

# WIGMORE HALL

Tuesday 26 September 2023  
7.30pm

Regula Mühlemann soprano  
Tatiana Korsunskaya piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Viola D786 (1823)

Die Gebüsche D646 (1819)

Der Musensohn D764 (1822)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Mädchenblumen Op. 22 (1886-8)

*Kornblumen • Mohnblumen • Epheu • Wasserrose*

Ständchen Op. 17 No. 2 (1886)

*Interval*

Dominick Argento (1927-2019)

6 Elizabethan Songs (1957)

*Spring • Sleep • Winter • Dirge • Diaphenia • Hymn*

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

Goldenhair (1925)

Mantle of blue (1918)

Isobel (1912)

Berceuse (1901)

Go not, happy day (1903)

Love went a-riding (1914)

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German lyric poetry frequently features flowers as not-so-thinly-veiled references to young women (with Goethe's *Heidenröslein* being perhaps the most famous of all). But it's relatively rare to find a song that tells the story of a particular anthropomorphic bloom over the course of a day – her wedding day, in fact. **Schubert's** 'Viola' is a tragic tale of love and loss, lovingly and delicately realised. The snowdrops chime daintily as the song begins; Spring approaches to cheerful fanfares, and the eponymous Violet prepares herself for her wedding. That she is a flower does not lessen the care that Schubert takes in depicting her apprehension and sorrow, and she trembles and weeps audibly in the shivering piano writing. The snowdrops ring out tenderly in her memory as the song closes.

The rather earlier 'Die Gebüsche' of 1819 draws on the poetry of the pantheist Friedrich von Schlegel: a vivid description of the natural world as experienced only by the individual who truly understands it. The music pivots again and again onto unexpected chords, as if emphasising the difficulty of finding the true Romantic path: to be the unique soul who hears the 'leiser Ton' in all things. Such power is also afforded to 'Der Musensohn', of course – but although he bounds energetically and delightedly through the seasons of the year, he is full of longing for a lover whom he has not yet found.

Floral imagery was still an important aspect of poetry in the 1890s, when the young **Richard Strauss** completed a clutch of four songs entitled *Mädchenblumen*. The poems are by Felix Dahn, a high-profile writer of the time and a frequent contributor to *Die Gartenlaube*, Germany's most popular family magazine. But Strauss's settings are somewhat surprising, because although the association with Dahn suggests a desire to appeal to exactly the kind of middle-class amateur musicians who read *Die Gartenlaube*, these songs are far too hard for such amateurs to perform: Strauss himself called them 'extremely ungrateful!'. They were dedicated to the tenor Hans Buff-Giessen, principal tenor of the Weimar Court Opera when Strauss began working there in 1889 – a man more than qualified to perform them.

Strauss's biographer Norman del Mar rather sardonically describes the *Mädchenblumen* as a cycle in which the writer (and by extension, composer) 'sentimentally rhapsodises over different sorts of girls in terms of their botanical equivalents.' Sentimentality is certainly in evidence. But so too is rich, yearning lyricism in the sweeping melodies of cornflower and ivy, the dizzy passion of the poppy – and the exquisite, fairy-tale water-rose in all her fragile beauty. We end our first half with 'Ständchen', perhaps Strauss's most famous song, composed in 1886 when he was just 22 years old. As with the later *Mädchenblumen*, this is a ferociously difficult song which must sound feather-light and entirely without effort: a gauzy, fluttering accompaniment and gorgeously expansive vocal line.

The American composer **Dominick Argento** was in Florence on a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1957 when he received a letter from the tenor Nicholas Di Virgilio, who had been a fellow student and collaborator at Eastman School of Music. Virgilio wrote to request that his friend write some songs for his graduation recital. Argento recalled going to the nearest bookshop with an English poetry section, on the hunt for texts: he came away with a copy of Francis Palgrave's poetic collection *The Golden Treasury* and selected works by Thomas Nashe, Henry Constable, Ben Jonson and Shakespeare. The songs were finished by 1958 and duly given by Virgilio in his April recital at Eastman. The *Elizabethan Songs* are now one of Argento's most popular and frequently performed pieces. 'I've been informed,' he wrote, 'that the *Songs* are required repertory for voice majors in Canadian music schools, which to me is more significant than winning the Pulitzer Prize.' (Which he did, in 1975, for *From the Diary of Virginia Woolf*.)

'Spring' is a jolly echo of the Baroque concerto grosso, with a bouncing bass and arpeggiated piano melody to accompany the singer. 'Sleep', after such happy, busy lines, seems spacious in its long bars of 8/8 time, the steady tread of the bass at the opening giving way to high, twinkling harmonies as we look starwads. 'Winter' brings pointed, nippy chords and the vocal cry of the owl – and the appearance of Greasy Joan prompts slippery slides for the pianist's right hand. Shakespeare's famous 'Dirge' from *Twelfth Night* is simple and melancholy, often with only bare thirds from the piano to accompany the singer. Henry Constable's 'Diaphenia' is a wild, galloping depiction of young passion, with key words in the text – power, dead, life, love – set as long melismas over wildly unstable harmonies. Finally, the 'Hymn' to Diana is a noble mock-Tudor song of praise. We are left with the sense that this poem could continue indefinitely, a graceful bow to the beloved 'Goddess excellently bright'.

Our programme closes with a group of songs by the British composer **Frank Bridge**, completed between 1901 and 1925, and taking us from Victorian poetry to modernist contemporary writers. 'Goldenhair' sets the words of James Joyce, an indoor serenade to match Strauss's outdoor 'Ständchen' of the first half, rhapsodic and gleaming. Padraic Colum's lullaby 'Mantle of blue' comes next, rocking and mysterious, composed six months before the end of the First World War. 'Isobel' dates from 1912 and is noticeably late-Romantic – more so even than the strikingly dramatic and varied 'Berceuse', Bridge's first surviving song from 1901. 'Go not, happy day' is a song of lovesickness and delight, whirring and excitable; and 'Love went a-riding', perhaps Bridge's most famous song, is a rapturous gallop across the sky.

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## Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

### Viola D786 (1823)

Franz von Schober

### Violet

Schneeglöcklein, o  
Schneeglöcklein,  
In den Auen läutest  
du,  
Läutest in dem stillen Hain,  
Läute immer, läute zu, läute  
immer zu!

Denn du kündest frohe Zeit,  
Frühling naht, der  
Bräutigam,  
Kommt mit Sieg vom  
Winterstreit,  
Dem er seine Eiswehr  
nahm.

Darum schwingt der goldne  
Stift,  
Dass dein Silberhelm  
erschallt,  
Und dein liebliches  
Gedüft  
Leis' wie Schmeichelruf  
entwallt:

Dass die Blumen in der  
Erd'  
Steigen aus dem düstern  
Nest,  
Und des Bräutigams sich  
wert  
Schmücken zu dem  
Hochzeitsfest.

Schneeglöcklein, o  
Schneeglöcklein,  
In den Auen läutest  
du,  
Läutest in dem stillen Hain,  
Läut' die Blumen aus der  
Ruh!

Du Viola, zartes Kind,  
Hörst zuerst den  
Wonnelaut,  
Und sie stehet aufgeschwind,  
Schmücket sorglich sich als  
Braut.

Hüllet sich in's grüne  
Kleid,  
Nimmt den Mantel  
sammetblau,  
Nimmt das güldene  
Geschmeid,  
Und den Brillantentau.

Snowdrop,  
snowdrop,  
you ring through the  
meadows,  
you ring in the silent grove.  
Ring on, ring on for  
ever!

For you herald a time of joy;  
Spring approaches, the  
bridegroom,  
victorious from his  
struggle with winter,  
from whom he wrested  
his icy weapon.

So your golden rod  
swings  
that your silver bell shall  
resound,  
and your sweet fragrance  
wafts gently away,  
like an enticing  
call:

So that the flowers in the  
earth  
rise from their gloomy  
nests,  
and to prove worthy of  
the bridegroom  
adorn themselves for the  
wedding feast.

Snowdrop,  
snowdrop,  
you ring through the  
meadows,  
you ring in the silent grove,  
ring the flowers from their  
sleep!

Violet, tender child,  
is the first to hear the  
joyful sound;  
she rises quickly,  
and adorns herself  
carefully as a bride.

She wraps herself in a  
green gown,  
takes a velvety blue  
mantle,  
her golden  
jewels  
and her dewy diamonds.

Eilt dann fort mit mächt'gem  
Schritt,  
Nur den Freund  
im treuen  
Sinn,  
Ganz von Liebesglut  
durchglüht,  
Sieht nicht her und sieht  
nicht hin.

Then she hastens forth  
with powerful gait,  
with thoughts only of her  
beloved in her faithful  
heart,  
inflamed with ardent  
love,  
looking neither this way  
nor that.

Doch ein ängstliches  
Gefühl  
Ihre kleine Brust durchwallt,  
Denn es ist noch rings so  
still,  
Und die Lüfte weh'n so kalt.

But a feeling of  
apprehension  
troubles her tiny breast,  
for all around it is still so  
quiet,  
and the winds blow so cold.

Und sie hemmt den  
schnellen Lauf,  
Schon bestrahlt von  
Sonnenschein,  
Doch mit Schrecken blickt  
sie auf,  
Denn sie stehet ganz allein.

She checks her rapid  
course.  
Already the sun shines on  
her,  
but she looks up in  
terror,  
for she is quite alone.

Schwestern nicht, nicht  
Bräutigam  
Zugedrungen! und  
verschmäht!  
Da durchschauert sie die  
Scham,  
Fliehet wie vom Sturm  
geweht.

No sisters! No  
bridegroom!  
She has been too pressing!  
She has been rejected!  
Then she shudders with  
shame  
and flees, as if swept  
away by the storm.

Fliehet an den fernsten  
Ort,  
Wo sich Gras und Schatten  
deckt,  
Späht und lauschet  
immerfort,  
Ob was rauschet und sich  
regt.

She flees to the remotest  
spot,  
where grass and shade  
conceal her;  
she constantly peers and  
listens  
to see if anything rustles  
or stirs.

Und gekränkert und getäuscht  
Sitzet sie und schluchzt und  
weint,  
Von der tiefsten Angst  
zerfleischt,  
Ob kein Nahender erscheint.

Hurt and disappointed  
she sits sobbing and  
weeping,  
tormented by the  
profound fear  
that no one will appear.

Schneeglöcklein, o  
Schneeglöcklein,  
In den Auen läutest  
du,  
Läutest in dem stillen Hain,  
Läut die Schwestern ihr herzu!

Snowdrop,  
snowdrop,  
you ring through the  
meadows,  
you ring in the silent grove;  
call her sisters to her!

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

Rose nahet, Lilie  
schwankt,  
Tulp' und Hyazinthe schwellt,  
Windling kommt daher gerankt,  
Und Narziss' hat sich  
gesellt.

The rose approaches, the  
lily sways,  
the tulip and hyacinth swell;  
the bindweed trails along,  
and the narcissus joins  
them.

Da der Frühling nun  
erscheint,  
Und das frohe Fest  
beginnt,  
Sieht er alle, die vereint,  
Und vermisst sein liebstes  
Kind.

And now, as Spring  
appears  
and the happy festival  
begins,  
he sees them all united,  
but misses his dearest  
child.

Alle schickt er suchend  
fort,  
Um die eine, die ihm wert,  
Und sie kommen an den Ort,  
Wo sie einsam sich verzehrt.

He sends them all off to  
search  
for the one he cherishes,  
and they come to the place  
where she languishes alone.

Doch es sitzt das liebe  
Herz  
Stumm und bleich, das  
Haupt gebückt,  
Ach, der Lieb' und Sehnsucht  
Schmerz  
Hat die Zärtliche erdrückt.

But the sweet creature  
sits there  
dumb and pale, her head  
bowed;  
alas, the pain of love and  
longing  
has crushed the tender one.

Schneeglöcklein, o  
Schneeglöcklein,  
In den Auen läutest  
du,  
Läutest in dem stillen Hain,  
Läut Viola sanfte  
Ruh'!

Snowdrop,  
snowdrop,  
you ring through the  
meadows,  
you ring in the silent grove;  
ring for Violet's sweet  
repose!

### Die Gebüsche D646 (1819)

*Friedrich Schlegel*

Es wehet kühl und  
leise  
Die Luft durch dunkle Auen,  
Und nur der Himmel lächelt  
Aus tausend hellen  
Augen.

The breeze blows cool  
and soft  
through dark meadows,  
and only the heavens smile  
from a thousand bright  
eyes.

Es regt nur eine Seele  
Sich in des Meeres Brausen,  
Und in den leisen Worten,  
Die durch die Blätter  
rauschen.

Only one soul stirs  
amid the roaring ocean,  
and in the soft words  
that whisper through the  
leaves.

So tönt in Welle Welle,  
Wo Geister heimlich  
trauren;  
So folgen Worte Worten,  
Wo Geister Leben hauchen.

Thus wave echoes wave  
where spirits secretly  
mourn;  
thus words follow words  
where spirits breathe life.

Durch alle Töne  
tönet  
Im bunten  
Erdenraume,  
Ein leiser Ton gezogen,  
Für den, der heimlich  
lauschet.

Through all the sounds in  
the  
earth's many-coloured  
dream,  
one faint sound echoes  
for him who secretly  
listens.

### Der Musensohn D764 (1822)

*Johann Wolfgang von  
Goethe*

Durch Feld und Wald zu  
schweifen,  
Mein Liedchen wegzupfeifen,  
So gehts von Ort zu  
Ort!  
Und nach dem Takte  
reget,  
Und nach dem Mass bewegt  
Sich alles an mir fort.

### The son of the muses

Roaming through fields  
and woods,  
whistling out my song,  
is how I go from place to  
place!  
And the whole world  
keeps time  
and moves in rhythm  
with me.

Ich kann sie kaum erwarten  
Die erste Blum' im Garten,  
Die erste Blüt' am Baum.  
Sie grüssen meine Lieder,  
Und kommt der Winter wieder,  
Sing' ich noch jenen Traum.

I can scarcely wait for them,  
the first flower in the garden,  
the first blossom on the tree.  
My songs greet them,  
and when winter returns,  
I still sing of my dream.

Ich sing' ihn in der Weite,  
Auf Eises Läng' und Breite,  
Da blüht der Winter  
schön!  
Auch diese Blüte  
schwindet  
Und neue Freude  
findet  
Sich auf bebauten Höhn.

I sing it far and wide,  
throughout the icy realm,  
then winter blossoms in  
beauty!  
This blossoming also  
passes  
and new joys are  
discovered  
on the villages on the hills.

Denn wie ich bei der Linde  
Das junge Völkchen finde,  
Sogleich erreg' ich sie.  
Der stumpfe Bursche bläht  
sich,  
Das steife Mädchen dreht sich  
Nach meiner Melodie.

For as soon as I see  
young folk by the lime tree,  
I rouse them in a trice.  
The bumpkin puffs his  
chest out,  
the prim girl pirouettes  
in time to my melody.

Ihr gebt den Sohlen Flügel  
Und treibt, durch Tal und  
Hügel  
Den Liebling weit von  
Haus.  
Ihr lieben holden Musen,  
Wann ruh' ich ihr am Busen  
Auch endlich wieder aus?

You lend my feet wings  
and drive over hill and  
dale  
your favourite far from  
home.  
Dear, gracious Muses,  
when shall I at last find rest  
in my beloved's embrace?

## Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

### Mädchenblumen

Op. 22 (1886-8)

Felix Dahn

### Maidenflowers

### Kornblumen

Kornblumen nenn ich die  
Gestalten,  
Die milden mit den blauen  
Augen,  
Die, anspruchslos in stillem  
Walten,  
Den Tau des Friedens, den  
sie saugen  
Aus ihren eigenen klaren  
Seelen,  
Mitteilen allem, dem sie  
nahen,  
Bewusstlos der  
Gefühlsjuwelen,  
Die sie von Himmelshand  
empfahn.  
Dir wir so wohl in ihrer  
Nähe,  
Als gingst du durch ein  
Saatgefilde,  
Durch das der Hauch des  
Abends wehe,  
Voll frommen Friedens und  
voll Milde.

### Cornflowers

Cornflowers are what I  
call those girls,  
those gentle girls with  
blue eyes,  
who simply and serenely  
impart  
the dew of peace, which  
they draw  
from their own pure  
souls,  
to all those they  
approach,  
unaware of the jewels of  
feeling  
they receive from the  
hand of Heaven.  
You feel so at ease in  
their company,  
as though you were walking  
through a cornfield,  
rippled by the breath of  
evening,  
full of devout peace and  
gentleness.

### Mohnblumen

Mohnblumen sind die runden,  
Rotblutigen, gesunden,  
Die sommersprossge-  
braunten,  
Die immer froh  
gelaunten,  
Kreuzbraven, kreuzfidelen,  
Tanznimmermüden Seelen,  
Die unterm Lachen  
weinen,  
Und nur geboren scheinen,  
Die Kornblumen zu necken,  
Und dennoch oft verstecken  
Die weichsten, besten  
Herzen,  
Im Schlinggewächs von  
Scherzen,  
Die man, weiss Gott, mit Küssen  
Ersticken würde  
müssen,  
Wär' man nicht immer bange,  
Umarmest du die Range,  
Sie springt ein voller  
Brander  
Aufflammend auseinander!

### Poppies

Poppies are the round,  
red-blooded, healthy girls,  
the brown and freckled  
ones,  
the always good-humoured  
ones, honest and merry  
as the day is long,  
who never tire of dancing,  
who laugh and cry  
simultaneously  
and only seem to be born  
to tease the cornflowers,  
and yet often conceal  
the gentlest and kindest  
hearts  
as they entwine and play  
their pranks,  
those whom, God knows,  
you would have to stifle  
with kisses,  
were you not so timid,  
for if you embrace the minx,  
she will burst, like  
smouldering timber,  
into flames!

## Epheu

Aber Epheu nenn' ich jene  
Mädchen,  
Mit den sanften Worten,  
Mit dem Haar, dem  
schlichten, hellen,  
Um den leis' gewölbten  
Brau'n,  
Mit den braunen  
seelenvollen Reheaugen,  
Die in Tränen steh'n so  
oft,  
In ihren Tränen gerade sind  
unwiderstehlich;  
Ohne Kraft und  
Selbstgefühl,  
Schmucklos mit verborg'ner  
Blüte,  
Doch mit unerschöpflich  
tiefer  
Treuer inniger Empfindung  
Können sie mit eigner  
Triebkraft  
Nie sich heben aus den  
Wurzeln,  
Sind geboren, sich zu  
ranken  
Liebend um ein ander Leben:  
  
An der ersten Lieb'umrankung  
Hängt ihr ganzes  
Lebensschicksal,  
Denn sie zählen zu den  
seltnen Blumen,  
Die nur einmal blühen.

## Ivy

But ivy is my name for  
those girls  
with gentle words,  
with sleek fair  
hair  
and slightly arched  
brows,  
with brown soulful fawn-  
like eyes,  
that well up so often with  
tears,  
which are simply  
irresistible;  
without strength and self-  
confidence,  
unadorned with hidden  
flowers,  
but with inexhaustibly  
deep,  
true and ardent feeling,  
they cannot, through  
their own strength,  
rise from their  
roots;  
but are born to twine  
themselves  
lovingly round another's  
life: –  
their whole life's destiny  
depends on their first  
love-entwining,  
for they belong to that  
rare breed of flower  
that blossoms only once.

## Wasserrose

Kennst du die Blume, die  
märchenhafte,  
Sagengefeierte  
Wasserrose?  
Sie wiegt auf ätherischem,  
schlankem Schafte  
Das durchsicht'ge Haupt,  
das farbenlose,  
Sie blüht auf schilfigem  
Teich im Haine,  
Gehütet vom Schwan, der  
umkreiset sie einsam,  
Sie erschliesst sich nur dem  
Mondenscheine,  
Mit dem ihr der silberne  
Schimmer gemeinsam:  
So blüht sie, die zaub'rische  
Schwester der Sterne,  
Umschwärmt von der  
träumerisch dunklen  
Phaläne,  
Die am Rande des Teichs  
sich sehnet von ferne,  
Und sie nimmer erreicht, wie  
sehr sie sich sehne.  
Wasserrose, so nenn' ich die  
schlanke,  
Nachtlock'ge Maid,  
alabastern von  
Wangen,  
In dem Auge der ahnende  
tiefe Gedanke,  
Als sei sie ein Geist und auf  
Erden gefangen.  
Wenn sie spricht, ist's wie  
silbernes Wogenrauschen,  
Wenn sie schweigt, ist's die  
ahnende Stille der  
Mondnacht;  
Sie scheint mit den Sternen  
Blicke zu tauschen,  
Deren Sprache die  
gleiche Natur sie gewohnt  
macht;  
Du kannst nie ermüden, in's  
Aug' ihr zu schau'n,  
Das die seidne, lange  
Wimper umsäumt hat,  
Und du glaubst, wie  
bezaubernd von seligem  
Grau'n,  
Was je die Romantik von  
Elfen geträumt hat.

## Water lily

Do you know this flower,  
the fairy-like  
water-lily, celebrated in  
legend?  
On her ethereal, slender  
stem  
she sways her colourless  
transparent head;  
it blossoms on a reedy  
and sylvan pond,  
protected by the solitary  
swan that swims round it,  
opening only to the  
moonlight,  
whose silver gleam it  
shares.  
Thus it blossoms, the  
magical sister of the stars,  
as the dreamy dark  
moth, fluttering round  
it,  
yearns for it from afar at  
the edge of the pond,  
and never reaches it for  
all its yearning. -  
Water-lily is my name for  
the slender  
maiden with night-black  
locks and alabaster  
cheeks,  
with deep foreboding  
thoughts in her eyes,  
as though she were a spirit  
imprisoned on earth.  
Her speech resembles the  
silver rippling of waves,  
her silence the  
foreboding stillness of a  
moonlit night,  
she seems to exchange  
glances with the stars,  
whose language - their  
natures being the same  
- she shares.  
You can never tire of  
gazing into her eyes,  
framed by her silken long  
lashes,  
and you believe,  
bewitched by their  
blissful grey,  
all that Romantics have ever  
dreamt about elves.

## Ständchen Op. 17 No. 2 Serenade

(1886)

*Adolf Friedrich von Schack*

Mach auf, mach auf! doch leise, mein Kind, Um Keinen vom Schlummer zu wecken! Kaum murmelt der Bach, kaum zittert im Wind Ein Blatt an den Büschen und Hecken; Drum leise, mein Mädchen, dass nichts sich regt, Nur leise die Hand auf die Klinke gelegt!	Open up, open up! but softly, my child, so that no one's roused from slumber! The brook hardly murmurs, the breeze hardly moves a leaf on the bushes and hedges; gently, my love, so nothing shall stir, gently with your hand as you lift the latch!
Mit Tritten, wie Tritte der Elfen so sacht, Um über die Blumen zu hüpfen, Flieg leicht hinaus in die Mondscheinnacht, Zu mir in den Garten zu schlüpfen! Rings schlummern die Blüten am rieselnden Bach Und duften im Schlaf, nur die Liebe ist wach.	With steps as light as the steps of elves, as they hop their way over flowers, flit out into the moonlit night, slip out to me in the garden! The flowers are fragrant in sleep by the rippling brook, only love is awake.
Sitz nieder! Hier dämmerts geheimnisvoll Unter den Lindenbäumen. Die Nachtigall uns zu Häupten soll Von unseren Küssen träumen Und die Rose, wenn sie am Morgen erwacht, Hoch glühn von den Wonneschauern der Nacht.	Sit down! Dusk falls mysteriously here beneath the linden trees. The nightingale above us shall dream of our kisses and the rose, when it wakes at dawn, shall glow from our night's rapture.

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## Interval

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## Dominick Argento (1927-2019)

### 6 Elizabethan Songs (1957)

#### Spring

*Thomas Nashe*

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherd pipes all day,  
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
Spring! The sweet Spring!

#### Sleep

*Samuel Daniel*

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,  
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,  
Relieve my anguish and restore thy light,  
With dark forgetting of my cares, return;  
And let the day be time enough to mourn  
The shipwreck of my ill-adventur'd youth:  
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,  
Without the torment of the night's untruth.  
Cease, dreams, th' images of day-desires  
To model forth the passions of the morrow;  
Never let rising sun approve you liars,  
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow.  
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain;  
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

#### Winter

*William Shakespeare*

When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail;  
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl:  
Tu-who!  
Tu-whit! Tu-who! - A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl  
Then nightly sings the staring owl:  
Tu-who!  
Tu-whit! Tu-who! - A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

#### Dirge

*William Shakespeare*

Come away, come away, death,  
And in sad cypress let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O prepare it!  
My part of death, no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be [thrown]:  
Lay me, O where  
True lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

#### Diaphenia

*?Henry Constable or ?Henry Chettle*

Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me!  
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,  
Or the bees their careful king, -  
Loves the sun's life-giving power;  
I do love thee as my lambs  
I do love thee as each flower  
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.  
When all thy praises are expressed,  
Heigh ho, how I do love thee!  
Fair sweet, how I do love thee!  
Diaphenia, like to all things blessed,  
Diaphenia, like the spreading roses,  
Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly,  
Dear joy, how I do love thee!  
As the birds do love the spring,  
Are beloved of their dams:  
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.  
White as the sun, fair as the lily,

## Hymn

*Ben Jonson*

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,  
Now the sun is laid to sleep,  
Seated in thy silver chair,  
State in wonted manner keep:  
Hesperus entreats thy light,  
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade  
Dare itself to interpose;  
Cynthia's shining orb was made  
Heav'n to clear when day did close;  
Bless us then with wishèd sight,  
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,  
And thy crystal shining quiver;  
Give unto the flying hart  
Space to breathe, how short so-ever:  
Thou that mak'st a day of night,  
Goddess excellently bright.

## Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

### Goldenhair (1925)

*James Joyce*

Lean out of the window,  
Goldenhair,  
I heard you singing  
A merry air.

My book is closed;  
I read no more,  
Watching the fire dance  
On the floor.

I have left my book,  
I have left my room,  
For I heard you singing  
Through the gloom,

Singing and singing  
A merry air.  
Lean out of the window,  
Goldenhair.

## Mantle of blue (1918)

*Padraic Colum*

O men from the fields,  
Come gently within,  
Tread softly, softly,  
O men, coming in...

For m'mhurnin is going  
From me and from you  
Where Mary will fold him  
With mantle of blue,

From reek of the smoke  
And cold of the floor  
And peering of things  
Across the half-door.

O men from the fields,  
Softly, softly come through;  
Mary puts round him  
Her mantle of blue.

## Isobel (1912)

*Digby Goddard-Fenwick*

What is the sorrow of the wind, Isobel?  
What is the darkness of the blind, Isobel?  
What is the night within the mind, Isobel?  
The sorrow of the wind is Love's farewell,  
The darkness of the blind I will not tell  
Until the night within my mind  
Is turned to Light and Isobel,  
To Light and Love and Isobel.

## Berceuse (1901)

*Dorothy Wordsworth*

The days are cold, the nights are long,  
The north-wind sings a doleful song;  
Then hush again upon my breast;  
All merry things are now at rest,  
Save thee, my pretty Love!

The kitten sleeps upon the hearth,  
The crickets long have ceased their mirth;  
There's nothing stirring in the house  
Save one wee, hungry, nibbling mouse,  
Then why so busy thou?

Nay! start not at that sparkling light;  
'Tis but the moon that shines so bright  
On the window pane bedropped with rain:  
Then, little Darling! sleep again,  
And wake when it is day.



## Go not, happy day (1903)

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Go not, happy day,  
From the shining fields,  
Go not, happy day,  
Till the maiden yields.  
Rosy is the West,  
Rosy is the South,  
Roses are her cheeks,  
And a rose her mouth.

When the happy Yes  
Falters from her lips,  
Pass and blush the news  
Over glowing ships;  
Over blowing seas,  
Over seas at rest,  
Pass the happy news,  
Blush it thro' the West;

Blush from West to East,  
Blush from East to West,  
Till the West is East,  
Blush it thro' the West.  
Rosy is the West,  
Rosy is the South,  
Roses are her cheeks,  
And a rose her mouth.

## Love went a-riding (1914)

Mary Coleridge

Love went a-riding over the earth,  
On Pegasus he rode ...  
The flowers before him sprang to birth,  
And the frozen rivers flowed.

Then all the youths and the maidens cried,  
'Stay here with us, King of Kings.'  
But Love said, 'No! for the horse I ride,  
For the horse I ride has wings.'

*Translation of 'Viola' by Richard Wigmore from Schubert – The Complete Song Texts published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. 'Die Gebüsche' by Richard Wigmore. 'Der Musensohn' and 'Ständchen' 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. All other Strauss by Richard Stokes.*