

## Twelfth Night

Nicky Spence tenor  
Dylan Perez piano  
Miranda Richardson actor

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)  
Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)  
Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)  
Michael Tippett (1905-1998)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)  
Franz Schubert  
Dominick Argento (1927-2019)  
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)  
Geoffrey Bush (1920-1988)

Ned Rorem (1923-2022)

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

William Byrd (c.1540-1623)  
Betty Jackson King (1928-1994)  
Mervyn Horder (1910-1998)  
John Dankworth (1927-2010)

Peter Dickinson (1934-2023)

An Silvia D891 (1826)  
Come away, Death Op. 6 No. 1 (1905)  
O Mistress Mine Op. 6 No. 2  
Blow, blow, thou winter wind Op. 6 No. 3  
Fancie  
Fancy  
Songs for Ariel (1962)  
*Come unto these yellow sands* •  
*Full fathom five* • *Where the bee sucks*  
If music be the food of love Z379a *arranged by*  
*Michael Tippett & Walter Bergmann*  
An Epithalamium: Thrice happy lovers from *The*  
*Fairy Queen* Z629 (1692) *arranged by Michael*  
*Tippett & Walter Bergmann*  
She never told her love (1794-5)  
Trinklied D888  
Dirge from *6 Elizabethan Songs* (1957)  
Lied des transferierten Zettel  
It was a lover and his lass

### Interval

Sonnet 60 ("Like as the waves") *from 4 Sonnets*  
*of Shakespeare*  
Fear no more the heat o' the sun *from Let us*  
*garlands bring Op. 18*  
Caleno Custure Me  
In the Springtime  
Under the greenwood tree (1977)  
Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? (1964)  
Dunsinane Blues (1964)  
Hark, hark the Lark *from Schubert in Blue based*  
*on Franz Schubert*

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***Please note that the programme of this concert has slightly changed since these notes were written***

In 1991, the Shakespeare Music Catalogue listed some 20,000 works, across all genres and styles, based on Shakespeare's words (either songs in his plays, or one of the 154 sonnets, or considerably looser adaptations). This number has presumably grown significantly over the last 20-plus years, and would now include both Thomas Adès' *The Tempest* and Taylor Swift's reworking of *Romeo and Juliet* in 'Love Story'. This programme alone, while wisely restricting its numbers to 24, ranges from lute song to 19th-century German Lied to Modernism to Jazz.

Several of the songs are testament to the tremendous popularity of Shakespeare in Germany, dating back to translated touring versions of his plays as early as the 1600s, and later advanced by the advocacy of poets such as Goethe in the 1800s. Schubert's 'An Silvia', from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, is one of only three Schubert-Shakespeare songs (all of which are heard, in some form or other, in this programme), given great energy by its playful, strumming accompaniment.

**Quilter's** 3 *Shakespeare Songs* sets words from *Twelfth Night* and *As You Like It*. The first two are sung by *Twelfth Night's* fool, Feste: 'Come away, Death,' with its melancholy quality suitable for the lovesick Orsino; and the livelier 'O Mistress Mine', with more than a hint of Edwardian parlour song. 'Blow, blow, thou winter wind' is a bracing, outdoorsy close to the set.

**Britten** and **Poulenc** were (along with Kodály) asked by Marion, Countess of Harewood to contribute a setting of 'Tell me Where is Fancy Bred' (from *The Merchant of Venice*) to her *Classical Songs for Children*, published in 1964. Their responses illustrate the two men's contrasting styles of song composition: Britten responded with clever, scurrying piano writing, and a brilliant, tongue-twisting setting of the verse; while Poulenc's turn (the only song he set to an English text) is sweetly sincere, with some melt-in-the-mouth harmonies, and a gorgeously chordal piano part - heavy on the pedal, as he always instructed.

**Tippett's** *Songs for Ariel* were composed for a 1962 Old Vic production of *The Tempest*. Tippett struggled with the incidental music (writing to Priaulx Rainier 'Ouff! Ouff!...Never again'), but these subtly characterful settings show no sign of it, with their light-hearted requirements of the tenor to bark like a dog, toll like a bell and, if not sting like a bee, certainly embody its lightness of trajectory. There are further animal imitations in **Wolf's** hilarious 'Lied des transferrierten Zettel' later in the programme, complete with donkey-brays.

'If music be the food of love' is inspired by the opening lines of *Twelfth Night*, elaborated into a poem by Colonel Henry Heveningham in the 1690s. **Purcell's** deeply responsive setting makes much of the word 'music', giving it a beautifully curving *melisma* (several notes to a syllable). Tippett arranged the song with Walter Bergmann - translating the single bass line into a fully-realised, yet delicate, piano part - in the 1940s. A similar light touch is applied to 'An Epithalamium' from Purcell's

*Fairy Queen*, an operatic reworking of *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

There is more evidence of German Shakespeare-worship in the next group, beginning with **Schubert's** 'Trinklied' D888, a mere 45 seconds of bibulous fun from *Antony and Cleopatra*. **Haydn's** 'She never told her love,' was the only Shakespeare setting by the composer; written in England, and in English, it is taken from Viola's poignant lines in *Twelfth Night*. The voice, unusually, takes a back seat to the piano, which has a lengthy, scene-setting prelude and closing bars. The voice appears only briefly in the middle, in a low-key, almost conversational style.

In **Argento's** 'Dirge,' another setting of 'Come away, Death,' the piano retreats into a hushed and meditative backdrop, underpinning a wintry, high-lying vocal line - a startling contrast to the Quilter setting. Concluding the first half is **Geoffrey Bush's** swingingly tongue-twisting 'It was a lover and his lass' from *As you like it*.

The second half gradually moves towards the jazzier end of the spectrum, though begins in an entirely different universe. 'Caleno custure me' was a popular love song in the 16th Century, with a repeated first line refrain some have suggested originates in the Irish Gaelic language. In Shakespeare's *Henry V*, the character Pistol is attempting to converse with a French soldier whose language he cannot understand; among a flurry of deliberate and genuine miscomprehensions, Pistol declaims '... calmie custure me' in response to the French soldier's remark.

Fast-forwarding several centuries, **Ned Rorem's** soulful settings of four sonnets were composed in 2007-08. The opening song begins with a somewhat enigmatic piano introduction, which - we eventually realise - generates much of the material in the rest of the group, notably the upward leaps of sevenths and ninths in both piano and voice. The second song is entirely unaccompanied, bringing lonely quality to the autumnal text of Sonnet 73.

Pure charm takes over for the final few songs. In **Betty Jackson King's** beguiling 'In the Springtime,' only the chorus of 'It was a lover and his lass' is used, introduced and interspersed with rocking piano interludes which edge increasingly towards jazz. **Horner's** 'Under the greenwood tree' is a sassy tango, with an obvious invitation in its repeated 'come hithers'. And **Dankworth's** sultry setting of 'Shall I compare thee' was originally performed by Cleo Laine on the 1964 album *Shakespeare and All That Jazz*. 'Dunsinane Blues' follows - a pithy yet increasingly wild summary of *Macbeth*, punctuated by Macbeth's (or Macduff's) name falling down the octave in each verse. The programme closes where it began - kind of - with Schubert, but a 'Hark! Hark! the lark' filtered through **Dickinson's** ragtime setting; proving - if proof were still needed - that there is no creative limit where Shakespeare and music is concerned.

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## Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

### An Silvia D891 (1826)

*William Shakespeare, trans.  
Eduard von Bauernfeld*

Was ist Silvia, saget an,  
Dass sie die weite Flur  
preist?  
Schön und zart seh' ich sie  
nah'n,  
Auf Himmels Gunst und Spur  
weist,  
Dass ihr Alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut  
dazu?  
Reiz labt wie milde  
Kindheit;  
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor  
zu,  
Dort heilt er seine  
Blindheit,  
Und verweilt in süsser  
Ruh.

Darum Silvia, tön', o  
Sang,  
Der holden Silvia  
Ehren;  
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie  
lang,  
Den Erde kann  
gewähren:  
Kränze ihr und  
Saitenklang!

### To Sylvia

What is Sylvia, tell me,  
that the wide fields praise  
her?  
I see her draw near,  
delicate and fair,  
it is a mark of heaven's  
favour  
that all are subject to her.

Is she fair and kind as  
well?  
Her gentle child-like  
charm refreshes;  
Cupid hastens to her  
eyes,  
is cured of blindness  
there,  
and lingers in sweet  
peace.

To Sylvia, then, let our  
song resound,  
in sweetest Sylvia's  
honour;  
she's long excelled every  
grace  
that this earth can  
bestow:  
bring her garlands and  
the sound of strings!

## Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

### Come away, Death Op. 6 No. 1 (1905)

*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.  
A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
Lay me, O, where  
Sad true lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

### O Mistress Mine Op. 6 No. 2 (1905)

*William Shakespeare*

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
O stay and hear; your true love's coming,  
That can sing both high and low;  
Trip no further, pretty sweeting;  
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,  
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
Present mirth hath present laughter;  
What's to come is still unsure:  
In delay there lies no plenty;  
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;  
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

### Blow, blow, thou winter wind Op. 6 No. 3 (1905)

Blow, blow thou winter wind,  
Thou art not so unkind  
As man's ingratitude;  
Thy tooth is not so keen  
Although thou art not seen,  
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!  
Unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning,  
Most loving mere folly:  
Then, heigh ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,  
Thou dost not bite so nigh  
As benefits forgot:  
Though thou the waters warp,  
Thy sting is not so sharp  
As friend remember'd not.

Heigh ho! sing heigh ho!  
unto the green holly:  
Most friendship is feigning,  
most loving mere folly  
Then, heigh ho! the holly!  
This life is most jolly.

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

## Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

### Fancie

*William Shakespeare*

Tell me where is Fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourishèd?  
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.  
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:  
I'll begin it, – Ding, dong, bell.

## Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

### Fancy

*William Shakespeare*

Tell me where is Fancy bred,  
Or in the heart, or in the head?  
How begot, how nourishèd?  
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,  
With gazing fed; and Fancy dies  
In the cradle where it lies.  
Let us all ring Fancy's knell:  
I'll begin it, - Ding, dong, bell.

## Michael Tippett (1905-1998)

### Songs for Ariel (1962)

*William Shakespeare*

### Come unto these yellow sands

Come unto these yellow sands,  
And then take hands:  
Courtsied when you have and kiss'd  
The wild waves whist,  
Foot it featly here and there;  
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.  
Hark, hark!  
The watch-dogs bark!  
Hark, hark! I hear  
The strain of strutting chanticleer  
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow.

## Full fathom five

Full fathom five thy father lies;  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell  
Hark! now I hear them, – Ding-dong, bell.

## Where the bee sucks

Where the bee sucks. there suck I:  
In a cowslip's bell I lie;  
There I couch when owls do cry.  
On the bat's back I do fly  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily shall I live now  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

## Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

### If music be the food of love Z379a

*arranged by Michael Tippett & Walter Bergmann*  
*Henry Heveningham*

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;  
For then my list'ning soul you move  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, you mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they wound,  
And all my senses feasted are,  
Tho' yet the feast is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.

## An Epithalamium: Thrice happy lovers from *The Fairy Queen* Z629 (1692)

*arranged by Michael Tippett & Walter Bergmann*  
*Anonymous, after William Shakespeare*

Thrice happy lovers, may you be  
For ever, ever free  
From that tormenting devil, jealousy.  
From all the anxious care and strife,  
That attends a married life.

Be to one another true,  
Kind to her as she's to you.  
And since the errors of the night are past,  
May he be ever constant, she be ever chaste.

## Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

### She never told her love (1794-5)

William Shakespeare

She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek...;  
She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

## Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

### Trinklied D888

Eduard von Bauernfeld

### Drinking song

|                                     |  |
|-------------------------------------|--|
| Bacchus, feister Fürst des Weins,   | Bacchus, plump prince of wine,                             |
| Komm mit Augen hellen Scheins.      | come with brightly shining eyes.                           |
| Uns're Sorg' ersäuf' dein Fass,     | Let your vat drown our cares,                              |
| Und dein Laub uns krönen lass.      | and your leaves crown us.                                  |
| Füll' uns, bis die Welt sich dreht! | Fill us till the world spins round!                        |
| Füll' uns, bis die Welt sich dreht! | Fill us till the world spins round!                        |
| Unser Sang erschalle hoch!          | Let our song ring out loudly!                              |
| Wein mit Sang schmeckt besser noch. | Wine with song tastes even better.                         |
| So entfliehet froh die Zeit,        | Time then passes merrily;                                  |
| Wem's nicht mundet, fliehe weit,    | He who does not savour the wine should flee far from here; |
| Hoch der edle Göttertrank!          | Hail to the noble drink of the gods!                       |

## Dominick Argento (1927-2019)

### Dirge from 6 Elizabethan Songs (1957)

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]4:

Lay me, O where  
True lover never find my grave,  
To weep there!

## Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

### Lied des transferierten Zettel

August Wilhelm von Schlegel

### Song of the ousel cock

|                                      |                                       |
|--------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| Die Schwalbe, die den Sommer bringt, | The ousel cock, so black of hue,      |
| Der Spatz, der Zeisig fein,          | With orange-tawny bill,               |
| Die Lerche, die sich lustig schwingt | The throstle with his note so true,   |
| Bis in den Himmel 'nein.             | The wren with little quill.           |
| Der Kuckuck, der der Grasemück',     | The finch, the sparrow, and the lark, |
| So gern ins Nestchen heckt,          | The plain-song cuckoo grey,           |
| Und lacht darob mit arger Tück,      | Whose note full many a man doth mark, |
| Und manchen Eh'mann neckt.           | And dares not answer nay.             |

## Geoffrey Bush (1920-1988)

### It was a lover and his lass

William Shakespeare

It was a lover and his lass,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.  
That o'er the green cornfield did pass,  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
These pretty country folks would lie.  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:  
Sweet lovers love in the spring.

And therefore take the present time,  
Any with hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
For love is crowned with the prime  
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

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## Interval

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**Ned Rorem** (1923-2022)

### From 4 Sonnets of Shakespeare

#### Sonnet 60 ('Like as the waves')

*William Shakespeare*

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.  
Nativity, once in the main of light,  
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,  
Crooked elipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.  
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth  
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,  
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:  
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,  
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

**Gerald Finzi** (1901-1956)

### Fear no more the heat o' the sun *from Let us garlands bring Op. 18*

**William Byrd** (c.1540-1623)

#### Caleno Custore Me

*William Shakespeare*

When as I view your comely grace,  
Caleno Custure me,  
Your golden hairs, your angel's face:  
Caleno Custure me.

Your azure veins much like the skies,  
Caleno Custure me,  
Your silver teeth, your crystal eyes,  
Caleno Custure me,

Within myself then I can say,  
Caleno Custure me,  
the night is gone, behold the day:  
Caleno Custure me

Behold the star so clear and bright,  
Caleno Custure me,  
As dims the sight of Phoebus' light,  
Caleno Custure me.

**Betty Jackson King** (1928-1994)

### In the Springtime

*William Shakespeare*

In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

In the springtime, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding  
Sweet lovers love the spring.

**Mervyn Horder** (1910-1998)

#### Under the greenwood tree (1977)

*William Shakespeare, As you like it II:5*

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
And if he will come to me,  
Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me.

**John Dankworth** (1927-2010)

#### Shall I compare thee to a summer's day? (1964)

*William Shakespeare, Sonnet 18*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd.

## **Dunsinane Blues** (1964)

*Dunsinane Blues*

'Macbeth' said an apparition,  
'Shall never vanquished be until', said the apparition

...

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## **Peter Dickinson** (1934-2023)

**Hark, hark the Lark from *Schubert in Blue***

***based on Franz Schubert***

*William Shakespeare*

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,  
And Phoebus 'gins arise,  
His steeds to water at those springs  
On chaliced flowers that lies!  
And winking Mary-buds begin  
To ope their golden eyes:  
With every thing that pretty is,  
My lady sweet, arise.

*Translation of 'An Silva' by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder  
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