

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 7 October 2024
1.00pm

When Birds Do Sing

Niamh O'Sullivan mezzo-soprano
Gary Beecher piano

Spring

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

Im Frühling D882 (1826)
Frühlingsmorgen (1880)

The Lark

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
Trad/Irish

Lerchengesang Op. 70 No. 2 (1877)
The Lark in the Clear Air *arranged by Gary Beecher*
The Robin, the Owl and the Cuckoo

The Robin, the Owl and the Cuckoo

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)
Richard Hundley (1931-2018)
Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)
Joaquin Rodrigo (1901-1999)
Gustav Mahler

Hey, Robin from *Songs of the Clown* Op. 29 (1937)
Sweet Suffolk Owl (1979)
The Owl and the Pussy-Cat (1966)
Canción del cucú (1937)
Ablösung im Sommer from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*
(1892-99, rev. 1901)

The Nightingale

Johannes Brahms
Muriel Herbert (1897-1984)
Manning Sherwin (1902-1974)

An die Nachtigall Op. 46 No. 4 (1868)
The Lost Nightingale (1938-9)
A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square (1939) *arranged by Gary Beecher*

Water Birds

Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)
Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)
Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Villanelle des petits canards (1889)
Le cygnet from *Histoires naturelles* (1906)
Storchenbotschaft from *Mörrike Lieder* (1888)

Summer

Erich Wolfgang Korngold
Hamilton Harty (1879-1941)
Jake Heggie (b.1961)

Sommer Op. 9 No. 6 (1911-3)
Lane o' the Thrushes (1907)
The Leather-Winged Bat from *3 Folk Songs* (1995)

Erich Wolfgang Korngold

When Birds Do Sing from *4 Lieder from Shakespeare*
Op. 31 (1937)



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This concert celebrates birds: their songs and calls, their migratory and behavioural patterns, their aerial acrobatics and hedgerow habitats, their relationship with the world around them, and their appearance through centuries of literature and music as symbols of love, courtship, lament and seasonal change. The programme moves freely between languages and styles, and covers half a dozen nations, just short of 180 years, and 17 named species of bird.

Franz Schubert's treatment of the conventional imagery of springtime often has a bittersweet edge. The variation form of 'Im Frühling' contributes to a complex and tender musical expression of Ernst Schulze's hillside meditation on love, with a classic Schubertian shift into the minor illuminating the slippery thresholds between joy and sorrow. In comparison, **Gustav Mahler's** early song 'Frühlingsmorgen' offers a simple, pastoral vision of springtime awakening. An idyllic, reflective piano part pervades **Johannes Brahms's** 'Lerchengesang': above it, the vocal line traces drifting contours around a narrow range, as if floating along a light spring breeze.

After this, **Erich Wolfgang Korngold's** perfunctory setting of 'Hey, Robin' brings us back to earth with a bump, using traditional words deployed by William Shakespeare in *Twelfth Night*. Next come two strikingly different American owl songs written in the third quarter of the 20th Century. **Richard Hundley's** jaunty and ominous 'Sweet Suffolk Owl' uses another early modern source – a poem extracted from Thomas Vautor's 1619 madrigal of the same name. Then comes a charming serial setting of Edward Lear's *The Owl and the Pussycat*, written towards the end of **Igor Stravinsky's** life and dedicated to his wife Vera, who'd always loved the poem.

The symbolic pairing of the cuckoo and the nightingale has recurred in the history of literature and music, and the next several songs explore the birds individually and together. The poem of **Joaquín Rodrigo's** song 'Canción del Cucú' is by Victoria Kamhi de Rodrigo – a talented pianist, writer and linguist who also happened to be his wife. Her long, supportive, collaborative partnership with the blind composer included helping to select and translate poems for his vocal music. The song bears some melodic and textural fingerprints recognisable from Rodrigo's better-known guitar and piano music. After this, Mahler's 'Ablösung im Sommer' flips between dark comedy and lyrical beauty as it narrates the seasonal handover from cuckoo to nightingale. Brahms's 'An die Nachtigall', meanwhile, has a tender, airborne melody shot through with melancholy; after this nightingale perches one by **Muriel Herbert,**

setting a medieval lyric in translation by Helen Jane Waddell. The impassioned musical storytelling of 'The Lost Nightingale' is characteristic of Herbert's style; she was surely one of the most accomplished songwriters of early 20th-century Britain, yet her music has only recently begun to receive the attention it deserves. The final nightingale sings in Berkeley Square – though, as the birds avoid built-up areas, hearing one in inner London is improbable. Eric Maschwitz's words and **Manning Sherwin's** music have enchanted listeners since the song's publication in 1940.

From the romantic city we move now to the bank of a countryside river, for **Emmanuel Chabrier's** witty, down to earth 'Villanelle des petits canards'. The piano part is delightfully evocative in its representation of the little ducks swimming, quacking and launching themselves into the water. In this group we also hear from **Maurice Ravel's** *Histoires naturelles*, which caused a stir at its 1907 première for refusing the French song tradition's characteristic articulation of the language's 'e muet' ('silent e'). 'Le cygne' begins with an exquisite water-rippling piano figure, after which an invocation of the swan's serene gliding gives way to a playful and tender exploration of animal behaviour. **Hugo Wolf's** 'Storchenbotschaft' is a lighthearted setting of Eduard Mörike's folk-inspired poem, initially propelled by a rustic rhythmic vitality; after a comical encounter between a shepherd and a stork couple at his doorstep, a swirling waltz takes over as the vocal line reaches the stratosphere and the storks fly away. Korngold's 'Sommer', written as a teenager, has a youthful passion to it; both Korngold and **Hamilton Harty** navigate between sweetness, sharpness and shrillness as they invoke the song of the thrush.

'The Leather-Winged Bat' is a folksong, sometimes known as 'The birds' courting song', which presents rhymed perspectives on courtship and love from a sequence of birds (plus the titular bat); as the song has evolved over time, different birds have featured, and **Jake Heggie's** version presents colourful, evocative verses from bat, woodpecker, bluebird and robin. A final Korngold song finishes the recital: 'When Birds Do Sing' is a setting of Shakespeare's 'It was a lover and his lass' from the pastoral comedy *As You Like It* – a lyric that has been immensely popular with composers, not least because of the musical possibilities of the refrains 'hey-nonino' and 'hey ding a ding'. Korngold's version begins delicately, with iridescent high piano chords, but ends exuberantly, fully capturing the promises of spring.

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Spring

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Im Frühling D882 (1826) In Spring

Ernst Schulze

Still sitz' ich an des Hügels Hang, Der Himmel ist so klar, Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal, Wo ich bei'm ersten Frühlingsstrahl Einst, ach, so glücklich war;	I sit silently on the hillside, the sky is so clear, the breeze plays in the green valley where once, at the first gleam of spring, I was, ah, so happy;
Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging So traulich und so nah, Und tief im dunkeln Felsenquell Den schönen Himmel blau und hell, Und sie im Himmel sah.	Where I walked by her side so fondly and so close, and saw deep in the dark rocky stream the lovely sky blue and bright, and her reflected in the sky.
Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt! Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich, Am liebsten pflückt' ich von dem Zweig, Von welchem sie gepflückt.	See how colourful spring already peers from bud and flower! Not all flowers are the same to me, I'd like best to pluck them from the branch from which she has plucked.
Denn Alles ist wie damals noch, Die Blumen, das Gefild, Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell, Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im Quell Das blaue Himmelsbild.	For all is as it used to be, the flowers and the fields, the sun shines no less brightly, and the blue sky ripples no less cheerfully in the stream.
Es wandeln nur sich Will' und Wahn, Es wechseln Lust und Streit, Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück, Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück, Die Lieb' und ach, das Lied!	It's only will and whim that change, joy alternates with strife, the happiness of love slips by, and love alone remains, love and, alas, sorrow!
O wär' ich doch ein Vöglein nur Dort an dem Wiesenhang!	Ah, if only I were a little bird there on the hillside meadow!

Dann blieb' ich auf den Zweigen hier Und säng' ein süßes Lied von ihr Den ganzen Sommer lang.	Then I'd stay on these branches here and sing a sweet song about her all summer long.
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Gustav Mahler (1860-1911)

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!

The Lark

Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Lerchengesang Op. 70 Larks singing

No. 2 (1877)

Karl August Candidus

Ätherische ferne Stimmen, Der Lerchen himmlische Grüsse, Wie regt ihr mir so süsse die Brust, Ihr lieblichen Stimmen!	Ethereal distant voices, heavenly greetings of the larks, how sweetly you stir my breast, you delightful voices.
Ich schliesse leis mein Auge, Da ziehn Erinnerungen In sanften Dämmerungen, Durchweht vom Frühlingshauche.	Gently I close my eyes, and memories pass by in soft twilights, pervaded by the breath of spring.

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

Trad/Irish

The Lark in the Clear Air

arranged by Gary Beecher
Samuel Ferguson

Dear thoughts are in my mind
And my soul soars enchanted
As I hear the sweet lark sing
In the clear air of the day
For a tender beaming smile
For my hope has been granted
And tomorrow she shall hear
All my fond heart would say

I shall tell her all my love
All my soul's adoration
And I think she will hear me
And will not say me nay
It is this that gives my soul
All its joyous elation
As I hear the sweet lark sing
In the clear air of the day

The Robin, the Owl and the Cuckoo

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

Hey, Robin from *Songs of the Clown Op. 29*

(1937)
William Shakespeare

Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me how thy lady does.
My lady is unkind, perdy.
Hey, Robin, jolly Robin,
Tell me why is she so?
She loves another, another.

Richard Hundley (1931-2018)

Sweet Suffolk Owl (1979)

Thomas Vautor

Sweet Suffolk Owl, so trimly dight
With feathers like a lady bright,
Thou singest alone, sitting by night,
Te whit, te whoo! Te whit, te whoo!

The note, that forth so freely rolls,
With shrill command the mouse controls;
And sings a dirge for dying souls,
Te whit, te whoo! Te whit, te whoo!

Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)

The Owl and the Pussy-Cat (1966)

Edward Lear

The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat,
They took some honey, and plenty of money,
Wrapped up in a five pound note.
The Owl looked up to the stars above,
And sang to a small guitar,
'O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,
What a beautiful Pussy you are,
You are,
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!'

Pussy said to the Owl, 'You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing.
Oh let us be married! too long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for a ring?'
They sailed away, for a year and a day,
To the land where the Bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood a Piggy-wig stood
With a ring at the end of his nose,
His nose,
His nose,
With a ring at the end of his nose.

'Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?' Said the Piggy, 'I will.'
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the Turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon;
And hand in hand, on the edge of the sand,
They danced by the light of the moon,
The moon,
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.'

Joaquin Rodrigo (1901-1999)

Canción del cucú (1937) Song of the cuckoo

Victoria Kamhi de Rodrigo

Cuclillo, cuclillo canta,	Cuckoo, sing, my little cuckoo,
Días son de cantar,	'tis time to sing,
Pronto el duro cierzo	soon the harsh North Wind
Corre por el pinar.	will run through the pines.

Díme si otros bosques Un día yo veré, Si la lejana tierra Muy pronto hallaré.	Tell me if one day I shall see other woods, if very soon I shall find the distant land.
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Dí si por estos mundos
Vagando siempre
iré,
O si mi vida errante
Muy pronto acabaré.

Pájaro, buen pajarillo,
Dime si es verdad:
¡Ella dice que siempre,
Siempre me seguirá!

Gustav Mahler

Ablösung im Sommer from *Des Knaben*

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

Kukuk hat sich zu
Tode gefallen,
An einer grünen Weiden,
Kukuk ist tot, hat sich zu Tod
gefallen!
Wer soll uns denn den
Sommer lang
Die Zeit und Weil
vertreiben?

Ei das soll tun Frau
Nachtigall,
Die sitzt auf grünem
Zweige;
Die kleine, feine
Nachtigall,
Die liebe, süsse
Nachtigall.
Sie singt und springt, ist
allzeit froh,
Wenn andre Vögel
schweigen.

Wir warten auf Frau
Nachtigall;
Die wohnt im grünen
Hage,
Und wenn der Kukuk zu
Ende ist,
Dann fängt sie an zu
schlagen.

Tell me if I'll always
wander through the
world,
or if very soon I'll cease
my wandering life.

Bird, sweet little bird,
tell me if it's true:
she says that always,
always she'll follow me!

The changing of the summer guard

The cuckoo's sung
himself to death
on a green willow.
Cuckoo is dead, has sung
himself to death!
Who shall now all
summer long
while away the time for
us?

Ah! Mrs Nightingale shall
do that,
she sits on the green
branch,
that small and graceful
nightingale,
that sweet and lovely
nightingale.
She hops and sings, is
always joyous,
when other birds are
silent.

We'll wait for Mrs
Nightingale;
she lives in the green
grove,
and when the cuckoo's
time is up,
she will start
to sing.

The Nightingale

Johannes Brahms

An die Nachtigall Op. 46 No. 4 (c.1868)

*Ludwig Christoph Heinrich
Hölty*

Geuss nicht so laut der
liebentflammten Lieder
Tonreichen
Schall
Vom Blütenast
des Apfelbaums hernieder,

O Nachtigall!
Du tönest mir mit deiner
süssen Kehle
Die Liebe wach;
Denn schon durchbebt die
Tiefen meiner Seele
Dein schmelzend Ach.

Dann flieht der Schlaf von
neuem dieses Lager,
Ich starre dann
Mit nassem Blick' und
totenbleich und hager
Den Himmel an.
Fleuch, Nachtigall, in grüne
Finsternisse,
Ins
Haingesträuch,
Und spend' im Nest der
treuen Gattin Küsse;
Entfleuch, entfleuch!

To the nightingale

Do not pour so loudly the
full-throated sounds
of your love-kindled
songs
down from the
blossoming boughs of
the apple-tree,
O nightingale!
The tones of your sweet
throat
awaken love in me;
for the depths of my soul
already quiver
with your melting lament.

Sleep once more forsakes
this couch,
and I stare
moist-eyed, haggard and
deathly pale
at the heavens.
Fly, nightingale, to the
green darkness,
to the bushes of the
grove,
and there in the nest kiss
your faithful mate;
fly away, fly away!

Muriel Herbert (1897-1984)

The Lost Nightingale (1938-9)

Helen Jane Waddell, after Alcuin of York

Whoever stole you from that bush of broom,
I think he envied me my happiness,
O little nightingale, for many a time
You lightened my sad heart from its distress,
And flooded my whole soul with melody,
And I would have the other birds all come,
And sing along with me thy threnody.

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

So brown and dim that little body was,
 But none could scorn thy singing. In that throat,
 That tiny throat, what depth of harmony,
 And all night long, ringing that changing note,
 What marvel if the cherubim in heaven
 Continually do praise Him, when to thee,
 O small and happy, such a grace was given?

Manning Sherwin (1902-1974)

A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square

(1939) arranged by Gary Beecher

Eric Maschwitz

That certain night, the night we met,
 There was magic abroad in the air ...

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 the text of this song

Water Birds

Emmanuel Chabrier (1841-1894)

Villanelle des petits canards (1889)

Rosemonde Gérard

Ils vont, les petits
 canards,
 Tout au bord de la rivière,
 Comme de bons
 campagnards!

Barboteurs et frétillards,
 Heureux de troubler l'eau
 claire,

Ils vont, les petits
 canards,

Ils semblent un peu jobards,
 Mais ils sont à leur
 affaire,

Comme de bons
 campagnards!

Dans l'eau pleine de
 têtards,
 Où tremble une herbe
 légère,

Ils vont, les petits
 canards,

Marchants par groupes
 épars,
 D'une allure régulière,

Villanelle of the little ducks

There they go, the little
 ducks,
 all along the river bank,
 like good
 country-folk!

Paddling and waggling,
 happy to muddy the clear
 water,

they go on their way, the
 little ducks,

A little gullible, perhaps,
 but they go about their
 business,

like good
 country-folk!

Into the tadpole-teeming
 water,

where a delicate weed is
 trembling,

they make their way, the
 little ducks,

Walking in scattered
 groups,
 with a regular gait,

Comme de bons
 campagnards!

like good
 country-folk!

Dans le beau vert
 d'épinards

De l'humide cressonnière,
 Ils vont, les petits
 canards,

Et quoiqu'un peu
 goguenards,

Ils sont d'humeur débonnaire

Comme de bons
 campagnards!

Faisant, en cercles bavards,
 Un vrai bruit de pétaudière,
 Ils vont, les petits
 canards,

Dodus, lustrés et
 gaillards,

Ils sont gais à leur manière,
 Comme de bons
 campagnards!

Amoureux et nasillards,
 Chacun avec sa commère,
 Ils vont, les petits
 canards,

Comme de bons
 campagnards!

In the beautiful spinach
 green
 of the moist watercress,
 they make their way, the
 little ducks,

And though a little
 mocking
 they're by nature
 benevolent,

like good
 country-folk!

Chattering in circles,
 making a terrible racket,
 they go on their way, the
 little ducks,

Plump and glossy and
 cheery,
 with a gaiety all their own,
 like good
 country-folk!

Amorous and snuffling,
 each one with his lady,
 they go on their way, the
 little ducks,

like good
 country-folk!

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Le cygne from *Histoires* The swan

naturelles (1906)

Jules Renard

Il glisse sur le bassin,
 comme un traîneau blanc,
 de nuage en nuage.

Car il n'a faim que des
 nuages floconneux
 qu'il voit naître, bouger,
 et se perdre dans l'eau.

C'est l'un d'eux
 qu'il désire. Il le
 vise du bec, et il
 plonge tout à coup
 son col vêtu
 de neige.

Puis, tel un bras de
 femme sort
 d'une manche,
 il le retire.

Il n'a rien.

He glides on the pond
 like a white sledge,
 from cloud to cloud. For
 he is hungry only for
 the fleecy clouds that
 he sees forming,
 moving, dissolving in
 the water. It is one of
 these that he wants. He
 takes aim with his beak
 and suddenly
 immerses his snow-
 clad neck.

Then, like a woman's
 arm emerging from a
 sleeve, he draws it back
 up.

He has caught nothing.

Il regarde: les nuages effarouchés ont disparu.	He looks about: the startled clouds have vanished.
Il ne reste qu'un instant désabusé, car les nuages tardent peu à revenir, et, là-bas, où meurent les ondulations de l'eau, en voici un qui se reforme.	Only for a second is he disappointed, for the clouds are not slow to return, and, over there, where the ripples fade, there is one reappearing.
DouceMENT, sur son léger coussin de plumes, le cygne rame et s'approche ...	Gently, on his soft cushion of down, the swan paddles and approaches ...
Il s'épuise à pêcher de vains reflets, et peut-être qu'il mourra, victime de cette illusion, avant d'attraper un seul morceau de nuage.	He exhausts himself fishing for empty reflections, and perhaps he will die, a victim of that illusion, before catching a single shred of cloud.
Mais qu'est-ce que je dis? Chaque fois qu'il plonge, il fouille du bec la vase nourrissante et ramène un ver.	But what am I saying? Each time he dives, he burrows with his beak in the nourishing mud and brings up a worm.
Il engraisse comme une oie.	He's getting as fat as a goose.

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Storchenbotschaft from *Mörke Lieder* (1888)

Des Schäfers sein Haus und das steht auf zwei Rad, Steht hoch auf der Heiden, so frühe wie spat; Und wenn nur ein mancher so'n Nachtquartier hätt! Ein Schäfer tauscht nicht mit dem König sein Bett.	The shepherd's house stands on two wheels, high on the moor, morning and night, a lodging most would be glad of! A shepherd wouldn't change his bed with a king.
Und käm ihm zu Nacht auch was Seltsames vor, Er betet sein Sprüchel und legt sich aufs Ohr; Ein Geistlein, ein Hexlein, so lustige Wicht, Sie klopfen ihm wohl, doch er antwortet nicht.	And should by night any strange thing occur, he prays a brief prayer and lies down to sleep; a ghost, a witch, some airy creature – they might knock, but he'll not answer.
Einmal doch, da ward es ihm wirklich zu bunt: Es knopert am Laden, es winselt der Hund; Nun ziehet mein Schäfer den Riegel – ei schau!	But once it really became too much: the shutters banged, the dog whined; so my shepherd unbolts – lo and behold!

Stork-tidings

Da stehen zwei Störche, der Mann und die Frau.	Two storks stand there, husband and wife.
Das Pärchen, es machet ein schön Kompliment, Es möchte gern reden, ach, wenn es nur könnt! Was will mir das Ziefer! – ist so was erhört? Doch ist mir wohl fröhliche Botschaft beschert.	The couple, they make a beautiful bow, they'd like to speak, if only they could! What do these fowl want? Whoever heard the like? They must have joyful tidings for me.
Ihr seid wohl dahinten zu Hause am Rhein? Ihr habt wohl mein Mädle gebissen ins Bein? Nun weinet das Kind und die Mutter noch mehr, Sie wünschet den Herzallerliebsten sich her?	I guess you live there, down by the Rhine? I guess you've pecked my girl on the leg? The child's now crying, the mother still more, wanting her sweetheart by her side?
Und wünschet daneben die Taufe bestellt: Ein Lämmlein, ein Würstlein, ein Beutelein Geld? So sagt nur, ich käm in zwei Tag' oder drei, Und grüsst mir mein Bübel und rührt ihm den Brei!	And wanting the christening arranged: A lambkin, a sausage, a purse of money? Well, tell her I'm coming in two days or three, say hello to my boy, give his pap a stir!

Doch halt! warum stellt ihr zu zweien euch ein? Es werden doch, hoff ich, nicht Zwillinge sein? – Da klappern die Störche im lustigsten Ton, Sie nicken und knixen und fliegen davon.	But wait! Why have two of you come? It can't, I hope, be a case of twins? – The storks clap their beaks most merrily, they nod and curtsy and fly away.
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Summer

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

Sommer Op. 9 No. 6 (1911-3) <i>Siegfried Trebitsch</i>	Summer
Unter spärlich grünen Blättern, Unter Blumen, unter Blüten Hör' ich fern die Amsel schmettern Und die kleinen Drossel wüten.	Among meagre green leaves, among flowers, among blossom, I hear the distant call of the blackbird and the harsh cry of the small thrush.

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

Auch ein Klingen fein und leise, Schneller Tage schneller Grüsse, Eine wehe Sommerweise, Schwer von einer letzten Süsse.	And also the soft and delicate sound of days and greetings quickly passing. A sad summer melody, suffused with a final sweetness.
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Und ein glühendes Verbrennen Schwebt auf heissen Windeswellen, Taumelnd glaub' ich zu erkennen Ungeschriener Schreie Gellen.	And a burning glow is borne on the waves of a parched wind; reeling, I seem to recognise the ring of unuttered screams.
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Und ich sitze still und bebe, Fühle meine Stunden rinnen, Und ich halte still und lebe, Während Träume mich umspinnen.	And I sit motionless and tremble, feel my hours on earth slip away, and I stay still and live, while dreams weave their web around me.
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Hamilton Harty (1879-1941)

Lane o' the Thrushes (1907)

Cahal O'Byrne and Cahir Healy

Where shimm'ring shafts of light flash thro' the
glancing green,
There is a whirring of wings, and a trail of liquid
laughter,
That shatters the dark green silences and thereafter
Thro' deeper silence, a swift brown stream, unseen,
Sings 'neath the leafy screen.

There is a crooning of wind thro' white drifts of briar
bushes,
The drowsy humming of bees where the bending
foxgloves gleam,
A purple flame and a green flame in a heart o' gold, a
dream,
And a riot of song that thrills thro' the dim woodland
hushes,
In the lane of the thrushes.

Jake Heggie (b.1961)

The Leather-Winged Bat from 3 Folk Songs (1995)

Traditional

Hi, said the little old leather-winged bat,
I will tell you the reason that,
The reason that I fly in the night:
I've lost my heart's delight.

High-oh day-oh diddle-oh dum,
High-oh day-oh diddle-oh day
High-oh day-oh diddle-oh dum
Diddle diddle dum! Dah day oh...

Hi, said the woodpecker sittin' on a fence,
Once I caught me a handsome wench,
She got sassy and from me fled,
And ever since then: my head's been red!

High-oh day-oh diddle-oh dum ...

Hi, said the bluebird as he flew,
Once I courted a young girl, too,
She got sassy and wanted to go -
So I tied a new string to my bow.

High-oh day-oh diddle-oh dum ...

Hi, said the robin as he flew,
When I was a young man, I'd court two -
If a one didn't love me, the other one would,
Now, don't you think my notion's good?

High-oh day-oh diddle-oh dum ...

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

When Birds Do Sing from 4 Lieder from Shakespeare Op. 31 (1937)

William Shakespeare

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey no-ni-no,
That o'er the green cornfield did pass.
In the springtime,
The only pretty ring time.
When birds do sing,
Hey-ding-a-ding-a-ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey no-ni-no,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the springtime,

The only pretty ring time.
When birds do sing,
Hey-ding-a-ding-a-ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey no-ni-no,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the springtime,
The only pretty ring time.
When birds do sing,
Hey-ding-a-ding-a-ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey no-ni-no,
For love is crown-ed with the prime
In the springtime,
The only pretty ring time.
When birds do sing,
Hey-ding-a-ding-a-ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.
Ding-a-ding-a-ding-a-ding!

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