

My Favourite Things

Louise Alder soprano
Ben Bliss tenor
James Baillieu piano

Alban Berg (1885-1935)
Richard Strauss (1864-1949)
Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)
Erik Satie (1866-1925)
George Gershwin (1898-1937)
Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)

Erik Satie
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Erik Satie
Richard Rodgers

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Alban Berg
Irving Berlin (1888-1989)
Ray Charles (1930-2004)

INVITATION

Nacht from *7 frühe Lieder* (1905-8)
Heimliche Aufforderung Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)
Mahnung from *Brettli-Lieder* (1901)
Enfant-martyre from *Petit recueil des fêtes* (1903-4)
Someone To Watch Over Me from *Oh, Kay!* (1926)
People Will Say We're in Love from *Oklahoma!* (1943)

MADNESS IN LOVE

Daphénéo (1916)
Mein Liebster ist so klein from *Italienisches Liederbuch* (1890-6)
Le chapelier (1916)
My Favourite Things from *The Sound of Music* (1959)

AMOUR

Le jet d'eau from *5 poèmes de Baudelaire* (1887-9)
Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques from *5 mélodies populaires grecques* (1904-6)
Liebesode from *7 frühe Lieder* (1905-8)
Isn't this a lovely day? (1935)
Hallelujah I Love Her So (1956)

Interval

COMPLICATIONS

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)
Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Richard Rodgers
Jerome Kern (1885-1945)
George Gershwin

Love went a-riding (1914)
The last rose of summer (1957)
Tell me the Truth about Love from *Cabaret songs* (1937-9)
Dancing on the Ceiling from *Ever Green* (1930)
I Won't Dance (1934)
Oh, Lady be Good! From *Lady, Be Good* (1924)

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Richard Strauss
Matt Dennis (1914-2002)

SEPARATION
Befreit Op. 39 No. 4 (1898)
The Night We Called It a Day (1941)

George Gershwin
Richard Rodgers

REMEMBERING
They Can't Take That Away From Me from *Shall We Dance?*
(1937)
He was too good to me (1930)
Something Good from *The Sound of Music* (1959)
Where or When from *Babes in Arms* (1937)

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'Liebe... l'amour... amor... amoris...' So begins **Britten's** cabaret-style setting of Auden's *Tell me the truth about love*. And it is love, and specifically a journey of romantic love, that is explored in song this evening. We encounter the madness of love, the feelings of ecstasy as it blooms, and the pain and confusion it creates when it falters. While the truth about love may remain elusive, a snapshot of the highs and lows of a love fulfilled, though not forever, emerges. That the recital is titled 'My Favourite Things', as per Rodgers and Hammerstein's potpourri of a song, seems apt for a musical miscellany in which reflections on love from *fin-de-siècle* Vienna and the stages of Broadway sit side-by-side.

The journey starts in the solitude and stillness of night, with 'Nacht' from **Alban Berg's** *7 frühe Lieder* setting the scene before the hoped-for clandestine tryst of Strauss's 'Heimliche Aufforderung' ('Secret invitation') plunges us into longing. Song was Berg's initial passion, bringing together his interest in literature with his committed, if somewhat amateur, activities as a musician. Composed between 1905 and 1908, while a student of Schoenberg, the *7 frühe Lieder* show a desire to move beyond Brahms, Strauss and Wolf. In 'Nacht', Berg shifts between fragile crystalline evocations of nighttime and declarations of awe at the natural world. As a vast wonderland comes into view ('Weites Wunderland ist aufgetan') the piano tumbles and voice takes flight. Atonality may still be a way off, but in this and the 'Liebesode' ('Ode to love') Berg exploits the possibilities of an extended harmonic language for expressive purposes, providing a contrast to the more restrained harmonic palette of **Strauss's** impassioned setting of John Henry Mackay. 'Heimliche Aufforderung' was one of a collection of four songs Strauss gifted his wife Pauline as a wedding present in 1894, with its rippling piano figurations reflecting the intensity of a much-wanted romance by a rose.

Roses get the briefest mention in **Schoenberg's** 'Mahnung' ('Warning'), one of his 1901 *Brettli-Lieder*, composed for Germany's first literary cabaret, Berlin's *Überbrettli*. The song never made it to the theatre, but as in Britten's *Cabaret Songs* three decades later, there is a genuine understanding of the irony and style apparent. Not that irreverent takes on love are solely the preserve of cabarets, as some of the playful songs under 'madness in love' show. Much could be written about **Wolf's** approach to setting Paul Heyse translations of Tuscan and Venetian verse forms in his *Italienisches Liederbuch*, but perhaps the most pertinent point to highlight about 'Mein Liebster ist so klein' is that Wolf himself was short, no more than five feet two inches. As such, this song about a lover so small he is scared by a snail has an autobiographical air. Further absurdities are found in **Satie's** 1916 *mélodies*, with Lewis Carroll and the Mad Hatter's tea party the inspiration for René Chalupe's verse 'Le chapelier' ('The hatter'). Satie's penchant for humour

sees him incongruously set the miniature tale of a watch dunked in tea to a parody of a Gounod love duet, sweeping melody and all. Gounod was, for Satie, the epitome of bourgeois indulgence, though he dedicated the song to someone he admired: Stravinsky.

Musings on love may form the backbone of German Lied, French *mélodie* and English song, but it is the American Songbook that is the thread tonight. From the tender Gershwin ballad 'Someone To Watch Over Me' to **Kern's** perky refusal number 'I Won't Dance' (because it 'leads to romance'), these are songs about the vagaries of love often written for shows, revues, or films. Unlike most art songs they feature new texts, and while **Irving Berlin** wrote words and music, Gershwin, Kern and Rodgers formed partnerships with lyricists. For **George Gershwin**, it was his brother Ira whose conversational style and gentle rhyme schemes provided a foil for his jazz-inflected melodies. Their collaboration was cemented in 1924 with the hit show *Lady, Be Good!*, which included 'Oh, Lady be Good'. The star was Fred Astaire, and it was more than a decade later, for another Astaire vehicle – the 1937 movie musical *Shall We Dance* featuring Ginger Rogers – that the nostalgic 'They Can't Take That Away From Me' was written. A song about memories lingering after separation, some have claimed it relates to George's affair with actress Paulette Goddard, Charlie Chaplin's then wife.

Given the centrality of love songs and stories to musicals, it is unsurprising they feature so prominently in **Richard Rodgers's** output: he wrote more than 40 shows and estimates suggest between 900 and 1500 songs. His first major partnership was with Lorenz Hart, and though the collaboration could be fraught, their songs are characterised by intimacy and wit. Rodgers described Hart's lyrics as clever and funny, noting too the sentimentality of numbers like 'Where or When' from *Babes in Arms* (1937). With memorable melodies and lyrics illuminating an interior world, there is a poignancy to their love songs that differs from the full-bodied sincerity of those Rodgers wrote with his second major collaborator, Oscar Hammerstein II. The Rodgers and Hammerstein partnership began with *Oklahoma!* (1943) and ended with the stage version of *The Sound of Music* (1959). (Hammerstein died in 1960, hence 'Something Good' from the 1965 film has Rodgers lyrics.) Their commitment to ensuring character, song and drama were aligned can be seen in 'People Will Say We're in Love', a classic Act I love duet. Here the leads, Laurey and Curly, demonstrate feelings for each other but do not express them; indeed, they stress the opposite. There is no question the two will be in love by show's end, but as this evening makes clear, there is more to love than that.

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INVITATION

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

Nacht from 7 frühe

Lieder (1905-8)

Carl Hauptmann

Night

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

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
steht
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!

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Heimliche Aufforderung Secret invitation

Op. 27 No. 3 (1894)

John Henry Mackay

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale
empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim
Freudenmahle dein Herz
gesund.

Come, raise to your lips
the sparkling goblet,
and drink at this joyful
feast your heart to
health.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so
winke mir heimlich zu,

And when you raise it,
give me a secret sign,

Dann lächle ich, und
dann trinke ich
still wie du...

then I shall smile and
drink as quietly as
you...

Und still gleich mir betrachte
um uns
das Heer
Der trunkenen Schwätzer –
verachte sie
nicht zu sehr.

And quietly like me,
look around at the
hordes
of drunken gossips – do
not despise them too
much.

Nein, hebe die blinkende
Schale, gefüllt
mit Wein,
Und lass beim lärmenden
Mahle sie glücklich sein.

No, raise the glittering
goblet, filled with
wine,
and let them be happy
at the noisy feast.

Doch hast du das Mahl
genossen,
den Durst
gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten
Genossen festfreudiges Bild,

But once you have
savoured the meal,
quenched your
thirst,
leave the loud company
of happy revellers,

Und wandle hinaus in den
Garten zum
Rosenstrauch, -
Dort will ich dich dann
erwarten nach altem Brauch,

And come out into the
garden to the rose-
bush, -
there I shall wait for you
as I've
always done,

Und will an die Brust dir
sinken, eh du's
gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken, wie
ehmals oft,

And I shall sink on your
breast, before you
could hope,
and drink your kisses,
as often before,

Und flechten in deine Haare
der Rose Pracht –
O komm, du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!

And twine in your hair
the glorious rose –
Ah! come, o wondrous,
longed-for night

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

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Mahnung from *Brettli-* **Warning**

Lieder (1901)

Gustav Hochstetter

Mädel, sei kein eitles Ding, Fang dir keinen Schmetterling,	Do not be so vain, my girl do not catch a butterfly,
Such dir einen rechten Mann, Der dich tüchtig küssen kann, Und mit seiner Hände Kraft Dir ein warmes Nestchen schafft.	search for a real man, who knows how to kiss you properly, and whose strong hands can build you a warm nest.

Mädel, Mädel, sei nicht dumm, Lauf nicht wie im Traum herum, Augen auf! ob einer kommt, Der dir recht zum Manne frommt. Kommt er, dann nicht lang bedacht! Klapp! die Falle zugemacht!	Do not be a fool, my girl, do not live as in a dream, open your eyes! see if there's a man who'll make you a perfect match. If one comes, then don't think twice! Catch him in the trap!
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Liebes Mädel, sei gescheit, Nütze deine Rosenzeit! Passe auf und denke dran, Dass du, wenn du ohne Plan Ziellos durch das Leben schwirrst, Eine alte Jungfer wirst.	Don't be a fool, my girl, gather rosebuds while you may! Watch out, and bear in mind that, without a plan, you'll flutter through life aimlessly, and become an old maid.
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Erik Satie (1866-1925)

Enfant-martyre from *Petit recueil des fêtes*

(1903-4)

George Gershwin (1898-1937)

Someone To Watch Over Me from *Oh, Kay!*

(1926)

Ira Gershwin

There's a saying old
Says that love is blind ...

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Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)

People Will Say We're in Love from

Oklahoma! (1943)

Oscar Hammerstein II

Why do they think up stories
That link my name with yours? ...

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the text of this song

MADNESS IN LOVE

Erik Satie

Daphénéo (1916)

Mimi Godebska

Dis-moi, Daphénéo, quel est
donc cet arbre
Dont les fruits sont des
oiseaux qui pleurent?

Cet arbre, Chrysaline, est un
oisetier.

Ah! Je croyais que les
noisetiers
Donnaient des noisettes,
Daphénéo.

Oui, Chrysaline, les noisetiers
donnent des
noisettes,
Mais les oisetiers donnent des
oiseaux qui pleurent. Ah! ...

Daphénéo

Tell me, Daphénéo, the
name of that tree
which sprouts weeping
birds as fruit?

That tree, Chrysaline, is
a bird-tree.

Ah! I thought
nut-trees
produced nuts,
Daphénéo.

Yes, Chrysaline, nut-
trees do produce
nuts,
but bird-trees produce
weeping birds. Ah! ...

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Mein Liebster ist so klein **My sweetheart's so small**
from Italienisches

Liederbuch (1890-6)

*Paul Heyse after Tommaseo,
Tigri, Marcoaldi and
Dalmedico*

Mein Liebster ist so klein, dass ohne Bücken	My sweetheart's so small that without bending down
Er mir das Zimmer fegt mit seinen Locken.	he can sweep my room with his curls.
Als er ins Gärtlein ging, Jasmin zu pflücken,	When he went to the garden to pick jasmine
Ist er vor einer Schnecke sehr erschrocken.	he was terrified by a snail.
Dann setzt er sich ins Haus um zu verschlafen,	Then when he came indoors to recover,
Da warf ihn eine Fliege übern Haufen;	a fly knocked him head over heels;
Und als er hintrat an mein Fensterlein,	and when he stepped over to my window,
Stieß eine Bremse ihm den Schädel ein.	a horse-fly caved his head in.
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnaken, Bremsen,	A curse on all flies (crane- and horse-)
Und wer ein Schätzchen hat aus den Maremmen!	and anyone with a sweetheart from the Maremma!
Verwünscht sei'n alle Fliegen, Schnaken, Mücken	A curse on all flies, craneflies and midges
Und wer sich, wenn er küsst, so tief muss bücken!	and on all who have to stoop so low to kiss!

Erik Satie

Le chapelier (1916)

René Chalupe

Le chapelier

The hatter

Le chapelier s'étonne de constater	The hatter is astonished to find
Que sa montre retarde de trois jours,	that his watch is three days slow,
Bien qu'il ait eu soin de la graisser	despite always greasing it diligently
Toujours avec du beurre de première qualité.	with butter of best quality.
Mais il a laissé tomber des miettes	But he has dropped breadcrumbs
De pain dans les rouages,	into the works,
Et il a beau plonger sa montre dans le thé,	and though he dips his watch in tea,

Ça ne la fera pas avancer
davantage.

that will not make it go
faster.

Richard Rodgers (1902-1979)

My Favourite Things from *The Sound of Music* (1959)

Oscar Hammerstein II

Raindrops on roses and whiskers on kittens
Bright copper kettles and warm woolen mittens ...

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AMOUR

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

**Le jet d'eau from 5
poèmes de Baudelaire**
(1887-9)

Charles Baudelaire

Tes beaux yeux sont las,
pauvre amante!
Reste longtemps,
sans les
rouvrir,
Dans cette pose nonchalante
Où t'a surprise
le plaisir.
Dans la cour le jet
d'eau qui
jase
Et ne se tait ni nuit ni
jour,
Entretient doucement
l'extase
Où ce soir m'a
plongé l'amour.

The fountain

Your beautiful eyes are
fatigued, poor lover!
Rest awhile, without
opening
them anew,
in this careless pose,
where pleasure
surprised you.
The babbling fountain
in the
courtyard,
never silent night or
day,
sweetly prolongs the
ecstasy
where love this evening
plunged me.

La gerbe d'eau qui berce
Ses mille
fleurs,
Que la lune
traverse
De ses pâleurs,
Tombe comme une averse
De larges pleurs.

The sheaf of water
swaying its thousand
flowers,
through which the
moon gleams
with its pallid light,
falls like a shower
of great tears.

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

<p>Ainsi ton âme qu'incendie L'éclair brûlant des voluptés S'élançe, rapide et hardie, Vers les vastes cieux enchantés.</p>	<p>And so your soul, lit by the searing flash of ecstasy, leaps swift and bold to vast enchanted skies.</p>
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<p>Puis, elle s'épanche, mourante, En un flot de triste languueur, Qui par une invisible pente Descend jusqu'au fond de mon cœur.</p>	<p>And then, dying, spills over in a wave of sad listlessness, down some invisible incline into the depths of my heart.</p>
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<p>La gerbe d'eau qui berce Ses mille fleurs, Que la lune traverse De ses pâleurs, Tombe comme une averse De larges pleurs.</p>	<p>The sheaf of water swaying its thousand flowers, through which the moon gleams with its pallid light, falls like a shower of great tears.</p>
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<p>O toi, que la nuit rend si belle, Qu'il m'est doux, penché vers tes seins, D'écouter la plainte éternelle Qui sanglote dans les bassins! Lune, eau sonore, nuit bénie, Arbres qui frissonnez autour, Votre pure mélancolie Est le miroir de mon amour.</p>	<p>O you, whom night renders so beautiful, how sweet, as I lean toward your breasts, to listen to the eternal lament sobbing in the fountain's basin! O moon, lapping water, blessed night, trees that quiver all around, your sheer melancholy is the mirror of my love.</p>
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<p>La gerbe d'eau qui berce Ses mille fleurs, Que la lune traverse De ses pâleurs, Tombe comme une averse De larges pleurs.</p>	<p>The sheaf of water swaying its thousand flowers, through which the moon gleams with its pallid light, falls like a shower of great tears.</p>
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Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques rom 5 Song of the lentisk gatherers

mélodies populaires grecques (1904-6)
Traditional, trans. Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi

<p>O joie de mon âme, Joie de mon cœur, trésor qui m'est si cher; Joie de l'âme et du cœur. Toi que j'aime ardemment, Tu es plus beau qu'un ange. O lorsque tu parais, ange si doux, Devant nos yeux, Comme un bel ange blond, Sous le clair soleil, Hélas, tous nos pauvres cœurs soupirent!</p>	<p>O joy of my soul, joy of my heart, treasure so dear to me; joy of the soul and of the heart, you whom I love with passion, you are more beautiful than an angel. O when you appear, angel so sweet, before our eyes, like a lovely, blond angel under the bright sun – alas, all our poor hearts sigh!</p>
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Alban Berg (1885-1935)

Liebesode from 7 frühe Lieder (1905-8)

Otto Erich Hartleben

<p>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. –</p>	<p>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. –</p>
<p>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!</p>	<p>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!</p>

Irving Berlin (1888-1989)

Isn't this a lovely day? (1935)

Irving Berlin

The weather is frightening,
The thunder and lightning ...

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Ray Charles (1930-2004)

Hallelujah I Love Her So (1956)

Ray Charles

Let me tell you 'bout a girl I know
She is my baby and she lives next door ...

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Interval

COMPLICATIONS

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

Love went a-riding (1914)

Mary Coleridge

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

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

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

The last rose of summer (1957)

Thomas Moore

'Tis the last rose of summer,
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;

No flow'r of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh
To reflect back her blushes,
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them;
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie senseless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd,
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone?

Tell me the Truth about Love from *Cabaret songs* (1937-9)

WH Auden

Liebe... l'amour... amor... amoris...

Some say that love's a little boy, and some say it's a bird....

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Richard Rodgers

Dancing on the Ceiling from *Ever Green* (1930)

Lorenz Hart

The world is lyrical
Because a miracle
Has brought my lover to me.
Though he's some other place
His face I see...

At night I creep in bed
And never sleep in bed
But look above in the air
And to my greatest joy
My boy is there!

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

It is my prince who walks
Into my dreams and talks:

He dances overhead
On the ceiling near my bed
In my sight
Through the night

I try to hide in vain
Underneath my counterpane
There's my love
Up above!

I whisper, 'Go away, my lover,
It's not fair!
But I'm so grateful to discover
He's still there...

I love my ceiling more
Since it is a dancing floor
Just for
My love!

Jerome Kern (1885-1945)

I Won't Dance (1934)

Dorothy Fields

Think of what you're losing
By constantly refusing
To dance with me ...

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George Gershwin

Oh, Lady be Good! from *Lady, Be Good*

(1924)

Ira Gershwin

Listen to my tale of woe,
It's terribly sad, but true ...

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SEPARATION

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Befreit Op. 39 No. 4 (1898)

Richard Dehmel

Du wirst nicht weinen. Leise,
leise
Wirst du lächeln; und wie zur
Reise
Geb ich dir Blick und Kuss
zurück.
Unsre lieben vier Wände! Du
hast sie bereitet,
Ich habe sie die
zur Welt geweitet –
O Glück!

Dann wirst du heiss meine
Hände fassen
Und wirst mir deine
Seele lassen,
Lässt unsern Kindern mich
zurück.
Du schenktest mir dein ganzes
Leben,
Ich will es ihnen
wiedergeben –
O Glück!

Es wird sehr bald sein, wir
wissen's Beide,
Wir haben einander befreit
vom Leide,
So gab ich dich der Welt
zurück.
Dann wirst du mir nur noch im
Traum erscheinen
Und mich segnen und mit mir
weinen –
O Glück!

Released

You will not weep.
Gently, gently
you will smile; and as
before a journey
I shall return your gaze
and kiss.
Our dear four walls! You
prepared them,
I have widened them
into a world for you –
O happiness!

Then ardently you will
seize my hands
and you will leave me
your soul,
leave me to care for our
children.
You gave your whole life
to me,
I shall give it back to
them –
O happiness!

It will be very soon, we
both know it,
we have released each
other from suffering,
so I returned you to the
world.
Then you'll appear to
me only in dreams,
and you will bless me
and weep with me –
O happiness!

Matt Dennis (1914-2002)

The Night We Called It a Day (1941)

Tom Adair

There was a moon out in space,
But a cloud drifted over its face ...

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REMEMBERING

George Gershwin

They Can't Take That Away From Me from *Shall We Dance?* (1937)

Ira Gershwin

The way you wear your hat,
The way you sip your tea ...

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Richard Rodgers

He was too good to me (1930)

Lorenz Hart

There goes my young intended,
The thing is ended,
Regrets are vain.
I'll never find another half so sweet,
And we'll never meet again.
I was a good sport,
Told him goodbye,
Eyes dim, but why complain?

He was too good to me;
How can I get along now?
So close he stood to me
Everything seems all wrong now.
He would have brought me the sun!
Making me smile,
That was his fun.

When I was mean to him
He'd never say, 'Go away now';
I was a queen to him.
Who's gonna make me gay now?
It's only natural that I'm blue
He was too good to be true.

Something Good from *The Sound of Music* (1965)

Richard Rodgers

Perhaps I had a wicked childhood,
Perhaps I had a miserable youth ...

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Where or When from *Babes in Arms* (1937)

Lorenz Hart

It seems we stood and talked like this before
We looked at each other in the same way then
But I can't remember where or when...

The clothes you're wearing are the clothes you wore
The smile you are smiling you were smiling then
But I can't remember where or when...

Some things that happened for the first time
Seem to be happening again...

And so it seems that we have met before
And laughed before, and loved before
But who knows where or when!

When you're awake, the things you think
Come from the dreams you dream
Thought has wings
And lots of things
Are seldom what they seem

Sometimes you think you've lived before
All that you live today
Things you do
Come back to you
As though they knew the way
Oh, the tricks your mind can play!

It seems we stood and talked like this before ...

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