



Ian Bostridge and Sir Antonio Pappano: Requiem

Wednesday 5 December 2018 7.30pm, Hall

Mahler Three songs from 'Des Knaben
Wunderhorn'

Stephan Ich will dir singen ein Hohelied

Butterworth Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad

interval 20 minutes

Weill Four Walt Whitman Songs

Britten Four songs from 'Who are these
children?'

Ian Bostridge tenor

Sir Antonio Pappano piano

Part of Barbican Presents 2018–19

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Welcome

A warm welcome to tonight's concert, in which tenor Ian Bostridge is joined by Sir Antonio Pappano, swapping podium for the piano. Together they present a concert entitled 'Requiem', which promises to be a compelling addition to the many events marking the centenary of the end of the First World War, including our own 'For the Fallen' series in the lead-up to Armistice Day earlier this year.

This is a programme designed to go beyond mere commemoration of the conflict and to examine war in a wider context. Thus, they begin with Mahler, and three songs from *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* that are by turns powerful and poignant. Rudi Stephan and George Butterworth were born just two years apart and died

fighting on opposite sides of the war. And in both cases, there's a tremendous sense of 'what if', for both were formidably gifted composers.

Weill's *Four Walt Whitman Songs* deserve to be far better known – indeed, Weill's wife, the singer Lotte Lenya, declared them to be the best songs he had ever written. Britten was a lifelong pacifist and his late work *Who are these children?* is one of the darkest and most sardonic song-cycles he ever composed.

It promises to be a thought-provoking and stimulating evening.

Huw Humphreys, Head of Music, Barbican

War, and the pity of war

For texts, see page 6

Among the many tributes to the fallen of the First World War that have taken place this autumn to commemorate the centenary of the armistice, one of the most evocative was 'Pages of the Sea', a public art project devised by director Danny Boyle. Giant portraits were raked into the sand of 32 beaches around the British Isles: each represented a figure who had served in one of a range of occupations and ranks; from the doctor and suffragist Elsie Maud Inglis in Fife to the poet-soldier Wilfred Owen in Folkestone. Each, inevitably, was washed away by the incoming tide. The transience of life similarly threads together the programme of 'Requiem' by Ian Bostridge and Sir Antonio Pappano. If the protagonists that people the songs of Gustav Mahler, Rudi Stephan, George Butterworth and Benjamin Britten are not already dead, typically they soon will be. And music, perhaps more than any of the other arts (maybe even more than the tide), is able to capture time passing. To remember through song is also to acknowledge the ephemerality of experience itself.

The poems of Achim von Arnim and Clemens Brentano's collection *Des Knaben Wunderhorn: Alte deutsche Lieder* ('The Youth's Magic Horn: Old German Songs', the first volume of which was published in 1805) initially attracted Mahler's attention in the late 1880s, when he composed nine songs to some of the more lighthearted, folkish texts. A darker humour marks the poems selected for his next volume of *Wunderhorn* songs, begun in 1892 and published in 1899, which included 'Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen' (composed in July 1898). 'Revelge' (July 1899) and 'Der Tambours' sell' (August 1901) later replaced two of the songs from that second volume, 'Urlicht' and 'Es sungen drei Engel', which Mahler had reworked into his Second and Third Symphonies respectively. He produced versions for voice and orchestra of all of the *Wunderhornlieder* or absorbed them into his symphonies. Although it is possible to imagine or recall the piano part fleshed out by orchestral instruments, the

sparse textures and percussive rumblings of the piano in the three songs programmed here suit the plights of their military protagonists.

In 'Revelge' (Reveille) a soldier imagines his sweetheart watching him marching to his death; in 'Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen' (Where the shining trumpets sound) matters are more ambiguous – has the maiden been woken by a ghost or is the soldier paying her one more visit before his death? Either way, she realises that she and her beloved will only be truly united when both are buried beneath the green turf. The drummer boy of 'Der Tambours' sell', by contrast, is left all alone, facing the gallows. These are stock characters, in part, but Mahler's music endows them with an emotional expressivity that makes them all the more sympathetic: rage and regret are given voice alongside the traditional trumpet calls.

In 1911, the year of Mahler's death, 23-year-old Rudi Stephan hired the Munich Konzertverein orchestra to perform a programme of his works. More or less an autodidact (he had studied harmony and counterpoint in Frankfurt and Munich but resisted composition tuition), Stephan was soon heralded as one of the brightest lights of new music in Germany. Preparations were underway for a production of his opera based on Otto Borngräber's 'erotic mystery' *Die ersten Menschen* when war broke out. Despite misgivings, Stephan volunteered and was killed on the Eastern Front on 29 September 1915.

For his song-cycle *Ich will dir singen ein Hohelied* (1913–14) Stephan chose poems by Gerda von Robertus, a pseudonym for Gertrud von Schlieben, the wife of Otto Borngräber. Robertus's verses are no less sensual and mysterious than her spouse's libretto for Stephan's opera (*Die ersten Menschen* had its posthumous premiere in 1920). The music of *Ich will dir singen ein Hohelied* is replete with rich harmonies and there is a beguiling, arching lyricism to the vocal writing. Listening with an awareness of the composer's untimely death, however, it seems that all this

beauty – from the lovers beneath the archetypal linden tree ('In Nachbars Garten duftet') to the sexy, pouncing black panther ('Pantherlied') – is laced with sadness, never more so than in the simple rising melody that ends 'Abendfrieden': 'Und Friede weit – die Seele fleht für Dich ein stilles Nachtgebet' ('And far and wide is peace – my soul pleads silently for you its evening prayer').

George Butterworth, just two years older than Stephan, also died in battle: he fell at the Somme in August 1916, having received the Military Cross for gallantry the month before. Like many young British composers, Butterworth had been attracted to the folkish poetry of A E Housman. As well as the *Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad* (1911), heard tonight, he produced *Bredon Hill and Other Songs* (1912) and an orchestral rhapsody *A Shropshire Lad* (1912), which used material from the first of his *Six Songs*: 'Loveliest of Trees'.

Housman's collection of poems had been published in 1896 and gained in popularity during the Second Boer War (1899–1902) because of the accessibility of its verse style, investment in lost soldiers (with shades of *Des Knaben Wunderhorn* there are many ghostly dialogue poems), and nostalgia for the English countryside. By the time of the First World War it was said that well-thumbed copies of *A Shropshire Lad* could be found in the pockets of many serving in the trenches. Composer Rutland Boughton detected in Butterworth's songs an 'amazing restraint [and] the same terrible beauty which one finds in the verses'. Again, nature provides a foil for the horrors of war while also serving as a reminder of the passing of time. The lad's youth and impetuosity is stressed in several of the songs. The first three numbers suggest his winsomeness and the vainglory of rushing to war: after all, as spelled out in 'Think no more, lad', it will not stop you dying. Along similar lines, 'The lads in their hundreds' will pile into the battlefield as they had once rushed to the fair; in 'Is my team ploughing?' his restless spirit asks about the farm, his football team, and his sweetheart. Life goes on, in other words: a common message of wartime songs, which

teeter between expressing distress and promising comfort for those on the front or at home.

Walt Whitman's collection of poems *Drum-Taps*, published in 1865 as the American Civil War was coming to an end, according to Lawrence Kramer 'helped to create a new, modern poetry of war, a poetry not just of patriotic exhortation but of sombre witness'. That modern aspect may be one reason why Whitman appealed to so many German composers in the following century, especially exiles from the Third Reich. One such was Kurt Weill, who in late 1941, in the aftermath of Pearl Harbor, returned to Whitman's collection *Leaves of Grass*, which he had first encountered in the 1920s. He quickly composed what were published as the *Three Walt Whitman Songs* in 1942. Then, after a trip to Europe, he expanded the collection in 1947 to *Four Walt Whitman Songs* with the addition of 'Come up from the fields, father' (an orchestral version was devised subsequently). Weill's wife, the singer Lotte Lenya, told him that the *Walt Whitman Songs* were 'the best and most effortless songs you have ever written', but they received no public performances in his lifetime. The problem, according to some commentators, was the way they blurred the boundaries of popular and cultivated, or maybe American and European styles (although that seems little different from the rest of Weill's oeuvre); or, that, in the songs' original order, Weill seems to read Whitman's verses as pro-war when they were anything but. When they were re-ordered in 1947, however, a more convincing narrative was constructed that stressed the futility of fighting: beginning with a vigorous but ominous call-to-arms ('Beat! beat! drums!'), then a lament for the ship's captain's death ('O Captain! My Captain'), followed by the tragic narrative of informing those back home of their son's death and the mother's ensuing grief ('Come up from the fields, father') and, finally, a dirge for not only the son but the father too ('Dirge for two veterans').

In 1969 Benjamin Britten composed *Children's Crusade* for the 50th anniversary of the Save the Children Fund. The text was a ballad by

Weill's one-time collaborator Bertholt Brecht – *Kinderkreuzzug*, about the death of a wandering band of children in war-torn Poland in 1939. The 'very grisly piece', as Britten called it, used 12-note rows to symbolise the dying civilisation of Europe. Then followed *Who are these children?*, 12 songs setting 'lyrics, rhymes and riddles' by the Scottish poet William Soutar. Eight riddles and rhymes in Scottish dialect, depicting the carefree lad in his natural habitat, are interleaved with four English poems concerned with the cruelty of modern civilisation. The selection tonight are in the latter mode. In 'Nightmare', a tree is cut down and emits human cries, while 'Slaughter', in which humanity petrifies, has voice and piano increasingly out of kilter with one another. The titular 'Who are these children?' was based on a photograph from the *Times Literary Supplement* of 1941 in which a fox-hunting party surreally glides through a bombed-out village. 'The children' was a poem written in response to the bloodshed of the Spanish Civil War; Britten brought it still closer to home by evoking the drones of planes and wartime air-raid sirens.

War, as portrayed in tonight's songs, is shown never to stop artists from asking the same questions about how to convey the attraction – and then the futility – of battle. The poets chosen by composers often come from another era. Military technologies change so rapidly that those fighting in the early 19th century, or during the American Civil War, or the Second Boer War, the First or Second World Wars, the Spanish Civil War, the Vietnam War, or any of the countless conflicts that have and continue to take place might, historically speaking, bear little resemblance to each other. But the bigger themes these songs explore, about how to remember the fallen, and how to grieve for those lost, prove timeless. The bugle calls of the unknown soldiers heard in Mahler's *Wunderhorn* songs haunt those of Butterworth, Weill and Britten. Through a 'Requiem' such as this those who died in conflict will not be forgotten.

Programme note © Laura Tunbridge

Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)

Des Knaben Wunderhorn

Reveille

Des Morgens zwischen drei'n und vieren,
Da müssen wir Soldaten marschieren
Das Gässlein auf und ab.
Tral-la-li, tral-la-ley, tral-la-lera,
Mein Schätzel sieht herab!

'Ach, Bruder, jetzt bin ich geschossen,
Die Kugel hat mich schwer getroffen,
Trag' mich in mein Quartier!
Tral-la-li, tral-la-ley, tral-la-lera,
Es ist nicht weit von hier.'

'Ach, Bruder, ich kann dich nicht tragen,
Die Feinde haben uns geschlagen!
Helf' dir der liebe Gott!
Tral-la-li, tral-la-ley, tral-la-lera,
Ich muss marschieren bis in Tod!'

'Ach, Brüder, ihr geht ja mir vorüber,
Als wär's mit mir vorbei!
Tral-la-li, tral-la-ley, tral-la-lera,
Ihr tretet mir zu nah!

Ich muss wohl meine Trommel rühren.
Tral-la-li, tral-la-ley, tral-la-li,
Sonst werd' ich mich verlieren,
Tral-la-li, tral-la-ley, tral-la-la.
Die Brüder dicht gesät,
Sie liegen wie gemäht.'

Er schlägt die Trommel auf und nieder,
Er wecket seine stillen Brüder.
Tral-la-li, tral-la-ley, tral-la-li, tral-la-ley!
Sie schlagen ihren Feind.
Tral-la-li, tral-la-ley, tral-la-lera-la-la,
Ein Schrecken schlägt den Feind!

Er schlägt die Trommel auf und nieder,
Da sind sie vor dem Nachtquartier schon wieder.
Tral-la-li, tral-la-ley, tral-la-li, tral-la-ley!
Ins Gässlein hell hinaus,
Sie zieh'n vor Schätzleins Haus.
Tral-la-li, tral-la-ley, tral-la-lera.

Des Morgens stehen da die Gebeine
In Reih' und Glied, sie steh'n wie Leichensteine,
Die Trommel steht voran,
Dass sie ihn sehen kann.
Tral-la-li, tral-la-ley, tral-la-lera.

Der Tambours' sell

Ich armer Tambours' sell!
Man führt mich aus dem G'wölb.

Reveille

Between three and four of a morning
We soldiers must be marching
Up and down the street.
Tral-la-li, etc.
My sweetheart is looking on.

'Ah brother, I am hit,
The bullet has wounded me sorely.
Carry me back to the camp.
Tral-la-li, etc.
It is not far off.'

'Brother, I cannot carry you there.
The enemy has beaten us.
May dear God help you!
Tral-la-li, etc.
I must march on to my death.'

'Ah brothers, you pass me by
As though my last hour had come.
Tral-la-li, etc.
You tread too closely where I lie.

I must up and beat my drum.
Tral-la-li, etc.
Or else I am lost forever.
Tral-la-li, etc.
The brothers all lie thick
On the ground like mown grass.'

He beat his drum high and low.
He woke his silent brothers.
Tra-la-li, etc.
They put the enemy to flight.
Tral-la-li, etc.
A great terror overcame the foe.

High and low he beat his drum.
Soon they are all back at the camp.
Tral-la-li, etc.
Along the street as clear as day
They marched to his sweetheart's house.
Tral-la-li, etc.

There in the morning light lay their bones,
Row upon row, skeleton limbs.
At their head was the drummer boy
That she might see him there.
Tral-la-li, etc.

The Drummer Boy

A poor drummer boy am I!
They are taking me from my cell.

Wär ich ein Tambour geblieben,
dürft' ich nicht gefangen liegen.

O Galgen, du hohes Haus,
du siehst so furchtbar aus.
Ich schau' dich nicht mehr an.
Weil i' weiss, dass i' g'hör dran.

Wenn Soldaten vorbeimarschier'n
bei mir nit einquartier'n,
wenn sie fragen wer i' g'wesen 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':
Gute Nacht! Gute Nacht!

Wo die schönen Trompeten blasen

'Wer ist denn draussen und wer klopfet an,
Der mich 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 Herzallerlieble.'

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,
Aufs Jahr sollst du mein eigen sein.
Mein eigen sollst du werden gewiss,
Wie's keine sonst auf Erden ist,
O Lieb' auf grüner Erden!

Ich zieh' in Krieg auf grüne Heid';
Die grüne Heide, die ist so weit.
Allwo dort die schönen Trompeten blasen,
Da ist mein Haus von grünem Rasen.'

Had I remained a drummer boy,
I would not have lain in prison.

O gallows, that stand so high,
How fearful you appear!
I shall look at you no more.
For I know you are the home where I belong.

When the soldiers march past
To other quarters than mine
And when they ask who I was,
Say, 'Drummer from the colonel's own regiment'.

Good night, you stones of marble,
You hills and high mountains.
Good night, you officers,
Corporal and musketeer.
Good night, you officers,
Corporal and grenadier.
I cry loud and clear,
From you I take a soldier's leave:
Good night, good night.

Where the shining trumpets sound

'Who stands out there, knocking at my door,
Waking me so gently?'
'It is your heart's dearest love.
Rise up and let me in.

Why must I wait longer?
I see the rosy dawn is rising;
The rosy dawn and two bright stars.
I long to be beside my sweetheart,
Beside my dearest love.'

The maiden rose up and let him in.
She bade him right welcome.
'Welcome, my dearest lad,' she said.
'Too long you have stayed out there.'

She gave him her snow-white hand.
Far away the nightingale sang.
The maiden began to weep.

'Do not weep, my dearest love.
Before the year is gone
You shall be mine
As no one else on this earth can be.
O love on the earth so green!

I am away to the wars on the green moor,
The green moor so far away.
Where the shining trumpets sound,
There is my home under the green turf.'

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

1 Kythere

Der Rosen Däfte 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.

2 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 Sammettatzten, wie lieb sie streicheln!

Lass mich nie, nie deine Krallen spüren;
Neulich im Traum grubst du sie mir in's Herz!

3 Abendfrieden

Das Sonnenfeuer starb – Rubingepänge –
Ganz leis verhallt 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.

4 In Nachbars Garten duftet

In Nachbars Garten duftet
Die Lindenblüte schwül,
Doch unter den wuchtigen Zweigen
Ist's dämmerlauschig kühl.

In Nachbars Garten schatten
Die Lindenweige 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.

Heut' sah ich unter der Linde
Verschlungen zwei Liebende stehn –
Weshalb nur in brennendem Schmerze
Die Augen mir übergehen?

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.

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!

Evening's Peace

With ruby splendour the sun's fire dies,
The Ave's closing notes fade soft and low;
Wreaths 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.

In the neighbour's garden

In the neighbour's garden
The linden blossom gives forth its sultry fragrance,
Yet beneath its heavy branches
Is a cool dusky seclusion.

In the neighbour's garden
The linden branches cast a deep shade
As if a sweet secret slept
Hidden in its leaves.

In the neighbour'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.

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

5 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.

6 Das Hohelied der Nacht

Zwei Tage reichen sich die Hand – der eine
 schied,
 ein Flüstern raunt es durch die tiefe Stunde.

 Es klingt ein Lied – 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.

*Gerda von Robertus (aka Gertrud von Schlieben,
 1873–1939)*

George Butterworth (1885–1916) Six Songs from A Shropshire Lad 1 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.

Happiness for Two

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.

The 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.

Translations © Warner Classics

2 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.

3 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.

4 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.

5 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.

6 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.

Alfred Edward Housman (1859–1936)

Kurt Weill (1900–50)

Four Walt Whitman Songs

1 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.

2 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.

3 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,
(Smell you the smell of the grapes on the vines?
Smell you the buckwheat where the bees were
lately buzzing?)

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,*
cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,
At present low, but will soon be better.

Ah now the single figure to me,
Amid all teeming and wealthy Ohio with all its
cities and farms,
Sickly white in the face and dull in the head, very
faint,
By the jamb of a door leans.

*Grieve not so, dear mother, (the just-grown
daughter speaks through her sobs,
The little sisters huddle around speechless and
dismay'd,)*
*See, dearest mother, the letter says Pete 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 drest 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.

4 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're 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.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumin'd,
(Tis some mother's large transparent face,
In heaven brighter growing.)

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.

Walt Whitman (1819-92)

Benjamin Britten (1913–76)

Who are these children?

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.

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:
Fate 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.

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?

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.

William Soutar (1898–1943)

About the performers



Sim Conesly-Clarke

Ian Bostridge

Ian Bostridge tenor

Ian Bostridge's international recital career takes him to the foremost concert halls of Europe, South East Asia and North America, with regular appearances at the Salzburg, Edinburgh, Munich, Vienna, Schwarzenberg and Aldeburgh festivals. He has had residencies at the Wiener Konzerthaus, Carnegie Hall, New York, Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Luxembourg Philharmonie, Barbican Centre, Wigmore Hall and with the Seoul Philharmonic, the first of its kind.

In opera, he has performed Tamino (*The Magic Flute*), Jupiter (*Semele*) and Aschenbach (*Death in Venice*) at English National Opera; Quint (*The Turn of the Screw*), Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*) and Caliban (Thomas Adès's *The Tempest*) for the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden; the title-role in *Jephtha* for the Opéra de Paris; Don Ottavio at the Wiener Staatsoper; Tom Rakewell (*The Rake's Progress*) at the Bayerische Staatsoper, Munich; and Quint at the Teatro alla Scala, Milan.

Performances during the 2013 Britten anniversary celebrations included the *War Requiem* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra under Vladimir Jurowski; *Les illuminations* with the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra under Andris Nelsons; and *Madwoman (Curlew River)* in the Netia Jones staging here at the Barbican, which was also seen in New York and on the West Coast

of America. In the autumn of 2014 he embarked on a European recital tour of Schubert's *Winterreise* with Thomas Adès to coincide with the publication of his book *Schubert's Winter Journey: Anatomy of an Obsession*. In 2016 he was awarded the The Pol Roger Duff Cooper Prize for non-fiction writing for the book, which has been translated into 12 languages.

Recent engagements include an American recital tour of *Winterreise* with Adès; performances of Hans Zender's orchestrated version of *Winterreise* in Taipei, Perth, for Musikkollegium Winterthur and at New York's Lincoln Center; Berlioz's *Les nuits d'été* with the Seattle Symphony under Ludovic Morlot; and recital tours to both the East and West Coasts of America.

Highlights of this season include a European recital tour with jazz pianist Brad Mehldau which will include a new composition by Mehldau; the world premiere of a new commission by Sir James MacMillan with the London Symphony Orchestra for the WW1 centenary; staged performances of the Zender *Winterreise*, directed by Netia Jones, in Shanghai; recordings of the three major Schubert song-cycles live at the Wigmore Hall with pianists Lars Vogt and Thomas Adès; recital tours in Japan, Hong Kong and Korea; and a European concert tour with Europa Galante. Further ahead, he will return to the operatic stage at the Deutsche Oper.

His many recordings have won all the major international record prizes and been nominated for 15 Grammys. His latest release is *Requiem*, with Sir Antonio Pappano at the piano.

Ian Bostridge was a fellow in history at Corpus Christi College, Oxford (1992–5) and in 2001 was elected an honorary fellow of the college. In 2003 he was given an honorary doctorate in music by the University of St Andrews 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. In 2014 he was Humanitas Professor of Classical Music at the University of Oxford.



Sir Antonio Pappano

Sir Antonio Pappano piano

Sir Antonio Pappano is one of today's most sought-after conductors, acclaimed for his inspirational performances in both symphonic and operatic repertoire. He has been Music Director of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, since 2002, and Music Director of the Orchestra dell'Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia in Rome since 2005. He initially worked as a pianist, répétiteur and assistant conductor at many of the most important opera houses in Europe and North America.

He made his debut at the Vienna Staatsoper in 1993, standing in for Christoph von Dohnányi at the last minute in Wagner's *Siegfried*; he followed this with debuts at the Metropolitan Opera, New York, in 1997 with *Eugene Onegin* and at the 1999 Bayreuth Festival, where he conducted *Lohengrin*. He has worked at the San Francisco Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Théâtre du Châtelet and Staatsoper Berlin, and highlights of recent seasons include his operatic debut at the Salzburg Festival (*Don Carlo*) and the Teatro alla Scala (*Les Troyens*). His repertoire at the Royal Opera House has been notably wide-ranging, with productions of *Ariadne auf Naxos*, *Wozzeck*, *Falstaff*, *La bohème*, *Don Giovanni*, *Aida*, *The Lady Macbeth of the Mtsensk District*, *Il trittico*, *Fidelio*, *Parsifal*, *Il barbiere di Siviglia*, the *Ring cycle*, *Lulu*, *Les vêpres siciliennes*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Andrea Chenier*, *King Roger*, *The Minotaur* and *Anna Nicole*. Recently he has led new productions of *Boris Godunov*, *Cavalleria rusticana* and *Pagliacci*, *Norma* and *Otello*, and

revivals of *Manon Lescaut* and *Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*.

He has appeared as a guest conductor with many of the world's leading orchestras, including the Munich, New York and Vienna Philharmonic orchestras, the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, the Chicago and Boston Symphony orchestras, Philadelphia and Cleveland orchestras and the Orchestre de Paris. He maintains a particularly strong relationship with the London Symphony Orchestra. Recent highlights include debuts with the Chamber Orchestra of Europe, Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra and Verbier Festival Orchestra.

Highlights of this season and beyond include the *Ring cycle*, *Tannhäuser*, *La forza del destino* and *Otello* at the Royal Opera House. He will also return to the Staatskapelle Berlin, Leipzig Gewandhaus, Royal Concertgebouw, San Francisco Symphony, Chamber Orchestra of Europe and London Philharmonic orchestras, and appear at the Wigmore Hall as pianist with Matthias Goerne. Next year he broadens his educational work, undertaking an international summer tour with the National Youth Orchestra of the USA with Joyce DiDonato and taking up the position of Course Director, in a coaching capacity, at the Aldeburgh vocal summer course.

He has been an exclusive recording artist for Warner Classics (formerly EMI Classics) since 1995, and his award-winning discography features many complete operas, including *Don Carlo*, *La rondine*, *La bohème*, *William Tell*, *Il trittico*, *Werther*, *Manon*, *Madama Butterfly*, *Tosca*, *Il trovatore*, *Tristan und Isolde* and, most recently, *Aida*. He has also recorded widely with the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia.

As a pianist, Sir Antonio Pappano appears with some of the most celebrated singers, including Joyce DiDonato, Gerald Finley and Ian Bostridge. He has also partnered singers and instrumental soloists on disc, including in Nina Stemme, Plácido Domingo, Anna Netrebko, Jonas Kaufmann, Leif Ove Andsnes, Maxim Vengerov, Janine Jansen, Jan Lisiecki and Beatrice Rana.

Diana Damrau sings Strauss



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