

*In The Maltings, Snape, at 9 pm*

# Song Recital

DIETRICH FISCHER-DIESKAU *baritone* BENJAMIN BRITTEN *piano*

## 1. Songs

*Franz Peter Schubert (1797-1828)*

### 1. DER STROM (1817)

My life rolls on, tossed by waves: leaping one moment and plunging the next. It murmurs through a quiet valley, seeking peace; then on it rushes in constant flight. It will never find rest.

no better I turned to the sun for comfort but who helped me against the Titans? Was it not my own heart? Why honour the gods when they have done nothing? Here I sit, making man in my image: a race like myself, to suffer and rejoice, and to ignore the gods, as I do!

### 2. AUF DER DONAU (1817)

A little boat floats mirrored on the water. Old castles jut up towards heaven, fir-trees whisper cheerily. The works of man all crumble away: where are the towers, the gates, the walls? The men in the skiff grow fearful: the waves, like time, threaten to engulf them.

### 7. FREIWILLIGES VERSINKEN (1820)

Where are you going, O Sun? 'To drown my fiery body in the ocean, infusing new warmth in the earth. My parting shall be as glorious as my life. How pale the moon is, how dull the stars, so long as I reign! Not until I lay my crown upon the peaks, do they win courage in the far distance.'

### 3. DER WANDERER (1819)

The moonlight speaks consolingly: 'Follow the old track and do not stop for long; move on to new things, and escape all care.' He wanders bravely on in the soft, reflected light—surrounded by happiness, and yet alone.

### 8. AUS 'HELIOPOLIS' II (1822)

Shaken by the elements, a ruined monastery stands alone on a mountain-side. Engrave it on your memory, for on it depends the poet's existence! Only those who breathe its pure air and embrace the world will survive. When passions clash, they will have the final word.

### 4. GRUPPE AUS DEM TARTARUS (1817)

The lake boils, a stream runs hissing over hollow stones. Pain wracks the faces of the damned, and their throats open to despair. In anguish they ask if the end will never come; but Eternity hangs over them.

### 9. DER WANDERER AN DEN MOND (1826)

A wanderer and the moon journey together. The man must pass from country to country, an exile, never finding home. The moon, at home in the heavens, travels through every country and is welcome in each. Happy is one who, wherever he may be, is always on native ground.

### 5. AN DIE FREUNDE (1819)

He lies in the forest, his grave unmarked but for a winter covering of snow. When flowers bloom there in the spring his friends are glad; only Death is unmoved. Their love can resurrect him.

### 10. FISCHERWEISE (1826)

The fisherman leads a happy life; he rows out in the morning and wakes the sun with his song. Soon a shoal darts through the depths, but he isn't after fish. He's angling instead for that shepherdess, there on the bridge!

### 6. PROMETHEUS (1819)

Hide yourself in mists, Zeus, and like a boy beheading thistles, vent your strength on tall oaks and mountain-tops; only leave me the earth and fire. When I was a child and knew

**2. Songs and Proverbs of William Blake** *Op. 74*

Benjamin Britten (born 1913)

for baritone and piano

This work was written for Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and was first performed by him and the composer at the 1965 Aldeburgh Festival. The words were selected by Peter Pears from the *Songs of Experience*, the *Auguries of Innocence* and the *Proverbs of Hell*. The songs follow on continuously.

*Proverb I*

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.  
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.  
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.  
The nakedness of woman is the work of God.

## LONDON

I wander thro' each charter'd street,  
Near where the charter'd Thames does  
flow

And mark in every face I meet  
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,  
In every Infants cry of fear,  
In every voice, in every ban,  
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry  
Every black'ning Church appalls,  
And the hapless Soldier's sigh  
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear  
How the youthful Harlot's curse  
Blasts the new-born Infants tear  
And blights with plagues the Marriage  
hearse.

*Proverb II*

Prisons are built with stones of Law, Brothels  
with bricks of Religion.

## THE CHIMNEY-SWEEPER

A little black thing among the snow,  
Crying 'weep 'weep in notes of woe!  
Where are thy father and mother? say?  
They are both gone up to the church to  
pray.

Because I was happy upon the heath,  
And smil'd among the winter's snow  
They clothed me in the clothes of death,  
And taught me to sing the notes of woe.

And because I am happy & dance & sing  
They think they have done me no injury,  
And are gone to praise God & his Priest  
& King  
Who make up a heaven of our misery.

*Proverb III*

The bird a nest, the spider a web, man  
friendship.

## A POISON TREE

I was angry with my friend:  
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.  
I was angry with my foe:  
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,  
Night & morning with my tears;  
And I sunned it with smiles,  
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,  
Till it bore an apple bright,  
And my foe beheld it shine,  
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole  
When the night had veil'd the pole,  
In the morning glad I see  
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

*Proverb IV*

Think in the morning. Act in the noon. Eat in  
the evening. Sleep in the night.

## THE TYGER

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And water'd heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

*Proverb V*

The tygers of wrath are wiser than the  
horses of instruction.  
If the fool would persist in his folly he  
would become wise,  
If others had not been foolish, we should  
be so.

## THE FLY

Little Fly,  
Thy summer's play  
My thoughtless hand  
Has brush'd away.

Am not I  
A fly like thee?  
Or art not thou  
A man like me?

For I dance  
And drink & sing:  
Till some blind hand  
Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life  
And strength & breath  
And the want  
Of thought is death;

Then am I  
A happy fly,  
If I live,  
Or if I die.

*Proverb VI*

The hours of folly are measur'd by the clock;  
but of wisdom, no clock can measure.  
The busy bee has no time for sorrow.  
Eternity is in love with the productions of  
time.

## AH, SUN-FLOWER

Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time,  
Who countest the steps of the Sun;  
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,  
Where the traveller's journey is done:

Where the Youth pined away with desire,  
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,  
Arise from their graves and aspire  
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

*Proverb VII*

To see a World in a Grain of Sand,  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand,  
And Eternity in an hour.

## EVERY NIGHT AND EVERY MORN

Every Night & every Morn  
Some to Misery are Born.  
Every Morn & every Night  
Some are Born to sweet delight,  
Some are Born to sweet delight,  
Some are Born to Endless Night.  
We are led to Believe a Lie  
When we see not Thro' the Eye,  
Which was Born in a Night, to perish in a  
Night,  
When the Soul Slept in Beams of Light.  
God Appears & God is Light  
To those poor Souls who dwell in Night,  
But does a Human Form Display  
To those who Dwell in Realms of Day.