

WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 4 July 2024
7.00pm

Johnson's Dictionary: An A – Z of Song

Sarah Fox soprano
Ema Nikolovska mezzo-soprano
Alessandro Fisher tenor
Theodore Platt baritone
Graham Johnson piano
Dame Janet Suzman narrator

III. ELGAR to HAYDN

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ELGAR, EDWARD (1857-1934)

Pleading Op. 48 (1908)

ÉLUARD, PAUL (1895-1952) *Nous avons fait la nuit* from *Facile*

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FALLA, MANUEL DE (1876-1946)

Jota from *7 canciones populares españolas* (1914)

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FAURÉ, GABRIEL (1845-1924)

Pavane Op. 50 (1891)

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FINZI, GERALD (1901-1956)

The dance continued from *A Young Man's Exhortation*
Op. 14 (c.1928-9)

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SCHUBERT, FRANZ

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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. The 100 songs to be sung in these three concerts were not chosen solely because they are personal favourites (although they often are) – there were many other factors at play, such as matching appropriate songs to singers of different voice types who must appear in a rotating sequence. Attempting to turn a song circle into an SATB square (which turns out to be a Rubik's Cube) seemed like crossing the Rubicon – there was no way back, only forward!

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.

Devotion...

The heightened emotion of love, perhaps bereavement, matches the harmonic language of Elgar (31). The words of Éluard, beginning with a mirror-image of the words that end the Elgar song, are a tribute to the enduring fascination of his beloved muse, Nusch, a former circus acrobat and dancer.

...and Dance

The love song by Falla (32) doubles as a dance from Aragon that demands the agility to escape through bedroom windows. Fauré composes a stately *Pavane* (33), an elegant time-travelling pastiche suggesting the era of the Valois kings, where the poet's cynicism suggests both an attraction and a withering disdain between the sexes. In a rustic Hardy setting, Finzi (34) encourages those who survive him to continue dancing 'Some triple-timed romance'.

Memories of Summer

In another Hardy song by Finzi (35) the poet recaptures a glorious summer moment of his childhood. The famous

Heine poem set by Franz (36) is better known as part of Schumann's *Dichterliebe*. The song by Gershwin (37) is an immortal capsulation of hot summer days in the American South. Goethe finds himself rapturously love in the month of May, as does Gounod (38), setting the poetry of Longfellow during his London sojourn in the early 1870s. Thyme flowers in the summer months, as Grainger (39) nostalgically remembers. In the Granados duet (40) we hear a pair of loquacious *majas* revel in the pride and exuberance of the *Paseo* on hot summer nights in Madrid.

Withering and Old Age

The roses of summer fade in the setting of Goethe by Grieg (41). Two poems by Gurney describe, firstly his nostalgia for his home terrain in Gloucestershire and then the death of a comrade whose life has been cut short in the trenches of World War I. The floral offerings of Verlaine's poem set by Hahn (42) fail to revive a relationship (that of the poet with another genius, Arthur Rimbaud) that cannot be brought back to life. Haydn imagines a woman, the *Rosenkavalier* Marchallin *avant la lettre*, looking into her mirror as she envisages the gradual erosion of her beauty (43). A vocal quartet (44) recognises the pros and cons of the composer's old age.

Love Sacred and Profane

After the interval, in a famous reading from *Dichterliebe*, Heine compares his lover's appearance to that of a painting of the Holy Virgin, hanging at that time in the cathedral of Cologne. The song by Hindemith (45) describes Mary's grief after the crucifixion. The poem by Housman provides a different slant on Calvary, and on those men treated as criminals, in the poet's lifetime at least, on account of love. Religious and erotic boundaries are also blurred in the poem by Hugo, his tribute to Petrarch.

Sleep and Rest

Hugo had dreamed of Laura, while Goethe, in a setting of Ives (46), foresees eternal rest. In a text from *Chamber Music* Joyce reflects on the musically infused nostalgia of twilight and Keats on the eternal verities of beauty, while the third of three Gypsies in a song by Liszt (47), impervious to life's formalities and demands, snoozes under a tree.

A Pair of Cheerful Misfits

The insouciance of the gypsies, who have something to teach us about relaxation, leads to comic caricatures by Loewe (48), the chaotic life of a man who brazenly makes his living plundering war-torn areas during the Napoleonic Wars, and Mahler (49) where a bumptious seeker after truth seeks a medical diagnosis regarding chronic failings.

Spring Songs and Summer Warnings

Two songs by Mahler (50) and Felix Mendelssohn (51) welcome spring; these are contrasted with a song by Fanny Mendelssohn (52): visiting the graves of friends casts a

shadow on the beauties of a May night, a chilling intimation of mortality. Similarly, a journey to Prague by the Mozart family (as recounted in a novella by Mörike, ending with this poem) predicts the death of Mozart himself. The song (53), written at the time of the death of his father, coincides with this composer's final period. The reading from *Die schöne Müllerin* by Müller is a lullaby for the dead miller boy, here without Schubert's music.

Lullabies, Elegies and Wake-Up Calls, Night and Day

Müller's eerily soothing lullaby is followed by a terrifying one by Musorgsky (54) and the reading of a visionary poem by Novalis, who imagines dying and waking with his beloved Sophie in the 'rejuvenating tide of death'. The poet Owen describes a harrowing death in the trenches. The dawning of a new day, as well as Eichendorff's religious fervour, is rousingly depicted by Pfitzner (55) while Porter (56) hymns a rather less pious round-the-clock devotion.

Men and Women

After the second interval, two songs by Poulenc: a litany of archetypes (57) and the burning of letters at the end of a relationship, the flowers of faded love (58).

Roses

The rose is the most famous of flowers associated with love. In Purcell, realized by Britten (59), it is a kiss that is sweeter than roses; in the poem by Pushkin the rose is unmoved by poetry; in the song by Quilter (60) the bloom is dispatched to the girl as a token of the poet's love.

To the Children

We hear songs two songs about children by Rachmaninov (61), Ravel (62), a poem by Christina Rossetti, an outrageous portrait of a baby by Rossini (63), a setting of James Joyce by Roussel (64 - his only song in English), a song of lisping siblings by Satie (65), a reading of a poem about a boy by Schlegel, here without Schubert's music, and a song by the Swiss composer Schoeck (66).

Maidens and Mothers

The children have grown up and parental love has been pushed aside by the romantic interests of outsiders. The music for the Schoenberg (67) is glutinously chromatic and far too charming and sophisticated for the intentions of the (probably successful) wooer to be anything but dishonourable. The maiden in Schubert's song (68) is equally naïve but here we are permitted to see her disappointment in the man she loves through her own idealistic eyes. The same composer's setting of Leitner, where the poet claims to remember being breastfed by his mother, is one of the composer's late masterpieces (69). A small *Ländler* for solo piano leads to a spirited dance finale (70) recapitulating the dance theme at the opening of tonight's recital.

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 all my singing and playing colleagues across the generations 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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ELGAR, EDWARD (1857-1934)**Pleading Op. 48** (1908)*Arthur Leslie Salmon*

Will you come homeward from the hills of
Dreamland,
Home in the dusk, and speak to me again?
Tell me the stories that I am forgetting,
Quicken my hope, and recompense my pain?

Will you come homeward from the hills of
Dreamland?
I have grown weary, though I wait you yet;
Watching the fallen leaf, the faith grown fainter,
The mem'ry smoulder'd to a dull regret.

Shall the remembrance die in dim forgetting
All the fond light that glorified my way?
Will you come homeward from the hills of
Dreamland,
Home in the dusk, and turn my night to day?

ÉLUARD, PAUL (1895-1952)**Nous avons fait la nuit from *Facile***

[set to music by Francis Poulenc]

FALLA, MANUEL DE (1876-1946)**Jota from 7 canciones populares españolas**

(1914)

Traditional

Dicen que no nos queremos, Porque no nos ven hablar. A tu corazón y al mío, Se lo pueden preguntar.	They say we're not in love since they never see us talk; let them ask your heart and mine!
---	--

Ya me despido de tí, De tu casa y tu ventana. Y aunque no quiera tu madre. Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.	I must leave you now, your house and your window, and though your mother disapprove, goodbye, sweet love, till tomorrow.
---	--

FAURÉ, GABRIEL (1845-1924)**Pavane Op. 50** (1887)*Robert de Montesquiou*

C'est Lindor! c'est Tircis! et
c'est tous nos
vainqueurs!

Cest Myrtil! c'est Lydé! Les
reines de nos
cœurs!

Comme ils sont provocants!
Comme ils sont fiers
toujours!

Comme on ose régner sur
nos sorts et nos jours!

Faites attention! Observez la
mesure!

O la mortelle injure!

La cadence est moins lente!
Et la chute plus
sûre!

Nous rabattons bien leur
caquets!

Nous serons bientôt leurs
laquais!

Qu'ils sont laids! Chers
minois!

Qu'ils sont fols! Airs
coquets!

t c'est toujours de même, et
c'est ainsi toujours!

On s'adore! on se hait! On
maudit ses
amours!

Adieu Myrtil! Eglé! Chloé!
démons
moqueurs!

Adieu donc et bons jours aux
tyrans de nos
cœurs!

Et bons jours!

Pavane

Here's Lindor! Here's
Tircis! Here are all our
conquerors!

Here's Myrtil! Here's Lydé!
The queens of our
hearts!

How provocative they
are, and how proud
always,

how they dare rule over
our fate and our days!

Pay attention! Follow the
beat!

O, mortal injury -

the pace quickens, and
falling becomes more
certain!

We will take them down a
peg or two!

Soon we will be their
servants!

How ugly they are! Dear,
sweet little faces!

How silly they are!
They're so fashionable!

And it's always the same,
and it's like this always -

we love each other, we
hate each other, we
curse our loves!

Farewell Myrtil! Eglé!
Chloé! Those teasing
demons!

So farewell and good day
to the tyrants of our
hearts!

Good day!

FINZI, GERALD (1901-1956)**The dance continued from *A Young Man's Exhortation Op. 14*** (c1928-9)*Thomas Hardy*

Regret not me;
Beneath the sunny tree
I lie uncaring, slumbering peacefully.

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

Swift as the light
I flew my faery flight;
Ecstatically I moved, and feared no night.

Did not know
That heydays fade and go,
But deemed that what was would be always so.

I skipped at morn
Between the yellowing corn,
Thinking it good and glorious to be born.

I ran at eves
Among the piled-up sheaves,
Dreaming, 'I greave not, therefore nothing grieves'

Now soon will come
The apple, pear, and plum,
And hinds will sing, and autumn insects hum.

Again you will fare
To cider-makings rare,
And junketings; but I shall not be there.

Yet gaily sing
Until the pewter ring
Those songs we sang when we went gipsying.

And lightly dance
Some triple-timed romance
In coupled figures, and forget mischance;

And mourn not me
Beneath the yellowing tree;
For I shall mind not, slumbering peacefully.

35

FINZI, GERALD

Childhood among the Ferns from *Before and After Summer* Op. 16 (pub.1949)

Thomas Hardy

I sat one sprinkling day upon the lea,
Where tall-stemmed ferns spread out luxuriantly,
And nothing but those tall ferns sheltered me.

The rain gained strength, and damped each lopping
frond,
Ran down their stalks beside me and beyond,
And shaped slow-creeping rivulets as I conned,

With pride, my spray-roofed house. And though
anon
Some drops pierced its green rafters, I sat on,

Making pretence I was not rained upon.

The sun then burst, and brought forth a sweet breath
From the limp ferns as they dried underneath:
I said: 'I could live on here thus till death';

And queried in the green rays as I sate:
'Why should I have to grow to man's estate,
And this afar-noised World perambulate?'

36

FRANZ, ROBERT (1815-1892)

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen

Op. 11 No. 2 (?1865)

Heinrich Heine

Am leuchtenden
Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die
Blumen,
Ich aber, ich wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die
Blumen,
Und schauen mitleidig mich
an:
Sei unsrer Schwester nicht
böse,
Du trauriger, blasser Mann.

One bright summer morning

One bright summer
morning
I walk round the garden.
The flowers whisper and
talk,
but I move silently.

The flowers whisper and
talk,
and look at me in
pity:
be not angry with our
sister,
you sad, pale man.

37

GERSHWIN, GEORGE (1898-1937)

Summertime from *Porgy and Bess* (1934)

DuBose Heyward and Ira Gershwin

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permitted for copyright reasons

GOETHE, JOHANN W

(1749-1832)

Mailed

[set to music by Ludwig van Beethoven]

GOUNOD, CHARLES (1818-1893)**If thou art sleeping** (1871)*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*

If thou art sleeping, maiden,
 Awake, and open thy door;
 'Tis the break of day
 And we must away
 O'er meadow and mount and moor.

Wait not to find thy slippers,
 But, come with thy naked feet;
 We shall have to pass
 Through the dewy grass
 And waters wide and fleet.

GRAINGER, PERCY (1882-1961)**The Sprig of Thyme** (1920)*Traditional*

Wunst I had a sprig of thyme,
 It prospered by night and by day
 Till a false young man came acourtin' te me,
 And he stole all this thyme away.

The gardiner was standiddn by;
 I bade him che-oose for me:
 He chose me the lily and the violet and the pink,
 But I really did refuse them all three.

Thyme it is the prettiest thing,
 And time it e will grow on,
 And time it'll bring all things to an end
 And so doz my time grow on.

It's very well drinkin' ale
 And it's very well drinkin' wine;
 But it's far better sittin' by a young man's side
 That has won this heart of mine.

GRANADOS, ENRIQUE (1867-1916)**Las currutacas** **The modest girls**
modestas from 12**Tonadillas en un estilo***antiguo* (1911-3)*Fernando Periquet*

Decid qué damiselas se ven
 por ahí que luzcan
 así.

Al vernos a las dos no hay
 quien no diga:

Dios que os bendiga.

Porque hace falta ver
 El invencible
 poder

De que goza una
 mujer

Cerca nacida de la Moncloa o
 la Florida.

Pues diga ustedé

Si en tierra alguna viose otro
 pie

Tan requetechiquito,
 iolé!

Y pues nuestra abuela
 muriese tiempo ha,
 Toda modestia sobra ya.
 ¡Ja, ja!

Tell me, if girls living
 around here are as
 pretty as this!

When people see us two,
 they all shout:

'God bless you!'

It is quite extraordinary
 to see the irresistible
 power

of women born in
 Moncloa

or in
 Florida.

Tel me honestly if
 you have ever seen a
 foot

that's as pretty and small
 as this one. Ole!

And since our granny is
 long since dead
 what's the point of
 modesty? Ha! Ha!

GRIEG, EDVARD (1843-1907)**Zur Rosenzeit Op. 48** **Time of roses**
No. 5 (1884-8)*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen,
 Meine Liebe trug euch nicht;
 Blühet, ach! dem
 Hoffnungslosen,
 Dem der Gram die Seele
 bricht!

You fade, sweet roses,
 my love did not wear you;
 ah! you bloom! for one
 bereft of hope,
 whose soul now breaks
 with grief!

Jener Tage denk'ich
 trauernd,
 Als ich, Engel, an dir
 hing,
 Auf das erste Knöspchen
 lauernd
 Früh zu meinem Garten ging;

Sorrowfully I think of
 those days,
 when I, my angel, set my
 heart on you,
 and waiting for the first
 little bud,
 went early to my
 garden;

Alle Blüten, alle Früchte	Laid all the blossoms, all the fruits
Noch zu deinen Füßen trug, Und vor deinem Angesichte	at your very feet, with hope beating in my heart
Hoffnung in dem Herzen schlug.	when you looked on me.

Ihr verblühet, süsse Rosen, Meine Liebe trug euch nicht; Blühet, ach! dem Hoffnungslosen, Dem der Gram die Seele bricht!	You fade, sweet roses, my love did not wear you; ah! you bloom for one bereft of hope, whose soul now breaks with grief!
---	---

GURNEY, IVOR (1890-1937)

Song ('Only the wanderer')

[set to music by Ivor Gurney]

To his love

[set to music by Ivor Gurney]

42

HAHN, REYNALDO (1874-1947)

Offrande (1891)

Paul Verlaine

Voici des fruits, des fleurs,
des feuilles et des
branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui
ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos
deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux
l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore
de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient
glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à
vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui
la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez
rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encor de vos
derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la
bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu
puisque vous reposez.

Offering

Here are flowers,
branches, fruit and
fronds,
and here too is my heart
that beats just for you.
Do not tear it with your
two white hands
and may the humble gift
please your lovely
eyes.

I come all covered still
with the dew
frozen to my brow by the
morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding
rest at your feet,
dream of dear moments
that will soothe it.

On your young breast let
me cradle my head
still ringing with your
recent kisses;
after love's sweet tumult
grant it peace,
and let me sleep a while,
since you rest.

HARDY, THOMAS (1840-1928)

I Look into my Glass

[set to music by Gerald Finzi]

43

HAYDN, JOSEPH (1732-1809)

The Lady's Looking-glass (c.1791-5)

Anonymous

Trust not too much to that enchanting face;
Beauty's a charm, but soon that charm will pass.

44

HAYDN, JOSEPH

Der Greis (1796)

*Johann Wilhelm Lud wig
Gleim*

Hin ist alle meine Kraft!
Alt und schwach bin ich;
Wenig nur erquicket mich
Scherz und
Rebensaft!

Hin ist alle meine Zier!
Meiner Wangen Rot
Ist hinweggeflohn! Der Tod
Klopft an meine Tür!

Unerschreckt mach' ich ihm
auf;
Himmel, habe Dank:
Ein harmonischer Gesang
War mein Lebenslauf!

The old man

Gone is all my strength!
Old and weak am I,
barely refreshed
by jest and the juice of
the vine.

Gone is all my strength!
The blush has vanished
from my cheeks! Death
is knocking on my door.

I open it without
fear;
heaven, be thanked:
a harmonious song
was my life!

First Interval

HEINE, HEINRICH (1797-1856)

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome from *Buch Der Lieder*

[set to music by Robert Schumann, Franz Liszt and others]

45

HINDEMITH, PAUL (1895-1963)

Pietà from *Das Marienleben Op. 27* (1922-3, rev. 1935-48)

Rainer Maria Rilke

Jetzt wird mein Elend voll, und namenlos	Now is my misery complete, and namelessly
Erfüllt es mich. Ich starre wie des Steins Inneres starrt.	It fills me. I stare as a stone's essence stares.
Hart wie ich bin, weiss ich nur Eins:	Hard as I am, I know but one thing:
Du wurdest gross – Und wurdest gross,	you grew – and grew,
Um als zu grosser Schmerz Ganz über meines Herzens Fassung	in order to stand out as too much pain
Hinauszustehn.	and quite beyond my heart's composure.
Jetzt liegst du quer durch meinen Schooss,	Now straight across my lap you lie,
Jetzt kann ich dich nicht mehr gebären.	now I can no longer give you birth.

HOUSMAN, AE (1859-1936)

The Carpenter's Son

[set to music by CW Orr]

HUGO, VICTOR (1802-1885)

Oh! quand je dors

[set to music by Franz Liszt]

46

IVES, CHARLES EDWARD (1874-1954)

Ilmenau (c.1903)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Über allen Gipfeln Ist Ruh', In allen Wipfeln Spürest du Kaum einen Hauch; Die Vögelein schweigen im Walde. Warte nur, balde Ruhest du auch.	Over every mountain-top lies peace, in every tree-top you scarcely feel a breath of wind; the little birds are hushed in the wood. Wait, soon you too will be at peace.
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JOYCE, JAMES (1882-1941)

The twilight turns from amethyst

KEATS, JOHN (1795-1821)

From *Endymion*

47

LISZT, FRANZ (1811-1886)

Die drei Zigeuner S320 **The three Gypsies**
(1860)

Nikolaus Lenau

Drei Zigeuner fand ich einmal Liegen an einer Weide, Als mein Fuhrwerk mit müder Qual Schlich durch sandige Heide.	I once saw three Gypsies lying against a willow, as my carriage with weary groans crept across a sandy heath.
Hielt der eine für sich allein In den Händen die Fiedel, Spielt, umglüht vom Abendschein, Sich ein lustiges Liedel.	One of them, sitting apart, held a fiddle in his hands, and, glowing in the evening sun, played himself a merry song.

<p>Hielt der zweite die Pfeif' im Mund, Blickte nach seinem Rauche, Froh, als ob er vom Erdenrund Nichts zum Glücke mehr brauche.</p>	<p>The second with a pipe in his mouth, gazed contentedly after the smoke, as if he needed nothing more for happiness on earth.</p>
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<p>Und der dritte behaglich schlief, Und sein Zimbal am Baumhing, Über die Saiten der Windhauch lief, Über sein Herz ein Traum ging.</p>	<p>And the third slept peacefully, his cimbalom hanging from a tree, a breeze swept over its strings, a dream passed over his heart.</p>
--	--

<p>An den Kleidern trugen die drei Löcher und bunte Flicker, Aber sie boten trotzig frei Spott den Erdengeschicken.</p>	<p>All three of them had clothes of holes and motley patches; but defiant and free they scoffed at what fate might have in store.</p>
---	---

<p>Dreifach haben sie mir gezeigt, Wenn das Leben uns nachtet, Wie man's verschläft, verraucht, vergeigt Und es dreimal verachtet.</p>	<p>In three ways they showed me how, when life for us turns dark, to sleep it, smoke it and fiddle it away, and three ways of disdaining it.</p>
--	--

<p>Nach den Zigeunern lang noch schau Musst' ich im Weiterfahren, Nach den Gesichtern dunkelbraun, Den schwarzlockigen Haaren.</p>	<p>As I drove past the Gypsies I had to look at them a long time, with their dark brown faces and their curly black hair.</p>
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48

LOEWE, CARL (1796-1869)

Freibeuter (1836)
*Johann Wolfgang von
Goethe*

The Freebooter

<p>Mein Haus hat kein' Tür, Mein' Tür hat ke' Haus Und immer mit Schätzel Hinein und heraus.</p>	<p>My house has no door, my door has no house; and my sweetheart and I always go in and out.</p>
--	--

<p>Mei Küch' hat ke' Herd, Mei Herd hat ke' Küch: Da bratet's und siedet's Für sich und für mich.</p>	<p>My kitchen has no cooker, my cooker has no kitchen; there she fries and boils for herself and for me.</p>
---	--

<p>Mei' Bett hat ke' G'stell, Mei G'stell hat ke' Bett; Doch wüsst ich nit e'nen, Der's lustiger hett.</p>	<p>My bed has no bedstead, my bedstead has no bed; but there's no one I know who has more fun than me.</p>
--	--

<p>Mei Keller is hoch, Mei Scheuer is tief, Zu oberst zu unterst Da lag ich und schlief.</p>	<p>My cellar lies high, my barn lies deep; at the top, at the bottom - that's where I lie and sleep.</p>
--	--

<p>Und bin ich erwachen, Da geht es so fort: Mei Ort hat ke' Bleibens, Mei Bleibens ke'n Ort.</p>	<p>And once I am awake, I just have to move on; I've got a place, but I cannot stay; I want to stay, but've got no place.</p>
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49

MAHLER, GUSTAV (1860-1911)

Selbstgefühl from Des **Self-assurance**
Knaben Wunderhorn

(1892-99, rev. 1901)
*Achim von Arnim and
Clemens Brentano*

<p>Ich weiss nicht, wie mir ist, Ich bin nicht krank und nicht gesund, Ich bin blessirt und hab kein Wund.</p>	<p>I don't know what's wrong with me, I'm not ill and I'm not well. I'm wounded and have no wound.</p>
--	--

<p>Ich weiss nicht, wie mir ist! Ich tät gern essen und schmeckt mir nichts, Ich hab ein Geld und gilt mir nichts.</p>	<p>I don't know what's wrong with me! I'd like to eat but nothing tastes, I've got money but it's worth nothing.</p>
--	--

<p>Ich weiss nicht, wie mir ist, Ich hab sogar kein Schnupftabak, Und hab kein Kreuzer Geld im Sack.</p>	<p>I don't know what's wrong with me, I haven't even a pinch of snuff and not a penny in my purse.</p>
--	--

<p>Ich weiss nicht, wie mir ist,</p>	<p>I don't know what's wrong with me,</p>
--	---

Heiraten tät ich auch schon gern, Kann aber Kinderschrein nicht hörn.	I'd really like to get married, but can't bear the sound of crying kids.
Ich weiss nicht, wie mir ist, Ich hab erst heut den Doktor gefragt, Der hat mirs ins Gesicht gesagt.	I don't know what's wrong with me, only today I asked the doctor, he told me straight to my face.
Ich weiss wohl, was dir ist: Ein Narr bist du gewiss; Nun weiss ich wie mir ist!	I know what's wrong with you, you're quite clearly a fool; now I know what's wrong with me!

50

MAHLER, GUSTAV

Frühlingsmorgen (1880) Spring morning

Richard Leander

Es klopft an das Fenster der Lindenbaum Mit Zweigen, blütenbehangen: Was liegst du im Traum? Steh' auf! Steh' auf! Die Sonn' ist aufgegangen!	The linden tree taps at the window with blossom-laden boughs: Why do you lie dreaming? Get up! Get up! The sun has risen!
Die Lerche ist wach, die Büsche weh'n, Die Bienen summen und Käfer; Und dein munteres Lieb hab' ich auch schon geseh'n, – Steh' auf, Langschläfer, Langschläfer!	The lark's awake, the bushes are stirring, the bees are humming and beetles too; and I've already seen your cheery lover, – get up, sleepy-head, sleepy-head!

51

MENDELSSOHN, FELIX (1809-1847)

Frühlingsglaube Op. 9 No. 8 (1820)

Ludwig Uhland

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht, Sie säusel'n und weben Tag und Nacht, Sie schaffen an allen Enden. O frischer Duft, o neuer Klang!	Balmy breezes are awakened, they stir and whisper day and night, everywhere creative. O fresh scents, O new sounds!
---	---

Nun, armes Herze, sei nicht bang! Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.	Now, poor heart, do not be afraid. Now all must change.
Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag, Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag, Das Blühen will nicht enden; Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Tal: Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual! Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.	The world grows fairer each day, we cannot know what is still to come, the flowering knows no end. The deepest, most distant valley is in flower. Now, poor heart, forget your torment. Now all must change.

52

MENDELSSOHN, FANNY (1805-1847)

Die frühen Graber Op. The early graves

9 No. 4 (1828)

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock

Willkommen, o silberner Mond, Schöner, stiller Gefährt der Nacht! Du entfliehst? Eile nicht, bleib, Gedankenfreund! Sehet, er bleibt, das Gewölk wallte nur hin.	Welcome, O silver moon, lovely, tranquil companion of night! You flee? Do not hasten away, stay, friend to thought! Look, she stays, the clouds alone moved on.
Ihr Edleren, ach, es betränzt Eure Male schon ernstes Moos! O, wie glücklich war ich, als ich einst mit euch Sahe sich röten den Tag, schimmern die Nacht.	You nobler spirits, alas, gloomy moss already garlands your monuments! Ah, how happy I was when, still with you, I could watch the day dawn and the night shimmer.

MÖRIKE, EDUARD (1804-1875)

Denk' es, o Seele!

[set to music by Hugo Wolf]

Please do not turn the page until the reading has ended.

MOZART, WOLFGANG AMADEUS

(1756-1791)

Abendempfindung Evening thoughts**K523** (1787)*Joachim Heinrich Campe*

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden, Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz; So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste Stunden Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!	It is evening, the sun has vanished, and the moon sheds its silver light; so life's sweetest hours speed by, flit by as in a dance!
Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene, Und der Vorhang rollt herab. Aus ist unser Spiel! Des Freundes Träne Fliesset schon auf unser Grab.	Soon life's bright pageant will be over, and the curtain will fall. Our play is ended! Tears wept by a friend flow already on our grave.
Bald vielleicht mir weht, wie Westwind leise, Eine stille Ahnung zu – Schliess' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise, Fliege in das Land der Ruh'.	Soon perhaps, like a gentle zephyr, a silent presentiment will reach me, and I shall end this earthly pilgrimage, fly to the land of rest.
Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen, Trauernd meine Asche seh'n,	If you then weep by my grave and gaze mourning on my ashes,
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.	then, dear friends, I shall appear to you bringing a breath of heaven.
Schenk' auch du ein Tränchen mir Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab; Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke Sieh' dann sanft auf mich herab.	May you too shed a tear for me and pluck a violet for my grave; and let your compassionate gaze look tenderly down on me.
Weih' mir eine Träne und ach! Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n, O sie wird in meinem Diademe Dann die schönste Perle sein.	Consecrate a tear to me and ah! Be not ashamed to do so; in my diadem it shall become the fairest pearl of all.

MÜLLER, WILHELM (1794-1827)**Des Baches Wiegenlied** from *Die schöne Müllerin*

[set to music by Franz Schubert]

MUSORGSKY, MODEST (1839-1881)**Lullaby** from *Songs and Dances of Death*

(1875-7)

Arseny Golenishchev-Kutuzov

Stonet rebyonok... Svecha, nagoraya, Tusklo mertsuet krugom. Tseluyu noch kolybelku kachaya, Mat ne zabylyasya snom. Ranyim-ranyokhonko v dver ostorozhno Smert serdobolnaya stuk! Vzdrognyula ma', oglyanulas trevozhno... 'Polno pugatsya, moi drug! Blednoe utro uzh smotrit v okoshko... Placha, toskuya, lyublya, Ty utomilas, vzdremni-ka nemnozhko, Ya pozizhu za tebya. Ugomonit ty ditya ne sumela. Slashche tebya ya spoyu.' – 'Tishe! rebyonok moi mechetsya, byotsya, Dushu terzaya moyu! 'Nu, da so mnoyu on skoro uimyotsya. Bayushki, bayu, bayu.' 'Shchyochki bledneyut, slabeet dykhanye... Da zamolchi-zhe, molyu!' –	A child moans... a candle, burning low, casts its dull flicker all around. All through the night, as she rocks the cradle, a mother has not slept. Early in the morning comes the gentle knock of Death, the compassionate one, at the door! The mother shudders, anxiously looking around her... 'There's no need to be afraid, my friend! The pale morning is peeping through the window... you have worn yourself out with crying, longing, loving, so rest a while, my dear, and I will take your place at his side. You couldn't soothe the little child, but I can sing more sweetly than you.' 'Shhh! The child is tossing and turning, my heart grieves to see him thus! 'Come now, with me he will soon calm down, hushaby, hushaby-hush.' 'His cheeks are so pale, his breathing so shallow... please be quiet, I beg you!'
---	--

'Dobroe znamenye, stikhnet stradanye, Bayushki, bayu, bayu.'	'That's a good sign, his suffering will soon be over, hushaby, hushaby-hush.'
'Proch ty, proklyataya! Laskoi svoeyu sgubish ty radost moyu!'	'Be away with you, accursed woman! You will destroy my joy with your caresses!'
'Net, mirnyi son ya mladentsu naveyu. Bayushki, bayu, bayu.' –	'No, I will waft the sleep of peace over the infant, hushaby, hushaby-hush.'
'Szhalsya, pozhdi dopevat khot mgnoven'ye, Strashnuyu pesnyu tvoyu!'	'Have pity! Cease your singing for just a moment, cease your terrible song!'
'Vidish, usnul on pod tikhoe penye. Bayushki, bayu, bayu.'	'See now, my quiet song has sung him to sleep, hushaby, hushaby-hush.'

NOVALIS (1722-1801)

Nachthymne

[set to music by Franz Schubert and
Louise Reichardt]

OWEN, WILFRED (1893-1918)

Futility

[set to music by Benjamin Britten]

55

PFITZNER, HANS (1869-1949)

Der Weckruf Op. 40

No. 6 (1931)

Joseph, Freiherr von
Eichendorff

Reveille

Nächtlich macht der Herr die Rund', Sucht die Seinen unverdrossen, Aber überall verschlossen Trifft er Tür und Herzengrund, Und er wendet sich voll Trauer: Niemand ist, der mit mir wacht. - Nur der Wald vernimmt's mit Schauer,	The Lord goes on his rounds each night, tirelessly seeking his children, but everywhere he is met by closed doors and closed hearts, and he turns away full of sadness: There is no one who lies awake with me. The forest alone perceives it with a shudder,
---	--

Rauschet fromm die ganze Nacht.	rustles devoutly all night long.
Waldwärts durch die Einsamkeit Hört' ich über Tal und Klüften	Towards the woods through the solitude I heard over valley and gorge
Glocken in den stillen Lüften, Wie aus fernem Morgen weit	bells ringing in the quiet breeze, as if from the distant East
-	-
An die Tore will ich schlagen, An Palast und Hütten: Auf!	I wish to knock at the gates of palaces and huts: Arise!
Flammend schon die Gipfel ragen, Wachet auf, wacht auf, wacht auf!	The peaks already blaze with light, awake! Awake! Awake!

56

PORTER, COLE (1891-1964)

Night and Day from *Gay Divorce* (1932)

Cole Porter

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permitted for copyright reasons

Second Interval

POULENC, FRANCIS (1899-1963)

**Homme au sourir
tendre from La
fraîcheur et le feu** (1950)*Paul Éluard*

Homme au sourire tendre	Man with the tender smile
Femme aux tendres paupières	woman with the tender eyelids
Homme aux joues rafraîchies	man with the freshened cheeks
Femme aux bras doux et frais	woman with the sweet fresh arms
Homme aux prunelles calmes	man with the calm eyes
Femme aux lèvres ardentes	woman with the ardent lips
Homme aux paroles pleines	man with abundant words
Femme aux yeux partagés	woman with the shared eyes
Homme aux deux mains utiles	man with the useful hands
Femme aux mains de raison	woman with the hands of reason
Homme aux astres constants	man with the steadfast stars
Femme aux seins de durée	woman with the enduring breasts
Il n'est rien qui vous retient	There is nothing that prevents you
Mes maîtres de m'éprouver.	my masters from testing me.

POULENC, FRANCIS

**Fleurs from *Fiançailles
pour rire*** (1939)*Louise de Vilmorin*

Fleurs promises, fleurs tenues dans tes bras,	Promised flowers, flowers held in your arms,
Fleurs sorties des parenthèses d'un pas,	flowers from a step's parentheses,
Qui t'apportait ces fleurs l'hiver	who brought you these flowers in winter
Saupoudrées du sable des mers?	sprinkled with the sea's sand?
Sable de tes baisers, fleurs des amours fanées	Sand of your kisses, flowers of faded loves

Les beaux yeux sont de cendre et dans la cheminée	your lovely eyes are ashes and in the hearth
Un cœur enrubanné de plaintes	a moan-beribboned heart
Brûle avec ses images saintes.	burns with its sacred images.

PURCELL, HENRY (1659-1695)

Sweeter than roses Z585 (1695)*realised by Benjamin Britten**Anonymous*

Sweeter than roses,
Or cool evening breeze on a warm flowery shore,
Was the dear kiss first trembling made me freeze,
Then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious love!
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

PUSHKIN, ALEXANDER (1799-1837)**The Nightingale and the Rose**

[set to music by Benjamin Britten]

QUILTER, ROGER (1877-1953)

Go, lovely Rose Op. 24 No. 3 (1922)*Edmund Waller*

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spy'd
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,

Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share,
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

61

RACHMANINOV, SERGEY (1873-1943)

To the children Op. 26

No. 7 (1906)

Aleksey Khomyakov

Byvalo, v glubokii polunochnyi chas, Malyutki, pridu lyubovatsya na vas; Byvalo, lyublyu vas krestom znamenat, Molitsya, da budet na vas blagodat, Lyubov Vsederzhatelya Boga.	Time was when I loved at a late midnight hour, to see you asleep in your room, little children, my joy was to bless you with the sign of the cross, and to pray that peace and grace be upon you, and the love of Almighty God.
---	---

Sterech umilenno vash detskii pokoi, Podumat, o tom, kak vy chisty dushoi, Nadeyatsya dolgikh i schastlivykh dnei Dlya vas, bezzabotnykh i milykh detei, Kak sladko, kak radostno bylo!	To keep watch over your childish rest, to think how pure you are in soul, to hope for long and happy days for you, my carefree, beloved children. How sweet and how joyous it was!
--	---

Teper prikhozhu ya: vezde temnota, Net v komnate zhizni, krovatka pusta, V lampade pogas pred ikonoyu svet... Mne grustno, malyutok moikh uzhe net! I serdtse tak bolno sozhmyotsya!	Now when I come it's dark all around, there's no life in your room, the little bed is empty; the light in the icon lamp has gone out... I am sad, my little ones are no more! My heart is crushed so painfully!
--	---

O, deti! V glubokii polunochnyi chas, Molites o tom, kto molilsya o vas, O tom, kto lyubil vas krestom znamenat;	Oh, children! At this late midnight hour, pray for him who prayed for you, whose joy was to bless you with the sign of the cross;
--	---

Molites, da budet i s nim blagodat, Lyubov Vsederzhatelya Boga.	pray that all blessings be upon him too, and the love of Almighty God.
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62

RAVEL, MAURICE (1875-1937)

Rêves (1927)

Léon-Paul Fargue

Dreams

Une enfant court Autour des marbres ... Une voix sourd Des hauts parages ...	A child runs round marble statues ... A voice issues from high places ...
---	--

Les yeux si tendres De ceux qui t'aiment Songent et passent Entres les arbres ...	The oh so tender eyes of those who love you dream and flit by between the trees ...
--	--

Aux grandes orgues De quelque gare Gronde la vague Des grands départs ...	In the mighty blare of some station roars the wave of great departures ...
--	---

Dans un vieux rêve Au pays vague Des choses brèves Qui meurent sages ...	All this is an old dream, in the indistinct land of ephemeral things that die discreetly ...
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ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA (1830-1894)

Crying, my little one, footsore and weary?

[set to music by John Ireland]

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

ROSSINI, GIOACHINO (1792-1868)

La chanson du bébé Baby's song

(1857-68)

Émilien Pacini

Maman, le gros Bébé t'appelle, il a bobo: Tu dis que je suis beau, quand je veux bien faire dodo. Je veux de confitures, c'est du bon nanan; Les groseilles sont mûres, donne-m'en, j'en veux, maman, Je veux du bon nanan, j'ai du bobo, maman. Atchi! Papa, maman, ca-ca.	Mama, this is the Baby calling, I've hurt myself: you say I'm beautiful, when I really want to sleep. I want some jam, that's a tasty snack; the redcurrants are ripe, give me some, I want it, mama, I want a tasty snack, I've hurt myself, mama. Atishoo! Papa, mama, caca.
Ma bonne, en me berçant, m'appelle son bijou, Un diable, un sapajou, si j'aime mieux faire joujou. Quand je ne suis pas sage, on me promet le fouet! Moi, je fais du tapage, le moyen réussit bien. Je veux du bon nanan, j'ai du bobo, maman. Atchi! Papa, maman, ca-ca.	My nanny, rocking me, calls me her jewel, or a devil, a monkey, if I'd rather play games. When I don't behave, they say they'll give me a whipping! Then I make a big fuss, which works really well. I want a tasty snack, I've hurt myself, mama. Atishoo! Papa, mama, caca.

ROUSSEL, ALBERT (1869-1937)

A Flower Given to my Daughter (1931)

James Joyce

Frail the white rose and frail are Her hands that gave Whose soul is sere and paler Than time's wan wave. Rosefrail and fair - yet frailest A wonder wild In gentle eyes thou veilest, My blueveined child.
--

SATIE, ERIK (1866-1925)

Daphénéo (1916)

Mimi Godebska

Dis-moi, Daphénéo, quel est donc cet arbre Dont les fruits sont des oiseaux qui pleurent?	Tell me, Daphénéo, the name of that tree which sprouts weeping birds as fruit?
Cet arbre, Chrysaline, est un oisetier.	That tree, Chrysaline, is a bird-tree.
Ah! Je croyais que les noisetiers Donnaient des noisettes, Daphénéo.	Ah! I thought nut-trees produced nuts, Daphénéo.
Oui, Chrysaline, les noisetiers donnent des noisettes,	Yes, Chrysaline, nut-trees do produce nuts,
Mais les oisetiers donnent des oiseaux qui pleurent. Ah! ...	but bird-trees produce weeping birds. Ah! ...

SCHLEGEL, FRIEDRICH (1772-1829)

Der Knabe from *Abendröte*

[set to music by Franz Schubert]

SCHOECK, OTHMAR (1886-1957)

Auf ein Kind Op. 20

No. 1 (1909)

Ludwig Uhland

Aus der Bedrängnis, die mich wild umkettet, Hab ich zu dir mich, süßes Kind, gerettet, Damit ich Herz und Augen weide An deiner Engelfreude, An dieser Unschuld, dieser Morgenhelle, Dieser ungetrübten Gottesquelle.	From the distress that has savagely enchained me, I have sought refuge, my child, in you, that I might feast my heart and eyes on your angelic joy, on this innocence, this morning brightness, this unsullied divine spring.
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SCHOENBERG, ARNOLD (1874-1951)**Mahnung from Brettli- Warning****Lieder** (1901)*Gustav Hochstetter*

Mädel, sei kein eitles Ding, Fang dir keinen Schmetterling, Such dir einen rechten Mann, Der dich tüchtig küssen kann, Und mit seiner Hände Kraft Dir ein warmes Nestchen schafft.	Do not be so vain, my girl do not catch a butterfly, search for a real man, who knows how to kiss you properly, and whose strong hands can build you a warm nest.
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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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SCHUBERT, FRANZ (1797-1828)**Das Mädchen D652 The maiden**

(1819)

Friedrich von Schlegel

Wie so innig, möcht' ich sagen, Sich der Meine mir ergibt, Um zu lindern meine Klagen, Dass er nicht so innig liebt.	How fondly, I should like to say, my lover gives himself to me, to quieten my complaints that he does not love so fondly.
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Will ich's sagen, so entschwebt es; Wären Töne mir verliehen, Flöss' es hin in Harmonien, Denn in jenen Tönen lebt es; Nur die Nachtigall kann sagen, Wie er innig sich mir gibt, Um zu lindern meine Klagen, Dass er nicht so innig liebt.	If I try to say it, the words escape; if music were granted me, I should pour it out in harmony, for it dwells in music; only the nightingale can say how fondly he gives himself to me, to quieten my complaints that he does not love so fondly.
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FRANZ SCHUBERT**Vor meiner Wiege Before my cradle****D927** (1827-8)*Karl Gottfried von Leitner*

Das also, das ist der enge Schrein, Da lag ich einstens als Kind darein, Da lag ich gebrechlich, hilflos und stumm Und zog nur zum Weinen die Lippen krumm.	So this is the narrow chest where I once lay as a baby; where I lay, frail, helpless and dumb, twisting my lips only to cry.
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Ich konnte nichts fassen mit Händchen zart, Und war doch gebunden nach Schelmenart; Ich hatte Füßchen und lag doch wie lahm, Bis Mutter an ihre Brust mich nahm.	I could grip nothing with my tiny, tender hands, yet I was bound like a rogue; I possessed little feet, and yet lay as if lame, until mother took me to her breast.
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Dann lachte ich saugend zu ihr empor, Sie sang mir von Rosen und Engeln vor, Sie sang und sie wiegte mich singend in Ruh, Und küsste mir liebend die Augen zu.	Then I laughed up at her as I suckled, and she sang to me of roses and angels; she sang and with her singing lulled me to sleep, and with a kiss lovingly closed my eyes.
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Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Sie spannte aus Seide, gar dämmerig grün, Ein kühliges Zelt hoch über mich hin.	She spread a cool tent of dusky green silk above me.
Wo find ich nur wieder solch friedlich Gemach?	Where shall I find such a peaceful chamber again?
Vielleicht, wenn das grüne Gras mein Dach!	Perhaps when the green grass is my roof!
O Mutter, lieb' Mutter, bleib' lange noch hier!	O mother, dear mother, stay here a long time yet!
Wer sänge dann tröstlich von Engeln mir?	Who else would sing to me comforting songs of angels.
Wer küsste mir liebend die Augen zu	Who else would close my eyes lovingly with a kiss
Zur langen, zur letzten und tiefsten Ruh'?	for the long, last and deepest rest?

FRANZ SCHUBERT

Ländler No. 8 in A flat minor (1823) from 12 Deutsche Ländler D790 (1823)

70

Der Tanz D826 (1828) Kolumban Schnitzer von Meerau

The dance

Es redet und träumet die Jugend so viel, Von Tänzern, Galloppen, Gelagen, Auf einmahl erreicht sie ein trügliches Ziel, Da hört man sie seufzen und klagen.	Youth talks and dreams so much of dancing, revelling, banqueting, suddenly it reaches its illusory goal, we hear it sighing and complaining.
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Translation of Falla by Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes from The Spanish Song Companion published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. Franz, Grieg, Hindemith, Ives, Liszt, Mahler, Fanny Mendelssohn, Mozart and Schubert 'Das Mädchen' 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. Hahn, Poulenc and Satie by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Haydn by Richard Wigmore. Felix Mendelssohn and Schubert 'Vor meiner Wiege' by Richard Wigmore from Schubert – The Complete Song Texts published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. Musorgsky by Philip Ross Bullock. Pfitzner, Schoeck, Schoenberg and Schubert 'Der Tanz' by Richard Stokes. Rachmaninov by Richard D Sylvester from Rachmaninoff's Complete Songs: A Companion with Texts and Translations published by Indiana University Press.