

# WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 28 October 2023  
7.30pm

## Victoria de los Ángeles Centenary



Tara Erraught mezzo-soprano  
James Baillieu piano

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Vergebliches Ständchen Op. 84 No. 4 (pub. 1882)

Wie Melodien zieht es mir Op. 105 No. 1 (1886)

Meine Liebe ist grün Op. 63 No. 5 (1873)

Die Mainacht Op. 43 No. 2 (1866)

Wiegenlied Op. 49 No. 4 (1868)

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

Les nuits d'été Op. 7 (1840-1)

*Villanelle • Le spectre de la rose • Sur les lagunes •  
Absence • Au cimetière • L'île inconnue*

*Interval*

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Erlkönig D328 (1815)

Ellens Gesang III D839 (1825)

An die Musik D547 (1817)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Les roses d'Ispahan Op. 39 No. 4 (1884)

Clair de lune Op. 46 No. 2 (1887)

Chanson d'amour Op. 27 No. 1 (1882)

Trad/Irish

Gartan Mother's Lullaby *arranged by Herbert Hughes*

I will walk with my love *arranged by Herbert Hughes*

Thomas Dunhill (1877-1946)

The Cloths of Heaven from *The Wind among the Reeds* (1911)

Trad/Irish

She is far from the land

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1 November 2023 would have been the 100th birthday of the Spanish soprano Victoria de los Ángeles, the Barcelona-born singer who took the world by storm after her debut, at the age of just 18, as Mimi in Puccini's *La Bohème*. A glittering operatic career soon followed, taking her from London to New York, Buenos Aires and Bayreuth; but by the late 1960s she turned her attention almost exclusively to song repertoire, and worked extensively with Ivor Newton, Gerald Moore and Geoffrey Parsons (all of whom had long-standing associations with Wigmore Hall). Tara Erraught's programme brings together song composers with whom de los Ángeles was particularly closely associated, along with the music of Erraught's own home country of Ireland.

**Brahms** featured frequently in de los Ángeles's programmes, and we begin with a clutch of his best-loved songs. The comically hopeless wheedling of an optimistic lover in 'Vergebliches Ständchen' is followed here by the beautifully long-breathed 'Wie Melodien zieht es mir', a reflection upon the magical evanescence of music and poetry. 'Meine Liebe ist grün' is an impassioned, 'love-drunk' rhapsody, to words by Brahms's godson, Felix Schumann. Such youthful exuberance stands in stark contrast to 'Die Mainacht', a masterclass in subtlety, from the cooing doves to the dark harmonies of the shadows sought by the speaker – and those magically drawn-out lines as the tear makes its way down his cheek. Our group closes with Brahms's most famous song, his 'Wiegenlied' of 1868, a cunning combination of lullaby and Viennese waltz which was offered as a gift to his friend Bertha Porubszky on the birth of her second child.

**Berlioz's** *Les nuits d'été*, to poetry by Théophile Gautier, is less a narrative cycle than a succession of powerfully evoked dramatic scenes. We move from the fresh, excitable spring lover of 'Villanelle' to the magical 'Le spectre de la rose' and the heartbroken protagonist of 'Sur les lagunes'. 'Absence' is a call for a loved one to come back, though the return in 'Au cimetière' is that of one lost and remembered as 'une forme angélique'. The work ends with a journey to 'L'île inconnue', a fantastical voyage of love and whimsy. Although originally scored for voice and piano in 1841, Berlioz orchestrated the set in the mid-1850s, and it is in this larger-scale version that de los Ángeles recorded the songs with Charles Munch in 1955.

Our second half begins with another Lied composer whose music de los Ángeles performed and recorded: **Franz Schubert**. It was a performance by the German opera star Wilhelmine Schröder-Devrient of Schubert's 'Erlkönig' that first persuaded its poet, Johann Wolfgang von Goethe, of the brilliance of the composer's realisation of his words – even more extraordinary for having been written when Schubert was just 18 years old. After this frantic nightmare ride we hear the famous Walter Scott setting 'Ave Maria!', 'Ellens Gesang III', composed as part of a clutch of numbers from Scott's *The Lady of the Lake* in 1825. 'An die Musik' sets words

by Schubert's dear friend Franz von Schober: a moving hymn to the beauty of the art form.

French and Spanish music unsurprisingly feature heavily in de los Ángeles's discography, and she recorded the *mélodies* of **Gabriel Fauré** on multiple occasions. Fauré's 'Les roses d'Ispahan' of 1884 sets a brand-new poem by Leconte de Lisle, in which every four-line strophe ends with the same four words (mousse, l'oranger, douce, léger) in a different order. This picturesque word game is sometimes emphasised in Fauré's lush Persian fantasy, sometimes smoothed over in favour of longer descriptive phrases. It was one of his most successful songs; as was 'Clair de lune' of three years later. This song begins with a lengthy, circling introduction, the pianist's melody then set in counterpoint to the vocal line as Verlaine's mysterious moonlit scene is laid before us. It was written a few months before Fauré began work on his *Requiem*, and later orchestrated at the insistence of the Princess de Polignac, for performance in her salon by her own 20-piece orchestra.

Our third and final Fauré song is the earliest of the three: 'Chanson d'amour' from 1882. It is a love song with refrain in this composer's configuration, the first verse of Silvestre's poem repeated after each subsequent strophe to bring us back to the speaker's adoration of his beloved. There is a simple grace in Fauré's realisation of the text that points straight back towards Robert Schumann – who is also the composer's inspiration for the skilfully interwoven piano and vocal lines in 'Clair de lune'.

The final songs of this evening's concert are particularly close to Tara Erraught's heart, bringing together several Irish folksong arrangements with a setting of WB Yeats. The composer and critic **Herbert Hughes** was born in Belfast the year Fauré composed 'Chanson d'amour', and after studying at the Royal College of Music Hughes became a particularly energetic collector and arranger of Irish folksongs. From his four-volume anthology of *Irish Country Songs* we hear first 'Gartan Mother's Lullaby', the pianist's left hand tolling in open fifths like an evening church bell as the song's rocking rhythm begins. 'I will walk with my love' is a sweet, tragic tale at which our speaker only hints, the melody simple and gently heartbreaking.

Hughes would have overlapped at the RCM with the English composer **Thomas Dunhill**, a star student and later teacher and professor. (John Ireland rather sulkily recalled that 'Stanford always like Dunhill better than me.') 'The Cloths of Heaven' is one of Yeats's most famous texts, and Dunhill's setting is intimate and reverent: a heartfelt plea that the object of his affection 'tread softly because you tread on my dreams'. Finally, 'She is far from the land' was a favourite of the Irish tenor John McCormack, and a touching reflection on the importance of home, love and heritage.

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## Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

### Vergebliches Ständchen

Op. 84 No. 4 (pub. 1882)

*Anonymous*

*Er*

Guten Abend, mein  
Schatz,  
Guten Abend, mein Kind!  
Ich komm aus Lieb zu dir,  
Ach, mach mir auf die  
Tür,  
Mach mir auf die Tür!

*Sie*

Mein Tür ist verschlossen,  
Ich lass dich nicht ein;  
Mutter, die rät mir  
klug,  
Wärst du herein mit Fug,  
är's mit mir vorbei!

*Er*

So kalt ist die Nacht,  
So eisig der Wind,  
Dass mir das Herz erfriert,  
Mein Lieb erlöschen wird;  
Öffne mir, mein Kind!

*Sie*

Löschet dein Lieb,  
Lass sie löschen nur!  
Löschet sie immerzu,  
Geh heim zu Bett, zur  
Ruh,  
Gute Nacht, mein Knab!

### Wie Melodien zieht es mir Op. 105 No. 1 (1886)

*Klaus Groth*

Wie Melodien zieht es  
Mir leise durch den  
Sinn,  
Wie Frühlingsblumen blüht  
es  
Und schwebt wie Duft  
dahin.

Doch kommt das Wort und  
fasst es  
Und führt es vor das  
Aug',  
Wie Nebelgrau erblasst es  
Und schwindet wie ein Hauch.

### Vain serenade

*He*

Good evening, my  
sweetheart,  
good evening, my child!  
I come because I love you,  
ah! open up your door to  
me,  
open up your door!

*She*

My door's locked,  
I won't let you in;  
Mother gave me good  
advice,  
if you were allowed in,  
all would be over with me!

*He*

The night's so cold,  
the wind's so icy,  
my heart is freezing,  
my love will go out;  
open up, my child!

*She*

If your love goes out,  
then let it go out!  
If it keeps going out,  
then go home to bed and  
go to sleep,  
good night, my lad!

### Like melodies

Thoughts, like melodies,  
steal softly through my  
mind,  
like spring flowers they  
blossom  
and drift away like  
fragrance.

Yet when words come  
and capture them  
and bring them before  
my eyes,  
they turn pale like grey mist  
and vanish like a breath.

Und dennoch ruht im Reime  
Verborgen wohl ein Duft,  
Den mild aus stillem Keime  
Ein feuchtes Auge ruft.

Yet surely in rhyme  
a fragrance lies hidden,  
summoned by moist eyes  
from the silent seed.

### Meine Liebe ist grün

Op. 63 No. 5 (1873)

*Felix Schumann*

Meine Liebe ist grün wie der  
Fliederbusch  
Und mein Lieb ist schön wie  
die Sonne;  
Die glänzt wohl herab auf  
den Fliederbusch  
Und füllt ihn mit Duft und mit  
Wonne.

Meine Seele hat Schwingen  
der Nachtigall  
Und wiegt sich in blühendem  
Flieder,  
Und jauchzet und singet vom  
Duft berauscht  
Viel liebestrunkene Lieder.

### My love's as green

My love's as green as the  
lilac bush,  
and my sweetheart's as  
fair as the sun;  
the sun shines down on  
the lilac bush,  
fills it with delight and  
fragrance.

My soul has a  
nightingale's wings  
and sways in the  
blossoming lilac,  
and, drunk with fragrance,  
exults and sings  
many a love-drunk song.

### Die Mainacht Op. 43 No. 2 (1866)

*Ludwig Christoph Heinrich  
Hölty*

Wann der silberne Mond  
durch die Gesträuche  
blinkt  
Und sein schlummerndes Licht  
über den Rasen streut,  
Und die Nachtigall  
flötet,  
Wandl' ich traurig von Busch  
zu Busch.

Überhüllet vom Laub, girret  
ein Taubenpaar  
Sein Entzücken mir vor; aber  
ich wende mich,  
Suche dunklere Schatten,  
Und die einsame Träne  
rinnt.

Wann, o lächelndes Bild,  
welches wie Morgenrot  
Durch die Seele mir strahlt,  
find' ich auf Erden dich?  
Und die einsame Träne  
Bebt mir heisser die Wang'  
herab.

### May night

When the silvery moon  
gleams through the  
bushes,  
and sheds its slumbering  
light on the grass,  
and the nightingale is  
fluting,  
I wander sadly from bush  
to bush.

Covered by leaves, a pair  
of doves  
coo to me their ecstasy;  
but I turn away,  
seek darker shadows,  
and the lonely tear flows  
down.

When, O smiling vision, that  
shines through my soul  
like the red of dawn, shall I  
find you here on earth?  
And the lonely tear  
quivers more ardently  
down my cheek.

## Wiegenlied Op. 49

No. 4 (1868)

Georg Scherer

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,  
Mit Rosen bedacht,  
Mit Näglein besteckt  
Schlupf' unter die Deck.  
Morgen früh, wenn Gott  
will,  
Wirst du wieder geweckt.

Guten Abend, gut' Nacht,  
Von Englein bewacht!  
Die zeigen im  
Traum  
Dir Christkindleins Baum:  
Schlaf' nun selig und  
süss,  
Schau im Traum's  
Paradies.

## Cradle song

Good evening, good night,  
canopied with roses,  
bedecked with carnations,  
slip beneath the coverlet.  
Tomorrow morning, if  
God wills,  
you shall be woken again.

Good evening, good night,  
watched over by angels!  
In your dreams they'll  
show you  
the Christmas Tree:  
sleep sweetly now and  
blissfully,  
behold Paradise in your  
dreams.

## Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

### Les nuits d'été Op. 7 (1840-1)

Théophile Gautier

#### Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison  
nouvelle,  
Quand auront disparu les froids,  
Tous les deux nous irons, ma  
belle,  
Pour cueillir le muguet au  
bois;  
Sous nos pieds égrenant les  
perles  
Que l'on voit au matin  
trembler,  
Nous irons écouter les  
merles  
Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma  
belle;  
C'est le mois des amants  
béni,  
Et l'oiseau, satinant son  
aile,  
Dit ses vers au rebord du  
nid.  
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc  
de mousse,  
Pour parler de nos beaux  
amours,  
Et dis-moi de ta voix si  
douce:  
Toujours!

#### Villanelle

When the new season  
comes,  
when the cold has gone,  
we two will go, my  
sweet,  
to gather lilies-of-the-  
valley in the woods;  
scattering as we tread the  
pearls of dew  
we see quivering each  
morn,  
we'll go and hear the  
blackbirds  
sing!

Spring has come, my  
sweet;  
it is the season lovers  
bless,  
and the birds, preening  
their wings,  
sing songs from the edge  
of their nests.  
Ah! Come, then, to this  
mossy bank  
to talk of our beautiful  
love,  
and tell me in your gentle  
voice:  
forever!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos  
courses,  
Faisons fuir le lapin  
caché,  
Et le daim au miroir des  
sources  
Admirant son grand bois  
penché;  
Puis, chez nous, tout  
heureux, tout aises,  
En panier enlaçant nos  
doigts,  
Revenons rapportant des  
fraises  
Des bois!

## Le spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close  
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;  
Je suis le spectre d'une rose  
Que tu portais hier au  
bal.  
Tu me pris encore  
emperlée  
Des pleurs d'argent de  
l'arrosoir,  
Et parmi la fête étoilée  
Tu me promenas tout le  
soir.

O toi qui de ma mort fus  
cause,  
Sans que tu puisses le  
chasser,  
Toutes les nuits mon spectre  
rose  
A ton chevet viendra  
danser.  
Mais ne crains rien, je ne  
réclame  
Ni messe ni *De*  
*profundis*;  
Ce léger parfum est mon  
âme,  
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne  
d'envie:  
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,  
Plus d'un aurait donné sa  
vie,  
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon  
tombeau,  
Et sur l'albâtre où je  
repose  
Un poète avec un baiser  
Ecrivit: Ci-gît une rose  
Que tous les rois vont  
jalouser.

Far, far away we'll stray  
from our path,  
startling the rabbit from  
his hiding-place  
and the deer reflected in  
the spring,  
admiring his great  
lowered antlers;  
then home we'll go,  
serene and at ease,  
and entwining our fingers  
basket-like,  
we'll bring back home  
wild  
strawberries!

## The spectre of the rose

Open your eyelids,  
brushed by a virginal dream;  
I am the spectre of a rose  
that yesterday you wore  
at the dance.  
You plucked me still  
sprinkled  
with silver tears of  
dew,  
and amid the glittering feast  
you wore me all evening  
long.

O you who brought about  
my death,  
you shall be powerless to  
banish me:  
the rosy spectre which  
every night  
will come to dance at  
your bedside.  
But be not afraid – I  
demand  
neither Mass nor *De*  
*Profundis*;  
this faint perfume is my  
soul,  
and I come from Paradise.

My destiny was worthy of  
envy;  
and for such a beautiful fate,  
many would have given  
their lives –  
for my tomb is on your  
breast,  
and on the alabaster  
where I lie,  
a poet with a kiss  
has written: Here lies a rose  
which every king will  
envy.

## Sur les lagunes

Ma belle amie est morte:  
Je pleurerai toujours;  
Sous la tombe elle  
emporte  
Mon âme et mes amours.  
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,  
Elle s'en retourna;  
L'ange qui  
l'emmena  
Ne voulut pas me prendre.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur  
la mer!

La blanche créature  
Est couchée au cercueil.  
Comme dans la nature  
Tout me paraît en deuil!  
La colombe oubliée  
Pleure et songe à  
l'absent;  
Mon âme pleure et sent  
Qu'elle est dépareillée.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur  
la mer!

Sur moi la nuit  
immense  
S'étend comme un linceul;  
Je chante ma romance  
Que le ciel entend  
seul.  
Ah! Comme elle était belle,  
Et comme je l'aimais!  
Je n'aimerai jamais  
Une femme autant qu'elle.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur  
la mer!

## On the lagoons

My dearest love is dead:  
I shall weep for evermore;  
to the tomb she takes  
with her  
my soul and all my love.  
Without waiting for me  
she has returned to Heaven;  
the angel who took her  
away  
did not wish to take me.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to set sail loveless  
across the sea!

The pure white being  
lies in her coffin.  
How everything in nature  
seems to mourn!  
The forsaken dove  
weeps, dreaming of its  
absent mate;  
my soul weeps and feels  
itself adrift.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to set sail loveless  
across the sea!

The immense night  
above me  
is spread like a shroud;  
I sing my song  
which heaven alone can  
hear.  
Ah! how beautiful she was,  
and how I loved her!  
I shall never love a woman  
as I loved her.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to set sail loveless  
across the sea!

## Absence

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-  
aimée;  
Comme une fleur loin du  
soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est  
fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Entre nos coeurs quelle  
distance!  
Tant d'espace entre nos  
baisers!  
O sort amer! O dure  
absence!  
O grands désirs  
inapaisés!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-  
aimée!  
Comme une fleur loin du  
soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est  
fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

D'ici là-bas, que de  
campagnes,  
Que de villes et de  
hameaux,  
Que de vallons et de  
montagnes,  
A lasser le pied des chevaux!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-  
aimée!  
Comme une fleur loin du  
soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est  
fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

## Absence

Return, return, my  
sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the  
sun,  
the flower of my life is  
closed  
far from your crimson smile!

Such a distance between  
our hearts!  
So great a gulf between  
our kisses!  
O bitter fate! O harsh  
absence!  
O great unassuaged  
desires!

Return, return, my  
sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the  
sun,  
the flower of my life is  
closed  
far from your crimson smile!

So many intervening  
plains,  
so many towns and  
hamlets,  
so many valleys and  
mountains  
to weary the horses' hooves!

Return, return, my  
sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the  
sun,  
the flower of my life is  
closed  
far from your crimson smile!

## Au cimetière

Connaissez-vous la blanche  
tombe  
Où flotte avec un son plaintif  
L'ombre d'un if?  
Sur l'if, une pâle colombe,  
Triste et seule, au soleil  
couchant,  
Chante son chant;

Un air maladivement  
tendre,  
A la fois charmant et  
fatal,  
Qui vous fait mal  
Et qu'on voudrait toujours  
entendre,  
Un air, comme en soupire  
aux cieux  
L'ange amoureux.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée  
Pleure sous terre à  
l'unisson  
De la chanson,  
Et du malheur d'être  
oubliée  
Se plaint dans un roucoulement  
Bien doucement.

Sur les ailes de la musique  
On sent lentement revenir  
Un souvenir;  
Une ombre, une forme  
angélique  
Passe dans un rayon  
tremblant,  
En voile blanc.

Les belles-de-nuit, demi-  
closes,  
Jettent leur parfum faible et  
doux  
Autour de vous,  
Et le fantôme aux molles  
poses  
Murmure, en vous tendant  
les bras:  
Tu reviendras?

Oh! jamais plus, près de la  
tombe  
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir  
Au manteau noir,  
Ecouter la pâle colombe  
Chanter sur la pointe de l'if  
Son chant plaintif!

## At the cemetery

Do you know the white  
tomb,  
where the shadow of a yew  
waves plaintively?  
On that yew a pale dove,  
sad and solitary at  
sundown  
sings its song;

A melody of morbid  
sweetness,  
delightful and deathly at  
once,  
which wounds you  
and which you'd like to  
hear forever,  
a melody, such as in the  
heavens,  
a lovesick angel sighs.

As if the awakened soul  
weeps beneath the earth  
together  
with the song,  
and at the sorrow of  
being forgotten  
murmurs its complaint  
most meltingly.

On the wings of music  
you sense the slow return  
of a memory;  
a shadow, an angelic  
form  
passes in a shimmering  
beam,  
veiled in white.

The Marvels of Peru, half-  
closed,  
shed their fragrance  
sweet and faint  
about you,  
and the phantom with its  
languid gestures  
murmurs, reaching out to  
you:  
will you return?

Ah! nevermore shall I  
approach that tomb,  
when evening descends  
in its black cloak,  
to listen to the pale dove  
from the top of a yew  
sing its plaintive song!

## L'île inconnue

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,  
Le pavillon de moire,  
Le gouvernail d'or fin;  
J'ai pour lest une orange,  
Pour voile une aile d'ange,  
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique,  
Dans la mer Pacifique,  
Dans l'île de Java?  
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,  
Cueillir la fleur de neige  
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?

Menez-moi, dit la  
belle,  
A la rive fidèle  
Où l'on aime toujours.  
– Cette rive, ma chère,  
On ne la connaît guère  
Au pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller?  
La brise va souffler.

## The unknown isle

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
the breeze about to blow!

The oar is of ivory,  
the pennant of watered silk,  
the rudder of finest gold;  
for ballast I've an orange,  
for sail an angel's wing,  
for cabin boy a seraph.

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
the breeze about to blow!

Perhaps the Baltic,  
or the Pacific  
or the Isle of Java?  
Or else to Norway,  
to pluck the snow flower  
or the flower of Angsoka?

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
where is it you would go?

Take me, said the pretty  
maid,  
to the shore of faithfulness  
where love endures forever.  
– That shore, my sweet,  
is scarce known,  
in the realm of love.

Where do you wish to go?  
The breeze is about to blow!

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## Interval

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## Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

### Erlkönig D328 (1815)

Johann Wolfgang von  
Goethe

### Erlking

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?	Who rides so late through night and wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;	It is the father with his child;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,	he has the boy safe in his arms,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.	he holds him close, he keeps him warm.
„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht?“	‘My son, why hide your face in fear?’
„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig nicht?	‘Can’t you see the Erlking, father?’
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron’ und Schweif?“	The Erlking with his crown and robe?’
„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.“	‘My son, it is a streak of mist.’
„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!	‘You sweetest child, come go with me!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel’ ich mit dir;	Wondrous games I’ll play with you;
Manch’ bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand;	many bright flowers grow on the shore;
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.“	my mother has many a garment of gold.’
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht	‘Father, O father, can’t you hear
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht?“	the Erlking’s whispered promises?’
„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;	‘Be calm, stay calm, my child,
In dünnen Blättern säuselt der Wind.“	the wind is rustling in withered leaves.’

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit  
mir gehn?  
Meine Töchter sollen dich  
warten schön;  
Meine Töchter führen den  
nächtlichen Reihn,  
Und wiegen und tanzen und  
singen dich ein.“

‘Won’t you come with me,  
fine boy?  
My daughters shall take  
good care of you;  
my daughters lead the  
nightly dance,  
and will rock and dance  
and sing you to sleep.’

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und  
siehst du nicht dort  
Erlkönigs Töchter am  
düstern Ort?“  
„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich  
seh’ es genau;  
Es scheinen die alten Weiden  
so grau.“

‘Father, O father, can’t  
you see  
the Erlking’s daughters  
there in the gloom?’  
‘My son, my son, I can see  
quite clearly:  
it’s the old willows  
gleaming so grey.’

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt  
deine schöne Gestalt;  
Und bist du nicht willig, so  
brauch’ ich Gewalt.“  
„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt  
fasst er mich an!  
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids  
getan!“

‘I love you, your beautiful  
figure excites me;  
and if you’re not willing, I’ll  
take you by force.’  
‘Father, O father, he’s  
seizing me now!  
The Erlking’s done me  
harm!’

Dem Vater grauset’s, er  
reitet geschwind,  
Er hält in Armen das  
ächzende Kind,  
Erreicht den Hof mit Mühe  
und Not;  
In seinen Armen das Kind  
war tot.

The father shudders,  
swiftly he rides,  
with the groaning child in  
his arms,  
with a final effort he  
reaches home;  
the child lay dead in his  
arms.

## Ellens Gesang III D839 Ellen's song III

(1825)

*Sir Walter Scott trans.*

*Adam Storck*

Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild,  
Erhöre einer Jungfrau  
Flehen,  
Aus diesem Felsen starr und  
wild  
Soll mein Gebet zu dir  
hinwehen.  
Wir schlafen sicher bis zum  
Morgen,  
Ob Menschen noch so  
grausam sind.  
O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau  
Sorgen,  
O Mutter, hör ein bittend  
Kind!  
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Virgin mild,  
listen to a virgin's  
pleading,  
from this wild, unyielding  
rock  
my prayer shall be wafted  
to you.  
We shall sleep safely till  
morning dawns,  
however cruel men may  
be.  
O Virgin, behold a virgin's  
cares,  
O Mother, hear a pleading  
child!  
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Unbefleckt!  
Wenn wir auf diesen Fels  
hinsinken  
Zum Schlaf, und uns dein  
Schutz bedeckt  
Wird weich der harte Fels  
uns dünken.  
Du lächelst, Rosendüfte  
wehen  
In dieser dumpfen  
Felsenkluft,  
O Mutter, höre Kindes  
Flehen,  
O Jungfrau, eine Jungfrau  
ruft!  
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! undefiled!  
When, beneath your  
protection,  
we sink down on this rock  
to sleep,  
the hard rock shall seem  
soft to us.  
You smile, and the  
fragrance of roses  
wafts through this  
gloomy cavern,  
O Mother, hear a child's  
entreaty,  
O Virgin, a virgin cries out  
to you!  
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Reine Magd!  
Der Erde und der Luft  
Dämonen,  
Von deines Auges Huld  
verjagt,  
Sie können hier nicht bei uns  
wohnen.  
Wir woll'n uns still dem  
Schicksal beugen,  
Da uns dein heil'ger Trost  
anweht;  
Der Jungfrau wolle hold dich  
neigen,  
Dem Kind, das für den Vater  
fleht.  
Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Pure Maiden!  
Demons of the earth and  
air,  
banished by the grace of  
your gaze,  
cannot dwell with us here.  
We shall silently submit  
to fate,  
since your holy comfort  
breathes on us;  
bow down, I pray, to this  
virgin,  
this child who prays for  
her father.  
Ave Maria!

## An die Musik D547 To music

(1817)

*Franz von Schober*

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel  
grauen Stunden,  
O sweet art, in how many  
a grey hour,

Wo mich des Lebens wilder  
Kreis umstrickt,  
Hast du mein Herz zu  
warmer Lieb entzunden,  
Hast mich in eine bessre  
Welt entrückt.

when I am caught in life's  
tempestuous round,  
have you kindled my  
heart to loving warmth,  
and borne me away to a  
better world.

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner  
Harf entflossen,  
Ein süßser, heiliger Akkord  
von dir,  
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten  
mir erschlossen,  
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir  
dafür!

Often a sigh, escaping  
your harp,  
a chord of sweet celestial  
harmony,  
has opened a heaven of  
better times,  
O sweet art, for this I  
thank you!

## Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

### Les roses d'Ispahan The roses of Isfahan Op. 39 No. 4 (1884)

*Leconte de Lisle*

Les roses d'Ispahan dans  
leur gaine de mousse,  
Les jasmins de Mossoul, les  
fleurs de l'oranger  
Ont un parfum moins frais,  
ont une odeur moins  
douce,  
O blanche Leïlah! que ton  
souffle léger.

The roses of Isfahan in  
their mossy sheaths,  
the jasmines of Mosul,  
the orange blossom  
have a fragrance less  
fresh and a scent less  
sweet,  
O pale Leilah, than your  
soft breath!

Ta lèvre est de corail, et ton  
rire léger  
Sonne mieux que l'eau vive  
et d'une voix plus douce,  
Mieux que le vent joyeux qui  
berce l'oranger,  
Mieux que l'oiseau qui chante  
au bord d'un nid de mousse...

Your lips are of coral and  
your light laughter  
rings brighter and sweeter  
than running water,  
than the blithe wind rocking  
the orange-tree boughs,  
than the singing bird by  
its mossy nest ...

O Leïlah! depuis que de leur  
vol léger  
Tous les baisers ont fui de ta  
lèvre si douce,  
Il n'est plus de parfum dans  
le pâle oranger,  
Ni de céleste arôme aux  
roses dans leur mousse ...

O Leilah, ever since on  
light wings  
all kisses have flown from  
your sweet lips,  
the pale orange-tree  
fragrance is spent,  
and the heavenly scent of  
moss-clad roses ...

Oh! que ton jeune amour, ce  
papillon léger,  
Reviene vers mon cœur d'une  
aile prompte et douce,  
Et qu'il parfume encor les  
fleurs de l'oranger,  
Les roses d'Ispahan dans  
leur gaine de mousse!

Oh! may your young love,  
that airy butterfly,  
wing swiftly and gently to  
my heart once more,  
to scent again the orange  
blossom,  
the roses of Isfahan in  
their mossy sheaths!



## Clair de lune Op. 46

No. 2 (1887)

Paul Verlaine

Votre âme est un paysage  
choisi  
Que vont charmant masques  
et bergamasques  
Jouant du luth et dansant et  
quasi  
Tristes sous leurs  
déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le  
mode mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie  
opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à  
leur bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au  
clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste  
et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux  
dans les arbres  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets  
d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes  
parmi les marbres.

## Chanson d'amour

Op. 27 No. 1 (1882)

Armand Silvestre

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.

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!

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton  
front ...

J'aime tout ce qui te fait  
belle,  
De tes pieds jusqu'à tes  
cheveux,  
Ô toi vers qui montent mes  
vœux,

## Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen  
landscape  
bewitched by masquers  
and bergamaskers,  
playing the lute and  
dancing and almost  
sad beneath their fanciful  
disguises.

Singing as they go in a  
minor key  
of conquering love and  
life's favours,  
they do not seem to  
believe in their fortune  
and their song mingles with  
the light of the moon,

The calm light of the  
moon, sad and fair,  
that sets the birds  
dreaming in the trees  
and the fountains sobbing in  
their rapture,  
tall and svelte amid  
marble statues.

## Love song

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.

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.

I love your eyes, I love  
your brow ...

I love all that makes you  
beautiful,  
from your feet to your  
hair,  
O you the object of all my  
vows,

Ô ma farouche, ô ma rebelle! O my wild one, O my rebel.

J'aime tes yeux, j'aime ton I love your eyes, I love  
front ... your brow ...

## Trad/Irish

### Gartan Mother's Lullaby

arranged by Herbert Hughes

Sleep, O babe, for the red bee hums the silent twilight's fall,  
Aoibheall from the grey rock comes, to wrap the world in  
thrall.

A leanbhan O, my child, my joy, my own, my heart's desire,  
The crickets sing you lullaby, beside the dying fire.

Dusk is drawn and the Green Man's thorn is wreathed in  
rings of fog,

Siabhra sails his boat till morn, upon the Starry Bog.  
A leanbhan O, the paly moon has ringed her cusp in dew,  
And weeps to hear the sad, sweet tune, I sing, O love, to  
you.

### I will walk with my love

arranged by Herbert Hughes

I once loved a boy and a bold Irish boy,  
Who would come and would go at my request.  
And that bold Irish boy was my pride and my joy,  
So I built him a bower in my breast.

But this girl who has taken my Bonny, Bonny boy,  
Let her make of him all that she can.  
For whether he loves me, or loves me not,  
I will walk with my love now and then.

## Thomas Dunhill (1877-1946)

### The Cloths of Heaven from *The Wind among the Reeds* (1911)

WB Yeats

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths  
Enwrought with golden and silver light  
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths  
Of night and light and the half-light,  
I would spread the cloths under your feet:  
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;  
I have spread my dreams under your feet;  
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

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

## Trad/Irish

### She is far from the land

She is far from the land, where her young hero sleeps,  
And lovers are round her, sighing;  
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,  
For her heart in his grave is lying!

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,  
Every note which he loved awaking  
Ah, little they think, who delight in her strains,  
How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking!

He had loved for his love, for his country he died,  
They were all that to life had entwined him,  
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,  
Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh, make her a grave, where the sunbeams rest,  
When they promise a glorious morrow;  
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,  
From her own loved Island of sorrow!

*Translations of Brahms and Schubert by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. Berlioz and Fauré by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP.*