



**Bedford Music Club and
Kensington and Chelsea Music Society
Virtual Concert Series, 2021**

KATIE BRAY mezzo soprano
WILLIAM VANN piano

**Thursday 14th January 2021, 6pm
1901 Arts Club, London**

or watch for up to a month later

Free to watch, donations gratefully received

<https://www.1901artsclub.com/14-jan-2021-katie-bray-song-recital.html>

Programme:

Henry Purcell, arr. Benjamin Britten

Mad Bess

Joseph Haydn

Three songs:

Piercing eyes

Mermaid's song

She never told her love

Hugo Wolf

Three songs from the Italienisches Liederbuch:

Auch kleine Dinge

Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz

Ich hab' in Penna

Henry Purcell, arr. Benjamin Britten

A Morning Hymn

Henry Purcell

A New Ground (keyboard solo)

Jonathan Dove

Song of the dry orange tree

Mátyás Seiber

O your eyes are dark and beautiful

Benjamin Britten

Funeral Blues

Kurt Weill

Three songs:

Nannas Lied

Surabaya Johnny

Je ne t'aime pas

Cole Porter

Night and Day

George Gershwin

I Got Rhythm

Frederick Loewe

I could have danced all night

Translations:

Auch kleine Dinge | *Even small things*

Even small things can delight us,

Even small things can be precious.

Think how gladly we deck ourselves with pearls;

They fetch a great price but are only small.

Think how small the olive is,

And yet it is prized for its goodness.

Think only of the rose, how small it is,

And yet smells so lovely, as you know.

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Was soll der Zorn, mein Schatz | *Why this anger, my love*

*Why this anger, my love, that inflames you so?
For I am not conscious of any wrong-doing.
Ah, I'd rather you take a well-sharpened knife
And come to me and pierce my breast.
And if a knife won't do, then take a sword
And let my blood stream up to the sky.
And if a sword won't do, a steel dagger
And wash away all my torment in my blood.*

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Ich hab' in Penna | *I have in Penna*

*I have one lover living in Penna,
Another in the plain of Maremma,
One in the beautiful port of Ancona,
For the fourth I must go to Viterbo;
Another lives over in Casentino,
The next with me in my own town,
And I've yet another in Magione,
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione.*

Translation © Richard Stokes, author of *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)

Nannas Lied | *Nanna's Song*

*Gentlemen, with seventeen years of age under my belt
I came up on the Love Market,
and I have learned much.
Much of it gave evil,
yet that was the game,
but, I have a lot to be blamed for.
(When all is said and done, I'm only a human being, too.)*

*Thanks be to God that it all goes by so quickly,
the love as well as the grief, too.*

*Where are the tears of yesterday evening?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?*

*As one goes through the years
it is easier in the Love Market, to be sure,
and you embrace the multitudes there.
But feelings
become astonishingly cool
when one doesn't ration them.
(When all is said and done, each reserve must come to an end.)*

*Thanks be to God that it all goes by so quickly,
the love as well as the grief, too.
Where are the tears of yesterday evening?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?*

*And even when one learns the trade really well
in the Fairground of Love:
to change desire into small change
is never easy.
Now, it is achieved.
Yet meanwhile, one grows older, as well.
(When all is said and done, one can't stay seventeen forever.)*

*Thanks be to God that it all goes by so quickly,
the love as well as the grief, too.
Where are the tears of yesterday evening?
Where are the snows of yesteryear?*

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Je ne t'aime pas | I don't love you

*Take away your hand -- for I don't love you;
Because you have wished it, you are only a friend.
Your embrace is for other people,
Your dear kiss, your slumbering head.*

*Don't talk to me when it is evening
In that very low voice, for it is too intimate;
And especially don't give me your handkerchief:
It holds too much of the scent I love.*

*Tell me of your loves -- for I don't love you,
Tell me of your most intoxicating moment.
And if she loved you well, or if she was ungrateful,
In telling me, don't be charming --*

*I haven't cried, I haven't suffered,
It was only a dream -- a kind of madness.
It is enough to see your clear eyes,
With neither the regret of evening nor melancholy.*

*It is enough to see your joy,
It is enough to see your smile.
Tell me how she stole your heart,
And tell me especially what shouldn't be told.*

*No, rather be silent... I am on my knees.
The fire has gone out, the door is closed.
Don't ask me anything, I'm crying... that's all.
I don't love you, oh my beloved!*

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