

OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



QUIET MUSIC: A DRAW-ALONG

Friday 13 October 2023 | 11.30am
Holywell Music Room

Bethany Horak-Hallet mezzo-soprano
Natalie Burch piano
Julia Thaxton artist

Presented with generous support from
Oxford City Council Community Impact Fund



PROGRAMME

Hildegard von Bingen (1098 -1179)	O beata infantia	Anon.
Edvard Grieg (1843 -1907)	En svane	Henrik Ibsen (1828 -1906)
George Butterworth (1885 -1916)	Oh fair enough are sky and plain <i>from On Brendon Hill</i>	Alfred Edward Housman (1859 -1936)
Franz Schubert (1797 -1828)	Im Abendrot, D799	Karl Lappe (1773 -1843)
Clara Schumann (1819 -1896)	Ich stand in dunkeln Träumen, Op. 13 no.1	Heinrich Heine (1797 -1856)
	Ich hab' in deinem Auge, Op. 13 no.5	Friedrich Rückert (1788 -1866)
Ethel Smyth (1858 -1944)	Schlummerlied	Ernst von Wildenbruch (1845 -1909)
Nico Muhly (b.1981)	Quiet Music (solo piano)	

Henri Duparc
(1848 -1933)

Phidylé

Charles-Marie-René
Leconte de Lisle
(1818 -1894)

Dilys Elwyn-Edwards
(1918 -2012)

Cloths of Heaven

William Butler Yeats
(1865 -1939)

Sarah Kirkland Snider
(b.1973)

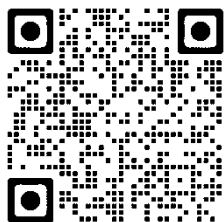
How graceful some things are, falling apart Jonathan Breit

Gustav Mahler
(1860 -1911)

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen
from Rückert-Lieder

Friedrich Rückert
(1788 -1866)

ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



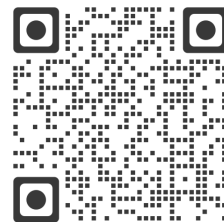
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Thank you in advance.



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TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

O BEATA INFANTIA

Bingen / Anon.

O beata infantia
electi Disibodi,
que a Deo ita inspirata est
quod postea sanctissima opera
in mirabilibus Dei
ut suavissimum
odorem balsami exsudasti.

EN SVANE

Grieg / Ibsen

Min hvide svane
du stumme, du stille,
hverken slag eller trille
lod sangrøst ane.

Angst beskyttende
alfen, som sover,
altid lyttende
gled du henover.

Men sidste mødet,
da eder og øjne
var lønlige løgne,
ja da, da lød det!

I toners føden
du slutted din bane.
Du sang i døden;
du var dog en svane!

O BLESSED CHILDHOOD

English translation © Nathaniel M. Campbell

O blessed childhood
of Disibod the chosen
an age inspired so by God
that then such holy works
within God's wonders
you distilled,
like balsam's freshest scent.

A SWAN

English Translation © William Jewson

My white swan
Silent and still,
Neither call nor song
Gave promise of your voice.

Anxiously protecting
The sprite who sleeps;
Ever listening
You glided past.

But the last meeting
When oaths and eyes
Held but furtive lies,
Then, then it was heard.

In the birth of those tones
You ended your path.
You sang in death;
For you were a swan.

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OH FAIR ENOUGH ARE SKY AND PLAIN

Butterworth / Housman

Oh fair enough are sky and plain,
But I know fairer far:
Those are as beautiful again
That in the water are;

The pools and rivers wash so clean
The trees and clouds and air,
The like on earth was never seen,
And oh that I were there.

These are the thoughts I often think
As I stand gazing down
In act upon the cressy brink
To strip and dive and drown;

But in the golden-sanded brooks
And azure meres I spy
A silly lad that longs and looks
And wishes he were I.

IM ABENDROT

Schubert / Lappe

O wie schön ist deine Welt,
Vater, wenn sie golden strahlet!
Wenn dein Glanz herniederfällt,
Und den Staub mit Schimmer malet;
Wenn das Rot,
 das in der Wolke blinkt,
In mein stilles Fenster sinkt!
Könnt' ich klagen, könnt' ich zagen?
Irre sein an dir und mir?
Nein, ich will im Busen tragen
Deinen Himmel schon allhier.
Und dies Herz, eh' es zusammenbricht,
Trinkt noch Glut und schlürft noch Licht.

IN THE GLOW OF THE EVENING

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

How lovely is your world,
Father, in its golden radiance
when your glory descends
and paints the dust with glitter;
when the red light
 that shines from the clouds
falls silently upon my window.
Could I complain? Could I be apprehensive?
Could I lose faith in you and in myself?
No, I already bear your heaven
here within my heart.
And this heart, before it breaks,
still drinks in the fire and savours the light.

ICH STAND IN DUNKELN TRÄUMEN I STOOD DARKLY DREAMING

Schumann / Heine

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Ich stand in dunklen Träumen
Und starrte ihr Bildnis an,
Und das geliebte Antlitz
Heimlich zu leben begann.

I stood darkly dreaming
And stared at her picture,
And that beloved face
Sprang mysteriously to life.

Um ihre Lippen zog sich
Ein Lächeln wunderbar,
Und wie von Wehmutstränen
Erglänzte ihr Augenpaar.

Auch meine Tränen flossen
Mir von den Wangen herab,
Und ach, ich kann's nicht glauben,
Dass ich dich verloren hab!

ICH HAB' IN DEINEM AUGE

Schumann / Rückert

Ich hab' in deinem Auge
Den Strahl der ewigen Liebe gesehen,
Ich sah auf deinen Wangen
Einmal die Rosen des Himmels stehn.
Und wie der Strahl im Aug' erlischt
Und wie die Rosen zerstieben,
Ihr Abglanz ewig neu erfrischt,
Ist mir im Herzen geblieben,
Und niemals werd' ich die Wangen seh'n
Und nie in's Auge dir blicken,
So werden sie mir in Rosen steh'n
Und es den Strahl mir schicken.

SCHLUMMERLIED

Smyth / Wildenbruch

O schlummre süß, o schlummre lind,
Wie in der Wiege ohne Harm.
Im Traume lächelnd schläft das Kind
In seiner Mutter treuem Arm.

O schlummre süß, o schlummre mild,
Ist deine Seele doch so rein.
Der holde Traum, der sie erfüllt,
Wird lieblich wie ein Engel sein.

O schlummre süß, die Bäume auch
Neigt ja ihr Haupt in sanfter Ruh,
Die Rose schläft an ihrem Strauch,
O schlafe, schlafe drum auch du.

So wie die Mutter lauschend wacht
Auf ihres Lieblings Schlummerhauch,
So denk ich denn in jeder Nacht
Und wenn auch fern, schütz ich dich auch.

About her lips
A wondrous smile played,
And as with sad tears,
Her eyes gleamed.

And my tears flowed
Down my cheeks,
And ah, I cannot believe
That I have lost you!

I SAW IN YOUR EYES

English Translation © Richard Stokes

I saw in your eyes
The ray of eternal love,
I saw on your cheeks
The roses of heaven.
And as the ray dies in your eyes,
And as the roses scatter,
Their reflection, forever new,
Has remained in my heart,
And never will I look at your cheeks,
And never will I gaze into your eyes,
And not see the glow of roses,
And the ray of love.

SLUMBER SONG

English Translation © Sharon Krebs

Oh slumber sweetly, oh slumber gently
As in the cradle, without grief.
Smiling in its dreams, the child sleeps
In its mother's faithful arms.

Oh slumber sweetly, oh slumber softly,
For your soul is so pure.
The lovely dream that fills your soul
Shall be as lovely as an angel.

Oh slumber sweetly, the trees, too,
Now droop their heads in gentle rest,
The rose sleeps upon its bush,
Oh therefore sleep, you sleep as well.

As a mother listening, keeps watch
Over the breath of her darling in slumber,
Thus I think of you during every night,
And though I am far away, I, too, protect you.

Nico Muhly – **Quiet Music** (solo piano)

PHIDYLÉ

Duparc / Leconte de Lisle

L'herbe est molle au sommeil
sous les frais peupliers,
Aux pentes des sources moussues,
Qui, dans les prés en fleur germant
par mille issues,
Se perdent sous les noirs halliers.

Repose, ô Phidylé! Midi sur les feuillages
Rayonne, et t'invite au sommeil.
Par le trèfle et le thym, seules,
en plein soleil,
Chantent les abeilles volages.

Un chaud parfum circule au
détour des sentiers,
La rouge fleur des blés s'incline,
Et les oiseaux,
rasant de l'aile la colline,
Cherchent l'ombre des églantiers.

Repose, ô Phidylé!

Mais, quand l'Astre, incliné
sur sa courbe éclatante,
Verra ses ardeurs s'apaiser,
Que ton plus beau sourire
et ton meilleur baiser
Me récompensent de l'attente!

PHIDYLÉ

English Translation © Richard Stokes

The grass is soft for sleep
beneath the cool poplars,
On the banks of the mossy springs
That flow in flowering meadows
from a thousand sources,
And vanish beneath dark thickets.

Rest, O Phidylé! Noon on the leaves
Is gleaming, inviting you to sleep.
By the clover and thyme, alone,
in the bright sunlight,
The fickle bees are humming.

A warm fragrance floats about
the winding paths,
The red flowers of the cornfield droop;
And the birds,
skimming the hillside with their wings,
Seek the shade of the eglantine.

Rest, O Phidylé!

But when the sun, low
on its dazzling curve,
Sees its brilliance wane,
Let your loveliest smile
and finest kiss
Reward me for my waiting!

CLOTHS OF HEAVEN

Elwyn-Edwards / 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.

HOW GRACEFUL SOME THINGS ARE, FALLING APART

Snider / Breit

How graceful some things are, falling apart.
Stopped clocks, a dancer tumbling, or a breaking heart.
A missing child, an empty plate, the rust on a lost wind-up toy.
A shattered glass. Or looming towers crumbling into dust.

ICH BIN DER WELT ABHANDEN GEKOMMEN

Mahler / Rückert

Ich bin der Welt abhanden gekommen,
Mit der ich sonst viele Zeit verdorben,
Sie hat so lange nichts
von mir vernommen,
Sie mag wohl glauben, ich sei gestorben!
Es ist mir auch gar nichts daran gelegen,
Ob sie mich für gestorben hält,
Ich kann auch gar nichts sagen dagegen,
Denn wirklich bin ich gestorben der Welt.
Ich bin gestorben dem Weltgetümmel,
Und ruh' in einem stillen Gebiet!
Ich leb' allein in meinem Himmel,
In meinem Lieben, in meinem Lied!

I AM LOST TO THE WORLD

English Translation © Richard Stokes

I am lost to the world
With which I used to waste much time;
It has for so long
known nothing of me,
It may well believe that I am dead.
Nor am I at all concerned
If it should think that I am dead.
Nor can I deny it,
For truly I am dead to the world.
I am dead to the world's tumult
And rest in a quiet realm!
I live alone in my heaven,
In my love, in my song!

SCHUBERT: WINTERREISE

Juliane Banse *soprano*

Alexander Krichel *piano*

István Simon *dancer*

Andreas Heise *choreography*

21 October 2023 | 7.45pm
The Olivier Hall, St Edward's School

**'These songs please me more than all the rest,
and in time they will please you as well.'**

Thus spoke Schubert to his dumbfounded friends after he first performed the songs of *Winterreise* for them. His prophecy was quite correct, and the cycle is now a staple of all concert halls. This year we hear it in a special version that premiered in Portugal in 2019 and has been performed all over Europe since then to rapturous acclaim: stunning choreography binds singer and dancer, and brings a fresh and moving perspective to this astonishing work.