

RUBICON



MASABANE  
CECILIA  
ARON GOLDIN

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MASABANE CECILIA  
RANGWANASHA soprano

ARON GOLDIN piano

**B**enjamin John Peter Tyamzashe (1890–1978), now widely regarded as the national composer of the Xhosa language, cultivated his musical talents as a child at church gatherings with family and friends. He began by entertaining his peers with short, improvised tunes on the piano, and, without formal training in music theory, he only came to write down his compositions in his late twenties. His songs, combining the tonal language of Xhosa with the rich harmonies of hymnal music, demonstrate his two core influences: his Bantu heritage and his deep-seated Christian faith. **Isithandwa Sam** is at once a love song and a song of devotion – the singer’s yearning for the ‘beloved’ is inseparable from the experience of divine love.

Though not as well known as Tyamzashe, Richard Eugene Blanchard Sr (1925–2004) – composer of **Fill My Cup, Lord** – similarly combines steadfast religious piety with luxuriant musical harmonies to rapturous effect. The hymn is an exhortation for God’s love to ‘quench this thirsting’ in the singer’s soul: a plea for the suffering of earthly life to be transformed by the infinite goodness of the divine. And it is only through the music itself that this spiritual experience is felt.

**Thula baba** is one of the world’s most famous and beloved traditional Zulu songs. It is a song of profound tenderness, in which a mother lulls her infant child to sleep, accompanied by piano chords that gently rock back and forth. But there is also a melancholy that stirs beneath this tranquillity: the baby’s father is far away, trying to find his way back to them under the night sky. The mother’s loneliness is palpable, even as she reassures her slumbering child that the stars of heaven will guide him home.

Stephanus Le Roux Marais (1896–1979) spent almost his entire life in South Africa, interrupted by a brief period of study at London’s Royal College of Music. In that time, he devoted himself to promoting the language of Afrikaans in the context of the classical song tradition. His works, often lyrical and deeply affecting, have led to him being credited with establishing Afrikaans as a true language of song.

**Mali, die slaaf se lied** and **Heimwee** are quintessential examples of Le Roux Marais' musical style. Both are steeped in nostalgia: *Mali* tells of a slave-girl's longing to return to the land from which she was taken, where she was truly free; while in *Heimwee* the singer rejects city life to return to nature. Evoking the long musical lines of Schumann and the emotional depth of Schubert, these Afrikaans songs themselves seem to yearn for an artistic tradition where they too can find a home.

Helen Taylor's original title, 'Bless the house', was changed by Australian composer May Brahe (1884–1956) to **Bless This House**, and was performed all over the world by such celebrated singers as Perry Como, Doris Day, Gracie Fields, Beniamino Gigli, Benjamin Luxon, Leontyne Price, Bryn Terfel and John McCormack, whose inimitable performance was recorded in 1932, five years after the song's publication.

In **Morgen!**, Richard Strauss (1864–1949) sets a poem by John Henry Mackay, a left-wing thinker with anarchist leanings. Most of Mackay's work has a homosexual subtext: Mackay wrote his stories of gay love under the pseudonym of Sagitta, and published a tender novel about male prostitution, *Der Puppenjunge* (The Hustler) in 1926. **Morgen!**, the last song of Op.27, is arguably Strauss's most celebrated. The poem looks forward to a time (tomorrow!) when gay men and women can live and love without persecution.

The delectable waltz **Les Chemins de l'amour** was composed by Francis Poulenc (1899–1963) in 1940 as part of the incidental music for Jean Anouilh's *Léocadia*, where it was described as a 'pseudo Viennese waltz' and sung by Yvonne Printemps. Despite the ephemeral nature of love, the singer begs that one memory should remain – 'the day I felt on me your glowing hands'.

Matthäus von Collin, the poet of Franz Schubert's (1797–1828) **Nacht und Träume**, was 18 years older than Schubert, and a reasonably successful dramatist, poet and critic, who qualified as a lawyer at the University of Vienna, spent some time in the capital as censor, and ended up working in the ministry of finance. From what must have been a flimsy, seemingly insignificant piece of paper, Schubert created one of his greatest masterpieces. With its dark semiquavers, it looks like night on the page, and it bears the sole dynamic *pp*. Beautiful tone and an unwavering *legato* are required, and though Schubert's original marking is *langsam*, the pulse must be maintained. The second verse brings with it an intensification of rapture: B modulates to G, and the singer cries out with swelling tone for night to remain.

**Gretchen am Spinnrade** sets a scene from Goethe's *Faust*. At this stage in the play Gretchen has just met Faust, is smitten, returns to her room, sits down at the spinning-wheel and expresses her rapture in what has become one of the most anthologized love poems in the German language. The very shape of the poem on the page suggests unbridled passion, in particular the short lines and the obsessive repetitions at the passage beginning 'Sein hoher Gang', when she describes the man with whom she is infatuated. The poem inspired in the 17-year-old composer music of astonishing passion and psychological probing: the spinning-wheel whirrs, Gretchen's foot works the treadle, and as her agitation increases, the wheel accelerates and rises in pitch from D minor to E minor to F. D minor returns as she repeats the opening refrain; but when she recalls Faust's kiss, the pitch rises ecstatically to B flat and a screaming dissonance. Deep in the bass the dominant pedal sounds, as she returns distractedly to her work.

The poems that Hector Berlioz (1803-1869) selected for his *Nuits d'été* come from Théophile Gautier's *La Comédie de la Mort*, a collection of poems that was to inspire many of the finest *mélodies* of the 19th century. The original version for voice and piano dates from 1841 and was designed for mezzo-soprano and tenor. **Le Spectre de la rose** describes the ghost of a dying rose that had been worn all evening at the ball by a beautiful young girl who had pressed it against her bosom. The rose now returns each night to haunt the girl's dreams and dance at her bedside. Its fate - to have her breast as its tomb - was one to be envied by all kings. At the words 'Ni messe ni *De profundis*', Berlioz writes a sequence of diminished seventh chords that descend the scale - a magical end to this through-composed song.

Antonín Dvořák's (1841-1904) interest in opera was in part due to the nine years during which he played the viola in the orchestra of the Prague Provisional Theatre. Of his ten operas, *Rusalka* (1901) has proved to be far and away the most popular. Rusalka, a water nymph, is determined to gain the love of the Prince. He frequently comes to the lake, in whose depths Rusalka dwells, undresses on the shore and plunges into the water where Rusalka, as a wave, embraces him. He cannot perceive her, but she falls violently in love with him. The water-sprite, a father figure to Rusalka, suggests that she should approach Ježibaba, the witch, for help. It is at this point that Rusalka sings her celebrated **Song to the Moon**: 'O moon, stand still for a while and tell me where my lover lives. Tell him that I embrace him and that he should remember me in my dreams.'

Alfredo Catalani's (1854–1893) *La Wally*, the last and most successful of his five operas, was composed to a libretto by Luigi Illica, after the novel, *Die Geier-Wally*, by Wilhelmine von Hillern (1875) and was premiered on 20 January 1892 at La Scala, Milan, within three months of Verdi's *Falstaff* and Puccini's *Manon Lescaut*. The conductor was Arturo Toscanini, who continued to champion the work and named his own daughter Wally. The plot revolves around a conventional love triangle: La Wally's father, Strominger, wishes her to marry Gellner, but she is in love with Hagenbach and refuses to comply with her father's wishes. When, at the end of Act 1, he threatens to disown her if she does not marry Gellner, she replies with the famous aria **Ebben? Ne andrò lontana**, in which she sadly resolves to leave her home and live 'Là, fra la neve bianca,/Là, fra le nubi d'or' (Up there among the eternal snows,/Up there among the golden clouds).

**I Could Have Danced All Night** is sung by Eliza towards the end of Act 1 of *My Fair Lady*, the musical by Frederick Loewe (1901–1988) whose libretto was fashioned by Alan Jay Lerner from George Bernard Shaw's *Pygmalion*. It was first performed at the Mark Hellinger Theater, New York, on 15 March 1956 with Rex Harrison (Higgins), Julie Andrews (Eliza Doolittle), Stanley Holloway (Alfred Doolittle) and Robert Coote (Colonel Pickering). Higgins has at last managed to teach Eliza some of the rudiments of elocution ('The Rain in Spain') and Eliza, reliving her ecstatic dance of triumph in Higgins's arms, sings 'I could have danced all night' to anyone willing to listen.

*Porgy and Bess*, the most popular of George Gershwin's (1898–1937) stage works, has a libretto by DuBose Heyward and Ira Gershwin from the play *Porgy* by Dorothy and DuBose Heyward; it was first performed in New York at the Alvin Theater on 10 October 1935. **Summertime** is heard several times in the course of the action. First sung by Clara as a lullaby to her baby, it is reprised soon after as counterpoint to the crap game scene, then again in Act 2 by Clara and finally in Act 3 by Bess who sings it as a lullaby to Clara's now-orphaned baby after both parents died in the storm.

Richard Rodgers (1902–1979) and Oscar Hammerstein II's (1895–1960) *The Sound of Music* premiered in New York at the Lunt-Fontanne Theater on 16 November 1959 with Mary Martin (Maria), Theodore Bikel (Captain von Trapp) and Patricia Neway (the Abbess). Von Trapp is giving a party to introduce Elsa to his friends. Maria attempts to teach little Kurt a Ländler when von Trapp intervenes and, taking Maria in his arms, begins to dance. Maria breaks off the dance in confusion – which is intensified when little Brigitta tells Maria that her father cannot possibly marry Elsa because he is in love with Maria. She flees in panic to the convent, seeking refuge there from her emotional entanglement. The Abbess tells her that she cannot use the convent as an escape from the world – and to illustrate her point, sings **Climb Ev'ry Mountain**: Maria must return to the von Trapp family to face life and Captain von Trapp.







Rising star **Masabane Cecilia Rangwanasha** won the Song Prize at the 2021 BBC Cardiff Singer of the World Competition and is a current BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artist. Most recently, Rangwanasha was awarded the 2024 Herbert von Karajan Prize.

In 2024/25, Rangwanasha will perform Beethoven *Symphony No. 9* with Munich Philharmonic Orchestra (Nicholas Collon), Tippett *A Child of Our Time* with The Royal Sinfonia (Dinis Sousa) and London Symphony Orchestra (Sir Antonio Pappano) and returns to the role of Liù in concert performances of *Turandot* with Minnesota Orchestra (Thomas Søndergård). Rangwanasha performs Verdi *Requiem* at the Wiener Konzerthaus (Daniel Harding), La Monnaie Symphony Orchestra (Alain Altinoglu), Bergen Philharmonic (Jader Bignamini), International Maifestspiele Wiesbaden (Leo McFall) and at the Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia (Daniel Harding). Other highlights this season include performing at the Royal British Legion Festival of Remembrance at the Royal Albert Hall, Mahler *Symphony No. 2* with The Hallé (Kahchun Wong), Mendelssohn *Elijah* with Oxford Philharmonic (Marios Papadopoulos), Vaughan Williams *A Sea Symphony* with the London

Symphony Orchestra (Sir Antonio Pappano), Rossini *Stabat Mater* with the ORF Vienna Radio Symphony Orchestra (Oscar Jockel), Strauss *Vier letzte Lieder* with Orquesta Sinfónica de Castilla y León, Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra and Cape Town Philharmonic Orchestra, Poulenc *Stabat Mater* at Teatro Regio Torino and her return to the Wigmore Hall.

[intermusica.co.uk/artist/Masabane-Cecilia-Rangwanasha](https://intermusica.co.uk/artist/Masabane-Cecilia-Rangwanasha)



Described by *Opera Today* as ‘an eloquent and responsive pianist who beautifully shapes the melody and provides nuanced drama’, **Aron Goldin** has accompanied some of the finest singers of his generation – including Ian Bostridge, Mary Bevan, Jennifer France, and James Atkinson – and has shared the stage with artists ranging from soprano Patricia Petibon to actor Sir Simon Russell Beale. Aron trained as a pianist at the Royal Academy of Music in London under the tutelage of Malcolm Martineau, James Baillieu and Michael Dussek, where he was awarded four Principal Scholarships, a Masters in Piano Accompaniment, a Professional Diploma, an Advanced Diploma and an Honorary Diploma, and where he was a member of Academy’s prestigious ‘Song Circle’.

A former Oxford Lieder ‘Young Artist’ with duo partner Wonsick Oh, Aron has performed at many leading concert venues and live on national radio – including London’s Wigmore Hall, the Holywell Music Room in Oxford, the Elgar Concert Hall in Birmingham, Leeds Lieder, Oxford Lieder, and on BBC Radio 3’s *In Tune*. Aron’s debut album – *Homelands* – was released by Rubicon Classics in October 2023 and entered the Classical Charts Top 10 in its first week. Prior to the Royal Academy, Aron studied English Literature at Trinity

College, Cambridge, where he was a Senior Scholar and graduated top of his year. In 2024, he published his debut novel, *Murder in Constantinople*, with Pushkin Press.

[aegoldin.com](http://aegoldin.com)



**Richard Eugene Blanchard Sr**

**1 Fill My Cup, Lord**

Like the woman at the well, I was seeking  
For things that could not satisfy.  
And then I heard my Savior speaking -  
'Draw from My well that never shall run dry.'

*Fill my cup, Lord;  
I lift it up, Lord;  
Come and quench this thirsting of my soul.  
Bread of Heaven, feed me till I want no more.  
Fill my cup, fill it up and make me whole.*

There are millions in this world who are seeking  
For pleasures earthly goods afford.  
But none can match the wondrous treasure  
That I find in Jesus Christ my Lord.

*Fill my cup, Lord;  
I lift it up, Lord;  
Come and quench this thirsting of my soul.  
Bread of Heaven, feed me till I want no more.  
Fill my cup, fill it up and make me whole.*

**Stephanus Le Roux Marais**

**2 Mali, die slaaf se lied**

Van die lotusland waar die lelies groei  
En die koningsblom op die boomstam bloie;  
Waar yare lank deur die somer woon  
En elke dag met glorie kroon;  
Waar sag die koel suidoostewind  
Die geil-groen veld begroet as vrind;  
En sagter teen die wit strand slaan  
Die branders van die oseaan.

Daarvandaan, daarvandaan,  
Daarvandaan kom ek wat Mali heet!  
Vry was ek waar die lotos groei -  
Vry waar die koningsblomme bloie;  
Waar elke middag sag die reën  
Sy gloed ontel'bre trane ween,  
Oor atap-hut en silwerstrand,  
Oor fyn-bewerkte sawaland;

**Mali, the Slave's Song**

From the lotus-land where lilies grow  
And king-flowers blossom on tree trunks,  
Where summer lasts the year round  
And crowns each day with glory,  
Where the cool south-easterly wind  
Softly greets the lush green fields as a friend,  
And, yet softer, the ocean-waves  
Caress the white beach -

That is where, that is where,  
That is where I, Mali, am from!  
I was free where the lotus grows,  
Free where the king-flowers blossom,  
Where, every afternoon, the rain  
Softly weeps with endless tears  
Over the attap-huts and silver shores,  
Over the finely ploughed and fertile fields,

Waar oor die statige vulkaan  
Die rookwolk in die môre staan -

Daarvandaan, daarvandaan,  
Daarvandaan kom ek wat Mali heet!

*C. Louis Leipoldt (1880-1947)*

### **Francis Poulenc**

#### **3 Les Chemins de l'amour**

Les chemins qui vont à la mer  
Ont gardé de notre passage  
Des fleurs effeuillées  
Et l'écho sous leurs arbres  
De nos deux rires clairs.  
Hélas ! des jours de bonheur,  
Radieuses joies envolées,  
Je vais sans retrouver traces  
Dans mon cœur.

Chemins de mon amour,  
Je vous cherche toujours,  
Chemins perdus, vous n'êtes plus  
Et vos échos sont sourds.  
Chemins du désespoir,  
Chemins du souvenir,  
Chemins du premier jour,  
Divins chemins d'amour.

Si je dois l'oublier un jour,  
La vie effaçant toute chose,  
Je veux, dans mon cœur, qu'un souvenir  
Repose plus fort que l'autre amour.  
Le souvenir du chemin,  
Où tremblante et toute éperdue,  
Un jour j'ai senti sur moi brûler tes mains.

*Jean Anouilh (1910-1987)*

Where, each morning, clouds of smoke  
Hang over a stately volcano.

That is where, that is where,  
That is where I, Mali, am from!

#### **The Paths of Love**

The paths that lead to the sea  
Recall our passing  
With flowers that have shed their petals  
And the echo, beneath the trees,  
Of our bright laughter.  
Alas! no trace of those happy days,  
Those radiant joys now flown,  
Can I find again  
In my heart.

Paths of my love,  
I search for you ceaselessly,  
Lost paths, you are no more  
And your echoes are muted.  
Paths of despair,  
Paths of memory,  
Paths of our first day,  
Divine paths of love.

If one day I must forget him,  
Since life obliterates everything,  
I wish for my heart to remember one thing,  
More vivid than any other love,  
To remember the path  
Where trembling and quite distracted,  
I one day felt on me  
Your passionate hands.

**May Brahe**

**5 Bless This House**

Bless this house, O Lord, we pray;  
Make it safe by night and day;  
Bless these walls so firm and stout,  
Keeping want and trouble out:  
Bless the roof and chimneys tall,  
Let thy peace lie over all;  
Bless this door, that it may prove  
Ever open to joy and love.

Bless these windows shining bright,  
Letting in God's heav'nly light;  
Bless the hearth a-blazing there,  
With smoke ascending like a prayer;  
Bless the folk who dwell within,  
Keep them pure and free from sin;  
Bless us all that we may be  
Fit, O Lord, to dwell with thee;  
Bless us all that one day we  
May dwell, O Lord, with thee.

*Helen Taylor (1818-1885)*

**Frederick Loewe**

**6 I Could Have Danced All Night**

from the musical *My Fair Lady*

Bed, bed I couldn't go to bed  
My head's too light to try to set it down;  
Sleep, sleep, I couldn't sleep tonight,  
Not for all the jewels in the crown.  
I could have danced all night  
I could have danced all night  
And still have begged for more,  
I could have spread my wings and done  
    a thousand things  
I've never done before.  
I'll never know what made it so exciting,  
Why all at once my heart took flight,  
I only know when he began to dance with me  
I could have danced, danced, danced all night.  
I could have danced all night, I could have  
    danced all night  
And still have begged for more,  
I could have spread my wings and done  
    a thousand things  
I've never done before.  
I'll never know what made it so exciting,  
Why all at once my heart took flight,  
I only know when he began to dance with me  
I could have danced, danced, danced all night.

*Alan Jay Lerner (1918-1986)*

**Stephanus Le Roux Marais**

**7 Heimwee**

My hart verlang na die stilte  
Van die wye wuiwende veld  
Vêr van die stadsgeluide,  
En die klinkende klank van geld.

Ek is moeg vir die rustelose lewe  
Van mense wat kom en gaan  
k' wil terug na die vrye ruimte,  
Waar 'n siel in woon, wat verstaan.

O, ek sien weer die son op die velde  
en die ewige blou daarbo.  
En my hart skiet vol van heimweë,  
En my drome swem in my oë.

Ek sien weer die ylbloue berge  
daar vêr oor die westerkim  
En wonder nie meer waarom weëmoed  
so sag uit my liedere klim.

Klim na die grys lug daarbowe  
Waar die son in die miste kwyn,  
Want O, ek verlang na die velde,  
Na die ewige sonneskyn.

*J.R.L. van Bruggen (1895-1948)*

**Franz Schubert**

**8 Nacht und Träume**

Heil'ge Nacht, du sinkest nieder;  
Nieder wallen auch die Träume,  
Wie dein Mondlicht durch die Räume,  
Durch der Menschen stille Brust.  
Die belauschen sie mit Lust,  
Rufen, wenn der Tag erwacht:  
Kehre wieder, heil'ge Nacht!  
Holde Träume, kehret wieder!

*Matthäus von Collin (1779-1824)*

**Homesickness**

My heart longs for the silence  
Of the wide rolling fields -  
Far from the bustling city,  
Far from the clinking of money.

I am weary of that restless life,  
Of people coming and going -  
I want to return to a land of freedom  
Where the soul can roam in contemplation.

O, in my mind I see the sun over the fields  
And the infinite blue on high,  
And my heart fills with yearning,  
And my dreams float before my eyes.

I can see the lonely blue mountains  
Far off in the western skies -  
And I no longer wonder why melancholy  
Flows so softly from my song.

Climb up to the grey sky above,  
Where the sun fades in the mist;  
For O, how I long for the fields,  
For that eternal sunshine.

**Night and Dreams**

Holy night, you drift down;  
Dreams too descend,  
Like your moonlight through space,  
Through the silent hearts of men.  
They listen to them with delight,  
Crying out when day awakes:  
Come back, holy night!  
Sweet dreams, come back again!

**Antonín Dvořák**

**9 Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém**

from the opera *Rusalka*

Měsíčku na nebi hlubokém,  
světlo tvé daleko vidí,  
po světě bloudíš širokém,  
díváš se v příbytky lidí.

Měsíčku, postůj chvíli,  
řekni mi, řekni, kde je můj milý!

Řekni mu, stříbrný měsíčku,  
mé že jej objímá rámě,  
aby si alespoň chvíličku  
vzpomenul ve snění na mě.

Zasvit' mu do daleka, zasvit' mu,  
řekni mu, řekni, kdo tu naň čeká!

O mně-li duše lidská sní,  
ať se tou vzpomínkou vzbudí!  
Měsíčku, nezhasni, nezhasni!

Měsíčku, nezhasni!

*Jaroslav Kvapil (1868–1950)*

**Song to the Moon**

Moon, high up in the deep sky:  
Your light reaches far,  
You wander the wide world  
and gaze into people's homes.

Moon, stand still –  
and tell me: where is my love?

Tell him, silver moon,  
that I embrace him in my arms.  
For but a moment,  
Let him remember me in his dreams.

Shine down him from afar  
and tell him, tell him that I await him.

If his soul truly dreams of me,  
Then let his memory of me wake him!  
Moon: don't leave, don't leave!

Moon, don't leave!



**George Gershwin**

**10 Summertime**

from the opera *Porgy and Bess*

Summertime and the livin' is easy,  
Fish are jumpin' and the cotton is high.  
Oh, your daddy's rich and your ma  
is good-lookin',  
So hush, little baby, don' yo' cry.

One of these mornin's, you goin'  
to rise up singin',  
Then you'll spread yo' wings an'  
you'll take the sky.  
But till that mornin', there's a-nothin'  
can harm you  
With Daddy and Mommy standin' by.

*DuBose Heyward (1885-1940),  
Dorothy Heyward (1890-1961) &  
Ira Gershwin (1896-1983)*

**Franz Schubert**

**11 Gretchen am Spinnrade**

Meine Ruh ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer;  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt,  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

**Gretchen at the Spinning-wheel**

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,  
Life's like the grave,  
The whole world  
Is turned to gall.

My poor head  
Is crazed,  
My poor mind  
Distracted.

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh' ich  
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluss,  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Meine Ruh ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer;  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt  
Sich nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft' ich fassen  
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn  
So wie ich wollt',  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt'!

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)*

It's only for him  
I gaze from the window,  
It's only for him  
I leave the house.

His proud bearing,  
His noble form,  
The smile on his lips,  
The power of his eyes,

And the flowing magic  
Of his words,  
The touch of his hand,  
And ah! his kiss!

My peace is gone,  
My heart is heavy,  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.

My bosom  
Yearns for him.  
Ah! if I could clasp  
And hold him,

And kiss him  
To my heart's content,  
And in his kisses  
Perish!

### Trad. Zulu lullaby

#### 12 Thula baba

Thula thul, thula baba, thula sana,  
Thul'u bab'uzo fika eku seni.  
Thula thul, thula baba, thula sana,  
Thul'u bab'uzo fika eku seni.

Kukh'in khan-yezi, ekhanyel'u baba,  
Ekhanyel'u mama, ekhanyel'u sana,  
Sobe sik hona xa bonke beshoyo,  
Be-thi bu-yela u-bu-ye le khaya.

Thula thula thula sana;  
Thula thula thula baba.

### Hector Berlioz

#### 13 Le Spectre de la rose

from *Les Nuits d'été*

Soulève ta paupière close  
Qu'effleure un songe virginal ;  
Je suis le spectre d'une rose  
Que tu portais hier au bal.  
Tu me pris encore emperlée  
Des pleurs d'argent de l'arrosoir,  
Et parmi la fête étoilée  
Tu me promenas tout le soir.

Ô toi qui de ma mort fus cause,  
Sans que tu puisses le chasser,  
Toutes les nuits mon spectre rose  
À ton chevet viendra danser.  
Mais ne crains rien, je ne réclame  
Ni messe ni *De profundis* ;  
Ce léger parfum est mon âme,  
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne d'envie :  
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,  
Plus d'un aurait donné sa vie,  
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon tombeau,  
Et sur l'albâtre où je repose  
Un poète avec un baiser  
Écrivit : Ci-gît une rose  
Que tous les rois vont jalouser.

#### Hush, my baby

Hush, hush, my baby;  
Hush, hush, my child;  
Hush – Papa will come  
at break of dawn.

The stars on high shine brightly on Papa,  
Shine brightly on Mama, shine brightly on you, my child.  
We will all be together, they say –  
Come back home, they say.

Hush, hush, my baby.  
Hush, hush, my child.

#### The Spectre of the Rose

Open your eyelids,  
Brushed by a virginal dream;  
I am the spectre of a rose  
You yesterday wore at the dance.  
You plucked me still bedewed  
With the sprinkler's silver tears,  
And amid the glittering feast  
You wore me all evening long.

O you who brought about my death,  
You shall be powerless to banish me:  
The rosy spectre which every night  
Will come to dance at your bedside.  
But be not afraid – I demand  
Neither Mass nor *De Profundis*;  
This faint perfume is my soul,  
And I come from Paradise.

My destiny was worthy of envy;  
And for such a beautiful fate,  
Many would have given their lives –  
For my tomb is on your breast,  
And on the alabaster where I lie,  
A poet with a kiss  
Has written: Here lies a rose  
Which every king will envy.

**Richard Strauss**

**14 Morgen!**

Und morgen wird die Sonne wieder scheinen  
Und auf dem Wege, den ich gehen werde,  
Wird uns, die Glücklichen, sie wieder einen,  
Inmitten dieser sonnenatmenden Erde...

Und zu dem Strand, dem weiten, wogenblauen,  
Werden wir still und langsam niedersteigen,  
Stumm werden wir uns in die Augen schauen,  
Und auf uns sinkt des Glückes  
stummes Schweigen...

*John Henry Mackay (1864-1933)*

**Alfredo Catalani**

**15 Ebben? ne andrò lontana**

from the opera *La Wally*

Ebben?... Ne andrò lontana,  
Come va l'eco della pia campana,  
Là, fra la neve bianca,  
Là, fra le nubi d'or,  
Laddove la speranza  
E rimpianto, è dolor!  
O della madre mia casa gioconda,  
La Wally ne andrà da te lontana assai,  
E forse a te non farà mai più ritorno,  
Nè più la rivedrai!  
Mai più, mai più!  
Ne andrò sola e lontana,  
Come l'eco della pia campana,  
Là, fra la neve bianca;  
Ne andrò sola e lontana  
E fra le nubi d'or...  
Ma fermo è il piè! Ne andiam,  
Che lunga è la via! Ne andiam!

*Luigi Illica (1857-1919)*

**Tomorrow!**

And tomorrow the sun will shine again  
And on the path that I shall take,  
It will unite us, happy ones, again,  
Amid this same sun-breathing earth...

And to the shore, broad, blue-waved,  
We shall quietly and slowly descend,  
Speechless we shall gaze into each other's eyes,  
And the speechless silence of bliss  
shall fall on us...

**Well? I shall go as far away**

Well?... I shall go as far away  
As the echo of the sacred bell,  
There among the eternal snow,  
There among the clouds of gold,  
There where hope  
Is pain and sorrow!  
O happy house of my mother,  
Wally is going far away from you  
And perhaps will never return again  
And never see her again!  
Never again! Never again!  
I shall go far away, alone,  
Like the echo of the sacred bell,  
There among the eternal snow;  
I shall go far away, alone,  
And among the clouds of gold...  
But I stand still! Let us go,  
For the way is long! Let us go!

**Richard Rodgers**

**16 Climb Ev'ry Mountain**

from the musical *The Sound of Music*

Climb ev'ry mountain,  
Search high and low,  
Follow ev'ry byway,  
Ev'ry path you know.

Climb ev'ry mountain,  
Ford ev'ry stream,  
Follow ev'ry rainbow,  
Till you find your dream.

A dream that will need  
All the love you can give,  
Ev'ry day of your life  
For as long as you live.

Climb ev'ry mountain,  
Ford ev'ry stream,  
Follow ev'ry rainbow,  
Till you find your dream.

A dream that will need  
All the love you can give,  
Ev'ry day of your life,  
For as long as you live.

Climb ev'ry mountain,  
Ford ev'ry stream,  
Follow ev'ry rainbow,  
Till you find your dream.

*Oscar Hammerstein II (1895-1960)*

Publishers (Music):

Word Music LLC (Fill My Cup); Boosey & Hawkes (Mali, die slaaf se lied; Bless This House; Heimwee);  
Durand Salabert Eschig (Les Chemins de l'amour); © Benjamin John Peter Tyamzashe (SAMRO)  
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Williamson Music Inc. (Climb Ev'ry Mountain)

Publishers (Lyrics):

**Fill My Cup**

Music and Lyrics by Richard Eugene Blanchard Sr.

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**Les Chemins de l'amour**

Lyrics by Jean Anouilh; Music by Francis Jean Marcel Poulenc  
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**I Could Have Danced All Night** (from *My Fair Lady*)

Lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner; Music by Frederick Loewe

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**Summertime** (from *PORGY AND BESS*®)

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**Climb Ev'ry Mountain**


Lyrics by Oscar Hammerstein II; Music by Richard Rodgers

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Executive Producer for RUBICON: Matthew Cosgrove  
Produced, engineered and mixed by Simon Kiln  
Additional engineering by Christopher Parker and Marta Maria Di Nozzi  
Recording: Studio 2, Abbey Road Studios, February 2024  
Sung text translations: Aron Goldin (2, 7, 9, 12); Jana Derksen (2, 7);  
© Richard Stokes (3, 8, 11, 13-15),  
from *A French Song Companion* (OUP, 2000)  
and *The Book of Lieder* (Faber, 2005)  
Piano: Steinway Model D, Steinway & Sons, London  
Production legal: Clintons Solicitors; Russells Solicitors  
Cover design: Paul Marc Mitchell for WLP London Ltd   
Photography: © Vera Elma Vacek (Masabane Cecilia Rangwanasha);  
© Benjamin Ealovega (Aron Goldin; Abbey Road session photos)  
Artworking, editorial: WLP London Ltd  
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