amour

Despite dead gods  
despite the lies  
dawn horizon water  
bird man love

L'homme léger et  
bon  
Adoucissant la terre  
Eclaircissant les bois  
Illuminant la pierre

Man light-hearted and  
good  
sweetening the earth  
clearing the woods  
illuminating the stone

Et la rose nocturne  
Et la sang de la  
foule.

And the nocturnal rose  
and the blood of the  
crowd.

## Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

**Wandrer's Nachtlied II**  
**D768** (1824)  
*Johann Wolfgang von*  
*Goethe*

**Wanderer's**  
**nightsong II**

Über allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh',  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vöglein schweigen im  
Walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch.

Over every mountain-top  
lies peace,  
in every tree-top  
you scarcely feel  
a breath of wind;  
the little birds are hushed  
in the wood.  
Wait, soon you too  
will be at peace.

**Auf dem Wasser zu**  
**singen D774** (1823)  
*Friedrich Leopold Graf zu*  
*Stolberg-Stolberg*

**To be sung on the**  
**water**

Mitten im Schimmer  
derspiegelnden Wellen  
Gleitet, wie Schwäne,  
derwankende Kahn;  
Ach, auf der Freude sanft  
schimmernden  
Wellen  
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie  
der Kahn;  
Denn von dem Himmel  
herab auf die Wellen  
Tanzet das Abendrot rund  
um den Kahn.

Amid the shimmer of  
mirroring waves  
the swaying boat glides  
like a swan;  
ah, on joy's gently  
gleaming  
waves  
the soul glides onward  
like the boat;  
for the sunset glow from  
heaven  
dances on the waves  
around the boat.

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

Über den Wipfeln des westlichen Haines, Winket uns freundlich der rötliche Schein; Unter den Zweigen des östlichen Haines Säuselt der Calmus im rötlichen Schein; Freude des Himmels und Ruhe des Haines Atmet die Seel' im errötenden Schein.	Above the tree-tops of the western grove, the reddish light beckons us; beneath the branches of the easterly grove, the sweet-flag rustles in the reddish light; the soul breathes in the joy of heaven, the peace of the grove in the reddening glow.
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Ach es entschwindet mit taugem Flügel Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen die Zeit. Morgen entschwindet mit schimmerndem Flügel Wieder wie gestern und heute die Zeit, Bis ich auf höherem strahlendem Flügel Selber entschwinde der wechselnden Zeit.	For me, alas, time vanishes with dewy wings on the rocking waves. Time vanishes tomorrow with shimmering wings, as it did yesterday and today, till I on loftier, radiant wings, myself escape the flux of time.
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*Translations of Schubert by Richard Stokes 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. Debussy and Poulenc by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP.*

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