

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 25 March 2024
7.30pm

This concert is supported by the Rick Mather David Scrase Foundation

Young Lovers

Louise Alder soprano
Joseph Middleton piano

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Le papillon et la fleur Op. 1 No. 1 (1861)
Chanson d'amour Op. 27 No. 1 (1882)
Rêve d'amour Op. 5 No. 2 (1864)
Notre amour Op. 23 No. 2 (c.1879)

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)
& Raoul Pugno (1852-1914)

From *Les heures claires* (1909)
*C'était en juin • Que tes yeux clairs, tes yeux d'été •
S'il arrive jamais*

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Rückert Lieder (1901-2)
*Ich atmet' einen linden Duft • Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder •
Liebst du um Schönheit • Um Mitternacht • Ich bin der
Welt abhanden gekommen*

Interval

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

12 poems of Emily Dickinson (1949-50)
*Nature, the Gentlest Mother • There came a wind like a
bugle • Why do they shut me out of heaven? • The world
feels dusty • Heart, we will forget him • Dear March, Come
In! • Sleep is supposed to be • When they come back • I felt
a funeral in my brain • I've heard an organ talk sometimes •
Going to Heaven! • The Chariot*

Ned Rorem (1923-2022)

Early in the Morning (1955)
I will always love you (1957)

Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)

Hello Young Lovers from *The King and I* (1950-1)

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'Without noise or fuss or meaningless gestures, he pointed the way towards marvellous musical horizons overflowing with freshness and light.' Thus the composer Albert Roussel described that purest and most luminous of the great French *mélodie* composers, **Gabriel Fauré**. Louise Alder and Joseph Middleton open their recital dedicated to the theme of young love with Fauré's very first song: the blithely waltzing Victor Hugo setting 'Le papillon et la fleur', written when the sixteen-year-old composer was studying at the Ecole Niedermeyer in Paris. Also from Fauré's student days is another Hugo song, 'Rêve d'amour', whose graceful vocal line is delicately shadowed by the piano's pulsing syncopations.

The two later Fauré songs are both settings of Armand Silvestre, one of his favourite poets. In 'Chanson d'amour' Fauré evokes a stylised courtly serenade, the piano imitating a guitar or mandolin, while 'Notre amour' is a graceful miniature scherzo, with kaleidoscopic changes of key.

Fauré's pupil **Nadia Boulanger** is revered as the most influential composition teacher of the 20th Century. Yet in her teens and twenties she composed vigorously, changing tack only after she realised the superior gifts of her tragically short-lived younger sister Lili (1893-1918).

Nadia's song cycle of 1909, *Les heures claires*, settings of the Belgian symbolist Émile Verhaeren, was actually a collaboration between Nadia and fellow French composer **Raoul Pugno**, with whom she often played piano duets. Debussy and Fauré are obvious influences. One writer even dubbed Nadia's music 'Fauré on caffeine': an apt description of the love songs 'C'était en juin' and 'S'il arrive jamais', with their soaring vocal lines over rippling keyboard figuration. Between them, the modally inflected 'Que tes yeux clairs' is tender meditation that rises to a climax of restrained fervour.

As Mörike was to Wolf, and Heine to Schumann, so Friedrich Rückert (1788-1866) – poet, philologist, Orientalist – was to **Mahler**. Of Rückert's verses he declared that 'this is lyric poetry from the source, all else is lyric poetry of a derivative kind'. Apart from 'Um Mitternacht', all of the so-called *Rückert Lieder* were written in Mahler's villa in the idyllic lakeside setting of Maiernigg in Carinthia. Four were completed, in both piano and orchestral versions, by August 1901. A fifth, the radiant 'Liebst du um Schönheit', followed a year later, a gift to his bride Alma Schindler.

Mirroring the delicate, intimate verses, the five *Rückert Lieder* are, with one exception, Mahler's most lyrical songs. 'Ich atmet' einen linden Duft' is an enchanting evocation of drowsy summer murmurings. The scherzo-like 'Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder' (Mahler hated anyone prying into his unfinished works) is set in motion by a buzzing *sotto voce* accompaniment prompted by the poem's apian imagery.

In contrast to the other *Rückert Lieder* 'Um Mitternacht' is a song of stark grandeur. After the spiritual questioning of the opening verses, the music brightens from minor to major for a triumphant apotheosis as the poet surrenders his strength to God's hands. The most celebrated of the

songs is 'Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen', a vocal counterpart to the *Adagietto* of the Fifth Symphony. Its text, on the familiar Romantic theme of withdrawal into a secluded world of art and nature, made a deep personal appeal to Mahler. 'It is my very self', he proclaimed of this sublime song, whose rapt, timeless lyricism coexists with a subtle interplay between voice and piano.

Aaron Copland had no thoughts of composing a song cycle when in March 1949 he first set an Emily Dickinson poem. 'I fell in love with one song, "The Chariot,"' he recalled, 'and continued to add songs one at a time until I had twelve. The poems themselves gave me direction, one that I hoped would be appropriate to Miss Dickinson's lyrical expressive language.' The cycle was completed in March 1950 and premièred by soprano Alice Howland, partnered by Copland, in May that year. He dedicated each song to one of his composer friends.

Embracing themes of love and mortality, nature both benevolent and destructive and faith versus doubt, the cycle presents a cumulative portrait of what Copland called the 'unique personality' of the visionary poet. Songs such as the opening 'Nature, the Gentlest Mother', with its recalling of birdsong, and 'Heart, we will forget him' – a poignant expression of loss – have a lyrical simplicity and directness. Others, including 'Why do they shut me out of heaven?' and 'Sleep is supposed to be', where the poet ecstatically anticipates the dawn of the afterlife, unfold as heightened speech.

There are two 'spring' songs: 'Dear March, Come In!' ('it breezes along', said Copland) and 'When they come back', where Copland's bright, extrovert music rather glosses over the poet's doubts. In the cycle's darkest song, 'I felt a funeral in my brain', the piano calls to mind first drum beats, then funeral bells. The song's polar opposite is the sparkling, scherzo-like penultimate song, 'Going to Heaven!', with voice and piano in excited collusion. In the final 'The Chariot' the poet rides to her death and life beyond the grave to a repeated dotted motif (shades here of a Baroque French overture), culminating in the soprano's long-held top F sharp at the final vision of eternity.

Famed both for his vast output of songs and his entertainingly frank journals, **Ned Rorem** flourished as something of an *enfant terrible* in the 1950s Parisian milieu of Cocteau, Auric and Poulenc before returning to New York. His style has been well-described as American in its poetic affinities and outlook but French in musical descent.

Before they round off their programme with 'Hello young lovers', from 1951 hit musical *The King and I*, tonight's artists perform two of Rorem's most popular love songs: 'Early in the Morning', where a young poet in love in – and with – Paris sings to the strains of a bittersweet café-waltz, and the gently musing 'I will always love you'.

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Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Le papillon et la fleur Op. 1 No. 1 (1861)

Victor Hugo

The butterfly and the flower

La pauvre fleur disait au papillon céleste: Ne fuis pas! Vois comme nos destins sont différents. Je reste, Tu t'en vas!	The humble flower said to the heavenly butterfly: do not flee! See how our destinies differ. Fixed to earth am I, you fly away!
Pourtant nous nous aimons, nous vivons sans les hommes Et loin d'eux, Et nous nous ressemblons, et l'on dit que nous sommes Fleurs tous deux!	Yet we love each other, we live without men and far from them, and we are so alike, it is said that both of us are flowers!
Mais, hélas! l'air t'emporte et la terre m'enchaîne. Sort cruel! Je voudrais embaumer ton vol de mon haleine Dans le ciel!	But alas! The breeze bears you away, the earth holds me fast. Cruel fate! I would perfume your flight with my fragrant breath in the sky!
Mais non, tu vas trop loin! – Parmi des fleurs sans nombre Vous fuyez, Et moi je reste seule à voir tourner mon ombre À mes pieds.	But no, you flit too far! Among countless flowers you fly away, while I remain alone, and watch my shadow circle round my feet.
Tu fuis, puis tu reviens; puis tu t'en vas encore Luire ailleurs. Aussi me trouves-tu toujours à chaque aurore Toute en pleurs!	You fly away, then return; then take flight again to shimmer elsewhere. And so you always find me at each dawn bathed in tears!
Oh! pour que notre amour coule des jours fidèles, Ô mon roi, Prends comme moi racine, ou donne-moi des ailes Comme à toi!	Ah, that our love might flow through faithful days, O my king, take root like me, or give me wings like yours!

Chanson d'amour Op.

27 No. 1 (1882)

Armand Silvestre

Love song

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front, Ô ma rebelle, ô ma farouche, J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ta bouche Où mes baisers s'épuiseront.	I love your eyes, I love your brow, O my rebel, O my wild one, I love your eyes, I love your mouth where my kisses shall dissolve.
J'aime ta voix, j'aime l'étrange Grâce de tout ce que tu dis, Ô ma rebelle, ô mon cher ange, Mon enfer et mon paradis!	I love your voice, I love the strange charm of all you say, O my rebel, O my dear angel, my inferno and my paradise.
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front ...	I love your eyes, I love your brow ...
J'aime tout ce qui te fait belle, De tes pieds jusqu'à tes cheveux, Ô toi vers qui montent mes vœux, Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle!	I love all that makes you beautiful, from your feet to your hair, O you the object of all my vows, O my wild one, O my rebel.
J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton front ...	I love your eyes, I love your brow ...

Rêve d'amour Op. 5

No. 2 (1864)

Victor Hugo

Dream of love

S'il est un charmant gazon Que le ciel arrose, Où maïs en toute saison Quelque fleur éclose, Où l'on cueille à pleine main Lys, chèvrefeuille et jasmin, J'en veux faire le chemin Où ton pied se pose!	If there be a lovely lawn watered by the sky, where each new season blossoming flowers spring up, where lily, woodbine, and jasmine can be gathered liberally, I would strew the way with them for your feet to tread!
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Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

S'il est un sein bien aimant
Dont l'honneur dispose,
Dont le tendre dévouement
N'ait rien de morose,
Si toujours ce noble sein
Bat pour un digne dessein,
J'en veux faire le coussin
Où ton front
se pose!

S'il est un rêve
d'amour
Parfumé de rose,
Où l'on trouve chaque
jour
Quelque douce chose,
Un rêve que Dieu
bénit,
Où l'âme à l'âme
s'unit,
Oh! j'en veux faire le
nid,
Où ton cœur se pose!

Notre amour Op. 23
No. 2 (c.1879)
Armand Silvestre

Notre amour est chose
légère,
Comme les parfums que le
vent
Prend aux cimes de la
fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en
rêvant.
Notre amour est chose
légère.

Notre amour est chose
charmante,
Comme les chansons du
matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir
incertain.
– Notre amour est chose
charmante.

Notre amour est chose
sacrée,
Comme les mystères des
bois
Où tresaille une âme
ignorée,
Où les silences ont
des voix.

If there be a loving breast
wherein honour dwells,
whose tender devotion
never is morose,
if this noble breast always
beats with worthy intent,
I would make of it a pillow
where your head can rest!

If there be a dream of love
with the scent of roses,
where each day may be
found
some sweet new delight,
a dream blessed by the
Lord
where soul unites with
soul,
Oh! I shall make of it the
nest
where your heart will rest!

Our love

Our love is light and
gentle,
like fragrance fetched by
the breeze
from the tips of
ferns
for us to breathe while
dreaming.
– Our love is light and
gentle.

Our love is
enchancing,
like morning
songs,
where no regret is voiced,
quivering with uncertain
hopes.
– Our love is
enchancing.

Our love is
sacred,
like woodland
mysteries,
where an unknown soul
throbs
and silences are
eloquent.

– Notre amour est chose
sacrée.

Notre amour est chose
infinie,
Comme les chemins des
couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux
réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils
penchants.

Notre amour est chose
éternelle,
Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu
vainqueur
A touché du feu
de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du
cœur,
Notre amour est chose
éternelle.

– Our love is
sacred.

Our love is
infinite,
like sunset
paths
where the sea, joined with
the skies,
falls asleep beneath
slanting suns.

Our love is
eternal,
like all that a victorious
God
has brushed with his fiery
wing,
like all that comes from
the heart,
– Our love is
eternal.

Nadia Boulanger (1887-1979)

Raoul Pugno (1852-1914)

From *Les heures*

claires (1909)

Émile Verhaeren

The bright hours

C'était en juin

C'était en juin, dans le
jardin,
C'était notre heure et notre
jour;
Et nos yeux regardaient,
avec un tel amour,
Les choses,
Qu'il nous semblait que
doucement s'ouvraient
Et nous voyaient et nous
aimaient
Les roses.

Le ciel était plus pur qu'il ne
le fut jamais:
Les insectes et les oiseaux
Volaient dans l'or et dans la
joie
D'un air frêle comme la soie;
Et nos baisers étaient si
beaux
Qu'ils exaltaient et la lumière
et les oiseaux.

On eût dit un bonheur qui
tout à coup
s'azure

It was in June

It was in June, in the
garden,
it was our hour and our
day;
and our eyes beheld all
things
with such love
that it seemed to us that
the roses
softly opened and saw us
and loved us.

The sky was purer than it
had ever been;
insects and birds
flew in the golden glow
and joy
of an air fragile like silk;
and our kisses were so
beautiful
that they thrilled both the
light and the birds.

It was like a happiness
which suddenly turned
azure

Et veut le Ciel entier pour
resplendir;
Toute la vie entrait, par de
douces brisures,
Dans notre être, pour le
grandir.

and needed the whole
sky to shine in;
all life entered, through
gentle cracks,
into our being, to cover it
in glory

Et ce n'étaient que cris
invocatoires,
Et fous élans et prières et
vœux,
Et le besoin, soudain, de
recréer des
dieux,
Afin de croire.

And there was nothing
but invocatory cries,
and mad desires and
prayers and wishes,
and the need, all of a
sudden, to recreate the
gods,
in order to believe.

Que tes yeux clairs, tes yeux d'été

May your bright eyes, your summer eyes

Que tes yeux clairs, tes yeux
d'été,
Me soient, sur terre,
Les images de la
bonté.

May your bright eyes,
your summer eyes,
be to me, on earth,
the incarnation of
goodness.

Laissons nos âmes
embrasées
Revêtir d'or chaque flamme
de nos pensées.

Let us allow our blazing
souls
to adorn with gold each
flame of our thoughts.

Que mes deux mains contre
ton cœur
Te soient, sur terre,
Les emblèmes de la douceur.

May my two hands
against your heart
be to you, on earth,
the emblems of
contentment.

Vivons pareils à deux prières
éperdues
L'une vers l'autre, à toute
heure, tendues.

Let us live like two ardent
prayers
reaching forever for one
another.

Que nos baisers sur nos
bouches ravies
Nous soient sur terre
Les symboles de notre vie.

May our kisses on our
enraptured mouths
be to us on earth
the symbols of our life.

S'il arrive jamais

Should it ever occur

S'il arrive jamais
Que nous soyons, sans le
savoir,
Souffrance ou peine ou
désespoir,
L'un pour l'autre; s'il se faisait

Should it ever occur
that we unwittingly
become
pain, sorrow or despair
for one another; if it ever
were

Que la fatigue ou le banal
plaisir
Détendissent en nous l'arc
d'or du haut désir;
Si le cristal de la pure pensée

that fatigue or banal
pleasure
loosened up the golden
bow of high desire;
if the crystal of pure
thought

Doit en nos cœurs tomber et
se briser,
Si malgré tout, je me sentais
Vaincu pour n'avoir pas été

in our hearts should ever
fall and break,
if, in spite of it all, I felt
defeated for not having
been

Assez en proie à la divine
immensité
De la bonté;

sufficiently touched by
the divine immensity
of kindness;

Alors, oh! serrons-nous
comme deux fous
sublimes

then, oh, let us embrace
like two sublime
madmen

Qui sous les cieux cassés, se
cramponnent aux cimes

who under broken skies
still hang on to the
summit –

Quand même – et d'un
unique essor,

and in one soaring path,

L'âme en soleil, s'exaltent
dans la mort.

our souls bathed in
sunlight, exaltingly go to
our death.

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Rückert Lieder (1901-2)

Friedrich Rückert

Ich atmet' einen linden Duft

I breathed a gentle fragrance

Ich atmet' einen linden
Duft.

I breathed a gentle
fragrance.

Im Zimmer stand
Ein Zweig der Linde,
Ein Angebinde
Von lieber Hand;
Wie lieblich war der
Lindenduft!

In the room stood
a spray of lime,
a gift
from a dear hand;
how lovely the fragrance
of lime was!

Wie lieblich ist der
Lindenduft!

How lovely the fragrance
of lime is!

Das Lindenreis
Brachst du
gelinde;

The spray of lime
was gently plucked by
you;

Ich atme leis
Im Duft der Linde
Der Liebe linden
Duft.

softly I breathe
in the fragrance of lime
the gentle fragrance of
love.

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

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!

Do not look into my songs!

Blicke mir nicht in die Lieder!
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,
Wie ertappt auf böser Tat;
Selber darf ich nicht getrauen,
Ihrem Wachsen zuzuschauen:
Deine Neugier ist Verrat!

Do not look into my songs!
I lower my gaze,
as if caught in the act;
I cannot even dare
to watch them growing:
your curiosity is treason!

Bienen, wenn sie Zellen bauen,
Lassen auch nicht zu sich schauen,
Schauen selbst auch nicht zu.
Wenn die reichen Honigwaben
Sie zu Tag befördert haben,
Dann vor allen nasche du!

Bees, when they build cells,
let no one watch either,
and do not even watch themselves.
When the rich honeycombs
have been brought to daylight,
you shall be the first to taste!

Liebst du um Schönheit

If you love for beauty

Liebst du um Schönheit,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Sonne,
Sie trägt ein goldnes Haar.

If you love for beauty,
O love not me!
Love the sun,
she has golden hair.

Liebst du um Jugend,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe den Frühling,
Der jung ist jedes Jahr.

If you love for youth,
O love not me!
Love the spring
which is young each year.

Liebst du um Schätze,
O nicht mich liebe!
Liebe die Meerfrau,
Sie hat viel Perlen klar.

If you love for riches,
O love not me!
Love the mermaid
who has many shining pearls.

Liebst du um Liebe,
O ja mich liebe!
Liebe mich immer,
Dich lieb' ich immerdar.

If you love for love,
ah yes, love me!
Love me always,
I shall love you ever more.

Um Mitternacht

At midnight

Um Mitternacht hab' ich gewacht
Und aufgeblickt zum Himmel;
Kein Stern vom Sternegewimmel
Hat mir gelacht um Mitternacht.

At midnight I kept watch
and looked up to heaven;
not a star in the galaxy
smiled on me at midnight.

Um Mitternacht hab' ich gedacht
Hinaus in dunkle Schranken
Es hat kein Lichtgedanken
Mir Trost gebracht um Mitternacht.

At midnight my thoughts went out
to the dark reaches of space;
no shining thought brought me comfort at midnight.

Um Mitternacht nahm ich in acht
Die Schläge meines Herzens
Ein einz'ger Puls des Schmerzens
War angefacht um Mitternacht.

At midnight I paid heed
to the beating of my heart;
a single pulse of pain was set alight at midnight.

Um Mitternacht kämpft' ich die Schlacht,
O Menschheit, deiner Leiden;
Nicht konnt' ich sie entscheiden
Mit meiner Macht um Mitternacht.

At midnight I fought the fight,
O Mankind, of your afflictions;
I could not gain victory
by my own strength at midnight.

Um Mitternacht hab' ich die Macht
In deine Hand gegeben:
Herr über Tod und Leben,
Du hältst die Wacht um Mitternacht.

At midnight I gave my strength
into Thy hands:
Lord over life and death,
thou keepest watch at midnight.

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen

I am lost to the world

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben.
Sie hat so lange nichts von mir vernommen,

I am lost to the world
with which I used to waste much time;
it has for so long heard nothing of me,

Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben.	it may well believe that I am dead.
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,	Nor am I at all concerned
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält.	if it should think me dead.
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,	Nor can I deny it,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.	for truly I am dead to the world.
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,	I am dead to the world's tumult
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.	and rest in a quiet realm.
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,	I live alone in my heaven,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied.	in my loving, in my song.

Interval

Aaron Copland (1900-1990)

12 poems of Emily Dickinson (1949-50)

Emily Dickinson

Nature, the Gentlest Mother

Nature, the gentlest mother
Impatient of no child,
The feeblest or the waywardest, –
Her admonition mild

In forest and the hill
By traveller is heard,
Restraining rampant squirrel
Or too impetuous bird.

How fair her conversation,
A summer afternoon, –
Her household, her assembly;
And when the sun goes down

Her voice among the aisles
Incites the timid prayer
Of the minutest cricket,
The most unworthy flower.

When all the children sleep

She turns as long away

As will suffice to light her lamps;
Then, bending from the sky,

With infinite affection
And infiniter care,
Her golden finger on her lip,
Wills silence everywhere.

There came a wind like a bugle

There came a wind like a bugle;
It quivered through the grass,
And a green chill upon the heat
So ominous did pass
We barred the window and the doors
As from an emerald ghost;
The doom's electric moccasin
That very instant passed.
On a strange mob of panting trees,
And fences fled away.

And rivers where the houses ran
The living looked that day.
The bell within the steeple wild
The flying tidings whirled.
How much can come
And much can go,
And yet abide the world!

Why do they shut me out of heaven?

Why do they shut me out of heaven?
Did I sing too loud?
But I can sing a little minor,
Timid as a bird.

Wouldn't the angels try me
Just once more?
Just see if I troubled them –
But don't shut the door!

Oh, if I were the gentlemen
In the white robes
And they were the little hand that knocked –
Could I forbid?

The world feels dusty

The world feels dusty
When we stop to die;
We want the dew then,
Honors taste dry.

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

Flags vex a dying face
But the least fan
Stirred by a friend's hand
Cools like the rain.

Mine be the ministry
When thy thirst comes,
Dews of thyself to fetch
And holy balms.

Heart, we will forget him

Heart, we will forget him
You and I, tonight.
You may forget the warmth he gave,
I will forget the light.

When you have done, pray tell me,
That I my thoughts may dim;
Haste! lest while you're lagging,
I may remember him!

Dear March, Come In!

Dear March, come in!
How glad I am!
I looked for you before.
Put down your hat –
You must have walked –
How out of breath you are!
Dear March, how are you?
And the rest?
Did you leave Nature well?
Oh, March, come right upstairs with me,
I have so much to tell!

I got your letter, and the bird's;
The maples never knew
That you were coming, – I declare,
How red their faces grew!
But, March, forgive me –
And all those hills
You left for me to hue,
There was no purple suitable,
You took it all with you.

Who knocks? That April?
Lock the door!
I will not be pursued!
He stayed away a year, to call
When I am occupied.
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come,
And blame is just as dear as praise
And praise as mere as blame.

Sleep is supposed to be

Sleep is supposed to be,
By souls of sanity,
The shutting of the eye.

Sleep is the station grand
Down which on either hand
The hosts of witness stand!

Morn is supposed to be,
By people of degree,
The breaking of the day.

Morning has not occurred!
That shall aurora be
East of eternity;

One with the banner gay,
One in the red array, –
That is the break of day.

When they come back

When they come back,
If blossoms do –
I always feel a doubt
If blossoms can be born again
When once the art is out.

When they begin,
If Robins do –
I always had a fear
I did not tell, it was their last
Experiment last year.

When it is May,
If May return –
Had nobody a pang
That on a face so beautiful
He might not look again?

If I am there –
One does not know
What party one may be
Tomorrow, – but if I am there
I take back all I say!

I felt a funeral in my brain

I felt a funeral in my brain,
And mourners, to and fro,
Kept treading, treading, till it seemed
That sense was breaking through.

And when they all were seated,
A service like a drum
Kept beating, beating, till I thought
My mind was going numb.

And then I heard them lift a box,
And creak across my soul
With those same boots of lead, again,
Then space began to toll

As all the heavens were a bell,
And Being but an ear,
And I and silence some strange race,
Wrecked, solitary, here.

I've heard an organ talk sometimes

I've heard an organ talk sometimes
In a cathedral aisle
And understood no word it said
Yet held my breath the while...

And risen up and gone away,
A more Bernardine girl
And know not what was done to me
In that old hallowed aisle.

Going to Heaven!

Going to Heaven!
I don't know when,
Pray do not ask me how, –
Indeed, I'm too astonished
To think of answering you!

Going to Heaven! –
How dim it sounds!
And yet it will be done
As sure as flocks go home at night
Unto the shepherd's arm!

Perhaps you're going too!
Who knows?
If you should get there first,
Save just a little place for me
Close to the two I lost!

The smallest 'robe' will fit me,
And just a bit of 'crown';
For you know we do not mind our dress
When we are going home.

I'm glad I don't believe it,
For it would stop my breath,
And I'd like to look a little more
At such a curious earth!

I am glad they did believe it
Whom I have never found
Since the mighty autumn afternoon
I left them in the ground.

The Chariot

We paused before a house that seemed
We passed the setting sun.
We passed the school where children played,
We passed the fields of grazing grain,
Their lessons scarcely done,
The roof was scarcely visible,
The cornice but a mound.
We slowly drove, he knew no haste,
Since then 'tis centuries; but each
I first surmised the horses' heads
He kindly stopped for me;
For his civility.
Feels shorter than the day
Because I would not stop for Death,
And Immortality.
And I had put away
A swelling of the ground;
My labor, and my leisure too,
Were toward eternity.

Ned Rorem (1923-2022)

Early in the Morning (1955)

Robert Hillyer

Early in the morning
Of a lovely summer day ...

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

I will always love you (1957)

Frank O'Hara

I will always love you
Though I never loved you

A boy smelling faintly of heather
Staring up at your window

The passion that enlightens
And stills and cultivates, gone

While I sought your face
To be familiar in the blueness

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

Or to follow your sharp whistle
Around a corner into my light

That was love growing fainter
Each time you failed to appear

I spent my whole self searching
Love which I thought was you

It was mine so briefly
And I never knew it, or you went

I thought it was outside disappearing
But it is disappearing in my heart

Like snow blown in a window
To be gone from the world

I will always love you

Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)

Hello Young Lovers from *The King and I*

(1950-1)

Oscar Hammerstein II

When I think of Tom,
I think about a night ...

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text for the above song.

Translations of 'S'il arrive jamais' and all Fauré except 'Rêve d'amour' by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. 'Rêve d'amour' by Richard Stokes. 'C'était en juin' and 'Que tes yeux clairs' by Jean du Monde. Mahler 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.