music dance theater
Cal Performances
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, BERKELEY

Sunday, April 12, 2015, 3pm
Hertz Hall

Ian Bostridge, *tenor*
Wenwen Du, *piano*

PROGRAM

The Music and Poetry of the Great War

Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)	Three songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*	
	Revelge (1899)	
	Der Tambourg'sell (1901)	
	Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen (1898)	
Rudi Stephan (1887–1915)	Ich will dir singen ein Hohelied (1913–1914)	
	I.	Kythere
	II.	Pantherlied
	III.	Abendfrieden
	IV.	In Nachbars Garten
	V.	Glück zu Zweien
	IV.	Das Hohelied der Nacht

George Butterworth (1885–1916) *A Shropshire Lad* (1909–1911)

I. Loveliest of Trees
II. When I Was One-and-Twenty
III. Look Not in My Eyes
IV. Think No More, Lad
V. The Lads in Their Hundreds
VI. Is My Team Ploughing?

INTERMISSION

Kurt Weill (1900–1950) Four Walt Whitman Songs (1942, 1947)

I. Beat! Beat! Drums!
II. Oh Captain! My Captain!
III. Come up from the Fields, Father
IV. Dirge for Two Veterans

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976) Four songs from *Who Are These Children?*, Op. 84 (1969–1971)

III. Nightmare
VI. Slaughter
IX. Who Are These children?
XI. The Children

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Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)
Three songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*

About the time that Mahler completed his First Symphony, in 1888, he began setting verses from the much-loved collection of German folk poems titled *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* ("The Youth's Magic Horn") that Ludwig Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano had published at the beginning of the 19th century. American musicologist Edward Downes noted a deep-seated personal need in Mahler's interest in these simple peasant verses: "Like most German Romantic artists, Mahler felt a love for folk art amounting almost to worship. In part, this may have been the nostalgia of the complex intellectual city-dweller for an Eden of lost innocence, of freshness, of naïveté." Mahler set some two dozen of the *Wunderhorn* poems over the following decade, as independent songs as well as texts and music that he incorporated into his Second, Third and Fourth symphonies.

In *Revelge* ("Reveille") and *Der Tambourg'sell* ("The Drummer Boy"), Mahler created two of his most powerful and ironic vocal utterances through the medium of the march with voice. He told his friend and informal biographer Natalie Bauer-Lechner in 1901 that "he felt sorry for the world that would one day have to hear them, so terribly sad was their content." Mahler authority Donald Mitchell wrote of them, "The intensity of this music has few parallels, even elsewhere in Mahler. The *Wunderhorn* settings remind us of one central truth about his approach to texts, that for him the poems were not artificial evocations or revivals of a lost age of chivalry and German Romanticism, but were vivid enactments of reality, of sorrow, heartbreak, terror and pain. The *Wunderhorn* songs often tell a chilling truth about the human condition." The original text of *Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen* ("Where the Splendid Trumpets Are Sounding") told of a simple tryst between lovers, but Mahler altered the poem to make this song into a masterful evocation of the eerie midnight encounter of a young girl and the ghost of her dead sweetheart, killed in battle.

Rudi Stephan (1887–1915)
Ich will dir singen ein Hohelied

Composed in 1913–1914.

Rudi Stephan, killed in September 1915 at the age of 28 when he took a Russian sniper's bullet to the brain on the eastern front in Galicia (now in Ukraine), was Germany's greatest musical loss of World War I. Born into the family of a prosperous lawyer in the Rhenish city of Worms in 1887, Stephan started composing as a teenager and studied composition with Bernhard Sekles in Frankfurt and Rudolf Louis in Munich. He completed his first large composition in 1908, *Opus 1 for Orchestra* (he said he preferred "no poetic title, not the designation 'tone poem,' nothing" for his instrumental works), and then worked on a one-act opera (*Vater und Sohn* ["Father and Son"], never completed), two orchestral works and a violin concerto, and presented them at a concert in January 1911 for which his father hired the Munich Konzertverein Orchestra. Additional performances of those and other orchestral works brought Stephan wide recognition and a contract with the venerable music publisher B. Schott in 1913. His only completed opera, *Die ersten Menschen* ("The First Men"), was scheduled for its première in Frankfurt in 1915 but that performance was cancelled by the outbreak of World War I; the work was first staged by the Frankfurt Opera in 1920. Stephan volunteered for military service in March 1915 and in September he was sent to the Eastern front, where he died two weeks later. Performances of his handful of works were sporadic following his death (most of his papers and autographs were destroyed in a 1945 bombing raid on Worms), but much of his music, including the complete orchestral works and songs and the opera *Die ersten Menschen*, have now been recorded and are occasionally heard in concert.

Stephan composed his song cycle *Ich will dir singen ein Hohelied* ("I Will Sing You a High Song") in 1913–1914 to poems by Gerda von Robertus (1872–1939), the pseudonym of Gertrud von Schlieben. Her father was a diplomatic officer and her life and schooling were dictated by his postings in Dresden and Berlin, but following his death in 1906 she devoted herself to literary pursuits. Stephan borrowed the texts for *Ich will dir singen* from her first published collection of poems (1906), which brought an almost mystical quality to the German Romantics' traditional subject of human love reflected in nature. Stephan's settings, realized with an Impressionist sensuality, are lyrical, delicately colored, and hauntingly suggestive.

George Butterworth (1885–1916)
A Shropshire Lad

Composed in 1909–1911. Premièred on May 16, 1911, in Oxford by baritone Campbell McInnes and the composer as pianist.

"I think I know of no composer whose music expressed his character more exactly.... He had the determination to be and say exactly what he meant and no other." With those admiring words, the English composer and folklorist Ralph Vaughan Williams eulogized his friend and colleague George Butterworth, killed at age 31 by a German bullet during the Battle of the Somme. Butterworth was born in London on July 12, 1885, and moved to York six years later when his father, the distinguished solicitor Sir Alexander Kaye Butterworth, was appointed general manager of the North Eastern Railway. George showed exceptional talent in music during his years at Eton (1899–1904), learning the piano, participating in concerts, and beginning to compose, but Sir Alexander insisted that his son study classics at Trinity College, Oxford in order to take up the paternal legal profession. Butterworth's interest in music soon won out over law, however, and he determined to follow a career as a musician. He was elected president of the University Music Club and developed close friendships with Vaughan Williams, R. O. Morris, Cecil Sharp, Adrian Boult, Hugh Allen, and other of the university's finest musicians, quickly coming to share their enthusiasm for the collection and study of traditional English folksongs and dances, which were fast disappearing under the encroachment of modern society. By the time he graduated from Oxford, in 1908, Butterworth had developed into a serious scholar of indigenous English music, personally gathering some 150 songs and becoming expert at performing many of the traditional dances. Neither his scholarly activities nor his fledgling attempts at composition could provide him with a living, however, so after leaving Oxford he worked for brief periods as a reviewer for *The Times of London* and a teacher at Radley College before entering the Royal College of Music in 1910 for formal music study. Though he cared little for the curriculum, he did find his creative voice during his year at the RCM, composing the *Two English Idylls* for orchestra, making exquisite settings of six poems from Housman's *A Shropshire Lad*, and completing an orchestral piece based on the first of his Housman songs. Still uncertain of the direction of his life, Butterworth restlessly followed his musical interests after quitting the RCM in 1911—sketching a handful of works but finishing only *The Banks of Green Willow* for orchestra, a second set of Housman songs (*Bredon Hill*), a collection of songs on poems by W. E. Henley (*Love Blows as the Wind Blows*) and a few folk song arrangements; accompanying Vaughan Williams on folk song expeditions; promoting the work of the English Folk Dance and Song Society—but the eruption of World War I in August 1914 filled him with a quickened sense of purpose. He enlisted in the Twelfth Durham Light Infantry in September and was soon promoted to second lieutenant and mobilized to the French front the following summer. He was assigned to the hellish trenches along the Somme, where he was killed by enemy fire at

Pozières on August 5, 1916. He was posthumously awarded the Military Cross for Bravery for "conspicuous gallantry in action."

Butterworth's tiny handful of extant compositions (he destroyed some sketches and several unsatisfactory works before enlisting) exhibit a sensitive and subtle musical idiom, rooted in the pastoral simplicity and melodic immediacy of English folk song yet remarkably expressive and touching, which was perfectly suited to capturing the rich sentiments of Housman's poetry. A. E. Housman, one of England's most widely read poets, addressed some of the country's pressing concerns at the dawn of the modern age in his 1896 collection titled *A Shropshire Lad* (bucolic Shropshire borders Wales in west-central England), as British musicologist Wilfred Mellers explained: "Housman, a crusty academic and Latin disputant 'masochistically practicing heroics in the last ditch' (as W. H. Auden put it), created pseudo-folk ballads set in a mythical Shropshire countryside, making a highly artificial deployment of simple ballad forms to deal with universal themes of death, mutability and a world lost. The verses brought home to thousands of British people not only the loss of the old rural England, but also the tie-up between that loss and a bleak awareness of impermanence in a godless and faithless world." Butterworth set six poems from *A Shropshire Lad* in 1909–1911 that were among the first English art songs to fully absorb the influence of the country's folksong.

Kurt Weill (1900–1950)
Four Walt Whitman Songs

Composed in 1942 and 1947.

No one preserved more eloquently and more powerfully the profound emotional trauma worked upon the American psyche by the Civil War than Walt Whitman, who supported himself with a part-time job at the Army paymaster's office in Washington during the conflict but gave his much of his time (and much of his soul) as a volunteer nurse at a military hospital in the city. He distilled his thoughts, feelings, and experience about the war into a deeply moving collection of poems that he published under the collective title *Drum-Taps* on April 1, 1865, nine days before Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. Five days later, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. Whitman distilled both his grief over that tragedy and his pity over the conflict that had preceded and prompted it into the elegiac poem *O Captain! My Captain!*. The poem headed a collection of 18 poems written that summer, in the aftermath of the war, that were published later in the year as *Sequel to Drum-Taps*; two years later they were absorbed into *Leaves of Grass*, the omnibus of Whitman's peerless writing.

Whitman's poems were widely known and highly valued in Europe, and Kurt Weill wrote of them in 1926, nine years before he emigrated to the United States, that Whitman was "the first truly original poetic talent to grow out of American soil. He was the first who discovered poetic material in the tempo of public life as well as in the landscapes of the New World." Weill fully embraced America after settling here—he became a naturalized citizen in 1943 and insisted that his name be pronounced with the English "w" rather than the German "v"—and was inspired by what American musicologist Joseph Horowitz called "the egalitarianism, informality and decency of American ways." In response to the bombing of Pearl Harbor in December 1942 (and as a demonstration of his American sympathies), Weill set three of Whitman's most powerful Civil War poems—*O Captain! My Captain!*, *Beat! Beat! Drums!* and *Dirge for Two Veterans*—to support the Fight for Freedom Committee, a group that advocated the immediate declaration of war on Nazi Germany. He hoped that the brilliant but controversial singer–actor Paul Robeson would record them, but that plan never materialized, so he orchestrated *O Captain!* so that the esteemed actress Helen Hayes could record it as a "spoken song" on RCA Victor to benefit the

American Theatre Wing War Service. Weill added *Come Up from the Fields, Father* in 1947, following his only return to Europe after settling in America.

The *Four Walt Whitman Songs*, like Weill himself, filter his European training through his assimilation (and love) of American culture and musical styles. (*Knickerbocker Holiday*, with a book by Maxwell Anderson, had played successfully on Broadway in 1938; *Lady in the Dark*, with lyrics by Ira Gershwin, ran from January 1941 to May 1942.) *Beat! Beat! Drums!*, with its fanfares and pounding accompaniment, is a graphic miniature cantata. *O Captain! My Captain!*, Whitman's tribute to the assassinated Lincoln, has the lyricism and immediacy of a popular song. *Come Up from the Fields, Father* reflects the personal tragedy of warfare through Whitman's evocation of one family's loss. *Dirge for Two Veterans* contrasts the peace of the grave with the violence that led a father and son there.

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)
Four songs from *Who Are These Children?*

Composed in 1969–1971. Selections premièred on March 7, 1971, at the Cardiff Festival of 20th-Century Music by tenor Peter Pears with the composer as pianist; complete cycle premièred on May 4, 1971, in Edinburgh by the same artists.

Scottish poet William Soutar, born in Perth in 1898, was already suffering from chronic inflammatory arthritis by the time he was demobilized from the Royal Navy in 1918, but he still managed to attend the University of Edinburgh and begin writing poetry during the following years. He published his first volume of poems in 1923 and soon thereafter came to be regarded among the country's leading literary figures. When his family adopted an orphaned cousin in 1929, he became interested in writing for children, which he often did in the Scots language. By 1930, Soutar had become bedridden but continued to write poetry as well as a diary that was published after his death, in 1943 from tuberculosis, as *The Diary of a Dying Man*.

In 1969, for a commission marking the 700th National Gallery of Scotland Concert, Britten selected twelve of Soutar's poems—eight playful children's verses in Scots and four serious poems concerning the plight of children in wartime written in English during World War II—and titled them after one of the poems: *Who Are These Children?*. The four English songs on this recital testify to Britten's lifelong pacificism and his hatred of war. *Nightmare* speaks of a child's terrifying dream made all too real with the coming of day. *Slaughter*, with its violent, inexorable accompaniment, evokes "an iron beast [that] tramples cities down" leaving "phantoms of the dead [that] from our faces show." In his setting of *Who Are These Children?*, the horn calls and galloping rhythms suggesting the bucolic countryside of the text's fox hunt also take on a menacing quality that echoes the harrowing situation of those less fortunate families trapped in the conflict. *The Children* is an elegy of profound sorrow.

Gustav Mahler
Three songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*
Texts assembled by Achim von Arnim (1781–1831)
and Clemens Brentano (1778–1842)

Revelge

Des Morgens zwischen drein und vieren
Da müssen wir Soldaten marschieren
das Gässlein auf und ab;
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Mein Schätzel sieht herab.

»Ach, Bruder, jetzt bin ich geschossen,
Die Kugel hat mich schwer getroffen,
Trag mich in mein Quartier,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Es ist nicht weit von hier.«

»Ach, Bruder, ich kann dich nicht tragen,
Die Feinde haben uns geschlagen,
Helf dir der liebe Gott;
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Ich muss marschieren in Tod.«

»Ach Brüder! ihr geht ja an mir vorüber,
Als wär es mit mir schon vorüber,
Ihr Lumpenfeind seid da;
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Ihr tretet mir zu nah.«

»Ich muss wohl meine Tromme rühren,
Sonst werde ich mich ganz verlieren;
Die Brüder dick gesät,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Sie liegen wie gemäht.«

Er schlägt die Trommen auf und nieder,
Er wecket seine stillen Brüder,
Sie schlagen ihren Feind,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Ein Schrecken schlägt den Feind.

Er schlägt die Trommel auf und nieder,
Da sind sie vor dem Nachtquartier schon wieder,
Ins Gässlein hell hinaus,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Sie ziehn vor Schätzleins Haus.

Des Morgens stehen da die Gebeine
In Reih und Glied wie Leichensteine,
Die Trommel steht voran,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
Dass sie ihn sehen kann.

Reveille

Between three and four in the morning
we soldiers have to march
up the street and down;
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
my darling gazes down.

"Ah brother, now I'm shot,
the ball has wounded me sore,
to my billet carry me,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
it is not far from here."

"Ah brother, I cannot carry you,
we are routed by the foe,
may the good God help you;
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
to my death I've got to go.

"Ah, brothers, you march by me,
as if I were already finished,
villainous foe, you're here,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
too close at hand."

"My drum I must sound,
lest I quite give way;
my brothers, thickly sown,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
lie as if mown."

Up and down he sounds his drum
rousing his silent brothers,
they rout their foe,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
the foe is struck with horror.

Up and down he sounds his drum,
they're by their night billets again,
it's out into the bright street,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
they march by his darling's house.

There, at morning stand their bones,
in rank and file like tombstones,
drum at the head,
Tralali, Tralalei, Tralala
for her to see.

Der Tambourg'sell

Ich armer Tambourgesell
Man führt mich aus dem Gewölb
Wär ich ein Tambour blieben,
Dürft ich nicht gefangen liegen.

O Galgen, du hohes Haus,
Du siehst so furchtbar aus.
Ich schau dich nicht mehr an,
weil i weiss, i gehör daran.

Wenn Soldaten vorbeimarschieren,
Bei mir nit einquartieren
Wann sie fragen, wer i gwesen bin:
Tambour von der Leibkompanie.

Gute Nacht, ihr Marmelstein,
Ihr Berg und Hügelein.
Gute Nacht, ihr Offizier,
Korporal und Musketier.

Gute Nacht, ihr Offizier,
Korporal und Grenadier,
ich schrei mit heller Stimm
Von euch ich Urlaub nimm.

The Drummer Boy

Poor drummer that I am
being led from the vault.
Had I stayed a drummer,
a prisoner I'd not be.

O gallows, tall house,
so fearful you look,
on you I'll gaze no more,
for I know that's where I go.

When soldiers marching by
aren't billeted with me,
and ask who I was:
Drummer, No. 1 Company.

Good night, marble stone,
your mountain and hills.
Good night, officers,
corporals and musketeers.

Good night, you officers,
corporals and grenadiers
Loud and clear I cry,
From you I'm off on leave.

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen

»Wer ist denn draussen und wer klopfet an,
der mich so leise, so leise wecken kann?«

»Das ist der Herzallerliebste dein,
steh' auf und lass mich zu dir ein!
Was soll ich hier nun länger steh'n?
Ich seh' die Morgenröt' aufgeh'n,
die Morgenröt', zwei helle Stern'.
Bei meinem Schatz da wär' ich gern,
bei meinem Herzallerliebste!«

Das Mädchen stand auf und liess ihn ein;
sie heisst ihn auch willkommen sein.
»Willkommen, lieber Knabe mein,
so lang hast du gestanden!«
Sie reicht ihm auch die schneeweisse Hand.

Von Ferne sang die Nachtigall;
das Mädchen fing zu weinen an.

»Ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein,
ach weine nicht, du Liebste mein,
aufs Jahr sollst du mein Eigen sein.
Mein Eigen sollst du werden gewiss,
wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist!

Where the Splendid Trumpets Are Sounding

"Who's that outside there that knocks at my door,
and who so gently, so gently wakens me?"

"It is your own true dearest love,
arise, and let me in to you!
Why leave me longer waiting here?
I see the pale red dawn appear,
the pale red dawn, and two bright stars.
Were I but only with my love,
with my own dearest beloved!"

The girl got up and let him in,
and gladly does she welcome him.
"O welcome, dearest lad of mine,
so long you've been waiting!"
She gives to him her snow-white hand.

From far off sang the nightingale;
the girl began to weep.

"Ah do not weep, my dearest love,
ah do not weep, my dearest love,
within a year you shall be mine.
You shall be mine, my own for sure,
as no-one else upon the earth!

O Lieb' auf grüner Erden.
Ich zieh' in Krieg auf grüne Haid',
die grüne Haide, die ist so weit.
Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen,
da ist mein Haus, mein Haus von grünem Rasen.«

O love on the green earth.
I'm going to war on the green heath,
the green heath, so far away.
And there where the splendid trumpets are sounding,
there is my home, my home of green turf."

Rudi Stephan
Ich will dir singen ein Hohelied
Texts by Gerda von Robertus (1873–1939)

I Will Sing You a High Song

I. Kythere

Der Rosen Düfte liebeatmend
schwingen in weichen Wellen,
die wie Brüste beben, sich zu uns
über purpurblaue Meere.
Ganz ferne, feiner Äolsharfen klingen.
Die Barke, Liebster, lenk und lass uns streben
gen Aphrodites Inselreich: Kythere.

I. Cythera

Fragrance of roses, breathing love,
wafts to us, in soft waves
like swelling breasts,
across indigo seas.
From afar comes the exquisite sound of Aeolian harps.
Pilot our bark, O best beloved, and let us seek out
Aphrodite's island realm: Cythera.

II. Pantherlied

Geschmeidig und wild wie ein junger Panther
So hast du von mir Besitz ergriffen.
Ach, wie weich ist dein Sammetfell,
du schöner Panther.
Ach, und die Sammettatzen, wie lieb sie streicheln!
Lass mich nie, nie deine Krallen spüren;
Neulich im Traum grubst du sie mir in's Herz!

II.Panther Song

Supple and wild like a young panther,
You have taken possession of me.
Ah, how soft is your velvet coat,
you beautiful panther.
Ah, and your velvety paws, how tenderly they caress!
Never, never let me feel your claws;
Lately, in a dream, you sank them deep into my heart!

III. Abendfrieden

Das Sonnenfeuer starb—Rubingepränge—
Ganz leis verhalt des Ave letzter Ton;
Die Nebel wallen eine Prozession—
Wie Weihrauch schwebt es dunstig um die Hänge.
Und Friede weit—
Die Seele fleht für Dich ein stilles Nachtgebet.

III. Evening Peace

With ruby splendor the sun's fire dies,
The Ave's closing notes fade soft and low;
Wreathes of mist drift in procession,
Circling the slopes like a haze of incense.
And far and wide is peace—
My soul pleads silently for you its evening prayer.

IV. In Nachbars Garten

In Nachbars Garten duftet
die Lindenblüte schwül,
Doch unter den wuchtigen Zweigen ist's
dämmerlauschig kühl.
In Nachbars Garten schatten
die Lindenzweige tief
als ob in den Blättern verborgen
ein süss Geheimnis schlief.
In Nachbars Garten rauscht es
im Lindenwipfel bewegt
Als ob in Sturmes Takte ein Herz
am andern schlägt.

IV. In the Neighbor's Garden

In the neighbor's garden the linden blossom
gives forth its sultry fragrance,
Yet beneath its heavy branches is
a cool dusky seclusion.
In the neighbor's garden the linden branches
cast a deep shade
as if a sweet secret slept
hidden in its leaves.
In the neighbor's garden the tops of the linden trees
are sighing and stirring
as if one heart were beating in time with another
to the cadence of the storm.

Heut' sah ich unter der Linde verschlungen
zwei Liebende stehn.
Weshalb nur in brennendem Schmerze
die Augen mir übergehn'?

V. Glück zu Zweien

Wir haben im Lärm der Menge
im Gleichempfinden geschwiegen;
Wir sind aus Tal und Enge
gemeinsam zu Gipfeln gestiegen.
An Felsengraten standen wir
jauchzend in göttliche Weiten.
Zwei Könige wir,
die fanden das Reich ihrer Einsamkeiten.

VI. Das Hohelied der Nacht

Zwei Tage reichen sich die Hand—der eine schied,
ein Flüstern raunt es durch die tiefe Stunde.
Es klingt einLied—der Nacht ein Hohelied—
Ich sing es mit—Du küsst es mir vom Munde:
O hehre Nacht, tu auf dein Wunderland,
Lass alles Leiderinnern Ruhe finden.
Der Liebe Meer umrauscht ja Deinen Strand,
Drin alle Ströme meiner Sehnsucht münden.

Today I saw two lovers entwined
under the linden tree.
Why then do my eyes overflow
in burning pain?

V. Happiness Together

In the hubbub of the crowd
we found the silence of shared feeling;
From the narrow valley
we have climbed summits together.
On rocky ridges we stood
exulting in divine expanses.
We were two kings
discovering the realm of our solitudes.

VI. High Song of the Night

Two days touch hands—one departs,
a whispered murmur passes through the deep hour.
There is the sound of a song—a High Song of the night—
I sing it too—you kiss it from my mouth:
Oh sublime night, open up your wonderland,
Lay all remembrance of suffering to rest.
Upon your shores there beats the sea of love
where all the torrents of my yearning reach their mouth.

George Butterworth
Six Songs from *A Shropshire Lad*
Texts by Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

I. Loveliest of Trees

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my threescore years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

II. When I Was One-and-Twenty

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
"Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free."
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
"The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs a plenty
And sold for endless rue."
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

III. Look Not in My Eyes

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear
And love it and be lost like me.
One the long nights through must lie
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I
Perish? Gaze not in my eyes.

A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Looked into a forest well
And never looked away again.
There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

IV. Think No More, Lad

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly;
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh, 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever;
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

V. The Lads in Their Hundreds

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

VI. Is My Team Ploughing?

"Is my team ploughing,
That I was used to drive
And hear the harness jingle
When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

"Is football playing
Along the river-shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?"

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

"Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?"

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

"Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?"
Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man's sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

Kurt Weill
Four Walt Whitman Songs
Texts by Walt Whitman (1819–1892)

I. Beat! Beat! Drums!

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows—through doors—burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet—no happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace, ploughing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you whirr and pound you drums—so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities—over the rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at night in the houses? No sleepers must sleep in those beds,
No bargainers bargains by day—no brokers or speculators—would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? Would the singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums—you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums!—blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley—stop for no expostulation,
Mind not the timid—mind not the weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching the young man,
Let not the child's voice be heard, nor the mother's entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums—so loud you bugles blow.

II. O Captain! My Captain!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful trip is done;
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!

This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You've fallen cold and dead.
My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship, comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

III. Come Up from the Fields, Father

Come up from the fields, father, here's a letter from our Pete,
And come to the front door mother, here's a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, 'tis autumn,
Lo, where the trees, deeper green, yellower and redder,
Cool and sweeten Ohio's villages with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind,
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes on the trellis'd vines,

Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds,
Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful, and the farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well,
But now from the fields come father, come at the daughter's call,
And come to the entry mother, to the front door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling,
She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly,
O this is not our son's writing, yet his name is sign'd,

O a strange hand writes for our dear son, O stricken mother's soul!
All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only;

Sentences broken, gunshot wound in the breast, taken to hospital,
At present low, but will soon be better.

Alas poor boy, he will never be better (nor may-be needs to be better, that brave and simple soul),
While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,
She with thin form presently dressed in black,
By day her meals untouch'd, then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,
O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life escape and withdraw,
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.

IV. Dirge for Two Veterans

The last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finish'd Sabbath,
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking,
Down a new-made double grave.

Lo, the moon ascending,
Up from the east the silvery round moon,
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon,
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-key'd bugles,
All the channels of the city streets they are flooding,
As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring,
And every blow of the great convulsive drums,
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,
In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,
Two veterans son and father dropt together,
And the double grave awaits them.

Now nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

O strong dead-march you please me!
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial!
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music,
And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,
My heart gives you love.

Benjamin Britten
Selections from *Who Are These Children?*
Texts by William Soutar (1898–1943)

III. Nightmare

The tree stood flowering in a dream:
Beside the tree a dark shape bowed:
As lightning glittered the axe-gleam
Across the wound in the broken wood,
The tree cried out with human cries:
From its deepening hurt the blood ran:
The branches flowered with children's eyes
And the dark murderer was a man.
There came a fear which sighed aloud;
And with its fear the dream-world woke:
Yet in the day the tree still stood
Bleeding beneath the axe-man's stroke.

VI. Slaughter

Within the violence of the storm
The wise men are made dumb:
Young bones are hollowed by the worm:
The babe dies in the womb.
Above the lover's mouth is pressed
The silence of a stone:
Death rides upon an iron beast
And tramples cities down.
And shall the multitudinous grave
Our enmity inter;
These dungeons of misrule enslave
Our bitterness and fear:
All are the conquered; and in vain
The laurel binds the brow:
The phantoms of the dead remain
And from our faces show.

IX. Who Are These Children?

With easy hands upon the rein,
And hounds at their horses' feet,
The ladies and the gentlemen
Ride through the village street.
Brightness of blood upon the coats
And on the women's lips:
Brightness of silver at the throats
And on the hunting whips.
Is there a dale more calm, more green
Under this morning hour;
A scene more alien than this scene
Within a world at war?
Who are these children gathered here
Out of the fire and smoke
That with remembering faces stare
Upon the foxing folk?

XI. The Children

Upon the street they lie
Beside the broken stone:
The blood of children stares from the broken stone.

Death came out of the sky
In the bright afternoon:
Darkness slanted over the bright afternoon.

Again the sky is clear
But upon earth a stain:
The earth is darkened with a darkening stain.

A wound which everywhere
Corrupts the hearts of men:
The blood of children corrupts the hearts of men.

Silence is in the air:
The stars move to their places:
Silent and serene the stars move to their places:

But from earth the children stare
With blind and fearful faces:
And our charity is in the children's faces.

Sim Canety-Clarke

IAN BOSTRIDGE's international recital career has taken him to the Salzburg, Edinburgh, Munich, Vienna, Aldeburgh, and Schwarzenberg Schubertiade festivals and to the main stages of Carnegie Hall and La Scala, Milan. He has held artistic residencies at the Vienna Konzerthaus and Schwarzenberg Schubertiade (2003–2004), a Carte-Blanche series with Thomas Quasthoff at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw (2004–2005), a "Perspectives" series at Carnegie Hall (2005–2006), the Barbican, London (2008), the Luxembourg Philharmonie (2010–2011), the Wigmore Hall (2011–2012), and the Hamburg Laeiszhalle (2012–2013).

Mr. Bostridge's recordings have won all the major international record prizes and been nominated for 13 Grammy Awards. They include Schubert's *Die schöne Müllerin* with Graham Johnson (Gramophone Award, 1996); Tom Rakewell with Sir John Eliot Gardiner (Grammy Award, 1999); and Belmonte with William Christie. Under his exclusive contract with EMI Classics, recordings have included Schubert and Schumann lieder (Gramophone Award 1998), English song and Henze lieder with Julius Drake, Britten's *Our Hunting Fathers* with Daniel Harding, *Idomeneo* with Sir Charles Mackerras, Janáček with Thomas Adès, Schubert with Leif Ove Andsnes, Mitsuko Uchida and Antonio Pappano, Noel Coward with Jeffrey Tate, Britten orchestral cycles with the Berlin Philharmonic and Sir Simon Rattle, Wolf with Mr. Pappano, Bach cantatas with Fabio Biondi, Handel arias with Harry Bicket, Britten's *Canticles*, *The Turn of the Screw* (Gramophone Award, 2003), and *Billy Budd* (Grammy Award, 2010), Adès's *The Tempest* (Gramophone Award, 2010) and Monteverdi's *Orfeo*. Recent recording include *Three Baroque Tenors* with the English Concert and Bernard Labadie, and Britten songs with Mr. Pappano for EMI.

He has worked with the Berlin Philharmonic, Vienna Philharmonic, Chicago Symphony, Boston Symphony, London Symphony, London Philharmonic, BBC Symphony, Rotterdam Philharmonic, Royal Concertgebouw, New York Philharmonic, and Los Angeles Philharmonic orchestras under Sir Simon Rattle, Sir Colin Davis, Sir Andrew Davis, Seiji Ozawa, Antonio Pappano, Riccardo Muti, Mstislav Rostropovich, Daniel Barenboim, Daniel Harding, and Donald Runnicles. He sang the world première of Henze's *Opfergang* with the Accademia Santa Cecilia in Rome under Mr. Pappano.

His operatic appearances have included Lysander (*A Midsummer Night's Dream*) for Opera Australia at the Edinburgh Festival, Tamino (*Die Zauberflöte*) and Jupiter (*Semele*) for English National Opera and Peter Quint (*The Turn of the Screw*), Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*) and Caliban (Adès's *The Tempest*) for the Royal Opera. For the Bavarian State Opera, he has sung Nerone (*L'Incoronazione di Poppea*), Tom Rakewell (*The Rake's Progress*) and Male Chorus (*The Rape of Lucretia*), and Don Ottavio for the Vienna State Opera. He sang Aschenbach (*Death in Venice*) for English National Opera and in Brussels and Luxembourg.

Performances during the 2013 Britten anniversary celebrations included the *War Requiem* with the London Philharmonic

Orchestra under Vladimir Jurowski; *Les Illuminations* with the Concertgebouw Orchestra under Andris Nelsons; and Madwoman in the Netia Jones's staging of *Curlew River* for the Barbican, which was seen in New York and at Cal Performances in autumn 2014. Current and future plans include return visits to the BBC Proms, the Edinburgh Festival, and the Schwarzenberg Schubertiade, a recital tour of the United States, and concerts with Daniel Harding, Andrew Manze, and Leonard Slatkin.

During autumn 2014, he embarked on a European recital tour of *Winterreise* with Thomas Adès to coincide with the publication by Faber and Faber in the United Kingdom and Alfred A. Knopf in the United States of his new book, *Schubert's Winter Journey: Anatomy of an Obsession* in January 2015.

Mr. Bostridge was a fellow in history at Corpus Christi College, Oxford (1992–1995), and in 2001 was elected an honorary fellow of that college. In 2003 he was made an Honorary Doctor of Music by the University of St. Andrew's, and in 2010 he was made an honorary fellow of St. John's College, Oxford. He was made a CBE in the 2004 New Year's Honours. He will be Humanitas Professor of Classical Music at the University of Oxford 2014–2015.

Pianist **Wenwen Du** first trained with Dan Zhaoyi (China) before studying at the Vancouver Academy of Music (Canada) with her mentor, Professor Lee Kum Sing. She earned a Bachelor's of Music degree and an Artist Diploma from VAM.

As a solo pianist, Wenwen Du has been awarded prizes from Prokofiev International Piano Competition (Ukraine) and Wiesbaden Piano Competition (Germany), as well as winning scholarships from the Vancouver Chopin Society (Canada). She has given solo piano recitals in China, North America, and Europe.

Wenwen Du has collaborated with many singers. She attended courses at the Oxford Lieder Festival (United Kingdom), at the Franz Schubert Institut (Austria) and at the Britten-Pears Young Artist Program (United Kingdom), coaching with Elly Ameling, Ian Bostridge, Imogen Cooper, Julius Drake, and Wolfgang Holzmair, among others.

Wenwen Du currently lives in Vancouver, Canada, while maintaining a local and international performance schedule. Most recently, she appeared at the Casalmaggiore International Music Festival (Italy) and in reci-tal with Mr. Bostridge in concerts in Dallas and at Schloss Elmau in Germany. She tours North America with Mr. Bostridge in April 2015.