

Phillips Exeter Academy  
Music Department  
Gilbert Series Guest Artist



*GROWING UP: OLDER, WISER, DEEPER*  
*From Cradle to Grave, and Beyond*

Martha Guth, *soprano*  
Graham Johnson, *piano*

**Tuesday, March 28, 2023**

7:00 PM

**“the Bowld”**

Forrestal Bowld Music Center

14 Tan Lane, Exeter, NH

*This performance was made possible through the generous support of the  
Jane and Clint Gilbert Music Fund*



# Program

## **FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)**

In the Cradle: Wiegenlied (Körner, 1791-1813)  
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Leaving Home: Drang in die Ferne (Leitner, 1800-1890 )  
Travelling: Der Wanderer an den Mond (Seidl, 1804-1875)  
Life's Ups and Downs: Der Strom (unknown)  
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## **GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)**

Lydia (Leconte de lisle, 1818-1894)  
Automne (Silvestre, 1837-1901)  
Puisque l'aube grandit (Verlaine, 1844-1896)  
From La chanson d'Ève (Van Lerberghe, 1861-1907)  
I. Paradis  
II. Prima verba

## **FRANCIS POULENC (1899-1963)**

Cocardes (Jean Cocteau, 1889-1963)  
I. Miel de Narbonne  
II. Bonne D'enfant  
III. Enfant de troupe  
From Métamorphoses  
C'est ainsi que tu es (Vilmorin, 1902-1969)  
From La Courte Paille (Câreme, 1899-1978)  
Lune d'Avril

## **BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)**

The Birds (Belloc, 1870-1953)  
Um Mitternacht (Goethe, 1749-1832)

# Texts and Translations

**FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)**

*All Schubert Translations by Richard Wigmore*

**In the Cradle: Wiegenlied (Körner, 1791-1813)**

Schlumm're sanft! Noch an dem Mutterherzen  
Fühlst du nicht des Lebens Qual und Lust;  
Deine Träume kennen keine Schmerzen,  
Deine Welt ist deiner Mutter Brust.

Ach! wie süß träumt man die frühen Stunden,  
Wo man von der Mutterliebe lebt;  
Die Erinnerung ist mir verschwunden,  
Ahnung bleibt es nur, die mich durchbebt.

**Cradle Song**

Slumber softly! Still in your mother's arms  
you do not feel life's joy and torment.  
Your dreams know no sorrows;  
your whole world is your mother's breast.

Ah, how sweetly we dream in those early hours  
when we live by our mother's love;  
my memory of them has faded;  
just an impression remains to thrill through me.

**Childhood Games: Der Knabe (Schlegel, 1772-1829)**

Wenn ich nur ein Vöglein wäre,  
Ach, wie wollt' ich lustig fliegen,  
Alle Vögel weit besiegen.

Wenn ich so ein Vogel bin,  
Darf ich, alles haschen,  
Und die höchsten Kirschen naschen;  
Fliege dann zur Mutter hin.  
Ist sie böß in ihrem Sinn,  
Kann ich lieb mich an sie schmiegen,  
Ihren Ernst gar bald besiegen.

Bunte Federn, leichte Flügel  
Dürft' ich in der Sonne schwingen,  
Dass die Lüfte laut erklingen,  
Weiss nichts mehr von Band und Zügel.  
Wär' ich über jene Hügel,  
Ach, dann wollt' ich lustig fliegen,  
Alle Vögel weit besiegen.

## **The Boy**

If only I were a bird,  
ah, how joyfully I would fly,  
far outstripping all other birds.

If I were a bird  
I could get everything  
and nibble the highest cherries.  
Then I'd fly back to mother.  
If she were angry  
I could nestle sweetly up to her  
and soon overcome her sternness.

Colored feathers, light wings,  
I could flap them in the sunlight,  
so that the air resounded loudly,  
I would no longer be curbed and shackled.  
If I were beyond those hills,  
ah, how joyfully I would fly,  
far outstripping all other birds.

## **Leaving Home: Drang in die Ferne (Leitner, 1800-1890 )**

Vater, du glaubst es nicht,  
Wie's mir zum Herzen spricht,  
Wenn ich die Wolken seh',  
Oder am Strome steh';

Wolkengold, Wellengrün  
Ziehen so leicht dahin,  
Weilen im Sonnenlicht,  
Aber bei Blumen nicht,

Zögern und rasten nie,  
Eilen, als wüssten sie,  
Ferne und ungekannt,  
Irgend ein schön' res Land.

Ach! von Gewölk und Flut  
Hat auch mein wildes Blut  
Heimlich geerbt den Drang,  
Stürmet die Welt entlang!

Vaterlands Felsental  
Wird mir zu eng, zu schmal,  
Denn meiner Sehnsucht Traum  
Findet darin nicht Raum.

Lasst mich! ich muss, ich muss  
Fordern den Scheidekuss.  
Vater und Mutter mein,  
Müset nicht böse sein!

Hab euch ja herzlich lieb;  
Aber ein wilder Trieb  
Jagt mich waldein, Waldhaus,  
Weit von dem Vaterhaus.

Sorgt nicht, durch welches Land  
Einsam mein Weg sich wand;  
Monden- und Sternenschein  
Leuchtet auch dort hinein.

Überall wölbt's Gefild  
Sich den azurnen Schild,  
Den um die ganze Welt  
Schirmend der Schöpfer hält.

Ach! und wenn nimmermehr  
Ich zu euch wiederkehr',  
Lieben, so denkt, er fand  
Glücklich das schön're Land.

### **Longing to escape**

Father, you do not believe  
that my heart quickens  
when I see the clouds,  
or stand beside the stream?

Golden clouds, green waves  
drift along so effortlessly,  
lingering in the sunshine  
but not by the flowers.

They never tarry or rest,  
hastening as if they knew  
of some fairer land,  
distant and undiscovered.

Ah, from clouds and streams  
my hot blood, too,  
has secretly caught the urge  
to storm through the world.

The rocky valley of my native land  
is too narrow and confined,  
for my yearning dreams  
cannot be contained there.

Let me go! I must  
ask for the parting kiss.  
Father and mother,  
you must not be angry!

I love you dearly,  
but a wild urge

drives me to the forest and beyond,  
far from home.

Do not worry about where  
my lonely, tortuous path may lead;  
there too  
the moon and stars will shine.

Over all the earth  
arches the azure shield  
which the Creator holds  
to protect the whole world.

Ah, and if I never  
return to you, my loved ones,  
then you must think that I have found  
happiness in a fairer land.

**Travelling: Der Wanderer an den Mond (Seidl, 1804-1875)**

Ich auf der Erd', am Himmel du,  
Wir wandern beide rüstig zu:  
Ich ernst und trüb, du mild und rein,  
Was mag der Unterschied wohl sein?

Ich wandre fremd von Land zu Land,  
So heimatlos, so unbekannt;  
Bergauf, bergab, Wald ein, Wald aus,  
Doch bin ich nirgend, ach! zu Haus.

Du aber wanderst auf und ab  
Aus Ostens Wieg' in Westens Grab,  
Wallst Länder ein und Länder aus,  
Und bist doch, wo du bist, zu Haus.

Der Himmel, endlos ausgespannt,  
Ist dein geliebtes Heimatland:  
O glücklich, wer, wohin er geht,  
Doch auf der Heimat Boden steht!

**The wanderer's address to the moon**

I on earth, you in the sky,  
both of us travel briskly on;  
I solemn and gloomy, you gentle and pure, what can  
be the difference between us?

I wander, a stranger, from land to land,  
so homeless, so unknown;  
up and down mountains, in and out of forests, yet,  
alas, nowhere am I at home.

But you wander up and down,  
from the east's cradle to the west's grave, travel

from country to country  
and yet are at home wherever you are.

The sky, infinitely extended,  
is your beloved homeland;  
O happy he who, wherever he goes,  
still stands on his native soil!

### **Life's Ups and Downs: Der Strom (unknown)**

Mein Leben wälzt sich murrend fort,  
Es steigt und fällt in krausen Wogen,  
Hier bäumt es sich, jagt nieder dort  
In wilde Zügen, hohen Bogen.

Das stille Tal, das grüne Feld  
Durchrauscht es nun mit leisem Beben,  
Sich Ruh' ersehnd, ruhige Welt,  
Ergötzt es sich am ruhigen Leben.

Doch nimmer findend, was es sucht,  
Und immer sehnd tost es weiter,  
Unmutig rollt's auf steter Flucht,  
Wird nimmer froh, wird nimmer heiter.

### **The river**

My life rolls grumbling onwards,  
rising and falling in curling waves;  
here it rears up, there it plunges down,  
with wild spurts and soaring curves.

Now, gently quivering, it ripples through  
silent valleys and green fields,  
yearning for peace, a tranquil world,  
and delighting in a life of calm.

Yet never finding what it seeks,  
forever longing, it surges onwards;  
discontented, it rolls on in ceaseless flight,  
never joyful, never serene.

### **Love: Die Mondnacht (Kosegarten, 1758-1818)**

Wie, ach, wie der Qual genesen?  
Wo, ach, wo ein liebend Wesen  
Das die süßen Qualen stillt?  
Eins ins andre gar versunken,  
Gar verloren, gar ertrunken,  
Bis sich jede Öde füllt...  
Solches, ach, wahn ich, kühlte das Sehnen,  
Löschte die Wehmut mit köstlichen Tränen

Eine weiss ich, ach, nur eine,  
Dich nur weiss ich, dich o Reine,



Die des Herzens Wehmut meint,  
Dich umringend, von dir umrungen,  
Dich umschlingend, von dir umschlungen,  
Gar in Eins mit dir geeint...  
Schon', ach schone den Wonnever sunk'nen!  
Himmel und Erde verschinden dem Trunk'nen.

### **The moonlit night**

How, how shall I recover from my torment?  
Where, O where is there a loving soul  
To calm my sweet anguish?  
One absorbed in the other,  
Quite lost, quite enraptured,  
Until every wasteland is filled...  
I sense that such a soul would cool my longing,  
And ease my sorrow with exquisite tears.

O I know one, ah, only one;  
I know you, purest one,  
Who understands the heart's sorry.  
Enfolding you, enfolded by you,  
Embracing you, embraced by you,  
Joined in unity with you...  
Spare of spare me, sunk in bliss!  
For me, in my rapture, heaven and earth vanish.

### **Life's Meaning: Lebenslied (Matthisson, 1761-1831)**

Kommen und Scheiden,  
Suchen und Meiden,  
Fürchten und Sehnen,  
Zweifeln und Wähnen,  
Armut und Fülle, Verödung und Pracht  
Wechseln auf Erden wie Dämmerung und Nacht!

Fruchtlos hinieden  
Ringst du nach Frieden!  
Täuschende Schimmer  
Winken dir immer;  
Doch, wie die Furchen des gleitenden Kahns,  
Schwinden die Zaubergebilde des Wahns!

Auf zu der Sterne  
Leuchtender Ferne  
Blicke vom Staube  
Mutig der Glaube:  
Dort nur verknüpft ein unsterbliches Band  
Wahrheit und Frieden, Verein und Bestand!

Günstige Fluten  
Tragen die Guten,  
Fördern die Braven

Sicher zum Hafen,  
Und, ein harmonisch verklingendes Lied,  
Schliesst sich das Leben dem edlen Gemüt!

### **Song of life**

Arriving and departing,  
seeking and shunning,  
fearing and yearning,  
doubting and guessing,  
poverty and abundance, desolation and splendour  
alternate on earth like dusk and night.

In vain you strive  
for peace here below.  
Will-o'-the-wisps  
forever beckon to you;  
but, like the furrows ploughed by the gliding boat,  
these magic creations of illusion vanish.

Let faith bravely  
gaze up from the dust  
to the stars  
shining in the distance;  
only there does an undying bond  
unite truth and peace, fellowship and permanence.

Favourable tides  
bear the virtuous,  
carry the brave  
safely to harbour,  
and to the noble spirit life  
closes as a harmonious, dying song.

### **Remembering: Vor meiner Wiege (Leitner, 1800-1890)**

Das also, das ist der enge Schrein,  
Da lag ich einstens als Kind darein,  
Da lag ich gebrechlich, hilflos und stumm  
Und zog nur zum Weinen die Lippen krumm.

Ich konnte nichts fassen mit Händchen zart,  
Und war doch gebunden nach Schelmenart;  
Ich hatte Füßchen und lag doch wie lahm,  
Bis Mutter an ihre Brust mich nahm.

Dann lachte ich saugend zu ihr empor,  
Sie sang mir von Rosen und Engeln vor,  
Sie sang und sie wiegte mich singend in Ruh,  
Und küsste mir liebend die Augen zu.

Sie spannte aus Seide, gar dämmerig grün,  
Ein kühliges Zelt hoch über mich hin.  
Wo find ich nur wieder solch friedlich Gemach?  
Vielleicht, wenn das grüne Gras mein Dach!

O Mutter, lieb' Mutter, bleib' lange noch hier!  
Wer sänge dann tröstlich von Engeln mir?  
Wer küsste mir liebend die Augen zu  
Zur langen, zur letzten und tiefsten Ruh'?

### **Before my cradle**

So this is the narrow chest  
where I once lay as a baby;  
where I lay, frail, helpless and dumb,  
twisting my lips only to cry.

I could grip nothing with my tiny, tender hands,  
yet I was bound like a rogue;  
I possessed little feet, and yet lay as if lame,  
until mother took me to her breast.

Then I laughed up at her as I suckled,  
and she sang to me of roses and angels;  
she sang and with her singing lulled me to sleep,  
and with a kiss lovingly closed my eyes.

She spread a cool tent of dusky green silk  
above me.  
Where shall I find such a peaceful chamber again?  
Perhaps when the green grass is my roof!

O mother, dear mother, stay here a long time yet!  
Who else would sing to me comforting songs of angels?  
Who else would close my eyes lovingly with a kiss  
for the long, last and deepest rest?

### **Departing: So lasst mich scheinen (Goethe, 1749-1832)**

So lasst mich scheinen, bis ich werde,  
Zieht mir das weisse Kleid nicht aus!  
Ich eile von der schönen Erde  
Hinab in jenes dunkle Haus.

Dort ruh' ich eine kleine Stille,  
Dann öffnet sich der frische Blick;  
Ich lasse dann die reine Hülle,  
Den Gürtel und den Kranz zurück.

Und jene himmlischen Gestalten  
Sie fragen nicht nach Mann und Weib,  
Und keine Kleider, keine Falten  
Umgeben den verklärten Leib.

Zwar lebt' ich ohne Sorg' und Mühe,  
Doch fühlt' ich tiefen Schmerz genug.  
Vor Kummer altert' ich zu frühe;  
Macht mich auf ewig wieder jung!

**Thus, let me seem to be**

Thus let me seem till thus I become.  
Do not take off my white dress!  
I shall swiftly leave the fair earth  
for that dark dwelling place below.  
There, for a brief silence, I shall rest;  
then my eyes shall open afresh.  
Then I shall leave behind this pure raiment,  
this girdle and this rosary.

And those heavenly beings  
do not ask who is man or woman,  
and no garments, no folds  
enclose the transfigured body.

True, I lived free from care and toil,  
yet I knew much deep suffering.  
Too soon I grew old with grief;  
make me young again for ever!

**Transfiguration: Nachthymne (Novalis, 1772-1801)**

Hinüber wall' ich,  
Und jede Pein  
Wird einst ein Stachel  
Der Wollust sein.  
Noch wenig Zeiten,  
So bin ich los  
Und liege trunken  
Der Lieb' im Schoss.  
Unendliches Leben  
Wogt mächtig in mir,  
Ich schaue von oben  
Herunter nach dir.  
An jenem Hügel  
Verlischt dein Glanz –  
Ein Schatten bringet  
Den kühlenden Kranz.  
O! sauge, Geliebter,  
Gewaltig mich an,  
Dass ich entschlummern  
Und lieben kann.  
Ich fühle des Todes  
Verjüngende Flut,  
Zu Balsam und Äther  
Verwandelt mein Blut –  
Ich lebe bei Tage  
Voll Glauben und Mut,  
Und sterbe die Nächte  
In heiliger Glut.

## **Hymn to the night**

I shall pass over,  
and all pain  
will be a stab  
of pleasure.

In a short while  
I shall be freed  
and lie enraptured  
in the bosom of love.

Eternal life  
will surge powerfully within me;  
I shall gaze down on you  
from above.

Your radiance will fade  
on yonder hill,  
shadow will bring  
a cooling wreath.

Beloved, draw me  
powerfully in,  
that I may fall asleep  
and love.

I feel the rejuvenating  
tide of death,  
my blood is changed  
to balm and ether.

By day I live  
full of faith and courage;  
at night I die  
in the sacred fire.

## **GABRIEL FAURÉ (1845-1924)**

*All Fauré Translations by Richard Stokes*

### **Lydia (Leconte de lisle, 1818-1894)**

Lydia, sur tes roses joues,  
Et sur ton col frais et si blanc,  
Roule étincelant  
L'or fluide que tu dénoues.

Le jour qui luit est le meilleur:  
Oublions l'éternelle tombe.  
Laisse tes baisers de colombe  
Chanter sur ta lèvre en fleur.

Un lys caché répand sans cesse  
Une odeur divine en ton sein:  
Les délices, comme un essaim,  
Sortent de toi, jeune déesse!

Je t'aime et meurs, ô mes amours!

Mon âme en baisers m'est ravie.  
Ô Lydia, rends-moi la vie,  
Que je puisse mourir toujours!

### **Lydia**

Lydia, onto your rosy cheeks  
And your neck so fresh and pale,  
The liquid gold that you unbind  
Cascades glittering down.

The day that dawns is the best;  
Let us forget the eternal tomb.  
Let your dove-like kisses  
Sing on your flowering lips.

A hidden lily unceasingly sheds  
A heavenly fragrance in your breast;  
Delights without number  
Stream from you, young goddess!

I love you and die, O my love!  
My soul is ravished by kisses.  
O Lydia, give me back my life again,  
That I may ever die!

### **Automne (Armand Silvestre - 1837-1901)**

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux horizons navrants,  
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,  
Je regarde couler, comme l'eau du torrent,  
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.

Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits emportés,  
– Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge renaisse! –  
Parcourent, en rêvant, les coteaux enchantés  
Où jadis sourit ma jeunesse.

Je sens, au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur  
Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées  
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes, qu'en mon cœur,  
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

### **Autumn**

Autumn of misty skies and heartbreaking horizons,  
Of swift sunsets and pale dawns,  
I watch flow by, like torrential water,  
Your days imbued with melancholy.

My thoughts, borne away on the wings of regret,  
– As though our time could come round again! –  
Roam in reverie the enchanted hills,  
Where long ago my youth once smiled.

In the bright sun of triumphant memory  
I feel untied roses reflower in bouquets,  
And tears rise to my eyes, which in my heart  
At twenty had been forgotten!

**Puisque l'aube grandit (Verlaine, 1844-1896)**

Puisque l'aube grandit, puisque voici l'aurore,  
Puisque, après m'avoir fui longtemps, l'espoir veut bien  
Revoler devers moi qui l'appelle et l'implore,  
Puisque tout ce bonheur veut bien être le mien,

Je veux, guidé par vous, beaux yeux aux flammes douces,  
Par toi conduit, ô main où tremblera ma main,  
Marcher droit, que ce soit par des sentiers de mousses  
Ou que rocs et cailloux encombrent le chemin;

Et comme, pour bercer les lenteurs de la route,  
Je chanterai des airs ingénus, je me dis  
Qu'elle m'écouterà sans déplaisir sans doute;  
Et vraiment je ne veux pas d'autre Paradis.

**Since day is breaking**

Since day is breaking, since dawn is here,  
Since hope, having long eluded me, would now  
Return to me and my imploring,  
Since all this happiness will truly be mine.

I shall, guided by your fair eyes' gentle glow,  
Led by your hand in which I place my trembling hand,  
Walk straight ahead, on mossy paths  
Or boulder-strewn and stony tracks.

And while, to ease the journey's languid pace,  
I shall sing some simple airs, I tell myself  
That she will surely hear me without displeasure;  
And truly I crave no other paradise.

**From La chanson d'Ève (Van Lerberghe, 1861-1907)**

**I.Paradis**

C'est le premier matin du monde.  
Comme une fleur confuse exhalée de la nuit,  
Au souffle nouveau qui se lève des ondes,  
Un jardin bleu s'épanouit.

Tout s'y confond encore et tout s'y mêle,  
Frissons de feuilles, chants d'oiseaux,  
Glissements d'ailes,  
Sources qui sourdent, voix des airs, voix des eaux,  
Murmure immense;  
Et qui pourtant est du silence.

Ouvrant à la clarté ses doux et vagues yeux  
La jeune et divine Ève  
S'est éveillée de Dieu.

Et le monde à ses pieds s'étend comme un beau rêve.

Or Dieu lui dit: Va, fille humaine,  
Et donne à tous les êtres  
Que j'ai créés, une parole de tes lèvres,  
Un son pour les connaître.

Et Ève s'en alla, docile à son seigneur,  
En son bosquet de roses,  
Donnant à toutes choses  
Une parole, un son de ses lèvres de fleur:

Chose qui fuit, chose qui souffle, chose qui vole

Cependant le jour passe, et vague, comme à l'aube,  
Au crépuscule, peu à peu,  
L'Éden s'endort et se dérobe  
Dans le silence d'un songe bleu.

La voix s'est tue, mais tout l'écoute encore,  
Tout demeure en attente;  
Lorsque avec le lever de l'étoile du soir,  
Ève chante.

## **I. Paradise**

It is the first morning of creation.  
Like an abashed flower breathed on the night air,  
With the pristine whisperings that rise from the waves,  
A blue garden blooms.  
Everything is still blurred and indistinct,  
Trembling leaves, singing birds,  
Gliding wings,  
Springs that rise, voices of air and water,  
An immense murmuring;  
Which yet is silence.

Opening to the light her soft and vacant eyes,  
Young, heaven-born Eve  
Is awakened by God.

And the world lies at her feet like a lovely dream.

Now God says to her: Go, daughter of man,  
And bestow on all beings  
That I have created a word from your lips,  
A sound that we might know them by.



And Eve went, obedient to her Lord,  
Into her rose grove,  
Bestowing on all things  
A word, a sound from her flower-like lips:

On all that runs, that breathes, that flies ...

Day meanwhile passes, and hazy, as at dawn,  
Eden sinks slowly to sleep  
In the twilight and steals away  
In the silence of a blue dream.

The voice is hushed, but everything still hearkens,  
Waiting in expectation;  
When with the rising of the evening star,  
Eve sings.

## **II. Prima verba**

Comme elle chante  
Dans ma voix,  
L'âme longtemps murmurante  
Des fontaines et des bois!

Air limpide du paradis,  
Avec tes grappes de rubis,  
Avec tes gerbes de lumière,  
Avec tes roses et tes fruits;

Quelle merveille en nous à cette heure!  
Des paroles depuis des âges endormies  
En des sons, en des fleurs,  
Sur mes lèvres enfin prennent vie.

Depuis que mon souffle a dit leur chanson,  
Depuis que ma voix les a créées,  
Quel silence heureux et profond  
Naît de leurs âmes allégées!

## **II. First words**

How it sings  
In my voice,  
The constantly murmuring soul  
Of the springs and woods!

Clear air of paradise  
With your ruby grape-clusters,  
With your sheafs of light,  
With your roses and your fruits;

How we marvel at such a moment!

Words that had slumbered for aeons  
Finally come to life on my lips  
As sounds, as flowers.

Since my breath uttered their song,  
Since my voice created them,  
What deep and blissful silence  
Is born from their unburdened souls!

## **FRANCIS POULENC (1899-1963)**

*All Poulenc Translations by Winifred Radford*

### **Cocardes (Jean Cocteau, 1889-1963)**

#### **1) Miel de Narbonne**

Use ton Coeur. Les clowns fleurissent du crotin d'or  
Dormir. Un coup d'orteil on vole  
"volez vous jouer avec moa?"  
Moabite, dame de la croix bleu. Caravane.  
Vanille. poivre. Confiture de tamarin.  
Marin. Coule pompon moustache, Mandoline.  
Linoleum en trompe l'oeil. Merci.  
Cinema nouvelle muse.

#### **Narbonne Honey**

Use your heart. Clowns flourish on golden manure.  
To sleep! A kick with the toe; one flies.  
Will you play with me?  
Moabite, lady of the blue cross. Caravan.  
Vanilla. Pepper. Tamarind jam.  
Sailor, neck, pompon, moustaches, mandoline.  
Deceptive linoleum. Thanks.  
Cinema, new muse.

#### **2) Bonne D'enfant**

Tecla notre âge d'or Pipe Carnot Joffre.  
J'offre à toute personne ayant des neuralgies  
Giraffe. Noce. Un bonjour de Gustave.  
Ave Maria de Gounod, Rosiere  
Air de Mayol, Touring-Club phonographe  
Affiche crime en couleur. Piano Mechanique  
Nick Carter; Ce'st du jolie!  
Liberté égalité fraternité!

#### **Bonne D'enfant**

Tecla: our golden age. Pipe, Carnot, Joffre.  
I offer to everybody who has neuralgia ...  
Giraffe. Wedding. A good day from Gustave.  
Ave Maria by Gounod, Queen of the village,  
Air by Mayol, Touring-Club, Phonograph.  
Poster, crime in colours. Mechanical piano,

Nick Carter; that's a nice thing!  
Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.

### **3) Enfant de troupe**

Morceau pour piston seul, Polka.  
Caramels mous, bonbons à cidulés, pastille de minthe  
Entr'acte Lordeur en Sabots.  
Beau gibier de satin tué par le tambour  
Hambourg, Bock Siro de framboise  
Oiseleur de ses propres mains  
Intermède; uniforme bleu.  
Le trapeze encense la mort...

### **Enfant de troupe**

Piece for solo cornet, polka.  
Soft caramels, acid drops, mint pastilles.  
ENTR'ACTE. The smell in sabots.  
Fine game bird of satin killed by the drum.  
Hamburg, beer glass, syrup of raspberries  
Bird-catcher by his own hands.  
Interlude; blue uniform.  
The trapeze incenses death...

### **From Métamorphoses**

#### **C'est ainsi que tu es (Vilmorin, 1902-1969)**

Ta Chair, d'ame mêlée  
Chevelure emmêlée  
Ton pied courant le temps  
Ton ombre qui s'étend  
Et murmure à ma tempe  
Voilà, c'est ton portrait  
C'est ainsi que tu es  
Et je veux te l'écrire  
Pour que la nuit venue  
Tu puisses croire et dire  
Que je t'ai bien connue

### **This is how you are**

Your body imbued with soul,  
your tangled hair,  
your foot pursuing time,  
your shadow which stretches  
and whispers close to my temples.  
There, that is your portrait,  
it is thus that you are,  
and I want to write it to you  
so that when night comes,  
you may believe and say,  
that I knew you well.

**From La Courte Paille (Câreme, 1899-1978)**

**Lune d'Avril**

Lune, belle lune, lune d'Avril,  
Faites-moi voir en mon dormant  
Le pêcher au cœur de safran,  
Le poisson qui rit du grésil,  
L'oiseau qui, lointain comme un cor,  
Doucement réveille les morts  
Et surtout, surtout le pays  
Où il fait joie, où il fait clair,  
Où soleilleux de primevères,  
On a brisé tous les fusils.  
Belle lune, lune d'Avril.

**April moon**

Moon, beautiful moon, April moon,  
Let me see in my sleep  
the peach tree with the saffron heart,  
the fish who laughs at the sleet,  
the bird who, distant as a hunting horn,  
gently awakens the dead  
and above all, above all, the land  
where there is joy, where there is light,  
where sunny with primroses,  
all the guns have been destroyed.  
Beautiful moon, April moon.

**Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)**

**The Birds (Belloc, 1870-1953)**

When Jesus Christ was four years old,  
The angels brought Him toys of gold,  
Which no man ever had bought or sold.

And yet with these He would not play.  
He made Him small fowl out of clay,  
And blessed them till they flew away.

*Tu creasti, Domine*

Jesus Christ, Thou child so wise,  
Bless mine hands and fill mine eyes,  
And bring my soul to Paradise.

**Um Mitternacht (Goethe, 1749-1832)**

*Translation by Emily Ezust*

Um Mitternacht ging ich, nicht eben gerne,  
Klein kleiner Knabe, jenen Kirchhof hin  
Zu Vaters Haus, des Pfarrers; Stern an Sterne  
Sie leuchteten doch alle gar zu schön;  
Um Mitternacht.

Wenn ich dann ferner in des Lebens Weite  
Zur Liebsten mußte, mußte, weil sie zog,  
Gestirn und Nordschein über mir im Streite,  
Ich gehend, kommend Seligkeiten sog;  
Um Mitternacht.

Bis dann zu letzt des vollen Mondes Helle  
So klar und deutlich mir ins Finstere drang,  
Auch der Gedanke willig, sinnig, schnelle  
Sich ums Vergangne wie ums Künftige schlang;  
Um Mitternacht.

### **At midnight**

At midnight I would go, not so happily,  
A small, small boy, across that churchyard  
to Father's house - the parson's; star on star,  
shone so beautifully, every one of them,  
At midnight.

When, later and further into the vastness of life,  
Drawn to to my beloved, go to her I must;  
the stars battling with the Northern lights above me, I inhaled sheer bliss as I came  
and went,  
At midnight.

Until, at last, the light of the full moon  
sank clearly and precisely into my darkness  
and my thoughts, willingly and sensibly, quickly  
entwined both past and future at once,  
At midnight.



### **Soprano, Martha Guth**

Juno nominated soprano Martha Guth's recital and concert highlights include Wigmore Hall, Lincoln Center, The National Cathedral, St. John Smith Square, Oxford Lieder, Leeds Lieder, The Toronto Symphony Orchestra, The Chicago Philharmonic, Voices of Ascension, and many more. Her longtime recital and touring partners include Graham Johnson and Erika Switzer.

Her recitals have been recorded and broadcast for the CBC Radio/Radio Canada, the BBC Radio in the U.K and the WDR in Germany and she is proud to have worked under the batons of Maestro's Seiji Ozawa, Robert Spano, Helmut Rilling, John Nelson, Richard Bradshaw, and Alan Gilbert among many others.

Her discography includes Summer Night, a Juno nominated disc of songs by Healy Willan on Centrediscs for The Canadian Art Song Project with Allyson McHardy, Helen Becqué and Peter Barrett; Das Ewig Weibliche a solo disc of Schubert songs with Penelope Crawford on fortepiano; Roberto Sierra's Beyond the Silence of Sorrow with the Orquesta Sinfonica de Puerto Rico for Naxos (nominated for a 2016 Latin GRAMMY); John Fitz-Roger's Magna Mystera for the Innova label; Go by Contraries, songs of Andrew Staniland with Baritone Tyler Duncan and Pianist Erika Switzer released on Centre Discs, The Brahms Liebeslieder Waltzes for Sparks & Co., and The Five Boroughs Song Book for GVR records.

With Erika Switzer, she is Co-Founder/Director of Sparks & Wiry Cries, a non-profit dedicated to art song spanning publication, live performance, and commission of new works. Sparks is the force behind the popular regional songSLAM's that are presented in partnership with other song organizations and Universities all over the world from Slovenia to the U.K., Canada, and every region of the US, and presents its own sparksLIVE productions every January in NYC.

Martha is Assistant Professor of Voice at Ithaca College, on faculty and the administrative team at SongFest at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music and is Director of their Composer/Mentorship program. She is also on faculty at the Vocal Academy for The Collaborative Piano Institute in Baton Rouge. She has presented lectures, masterclasses and recitals at the University of Toronto, Indiana University, Notre Dame, the Cincinnati College Conservatory of Music and many more.

Her 2022-2023 season includes a recital tour with Graham Johnson in 2023, three world premieres, the Ravinia Festival with the Lincoln trio, and as a Co-Director of Sparks & Wiry Cries, a partnership with the Metropolitan Museum of Art in NYC to produce the world premiere of Freedom on the Move: Songs in Flight composed by Shawn Okpebholo with performers Rhiannon Giddens, Karen Slack, Will Liverman, Reggie Mobley and Howard Watkins. [www.marthaguth.com](http://www.marthaguth.com) & [www.sparksandwirycries.org](http://www.sparksandwirycries.org)





## **Graham Johnson, accompanist**

Described as "that peerless song accompanist" by the Daily Telegraph (November 2015) Graham Johnson is recognised as one of the world's leading vocal accompanists. Born in Rhodesia, he came to London to study in 1967. After leaving the Royal Academy of Music, his teachers included Gerald Moore and Geoffrey Parsons. In 1972 he was the official pianist at Peter Pears' first masterclasses at the Snape Maltings, which brought him into contact with Benjamin Britten - a link which strengthened his determination to accompany. In 1976 he formed the Songmakers Almanac to explore neglected areas of piano-accompanied vocal music; the founder singers were Dame Felicity Lott, Ann Murray DBE, Anthony Rolfe Johnson and

Richard Jackson - artists with whom he has established long and fruitful collaborations both on the concert platform and in the recording studio.

Some two hundred and fifty Songmakers programmes were presented over the years. Graham Johnson has also accompanied such distinguished singers as Sir Thomas Allen, Victoria de los Angeles, Elly Ameling, Arleen Auger, Ian Bostridge, Brigitte Fassbaender, Matthias Goerne, Thomas Hampson, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchsclager, Alice Coote, Philip Langridge, Serge Leiferkus, Angelika Kirchsclager, Christopher Maltman, Edith Mathis, Lucia Popp, Christoph Pregardien, Dame Margaret Price, Thomas Quastoff, Dorothea Roschmann, Kate Royal, Christine Schaefer, Peter Schreier, Dame Elisabeth Schwarzkopf and Sarah Walker.

His relationship with the Wigmore Hall is a special one. He devised and accompanied concerts in the hall's re-opening series in 1992, and in its centenary celebrations in 2001. He is Senior Professor of Accompaniment at the Guildhall School of Music and has led a biennial scheme for Young Songmakers since 1985. He has had a long and fruitful link with Hyperion Records, with both Ted Perry and Simon Perry, for whom he has devised and accompanied a set of complete Schubert lieder on 37 discs, a milestone in the history of recording, and a complete Schumann series. There is an ongoing French Song series where the complete songs of such composers as Chausson, Chabrier, Faure and Poulenc are either already available, or in preparation. All these discs are issued with Graham Johnson's own programme notes, which set new standards for CD annotations.

He has recorded two solo recital discs with Alice Coote, for Hyperion. He has also recorded for Sony, BMG, Harmonia Mundi, Forlane, EMI and DG. Awards include the Gramophone solo vocal award in 1989 (with Dame Janet Baker), 1996 (Die schone Mollerin with Ian Bostridge), 1997 (for the inauguration of the Schumann series with Christine Schaefer) and 2001 (with Magdalena Kozena). He was The Royal Philharmonic Society's Instrumentalist of the Year in 1998 and in June 2000, he was elected a member of the Royal Swedish Academy of Music.

He is author of The Song makers' Almanac; Twenty years of recitals in London, The French Song Companion for OUP (2000), The Vocal Music of Benjamin Britten (Guildhall 2003), Gabriel Faure - the Songs and their Poets (2009) and Franz Schubert: The Complete Songs (Yale University Press 2014). His latest book, Poulenc - The Life in the Songs, was published in August 2020 to great critical acclaim.

Graham Johnson was made an OBE in the 1994 Queen's Birthday Honours list, created Chevalier in the Ordre des Arts et Lettres by the French Government in 2002, made an Honorary Member of the Royal Philharmonic Society in 2010, and awarded the Wigmore Hall Medal in 2013. He received Honorary Doctorates from Durham University, the New England Conservatory of Music, and the Edith Cowan University in Western Australia. He was awarded the Hugo Wolf Medal in 2014 for his services to the art of song and Germany's Cross of the Order of Merit in 2021.

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