

WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 6 December 2023
7.30pm

But I like to sing...

Carolyn Sampson soprano
Joseph Middleton piano

Hubert Parry (1848-1918)
Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

My heart is like a singing bird (1909)
I Hate Music! from *I Hate Music* (1943)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Joseph Marx (1882-1964)

-
An die Musik D547 (1817)
An eine Äolsharfe from *Mörike Lieder* (1888)
An ein Veilchen Op. 49 No. 2 (1867-8)
Nocturne (1911)

César Franck (1822-1890)
Rita Strohl (1865-1941)

-
Nocturne (1885)
From *12 chants de Bilitis* (by 1898)
Bilitis • La nuit • Berceuse

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

2 poèmes de Louis Aragon (1943)
C • Fêtes galantes

Interval

Cheryl Frances-Hoad (b.1980)

Something More Than Mortal (2016)

Émile Paladilhe (1844-1926)
Henri Duparc (1848-1933)
Kaija Saariaho (1952-2023)
Deborah Pritchard (b.1977)

-
Psyché (1887)
L'invitation au voyage (1870)
Parfum de l'instant from *4 Instants* (2002)
Everyone Sang (2023) *world première*

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)
Errollyn Wallen (b.1958)

-
A slumber song of the Madonna (1925)
Sleep (1912)
Peace on Earth (2006)

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I have been very fortunate in my career to have taken part in many and varied recording projects. A few years ago, I started to count the number of CDs on which I was featured as a soloist (named on the front or back cover), and realised that, if things continued on the same trajectory, I would reach 100! This seemed worth marking in some way, so I have been reflecting on what these projects mean to me, and what music and singing mean to me as an artist; but even more, as a person.

This programme is not autobiographical, nor are these necessarily songs that have accompanied me throughout my career. But it is personal, and I've chosen them because they reflect some of the ways in which music heightens our emotions, eases our pain, deepens our love. There are many dark things happening in the world at the moment, and I believe we have to look for the joy and the light, and embrace it. There are songs here that are rooted in sadness, but find and offer comfort. There are songs that celebrate simple pleasures without needing over-analysis. I hope there are songs that speak to each of you, personally.

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Parry's 'My heart is like a singing bird' is a burst of pure joy, and puts a smile on my face every time I sing it or hear it. But before I get carried away, **Leonard Bernstein** interrupts my reverie with a witty take on the way classical music is often presented. Has this song become outdated? Perhaps not; it's still a current conversation... **Schubert's** collaboration with his friend Franz von Schober encompasses the way music, and perhaps all art, can transport us and bring relief from life's travails. Central to this recital is a song inspired by sound itself. It was the music of the otherworldly wind-blown Aeolian harp that finally enabled Mōrike to put into words his grief at the premature death of his younger brother. In **Hugo Wolf's** hands, the song of the harp, at the mercy of the elements, mirrors Mōrike's yearning, his impassioned sorrow, his heart's resignation. The gentle lilt of **Brahms's** song to a violet is deceptive; could there be some hope for this rejected lover, weeping into the cup of the flower?

In **Joseph Marx's** *Nocturne*, nostalgic tenderness is captured in the long lines of the vocal part, while the piano has, I think, more notes per bar than I've ever seen, creating a heady atmosphere fragrant with the scent of flowers. Another *Nocturne* transports us to France with **César Franck**. It's almost a prayer, a hymn to the night, and the last lines: 'O vast night, solemn night, pour sleep into my eyes' are evocative and inviting... I like to feel that through this slumber we can fall into a world of imagination and storytelling.

Pierre Louÿs's naughty deception - pretending to have found an old Greek manuscript, instead of owning up to the authorship of his risqué verses about an exotic young woman, Bilitis - has inspired colourful songs from various composers, and I was delighted to be given copies of those by **Rita Stroh**. I'm convinced her songs deserve to be better known, and I hope that the ones we've included will pique more interest. Stroh's charming 'Bilitis' uses an unaccompanied recitative style to introduce a sense of freedom to her character, but in 'La nuit' we feel the

intensity and fever of seduction, a playfulness and sensuality. 'Berceuse', with its gentle pulse and warm tonality, is appropriately intimate, and would even have us sell the sun to the sea so as not to wake the infant. The more ecstatic moments seem to me to celebrate a mother's desire to give her child the world.

There can be few musical contrasts as great as **Poulenc's** two Louis Aragon settings. 'C's patriotism, anger and frustration at the Second World War are underpinned by the poem's insistence on ending every line with 'cé', yet there's tenderness from the music's use of sequences (which might make them sound technical and boring, when they are anything but). As we weep and melt at the end of the first piece, Poulenc hits us with a cabaret-style patter song. This is no Watteau painting; instead there's the dirt and bustle of the city... here we truly feel life - and the music - 'rushing pell-mell by'.

As the daughter of maths teachers, I was immediately drawn to Cheryl Frances-Hoad's setting of letters from Ada Lovelace to Charles Babbage as they worked together on their pioneering mechanical computer. I love the way Cheryl uses short rhythmic fragments to create insistent patterns, the build-up of energy that propels the piece, and the harmonic interactions. It all seems to suggest the whirring of a brilliant brain.

According to Greek mythology, Psyche was so beautiful that Cupid himself fell in love with her. The imagery in Pierre Corneille's text is gorgeous, and **Paladilhe's** music is so deliciously expressive that the introduction, for example, almost makes me hold my breath (not helpful for a singer!). From the intimate tenderness of Psyche's beauty, **Duparc** and Baudelaire broaden our horizons and take us across oceans to exotic lands where we feel anything is possible. With her incredible gift for creating atmosphere, **Kaija Saariaho's** music in 'Parfum de l'instant' works so well with her regular collaborator Amin Maalouf's words. There's something elusive about the fragrance of the moment, the search for another person's soul, even when you are with them. The music is both ecstatic and sad, and seems not to want to be captured.

It's a wonderful - and important - thing to be able to commission new music and give it a platform, and I'm proud to present this première of **Deborah Pritchard's** 'Everyone Sang'. I love that in Sassoon's words Deborah found the inspiration for a song that rings out with joy, but also makes space for reflection.

The closing sequence begins with **Samuel Barber** lulling us to rest, reminding us that even those apparently born to greatness begin life as babes in arms, needing nothing but love. Then **Ivor Gurney**, plagued by depression, seeks respite from suffering in his heartfelt setting of John Fletcher's *Sleep*. Our last song may be a Christmas carol, but its message of quiet hope is timeless. **Errollyn Wallen** wrote the words and the music, and my favourite line is 'the dark will turn aside'. I think it's extraordinary that music can take us to such a wealth of places in our minds, fire our imaginations, and enrich our souls.

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Hubert Parry (1848-1918)

My heart is like a singing bird (1909)

Christina Rossetti

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a purple sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of purple and gold;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleur-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love, is come to me.

Leonard Bernstein (1918-1990)

I Hate Music from *I Hate Music!* (1943)

Leonard Bernstein

I hate music!
But I like to sing...

Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text of this song.

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An die Musik D547

(1817)

Franz von Schober

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel
grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder
Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu
warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessre
Welt entrückt.

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner
Harf entflossen,
Ein süsser, heiliger Akkord
von dir,
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten
mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir
dafür!

To music

O sweet art, in how many
a grey hour,
when I am caught in life's
tempestuous round,
have you kindled my
heart to loving warmth,
and borne me away to a
better world.

Often a sigh, escaping
your harp,
a chord of sweet celestial
harmony,
has opened a heaven of
better times,
O sweet art, for this I
thank you!

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

An eine Äolsharfe from *Mörike Lieder* (1888)

Eduard Mörike

Angelehnt an die
Efeuwand
Dieser alten Terrasse,
Du, einer luftgebornen Muse
Geheimnisvolles Saitenspiel,
Fang an,
Fange wieder an
Deine melodische Klage!

Ihr kommet, Winde, fern
herüber
Ach! von des
Knaben,
Der mir so lieb war,
Frisch grünendem Hügel.
Und Frühlingsblüten
unterweges streifend,
Übersättigt mit Wohlgerüchen,
Wie süß bedrängt ihr dies
Herz!
Und säuselt her in die
Saiten,
Angezogen von
wohllautender Wehmut,
Wachsend im Zug meiner
Sehnsucht,
Und hinsterbend
wieder.

Aber auf einmal,
Wie der Wind heftiger
herstösst,
Ein holder Schrei der Harfe
Wiederholt, mir zu süßem
Erschrecken,
Meiner Seele plötzliche
Regung;
Und hier – die volle Rose
streut, geschüttelt,
All ihre Blätter vor meine
Füsse!

To an Aeolian harp

Leaning against the ivy-
clad wall
Of this old terrace,
O mysterious lyre
Of a zephyr-born Muse,
Begin,
Begin again
Your melodious lament!

You winds have come
hither from far away,
Ah! from the freshly
greening mound
Of the boy
Who was so dear to me.
And caressing spring
flowers along the way,
Saturated with fragrance,
How sweetly you afflict
this heart!
And you murmur into
these strings,
Drawn by their sweet-
sounding sorrow,
Waxing with my heart's
desire,
Then dying away once
more.

But all at once,
As the wind gusts more
strongly,
The harp's exquisite cry
Echoes, to my sweet
alarm,
The sudden commotion
of my soul;
And here – the full-blown
rose, shaken,
Strews all its petals at my
feet!

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

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

An ein Veilchen Op. 49 No. 2 (1867-8)

Ludwig Christoph Heinrich Hölty

Birg, o Veilchen, in deinem blauen Kelche, Birg die Tränen der Wehmut, bis mein Liebchen Diese Quelle besucht! Entpflückt sie lächelnd Dich dem Rasen, die Brust mit dir zu schmücken; O, dann schmiege dich ihr ans Herz, und sag' ihr, Dass die Tropfen in deinem blauen Kelche Aus der Seele des treu'sten Jünglings flossen, Der sein Leben verweinet, und den Tod wünscht!	Hide, O violet, in your blue calyx, hide the tears of sorrow, till my beloved visits this spring! Should she then with a smile pluck you from the grass to adorn her breast; ah, then nestle close to her heart and tell her that the drops in your blue calyx were shed from the soul of her most faithful young lover, who weeps away his life and longs for death!
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Joseph Marx (1882-1964)

Nocturne (1911)

Otto Erich Hartleben

Süss duftende Linden- blüthe In quellender Juninacht. Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüthe Ist mir in Sinnen erwacht.	Sweet fragrance of lime- blossom in a flowing night of June. Rapture from my soul has woken up as lust.
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Als klänge vor meinen Ohren Leise das Lied vom Glück, Als töne, die lange verloren, Die Jugend leise zurück.	As though the song of joy softly sounded to my ears, as though long lost youth softly made itself heard again.
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Süss duftende Linden- blüthe In quellender Juninacht. Eine Wonne aus meinem Gemüthe Ist mir zu Schmerzen erwacht.	Sweet fragrance of lime- blossom in a flowing night of June. Rapture from my soul has woken up as pain.
--	--

César Franck (1822-1890)

Nocturne (1885)

Louis de Fourcaud

O fraîche nuit, nuit
transparente,
Mystère sans obscurité,
La vie est noire et dévorante,
O fraîche nuit, nuit
transparente.
Donne-moi ta placidité.

O belle nuit, nuit étoilée,
Vers moi tes regards sont
baissées,
Eclaire mon âme
troublée,
O belle nuit, nuit étoilée,
Mets ton sourire en mes
penseurs.

O sainte nuit, nuit taciturne,
Pleine de paix et de douceur.
Mon cœur bouillonne
comme une urne;
O sainte nuit, nuit taciturne,
Fais le silence dans mon cœur.

O grande nuit, nuit
solennelle,
En qui tout est délicieux,
Prends mon être entier sous
ton aile.
O grande nuit, nuit
solennelle,
Verse le sommeil en mes yeux.

Nocturne

O cool night, translucent
night,
mystery without obscurity,
life is black and life devours,
O cool night, translucent
night,
give me your serenity.

O lovely night, starlit night,
you look down upon
me,
shine your light in my
troubled soul,
O lovely night, starlit night,
light up my thoughts with
your smile.

O holy night, silent night,
full of peace and gentleness,
my heart is seething like a
cauldron;
O holy night, silent night,
bring silence to my heart.

O vast night, solemn
night,
where all things give delight,
take my whole being
beneath your wing,
O vast night, solemn
night,
pour sleep into my eyes.

Rita Strohl (1865-1941)

From 12 chants de Bilitis (by 1898)

Pierre Louÿs

Bilitis

Une femme s'enveloppe de
laine blanche.

Une autre se vêt de soie et
d'or.

Une autre se couvre de
fleurs,

De feuilles vertes et de raisins.

Moi, je ne saurais vivre que
nue.

Mon amant, prends-moi
comme je suis:

Sans robe ni bijoux ni
sandales,

Voici Bilitis toute seule.

Mes cheveux sont noirs de
leur noir

Et mes lèvres rouges de leur
rouge.

Mes boucles flottent autour
de moi

Libres et rondes comme des
plumes.

Prends-moi telle que ma
mère m'a faite

Dans une nuit d'amour
lointaine,

Et si je te plais ainsi,

N'oublie pas de me le dire.

La nuit

C'est moi maintenant qui le
recherche.

Chaque nuit, très doucement, je
quitte la maison,

Et je vais par une longue route,
Jusqu'à sa prairie, le regarder
dormir.

Quelquefois je reste
longtemps sans
parler,

Heureuse de le voir seulement,
Et j'approche mes lèvres des
siennes,

Pour ne baiser que son
haleine.

Bilitis

A woman wraps herself in
white wool.

Another clothes herself in
silk and gold.

Another covers herself in
flowers,

green leaves and grapes.

Me, I only know how to be
naked.

Lover, take me as I
am:

without dress or jewels or
sandals,

behold Bilitis alone.

My hair is black because
it is black

and my lips are red
because they are red.

My ringlets float around
me

free and curled like
feathers.

Take me just as my
mother made me

on a faraway night of love,

and if you like me like this,

don't forget to tell me so.

The night

Now it is I who search for
him.

Every night, very quietly, I
leave the house,

and I take a long road,
all the way to his meadow, to
watch him sleep.

Sometimes I linger for a
long time without
speaking,

just happy to see him,
and I bring my lips close
to his

to kiss nothing but his
breath.

Puis tout à coup je m'étends
sur lui.

Il se réveille dans mes bras,
Et il ne peut plus se relever
car je lutte!

Il renonce, et rit, et
m'étreint.

Ainsi nous jouons dans la
nuit.

...Première aube, ô
clarté méchante, toi
déjà?

En quel antre toujours
nocturne,

Sur quelle prairie souterraine
pourrons-nous

Si longtemps aimer, que
nous perdions ton
souvenir?...

Berceuse

Dors: j'ai demandé à
Sardes tes jouets, et
tes vêtements à Babylone.
Dors, tu es fille de Bilitis
et d'un roi du soleil
levant.

Les bois, ce sont les palais
qu'on bâtit pour toi seule et
que je t'ai donnés. Les
troncs des pins, ce sont les
colonnes; les hautes
branches, ce sont les
voûtes.

Dors. Pour qu'il ne t'éveille
pas, je vendrai le soleil à la
mer. Le vent des ailes de la
colombe est moins léger
que ton haleine.

Dors. Fille de moi, chair
de ma chair, tu diras quand
tu ouvriras les yeux, si tu
veux la plaine ou la ville, ou
la montagne ou la lune, ou
le cortège blanc des dieux.

Then suddenly I stretch
out over him.

He wakes in my arms,
and he can't get up,
because I fight!

He gives in, and laughs,
and holds me to him.

This is how we play in the
night.

...First rays of dawn, ah,
wretched light - you,
already?

In which den ever
dark,

on which subterranean
meadow might we

love for so long that we
forget the memory of
you?

Lullaby

Sleep: I have sent for toys
from Sardinia, and
clothes from Babylon.
Sleep; you are the
daughter of Bilitis and a
king of the rising sun.

The woods are the palaces
built for you alone, which I
have given you. The
trunks of pines are the
columns; the high
branches, the vaulted
ceilings.

Sleep. That it might not
wake you, I will sell the sun
to the sea. Your breath is
lighter than the wind from
a dove's wings.

Sleep. Daughter of mine,
flesh of my flesh, when
you open your eyes, tell
me if you want meadow or
town, or the mountain, the
moon, or the white
procession of the gods.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

2 poèmes de Louis Aragon (1943)

Louis Aragon

C

J'ai traversé les ponts de
Cé
C'est là que tout a
commencé

Une chanson des temps passés
Parle d'un chevalier
blessé

D'une rose sur la
chaussée
Et d'un corsage
délaçé

Du château d'un duc
insensé
Et des cygnes dans les
fossés

De la prairie où vient danser
Une éternelle
fiancée

Et j'ai bu comme un lait
glacé
Le long lai des gloires
faussées

La Loire emporte mes
pensées
Avec les voitures versées

Et les armes désamorçées
Et les larmes mal effacées

Ô ma France ô ma
délaissée
J'ai traversé les ponts de
Cé

Fêtes galantes

On voit des marquis sur des
bicyclettes
On voit des marlous en
cheval-jupon
On voit des morveux avec
des voilettes
On voit les pompiers brûler
les pompons

On voit des mots jetés à la
voirie

C

I have crossed the
bridges of Cé
it is there that everything
began

a song of bygone days
tells of a knight who
injured lay

of a rose upon the
carriage-way
and a bodice with an
unlaced stay

and the castle of an
insane duke
and swans in castle
moats

and of the meadow where
an eternal fiancée comes
to dance

and I have drunk the long
lay
of false glories like icy
milk

the Loire bears my
thoughts away
with the overturned jeeps

and the unprimed arms
and the ill-dried tears

O my France, O my
forsaken one
I have crossed the
bridges of Cé

Fêtes galantes

You see fops on
cycles
you see pimps in
kilts
you see whipper-
snappers with veils
you see firemen burning
their pompoms

You see words hurled on
the garbage-heap

On voit des mots élevés au
pavois
On voit les pieds des enfants
de Marie
On voit le dos des diseuses à
voix

you see words praised to
the skies
you see the feet of
orphan children
you see the backs of
cabaret singers
You see cars run on
gazogene
you see handcarts too
you see sly fellows
hindered by long noses
you see unmitigated
idiots

On voit ici ce que l'on voit
ailleurs
On voit des demoiselles
dévoyées
On voit des voyous On voit
des voyeurs
On voit sous les ponts passer
des noyés

You see here what you
see everywhere
you see girls who are led
astray
you see guttersnipes, you
see Peeping Toms
you see drowned corpses
float beneath bridges
You see out-of-work
shoemakers
you see egg-candlers
bored to death
you see securities
tumble
and life rushing pell-mell
by

Interval

Cheryl Frances-Hoad (b.1980)

Something More Than Mortal (2016)

Ada Lovelace

I am working very hard. Like the devil, in fact. I think you will be pleased. Am I too imaginative for you? I think not. I do not think you possess half my forethoughts and powers of foreseeing. Though I see nothing but cloudy and vague uncertainty in the foreground of our being, yet I discern a very bright light a good way further on. Immutable truths, intrinsic beauty, symmetry and logical completeness. A new and powerful language. That brain of mine is something more than mortal, as time will show. The devil's in it if I've not sucked out some of the life-blood from the mysteries of the universe. Elaborate and scientific music.

Émile Paladilhe (1844-1926)

Psyché (1887)

Pierre Corneille

Je suis jaloux, Psyché, de
toute la nature:
Les rayons du soleil vous
baisent trop souvent;
Vos cheveux souffrent trop
des caresses du vent:
Quand il les flatte, j'en
murmure;
L'air même que vous respirez
Avec trop de plaisir passe
par votre bouche;
Votre habit de trop près vous
touche;
Et sitôt que vous soupirez,
Je ne sais quoi qui
m'effarouche
Craint parmi vos soupirs des
soupirs égarés.

Psyche

I am jealous, Psyche, of all
nature:
the rays of the sun kiss
you too often;
your hair suffers too often
the wind's caresses:
the moment he strokes
them, I demur;
the very air you breathe
passes your lips with too
much pleasure;
your garment clings to
you too closely;
and the instant you sigh,
something which
frightens me
fears that your sighs are
not all for me.

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

L'invitation au voyage

(1870)

Charles Baudelaire

Mon enfant, ma sœur,
Songe à la douceur
D'aller là-bas vivre ensemble!
Aimer à loisir,
Aimer et mourir
Au pays qui te ressemble!
Les soleils mouillés
De ces ciels brouillés
Pour mon esprit ont les
charmes
Si mystérieux
De tes traîtres yeux,
Brillant à travers leurs
larmes.

Invitation to journey

My child, my sister,
think how sweet
to journey there and live
together!
To love as we please,
to love and die
in the land that is like you!
The watery suns
of those hazy skies
hold for my
spirit
the same mysterious charms
as your treacherous eyes
shining through their
tears.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et
beauté,
Luxe, calme et
volupté.

There – nothing but order
and beauty dwell,
abundance, calm and
sensuous delight.

Vois sur ces canaux
Dormir ces vaisseaux
Dont l'humeur est
vagabonde;
C'est pour assouvir
Ton moindre désir
Qu'ils viennent du bout du
monde.
– Les soleils couchants

See on those canals
those vessels sleeping,
vessels with a restless
soul;
to satisfy
your slightest desire
they come from the ends
of the earth.
The setting suns

Revêtent les champs,
Les canaux, la ville entière,
D'hyacinthe et d'or;
Le monde s'endort
Dans une chaude lumière.

clothe the fields,
canals and all the town
with hyacinth and gold;
the world falls asleep
in a warm light.

Là, tout n'est qu'ordre et
beauté,
Luxe, calme et
volupté.

There – nothing but order
and beauty dwell,
abundance, calm and
sensuous delight.

Kaija Saariaho (1952-2023)

Parfum de l'instant from *4 Instants* (2002)

Amin Maalouf

Tu es auprès de moi
Mais je ferme les yeux

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unable to reproduce the original
text of this song.*

Scent of the moment

You are close to me
but I close my eyes
to imagine you

Our lips brush
our fingers entwine
our bodies discover one
another
but I close my eyes
to dream of you

You are the scent of the
moment
you are the skin of the
dream
and already the
substance of memory

Deborah Pritchard (b.1977)

Everyone Sang (2023)

Siegfried Sassoon

Everyone suddenly burst out singing;
And I was filled with such delight

*Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text of this
song.*

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

A slumber song of the Madonna (1925)

Alfred Noyes

Sleep, little baby, I love thee;
Sleep, little king, I am bending above thee!

*Due to copyright reasons, we are unable to reproduce the text of this
song.*

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

Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)

Sleep (1912)

John Fletcher

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile;
Let some pleasing dream beguile
All my fancies; that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.

Tho' but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy.
We, that suffer long annoy,
Are contented with a thought
Thro' an idle fancy wrought:
O let my joys have some abiding.

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.

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