

WIGMORE HALL

Tuesday 2 July 2024
7.30pm

Johnson's Dictionary: An A-Z of Song

Harriet Burns soprano
Sophie Rennert mezzo-soprano
Robin Tritschler tenor
Arvid Fagerfjäll baritone
Graham Johnson piano
Dame Janet Suzman narrator

I. AUDEN to BUSONI

AUDEN, WH (1907-1973) Extract from *Anthem for St. Cecilia's Day*

1
BACH, JOHANN SEBASTIAN (1685-1750) Bist du bei mir (by 1725) arranged by Benjamin Britten

2
BARBER, SAMUEL (1910-1981) Sleep now Op. 10 No. 2 (1935)

BAUDELAIRE, CHARLES (1821-1867) L'Invitation au voyage

3
BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN (1770-1827) Urians Reise um die Welt Op. 52 No. 1 (by 1793)

4
BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet WoO. 154 (1812)

5
BERG, ALBAN (1885-1935) Die Nachtigall from *7 frühe Lieder* (1905-8)

6
BERLIN, IRVING (1888-1989) I Love a Piano (1915)

7
BERLIN, IRVING It Takes an Irishman to Make Love (1917)

8
BERLIOZ, HECTOR (1803-1869) L'Origine de la harpe from *Irlande* Op. 2 (1829)

9
BIZET, GEORGES (1838-1875) Guitare from *Feuilles d'album* (1866)

BLAKE, WILLIAM (1757-1827) Piping down the valleys wild from *Songs of Innocence and Experience*

BLAKE, WILLIAM Every night and every morn

10
BRAHMS, JOHANNES (1833-1897) Nächtens Op. 112 No. 2 (c1888)

11
BRAHMS, JOHANNES Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein WoO. 33 No. 15 (by 1893-4)

12
BRAHMS, JOHANNES Auf dem Kirchhofe Op. 105 No. 4 (1888)

BRECHT, BERTOLT (1898-1956) Söhnlein, kauf dir einen Strick from *Die Reisen des Glücksgotts*

13
BRIDGE, FRANK (1879-1941) Journey's End (1925)

14
BRITTEN, BENJAMIN (1913-1976) The Highland Balou from *A Charm of Lullabies* Op. 41 (1947)

BURNS, ROBERT (1759-1796) I hae a wife o' my ain

15
BUSONI, FERRUCCIO (1866-1924) Lied des Mephistopheles K278a (1919)

Interval

II. BUTTERWORTH TO EISLER

16
BUTTERWORTH, GEORGE (1885-1916) The lads in their hundreds from *6 Songs from A Shropshire Lad* (1911)

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD (1788-1824) So, we'll go no more a roving

17
CAPLET, ANDRÉ (1878-1925) La mort des pauvres (1922)

18
CHABRIER, EMMANUEL (1841-1894) Chanson pour Jeanne (pub. 1886)

This song is dedicated to the memory of Paul Strang (1933-2024), Chairman of The Songmakers' Almanac from its inception in 1976, and his wife Jeanne (1929-2023)

19
CHAUSSON, ERNEST (1855-1899) La Dernière feuille Op. 2 No. 4 (1880)

20
COLERIDGE-TAYLOR, SAMUEL (1875-1912) A prayer from *African Romances* Op. 17 (1897)

21
COPLAND, AARON (1900-1990) Why do they shut me out of heaven? from *12 poems of Emily Dickinson* (1949-50)

22
CORNELIUS, PETER (1824-1874) Zu den Bergen hebt sich ein Augenpaar (1866)

23
COWARD, NOËL (1899-1973) World weary from *This Year of Grace* (1928)

24
COWARD, NOËL I travel alone (by 1935)

COWARD, NOËL I'm so weary of it all from *Set to Music*

- 25
DEBUSSY, CLAUDE (1862-1918) Spleen from *Ariettes oubliées* (1885-7, rev. 1903)
- 26
DEBUSSY, CLAUDE Colloque sentimental from *Fêtes galantes* Book II (1904)
- DE LA MARE, WALTER (1873-1956) Vigil
- DICKINSON, EMILY (1830-1886) The Chariot
- 27
DUPARC, HENRI (1848-1933) Extase (1874)
- 28
DVOŘÁK, ANTONÍN (1841-1904) Zajata Op. 32 No. 11 (1876)
- EICHENDORFF, JOSEPH VON (1788-1857) Auf einer Burg
- 29
EISLER, HANNS (1898-1962) Liebeslied eines Kleinbürgermädchens from
Zeitungsausschnitte Op. 11 (1925-6)
- 30
EISLER, HANNS Liebeslied eines Grundbesitzers from
Zeitungsausschnitte Op. 11 (1925-6)

Samuel Johnson's famous *Dictionary of the English Language* (1755) was the heroic work of a man of famously eccentric views, not least in terms of music: we read that 'to sing' is to 'utter harmoniously' (a good, if anachronistic, definition of *Sprechgesang*); 'Sonata' is defined as 'a tune' and 'Song' is 'a poem to be modulated by the voice'. 'Songstress', a female singer according to Johnson, might now be a word better suited to describe a recitalist's backstage nerves.

A lesser Johnson, in the compilation of his imaginary *Dictionary of Song*, here shows himself to be similarly cavalier and rather old-fashioned. There is no space here for up-to-the-minute idioms and it is also for reasons of length that the 21st century hardly gets a look-in (an entire supplementary volume would be necessary). It is true that too little attention has been allocated to certain composers and poets, and far too much to others; in anticipating irked reproaches from music lovers, I freely confess that countless significant names have been left out altogether. Just for starters, composers' names beginning in 'A' have been ignored, as well poets like Andersen, Apollinaire and Aragon. Beginning with 'Auden', this Dictionary is a somewhat capricious game of consequences that might easily have started instead with 'Arne', say, and progressed thereafter in multiple different directions. It is in this fortuitous hopping from metaphorical branch to branch that the trajectory of these three recitals has emerged – a journey that dallies in some places while making flying visits, or no visits at all, to others.

Decades before surfing the internet my passion for browsing reference books landed me, still wet behind the ears, on many an imaginary shore. The random topics unearthed in Arthur Mee's *Children's Encyclopaedia* drew me into the sparkling currents of European culture. I was as yet blind to the British Imperial silt muddying the waters, but the juxtaposition of words and pictures was a mesmerising *omnium gatherum*: geography articles aborning art-history and poetry jostling with physics created a salmagundi (Samuel Johnson: 'a mixture of chopped meat and pickled herrings with oil vinegar and onions') of delight. My next discovery was the *Britannica*. Here the enthralling chaos of juxtaposed articles was governed by alphabetical logic. I have devised this song series combining my Mee too aspirations with the austerity of the *Britannica* – a compromise whereby topical threads between songs are encouraged (in defiance of disparate musical styles) while composers and poets remain in strict alphabetical order. The Graham Greene-ish title printed on the spine of the *New Grove Volume 2 – Back to Bolivia* – seems to have been similarly serendipitous.

What is printed below is a partial guide to the subject-matter linking songs and poems, even if the rigours of the alphabet and disparate musical styles might seem to preclude any such complicity. The kind of biographical information regarding composers that this author used to provide in programme notes is now easily available on any mobile phone.

Prayers and entreaties

Auden invokes the protection of St. Cecilia, patron saint of musical enterprises. Following this, a prayer, in a voice and continuo arrangement by **Bach** (1) of an opera aria by the once-famous Gottfried Heinrich Stölzel. A more personal entreaty is a love poem of Joyce set by **Barber** (2).

Faraway Travel

Baudelaire wrote one of the most famous of all poems about imaginary travel. **Beethoven** (3) recounts an around-the-world journey by Urian, teller of shaggy dog stories. The composer himself was an intrepid explorer only in terms of his folksong settings in several languages. His arrangement of an Irish folksong (4) is the first of several pieces from the Emerald Isle in this concert that salute the homeland of tonight's tenor and the Hall's Director. Beethoven's linnet was clearly Irish, but the nightingale of **Berg** (5) is a tiny Viennese *fin de siècle* recitalist occasioning, to the composer's nostalgic amusement, a hugely Romantic outpouring. The bird reappears in French and Russian guise in later pages of this Dictionary.

Musical Instruments

Songs by **Berlin** (6 and 7, the first about a piano, and a Steinway in particular) are followed by a **Berlioz** setting (8) about Thomas Moore and his Irish **La Dernière feuille** harp, referring back to the Gaelic theme of 4 and 7. This is followed by further instrumental evocations by **Bizet** (9) and **Blake** – a strumming guitar and piercing pipe.

Nightmares and Fantasies

The second Blake reading introduces a dark and broody nocturnal quartet by **Brahms** (10). Then a folksong tragedy of doomed siblings (11), and the grim philosophy of the graveyard (12), much suited to this composer's dark final period, a pessimism mirrored by words of **Brecht**, a father addressing his son.

Parenthood

The father-son dialogue by **Bridge** (13) mirrors the heart-breaking losses of the First World War. Bridge was the teacher of the young **Britten** (14) whose Scottish lullaby reflects, in contrast, proud maternal

joy. The second of the **Burns** poems is grumpy and misanthropic, a mood continued in the devilish and malevolent song by **Busoni** (15) from Goethe's *Faust* which nevertheless targets state corruption and nepotism and would have received Burns's ringing endorsement.

Intimations of Mortality

After the interval, a *Shropshire Lad* song by **Butterworth** (16) and a poem mourning the end of youth by **Byron**, are followed by a **Caplet** setting (17), Baudelaire's take on the death of the poor. – then a tender song of bereavement by **Chabrier** (18) and an autumnal sketch by **Chausson** (19).

Portents of Eternity; Ennui and Spleen

A prayer by **Coleridge-Taylor** (20), a complaint by **Copland** (21) and a duet by **Cornelius** (22) variously contemplate the attainment of heaven. **Coward**, meanwhile, dreams of heaven on earth while declaring himself weary (23 and 24). A parallel *ennui*, love-induced, is conjured by **Debussy** (25) in a more *fin-de-siècle* manner.

Love Ghostly and Spiritual, the Marriage Market

The ghostly meeting of former lovers described by **Debussy** (26) is followed by a supernatural poem by **De la Mare** and an exquisitely downplayed *Liebestod*, by **Duparc** (27). The **Dvorak** duet (28) describes unlikely happiness following the exercise of *droit de seigneur* while the **Eichendorff** reading features a less happy outcome for the weeping bride. The two **Eisler** miniatures (29–30) are lonely hearts adverts set to music. In the second there is a fleeting musical

quotation from Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*. Is the widower placing this advertisement sincere in his disregard for the material wealth of the woman he is seeking to marry? Eisler provides a gleeful and slightly sinister postlude that seems to suggest otherwise. The happiness of any ensuing marriage seems hardly assured and, as in the famous Eichendorff poem describing a medieval marriage barge going down the Rhine, the bride seems destined to weep.

The marriage of word and tone has also seen better-rewarded days than these. Given that the whole idea of a dictionary or encyclopaedia has been somewhat superseded by the instant availability of the internet, turning these metaphorical pages, or tuning into them, is in part an exercise in nostalgia. Art song has never been a repertoire that has appealed to everybody, but it is my belief that the coming together of poetry with music for voice and piano, at its loftiest, encompasses some of the deepest and most satisfying achievements of western civilisation. Some will no doubt say that its place is on the margins, but I and all my singing and playing colleagues share my passionate belief that much of this music deserves the greatest appreciation and respect, indeed love, and that *it will always do so*. If these songs, transcending national boundaries in eight languages, can give a bird's-eye view, however fleeting, of the rich and immutable centrality of the art song heritage itself, this singing dictionary will have been put to good use.

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AUDEN, WH (1907-1973)

Extract from *Anthem for St. Cecilia's Day*

[set to music by Benjamin Britten]

1

BACH, JOHANN SEBASTIAN

(1685-1750)

Bist du bei mir (by 1725) **If you are with me**

based on *Johann Sebastian*

Bach

Gottfried Heinrich Stölzel

Bist du bei mir, geh ich mit Freuden	If you are with me, I shall with rapture
Zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh.	go to my death and to my rest.

Ach, wie vergnügt wär so mein Ende,	Ah, how joyous would be my end,
Es drückten deine schönen Hände	if your beautiful hands were to close
Mir die getreuen Augen zu.	my faithful eyes!

2

BARBER, SAMUEL (1910-1981)

Sleep now Op. 10 No. 2 (1935)

James Joyce

Sleep now, O sleep now,
O you unquiet heart!
A voice crying 'Sleep now'
Is heard in my heart.

The voice of the winter
Is heard at the door.
O sleep, for the winter
Is crying 'Sleep no more'.

My kiss will give peace now
And quiet to your heart –
Sleep on in peace now,
O you unquiet heart!

BAUDELAIRE, CHARLES (1821-1867)

L'Invitation au voyage

[set to music by Henri Duparc and others]

3

BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN (1770-1827)

**Urians Reise um die
Welt Op. 52 No. 1** (by
1793)

Matthias Claudius

Wenn jemand eine
Reise tut,
So kann er was erzählen.
Drum nahm ich meinen Stock
und Hut
Und tät das Reisen wählen.

Chorus:

Da hat Er gar nicht übel dran
getan,
Verzähl' Er doch weiter, Herr
Urian!

Zuerst ging's an den
Nordpol hin;
Da war es kalt,
bei Ehre!
Da dacht' ich denn in meinem
Sinn,

Dass es hier besser
wäre.

Chorus: [as above]

Nun war ich in Amerika!
Da sagt' ich zu mir:
Lieber!
Nordwestpassage ist
doch da,
Mach' dich einmal darüber.

Von hier ging ich nach
Mexico -
Ist weiter als nach
Bremen -
Da, dacht' ich, liegt das Gold
wie Stroh;
Du sollst 'n Sack voll nehmen.

Chorus: [as above]

**Urian's voyage
round the world**

When someone goes on a
voyage,
he has some tales to tell;
and so I took my hat
and stick
and set off on my travels.

That was no bad thing to
do;
tell us more, Herr
Urian.

The North Pole was my
first port of call;
it was cold there, upon
my word!

I thought to myself

I'd be better off back
home.

Then I was in America;
I said to myself: 'Dear
fellow,
the Northwest Passage is
said to be here,
go and cross it!'

From there I went to
Mexico,
which is further than to
Bremen;
there's gold a-plenty
there, I thought,
you should fill a sack with
it.

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

Ich gab dem Wirt mein Ehrenwort, Ihn nächstens zu bezahlen; Und damit reist' ich weiter fort, Nach China und Bengalen.	I gave the landlord my word of honour I'd settle with him very soon; and journeyed on my way to China and Bengal.
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Nach Java und nach Otaheit Und Afrika nicht minder; Und sah bei der Gelegenheit Viel Städt' und Menschenkinder. <i>Chorus: [as above]</i>	To Java and Tahiti too, and Africa as well, and took the opportunity of seeing many different towns and peoples.
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Und fand es überall wie hier, Fand überall 'n Sparren, Die Menschen grade so wie wir, Und eben solche Narren. <i>Chorus:</i> Da hat Er gar nicht übel dran getan Verzähl' Er doch weiter, Herr Urian!	And found everywhere the same as here, there were crackpots everywhere. The people just like us and every bit as foolish. That was a bad, bad thing to do, tell us no more, Herr Urian
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4

BEETHOVEN, LUDWIG VAN

Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet

WoO. 154 (1812)

William Smyth

Oh! would I were but that sweet linnet
That I had my apple-tree too!
Could sit all the sunny day in it,
With nothing but singing to do!
I'm weary with toiling and spinning;
And Dermot I never can see,
Nor sure am I Dermot of winning,
There's never good luck for poor me!

I tried with my sweetest behaviour
To tell our good priest my distress;
And ask'd him to speak in my favour,
When Dermot came next to confess.
But he said I was but a beginner,
And from love and temptation must flee!
So if love will but make me a sinner,
There's never good luck for poor me!

Ye Saints, with the Virgin! Believe me,
I join with the priest in your praise!
Contrive but my Dermot to give me,
And I'll love you the length of my days.

In vain would they bid me be wiser,
And never my Dermot to see,
Bad luck to advice and adviser!
Good luck! To dear Dermot and me!

5

BERG, ALBAN (1885-1935)

Die Nachtigall from 7 The nightingale

frühe Lieder (1905-8)

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

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.	It is because the nightingale has sung throughout the night, that from the sweet sound of her echoing song the roses have sprung up.
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6

BERLIN, IRVING (1888-1989)

I Love a Piano (1915)

Irving Berlin

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7

BERLIN, IRVING**It Takes an Irishman to Make Love (1917)***Irving Berlin and Elsie Janis*

8

BERLIOZ, HECTOR (1803-1869)**L'Origine de la harpe from *Irlande Op. 2* (1829)***Thomas Gounet, after
Thomas Moore*

Cette Harpe chérie, à te chanter fidèle, Etait une Sirène, à la voix douce et belle. On l'entendait au fond des eaux; Aux approches du soir, glissent sur le rivage, Elle venait chercher, couverte d'un nuage, Son amant parmi les roseaux.	This prized Harp, that sings to you so true, was once a Siren, with a sweet and lovely voice. You'd hear her singing from the watery depths; as evening approached, slipping along the riverbank, cloud-shrouded, she came to seek her lover among the reeds.
Aussi pendant longtemps cette Harpe chérie Disait-elle à la fois la sombre rêverie, Et d'amour les plaisirs discrets. Elle soupire encor la joie et la tristesse: Quand je suis près de toi, les accords d'allégresse; Loin de toi, le chant des regrets.	And so for long years this prized Harp has sung at once both doleful dreams and the subtle pleasures of love. It sighs still with joy and sadness: when I am near you, the harmonies of happiness; far from you, the song of sorrow.

9

BIZET, GEORGES (1838-1875)**Guitare from *Feuilles
d'album* (1866)***Victor Hugo*

Comment, disaient-ils, Avec nos nacelles, Fuir les alguazils? – Ramez, disaient-elles.	How, said the men, in our small craft can we flee the alguazils? – Row, said the women.
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Comment, disaient-ils, Oublier querelles, Misère et périls? – Dormez, disaient-elles.	How, said the men, can we forget feuds, poverty and peril? – Sleep, said the women.
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Comment, disaient-ils, Enchanter les belles Sans philtres subtils? – Aimez, disaient-elles.	How, said the men, can we bewitch the fair without rare potions? – Love, said the women.
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BLAKE, WILLIAM (1757-1827)**Piping down the valleys wild from *Songs
of Innocence and Experience***

[set to music by Ralph Vaughan Williams]

Every night and every morn

[set to music by Benjamin Britten]

10

BRAHMS, JOHANNES (1833-1897)**Nächtens Op. 112 No. 2 At night**

(1888)

Franz Theodor Kugler

Nächtens wachen auf die irren, Lügenmäch't'gen Spukgestalten, Welche deinen Sinn verwirren.	At night wild deceptive ghosts arise and confuse your senses.
Nächtens ist im Blumengarten Reif gefallen, dass vergebens Du der Blumen würdest warten.	At night frost falls on the garden, and in vain you look for the flowers.
Nächtens haben Gram und Sorgen In dein Herz sich eingenistet, Und auf Tränen blickt der Morgen.	At night worries and fears settle in your heart, and your tears still flow when morning comes.

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

BRAHMS, JOHANNES

Schwesterlein, Sister, little sister

Schwesterlein WoO. 33

No. 15 (by 1893-4)

Traditional

Schwesterlein, Sister, little
 Schwesterlein, sister,
 Wann geh'n wir nach Haus? when shall we go home?
 „Morgen wenn die Hahnen 'Tomorrow at
 krähn, cock-crow,
 Wolln wir nach Hause gehn, we shall go home,
 Brüderlein, Brüderlein, brother, little brother,
 Dann gehn wir nach Haus.“ then we'll go home.'

Schwesterlein, Sister, little
 Schwesterlein, sister,
 Wann geh'n wir nach Haus? when shall we go home?
 „Morgen, wenn der Tag 'Tomorrow at
 anbricht, daybreak,
 Eh end't die Freude nicht, before the fun is ended,
 Brüderlein, Brüderlein, brother, little brother,
 Der fröhliche Braus.“ the happy revelry.'

Schwesterlein, Sister, little
 Schwesterlein, sister,
 Wohl ist es Zeit. now it is time.
 „Mein Liebster tanzt mit 'My love is dancing with
 mir, me,
 Geh' ich, tanzt er mit if I go, he'll dance with
 ihr, her,
 Brüderlein, Brüderlein, brother, little brother,
 Lass' du mich heut'.“ leave me for now.'

Schwesterlein, Sister, little
 Schwesterlein, sister,
 Was bist du blass? why are you so pale?
 „Das macht der 'That is the morning
 Morgenschein light
 Auf meinen Wängelein, shining on my cheeks,
 Brüderlein, Brüderlein, brother, little brother,
 Die vom Taue nass.“ all wet with the dew.'

Schwesterlein, Sister, little
 Schwesterlein, sister,
 Du wankest so why do you stagger so
 matt? faintly!
 „Suche die Kammertür, 'Find the bedroom door,
 Suche mein Bettlein mir, find me my bed,
 Brüderlein, es wird little brother, all will be
 fein well
 Unterm Rasen sein.“ under the turf.'

BRAHMS, JOHANNES

Auf dem Kirchhofe Op. In the churchyard

105 No. 4 (c1888)

Baron Detlev von Liliencron

Der Tag ging regenschwer The day was heavy with
 und sturmbewegt, rain and storms,
 Ich war an manch I had stood by many
 vergessnem Grab a forgotten
 gewesen. grave.
 Verwittert Stein und Kreuz, Weathered stones and
 die Kränze alt, crosses, faded wreaths,
 Die Namen überwachsen, the names overgrown,
 kaum zu lesen. scarcely to be read.

Der Tag ging sturmbewegt The day was heavy with
 und regenschwer, storms and rains,
 Auf allen Gräbern froz das on each grave froze the
 Wort: Gewesen. word: Deceased.
 Wie sturместot How the coffins
 die Särge slumbered, dead to the
 schlummerten - storm -
 Auf allen Gräbern taute still: silent dew on each grave
 Genesen. proclaimed: Released.

BRECHT, BERTOLT (1898-1956)

Söhnlein, kauf dir einen Strick from

Die Reisen des Glücksgotts

[set to music by Paul Dessau]

BRIDGE, FRANK (1879-1941)

Journey's End (1925)

Humbert Wolfe

What will they give me, when journey's done?
 Your own room to be quiet in, Son!

Who shares it with me? There is none
 Shares that cool dormitory, Son!

Who turns the sheets? There is but one
 And no one needs to turn it, Son!

Who lights the candle? Everyone
 Sleeps without candle all night, Son!

Who calls me after sleeping? Son!
 You are not called when journey's done.

BRITTEN, BENJAMIN (1913-1976)**The Highland Balou from
A Charm of Lullabies Op. 41** (1947)*Robert Burns*

Hee Balou, my sweet wee Donald,
Picture o' the great Clanronald!
Brawlie kens our wanton Chief
What gat my young Highland thief.

Leeze me on thy bonnie craigie!
And thou live, thou'll steal a naigie,
Travel the country thro' and thro',
And bring hame a Carlisle cow!

Thro' the Lawlands, o'er the Border,
Weel, my babie, may thou furdur!
Herry the louns o' the laigh Countrie,
Synne to the Highlands hame to me!

BURNS, ROBERT (1759-1796)**I hae a wife o' my ain**

[set to music by Robert Schumann]

BUSONI, FERRUCCIO (1866-1924)**Lied des Mephistopheles**
Mephistopheles K278a **Mephistopheles'**
(1919) **song***Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Es war einmal ein König, Der hatt' einen grossen Floh, Den liebt' er gar nicht wenig, Als wie seinen eig'nen Sohn. Da rief er seinen Schneider, Der Schneider kam heran: „Da, miss dem Junker Kleider Und miss ihm Hosen an!“	There was once a king who had a large flea, whom he loved not a little, just like his own son. He summoned his tailor, the tailor appeared: 'Here – make robes for this knight and make him breeches too!
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In Sammet und in Seide War er nun angetan, Hatte Bänder auf dem Kleide, Hatt' auch ein Kreuz daran,	In silk and satin the flea was now attired, with ribbons on his coat, and a medal too,
--	--

Und war sogleich Minister, Und hatt einen grossen Stern. Da wurden seine Geschwister	and became a minister straightaway and wore an enormous star. His brother and his sisters
Bei Hof auch grosse Herrn.	became grand at court as well.
Und Herrn und Frau'n am Hofe, Die waren sehr geplagt, Die Königin und die Zofe Gestochen und genagt, Und durften sie nicht knicken, Und weg sie jucken nicht. – Wir knicken und ersticken Doch gleich, wenn einer sticht.	And courtly lords and ladies were most grievously plagued, queen and maid-in- waiting were bitten and were stung, yet they were not allowed to squash or scratch them away. – We bow and scrape and suffocate, as soon as any bite.

Interval

BUTTERWORTH, GEORGE (1885-1916)**The lads in their hundreds from 6 Songs
from A Shropshire Lad** (1911)*AE Housman*

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the
fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill
and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are
there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be
old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till
and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the
brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome
of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the
grave.

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

I wish I could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed-at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD

(1788-1824)

So, we'll go no more a roving

[set to music by Maude Valérie White]

17

CAPLET, ANDRÉ (1878-1925)

La mort des pauvres

(1922)

Charles Baudelaire

C'est la Mort qui console,
hélas! et qui fait vivre;
C'est le but de la vie, et c'est
le seul espoir
Qui, comme un élixir, nous
monte et nous enivre,
Et nous donne le cœur de
marcher jusqu'au soir;

A travers la tempête, et la
neige et le givre,
C'est la clarté vibrante à
notre horizon noir;
C'est l'auberge fameuse
inscrite sur le livre,
Où l'on pourra manger, et
dormir, et s'asseoir;

C'est un Ange qui tient dans
ses doigts magnétiques
Le sommeil et le don des
rêves extatiques,

The death of the poor

It's Death that comforts,
alas! and makes us live;
it's the goal of life, and the
only hope
which, like an elixir, fills
and intoxicates us
and gives us the courage
to march until evening;

Through the storm, the
snow and the frost,
it's the glowing light on
our black horizon;
it's the famous inn
inscribed in the book,
where one might eat, and
sleep, and rest;

It's an Angel who holds in
its magnetic hands
sleep and the gift of
ecstatic dreams,

Et qui refait le lit des
gens pauvres
et nus;

C'est la gloire des Dieux, c'est
le grenier mystique,
C'est la bourse du pauvre et
sa patrie antique,
C'est le portique ouvert sur
les Cieux inconnus!

and who makes up the
bed of the poor and
naked;

It's the glory of Gods, it's
the mystical hayloft,
the poor man's purse and
his ancient land,
it's the gate open to the
unknown Heavens!

18

This song is dedicated to the memory of Paul Strang (1933-2024), Chairman of *The Songmakers' Almanac* from its inception in 1976, and his wife Jeanne (1929-2023)

CHABRIER, EMMANUEL (1841-1894)

Chanson pour Jeanne

(pub. 1886)

Catulle Mendès

Puisque les roses sont jolies
Et puisque Jeanne l'est aussi,
Tout fleurit dans ce monde-
ci;
Et c'est la pire des folies
Que de mettre ailleurs
son souci,
Puisque les roses sont jolies
Et puisque Jeanne l'est aussi.

Puisque vous gazouillez,
mésanges,
Et que Jeanne gazouille
aussi,
Tout chante dans ce monde-
ci;
Et les harpes saintes des
anges
Ne feront jamais mon
soui,
Puisque vous gazouillez,
mésanges,
Et que Jeanne gazouille
aussi.

Puisque la belle fleur est
morte,
Morte l'oiselle, et Jeanne
aussi,
Rien ne vit dans ce monde-ci;
Et j'attends qu'un souffle
m'emporte

Song for Jeanne

Since roses are pretty,
and Jeanne is too,
all this world's in
flower,
and it's the height of folly
to be concerned about
other things,
since roses are pretty,
and Jeanne is too!

Since, blue-tits, you
warble,
and since Jeanne warbles
too,
all this world's
a-singing,
and the angels' holy
harps
will never be a concern of
mine,
since, blue-tits, you
warble,
and Jeanne warbles
too!

Since the lovely flower is
dead,
dead the bird and Jeanne
dead too...
all this world's bereft of
life!
And I wait for a breeze to
bear me away

Dans la tombe, mon seul souci,	to the tomb, my only concern...
Puisque la belle fleur est morte,	since the lovely flower is dead,
Morte l'oiselle, et Jeanne aussi.	dead the bird and Jeanne dead too.

19

CHAUSSON, ERNEST (1855-1899)

La Dernière feuille Op. 2 No. 4 (1880)

Théophile Gautier

Dans la forêt chauve et rouillée	In the bare and blighted forest
Il ne reste plus au rameau	nothing remains on the branches
Qu'une pauvre feuille oubliée,	except a poor forgotten leaf -
Rien qu'une feuille et qu'un oiseau.	nothing but a leaf and bird.
Il ne reste plus en mon âme	Nothing remains in my soul
Qu'un seul amour pour y chanter;	except a lone love singing there;
Mais le vent d'automne, qui brame,	but the howling autumn wind
Ne permet pas de l'écouter.	will not allow it to be heard.

L'oiseau s'en va, la feuille tombe,	The bird flies away, the leaf falls,
L'amour s'éteint, car c'est l'hiver.	love dies, for winter is come.
Petit oiseau, viens sur ma tombe	Little bird, alight on my tomb
Chanter quand l'arbre sera vert.	and sing when the tree is green again.

20

COLERIDGE-TAYLOR, SAMUEL

(1875-1912)

A prayer from African Romances Op. 17

(1897)

Paul Laurence Dunbar

O Lord, the hard-won miles
Have worn my stumbling feet:
Oh, soothe me with thy smiles,
And make my life complete.

The thorns were thick and keen
Where'er I trembling trod;
The way was long between

My wounded feet and God.

Where healing waters flow
Do thou my footsteps lead.
My heart is aching so;
Thy gracious balm I need.

21

COPLAND, AARON (1900-1990)

**Why do they shut me out of heaven? From
12 poems of Emily Dickinson** (1949-50)

Emily Dickinson

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

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

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

22

CORNELIUS, PETER (1824-1874)

**Zu den Bergen hebt
sich ein Augenpaar**

(1866)

Liturgical text

Zu den Bergen hebet
Sich ein Augenpaar,
Von den Bergen schwebet
Hülfe wunderbar.
Meine Hülfe kommt vom
Herrn,
Der da Sonne, Mond und
Stern,
Himmel und Erde gemacht
hat.

**To the mountains I
raise my eyes**

To the mountains
I raise my eyes,
from the mountains
cometh wondrous help.
My help cometh from the
Lord,
who the sun, the moon
and the stars
hath
created.

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

Jeden meiner Schritte Hält der Herr in Hut, Schützt bei Tages Mitte Mich vor Sonnenglut. Und des Nachts bei Sternenschein, Schlummre, Herz, nur sicher ein, Der dich behütet, er schläft nicht.	The Lord protects me wherever I tread, protects me in the noonday heat from the sun's glare. And at night, when the stars are shining, fall asleep, O heart, without alarm, he who watches over you sleeps not.
Schütz in deiner Güte Vor Gefahren mich, Meine Seele hüte Du, Herr, ewiglich. Sei mir gnädig allezeit Bis in alle Ewigkeit! Herr, gib doch Frieden meiner Seele.	Protect me in thy goodness from all peril, preserve my soul, O Lord, eternally. Be ever gracious to me from this time forth and for evermore. O Lord, grant peace unto my soul.

23

COWARD, NOËL (1899-1973)

World weary from *This Year of Grace* (1928) Noël Coward

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24

COWARD, NOËL

I travel alone (by 1935) Noël Coward

COWARD, NOËL (1899-1973)

I'm so weary of it all from *Set to Music* [set to music by Noël Coward]

25

DEBUSSY, CLAUDE (1862-1918)

Spleen from *Ariettes oubliées* (1885-7, rev. 1903) Paul Verlaine

Les roses étaient toutes rouges Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.	All the roses were red and the ivy was all black.
Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges, Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.	Dear, at your slightest move, all my despair revives.
Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre, La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.	The sky was too blue, too tender, the sea too green, the air too mild.
Je crains toujours, – ce qu'est d'attendre! – Quelque fuite atroce de vous!	I always fear – oh to wait and wonder! – one of your agonizing departures.
Du houx à la feuille vernie Et du luisant buis je suis las,	I am weary of the glossy holly, of the gleaming box-tree too,
Et de la campagne infinite Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas!	And the boundless countryside and everything, alas, but you!

26

Colloque sentimental from *Fêtes galantes* Book II (1904) Paul Verlaine

Lovers' dialogue

Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé, Deux formes ont tout à l'heure passé.	In the ancient park, deserted and frozen, two shapes have just passed by.
Leurs yeux sont morts et leurs lèvres sont molles, Et l'on entend à peine leurs paroles.	Their eyes are dead and their lips are lifeless, and their words can hardly be heard.
Dans le vieux parc solitaire et glacé Deux spectres ont évoqué le passé.	In the ancient park, deserted and frozen two spectres were recalling the past.
– Te souvient-il de notre extase ancienne? – Pourquoi voulez-vous donc qu'il m'en souviennne?	– Do you remember our past rapture? – Why would you have me remember?

– Ton cœur bat-il toujours à mon seul nom? aujourd'hui vois-tu mon âme en rêve? – Non.	– Does your heart still surge at my very name? Do you still see my soul when you dream? – No.
– Ah! Les beaux jours de bonheur indicible Où nous joignons nos bouches! – C'est possible.	– Ah, the beautiful days of inexpressible bliss when our lips met! – It may have been so.
– Qu'il était bleu, le ciel, et grand, l'espoir! – L'espoir a fui, vaincu, vers le ciel noir.	– How blue the sky, how hopes ran high! – Hope has fled, vanquished, to the black sky.
Tels ils marchaient dans les avoines folles Et la nuit seule entendit leurs paroles.	So they walked on through the wild grasses and the night alone heard their words.

DE LA MARE, WALTER (1873-1956)

Vigil

[set to music by Benjamin Britten]

DICKINSON. EMILY (1830-1886)

The Chariot

[set to music by Aaron Copland]

27

DUPARC, HENRI (1848-1933)

Extase (1874)

Jean Lahor

Sur un lys pâle mon cœur dort D'un sommeil doux comme la mort: Mort exquise, mort parfumée	On a pale lily my heart is sleeping a sleep as sweet as death: exquisite death, death perfumed
Du souffle de la bien-aimée: Sur ton sein pâle mon cœur dort ...	by the breath of the beloved: on your pale breast my heart is sleeping ...

Rapture

28

DVOŘÁK, ANTONÍN (1841-1904)

Zajatá Op. 32 No. 11

(1876)

Traditional

Žalo děvče, žalo trávu
Nedaleko vinohradu.
Pán sa na ňu z okna dívá,
On si na ňu rukú kývá

Širuj, kočí, širuj koně,
Pojedeme v čiré pole.
Čiré pole projíždžali,
Až sa k děvčati dostali.

'Daj nám, děvče, daj nám záloh,
Žes na panském trávu žalo!
Dávala jim svú plachtičku,
Pán ju pojal za ručičku.

'Už si, děvče, už si moje,
Líbí sa mně líčko tvoje.
Tobě moje a mně tvoje,
Líbíj sa nám oboje.'

The maid imprisoned

Pretty maiden locks aflowing,
by the vineyard went a mowing.
From afar the landlord sees her,
beckons to her, thinks to tease her.

'Saddle horses! Cross the field wide!
To the maid we shall with speed ride.'
At a gallop they are riding;
t'wards the lass their horses guiding.

'For this grass you shall make payment;
pluck your scarf from off your raiment!'
Then the scarf she gave him meekly;
he her hand drew t'wards him gently.

'Now, my girl thou hast been captured;
by thy face I am enraptured.'
'O, my lord, thou art so handsome;
never shall I ask for ransom.'

EICHENDORFF, JOSEPH VON

(1788-1857)

Auf einer Burg

[set to music by Robert Schumann]

Please do not turn the page until the reading has ended

EISLER, HANNS (1898-1962)

From

Zeitungsausschnitte

Op. 11 (1925-6)

*Anonymous***Liebeslied eines
Kleinbürgermädchens****Love song of a petit
bourgeois girl**Ängstlich und schüchtern
richt' ich meine Hand
gegen Sie,Anxiously and shyly
I offer you my
hand,Damit Sie mich aus dem
Elternhause
hinausführen.so that you can take me
from my parental
home.Bin neunundzwanzig
Jahre alt, aus
Grundbesitzersfamilie,I am 29 years old,
from a landowner's
family,Angeblich schön,
gesund,
häuslich erzogenes
Mädchen;allegedly beautiful,
healthy, a
domesticated young
girl;Anträge unter: „Heiliges
Bündnis“ an die Expedition.proposals to the
editor under 'Holy
Alliance'.**EISLER, HANNS****Liebeslied eines
Grundbesitzers****Love song of a
landowner***Anonymous*Bin Witwer von
vierunddreissig Jahren,I'm a widower,
44 years old,Vermögender Grundbesitzer
mit Kind;prosperous landowner
with a child;Das Kind bedarf einer guten
Mutter,the child needs a good
mother,

Ich selber einer guten Frau.

I need a good wife.

Ich suche
Verständnis,I'm looking for
understanding,

Innerliches seelisches Leben,

inner life of the
soul,Kein Vermögen, kein
Vermögen.no fortune, no
fortune.Briefe unter: JS an die
Expedition.Apply by letter under JS
to the management.

Translations of Britten, Beethoven, Brahms 'Schwesterlein, Schwesterlein', Chausson, Cornelius and Eisler by Richard Stokes. Berg, Brahms 'Auf dem Kirchhofe' and Busoni 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. Bizet, Chabrier, Debussy and Duparc by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Dvořák by John Clapham.