

WIGMORE HALL 125

Friday 3 October 2025
7.30pm

This concert is supported by the Rick Mather David Scrase Foundation

Elegy

Mary Bevan soprano
Joseph Middleton piano

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)	Kaddisch from <i>2 mélodies hébraïques</i> (1914)
Henri Duparc (1848-1933)	Elégie (1874)
Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)	Hébé Op. 2 No. 6 (1882)
Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)	Lamento (1886)
Jeanne Landry (1922-2011)	Mort quand tu me viendras prendre (1999)
Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)	Après un rêve Op. 7 No. 1 (1877)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)	O Tod from <i>4 Serious Songs</i> Op. 121 (1896)
Clara Schumann (1819-1896)	Die gute Nacht (1841)
Robert Schumann (1810-1856)	Requiem from <i>6 Gedichte von N Lenau und Requiem</i> Op. 90 (1850)
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)	Nachtstück D672 (1819)
	Die junge Nonne D828 (1825)
	<i>Interval</i>
Henry Purcell (1659-1695)	Now that the sun hath veiled his light (An Evening Hymn on a Ground) Z193 (pub. 1688) <i>arranged by Benjamin Britten</i>
Errollyn Wallen (b.1958)	Peace on Earth (2006)
Frank Bridge (1879-1941)	Come to me in my dreams (1906)
Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)	Tired from <i>4 Last Songs</i> (1954-8)
Samuel Barber (1910-1981)	The Desire for Hermitage from <i>Hermit Songs</i> Op. 29 (1952-3)
Richard Strauss (1864-1949)	Morgen! Op. 27 No. 4 (1894)
Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)	Dereinst, Gedanke mein Op. 48 No. 2 (1884-8)
Franz Schubert	Auflösung D807 (1824)
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)	Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen from <i>Rückert Lieder</i> (1901-2)



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Elegy

The word *Elegy*, from the Greek ἔλεγχος (lament), is generally taken to mean a poem written as a lament for the dead, but in both Ancient Greece and in this recital, the word denotes any poem with a mournful or reflective theme.

The first two songs however are about death. 'Kaddisch' is a setting by **Ravel** of a hymn of praise from the Jewish prayer service, which is traditionally chanted during mourning rituals. **Duparc's** *Élégie* is a setting of a translation by his wife, Ellie MacSwiney, of Thomas Moore's *Elegy on the Death of Robert Emmett*. Emmett was an Irish Republican leader executed by the British, aged just 25, following the rebellion of 1803.

Chausson wrote *Hébé* at the age of 27 when he was in love with Mlle Eva Callimaki-Catargi, a Greek/Romanian heiress. Hebe is the eternally young Greek Goddess of Youth, and doubtless Chausson, like all young people in love, felt that he would remain eternally young. Sadly Mlle Callimaki-Catargi was shortly to reject him.

Jeanne Landry was a Canadian composer and pianist; she studied with Nadia Boulanger in Paris and worked as a collaborative pianist for many singers. She was aged 77 when she wrote her cycle *Amour comme un oiseau captif*, of which 'Mort quand tu me viendras prendre' is the final song.

Pauline Viardot's *Lamento* is a setting of a Théophile Gautier poem from his *La Comédie de la Mort*. This poem has been set by many composers, including Fauré, who regularly attended Pauline Viardot's salons. Fauré dedicated his setting (called *Chanson du Pêcheur*) to her, and she regularly sang it in concerts, though only several years after it was written. This, together with the fact that she wrote her own setting 14 years later must lead one to assume that she was not entirely in love with Fauré's setting... **Fauré's** *Après un rêve* was written in 1877, the year of his short-lived engagement to Pauline's daughter Marianne, a mezzo. It sets a translation by Romain Bussine of an anonymous Italian poem, and it was possibly inspired by Pauline Viardot's settings of Tuscan folk poetry.

The love between **Brahms** and Clara Schumann is one of the saddest stories of unfulfilled love in the history of music and inspired Brahms to write his 4 *ernste Gesänge* (4 Serious Songs) in 1896, which include 'O Tod'. Clara had suffered a stroke on 26 March that year and was dying; Brahms completed these songs in early May, and Clara died on 20 May, aged 76. Brahms himself was diagnosed with cancer that summer and died the following April, aged 63. Half a century previously, **Clara** had been deeply in love with Robert Schumann; she wrote *Die gute Nacht* in 1841 as a birthday gift to her husband. Nine years later, **Robert** wrote a set of six songs to texts by Nikolaus Lenau, as a tribute to the poet, and added 'Requiem' to

this set when he learned of Lenau's death in August 1850.

Two **Schubert** songs follow. *Nachtstück* is a setting of Johann Mayrhofer, a troubled man who worked for the Imperial Censor's office in Vienna, against his all his liberal principles, and who in 1836 committed suicide by jumping from a third-floor window of the censorship office. *Nachtstück* tells of a more peaceful death, embraced by Nature. *Die junge Nonne* also tells of peace, as found by a young nun who has just joined a nunnery.

Purcell's *Evening Hymn* is a setting of a text by William Fuller, Bishop of Lincoln from 1667 until his death in 1675. **Errollyn Wallen** wrote *Peace on Earth* in 2006, setting her own words. **Frank Bridge's** *Come to me in my dreams* was written exactly 100 years before *Peace on Earth*. It's a setting of a Matthew Arnold poem written in 1850; the 28-year-old Arnold was then in love with Frances Lucy Wightman, but her father had forbidden their relationship because Arnold did not have enough money to support her. However, the following year Arnold was appointed an Inspector of Schools; his salary leaving the lovers free to marry. **Vaughan Williams's** 4 *Last Songs* are settings of poems by his wife Ursula; 'Tired' (1956) describes two lovers lying in bed peacefully together. By contrast, **Barber's** 'The Desire for Hermitage', written three years earlier, expresses a desire to find peace alone. This is from the *Hermit Songs*; settings of anonymous texts written by Irish monks between the 8th and 13th centuries, often scribbled in the margins of manuscripts.

'Morgen' is from **Richard Strauss's** 4 *Lieder* Op. 27, written as a wedding present to his wife, the soprano Pauline de Ahna. The poem is by John Henry Mackay, who was a campaigner for gay rights, though that terminology wasn't in use at that time. Writing under the pseudonym 'Sagitta', his works include *Die Bücher der namenlosen Liebe* (Books of the Nameless Love), which were issued twice yearly from 1905 to 1913, available by subscription only. 'Morgen' expresses the hope of a future world in which everyone, regardless of their sexual orientation, can enjoy peace and happiness. **Grieg's** *Dereinst, Gedanke mein* (1884) tells of an inner peace, reflecting Grieg's reconciliation with his wife at this time, when she resumed her singing career, often with Grieg playing for her in recital. **Schubert's** *Auflösung* also tells of an inner peace, which is stronger than anything in the external world. Schubert wrote this shortly after he learned that he had syphilis, which was then incurable. In 1901, **Mahler** also found peace in the face of illness; on 24 February he had suffered a near-fatal haemorrhage, and he wrote 'Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen' that summer in the peaceful surroundings of his newly completed lakeside retreat at Maiernigg in southern Austria.

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Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Kaddisch from 2
mélodies hébraïques

(1914)
Liturgical text

Yithgaddal weyithkaddash scheméh rabba be'olmâ Diverâ 'khire' outhé veyamli'kh mal'khouté behayyé'khôn, Ouvezome'khôu ouve' hayyé de'khol beth yisraël Ba'agalâ ouvizman qariw weimrou: Amen. Yithbara'kh Weyischtaba'h weyith paêr weyithromam Weyithnassé weyithhaddar weyith'allé weyithhallal Scheméh dequoudschâ beri'kh hou, l'êla ule'êla Min kol bir'khatha weschiratha touschbehatha Wene'hamathâ daamirân ah! Be'olma ah! We imrou: Amen.	May thy glory, O King of Kings, be exalted, O thou who art to renew the world and resurrect the dead. May thy reign, Adonai, be proclaimed by us, the sons of Israel, today, tomorrow, for ever. Let us all say: Amen. May thy radiant name be loved, cherished, praised, glorified. May it be blessed, sanctified, exalted, thy name which soars above the heavens, above our praises, above our hymns, above all our benisons. May merciful heaven grant us tranquillity, peace, happiness. Ah! Let us all say: Amen.
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Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Elégie (1874)

*Thomas Moore, trans. Mme
Duparc*

Oh! ne murmurez pas son nom! Qu'il dorme dans l'ombre, Où froide et sans honneur repose sa dépouille. Muettes, tristes, glacées, tombent nos larmes, Comme la rosée de la nuit, qui sur sa tête humecte la gazon; Mais la rosée de la nuit, bien qu'elle pleure en silence, Fera briller la verdure sur sa couche Et nos larmes, en secret répandues, Conserveront sa mémoire fraîche et verte dans nos cœurs.	Oh! breathe not his name, let it sleep in the shade. Where cold and unhonoured his relics are laid: silent, sad and frozen be the tears that we shed, as the night-dew that moistens the grass o'er his head; But the night-dew, though in silence it weeps, shall make the grass green on the grave where he sleeps; and the tear that we shed, though in secret it rolls, shall long keep his memory green in our souls.
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Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

Hébé Op. 2 No. 6 (1882)

*Louise-Victorine
Ackermann*

Hebe

Les yeux baissés, rougissante et candide, Vers leur banquet quand Hébé s'avançait. Les Dieux charmés tendaient leur coupe vide, Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait. Nous tous aussi, quand passe la jeunesse, Nous lui tendons notre coupe à l'envi. Quel est le vin qu'y verse la déesse? Nous l'ignorons; il enivre et ravit. Ayant souri dans sa grâce immortelle, Hébé s'éloigne; on la rappelle en vain. Longtemps encor sur la route éternelle, Notre œil en pleurs suit l'échanson divin.	When Hebe, guileless and with lowered gaze, blushingly drew near their feast, the delighted gods proffered empty goblets which the child replenished with nectar. And we too, when youth fades, vie in proffering her our goblets. What is the wine she dispenses? We do not know; it elates and enraptures. Having smiled with her immortal grace, Hebe goes on her way - you summon her in vain. For a long time still on the eternal path, we follow the gods' cup- bearer with weeping eyes.
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*Please do not turn the page until the song and its
accompaniment have ended.*

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Lamento (1886) <i>Théophile Gautier</i>	Lamentation
Ma belle amie est morte: Je pleurerai toujours; Dans la tombe elle emporte Mon âme et mes amours. Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre, Elle s'en retourna; L'ange qui l'emmena Ne voulut pas me prendre. Que mon sort est amer! Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!	My dearest love is dead: I shall weep for evermore; To the tomb she takes with her My soul and all my love. Without waiting for me She has returned to Heaven; The angel who took her away Did not wish to take me. How bitter is my fate! Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!
Sur moi la mer immense S'étend comme un linceul; Je chante ma romance Que le ciel entend seul. Ah! comme elle était belle, Et comme je l'aimais! Je n'aimerai jamais Une femme autant qu'elle. Que mon sort est amer! Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur la mer!	The immense sea before me Is spread like a shroud; I sing my song Which heaven alone can hear. Ah! how beautiful she was, And how I loved her! I shall never love a woman As I loved her. How bitter is my fate! Alas! to set sail loveless across the sea!

Jeanne Landry (1922-2011)

Mort quand tu me viendras prendre (1999) <i>Anonymous</i>	Death, when you come to seize me
Mort, quand tu me viendras prendre, Revêts couleur d'herbe tendre, Ton souffle me soit léger, Ô toi que j'ai nommée Mort-de-Mai.	Death, when you come to seize me, clothe yourself in tender green grass, may your breath be gentle, O you whom I have named Death-in-May.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Après un rêve Op. 7 No. 1 (1877) <i>Anonymous, trans. Romain Bussine</i>	After a dream
Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage, Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore, Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;	In sleep made sweet by a vision of you I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion, your eyes were softer, your voice pure and ringing, you shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;
Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière, Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues, Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.	You called me and I departed the earth to flee with you toward the light, the heavens parted their clouds for us, we glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial fires.
Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes, Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends- moi tes mensonges; Reviens, reviens radieuse, Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!	Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams! I summon you, O night, give me back your delusions; return, return in radiance, return, O mysterious night!

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

O Tod from 4 Serious Songs Op. 121 (1896) <i>Liturgical text</i>	O death, how bitter is the remembrance
O Tod, wie bitter bist du, Wenn an dich gedenket ein Mensch, der gute Tage und Genug hat und ohne Sorge Lebet; und dem es wohl geht In allen Dingen und noch Wohl essen mag! O Tod, wie wohl tust du dem Dürftigen, der da schwach Und alt ist, der in allen	O death, how bitter is the remembrance of thee to a man that liveth at rest in his possessions, unto the man that hath nothing to vex him, and that hath prosperity in all things; yea, unto him that is yet able to receive meat! O death, acceptable is thy sentence unto the needy and unto him whose strength faileth, that is

Sorgen steckt, und nichts Bessers zu hoffen, noch zu Erwarten hat!	now in the last age, and is vexed with all things, and to him that despaireth, and hath lost patience!
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Clara Schumann (1819-1896)

Die gute Nacht (1841) <i>Friedrich Rückert</i>	The good night
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Die gute Nacht, die ich dir sage, Freund, hörst du; Ein Engel, der die Botschaft trage, Geht ab und zu. Er bringt sie dir, und hat mir wieder Den Gruss gebracht: Dir sagen auch des Freundes Lieder Jetzt gute Nacht.	Listen, my friend, to the good night I bid you; an angel, bearing the message, flits to and fro. He brings you it and has brought the greeting back to me: a friend's songs too now wish you good night.
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Robert Schumann (1810-1856)

Requiem from 6 Gedichte von N Lenau und Requiem Op. 90 (1850) <i>Anonymous, trans. Leberecht Blücher Dreves</i>	Requiem from 6 Poems by Nikolaus Lenau and Requiem
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Ruh' von schmerzreichen Mühen Aus und heissem Liebesglühen; Der nach seligem Verein Trug Verlangen, Ist gegangen Zu des Heilands Wohnung ein.	Rest from pain-wracked toil and love's passionate ardour; he who desired blessed reunion in Heaven has entered the Saviour's dwelling.
Dem Gerechten leuchten helle Sterne in des Grabes Zelle, Ihm, der selbst als Stern der Nacht Wird erscheinen, Wenn er seinen Herrn erschaut in Himmelspracht.	For the righteous, bright stars shine within the tomb, for him, who will himself appear as a night star, when he beholds his Lord in Heavenly glory.
Seid Fürsprecher, heil'ge Seelen, Heil'ger Geist, lass Trost nicht fehlen; Hörst du? Jubelsang erklingt,	Intercede for him, holy souls, Holy spirit, let comfort not be lacking. Do you hear? Songs of joy resound,

Feiertöne, Darein die schöne Engelsharfe singt: Ruh' von schmerzreichen Mühen Aus und heissem Liebesglühen; Der nach seligem Verein Trug Verlangen, Ist gegangen Zu des Heilands Wohnung ein.	solemn tones, among them the lovely song of the angels' harp: Rest from pain-wracked toil and love's passionate ardour; he who desired blessed reunion in Heaven has entered the Saviour's dwelling.
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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Nachtstück D672 (1819) <i>Johann Mayrhofer</i>	Nocturne
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Wenn über Berge sich der Nebel breitet, Und Luna mit Gewölken kämpft, So nimmt der Alte seine Harfe, und schreitet, Und singt waldeinwärts gedämpft:	When mist spreads over the mountains, and Luna battles with the clouds, the old man takes up his harp, and steps into the forest, singing softly:
„Du heil'ge Nacht! Bald ist's vollbracht. Bald schlaf' ich ihn Den langen Schlummer, Der mich erlöst Von allem Kummer.“	'O holy night! Soon it shall be done. Soon I shall sleep the long sleep, that shall free me from all affliction.'
Die grünen Bäume rauschen dann, Schlaf süß, du guter alter Mann; Die Gräser lispeln wankend fort, Wir decken seinen Ruheort; Und mancher liebe Vogel ruft, O lass ihn ruh'n in Rasengruft!“ –	Then the green trees will rustle: sleep well, good old man; the swaying grass will whisper: we will cover his resting- place; and many a sweet bird will call: O let him rest in his grassy grave! –
Der Alte horcht, der Alte schweigt – Der Tod hat sich zu ihm geneigt.	The old man listens, the old man is silent – death has inclined towards him.

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

Die junge Nonne D828

(1825)

Jakob Nikolaus Craigher de Jachelutta

Wie braust durch die Wipfel
der heulende Sturm!

Es klirren die Balken – es
zittert das Haus!

Es rollet der Donner – es
leuchtet der Blitz! –

Und finster die Nacht, wie
das Grab! –

Immerhin, immerhin!

So tobt' es auch jüngst noch
in mir!

Es brauste das Leben, wie
jetzo der Sturm!

Es bebten die Glieder, wie
jetzo das Haus!

Es flammte die Liebe, wie
jetzo der Blitz! –

Und finster die Brust, wie
das Grab! –

Nun tobe du wilder,
gewaltiger Sturm!

Im Herzen ist Friede, im
Herzen ist Ruh! –

Des Bräutigams harret die
liebende Braut,

Gereinigt in prüfender Glut –
Der ewigen Liebe getraut. –

Ich harre, mein Heiland, mit
sehndem Blick;

Komm, himmlischer
Bräutigam!

hole die Braut!

Erlöse die Seele von
irdischer Haft! –

Horch! friedlich ertönet das
Glöcklein vom Turm;

Es lockt mich das süsse Getön
Allmächtig zu ewigen

Höhn –

„Alleluja!“

The young nun

How the raging storm howls
through the treetops!

The rafters groan – the
house shudders!

The thunder rolls – the
lightning flashes! –

And the night is dark as
the tomb! –

So be it, so be it!

Not long ago a storm still
raged in me!

My life raged like the
storm now!

My limbs quaked like the
house now!

Love flashed like the
lightning now! –

And my heart was as dark
as the tomb! –

Rage on, you wild and
mighty storm!

In my heart is peace, in
my heart is calm! –

The loving bride awaits
the bridegroom,

purified by testing fire –
wedded to eternal love. –

I wait, my Saviour, with
longing gaze;

come, heavenly
bridegroom!

claim your bride!

Deliver her soul from
earthly bonds! –

Hark! the bell tolls peacefully
from the tower;

the sweet sound lures me
all-powerfully to eternal

heights –

'Halleluja!'

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Now that the sun hath veiled his light (An Evening Hymn on a Ground) Z193 (pub. 1688)

arranged by Benjamin Britten

Bishop William Fuller

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light
And bid the world goodnight;
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear God, even in Thy arms,
And can there be any so sweet security!
Then to thy rest, O my soul,
And, singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days.

Hallelujah!

Errollyn Wallen (b.1958)

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.

Interval

Frank Bridge (1879-1941)

Come to me in my dreams (1906)

Matthew Arnold

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to all the rest as me.

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say: My love! why suff'rest thou?

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Tired from 4 Last Songs (1954-8)

Ursula Vaughan Williams

Sleep, and I'll be still as another sleeper
Holding you in my arms,
Glad that you lie so near at last.
This sheltering midnight is our meeting place,
No passion or despair or hope
Divide me from your side.
I shall remember firelight on your sleeping face,
I shall remember shadows growing deeper
As the fire fell to ashes and the minutes passed.

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

The Desire for Hermitage from *Hermit Songs* Op. 29 (1952-3)

Anonymous, trans. Seán Ó Faoláin

Ah! To be all alone in a little cell with nobody near me ...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to print the text for this song.

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Morgen! Op. 27 No. 4

(1894)

John Henry Mackay

Und morgen wird die Sonne
wieder scheinen
Und auf dem Wege, den ich
gehen werde,
Wird uns, die Glücklichen,
sie wieder einen,
Inmitten dieser
sonnenatmenden Erde ...

Und zu dem Strand, dem
weiten, wogenblauen,
Werden wir still und
langsam niedersteigen,
Stumm werden wir uns in
die Augen schauen,
Und auf uns sinkt des
Glückes stummes
Schweigen ...

Tomorrow!

And tomorrow the sun
will shine again
and on the path that I
shall take,
it will unite us, happy
ones, again,
amid this same sun-
breathing earth ...

And to the shore, broad,
blue-waved,
we shall quietly and
slowly descend,
speechless we shall gaze
into each other's eyes,
and the speechless
silence of bliss shall fall
on us ...

Edvard Grieg (1843-1907)

Dereinst, Gedanke mein Op. 48 No. 2

(1884-8)

Emanuel Geibel

Dereinst, dereinst
Gedanke mein
Wirst ruhig sein.
Lässt Liebesglut
Dich still nicht werden:
In kühler Erden
Da schläfst du gut;
Dort ohne Liebe
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

Was du im Leben
Nicht hast gefunden,
Wenn es entschwunden,
Wird's dir gegeben.
Dann ohne Wunden
Und ohne Pein
Wirst ruhig sein.

One day, my thoughts

One day, one day,
my thoughts,
you shall be at rest.
Though love's ardour
gives you no peace,
you shall sleep well
in cool earth;
there without love
and without pain
you shall be at rest.

What you did not
find in life,
will be granted you
when life is ended.
Then, free from torment
and free from pain,
you shall be at rest.

Franz Schubert

Auflösung D807 (1824)

Johann Mayrhofer

Verbirg dich, Sonne,
Denn die Gluten der Wonne
Versengen mein Gebein;
Verstummet Töne,
Frühlings Schöne
Flüchte dich, und lass mich
allein!

Quillen doch aus allen Falten
Meiner Seele liebliche
Gewalten;
Die mich umschlingen,
Himmlich singen –
Geh' unter Welt, und
störe
Nimmer die süssen
ätherischen Chöre!

Dissolution

Conceal yourself, sun,
for the fires of rapture
scorch my whole being;
fall silent, sounds,
spring beauty
flee, and leave me to
myself!

For sweet powers well up
from every recess of my
soul,
and envelop me
with celestial song –
dissolve, world, and never
more
disturb the sweet
ethereal choirs!

Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen from *Rückert Lieder*

(1901-2)

Friedrich Rückert

Ich bin der Welt abhanden
gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit
verdorben.
Sie hat so lange nichts von
mir vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich
sei gestorben.

Es ist mir auch gar nichts
daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält.
Ich kann auch gar nichts
sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich
gestorben der Welt.

Ich bin gestorben dem
Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet.
Ich leb' allein in meinem
Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in
meinem Lied.

I am lost to the world

I am lost to the
world
with which I used to
waste much time;
it has for so long heard
nothing of me,
it may well believe that I
am dead.

Nor am I at all
concerned
if it should think me dead.
Nor can I deny
it,
for truly I am dead to the
world.

I am dead to the world's
tumult
and rest in a quiet realm.
I live alone in my
heaven,
in my loving, in my
song.

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