

# WIGMORE HALL

Tuesday 2 January 2024  
7.30pm

The Dawn of Time: 'Nature never did betray the heart that loved her'

Ruby Hughes soprano  
Joseph Middleton piano

Robert Schumann (1810-1856) Kind im Einschlummern from *Kinderszenen* Op. 15 (1838)

Liederkreis Op. 39 (1840)

*In der Fremde • Intermezzo • Waldesgespräch •  
Die Stille • Mondnacht • Schöne Fremde •  
Auf einer Burg • In der Fremde • Wehmut •  
Zwielicht • Im Walde • Frühlingsnacht*

Deborah Pritchard (b.1977)

From *The World* (2021)

The World • Peace

*Interval*

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

7 frühe Lieder (1905-8)

*Nacht • Schilflied • Die Nachtigall • Traumgekrönt •  
Im Zimmer • Liebesode • Sommertage*

Errollyn Wallen (b.1958)

Rain (1998)

On the Mountain (2010)

North (2001)

Timeless from *The Lake* (2022)

Peace on Earth (2006)

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Each half of this programme contains a cycle of Lieder written as the result of a passionate love affair, placing this human love in the context of the natural world ('Nature never did betray the heart that loved her', a quote from Wordsworth's *Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey*), and continues with songs by living female composers that extend these ideas beyond what human beings can physically experience (the other half of this recital's title: *The Dawn of Time*).

**Robert Schumann** proposed to Clara, the daughter of his piano teacher Friedrich Wieck, on 14 August 1837, but her father vehemently opposed the marriage, believing it would ruin the brilliant career as a virtuoso pianist that he had planned for her. He doubtless also had his eye on the glory reflected from that career onto himself as her father and teacher. In the event of course, after eventually marrying Robert, Clara continued her career as one of the world's leading pianists, as well as not only having to deal with Robert's incarceration in an asylum, but also bringing up their eight children, four of whom died before she did. These would have been extraordinary achievements for anyone, but for a woman in the 19th Century they might seem almost superhuman.

Both Schumann's *Kinderszenen* ('Scenes from childhood') for piano and his *Liederkreis* Op. 39 were written against the background of Robert and Clara's long and bitter struggle to overcome Friedrich Wieck's opposition to their marriage. *Kinderszenen* was composed in 1838, apparently inspired by a comment by Clara that Robert 'seemed like a child'. On 16 July 1839 Robert and Clara began legal proceedings to try to force her father's hand. Wieck's allegations were that they did not have the financial means to support themselves after marriage; Robert being lazy, unreliable and a mediocre composer, that he was an alcoholic, and that he didn't in fact have any feelings at all for Clara but merely wanted to exploit and live off the piano-playing skills that he (Wieck) had devoted his life to teaching her.

*Liederkreis* Op. 39 was written in May 1840. The court case was still dragging on and the marriage was still uncertain (it would finally take place on 12 September) and the Eichendorff poems that Robert (and probably Clara too) selected mirror their situation at that time. This cycle places the strength of their love against the background of Nature. There are recurring images of the thoughts and the soul of the poet flying to the beloved like a bird ('Intermezzo', 'Die Stille', 'Mondnacht'). In 'Wehmut' the nightingale sings of the poet's yearning, and several of the poems speak of the sorrow of solitude and loneliness ('In der Fremde', 'Waldesgespräch'). 'Auf einer Burg' and 'Im Walde' both mention weddings, in both cases clouded by fear and weeping. 'Zwielficht' also mirrors the uncertainty. However, 'Schöne Fremde' speaks of the certainty of future happiness and this *Liederkreis*

ends with the triumphant optimism of 'Frühlingsnacht' – a declaration from Robert and Clara that their love will surely overcome every obstacle placed in its path.

**Deborah Pritchard's** 'The World' was written during the pandemic for Ruby Hughes and Huw Watkins, for their album *Echo*, released by BIS in November 2022. It was later included as one of the four songs of *The World*, a song cycle also including 'Peace' that was commissioned by Leeds Lieder and premièred there by Ruby Hughes and Joseph Middleton on 29 April 2023. The texts of both songs, by the 17th-century Welsh metaphysical poet Henry Vaughan, continue the themes of *Liederkreis* by speaking of Nature and the Infinite as being the background to all human activity and feeling. Deborah Pritchard's compositions are full of colour and are often written in response to works by visual artists; examples include *Chagall's Light* for violin and orchestra inspired by Chagall's windows at Tudeley church in Kent. She is also a painter herself and is inspired by her experience of synaesthesia.

**Alban Berg's** *7 frühe Lieder* ('7 early songs') were written in Vienna in 1905-8 when he was in his early twenties. In 1907 Berg met and fell in love with Helene Nahowski, rumoured to be the illegitimate daughter of Emperor Franz Josef I; he dedicated these songs to her and married her in 1911. The Vienna Secession art movement, epitomised by Berg's friend Gustav Klimt's *The Kiss*, painted in 1907, was then in full flight, with its emphasis on colour, vibrancy and sensuality, and the *7 frühe Lieder* with their rich, extravagant and dreamlike musical language are written in the same style. The poems Berg chose are mysterious, erotic and full of sensual imagery, and in all of them the natural world is in abundance.

**Errollyn Wallen's** five songs that end this programme are all settings of her own texts. 'Rain' is inspired (like many of Deborah Pritchard's songs) by a painting, in this case Howard Hodgkin's *Rain*. It was written in 1998 in memory of Rory Allam and is included on her first CD, *Meet me at Harold Moores*, which, in line with the expansive threads running through this programme, travelled to space on the STS-115 shuttle with Errollyn's friend the astronaut Steve MacLean. 'On the Mountain' was written in memory of Martin Luther King Jr and asks us all what have we done to continue his legacy. 'North' was inspired by Errollyn's first visit to Bergen, sometimes called 'the city between the seven mountains', and expresses her love of being as far north as possible. 'Timeless' is from *The Lake*, a song-cycle written in 2022 as a reflection of and response to Schubert's *Schwanengesang*. This recital ends with 'Peace on Earth', which expresses hope for light and peace in our bleak midwinter world.

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## Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

### Kind im Einschlummern from *Kinderszenen Op. 15* (1838)

### Liederkreis Op. 39 (1840)

*Joseph, Freiherr von Eichendorff*

#### In der Fremde

#### In a foreign land

Aus der Heimat hinter den  
Blitzen rot  
Da kommen die Wolken her,  
Aber Vater und Mutter sind  
lange tot,  
Es kennt mich dort keiner  
mehr.

From my homeland, beyond  
the red lightning,  
the clouds come drifting in,  
but father and mother  
have long been dead,  
now no one knows me  
there.

Wie bald, ach wie bald  
kommt die stille Zeit,  
Da ruhe ich auch, und über mir  
Rauscht die schöne  
Waldeinsamkeit,  
Und keiner kennt mich mehr  
hier.

How soon, ah! how soon  
till that quiet time  
when I too shall rest  
beneath the sweet murmur  
of lonely woods,  
forgotten here as  
well.

#### Intermezzo

#### Intermezzo

Dein Bildnis  
wunderselig  
Hab' ich im Herzensgrund,  
Das sieht so frisch und fröhlich  
Mich an zu jeder Stund'.

I bear your beautiful  
likeness  
deep within my heart,  
it gazes at me every hour  
so freshly and happily.

Mein Herz still in sich singet  
Ein altes, schönes Lied,  
Das in die Luft sich schwinget  
Und zu dir eilig  
zieht.

My heart sings softly to itself  
an old and beautiful song  
that soars into the sky  
and swiftly wings its way  
to you.

#### Waldesgespräch

#### A forest dialogue

Es ist schon spät, es ist  
schon kalt,  
Was reit'st du einsam durch  
den Wald?  
Der Wald ist lang, du bist  
allein,  
Du schöne Braut! Ich führ  
dich heim!

It is already late, already  
cold,  
why ride lonely through  
the forest?  
The forest is long, you are  
alone,  
you lovely bride! I'll lead  
you home!

„Gross ist der Männer Trug  
und List,  
Vor Schmerz mein Herz  
gebrochen ist,  
Wohl irrt das Waldhorn her  
und hin,

'Great is the deceit and  
cunning of men,  
my heart is broken with  
grief,  
the hunting horn echoes  
here and there,

O flieh! Du weisst nicht, wer  
ich bin.“

O flee! You do not know  
who I am.'

So reich geschmückt ist  
Ross und Weib,  
So wunderschön der junge  
Leib,  
Jetzt kenn ich dich – Gott  
steh mir bei!  
Du bist die Hexe  
Loreley.

So richly adorned are  
steed and lady,  
so wondrous fair her  
youthful form,  
now I know you – may  
God protect me!  
You are the enchantress  
Lorelei.

„Du kennst mich wohl – von  
hohem Stein  
Schaut still mein Schloss  
tief in den  
Rhein.  
Es ist schon spät, es ist  
schon kalt  
Kommst nimmermehr aus  
diesem Wald!“

'You know me well – from  
its towering rock  
my castle looks deep and  
silent down into the  
Rhine.  
It is already late, already  
cold,  
you shall never leave this  
forest again!'

#### Die Stille

#### Silence

Es weiss und rät es doch  
Keiner,  
Wie mir so wohl ist, so wohl!  
Ach, wüsst' es nur Einer, nur  
Einer,  
Kein Mensch es sonst wissen  
soll!

No one knows and no one  
can guess  
how happy I am, how happy!  
If only one, just one man  
knew,  
no one else ever  
should!

So still ist's nicht draussen im  
Schnee,  
So stumm und verschwiegen  
sind  
Die Sterne nicht in der Höh',  
Als meine Gedanken sind.

The snow outside is not  
so silent,  
nor are the stars on  
high  
so still and silent  
as my own thoughts.

Ich wünscht', ich wär' ein  
Vöglein  
Und zöge über das Meer,  
Wohl über das Meer und  
weiter,  
Bis dass ich im Himmel wär'!

I wish I were a little  
bird,  
and could fly across the sea,  
across the sea and  
further,  
until I were in heaven!

## Mondnacht

Es war, als hätt' der Himmel  
Die Erde still geküsst,  
Dass sie im  
Blütenschimmer  
Von ihm nur träumen müsst'.

Die Luft ging durch die  
Felder,  
Die Ähren wogten  
sacht,  
Es rauschten leis die  
Wälder,  
So sternklar war die  
Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte  
Weit ihre Flügel aus,  
Flog durch die stillen Lande,  
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

## Schöne Fremde

Es rauschen die Wipfel und  
schauern,  
Als machten zu dieser Stund'  
Um die halb versunkenen  
Mauern  
Die alten Götter die Rund'.

Hier hinter den  
Myrtenbäumen  
In heimlich dämmernder  
Pracht,  
Was sprichst du wirr, wie in  
Träumen,  
Zu mir, phantastische Nacht?

Es funkeln auf mich alle  
Sterne  
Mit glühendem Liebesblick,  
Es redet trunken die  
Ferne  
Wie von künftigem grossen  
Glück!

## Auf einer Burg

Eingeschlafen auf der Lauer  
Oben ist der alte  
Ritter;  
Drüber gehen  
Regenschauer,  
Und der Wald rauscht durch  
das Gitter.

## Moonlit night

It was as though Heaven  
had softly kissed the Earth,  
so that she in a gleam of  
blossom  
had now to dream of him.

The breeze passed  
through the fields,  
the corn swayed gently to  
and fro,  
the forests murmured  
softly,  
the night was so clear  
with stars.

And my soul spread  
its wings out wide,  
flew across the silent land,  
as though flying home.

## A beautiful foreign land

The tree-tops rustle and  
shudder  
as if at this very hour  
the ancient gods were  
pacing  
these half-sunken walls.

Here beyond the myrtle  
trees  
in secret twilight  
splendour,  
what are you telling me,  
fantastic night,  
obscurely, as in a dream?

The glittering stars gaze  
down on me,  
fierily and full of love,  
the distant horizon  
speaks with rapture  
of some great happiness  
to come!

## In a castle

Up there at his look-out  
the old knight has fallen  
asleep;  
rain-storms pass  
overhead,  
and the wood stirs  
through the portcullis.

Eingewachsen Bart und  
Haare,  
Und versteinert Brust und  
Krause,  
Sitzt er viele hundert  
Jahre  
Oben in der stillen Klause.

Draussen ist es still und  
friedlich,  
Alle sind in's Tal  
gezogen,  
Waldesvögel einsam  
singen  
In den leeren  
Fensterbogen.

Eine Hochzeit fährt da  
unten  
Auf dem Rhein im  
Sonnenscheine,  
Musikanten spielen munter,  
Und die schöne Braut, die  
weinet.

## In der Fremde

Ich hör' die Bächlein  
rauschen  
Im Walde her und  
hin,  
Im Walde, in dem  
Rauschen  
Ich weiss nicht, wo ich bin.

Die Nachtigallen schlagen  
Hier in der Einsamkeit,  
Als wollten sie was  
sagen  
Von der alten, schönen Zeit.

Die Mondschimmer fliege  
Als säh' ich unter mir  
Das Schloss im Tale liegen,  
Und ist doch so weit von hier!

Als müsste in dem Garten  
Voll Rosen weiss und rot,  
Meine Liebste auf mich  
warten,  
Und ist doch so lange tot.

Beard and hair matted  
together,  
ruff and breast turned to  
stone,  
for centuries he's sat up  
there  
in his silent cell.

Outside it's quiet and  
peaceful,  
all have gone down to the  
valley,  
forest birds sing lonely  
songs  
in the empty window-  
arches.

Down there on the sunlit  
Rhine  
a wedding-party's sailing  
by,  
musicians strike up merrily,  
and the lovely bride –  
weeps.

## In a foreign land

I hear the brooklets  
murmuring  
through the forest, here  
and there,  
in the forest, in the  
murmuring  
I do not know where I am.

Nightingales are singing  
here in the solitude,  
as though they wished to  
tell  
of lovely days now past.

The moonlight flickers,  
as though I saw below me  
the castle in the valley,  
yet it lies so far from here!

As though in the garden,  
full of roses, white and red,  
my love were waiting for  
me,  
yet she died so long ago.

## Wehmut

Ich kann wohl manchmal  
singen,  
Als ob ich fröhlich sei,  
Doch heimlich Tränen dringen,  
Da wird das Herz mir frei.

Es lassen Nachtigallen,  
Spielt draussen Frühlingsluft,  
Der Sehnsucht Lied erschallen  
Aus ihres Kerkers Gruft.

Da lauschen alle Herzen,  
Und alles ist erfreut,  
Doch keiner fühlt die  
Schmerzen,  
Im Lied das tiefe Leid.

## Zwielicht

Dämmerung will die Flügel  
spreiten,  
Schaurig rühren sich die  
Bäume,  
Wolken ziehn wie schwere  
Träume –  
Was will dieses Graun  
bedeuten?

Hast ein Reh du lieb vor  
ändern,  
Lass es nicht alleine grasen,  
Jäger ziehn im Wald und  
blasen,  
Stimmen hin und wieder  
wandern.

Hast du einen Freund  
hienieden,  
Trau ihm nicht zu dieser  
Stunde,  
Freundlich wohl mit Aug' und  
Munde,  
Sinnt er Krieg im tück'schen  
Frieden.

Was heut gehet müde  
unter,  
Hebt sich morgen  
neugeboren.  
Manches geht in Nacht  
verloren –  
Hüte dich, sei wach und  
munter!

## Sadness

True, I can sometimes  
sing  
as though I were content;  
but secretly tears well up,  
and my heart is set free.

Nightingales, when spring  
breezes play outside, sing  
their song of longing  
from their dungeon cell.

Then all hearts listen  
and everyone rejoices,  
yet no one feels the  
pain,  
the deep sorrow in the song.

## Twilight

Dusk is about to spread  
its wings,  
the trees now shudder  
and stir,  
clouds drift by like  
oppressive dreams –  
what can this dusk and  
dread imply?

If you have a fawn you  
favour,  
do not let her graze alone,  
hunters sound their horns  
through the forest,  
voices wander to and  
fro.

If here on earth you have  
a friend,  
do not trust him at this  
hour,  
though his eyes and lips  
be smiling,  
in treacherous peace he's  
scheming war.

That which wearily sets  
today,  
will rise tomorrow, newly  
born.  
Much can go lost in the  
night –  
be wary, watchful, on your  
guard!

## Im Walde

Es zog eine Hochzeit  
den Berg  
entlang,  
Ich hörte die Vögel schlagen,  
Da blitzten viel Reiter, das  
Waldhorn klang,  
Das war ein lustiges Jagen!

Und eh' ich's gedacht, war  
alles verhallt,  
Die Nacht bedecket die Runde;  
Nur von den Bergen noch  
rauschet der Wald  
Und mich schauert's im  
Herzensgrunde.

## Frühlingsnacht

Überm Garten durch die  
Lüfte  
Hört' ich Wandervögel zieh'n,  
Das bedeutet  
Frühlingsdüfte,  
Unten fängt's schon an zu  
blüh'n.

Jauchzen möcht' ich, möchte  
weinen,  
Ist mir's doch, als könnt's  
nicht sein!  
Alte Wunder wieder  
scheinen  
Mit dem Mondesglanz  
herein.

Und der Mond, die Sterne  
sagen's,  
Und im Traume rauscht's der  
Hain  
Und die Nachtigallen  
schlagen's:  
Sie ist Deine, sie ist Dein!

## In the forest

A wedding procession  
wound across the  
mountain,  
I heard the warbling of birds,  
riders flashed by, hunting  
horns blared,  
that was a merry chase!

And before I knew, all had  
faded,  
darkness covers the land;  
only the forest still sighs  
from the mountain,  
and deep in my heart I  
quiver with fear.

## Spring night

Over the garden, through  
the air  
I heard birds of passage fly,  
a sign that spring is in the  
air,  
flowers already bloom  
below.

I could shout for joy,  
could weep,  
for it seems to me it  
cannot be!  
All the old wonders come  
flooding back,  
gleaming in the  
moonlight.

And the moon and stars  
say it,  
and the dreaming forest  
whispers it,  
and the nightingales sing  
it:  
She is yours, is yours!

## Deborah Pritchard (b.1977)

### From *The World* (2021)

#### The World

Henry Vaughan

I saw Eternity the other night,  
Like a great ring of pure and endless light,  
All calm, as it was bright;  
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,  
Driv'n by the spheres  
Like a vast shadow mov'd; in which the world  
And all her train were hurl'd.

#### Peace

Henry Vaughan

My Soul, there is a country  
Afar beyond the stars,  
Where stands a winged sentry  
All skillful in the wars;  
There, above noise and danger  
Sweet Peace sits, crown'd with smiles,  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious friend  
And (O my Soul awake!)  
Did in pure love descend,  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flow'r of peace,  
The rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress, and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges,  
For none can thee secure,  
But One, who never changes,  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

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## Interval

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## Alban Berg (1885-1935)

### 7 frühe Lieder (1905-8)

### 7 Early Songs

#### Nacht

Carl Hauptmann

Dämmern Wolken über  
Nacht und Tal.  
Nebel schweben. Wasser  
rauschen sacht.  
Nun entschleiert sich's mit  
einem Mal.  
O gib acht! gib acht!

#### Night

Clouds loom over night  
and valley.  
Mists hover, waters softly  
murmur.  
Now at once all is  
unveiled.  
O take heed! take heed!

Weites Wunderland ist  
aufgetan,  
Silbern ragen Berge  
traumhaft gross,  
Stille Pfade silberlicht  
talan  
Aus verborg'nem Schoss.

A vast wonderland opens  
up,  
silvery mountains soar  
dreamlike tall,  
silent paths climb silver-  
bright valleywards  
from a hidden womb.

Und die hehre Welt so  
traumhaft rein.  
Stummer Buchenbaum am  
Wege steht  
Schattenschwarz – ein  
Hauch vom fernen Hain  
Einsam leise weht.

And the glorious world so  
dreamlike pure.  
A silent beech-tree  
stands by the wayside  
shadow-black – a breath  
from the distant grove  
blows solitary soft.

Und aus tiefen Grundes  
Düsterheit  
Blinken Lichter auf in  
stummer Nacht.  
Trinke Seele! trinke Einsamkeit!  
O gib acht! gib acht!

And from the deep  
valley's gloom  
lights twinkle in the silent  
night.  
Drink soul! drink solitude!  
O take heed! take heed!

#### Schilflied

Nikolaus Lenau

Auf geheimem Waldespfade  
Schleich' ich gern im  
Abendschein  
An das öde Schilfgestade,  
Mädchen, und gedenke dein!

#### Reed song

Along a secret forest path  
I love to steal in the  
evening light  
to the desolate reedy shore  
and think, my girl, of you!

Wenn sich dann der Busch  
verdüstert,  
Rauscht das Rohr  
geheimnisvoll,  
Und es klaget und es flüstert,  
Dass ich weinen, weinen  
soll.

When the bushes then  
grow dark,  
the reeds pipe  
mysteriously,  
lamenting and  
whispering,  
that I must weep, must  
weep.

Und ich mein', ich höre wehen  
Leise deiner Stimme Klang,  
Und im Weiher untergehen  
Deinen lieblichen Gesang.

And I seem to hear  
the soft sound of your voice,  
and your lovely singing  
drowning in the pond.

## Die Nachtigall

*Theodor Storm*

Das macht, es hat die  
Nachtigall  
Die ganze Nacht  
gesungen;  
Da sind von ihrem süßen  
Schall,  
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall  
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes  
Blut,  
Nun geht sie tief in  
Sinnen;  
Trägt in der Hand den  
Sommerhut  
Und duldet still der Sonne  
Glut  
Und weiss nicht, was beginnen.

Das macht, es hat die  
Nachtigall  
Die ganze Nacht  
gesungen;  
Da sind von ihrem süßen  
Schall,  
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall  
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

## Traumgekrönt

*Rainer Maria Rilke*

Das war der Tag der weissen  
Chrysanthemem, –  
Mir bangte fast vor seiner  
Pracht...  
Und dann, dann kamst du  
mir die Seele nehmen  
Tief in der Nacht.

Mir war so bang, und du  
kamst lieb und leise, –  
Ich hatte grad im Traum an  
dich gedacht.  
Du kamst, und leis wie eine  
Märchenweise  
Erklang die Nacht...

## Im Zimmer

*Johannes Schlaf*

Herbstsonnenschein.  
Der liebe Abend blickt so still  
herein.  
Ein Feuerlein rot  
Knistert im Ofenloch und  
loht.

## The nightingale

It is because the  
nightingale  
has sung throughout the  
night,  
that from the sweet  
sound  
of her echoing song  
the roses have sprung up.

She was once a wild  
creature,  
now she wanders deep in  
thought;  
in her hand a summer  
hat,  
bearing in silence the  
sun's heat,  
not knowing what to do.

It is because the  
nightingale  
has sung throughout the  
night,  
that from the sweet  
sound  
of her echoing song  
the roses have sprung up.

## Crowned with dreams

That was the day of the  
white chrysanthemums –  
its brilliance almost  
frightened me...  
And then, then you came  
to take my soul  
at the dead of night.

I was so frightened, and you  
came sweetly and gently,  
I had been thinking of you  
in my dreams.  
You came, and soft as a  
fairy tune  
the night rang out...

## In the room

Autumn sunshine.  
The lovely evening looks  
in so silently.  
A little red fire  
crackles and blazes in the  
hearth.

So! – Mein Kopf auf deinen  
Knie'n. –  
So ist mir gut;  
Wenn mein Auge so in  
deinem ruht.

Wie leise die Minuten  
ziehn!...

## Liebesode

*Otto Erich Hartleben*

Im Arm der Liebe schliefen  
wir selig ein.  
Am offenen Fenster lauschte  
der Sommerwind,  
Und unsrer Atemzüge  
Frieden  
Trug er hinaus in die helle  
Mondnacht. –

Und aus dem Garten tastete  
zagend sich  
Ein Rosenduft an unserer  
Liebe Bett  
Und gab uns wundervolle  
Träume,  
Träume des Rausches – so  
reich an Sehnsucht!

## Sommertage

*Paul Hohenberg*

Nun ziehen Tage über die  
Welt,  
Gesandt aus blauer  
Ewigkeit,  
Im Sommerwind verweht die  
Zeit.  
Nun windet nächstens der  
Herr  
Sternenkränze mit seliger  
Hand  
Über Wander- und  
Wunderland.

O Herz, was kann in diesen  
Tagen  
Dein hellstes Wanderlied  
denn sagen  
Von deiner tiefen, tiefen Lust:  
Im Wiesensang verstummt  
die Brust,  
Nun schweigt das Wort, wo  
Bild um Bild  
Zu dir zieht und dich ganz  
erfüllt.

Like this! – with my head  
on your knees. –  
Like this I am content;  
when my eyes rest in  
yours like this.

How gently the minutes  
pass!...

## Ode to love

In love's arms we fell  
blissfully asleep.  
The summer wind listened  
at the open window,  
and carried the peace of  
our breathing  
out into the moon-bright  
night. –

And from the garden a  
scent of roses  
came timidly to our bed  
of love  
and gave us wonderful  
dreams,  
ecstatic dreams – so rich  
in longing!

## Summer days

Days, sent from blue  
eternity,  
journey now across the  
world,  
time drifts away in the  
summer wind.  
The Lord at night now  
garlands  
star-chains with his  
blessed hand  
across lands of  
wandering and wonder.

In these days, O heart,  
what can  
your brightest travel-  
song say  
of your deep, deep joy?  
The heart falls silent in  
the meadows' song,  
words now cease when  
image after image  
comes to you and fills you  
utterly.

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

## Errollyn Wallen (b.1958)

### Rain (1998)

*Errollyn Wallen*

And another day  
As I rise up  
To greet the rain.

And another year  
Since we first heard  
There would be  
No sun at all.

But how wonderful is the rain.

You should find yourself  
Something that's big and bright  
And orange.

Maybe I should  
Paint myself a large square  
Of  
Blue.

But how wonderful is the rain.

### On the Mountain (2010)

*to the memory of Martin Luther King*

*Errollyn Wallen*

He sits on the mountain

He sits on the mountain  
That's where you'll find him

All alone

He walks on the mountain of love  
And what have I done?

I've led a blameless life  
But have I had a dream?  
On the mountain?

And I've waited so long  
And I've waited so long  
And I've waited so long  
And I've suffered so long

How we've suffered  
And we've waited  
And called out your name  
And we pray for a sign  
But these chains weigh us down

And we can't see your face  
And these chains drag us down  
And we're

All alone

All alone

He had a dream on the mountain top  
Where is that dream on the mountain top?

He had a dream that put hope, like a child's heart

Now he's gone

Now he's gone

Now he's gone

### North (2001)

*Errollyn Wallen*

When the wind is in the north,  
When the mountains sigh.  
That is when I'll take my boat  
And sail without a cause.

I'll sail by night and think by day,  
I'll sail by night and I'll think by day,  
I'll sail by night and I'll think all day of  
North.

When the stars are beating fast,  
When the dark is light,  
That is when I'll steal my way  
And I'll gird these spirits tight.

I'll sail by night and think by day,  
I'll sail by night and I'll think by day,  
I'll sail by night and I'll drink all day of  
North.

...of North,

When I lighted to this place,  
When I smelled the sea,  
I knew I'd be here again,  
It's where I want to be.

I need to feel cold,  
Feel the sea,  
I wanna be a part of ice and storm.  
I want to hold you,  
Your cold, cold heart,  
My arms outstretched to greet the dawn.

I'm gonna sail by night and think all day,  
I'll sail by night and I'll think all day,  
I'll sail by night and I'll drink all day of  
North.

North.



## **Timeless from *The Lake* (2022)**

*Errollyn Wallen*

When I sing in the night  
When I glide across oceans and stars  
See the Northern Lights  
Touch the Milky Way

I am timeless like the water  
That will carry me home to the Lake  
Where the souls of those who love do wait

When I sing in the night  
When I glide across oceans and stars  
See the Northern Lights  
Touch the Milky Way

I am timeless like the water

That will carry me home  
Home to the Lake

## **Peace on Earth (2006)**

*Errollyn Wallen*

And snow falls down on me.  
Peace on earth.  
The night is dark and soft.  
Peace on earth.  
The lights that sparkle in the square,  
The smoke that lingers in the air.  
Peace on earth.

And grace falls down on me.  
Peace on earth.  
The dark will turn aside.  
Peace on earth.  
The fires that burn in every hearth  
Do sing our praise of Christmas past.  
Peace on earth.

Hear them singing.

Peace on earth.