

WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 24 May 2023
7.30pm

Alice Cooté mezzo-soprano • Julius Drake piano

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)	Speak, Music Op. 41 No. 2 (1902)
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)	An die Freude K53 (1768)
George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)	Quando mai, spietata sorte from <i>Radamisto</i> HWV12 (1720)
Richard Wagner (1813-1883)	Schmerzen from <i>Wesendonck Lieder</i> (1857-8)
Elvis Costello (b.1954) & Burt Bacharach (1928-2023)	My Thief (1998)
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)	Fleur jetée Op. 39 No. 2 (1884)
Kurt Weill (1900-1950)	It never was you from <i>Knickerbocker Holiday</i> (1938)
Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)	My genius, my angel, my friend (c.1855-60)
Robert Schumann (1810-1856)	Sitz ich allein from <i>Myrthen</i> Op. 25 (1840)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)	Denk' es, o Seele! from <i>Mörike Lieder</i> (1888)
David Bowie (1947-2016)	Life on Mars? (1971) <i>arranged by Ben Dawson</i>
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)	Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen from <i>Rückert Lieder</i> (1901-2)
Joni Mitchell (b.1943)	Borderline (1994) <i>arranged by Ben Dawson</i>
Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)	Somewhere from <i>West Side Story</i> (libretto by Stephen Sondheim) (1957)

Interval

Graham Peel (1877-1937)	The Early Morning from <i>The Country Lover</i> (1910)
Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)	Les chemins de l'amour (1940)
Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)	L'heure exquise from <i>Chansons grises</i> (1892)
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)	Seligkeit D433 (1816)
Thomas Arne (1710-1778)	Where the bee sucks from <i>The Tempest</i> (1740) <i>arranged by Edmonstone Duncan</i>
Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)	Love, if you knew the light
Irving Berlin (1888-1989)	You Can Have Him from <i>Miss Liberty</i> (1949) <i>arranged by Nina Simone</i>
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)	Bist du bei mir BWV508
Jacques Brel (1929-1978)	My Death (1959) <i>arranged by Ben Dawson</i>
John Lennon (1940-1980)	Imagine (1971) <i>arranged by Ben Dawson</i>
Richard Strauss (1864-1949)	Morgen Op. 27 No. 4 (1894)

CLASSIC *fm* Wigmore Hall £5 tickets for Under 35s supported by Media Partner Classic FM

Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management. In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions.

Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141. Wigmore Hall is equipped with a 'Loop' to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.



Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • Wigmore-hall.org.uk • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG
Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan

Department
for Culture
Media & Sport

ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND
LOTTERY FUNDED

Supported using public funding by
ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND

Registered with
FUNDRAISING
REGULATOR

Alice Coote introduces the recital:

Music is the ultimate boundary breaker, so why are we still performing and experiencing it in tightly sealed genres or categories like 'classical', that only certain audiences feel able to access? I have no answers, only questions.

Composers create sound worlds to communicate feelings or ideas about existence from their being to ours, irrespective of when they or we were born. We respond subconsciously to music because of what it says to us, its beauty, what it reveals to us of ourselves – not the date or environment in which it was composed.

Why are we being so divisive with music?

This programme is not in the least bit revolutionary by any standard, but we have tried to juxtapose music that says some of the things that we possibly all feel, irrespective of 'genre'. It's perhaps an unusual challenge stylistically as we are used to music strictly being part of categories, each with received performance norms, or perceived inabilities to coexist. But maybe that ultimately matters less than sharing this music, here and now, all together?

Many modern norms of song performance invite a little rebellion, and little rebellions promote gradual change. In recent years, such change has been happening in many ways, including through programming a more diverse range of composers, loosening dress codes, questioning the importance of memorisation, welcoming broader audiences, freely adapting songs through translation, improvisation or arrangement, and much more. Coote and Drake – together and individually – have been at the vanguard of some such small (apparent) transgressions. When they performed *Winterreise* at Wigmore Hall in 2008, a critic remarked that Coote went 'boldly where only a few women have gone before' – though in reality, that number is greater than you might expect – while a 2017 concert here pushed towards increasing openness in programming by selecting songs with a theme of creativity and mental health.

Even so, it is rare to encounter a concert that dispenses entirely with programming norms and chooses so freely from favourites across centuries, countries and traditions – and that is the gentle rebellion of tonight's recital. Forward-looking as it is, it also takes us back in time and reunites us with a very different era of song performance history. A week after Wigmore Hall opened in 1901, soprano Camilla Landi's recital included individual songs by Liza Lehmann, Tchaikovsky and Richard Strauss – as does tonight's – within a programme that also spanned centuries, languages, themes and styles (it also included music by a violin-piano duo between groups of songs, as was common at the time but near-unthinkable today). The longstanding programming practice of the 'miscellany' carried sway in Britain's concert culture in the first decades of the 20th Century, while critical debate raged about 'serious' music, taste and audience behaviour.

Gradually, the canon of art song as we know it began to take shape, alongside many of the programming strategies that we still recognise today.

Divisions between (and within) musical genres are driven in large part by the commercial mechanisms of music marketing, and have been a source of frustration for many. **Elvis Costello** shared pointed remarks on the topic in 1994, after being spotted attending a Wigmore Hall concert: 'This country has a terrible habit of locking everyone up in little boxes and not allowing you to break the rules. I can't understand the barriers between pop music and classical and I don't see either one as superior'. Joni Mitchell, meanwhile, is often quoted as saying: 'I want the full hyphen: folk-rock-country-jazz-classical, so finally when you get all the hyphens in, maybe they'll drop them all'.

This recital brings together songs which address such broadly-relatable emotions and experiences as love, loss, solace, friendship, death and reconciliation. Aside from a handful of immediately striking lesser-known gems, most songs are staples of their respective traditions; the programme's novelty comes in the form of illuminating links – topical and sometimes musical – forged across carefully-planned sequences. For instance, approaching the end of the first half we hear Mörike's disconcerting 'Denk' es, o Seele!', which reminds us of the precarity of life and its tendency to hurtle towards death, amplified by **Wolf's** use of foreboding rhythmic figures that evoke both tolling bells and horses' hooves. Next comes another specialist in startlingly vivid lyrics – **Bowie**, who himself appeared on the Wigmore Hall stage in the late 1960s. Like the Wolf, 'Life on Mars?' has an enigmatic, repeating rhythmic profile, but the song soon opens out into its famous soaring tune. To end the first half, **Mahler's** weighty Rückert setting 'Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen', **Mitchell's** 'Borderline', and the **Sondheim-Bernstein** 'Somewhere' all address, in very different ways, our interactions with the world and the people around us.

The second half opens with the stately, expressive lines of **Peel's** 'The Early Morning', after which **Poulenc's** 'Les chemins de l'amour' brings a decadent waltz trembling with nostalgia and anticipation. **Hahn's** exquisite meditation upon nocturnal images leads to another song in triple time, **Schubert's** frothy 'Seligkeit' – this one too fast to be a waltz but inviting us to dance nonetheless. Towards the end, the consolation of love in the face of death is expressed in both 'Bist du bei mir' and 'My Death' through the closing of the lover's eyes. The latter song – **Jacques Brel's** addition to the centuries-long corpus of morbid music based on the *Dies irae* plainchant tune – was made famous in English by Scott Walker, and covered prominently by Bowie. The final sequence is gently optimistic and world-embracing, sandwiching **Strauss's** radiant 'Morgen' between **Lennon's** 'Imagine' and a **Beatles** medley. These, like at the close of the first half, speak to aspirations of togetherness and the dissolving of divisions – aptly resonating with the recital's musical manifesto.

© Frankie Perry 2023

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

Edward Elgar (1857-1934)

Speak, Music Op. 41 No. 2 (1902)

AC Benson

Speak, music, and bring to me
Fancies too fleet for me,
Sweetness too sweet for me,
Wake, voices, and sing to me,
Sing to me tenderly; bid me rest.

Rest! ah, I am fain of it!
Die, hope! small was my gain of it!
Song, take thy parable,
Whisper, that all is well,
Say that there tarrieth
Something more true than death,
Waiting to smile for me; bright and blest.

Thrill, string: echo and play for me
All that the poet, the priest cannot say for me;
Soar, voice, soar, heavenwards, and pray for me,
Wondering, wandering; bid me rest.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

An die Freude K53 (1768) Ode to Joy

Johann Peter Uz

Freude, Königin der Weisen, Die, mit Blumen um ihr Haupt, Dich auf güldner Leier preisen; Ruhig, wenn die Bosheit schnaubt: Höre mich vor deinem Throne, Kind der Weisheit, deren Hand Immer selbst in deine Krone Ihre schönsten Rosen band.	Joy, Queen of the wise, who, with garlands around their heads praise you with gilded lyres; calm when evil roars: hear me from your throne, child of wisdom, whose hand radiantly encircles your crown!
Göttin, o so sei, ich flehe, Deinen Dichter immer hold, Das er schimmernd Glück verschmähe, Reich in sich auch ohne Gold,	Goddess, for so you are, I implore that your faithful poet might disdain glittering fortunSte, rich in himself, even without gold;
Das sein Leben zwar verborgen, Aber ohne Sklaverei, Ohne Flecken, ohne Sorgen, Weisen Freunden teuer sei.	that his life, modest but free, without blemish, without care, might in wise friends wealthy be!

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Quando mai, spietata sorte from *Radamisto*

HWV12 (1720)

Nicola Francesco Haym, after Domenico Lalli and Matteo Norris

Zenobia: Quando mai, spietata sorte, fine avrà tanto penar!	Zenobia: When, O pitiless fate, will my torment end!
---	--

Richard Wagner (1813-1883)

Schmerzen from *Wesendonck Lieder*

(1857-8)

Mathilde Wesendonck

Sonne, weinest jeden Abend Dir die schönen Augen rot, Wenn im Meeresspiegel badend Dich erreicht der frühe Tod;	Every evening, sun, you redden your lovely eyes with weeping, when, bathing in the sea, you die an early death;
Doch erstehst in alter Pracht, Glorie der düstren Welt, Du am Morgen neu erwacht, Wie ein stolzer Siegesheld!	Yet you rise in your old splendour, the glory of the dark world, when you wake in the morning as a proud and conquering hero!
Ach, wie sollte ich da klagen, Wie, mein Herz, so schwer dich sehn, Muss die Sonne selbst verzagen, Muss die Sonne untergehn?	Ah, why should I complain, why should I see you, my heart, so depressed, if the sun itself must despair, if the sun itself must set?
Und gebietet Tod nur Leben, Geben Schmerzen Wonne nur: O wie dank ich, dass gegeben Solche Schmerzen mir Natur!	If only death gives birth to life, if only agony brings bliss: oh how I give thanks to Nature for giving me such agony!

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

Elvis Costello (b.1954) & Burt Bacharach

(1928-2023)

My Thief (1998)

When I go to sleep, you become my thief
Why don't you steal what you can keep? ...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text for this song

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Fleur jetée Op. 39

No. 2 (1884)

Armand Silvestre

Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent,
Fleur en chantant
cueillie
Et jetée en
rêvant.
– Emporte ma folie
Au gré du vent!

Comme la fleur fauchée
Périt l'amour.
La main qui t'a touchée
Fuit ma main sans retour.
– Comme la fleur fauchée,
Périt l'amour!

Que le vent qui te
sèche,
O pauvre fleur,
Tout à l'heure si fraîche
Et demain sans couleur!
– Que le vent qui te
sèche,
Sèche mon cœur!

Discarded flower

Bear away my folly
at the whim of the wind,
flower, plucked while
singing
and discarded while
dreaming.
Bear away my folly
at the whim of the wind!

Like a scythed flower
love perishes.
The hand that touched you
shuns my hand for ever.
Like a scythed flower
love perishes!

May the wind that withers
you,
O poor flower,
so fresh just now
but tomorrow faded,
may the wind that withers
you,
wither my heart!

Kurt Weill (1900-1950)

It never was you from *Knickerbocker Holiday*

(1938)

I've been running through rains
And the wind that follows after ...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text for this song

Pyotr Ilyich Tchaikovsky (1840-1893)

My genius, my angel, my friend (c.1855-60)

Afanasy Fet

Ne zdes li ty lyokhuyu
tenyu,
Moi genii, moy angel, moy
drug,
Beseduyesh tikho si mnoyu
I tikho letayesh
vokrug?
I robkim darish
vdoknavenyem,
I sladkii vrachuyesh
nedug,
I tikhim darish
snovidenyem,
Moi genii, moi angel, moi
drug ...
Moi genii! Moi angel! Moi
drug!

My genius, my angel, my friend

Are you not here as an
immaterial shade,
my genius, my angel, my
friend,
conversing silently with me
and silently hovering
around?
To my timidity you grant
inspiration,
and gently soothe away
pain,
and give me peaceful
dreams,
my genius, my angel, my
friend ...
My genius! My angel! My
friend!

Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Sitz ich allein from *Myrthen Op. 25* (1840)

Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe

Sitz ich allein,
Wo kann ich besser sein?
Meinen Wein
Trink' ich allein;
Niemand setzt mir Schranken,
Ich hab' so meine eignen
Gedanken.

If I sit alone

If I sit alone,
where could I be better off?
I drink my wine
all by myself,
nobody hampers me,
and I can think my own
thoughts.

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Denk' es, o Seele! from O Soul, Remember!
Mörike Lieder (1888)
Eduard Mörike

Ein Tännlein grünet wo, Wer weiss, im Walde, Ein Rosenstrauch, wer sagt, In welchem Garten? Sie sind erlesen schon, Denk' es, o Seele, Auf deinem Grab zu wurzeln Und zu wachsen.	A young fir is growing, where, who knows, in the wood? A rosebush, who can say, in what garden? Already they are pre- ordained, O soul, consider, to take root and grow on your grave.
--	---

Zwei schwarze Rösslein weiden Auf der Wiese, Sie kehren heim zur Stadt In muntern Sprüngen. Sie werden schrittweis gehn Mit deiner Leiche; Vielleicht, vielleicht noch eh' An ihren Hufen Das Eisen los wird, Das ich blitzen sehe!	Two black colts are grazing on the meadow, at a brisk canter they return to the town. At a walking pace they will draw your coffin; perhaps, perhaps even before their hooves shed the shoes that I see flashing!
--	--

David Bowie (1947-2016)

Life on Mars? (1971)
arranged by Ben Dawson

It's a god-awful small affair
To the girl with the mousy hair ...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text for this song

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Ich bin der Welt I am lost to the world
abhanden gekommen
from Rückert Lieder
(1901-2)
Friedrich Rückert

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen, Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben. Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen, Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben.	I am lost to the world with which I used to waste much time; it has for so long heard nothing of me, it may well believe that I am dead.
--	---

Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen, Ob sie mich für gestorben hält. Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen, Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.	Nor am I at all concerned if it should think me dead. Nor can I deny it, for truly I am dead to the world.
---	--

Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel, Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet. Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel, In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.	I am dead to the world's tumult and rest in a quiet realm. I live alone in my heaven, in my loving, in my song.
---	---

Joni Mitchell (b.1943)

Borderline (1994)
arranged by Ben Dawson

Everybody looks so ill at ease
So distrustful so displeased ...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text for this song

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

Somewhere from West Side Story (1957)
Stephen Sondheim

There's a place for us
Somewhere a place for us ...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text for this song

Interval

Graham Peel (1877-1937)

The Early Morning from *The Country Lover*

(1910)

Hilaire Belloc

The moon on the one hand, the dawn on the other:
The moon is my sister, the dawn is my brother.

The moon on my left and the dawn on my right.
My brother, good morning: my sister, good night.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Les chemins de l'amour (1940)

Jean Anouilh

Les chemins qui vont à la
mer
Ont gardé de notre
passage ...

*Due to copyright reasons, we are
unable to reproduce the original
text for this song*

The paths of love

The paths that lead to the
sea
have retained from our
passing
the flowers that shed
their petals
and the echo beneath
their trees
of our clear laughter.
Alas! no trace of those
happy days,
those radiant joys now
flown,
can I find again
in my heart.

Paths of my love,
I search for you ceaselessly,
lost paths, you are no
more
and your echoes are muted.
Paths of despair,
paths of memory,
paths of our first day,
divine paths of love.

If one day I must forget,
since life obliterates
everything,
I wish for my heart to
remember one thing,
more vivid than the other
love,
to remember the path
where trembling and
quite distracted,
I one day felt on me your
passionate hands.

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

L'heure exquise from *Chansons grises* (1892)

Paul Verlaine

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise...

C'est l'heure exquise.

The exquisite hour

The white moon
gleams in the woods;
from every branch
there comes a voice
beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
deep mirror,
the silhouette
of the black willow
where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
consolation
seems to fall
from the sky
the moon illumines...

Exquisite hour.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Seligkeit D433 (1816)

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich
Hölty

Freuden sonder Zahl
Blühen im Himmelsaal
Engeln und
Verklärten,
Wie die Väter lehrten.
O da möcht' ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Jedem lächelt traun
Eine Himmelsbraut;
Harf' und Psalter klingen,
Und man tanzt und
singen.
O da möcht' ich sein,
Und mich ewig freun!

Lieber bleib' ich hier,
Lächelt Laura mir
Einen Blick, der saget,
Dass ich ausgeklaget.
Selig dann mit ihr,
Bleib' ich ewig hier!

Bliss

Joys without number
bloom in the halls of Heaven
for angels and
transfigured souls,
as our fathers taught us.
How I'd love to be there
and rejoice eternally!

A heavenly bride smiles
sweetly on everyone;
harp and psalter resound,
and there's dancing and
singing.
How I'd love to be there
and rejoice eternally!

I'd sooner stay here
if Laura smiles on me
with a look that says
I've to grieve no more.
Blissfully then with her
I'd stay forever here!

Thomas Arne (1710-1778)

Where the bee sucks from *The Tempest* (1740)

arranged by Edmonstone Duncan

John Dryden and William Davenant, after William Shakespeare

Where the bee sucks there lurk I:
In a cow-slip's bed I lie;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On a bat's back do I fly
After sunset merrily,
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

Liza Lehmann (1862-1918)

Love, if you knew the light

Robert Browning

Love, if you knew the light
That your soul casts in my sight,
How I look to you
For the pure and true
And the beautiful and the right,
Love, if you knew the light.

Irving Berlin (1888-1989)

You Can Have Him from *Miss Liberty* (1949)

arranged by Nina Simone

I don't want him
You can have him ...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text for this song

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Bist du bei mir BWV508

If you are near

Bist du bei mir, geh ich mit Freuden	If you are near, I will go gladly
Zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh.	to death and to my rest.
Ach, wie vergnügt wär so mein Ende,	Ah, what pleasure would then be my end,
Es drückten deine schönen Hände	your dear hands closing
Mir die getreuen Augen zu.	my devoted eyes.

Jacques Brel (1929-1978)

My Death (1959)

arranged by Ben Dawson

My death is like a swinging door
A patient girl who knows the score ...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text for this song

John Lennon (1940-1980)

Imagine (1971)

arranged by Ben Dawson

Imagine there's no heaven
It's easy if you try ...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text for this song

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Morgen Op. 27 No. 4

(1894)

John Henry Mackay

Tomorrow! ...

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen	And tomorrow the sun will shine again
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,	and on the path that I shall take,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen,	it will unite us, happy ones, again,
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde ...	amid this same sun- breathing earth ...
Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,	And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,	we shall quietly and slowly descend,
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,	speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes stummes Schweigen ...	and the speechless silence of bliss shall fall on us ...

Translation of Handel by Avril Bardoni © 2014. Wagner, Schumann, Mahler, Schubert and Strauss 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. Fauré, Poulenc and Hahn by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Wolf by Richard Stokes © from The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf. Life, Letters, Lieder (Faber, 2021).