

POET OF FREEDOM

Sunday 15 October 2023 | 4.30pm
Holywell Music Room

Theodore Platt baritone
Keval Shah piano

Generously supported by **Charles & Rachel Naylor**

PROGRAMME

Joaquín Turina
(1882 - 1949)

El arbol de Guernica (solo piano)
*from 2 Danzas sobre temas
populares españolas*

James MacMillan
(b.1959)

The Children

William Soutar
(1898 - 1943)

Félix Lavilla
(1928 - 2013)

Cuatro Canciones Vascas

Trad. / Anon.

i. ¡Ai Isabel, Isabel!

ii. Anderegaia

iii. Loa, Loa

iv.. Aldapeko Maria

Francis Poulenc
(1899 - 1963)

La Fraîcheur et le Feu, FP 147

Paul Éluard (1895-1952)

i. Rayon des yeux

ii. Le Matin les branches attisent

iii. Tout disparut

iv. Dans les ténèbres du jardin

v. Unis la fraîcheur et le feu

vi. Homme au sourire tendre

vii. La grande rivière qui va

Shawn E. Okpebholo
(b.1981)

Two Black Churches

Ballad of Birmingham
The Rain

Dudley Randall (1914 - 2000)
Marcus Amaker (b.1976)

Richard Fariña
(1937 - 1966),
arr. Will Liverman
(b.1988)

Birmingham Sunday

Richard Fariña
(1937 - 1966)

Margaret Bonds
(1913 - 1972)

The Negro Speaks of Rivers

Langston Hughes
(1901 - 1967)

William Grant Still
(1895 - 1978)

Grief

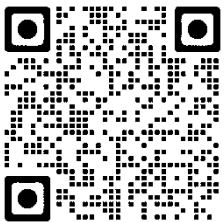
LeRoy V. Brant
(1890 - 1969)

Florence Price
(1887 - 1953)

My Dream

Langston Hughes
(1901 - 1967)

**ARTIST
BIOGRAPHIES**



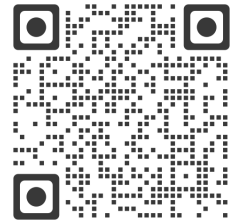
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TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Turina - **El arbol de Guernica** (solo piano)
from 2 Danzas sobre temas populares españolas

THE CHILDREN

Macmillan / Soutar

Upon the street they lie
Beside the broken stone:
The blood of children
stares from the broken stone.

Death came out of the sky
In the bright afternoon:
Darkness slanted over the bright afternoon.

Again the sky is clear
But upon earth a stain:
The earth is darkened with a darkening stain.

A wound which everywhere
Corrupts the hearts of men:
The blood of children
corrupts the hearts of men.

Silence is in the air:
The stars move to their places:
Silent and serene
the stars move to their places.

Cuatro Canciones Vascas, 'Four Basque Songs'

Lavilla / Trad. / Anon.

English Translations © Raül González Arvélo & Ibs Classical

I. ¡AI ISABEL, ISABEL!

¡Ai, Isabel, Isabel!
Isabel ederra,
Etzenekien bada
apaiza nintzala?
Apaiza nintzala ta
koroia nuala?
Nitaz probetxurikan etzenduekeala.

I. ALAS, ISABEL

Alas, Isabel, Isabel!
Fair Isabel,
You didn't know then
That I was a priest?
That I was a priest and
Had a tonsure?
And you had nothing to do with me.

II. ANDEREGAIA

Anderegaia zira garbia,
Buruan duzu harrokeria
Hirur mutil gaztek,
Zu nahihz emazte
Elkarren artean hizk et aldi dute.

II. MISS MARRIAGEABLE

Miss Marriageable,
Pure and arrogant miss,
Three lads,
Want to marry you,
They discuss among themselves.

Izan bezate nahi badute,
Ene ardurarik heiek eztute.
Eztut nahi ezkondu,
Ez, nizka hortan srtu.
Komentu batera serora noazu?

Let them keep on
I don't intend to marry.
No, I don't want to,
I'd rather take vows as a nun in a convent.
Madam, where are you going?

III. LOA, LOA

Loa, loa, txuntxurun berde,
Loa, loa, masusta,
Aita gurea Gasteizen da,
Ama mandoan hartuta.

IV. ALDAPEKO MARIA

Aldapeko Maria
Seme eginik dago,
Harentxe bisitara joateko nago.
Rau, rau, rau,
Dotea badet baina,
Rau, rau, rau,
Nik zertako det hau?

III. SLEEP, SLEEP

Sleep, sleep, Child,
Sleep, sleep, blackberry,
Our father went to Vitoria,
Carrying mother on a mule.

IV. MARY OF THE MOUNTAIN

Mary of the Mountain
Has born a child,
I have to pay a visit to her.
Well, well, well,
I already have a present for her,
Well, well, well,
Do I have it for her?

La fraîcheur et le feu, 'The coolness of the fire'

Poulenc / Éluard

English Translations © Richard Stokes

I. RAYON DES YEUX

Rayons des yeux et des soleils
Des ramures et des fontaines
Lumière du sol et du ciel
De l'homme et de l'oubli de l'homme
Un nuage couvre le sol
Un nuage couvre le ciel
Soudain la lumière m'oublie
La mort seule demeure entière
Je suis une ombre je ne vois plus
Le soleil jaune le soleil rouge
Le soleil blanc le ciel changeant
Je ne sais plus
La place du bonheur vivant
Au bord de l'ombre sans ciel ni terre.

I. BEAMS OF EYES

Beams of eyes and suns
Of branches and of fountains
Light of earth and sky
Of man and man's oblivion
A cloud covers the earth
A cloud covers the sky
Suddenly the light forgets me
Death alone remains entire
I am a shadow I no longer see
The yellow sun the red sun
The white sun the changing sky
I no longer know
Where living joy abides
At the shadow's edge with neither earth nor sky.

II. LE MATIN LES BRANCHES ATTISENT

Le matin les branches attisent
Le bouillonnement des oiseaux
Le soir les arbres sont tranquilles
Le jour frémissant se repose.

II. THE BRANCHES FAN EACH MORNING

The branches fan each morning
The flurry of the birds
Each evening the trees are tranquil,
The quivering day's at rest.

III. TOUT DISPARUT

Tout disparut même les toits même le ciel
Même l'ombre tombée des branches
Sur les cimes des mousses tendres
Mêmes les mots et les regards
bien accordés

Sœurs miroitières de mes larmes
Les étoiles brillaient autour de ma fenêtre
Et mes yeux refermant leurs ailes
pour la nuit

Vivaient d'un univers sans bornes.

III. ALL VANISHED

All vanished even the roofs even the sky
Even the shade fallen from the branches
Onto the tips of soft mosses
Even the words and
harmonious glances

Sisters mirroring my tears
Stars shone round my window
And my eyes closing once more their wings
for the night

Lived in the limitless universe.

IV. DANS LES TÉNÈBRES DU JARDIN

Dans les ténèbres du jardin
Viennent des filles invisibles
Plus fine qu'à midi l'ondée
Mon sommeil les a pour amies
Elles m'enivrent en secret
De leurs complaisances aveugles.

IV. INTO THE DARKNESS OF THE GARDEN

Into the darkness of the garden
Some invisible maidens enter
More delicate than the midday shower
My sleep has them for friends
They intoxicate me secretly
With their blind complaisance.

V. UNIS LA FRAICHEUR ET LE FEU

Unis la fraîcheur et le feu
Unis tes lèvres et tes yeux
De ta folie attends sagesse
Fais image de femme et d'homme.

V. UNITE THE COOLNESS AND THE FIRE

Unite the coolness and the fire
Unite your lips and my eyes
From your folly await wisdom
Make an image of woman and man.

VI. HOMME AU SOURIRE TENDRE

Homme au sourir tendre
Femme aux tendres paupières
Homme aux joues rafraîchies
Femme aux bras doux et frais
Homme aux prunelles calmes
Femme aux lèvres ardentes
Homme aux paroles pleines
Femme aux yeux partagés
Homme aux deux mains utiles
Femme aux mains de raison
Homme aux astres constant
Femme aux seins de durée

VI. MAN WITH THE TENDER SMILE

Man with the tender smile
Woman with the tender eyelids
Man with the freshened cheeks
Woman with the sweet fresh arms
Man with the calm eyes
Woman with the ardent lips
Man with abundant words
Woman with the shared eyes
Man with the useful hands
Woman with the hands of reason
Man with the steadfast stars
Woman with the enduring breasts

Il n'est rien qui vous retient
Mes maîtres de m'éprouver.

There is nothing that prevents you
My masters from testing me.

VII. LA GRANDE RIVIÈRE QUI VA

La grande rivière qui va
Grande au soleil et petite
à la lune
Par tous chemins à l'aventure
Ne m'aura pas pour la montrer du doigt

Je sais le sort de la lumière
J'en ai assez pour jouer son éclat
Pour me parfaire au dos de mes paupières
Pour que rien ne vive sans moi.

VII. THE GREAT RIVER THAT FLOWS

The great river that flows
Vast beneath the sun and small
beneath the moon
In all directions randomly
Will not have me to point it out

I know the spell of light
I've enough of it to play with its lustre
To perfect myself behind my eyelids
To ensure that nothing lives without me.

Two Black Churches

BALLAD OF BIRMINGHAM

Okpebholo / Randall

"Mother dear," she asks,
"may I go downtown
Instead of out to play,
And march the streets of Birmingham
In a Freedom March, today?"

"No, baby, no, you may not go,
For the dogs are fierce and wild,
And clubs and hoses, guns and jails
Aren't good for a little child."

"But, mother, I won't be alone.
Other children will go with me,
And march the streets of Birmingham
To make our country free."

"No, baby, no, you may not go,
For I fear those guns, I fear, will fire.
But you may go to church instead
Go to the church instead
and sing in the children's choir."

She has combed and brushed
her night-dark hair,
And bathed rose petal sweet,
And drawn white gloves
on her small brown hands,
And white shoes on her feet.

The mother smiled to know her child
Was in the sacred place,
But that smile was the last smile
To come upon her face.

The mother smiled to know her child
Was in the sacred place,
But that smile was the last smile
To come upon her face.

For when she heard the explosion,
Her eyes grew wet
And her eyes grew wild.
She raced through the streets of Birmingham
Calling for her child.

She clawed through bits of glass and brick,
Then lifted out a shoe.
"O, here's the shoe my baby wore,
But, baby, where are you?"

THE RAIN

Okpebholo / Amaker

When the reality
of racism returns,
all joy treads water
in oceans of buried
emotion.

Charleston
is doing
everything it can
to only swim
in a colorless liquid
of calm sea
and blind faith.

But the Lowcountry
is a terrain
of ancient tears,
suffocating through
floods of
segregation.

When gunshots
made waves,
we closed our eyes,
held our breath
and went under.

And we are still
trying not to
taste the salt
of our surrounding blues
or face the rising tide
of black pain.

BIRMINGHAM SUNDAY

Farina / arr. Liverman / Fariña

Come round by my side
and I'll sing you a song.
I'll sing it so softly, it'll do no one wrong.
On Birmingham Sunday
the blood ran like wine,
And the choirs kept singing of Freedom.

That cold autumn morning
no eyes saw the sun,
And Addie Mae Collins, her number was one.
At an old Baptist church
there was no need to run.
And the choirs kept singing of Freedom,

The clouds they were grey
and the autumn winds blew,
And Denise McNair
brought the number to two.
The falcon of death was a creature they knew,
And the choirs kept singing of Freedom,

The church it was crowded,
but no one could see
That Cynthia Wesley's dark number was three.
Her prayers and her feelings
would shame you and me.
And the choirs kept singing of Freedom.

Young Carol Robertson entered the door
And the number her killers had given was four.
She asked for a blessing
but asked for no more,
And the choirs kept singing of Freedom.

On Birmingham Sunday
a noise shook the ground.
And people all over the earth turned around.
For no one recalled a more cowardly sound.
And the choirs kept singing of Freedom.

The men in the forest they once asked of me,
How many black berries grew in the Blue Sea.
And I asked them right with a tear in my eye.
How many dark ships in the forest?

The Sunday has come
and the Sunday has gone.
And I can't do much more
than to sing you a song.
I'll sing it so softly, it'll do no one wrong.
And the choirs keep singing of Freedom.

THE NEGRO SPEAKS OF RIVERS

Bonds / Hughes

I've known rivers:
I've known rivers ancient as the world
and older than the flow
of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates
when dawns were young.
I built my hut near the Congo
and it lulled me to sleep.
I looked upon the Nile
and raised the pyramids above it.
I heard the singing of the Mississippi
when Abe Lincoln went down to New Orleans,
and I've seen its muddy bosom
turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

GRIEF

Still / Brant

Weeping angel with pinions trailing,
And head bowed low in your hands.
Mourning angel with heart-strings wailing,
For one who in death's hall stands.

Mourning angel silence your wailing,
And raise your head from your hands.
Weeping angel on your pinions trailing,
The white dove, promise, stands!

MY DREAM

Price / Hughes

To fling my arms wide
In some place of the sun,
To whirl and to dance
Till the white day is done.
Then rest at cool evening
Beneath a tall tree
While night comes on gently,
Dark like me –
That is my dream!

To fling my arms wide
In the face of the sun,
Dance! Whirl! Whirl!
Till the quick day is done.
Rest at pale evening...
A tall, slim tree...
Night coming tenderly
Black like me.
