

WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 25 January 2025
7.30pm

The Songwriter

Benjamin Appl baritone
Thomas Dunford lute

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Come again, sweet love doth now invite (pub. 1597)

Semper Dowland semper dolens (pub. 1604)

I saw my Lady weep (pub. 1600)

Flow, my tears (pub. 1600)

The King of Denmark, his Galliard (pub. 1605)

Can she excuse my wrongs (pub. 1597)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Prélude from Cello Suite No. 1 in G BWV1007 (c.1720)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Meeres Stille D216 (1815)

Frühlingsglaube D686 (1820)

Strophe aus 'Die Götter Griechenlands' D677 (1819)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Sarabande from Cello Suite No. 1 in G BWV1007 (c.1720)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An die Laute D905 (1827)

Nachtstück D672 (1819)

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

V. Menuet I and II from Cello Suite No. 1 in G BWV1007 (c.1720)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Der Leiermann from *Winterreise* D911 (1827)

Interval

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

A Chloris (1916)

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

Robert de Visée (c.1655-1732)

Chaconne

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Les berceaux Op. 23 No. 1 (1879)

Marin Marais (1656-1728)

Les Voix Humaines (pub. 1701)

André Messager (1853-1929)

J'ai deux amants from *L'amour masqué*

Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)

Edelweiss from *The Sound of Music* (1959)

Harold Arlen (1905-1986)

Over the Rainbow from *The Wizard of Oz* (1938)

Ralph McTell (b.1944)

Streets of London

John Lennon (1940-1980) &

Blackbird (1968)

Paul McCartney (b.1942)

Eric Clapton (b.1945)

Tears In Heaven

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



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**



The English Renaissance composer **John Dowland's** lute song, 'Flow my tears', one of four in this programme, became his 'signature tune' and provided the thematic material for his *Lachrimae* or *Seaven Teares*, a group of pavans which includes 'Semper Dowland, semper dolens' ('Always Dowland, always doleful). Dowland was well-known and loved for his melancholic music, so much so that he sometimes signed his name as 'Jo. Dolandi di Lachrimae'.

He also wrote more cheerful music however, such as 'The King of Denmark, his Galliard' (1605), composed while he was working as a court musician for King Christian IV of Denmark – he was there from 1598 to 1606 when he was dismissed for overstaying his leave on a visit back to England.

Bach's six cello suites were rarely played before being 'rediscovered' by Pablo Casals in the early 20th Century. They were all written in Köthen between 1717 and 1723, while Bach was working as Kapellmeister for Prince Leopold von Anhalt-Köthen.

Schubert's 'Meeres Stille' sets a poem by Goethe describing a flat calm he experienced crossing from Naples to Sicily during his Italian trip of 1787. Goethe wrote the poem of *Die Liebende schreibt* twenty years later; it's written as if from his amour, Wilhelmine (Minna) Herzlieb. Goethe was then 58, she 18 – he sent her some sonnets and a gold ring inlaid with precious stones, but in fact she ignored all his overtures. 'Frühlingsglaube', setting a Ludwig Uhland poem about the hope that Spring brings, possibly reflects Schubert's desire for regime-change in Austria. In 1820 he was arrested alongside four of his friends for suspected revolutionary activity - Schubert was released after being reprimanded for swearing at the police, but one of his friends, Joseph Senn, was given a prison sentence. 'Der Leiermann' is the final song of *Winterreise*, written shortly before Schubert's death from syphilis; perhaps it reflects Schubert finding an acceptance of this fatal illness.

Reynaldo Hahn's 'À Chloris' evokes the grace and elegance of courtly life in the Renaissance era. The name Chloris comes from the Greek word for 'pale', so the Chloris addressed in this song is fair-skinned. In Greek myth, Chloris is one of the Niobids, children of Niobe. They were all killed by Apollo and Artemis, sons of Leto, after Niobe bragged to Leto that she had fourteen children while Leto had only two. Chloris was the only Niobid to survive this massacre, and she turned permanently pale from the horror of what she had witnessed. 'L'heure exquise' sets a poem from Verlaine's collection *La Bonne Chanson*, addressed to Mathilde Mauté de Fleurville, who Verlaine married in 1870. Verlaine was gay, and these ecstatic love-poems may have been his attempt to convince himself that this marriage would work. Just two years later, Verlaine fell in

love with Arthur Rimbaud and abandoned Mathilde and their infant son to go to London with him.

Robert de Visée's Chaconne (1699) was written for theorbo. He was a court musician (lutenist/theorbist, viol player, singer and composer) for kings Louis XIV and XV, and was born in La Flèche, birthplace of Delibes 181 years later. **Marin Marais' Les Voix Humaines** (1701) is from his Suite no 3 in D major for bass viol and continuo, part of his *Pièces de viole Livre II*. Titled 'The Human Voices', it's perfect for inclusion in this programme celebrating 'The Songwriter'.

Fauré's 'Les berceaux' (1879) is dedicated to Alice Boissonnet, a mezzo then well-known in Paris. The poet, Sully Prudhomme, was the first winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1901. 'J'ai deux amants' is from **Messager's** 1923 musical comedy *L'amour Masqué*, sung by the main character, 'Elle'. She has two suitors, a baron and a maharaja, but she's found a photograph of 'Lui' at a photographers. Lui comes to her home to collect the photo, saying that it is of his son. They fall in love (presumably this part of the story takes place in dim light...). Both attend a masked ball next day – Lui is worried that when he unmask, Elle will reject him as being too old. However, of course she accepts him, saying that she's had two lovers in the same person, father and son.

The Edelweiss is a white flower found in the Alps and a symbol of Austria, where it is protected and illegal to pick. In Rodgers and Hammerstein's *The Sound of Music* (1959), this song is sung by Captain von Trapp as a statement of defiance against the Nazi annexation of Austria. **Ralph McTell's** 'Streets of London' is from his 1969 album *Spiral Staircase*. It was originally written about Paris, but McTell adapted it to be about London after realising there was already an American pop song called 'The Poor People of Paris', based on *La goulante du pauvre Jean* ('The ballad of poor John'), sung by Edith Piaf. This was hilariously mistranslated as 'The Poor People of Paris' – someone confused 'pauvre Jean' with 'pauvres gens' (poor people). 'Blackbird' is from the Beatles' *White Album* (1968). According to **Paul McCartney**, it was inspired by the sound of a blackbird singing in Rishikesh in India, and by the civil rights movement in America. McCartney also said that the accompaniment is inspired by Bach's Bourrée in E minor BWV 996 which he and George Harrison played as teenagers, making a nice link with the Bach heard earlier in this programme. **Eric Clapton** wrote 'Tears In Heaven' in 1991 following the death of his 4-year-old son Conor after falling from the 53rd floor window of a friend's apartment in New York. Clapton said 'I almost subconsciously used music for myself as a healing agent... I have got a great deal of happiness and a great deal of healing from music.'

© Nigel Foster 2025

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Come again, sweet love doth now invite

(pub. 1597)

Anonymous

Come again, sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces, that refrain
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again, that I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain.
For now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
In deadly pain and endless misery.

All the day the sun that lends me shine
By frowns do cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay;
Her smiles my springs that makes my joys to grow;
Her frowns the winters of my woe.

All the night my sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams;
My heart takes no delight
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
And mark the storms are me assigned.

Out, alas,
My faith is ever true,
Yet will she never rue,
Nor yield me any grace;
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom tears nor truth may once invade.

Gentle Love,
Draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart,
For I that to approve,
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,
Did tempt, while she for mighty triumph laughs.

Semper Dowland semper dolens (pub. 1604)

I saw my Lady weep (pub. 1600)

Anonymous

I saw my lady weep,
And Sorrow proud to be advanced so,
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts,
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

O fairer than aught else
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve.

Enough, enough, your joyful looks excels.
Tears kill the heart, believe;
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

Flow, my tears (pub. 1600)

Anonymous

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!
Exiled for ever, let me mourn;
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
There let me live forlorn.

Down vain lights, shine you no more!
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their lost fortunes deplore.
Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled;
And tears and sighs and groans my weary days
Of all joys have deprived.

From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is thrown;
And fear and grief and pain for my deserts
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to contemn light.
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite.

The King of Denmark, his Galliard

(pub. 1605)

Can she excuse my wrongs (pub. 1597)

Anonymous

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?
Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?
No, no; where shadows do for bodies stand,
That may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.
Cold love is like to words written on sand,
Or to bubbles which on the water swim.
Wilt thou be thus abused still,
Seeing that she will right thee never?
If thou canst not o'ercome her will,
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

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

Was I so base, that I might not aspire
 Unto those high joys which she holds from me?
 As they are high, so high is my desire,
 If she this deny, what can granted be?
 If she will yield to that which reason is,
 It is reason's will that love should be just.
 Dear, make me happy still by granting this,
 Or cut off delays if that die I must.
 Better a thousand times to die
 Than for to love thus still tormented:
 Dear, but remember it was I
 Who for thy sake did die contented.

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Prelude from Cello Suite No. 1 in G BWV1007 (c.1720)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Meeres Stille D216 **Calm sea** (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>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>
--	--

Frühlingsglaube D686 **Faith In Spring** (1820) *Johann Ludwig Uhland*

<p>Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht, Sie säuseln und weben Tag und Nacht, Sie schaffen an allen Enden. O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang! Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang! Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.</p>	<p>Balmy breezes are awakened; they stir and whisper day and night, everywhere creative. O fresh scents, O new sounds! Now, poor heart, do not be afraid. Now all must change.</p>
--	--

<p>Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag, Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag, Das Blühen will nicht enden. Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal: Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual! Nun muss sich Alles, Alles wenden.</p>	<p>The world grows fairer each day; we cannot know what is still to come; the flowering knows no end. The deepest, most distant valley is in flower. Now, poor heart, forget your torment. Now all must change.</p>
---	---

Strophe aus 'Die Götter Griechenlands' D677 (1819) *Friedrich Schiller*

<p>Schöne Welt, wo bist du? Kehre wieder, Holdes Blütenalter der Natur!</p> <p>Ach, nur in dem Feenland der Lieder Lebts noch deine fabelhafte Spur. Ausgestorben trauert das Gefilde, Keine Gottheit zeigt sich meinem Blick, Ach, von jenem lebenwarmen Bilde Blieb der Schatten nur zurück.</p>	<p>Beautiful world, where are you? Come again, fair springtime of nature!</p> <p>Ah, only in the enchanted land of song does your fabled memory still live on. The fields, deserted, mourn, no god appears before my eyes, ah, of all that living warmth only the shadows have remained.</p>
---	--

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Sarabande from Cello Suite No. 1 in G BWV1007 (c.1720)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An die Laute D905 **To the lute** (1827) *Johann Friedrich Rochlitz*

<p>Leiser, leiser, kleine Laute, Flüstre, was ich dir vertraute, Dort zu jenem Fenster hin! Wie die Wellen sanfter Lüfte, Mondenglanz und Blumendüfte, Send' es der Gebieterin!</p>	<p>Play more softly, little lute, whisper what I confided to you in at that window there! Like the ripple of gentle breezes, like moonlight and the scent of flowers, send the message to my mistress!</p>
---	--

Neidisch sind des Nachbars Söhne, Und im Fenster jener Schöne Flimmert noch ein einsam Licht. Drum noch leiser, kleine Laute; Dich vernehme die Vertraute, Nachbarn aber – Nachbarn nicht!	All my neighbour's sons are jealous, and in that beauty's window a solitary lamp still burns. So play more softly, little lute: that you be heard by my love, but not – ah, not – the neighbours!
---	--

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:
---	--

„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.'
--	--

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! –
--	---

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.
--	---

Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

**V. Menuet I and II from Cello Suite No. 1 in
G BWV1007 (c.1720)**

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

**Der Leiermann from The organ-grinder
Winterreise D911 (1827)**
Wilhelm Müller

Drüben hinter'm Dorfe Steht ein Leiermann, Und mit starren Fingern Dreht er was er kann.	There, beyond the village, an organ-grinder stands, and with numb fingers plays as best he can.
--	--

Barfuss auf dem Eise Wankt er hin und her; Und sein kleiner Teller Bleibt ihm immer leer.	Barefoot on the ice he staggers to and fro; and his little plate is always empty.
--	--

Keiner mag ihn hören, Keiner sieht ihn an; Und die Hunde knurren Um den alten Mann.	No one cares to listen, no one looks at him; and the dogs snarl around the old man.
--	--

Und er lässt es gehen Alles, wie es will, Dreht, und seine Leier Steht ihm nimmer still.	And he lets it all happen, happen as it will, he turns the handle, his hurdy-gurdy's never still.
--	---

Wunderlicher Alter, Soll ich mit dir gehn? Willst zu meinen Liedern Deine Leier drehn?	Strange old man! Shall I go with you? Will you grind your hurdy- gurdy to my songs?
--	---

Interval

Reynaldo Hahn (1874-1947)

A Chloris (1916)

Théophile de Viau

S'il est vrai, Chloris,
que tu
m'aimes,

Mais j'entends, que tu
m'aimes bien,

Je ne crois pas que les rois
mêmes

Aient un bonheur pareil au
mien.

Que la mort serait importune

A venir changer ma fortune
Pour la félicité des cieux!

Tout ce qu'on dit de
l'ambrosie

Ne touche point ma fantaisie

Au prix des grâces de tes
yeux.

To Chloris

If it be true, Chloris, that
you
love me,

(and I'm told you love me
dearly),

I do not believe that even
kings

can match the happiness
I know.

Even death would be
powerless

to alter my fortune
with the promise of
heavenly bliss!

All that they say of
ambrosia

does not stir my
imagination

like the favour of your
eyes!

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.

Robert de Visée (c.1655-1732)

Chaconne

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Les berceaux Op. 23

No. 1 (1879)

Sully Prudhomme

Le long du quai les grands
vaisseaux,

Que la houle incline en
silence,

Ne prennent pas garde aux
berceaux

Que la main des femmes
balance.

Mais viendra le jour des
adieux,

Car il faut que les femmes
pleurent,

Et que les hommes curieux

Tentent les horizons qui
leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands
vaisseaux,

Fuyant le port qui diminue,

Sentent leur masse retenue

Par l'âme des lointains
berceaux.

The cradles

Along the quay the great
ships,

listing silently with the
surge,

pay no heed to the
cradles

rocked by women's
hands.

But the day of parting will
come,

for it is decreed that
women shall weep,

and that men with
questing spirits

shall seek enticing
horizons.

And on that day the great
ships,

leaving the dwindling
harbour behind,

shall feel their hulls held
back

by the soul of the distant
cradles.

Marin Marais (1656-1728)

Les Voix Humaines (pub. 1701)

André Messager (1853-1929)

J'ai deux amants from

L'amour masqué

Sacha Guitry

J'ai deux amants, c'est
beaucoup mieux,

Car je fais croire à chacun
d'eux

Que l'autre est le monsieur
sérieux.

Mon Dieu, que c'est bête les
hommes!

I have two lovers

I've two lovers, it's so
much better,

for I make each one
believe

the other is the serious
one.

My God! How stupid men
are!

Ils me donnent la même
somme
Exactement par mois,
Et je fais croire à chacun
d'eux,
Que l'autre m'a donné le
double chaque fois
Et ma foi, ils me croient, ils
croient tous les deux.

Each month they
give me
exactly the same amount,
and I make each of them
believe
the other gives me twice
as much each time,
and my word! They both
believe me.

Je ne sais pas comment nous
sommes,
Mais, mon Dieu, que c'est
bête un homme!
Alors, vous pensez ...
deux!
Un seul amant, c'est
ennuyeux,
C'est monotone et
suspçonneux,
Tandis que deux c'est
vraiment mieux.
Mon Dieu! Que les hommes
sont bêtes,
On les f'rait marcher sur la
tête
Facilement, je crois,
Si par malheur ils n'avaient
pas
A cet endroit précis des
ramures de bois
Qui leur vont! Et leur font
un beau front
ombrageux!

I don't know what
women are,
but men! By God, they're
stupid!
And then ... just think ...
two!
To have just one lover is
tedious,
monotonous and
suspicious,
while two is truly
better.
My God! How stupid men
are!
One could easily get
them, I think,
to walk on their heads,
if they did not have the
misfortune to have,
exactly there, antlers of
wood
that suit them so, and
create such delightful
shade!

Je ne sais pas comment nous
sommes,
Mais, mon Dieu, que c'est
bête un homme
Alors, vous pensez ...
deux!

I don't know what
women are,
but men! By God, they're
stupid!
And then ... just think ...
two!

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to
reproduce the texts of the following songs

Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)

Edelweiss from *The Sound of Music* (1959)
Rodgers and Hammerstein

Edelweiss, Edelweiss,
Every morning you greet me ...

Harold Arlen (1905-1986)

Over the Rainbow from *The Wizard of Oz*
(1938)

Ralph McTell (b.1944)

Streets of London
Ralph McTell

Have you seen the old man
In the closed-down market ...

John Lennon & Paul McCartney
(1940-1980), (b.1942)

Blackbird (1968)
Lennon and Paul McCartney

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly ...

Eric Clapton (b.1945)

Tears In Heaven
Eric Clapton and Jennings

Would you know my name if I saw you in heaven?
Would it be the same if I saw you in heaven? ...

Translations by Richard Stokes of 'Meeres Stille'; 'Strophe aus 'Die Götter Griechenlands'; 'An die Laute'; 'Der Leiermann from Winterreise' from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. Translations by Richard Stokes of 'A Chloris'; 'L'heure exquise' from Chansons grises and 'Les berceaux' from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Translation by Richard Wigmore of 'Frühlingsglaube' from Schubert – The Complete Song Texts published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.