

WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 9 January 2022 7.30pm

Gerald Finley bass-baritone

Julius Drake piano

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An Silvia D891 (1826)

Liebesbotschaft from *Schwanengesang* D957 (1828)

Wandrer's Nachtlid II D768 (1824)

Der Winterabend D938 (1828)

Bei dir allein D866 No. 2 (1828)

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Mörrike Lieder (1888)

Gesang Weylas • Fussreise • Heimweh • Begegnung •

Verborgenheit • Der Feuerreiter • Um Mitternacht • Abschied

Interval

Mark-Anthony Turnage (b.1960)

Without Ceremony (2021)

The Voice • The Walk • I Found Her Out There • The Going •

Without Ceremony • Your Last Drive • Let Me Enjoy

Shakespeare in Love

Thomas Morley (c.1557-1602)

O Mistress mine

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

Under the Greenwood Tree from *4 Lieder from Shakespeare* Op. 31 (1937)

Hey Robin! from *Songs of the Clown* Op. 29 (1937)

Michael Tippett (1905-1998)

Full fathom five from *Songs for Ariel* (1962)

Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)

Take, O Take Those Lips Away

Einojuhani Rautavaara (1928-2016)

Shall I compare thee from *3 Sonnets of Shakespeare* (1951)

Cole Porter (1891-1964)

Where is the life that late I led? from *Kiss Me, Kate* (1948)

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Most of these first songs were written towards the end of **Schubert's** short life. 'Who is Sylvia?', from Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, was set in July 1826 and dedicated to Schubert's friend Marie Pachler. Though he used Eduard von Bauernfeld's German translation, the Schubert scholar Otto Erich Deutsch pointed out that Schubert's music can be fitted perfectly to Shakespeare's original text. The songs for Schubert's planned cycle, *Schwanengesang*, were composed in the last few months of his life; 'Liebesbotschaft' is dated August 1828 (Schubert died in November) and sets a poem by Ludwig Rellstab. 'Wandrer's Nachtlid II', on Goethe's famous poem 'Über allen Gipfeln ist Ruh', appeared as a musical supplement in the *Wiener Zeitschrift für Kunst* in June 1827, but Schubert probably composed it three years earlier. 'Der Winterabend' was written in January 1828, on a poem by Karl Gottfried von Leitner. The piano introduction presents the main theme, supported by the pulsating chords which run throughout the song. 'Bei dir allein' was published in 1828 as one of *4 Refrain-Lieder* (all on texts by Johann Gabriel Seidl). It is a song of ardent young love.

Wolf composed his 53 *Mörke-Lieder* in an extraordinary burst of creative energy in 1888. 'Gesang Weylas' (9 October) was described by Eric Sams as 'less a song than an incantation.' The poem is about an imaginary island watched over by the goddess Weyla. The piano often suggests the sound of a harp, and the mood is one of solemn mystery. 'Fussreise' is about the delights of communing with nature. The day he wrote it (21 March), Wolf told a friend that it was the best song he had written, and that 'after you have heard it, you can have only one wish – to die!'. 'Heimweh' (1 April) finds Wolf evoking a journey full of melancholy. 'Begegnung' (22 March) is a magnificent demonstration of Wolf's subtlety as a song-writer: the poem likens love to a storm, but Wolf avoids obvious melodramatic effects, preferring to concentrate on the wistful core of the poem with the lover dreaming of his beloved's kisses. The well-known 'Verborgenheit' (13 March) is a tender plea for solitude, while 'Der Feuerreiter' (10 October) is a gruesome ballad and Wolf's evocation of the drama is a musical *tour de force*. 'Um Mitternacht' (20 April) is simply constructed, but Wolf's setting suggests darkness brooding over woodlands and the passage of time. 'Abschied' (8 March) is humorous and delightful, ending with a charming waltz.

Without Ceremony was composed in 2019 and dedicated to Gerald Finley. The subtitle is 'Seven Thomas Hardy Settings for Baritone and Piano'. Hardy has served as an inspiration to generations of British composers in works as different as Holst's *Egdon Heath* and Britten's *Winter Words*. **Mark-Anthony Turnage** joins this distinguished group with these songs, first

performed by Gerald Finley and Julius Drake at the Konzerthaus in Vienna on 16 November 2021. 'The Voice' finds the poet hoping that he can hear the song of a woman he once loved – or is he just imagining it? Turnage's setting is marked by a rhythmic figure first heard on the words 'how you call to me', and it ends with three repetitions of Hardy's last line, 'And the woman calling', its final iteration more anguished and wide-ranging than the others. After a dark piano introduction, 'The Walk' presents a lyrical melody, usually supported by spread piano chords. 'I Found Her Out There' is mostly in triple time, the poem relating a story of discovering a woman's body and burying her close to the sea. 'The Going' is broad and highly expressive, starting with an introduction in which slow, solemn chords are interrupted by a motif high in the piano which is subsequently taken up by the voice. This extended song with its dramatic changes of moods and colours, is followed by 'Without Ceremony', which is for the singer alone, without accompaniment. 'Your Last Drive' is a song of loss and death, the piano weaving elaborate contrapuntal lines around the singer until all becomes still. 'Let Me Enjoy' (dedicated to Julius Drake), opens with a piano figure which returns – distilled and pared-down – at the very end.

Shakespeare in Love

It's tempting to imagine that **Thomas Morley** and Shakespeare could have met in London, but no link has ever been proved. However, Morley's songs are among the few contemporary settings of Shakespeare that survive. 'O Mistress mine' is from *Twelfth Night* and Morley's version is an arrangement of a popular tune. During his years of exile in Hollywood, **Erich Wolfgang Korngold** composed several songs on Shakespeare, whose plays he had loved since childhood. 'Under the Greenwood Tree' is a wonderfully fluid setting of the song from *As You Like It*, composed in the late 1930s. 'Hey Robin!' is an ebullient setting from Korngold's *Songs of the Clown*, the words drawn from *Twelfth Night*. **Michael Tippett** composed his *Songs for Ariel* for a production of *The Tempest* at the Old Vic in 1962. 'Full fathom five' is the most searching and serious of the songs. **Madeleine Dring's** 'Take, O Take Those Lips Away' (a poem quoted by Shakespeare in *Measure for Measure*) has a tender, lilting quality which is an ideal match for the words. **Einojuhani Rautavaara** composed his *3 Sonnets of Shakespeare* in 1951 and the last of them is a setting of 'Shall I compare thee to a summer's day' where the famous poem is spiced with bitonal harmonies and energetic rhythms. Finally, Broadway has never had a wittier Shakespeare adaptation than *Kiss me, Kate*, **Cole Porter's** reworking of *The Taming of the Shrew*.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An Silvia D891 (1826)

*William Shakespeare, trans.
Edward von Bauernfeld*

Was ist Silvia, saget an,
Dass sie die weite Flur preist?
Schön und zart seh' ich sie
nah'n,
Auf Himmels Gunst und Spur weist,
Dass ihr Alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?
Reiz labt wie milde
Kindheit;
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit,
Und verweilt in süsser Ruh.

Darum Silvia, tön', o
Sang,
Der holden Silvia Ehren;
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,
Den Erde kann gewähren:
Kränze ihr und
Saitenklang!

Liebesbotschaft from *Schwanengesang* D957

(1828)
Ludwig Rellstab

Rauschendes Bächlein,
So silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten
So munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein,
Mein Bote sei Du;
Bringe die Grüße
Des Fernen ihr zu.

All' ihre Blumen
Im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich
Am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen
In purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke
Mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer,
In Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend
Das Köpfchen hängt;

To Sylvia

What is Sylvia, tell me,
that the wide fields praise her?
I see her draw near, delicate
and fair,
it is a mark of heaven's favour
that all are subject to her.

Is she fair and kind as well?
Her gentle child-like charm
refreshes;
Cupid hastens to her eyes,
is cured of blindness there,
and lingers in sweet peace.

To Sylvia, then, let our song
resound,
in sweetest Sylvia's honour;
she's long excelled every grace
that this earth can bestow:
bring her garlands and the
sound of strings!

Love's message

Murmuring brooklet,
so silver and bright,
is it to my love
you rush with such glee?
Ah, be my messenger,
beloved brooklet;
bring her greetings
from her distant love.

All the flowers
she tends in her garden,
and wears with such grace
on her breast,
and her roses
in their crimson glow –
brooklet, refresh them
with your cooling waves.

When on your bank,
lost in dreams,
she inclines her head
as she thinks of me –

Tröste die Süsse
Mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte
Kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne
Mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen
In Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd
In süsse Ruh,
Flüstre ihr Träume
Der Liebe zu.

Wandrer's Nachtlied II D768 (1824)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe
Über allen Gipfeln
Ist Ruh',
In allen Wipfeln
Spürest du
Kaum einen Hauch;
Die Vöglein schweigen im
Walde.
Warte nur, balde
Ruhest du auch.

Der Winterabend D938 (1828)

Karl Gottfried von Leitner
Es ist so still, so heimlich um
mich,
Die Sonn' ist unter, der Tag
entwich,
Wie schnell nun heran der
Abend graut! –
Mir ist es recht, sonst ist mir's
zu laut.
Jetzt aber ist's ruhig, es
hämmert kein Schmied,
Kein Klempner, das Volk verlieh
und ist müd;
Und selbst, dass nicht rassle der
Wagen Lauf,
Zog Decken der Schnee durch
die Gassen auf.

Wie tut mir so wohl der selige
Frieden!
Da sitz' ich im Dunkeln, ganz
abgeschieden,
So ganz für mich; – nur der
Mondenschein
Kommt leise zu mir in's Gemach.

comfort my sweetest
with a kindly look,
for her lover
will soon return.

And when the sun sets
in a reddish glow,
rock my sweetheart
into slumber.
Murmur her
into sweet repose,
whisper her
dreams of love.

Wanderer's nightsong II

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.

The winter evening

It is so still and homely around
me,
the sun has set, the day is
done,
how swiftly the evening now
grows grey!
That suits me well, day is too
loud.
But now all is quiet, blacksmith
and plumber
hammer no more, people are
tired, have gone back home;
and the snow has even draped
the streets,
lest carts should rattle as they
pass.

This blissful peace is so good
for me!
I sit in the darkness, quite
secluded,
quite self-contained; only the
moonlight
softly enters my room.

Er kennt mich schon und lässt
mich schweigen.
Nimmt nur seine Arbeit, die
Spindel, das Gold,
Und spinnet stille, webt und
lächelt hold,
Und hängt dann sein
schimmerndes Schleiertuch
Ringsum an Gerät und Wänden
aus.
Ist gar ein stiller, ein lieber
Besuch,
Macht mir gar keine Unruh' im
Haus'.
Will er bleiben, so hat er
Ort,
Freut's ihn nimmer, so geht er
fort.

Ich sitze dann stumm im
Fenster gern',
Und schaue hinauf in Gewölk
und Stern.
Denke zurück, ach weit, gar weit,
In eine schöne, verschwund'ne Zeit.
Denk' an sie, an das Glück der
Minne,
Seufze still, und sinne und
sinne.

Bei dir allein D866 No. 2

(1828)

Johann Gabriel Seidl

Bei dir allein
Empfind ich, dass ich lebe,
Dass Jugendmut mich schwellt,
Dass eine heit're Welt
Der Liebe mich durchbebe;
Mich freut mein Sein
Bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein
Weht mir die Luft so labend,
Dünkt mich die Flur so grün,
So mild des Lenzes Blüh'n,
So balsamreich der Abend,
So kühl der Hain,
Bei dir allein!

Bei dir allein
Verliert der Schmerz sein Herbes,
Gewinnt die Freud' an Lust!
Du sicherst meine Brust
Des angestammten Erbes;

It knows me and leaves me to
my silence,
just gets down to work with
spindle and gold,
spins silently, weaves and
smiles a sweet smile,
and then drapes its shimmering
veil
over the chattels and walls
around me.
The moon's a silent and much-
loved guest,
who does not disturb the house
at all.
If it wishes to stay, there's room
enough,
if the pleasure palls, it can move
on.

Then I like to sit quietly by the
window,
and gaze up at the clouds and
stars,
think back, so far, ah! so far
to the lovely vanished past.
Think of her and love's
happiness,
sigh in silence, and muse and
muse.

With you alone

With you alone
I feel I am alive,
that I am fired by youthful vigour,
that a serene world
of love quivers through me;
I rejoice in being
with you alone!

With you alone
the breeze blows so bracingly,
the fields seem so green,
the flowering spring so gentle,
the evening so fragrant,
the grove so cool,
with you alone!

With you alone
pain's bitterness is lost,
joy gains in sweetness!
You assure my heart
of its natural heritage;

Ich fühl' mich mein
Bei dir allein!

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Mörike Lieder (1888)

Eduard Mörike

Gesang Weylas

Du bist Orplid, mein Land!
Das ferne leuchtet;
Vom Meere dampfet dein
besonner Strand
Den Nebel, so der Götter Wange
feuchtet.

Uralte Wasser steigen
Verjüngt um deine Hüften,
Kind!
Vor deiner Gottheit beugen
Sich Könige, die deine Wärter sind.

Fussreise

Am frischgeschnittenen Wanderstab,
Wenn ich in der Frühe
So durch Wälder ziehe,
Hügel auf und ab:
Dann, wie's Vög'lein im Laube
Singet und sich rührt,
Oder wie die goldne Traube
Wonnegeister spürt
In der ersten Morgensonne:
So fühlt auch mein alter, lieber
Adam Herbst- und Frühlingsfieber,
Gottbeherzte,
Nie verscherzte
Erstlings-Paradieseswonne.

Also bist du nicht so schlimm, o
alter
Adam, wie die strengen Lehrer
sagen;
Liebst und lobst du immer doch,
Singst und preisest immer noch,
Wie an ewig neuen
Schöpfungstagen,
Deinen lieben Schöpfer und
Erhalter.

Möcht es dieser geben,
Und mein ganzes Leben
Wär im leichten Wanderschweisse
Eine solche Morgenreise!

I feel I am myself
with you alone!

Weyla's song

You are Orplid, my land!
That shines afar;
sea mists rise from your sunlit
shore
and moisten the cheeks of the
gods.

Ancient waters climb,
rejuvenated, child, about your
waist!
Kings, who attend you,
bow down before your divinity.

A journey on foot

When, with freshly cut staff,
I set off early like this
through the woods
and over the hills:
then, as the bird in the branches
sings and stirs,
or as the golden cluster of grapes
senses the spirits of delight
in the early morning sun –
so too the old Adam in me
feels autumn and spring fever,
the God-inspired,
never forfeited
primal bliss of Paradise.

So you are not as bad,
old
Adam, as strict teachers
say;
you still love and extol,
always sing and praise
your dear Maker and
Preserver,
as if Creation were forever new.

May He grant it so,
and my whole life
would be, gently perspiring,
just such a morning journey!

Heimweh

Anders wird die Welt mit jedem Schritt,
Den ich weiter von der Liebsten mache;
Mein Herz, das will nicht weiter mit.
Hier scheint die Sonne kalt in's Land,
Hier däucht mir alles unbekannt,
Sogar die Blumen am Bache!
Hat jede Sache
So fremd eine Miene, so falsch ein Gesicht.
Das Bächlein murmelt wohl und spricht:
Armer Knabe, komm bei mir vorüber,
Siehst auch hier Vergissmeinnicht!
- Ja, die sind schön an jedem Ort,
Aber nicht wie dort.
Fort, nur fort!
Die Augen geh'n mir über!

Homesickness

The world changes with every step
that takes me from my beloved;
my heart is reluctant to follow.
Here the sun shines coldly on the land,
here all seems unfamiliar,
even the flowers by the brook!
Each thing
has so foreign a look, so false a face.
The stream murmurs and says:
Poor boy, come to me,
here too you'll see forget-me-nots!
Yes, they are lovely everywhere,
but not so lovely as there.
Onwards, onwards!
My eyes fill with tears!

Begegnung

Was doch heut nacht ein Sturm gewesen,
Bis erst der Morgen sich geregt!
Wie hat der ungebetne Besen Kamin und Gassen ausgefegt!
Da kommt ein Mädchen schon die Strassen,
Das halb verschüchtert um sich sieht;
Wie Rosen, die der Wind zerblasen,
So unsted ihr Gesichtchen glüht.
Ein schöner Bursch tritt ihr entgegen,
Er will ihr voll Entzücken nahn:
Wie sehn sich freudig und verlegen
Die ungewohnten Schelme an!
Er scheint zu fragen, ob das Liebchen
Die Zöpfe schon zurecht gemacht,

Encounter

What a storm there was last night,
it raged until this morning dawned!
How that uninvited broom swept the streets and chimneys clean!
Here comes a girl along the street,
glancing about her, half-afraid;
like roses the wind has scattered,
her pretty cheeks keep changing colour.
A handsome lad steps up to meet her,
approaches her full of bliss,
how joyfully and awkwardly those novice rascals exchange looks!
He seems to ask if his sweetheart
has tidied up her plaited locks,

Die heute nacht im offenen Stübchen
Ein Sturm in Unordnung gebracht.

Der Bursche träumt noch von den Küssen,
Die ihm das süsse Kind getauscht,
Er steht, von Anmut hingerissen,
Derweil sie um die Ecke rauscht.

Verborgenheit

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Was ich traure, weiss ich nicht,
Es ist unbekanntes Wehe;
Immerdar durch Tränen sehe
Ich der Sonne liebes Licht.

Oft bin ich mir kaum bewusst,
Und die helle Freude zücket
Durch die Schwere, so mich drücket
Wonniglich in meiner Brust.

Lass, o Welt, o lass mich sein!
Locket nicht mit Liebesgaben,
Lasst dies Herz alleine haben
Seine Wonne, seine Pein!

Der Feuerreiter

Sehet ihr am Fensterlein
Dort die rote Mütze wieder?
Nicht geheuer muss es sein,
Denn er geht schon auf und nieder.
Und auf einmal welch Gewühle
Bei der Brücke, nach dem Feld!
Horch! das Feuerglöcklein gellt:
Hinter'm Berg,
Hinter'm Berg
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Schaut! da sprengt er wütend schier
Durch das Tor, der Feuerreiter,
Auf dem rippendürren Tier,
Als auf einer Feuerleiter!

that last night a storm dishevelled
in her open-windowed room.

The lad's still dreaming of the kisses
the sweet child exchanged with him,
he stands enraptured by her charm,
as she whisks round the corner.

Withdrawal

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
let this heart keep to itself
its rapture, its pain!

Why I grieve, I do not know,
it is unknown grief;
always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's dear light.

Often when I'm lost in thought,
bright joy will flash
through the oppressive gloom,
bringing rapture to my breast.

Let, O world, O let me be!
Do not tempt with gifts of love,
let this heart keep to itself
its rapture, its pain!

Fire-rider

See, at the little window there, his red cap again?
Something must be wrong,
for he's pacing to and fro.
And suddenly, what a seething throng
at the bridge, heading for the fields!
Hark! how the fire bell shrills:
behind the hill,
behind the hill,
the mill's on fire!

Look, there he gallops frenziedly
through the gate, the fire-rider,
straddling his skinny mount
like a fireman's ladder!

Querfeldein! Durch Qualm und
Schwüle
Rennt er schon und ist am Ort!
Drüben schallt es fort und fort:
Hinter'm Berg,
Hinter'm Berg
Brennt es in der Mühle!

Across the fields! Through thick
smoke and heat-haze
He rides and has reached his goal!
The distant bell peals on and on:
behind the hill,
behind the hill,
the mill's on fire!

Der so oft den roten Hahn
Meilenweit von fern gerochen,
Mit des heil'gen Kreuzes
Span
Freventlich die Glut besprochen –
Weh! dir grinst vom
Dachgestühle
Dort der Feind im Höllenschein.
Gnade Gott der Seele dein!
Hinter'm Berg,
Hinter'm Berg
Ras't er in der Mühle!

You who have so often smelt a fire
from many miles away,
and blasphemously conjured the
blaze
with a splinter of the True Cross –
look out! there, grinning at your
from the rafters,
is the Devil amid the flames of hell.
God have mercy on your soul!
Behind the hill,
behind the hill
he's raging in the mill!

Keine Stunde hielt es an,
Bis die Mühle barst in Trümmer;
Doch den kecken Reitersmann
Sah man von der Stunde nimmer.
Volk und Wagen im Gewühle
Kehren heim von all' dem Graus;
Auch das Glöcklein klinget aus:
Hinter'm Berg,
Hinter'm Berg
Brennt's! –

In less than an hour
the mill collapsed in rubble;
but from that hour the bold rider
was never seen again.
Thronging crowds and carriages
turn back home from all the horror;
and the bell stops ringing too:
behind the hill,
behind the hill
a fire! –

Nach der Zeit ein Müller fand
Ein Gerippe samt der Mützen
Aufrecht an der Kellerwand
Auf der beinern Mähre sitzen:
Feurreiter, wie so kühle
Reitest du in deinem Grab!
Husch! da fällt's in Asche ab.
Ruhe wohl,
Ruhe wohl
Drunten in der Mühle!

Some time after a miller found
a skeleton, cap and all,
upright against the cellar wall,
mounted on the fleshless mare:
fire-rider, how coldly
you ride in your grave!
Hush - now it flakes into ash.
Rest in peace,
rest in peace
down there in the mill!

Um Mitternacht

At midnight

Gelassen stieg die Nacht an's Land,
Lehnt träumend an der Berge
Wand,
Ihr Auge sieht die goldne Wage
nun
Der Zeit in gleichen Schalen
stille ruhn;
Und kecker rauschen die
Quellen hervor,

Night has serenely come ashore,
leans dreaming against the
mountain wall,
she watches now the golden
scales of time
quietly at rest in
equipoise;
and the spring babble more
boldly,

Sie singen der Mutter, der
Nacht, in's Ohr
Vom Tage,
Vom heute gewesenem Tage.

they sing in the ear of their
mother, the night,
of the day,
of the day now ended.

Das uralt alte Schlummerlied,
Sie achtet's nicht, sie ist es
müd;
Ihr klingt des Himmels Bläue
süßter noch,
Der flücht'gen Stunden
gleichgeschwung'nes Joch.
Doch immer behalten die
Quellen das Wort,
Es singen die Wasser im Schläfe
noch fort
Vom Tage,
Vom heute gewesenem Tage.

That old, that age-old lullaby,
she disregards, she is weary of
it;
the blue of the sky sounds
sweeter to her,
the evenly curved yoke of the
fleeting hours.
But still the springs murmur
on,
still the waters sing in their
sleep
of the day,
of the day now ended.

Abschied

Goodbye

Unangeklopft ein Herr tritt
abends bei mir ein:
„Ich habe die Ehr, Ihr Rezensent
zu sein.“
Sofort nimmt er das Licht in die
Hand,
Besieht lang meinen Schatten
an der Wand,
Rückt nah und fern: „Nun, lieber
junger Mann,
Sehn Sie doch gefälligst mal
Ihre Nas' so von der Seite an!
Sie geben zu, dass das ein
Auswuchs is.“
– Das? Alle Wetter – gewiss!
Ei Hasen! ich dachte nicht, all
mein Lebtage nicht,
Dass ich so eine Weltsnase
führt' im Gesicht!!

Without knocking a man one
evening enters my room:
'I have the honour, sir, to be
your critic.'
He instantly takes my lamp in
his hand,
surveys at length my shadow on
the wall,
moves back and forth: 'Now,
young man,
pray observe your nose in
profile!
You'll admit that it's a
monstrosity.'
– What? Good god – you're right!
Bless my soul! I never thought,
in all my life,
I had a nose of such cosmic
size!!

Der Mann sprach noch
Verschiednes hin und her,
Ich weiss, auf meine Ehre, nicht
mehr;
Meinte vielleicht, ich sollt' ihm
beichten.
Zuletzt stand er auf; ich tat ihm
leuchten.
Wie wir nun an der Treppe sind,
Da geb' ich ihm, ganz froh gesinnt,
Einen kleinen Tritt
Nur so von hinten auf's Gesäße mit –
Alle Hagel! ward das ein Gerumpel,
Ein Gepurzel, ein Gehumpel!

The man said various other
things,
what – I truly no longer
recall;
maybe he thought I should
confess to him.
At last he got up; I lit his
way.
As we stood at the top of the stairs,
I give him, in the best of spirits,
a little kick
on his derrière –
goodness me! What a rumbling,
a tumbling, a stumbling!

Dergleichen hab' ich nie gesehen, I never saw the like,
All mein Lebtag nicht gesehn, in all my life never saw
Einen Menschen so rasch die a man go downstairs so
Trepp' hinabgehn! fast!

Interval

Mark-Anthony Turnage (b.1960)

Without Ceremony (2021)

Thomas Hardy

The Voice

Woman much missed, how you call to me, call to me,
Saying that now you are not as you were
When you had changed from the one who was all to me,
But as at first, when our day was fair.

Can it be you that I hear? Let me view you, then,
Standing as when I drew near to the town
Where you would wait for me: yes, as I knew you then,
Even to the original air-blue gown!

Or is it only the breeze, in its listlessness
Travelling across the wet mead to me here,
You being ever dissolved to wan wistlessness,
Heard no more again far or near?

Thus I; faltering forward,
Leaves around me falling,
Wind oozing thin through the thorn from norward,
And the woman calling.

The Walk

You did not walk with me
Of late to the hill-top tree
By the gated ways,
As in earlier days;
You were weak and lame,
So you never came,
And I went alone, and I did not mind,
Not thinking of you as left behind.

I walked up there to-day
Just in the former way;
Surveyed around
The familiar ground
By myself again:
What difference, then?
Only that underlying sense
Of the look of a room on returning thence.

I Found Her Out There

I found her out there
On a slope few see,
That falls westwardly
To the salt-edged air,
Where the ocean breaks
On the purple strand,
And the hurricane shakes
The solid land.

I brought her here,
And have laid her to rest
In a noiseless nest
No sea beats near.
She will never be stirred
In her loamy cell
By the waves long heard
And loved so well.

So she does not sleep
By those haunted heights
The Atlantic smites
And the blind gales sweep,
Whence she often would gaze
At Dundagel's famed head,
While the dipping blaze
Dyed her face fire-red;

And would sigh at the tale
Of sunk Lyonesse,
As a wind-tugged tress
Flapped her cheek like a flail;
Or listen at whiles
With a thought-bound brow
To the murmuring miles
She is far from now.

Yet her shade, maybe,
Will creep underground
Till it catch the sound
Of that western sea
As it swells and sobs
Where she once domiciled,
And joy in its throbs
With the heart of a child.

The Going

Why did you give no hint that night
That quickly after the morrow's dawn,
And calmly, as if indifferent quite,
You would close your term here, up and be gone
Where I could not follow

With wing of swallow
To gain one glimpse of you ever anon!

Never to bid good-bye
Or lip me the softest call,
Or utter a wish for a word, while I
Saw morning harden upon the wall,
Unmoved, unknowing
That your great going
Had place that moment, and altered all.

Why do you make me leave the house
And think for a breath it is you I see
At the end of the alley of bending boughs
Where so often at dusk you used to be;
Till in darkening dankness
The yawning blankness
Of the perspective sickens me!

You were she who abode
By those red-veined rocks far West,
You were the swan-necked one who rode
Along the beetling Beeny Crest,
And, reining nigh me,
Would muse and eye me,
While Life unrolled us its very best.

Why, then, latterly did we not speak,
Did we not think of those days long dead,
And ere your vanishing strive to seek
That time's renewal? We might have said,
'In this bright spring weather
We'll visit together
Those places that once we visited.'

Well, well! All's past amend,
Unchangeable. It must go.
I seem but a dead man held on end
To sink down soon... O you could not know
That such swift fleeing
No soul foreseeing—
Not even I—would undo me so!

Without Ceremony

It was your way, my dear,
To vanish without a word
When callers, friends, or kin
Had left, and I hastened in
To rejoin you, as I inferred.

And when you'd a mind to career
Off anywhere — say to town —
You were all on a sudden gone
Before I had thought thereon,
Or noticed your trunks were down.

So, now that you disappear
For ever in that swift style,
Your meaning seems to me
Just as it used to be:
'Good-bye is not worth while!'

Your Last Drive

Here by the moorway you returned,
And saw the borough lights ahead
That lit your face — all undiscerned
To be in a week the face of the dead,
And you told of the charm of that haloed view
That never again would beam on you.

And on your left you passed the spot
Where eight days later you were to lie,
And be spoken of as one who was not;
Beholding it with a heedless eye
As alien from you, though under its tree
You soon would halt everlastingly.

I drove not with you.... Yet had I sat
At your side that eve I should not have seen
That the countenance I was glancing at
Had a last-time look in the flickering sheen,
Nor have read the writing upon your face,
'I go hence soon to my resting-place;

'You may miss me then. But I shall not know
How many times you visit me there,
Or what your thoughts are, or if you go
There never at all. And I shall not care.
Should you censure me I shall take no heed,
And even your praises no more shall need.'

True: never you'll know. And you will not mind.
But shall I then slight you because of such?
Dear ghost, in the past did you ever find
The thought 'What profit,' move me much?
Yet abides the fact, indeed, the same,—
You are past love, praise, indifference, blame.

Let Me Enjoy

Let me enjoy the earth no less
Because the all-enacting Might
That fashioned forth its loveliness
Had other aims than my delight.

About my path there flits a Fair,
Who throws me not a word or sign;
I'll charm me with her ignoring air,
And laud the lips not meant for mine.

From manuscripts of moving song
Inspired by scenes and dreams unknown
I'll pour out raptures that belong
To others, as they were my own.

And some day hence, towards Paradise
And all its blest — if such should be —
I will lift glad, afar-off eyes
Though it contain no place for me.

Shakespeare in love

Thomas Morley (c.1557-1602)

O Mistress mine

William Shakespeare

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweetening;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

Erich Wolfgang Korngold (1897-1957)

Under the Greenwood Tree from *4 Lieder from Shakespeare Op. 31* (1937)

William Shakespeare

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn the merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see

No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
And if he will come to me.
Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me.

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.

Michael Tippett (1905-1998)

Full fathom five from *Songs for Ariel* (1962)

William Shakespeare

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes:
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell
Hark! now I hear them, – Ding-dong, bell.

Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)

Take, O Take Those Lips Away

Anonymous

Take, o take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

Einojuhani Rautavaara (1928-2016)

Shall I compare thee from *3 Sonnets of Shakespeare*

(1951)

William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;
But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Cole Porter (1891-1964)

Where is the life that late I led? from *Kiss Me, Kate*

(1948)

Cole Porter

Since I reached the charming age of puberty
And began to think of feminine curls ...

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