

# 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 Strohl**. I'm convinced her songs deserve to be better known, and I hope that the ones we've included will pique more interest. Strohl'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.
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## 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 cool night, translucent night, mystery without obscurity, life is black and life devours, O cool night, translucent night, give me your serenity.
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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 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.
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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 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.
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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.	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.
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**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

On voit des voitures à  
gazogène  
On voit aussi des voitures à bras  
On voit des lascars que les  
longs nez gênent  
On voit des coïons de dix-  
huit carats

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

On voit chômer les  
marchands de chaussures  
On voit mourir d'ennui les  
mireurs d'oeufs  
On voit péricliter les valeurs  
sûres  
Et fuir la vie à la six-quatre-  
deux

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

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

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## Interval

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**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.

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## 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.*

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## 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.

*Translations of Schubert and Brahms 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. Wolf by Richard Stokes © from The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf. Life, Letters, Lieder (Faber, 2021). Marx by Richard Stokes. Franck, Poulenc, Paladilhe and Duparc by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Strohl and Saariaho by Jean du Monde. Wallen text by Errollyn Wallen, printed with kind permission.*