

ANAM AT THE CONVENT: SARA MACLIVER with ANAM PIANOS

WEDNESDAY 14 MAY 3PM
GOOD SHEPHERD CHAPEL, ABBOTSFORD CONVENT

Wolfgang Amadeus MOZART (1756-1791) *Exsultate, jubilate*, K. 163 (1773) 14'

- i. Exsultate, jubilate*
- ii. Fulget amica dies*
- iii. Tu virginum corona*
- iv. Allelujah*

Sara Macliver soprano
Liam Furey (NZ) piano

Hugo WOLF (1860-1903) Selected songs from Mörike-Lieder (1888)

- Auf einer Wanderung* ('On a walk') 4'
- Verborgenheit* ('Seclusion') 6'
- Der Gärtner* ('The Gardener') 2'
- Denk' es, o Seele!* ('Oh soul, remember!') 3'
- Elfenlied* ('Elf song') 2'
- Begegnung* ('Encounter') 2'

Sara Macliver soprano
Timothy O'Malley (VIC) piano

INTERVAL 20'

Claude DEBUSSY (1862-1918) *Ariettes oubliées* ('Forgotten songs') (1885-1887) 16'

- i. C'est l'extase langoureuse*
- ii. Il pleure dans mon cœur*
- iv. Chevaux de bois*
- v. Green*

Sara Macliver soprano
Po Goh (VIC) piano

Rebecca CLARKE (1886-1979) Selected songs

- A Dream* (1928) 3'
- The Seal Man* (1920-1921) 6'
- The Cloths of Heaven* (1920) 2'

Sara Macliver soprano
Sarah Chick (TAS) piano

Charles IVES (1874-1954) Selected songs

- Songs my Mother taught me* (1895) 3'
- The Things Our Fathers Loved* (1917) 2'
- Memories* (1897) 3'

Sara Macliver soprano
Francis Atkins (NSW) piano

Approximate duration: 90 minutes

ANAM respectfully acknowledges the traditional custodians of the lands spread across Australia on which we work and live. We uphold and honour their continued relationship to these sites, we pay our respects to their Elders past, present and emerging, and extend that respect to all Aboriginal and Torres Strait Islander Peoples.

Sara Macliver's Artistic Residency at ANAM is generously supported by Meredith Baldwin.

This concert features a Mason and Hamlin model CC concert grand piano, generously donated to ANAM by Sieglind D'Arcy.

Liam is supported by ANAM Syndicate donors Aurel Dessewffy and Olga Vujovic, Tony and Alison Kelly, Robert Whitehead.

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Po is sponsored by the Tallis Foundation and further supported by ANAM Syndicate donors Gina Fox, Max Garrard, Robyn Harris, Janet Limb AO, Kim Low.

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Francis is supported by ANAM Syndicate donors Elizabeth Butcher AM, Sieglind D'Arcy, Mark Debeljak and Daniel Lehrer, Andrea Goldsmith, Mike and Jane Hall, Neil Moore, Hilary Newman, Ralph and Margaret Plarre.

SARA MACLIVER

Sara Macliver is one of Australia's most popular and versatile artists, and is regarded as one of the leading exponents of Baroque repertoire. Sara is a regular performer with all the Australian symphony orchestras as well as the Perth, Melbourne and Sydney Festivals, Pinchgut Opera, the Australian Chamber Orchestra and Australian Brandenburg Orchestra, Musica Viva, and a number of international companies. Sara records for ABC Classics with more than 35 CDs and many awards to her credit. Sara has been awarded an honorary doctorate from the University of Western Australia (UWA) in recognition of her services to singing. She is on staff at the Conservatorium of Music at UWA and sits on the Board of the West Australian Symphony Orchestra and Freeze Frame Opera.

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NO PRETENCE: THE VULNERABILITY OF ART SONG

The titans of Western music wrote symphonies and operas, expansive essays seemingly on their own greatness. Art song was a trifle compared to the technical mastery of orchestration and form – a 'feminine' art to the 'masculine' endeavour of the symphony. But beneath the social stigma is a form so human that, in its humbler proportions, conveys an entire world of emotion and experience.

That **Hugo Wolf** had a gift for song is undeniable. It was a feverish obsession that saw a new text set to music every day for weeks during 1888, coined his "Year of Song". An adoration of Richard Wagner collided with inspiration from masters of Lied Franz Schubert and Robert Schumann in richly colourful works that entwine heightened post-Wagnerian harmony with Schubertian melancholy. There's an autobiographical streak in the tragic nature of his works that appears right after he is infected with syphilis in 1878 – a ticking time bomb towards insanity and death in the days before antibiotics – and was a fate he fittingly shared with both Schubert and Schumann.

Claude Debussy's *Ariettes oubliées* ('Forgotten Songs') mark a maturation in his songwriting, and whilst these and the following songs on texts by Charles Baudelaire (1887-9) are more closely inspired by Wagnerian harmony, Debussy's impressionism and mastery of setting French poetry are evident. Long, flowing lines and prolonged passages avoiding resolutions match the tendency of French poetry to have the strongest syllable at the end of each line. Less autobiographical than Wolf (though a series of trysts and affairs and a reportedly sensitive soul surely helped inform), Debussy still captures the human essence of song with subtle shifts in the texts matched with equally subtle twists in musical expression.

Whilst Wolf struggled all his life to write operas, and Debussy moved away from song into larger forms as his reputation blossomed, **Rebecca Clarke** never had the chance to expand beyond song, choral works and chamber music. A talented violist and composer that trailblazed to a series of firsts (Charles Stanford's first female composition student, and one of the first women to study composition at the Royal College of Music, and one of the first women to play in a professional orchestra in London), she was stymied by prevailing misogynistic attitudes and kept to more 'appropriate' songs and single movement chamber works. Her more ambitious pieces, a marvellous viola sonata and piano trio, were written for anonymous submission to a competition sponsored by Elizabeth Coolidge, and of such remarkable quality that pundits believed they were either Maurice Ravel's or Ernest Bloch's – and couldn't possibly have been written by a woman. Repeated roadblocks turned her away from writing, and at age 58 her pen fell silent until her death at 93.

Charles Ives today is remembered as one of the most original voices of American art music, arguably driving the creation of an American sound, but the composer was an insurance executive by day, furtively writing in his own bubble by night. He was a prodigious organist as a child, and whilst studying at Yale wrote his first symphony as his senior thesis, but soon after graduation found work as an actuary. In his free time a prodigious catalogue emerged of songs, chamber works and symphonic music, synthesising the gospel and popular music of his youth, the European tradition, and bleeding-edge concepts like polytonalism, clusters, chance and microtones. Most of his songs were published in 1922 in a collection spanning every conceivable influence (as remarked upon by Aaron Copland) and each a treasure-box of all that was to come in the development of American music as taken on by Copland, Leonard Bernstein and John Cage.

Written by Alex Owens, ANAM Music Librarian, Robert Salzer Foundation Library

SONG TEXTS

MOZART *Exsultate, jubilate*

Exsultate, jubilate,
O vos animae beatae
Exsultate, jubilate,
Dulcia cantica canendo;
Cantui vestro respondendo
Psallant aethera cum me.

Fulget amica dies,
Jam fugere et nubila et procellae;
Exortus est justis inexpectata quies.

Undique obscura regnabat nox,
Surgite tandem laeti qui timuistis adhuc,
Et jucundi aurorae fortunatae.
Frondes dextera plena et lilia date.

Tu virginum corona,
Tu nobis pacem dona,
Tu consolarte affectus,
Unde suspirat cor.
Alleluja.

WOLF Mörike-Lieder

Texts: Eduard Mörike

Auf einer Wanderung

In ein freundliches Städtchen tret ich ein,
In den Strassen liegt roter Abendschein.
Aus einem offenen Fenster eben,
Über den reichsten Blumenflor
Hinweg, hört man Goldglockentöne schweben,
Und eine Stimme scheint ein Nachtigallenchor,
Dass die Blüten beben,
Dass die Lüfte leben,
Dass in höherem Rot die Rosen leuchten vor.

Lang hielt ich staunend, lustbeklommen.
Wie ich hinaus vor's Tor gekommen,
Ich weiss es wahrlich selber nicht.
Ach hier, wie liegt die Welt so licht!
Der Himmel wogt in purpurnem Gewühle,
Rückwärts die Stadt in goldnem Rauch;
Wie rauscht der Erlenbach, wie rauscht im Grund
die Mühle,
Ich bin wie trunken, irrgeführt –
O Muse, du hast mein Herz berührt
Mit einem Liebeshauch!

Rejoice, be glad

Rejoice, be glad,
O you blessed souls,
Rejoice, be glad,
Singing sweet songs;
In response to your singing
Let the heavens sing forth with me.

The friendly day shines forth,
Both clouds and storms have fled now;
For the righteous there has arisen an unexpected
calm.

Before, dark night reigned everywhere;
You who feared until now,
And joyful for this lucky dawn
Give garlands and lilies with full right hand.

You, o crown of virgins,
You grant us peace,
You console our feelings,
From which our hearts sign.
Hallelujah.

Songs of Mörike

Translations: Richard Stokes

On a walk

I arrive in a friendly little town,
The streets glow in red evening light.
From an open window,
Across the richest array of flowers
And beyond, golden bell-chimes come floating,
And one voice seems a choir of nightingales,
Causing blossoms to quiver,
Bringing breezes to life,
Making roses glow a brighter red.

Long I halted marvelling, oppressed by joy.
How I came out through the gate,
I cannot in truth remember.
Ah, how bright the world is here!
The sky billows in a crimson whirl,
The town lies behind in a golden haze;
How the alder brook chatters, and the mill below!

I am as if drunk, led astray –
O Muse, you have touched my heart
With a breath of love!

Verborgenheit

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

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

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

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

Der Gärtner

Auf ihrem Leibrösslein,
So weiss wie der Schnee,
Die schönste Prinzessin
Reit't durch die Allee.

Der Weg, den das Rösslein
Hintanzet so hold,
Der Sand, den ich streute,
Er blinket wie Gold.

Du rosenfarbs Hütlein,
Wohl auf und wohl ab,
O wirf eine Feder
Verstohlen herab!

Und willst du dagegen
Eine Blüte von mir,
Nimm tausend für eine,
Nimm alle dafür!

Seclusion

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

I do not know why I grieve,
It is unknown sorrow;
Always through a veil of tears
I see the sun's beloved light.

Often, I am lost in thought,
And bright joy flashes
Through the oppressive gloom,
Bringing rapture to my breast.

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

The Gardener

On her favourite mount,
As white as snow,
The loveliest princess
Rides down the avenue.

On the path her horse
Prances so sweetly along,
The sand I scattered
Glitters like gold.

You rose-coloured bonnet,
Bobbing up and down,
O throw me a feather
Discreetly down!

And if you in exchange
Want a flower from me,
Take a thousand for one,
Take all in return!

Denk' es, o Seele!

Ein Tännlein grünet wo,
Wer weiss, im Walde,
Ein Rosenstrauch, wer sagt,
In welchem Garten?
Sie sind erlesen schon,
Denk es, o Seele,
Auf deinem Grab zu wurzeln
Und zu wachsen.

Zwei schwarze Rösslein weiden
Auf der Wiese,
Sie kehren heim zur Stadt
In muntern Sprüngen.
Sie werden schrittweis gehn
Mit deiner Leiche;
Vielleicht, vielleicht noch eh
An ihren Hufen
Das Eisen los wird,
Das ich blitzen sehe.

Elfenlied

Bei Nacht im Dorf der Wächter rief:
„Elfe!“
Ein ganz kleines Elfchen im Walde schlief –
Wohl um die Elfe –
Und meint, es rief ihm aus dem Tal
Bei seinem Namen die Nachtigall,
Oder Silpelit hätt ihm gerufen.
Reibt sich der Elf die Augen aus,
Begibt sich vor sein Schneckenhaus,
Und ist als wie ein trunken Mann,
Sein Schläflein war nicht voll getan,
Und humpelt also tippe tapp
Durchs Haselholz ins Tal hinab,
Schlupft an der Mauer hin so dicht,
Da sitzt der Glühwurm, Licht an Licht.
„Was sind das helle Fensterlein?
Da drin wird eine Hochzeit sein:
Die Kleinen sitzen beim Mahle,
Und treibens in dem Saale;
Da guck ich wohl ein wenig 'nein!“
– Pfui, stösst den Kopf an harten Stein!
Elfe, gelt, du hast genug?
Gukuk! Gukuk!

O Soul, remember!

A young fir is growing, where,
Who knows, in the wood?
A rosebush, who can say,
In what garden?
Already they are pre-ordained,
O soul, remember,
To root and grow
On your grave.

Two black colts are grazing
On the field,
Homewards at a merry pace
They return to the town.
At a walking pace they'll go
With your corpse;
Perhaps, perhaps even before
Their hooves
Will lose the shoes
That I see flashing.

Elf-song

The village watch cried out at night:
"Eleven!"
An elfin elf was asleep in the wood –
Just at eleven –
And thinks the nightingale was calling
Him by name from the valley,
Or Silpelit had sent for him.
The elf rubs his eyes,
Steps from his snail-shell home,
Looking like a drunken man,
Not having slept his fill,
And hobbles down, tippety tap,
Through the hazels to the valley,
Slips right up against the wall,
Where the glow-worm sits, shining bright.
"What bright windows are these?
There must be a wedding inside:
The little folk are sitting at the feast
And skipping round the ballroom;
I'll take a little peek inside!"
Shame! he hits his head on hard stone!
Elf, don't you think you've had enough?
Cuckoo! Cuckoo!

Begegnung

Was doch heut nacht ein Sturm gewesen,
Bis erst der Morgen sich geregt!
Wie hat der ungebetne Besen
Kamin und Gassen ausgefegt!

Da kommt ein Mädchen schon die Strassen,
Das halb verschüchtert um sich sieht;
Wie Rosen, die der Wind zerblasen,
So unstet ihr Gesichtchen glüht.

Ein schöner Bursch tritt ihr entgegen,
Er will ihr voll Entzücken nahn:
Wie sehn sich freudig und verlegen
Die ungewohnten Schelme an!

Er scheint zu fragen, ob das Liebchen
Die Zöpfe schon zurecht gemacht,
Die heute nacht im offnen Stübchen
Ein Sturm in Unordnung gebracht.

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

DEBUSSY Ariettes oubliées

Texts: Paul Verlaine

C'est l'extase langoureuse

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

Ô le frêle et frais murmure!
Cela gazouille et susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui vire,
Le roulis sourd des cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout bas?

Encounter

What a storm there was last night,
It raged until this morning dawned!
How that uninvited broom
Swept the streets and chimneys clean!

Here comes a girl along the street,
Glancing half bashfully about her;
Like roses the wind has scattered,
Her pretty face keeps changing colour.

A handsome lad steps up to meet her,
Approaches her full of bliss,
How joyfully and awkwardly
Those novice rascals exchange looks!

He seems to ask if his sweetheart
Has tidied up her plaited locks,
That last night a storm dishevelled
In her gaping wide room.

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

Forgotten songs

Translations: Richard Stokes

It is languorous rapture

It is languorous rapture,
It is amorous fatigue,
It is all the tremors of the forest
In the breezes' embrace,
It is, around the grey branches,
The choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh murmuring!
The warbling and whispering,
It is like the soft cry
The ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the muffled sound
Of pebbles in the swirling stream.

This soul which grieves
In this subdued lament,
It is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
Breathing out our humble hymn
On this warm evening, soft and low?

Il pleure dans mon cœur

Il pleure dans mon cœur
Comme il pleut sur la ville;
Quelle est cette langueur
Qui pénètre mon cœur?

Ô bruit doux de la pluie
Par terre et sur les toits!
Pour un cœur qui s'ennuie
Ô le bruit de la pluie!

Il pleure sans raison
Dans ce cœur qui s'écœure.
Quoi! nulle trahison? ...
Ce deuil est sans raison.

C'est bien la pire peine
De ne savoir pourquoi
Sans amour et sans haine,
Mon cœur a tant de peine.

Chevaux de bois

Tournez, tournez, bons chevaux de bois,
Tournez cent tours, tournez mille tours,
Tournez souvent et tournez toujours,
Tournez, tournez au son des hautbois.

L'enfant tout rouge et la mère blanche,
Le gars en noir et la fille en rose,
L'une à la chose et l'autre à la pose,
Chacun se paie un sou de dimanche.

Tournez, tournez, chevaux de leur cœur,
Tandis qu'autour de tous vos tournois
Clignote l'œil du filou sournois,
Tournez au son du piston vainqueur!

C'est étonnant comme ça vous soûle
D'aller ainsi dans ce cirque bête:
Rien dans le ventre et mal dans la tête,
Du mal en masse et du bien en foule.

Tournez, dadas, sans qu'il soit besoin
D'user jamais de nuls éperons
Pour commander à vos galops ronds:
Tournez, tournez, sans espoir de foin.

Et dépêchez, chevaux de leur âme,
Déjà voici que sonne à la soupe
La nuit qui tombe et chasse la troupe
De gais buveurs que leur soif affame.

Tournez, tournez! Le ciel en velours
D'astres en or se vêt lentement.
L'église tinte un glas tristement.
Tournez au son joyeux des tambours!

Tears fall in my heart

Tears fall in my heart
As rain falls on the town;
What is this torpor
Pervading my heart?

Ah, the soft sound of rain
On the ground and roofs!
For a listless heart,
Ah, the sound of the rain!

Tears fall without reason
In this disheartened heart.
What! Was there no treason? ...
This grief's without reason.

And the worst pain of all
Must be not to know why
Without love and without hate
My heart feels such pain.

Merry-go-round

Turn, turn, you fine wooden horses,
Turn a hundred, turn a thousand times,
Turn often and turn for evermore
Turn and turn to the oboe's sound.

The red-faced child and the pale mother,
The lad in black and the girl in pink,
One down-to-earth, the other showing off,
Each buying a treat with his Sunday sou.

Turn, turn, horses of their hearts,
While the furtive pickpocket's eye is flashing
As you whirl about and whirl around,
Turn to the sound of the conquering cornet!

Astonishing how drunk it makes you,
Riding like this in this foolish fair:
With an empty stomach and an aching head,
Discomfort in plenty and masses of fun!

Gee-gees, turn, you'll never need
The help of any spur
To make your horses gallop round:
Turn, turn, without hope of hay.

And hurry on, horses of their souls:
Nightfall already calls them to supper
And disperses the crowd of happy revellers,
Ravenous with thirst.

Turn, turn! The velvet sky
Is slowly decked with golden stars.
The church bell tolls a mournful knell—
Turn to the joyful sound of drums!

Green

Voici des fruits, des fleurs, des feuilles et des branches
Et puis voici mon cœur qui ne bat que pour vous.
Ne le déchirez pas avec vos deux mains blanches
Et qu'à vos yeux si beaux l'humble présent soit doux.

J'arrive tout couvert encore de rosée
Que le vent du matin vient glacer à mon front.
Souffrez que ma fatigue à vos pieds reposée
Rêve des chers instants qui la délasseront.

Sur votre jeune sein laissez rouler ma tête
Toute sonore encore de vos derniers baisers;
Laissez-la s'apaiser de la bonne tempête,
Et que je dorme un peu puisque vous reposez.

Green

Here are flowers, branches, fruit, and fronds,
And here too is my heart that beats just for you.
Do not tear it with your two white hands
And may the humble gift please your lovely eyes.

I come all covered still with the dew
Frozen to my brow by the morning breeze.
Let my fatigue, finding rest at your feet,
Dream of dear moments that will soothe it.

On your young breast let me cradle my head
Still ringing with your recent kisses;
After love's sweet tumult grant it peace,
And let me sleep a while, since you rest.

CLARKE *A Dream*

Text: William Butler Yeats

I dreamed that one had died in a strange place
Near no accustomed hand;
And they had nailed the boards above her face,
The peasants of that land,
And, wond'ring, planted by her solitude
A cypress and a yew:
I came, and wrote upon a cross of wood,
Man had no more to do:
"She was more beautiful than thy first love
This lady by the trees."
And gazed upon the mournful stars above,
And heard the mournful breeze.

CLARKE *The Seal Man*

Text: John Masefield

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling.
There was a strong love came up in her at that,
and she put down her sewing on the table, and "Mother," she says,

"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all
will keep me this night from the man I love."
And she went out into the moonlight to him,
there by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river.

And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the world,
will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?"
And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength," she says,
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding."

Then they went down into the sea together,
and the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it;
it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;
only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,

that was stronger than the touch of the fool.
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers,
and she went down into the sea with her man,
who wasn't a man at all.

She was drowned, of course.
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself.
She was drowned, drowned.

CLARKE *The Cloths of Heaven*

Text: William Butler Yeats

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths
Enwrought with golden and silver light
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light,

I would spread the cloths under your feet:
But I, being poor, have only my dreams;
I have spread my dreams under your feet;
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

IVES *Songs my Mother Taught Me*

Text: Alfred Heyduk, tr. Natalie Macfarren

Songs my mother taught me in the days long vanished,
Seldom from her eyelids were the tear drops banished.
Now I teach my children each melodious measure;
Often tears are flowing from my memory's treasure.

IVES *The Things our Fathers Loved*

Text: Charles Ives

I think there must be a place in the soul
all made of tunes, of tunes long ago;
I hear the organ on the Main Street corner,
Aunt Sarah humming Gospels; Summer evenings,
The village cornet band, playing in the square.
The town's Red, White and Blue,
All Red, White and Blue; Now! Hear the words
But they sing in my soul of the things our Fathers loved.

IVES *Memories*

Text: Charles Ives

Very pleasant

We're sitting in the opera house;
We're waiting for the curtain to arise
With wonders for our eyes;
We're feeling pretty gay,
And well we may,
"O, Jimmy, look!" I say,
"The band is tuning up
And soon will start to play."
We whistle and we hum,
Beat time with the drum.

We're sitting in the opera house;
We're waiting for the curtain to arise
With wonders for our eyes,
A feeling of expectancy,
A certain kind of ecstasy,
Expectancy and ecstasy... Sh's's's.
"Curtain!"

Rather sad

From the street a strain on my ear doth fall,
A tune as threadbare as that "old red shawl,"
It is tattered, it is torn,
It shows signs of being worn,
It's the tune my Uncle hummed from early morn,
'Twas a common little thing and kind 'a sweet,
But 'twas sad and seemed to slow up both his feet;
I can see him shuffling down
To the barn or to the town,
A humming.

Translations of texts set by Claude Debussy and Hugo Wolf © Richard Stokes, author of A French Song Companion (Oxford University Press) and The Complete Songs of Hugo Wolf (Faber) provided via Oxford International Song Festival (www.oxfordsong.org).

THANK YOU

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