

OXFORD
**INTERNATIONAL
SONG** FESTIVAL



THE PAINTER'S WORK

Monday 16 October 2023 | 7.45pm
Holywell Music Room

Generously supported by the **Kowitz Family Foundation**

Christopher Maltman baritone
Audrey Saint-Gil piano

Emerging Artists
Matina Tsaroucha soprano
Frasier Hickland piano

PROGRAMME

Emerging Artists

Henri Duparc
(1848 - 1933)

La vie antérieure

Charles Baudelaire
(1821 - 1867)

Elaine Hugh-Jones
(1927 - 2021)

The Queen of Air and Darkness

Alfred Edward Housman
(1859 - 1936)

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813 - 1901)

Stornello

Anon.

Undine Smith Moore
(1904 - 1989)

Love Let the Wind Cry

William Bliss Carman
(1861 - 1929)

Principal Artists

Robert Schumann
(1810 - 1856)

**Sechs Gedichte aus dem Liederbuch
eines Malers Op. 36**

Robert Reinick
(1805 - 1852)

i. Sonntags am Rhein

ii. Ständchen

iii. Nichts Schöneres

iv. An den Sonnenschein

v. Dichters Genesung

vi. Liebesbotschaft

Régine Poldowski
(1879 - 1932)

L'heure exquise
Mandoline, L29
Spleen
Cythère
Crépuscule du soir mystique

Paul Verlaine (1844 - 1896)

Hugo Wolf
(1860 - 1903)

Drei Gedichte von Michaelangelo

Walter Heinrich Robert-Tornow
(1852 - 1895), after
Michaelangelo (1475 - 1564)

- i. Wohl denk' ich oft
- ii. Alles endet, was entstehet
- iii. Fühlt meine Seele

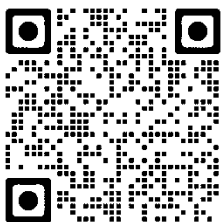
Francis Poulenc
(1899 - 1963)

Le travail du peintre

Paul Éluard (1895 - 1952)

Pablo Picasso
Marc Chagall
Georges Braque
Juan Gris
Paul Klee
Joan Miró
Jacques Villon

ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



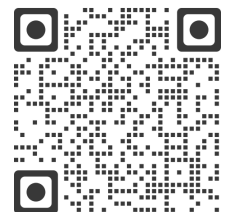
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TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

LA VIE ANTÉRIEURE

Duparc / Baudelaire

J'ai longtemps habité sous de vastes portiques
Que les soleils marins teignaient de mille feux,
Et que leurs grands piliers, droits et majestueux,
Rendaient pareils, le soir,
 aux grottes basaltiques.

Les houles, en roulant les images des cieux,
Mêlaient d'une façon solennelle et mystique
Les tout-puissants accords de leur riche musique
Aux couleurs du couchant reflété par mes yeux.

C'est là que j'ai vécu dans les voluptés calmes
Au milieu de l'azur,
 des vagues, des splendeurs,
Et des esclaves nus, tout imprégnés d'odeurs.

Qui me rafraîchissaient le front avec des palmes,
Et dont l'unique soin était d'approfondir
Le secret douloureux qui me faisait languir.

A PREVIOUS LIFE

English Translation © Richard Stokes

For long I lived beneath vast colonnades
Tinged with a thousand fires by ocean suns,
Whose giant pillars, straight and majestic,
Made them look, at evening,
 like basalt caves.

The sea-swells, mingling the mirrored skies,
Solemnly and mystically interwove
The mighty chords of their mellow music
With the colours of sunset reflected in my eyes.

It is there that I have lived in sensuous repose,
With blue sky about me
 and brightness and waves,
And naked slaves all drenched in perfume.

Who fanned my brow with fronds of palm,
And whose only care was to fathom
The secret grief which made me languish.

THE QUEEN OF AIR AND DARKNESS

Hugh-Jones / Housman

Her strong enchantments failing,
Her towers of fear in wreck,
Her limbecks dried of poisons
And the knife at her neck.

The Queen of air and darkness
Begins to shrill and cry,
"O young man, O my slayer,
Tomorrow you shall die."

O Queen of air and darkness,
I think 'tis truth you say,
And I shall die tomorrow;
But you will die today.

STORNELLO

Verdi / Anon.

Tu dici che non m'ami...
anch'io non t'amo...
Dici non vi vuoi ben,
non te ne voglio.
Dici ch'a un altro pesce hai teso l'amo.
Anch'io
in altro giardin, la rosa coglio.

Anco di questo vo'che ci accordiamo:
Tu fai quel che ti pare, io quel che voglio.
Son libero di me, padrone è ognuno.
Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.

Costanza nell'amor è una follia;
Volubile io sono e me ne vanto.
Non tremo più scontrandoti per via,
Né, quando sei lontan mi struggo in pianto.
Come usignuol che uscì di prigionia
Tutta la notte e il dì folleggio e canto.

LOVE LET THE WIND CRY

Moore / Carman

Love let the wind cry
On the dark mountain,
Bending the ash trees
And the tall hemlocks,
With the great voice of
Thunderous legions,
How I adore thee.

Let the hoarse torrent
In the blue canyon,
Murmuring mightily
Out of the gray mist,
Of primal chaos
Cease not proclaiming,
How I adore thee.

Let the long rhythm
Of crunching rollers,
Breaking and bursting
On the white seaboard,
Titan and tireless,
Tell, while the world stands,
How I adore thee.

STORNELLO

English Translation © Francesca German

You say you don't love me...
I don't love you either ...
You say you don't care for me,
well I don't either.
You say you've got another fish on your hook.
I too have found myself,
in another garden, a new rose.

We must agree on this too:
That you do what you like, and I do as I wish.
I answer to no one; we are our own masters.
I take from all and give to none.

Constancy in love is madness;
I am fickle and boast of it.
I no longer tremble when our paths cross,
Neither do I whimper when we are apart
As a nightingale freed from captivity,
All night and all day I frolic and sing.

Love, let the clear call
Of the tree cricket,
Frailest of creatures,
Green as the young grass,
Mark with his trilling
Resonant bell-note,
How I adore thee.

But, more than all sounds,
Surer, serener,
Fuller of passion
And exultation,
Let the hushed whisper
In thine own heart say,
How I adore thee.

Based on a text by Henry Thornton Wharton
(1846 - 1895), after the Greek -
Sappho (c610-c580 BCE)

Sechs Gedichte aus dem Liederbuch eines Malers, Op. 36

Six Poems from a Painter's Songbook

Schumann / Reinick
English Translations © Richard Stokes

SONNTAGS AM RHEIN

Des Sonntags in der Morgenstund'
Wie wandert's sich so schön,
Am Rhein, wenn rings in weiter Rund
Die Morgenglocken gehn!

Ein Schifflein zieht auf blauer Flut,
Da singt's und jubelt's drein;
Du Schifflein, gelt, das fährt sich gut,
In all die Lust hinein?

Vom Dorfe hallet Orgelton,
Es tönt ein frommes Lied,
Andächtig dort die Prozession
Aus der Kapelle zieht.

Und ernst in all die Herrlichkeit
Die Burg herniederschaut
Und spricht von alter, guter Zeit,
Die auf den Fels gebaut.

Das alles beut der prächt'ge Rhein
An seinem Rebenstrand,
Und spiegelt recht im hellsten Schein
Das ganze Vaterland.

Das fromme, treue Vaterland,
In seiner vollen Pracht,
Mit Lust und Liedern allerhand,
Vom lieben Gott bedacht.

SUNDAY ON THE RHINE

How good to walk beside the Rhine
On Sunday at the break of day,
When ringing out for miles around
The morning bells resound!

A skiff floats by on blue waves,
Amid singing and rejoicing;
Is it not good, O little ship,
To sail into such happiness?

The village organ rings out,
With its solemn hymn,
The procession, reverently,
Sets out from the church.

And grave in the midst of such splendour
The castle gazes down
And tells of the good old days
When men built on firm rock.

The mighty Rhine offers all this
On its vine-clad shore,
And mirrors in brightest reflection
All the fatherland.

That fatherland, devout and true,
In its splendid glory,
With all kinds of joy and song,
Protected by God's dear hand.

STÄNDCHEN

Komm' in die stille Nacht! —
Liebchen, was zögerst du?
Sonne ging längst zur Ruh',
Welt schloß die Augen zu,
Rings nur einzig die Liebe wacht!

Liebchen, was zögerst du?
Schon sind die Sterne hell,
Schon ist der Mond zur Stell',
Eilen so schnell, so schnell!
Liebchen, mein Liebchen,
drum eil' auch du!

Einzig die Liebe wacht,
Ruft dich allüberall.
Höre die Nachtigall,
Hör meiner Stimme Schall,
Liebchen, o komm in die stille Nacht!

NICHTS SCHÖNERES

Als ich zuerst dich hab' gesehn,
Wie du so lieblich warst, so schön,
Da fiel's mein Lebtag mir nicht ein,
Daß noch was Schöneres sollte sein,
Als in dein liebes Augenpaar
Hinein zu schauen immerdar.

Da hab ich denn so lang geschaut,
Bis du geworden meine Braut,
Und wieder fiel es mir nicht ein,
Daß noch was Schöneres könnte sein,
Als so an deinem roten Mund
Sich satt zu küssen alle Stund.

Da hab' ich denn so lang geküßt,
Bis du mein Weibchen worden bist,
Und kann nun wohl versichert sein,
Daß noch was Schöneres nicht kann sein,
Als wie mit seinem lieben Weib
Zu sein so ganz ein' Seel' und Leib!

SERENADE

Come into the silent night! —
Why delay, my dearest?
The sun has set long ago,
The world has closed its eyes.
Love alone keeps watch around us!

Why delay, my dearest?
Already the stars are bright,
Already the moon's at her post,
They make such haste, such haste!
Dearest, my dearest,
so make haste too!

Love alone keeps watch,
Calling for you everywhere;
Listen to the nightingale,
Listen to my voice ring out,
Dearest, O come into the silent night!

NOTHING MORE BEAUTIFUL

When I first saw you,
Saw how sweet and beautiful you were,
I did not think in all my days
That anything could be more beautiful
Than to gaze for evermore
Into your lovely eyes.

But then I gazed on you so long
Till you became my bride;
And again I did not think in all my days
That anything could be more beautiful
Than to kiss your red lips endlessly
Till I was surfeited.

But then I kissed you for so long
Till you became my wife,
And now I may rest assured
That nothing could be more beautiful
Than to be entirely at one with a dear wife
In body and in soul!

AN DEN SONNENSCHIN

O Sonnenschein, o Sonnenschein!
Wie scheinst du mir ins Herz hinein,
Weckst drinnen lauter Liebeslust,
Daß mir so enge wird die Brust!

Und enge wird mir Stub' und Haus,
Und wenn ich lauf zum Tor hinaus,
Da lockst du gar ins frische Grün
Die allerschönsten Mädchen hin!

O Sonnenschein! Du glaubest wohl,
Daß ich wie du es machen soll,
Der jede schmucke Blume küßt,
Die eben nur sich dir erschließt?

Hast doch so lang die Welt erblickt,
Und weißt, daß sich's für mich nicht schickt;
Was machst du mir denn solche Pein?
O Sonnenschein! o Sonnenschein!

TO THE SUNSHINE

O sunshine! O sunshine!
How you shine into my heart,
Waking there such sheer love
That my breast becomes constricted!

House and room become constricted too,
And when I run out through the gate,
I see you've tempted the loveliest girls
Out into the fresh green countryside!

O sunshine! Do you really think
I should follow your example,
You that kiss all the lovely flowers
That only open to your caress?

But you have observed the world so long
And know that this does not become me;
So why do you torment me so?
O sunshine! O sunshine!

DICHTERS GENESUNG

Und wieder hatt' ich der Schönsten gedacht,
Die nur in Träumen bisher ich gesehen;
Es trieb mich hinaus in die lichte Nacht,
Durch stille Gründe muß ich gehen.
Da auf einmal
Glänzte das Tal,
Schaurig als wär es ein Geistersaal.

Da rauschten zusammen zur Tanzmelodei
Der Strom und die Winde
mit Klingen und Zischen,
Da weht' es im flüchtigen Zuge herbei
Aus Felsen und Tale,
aus Wellen und Büschen,
Und im Mondesglanz
Ein weißer Kranz,
Tanzten die Elfen den Reigentanz.

Und mitten im Kreis ein luftiges Weib,
Die Königin war es, ich hörte sie singen:
„Laß ab von dem schweren irdischen Leib!
Laß ab von den törichten irdischen Dingen!
Nur im Mondenschein
Ist Leben allein!
Nur im Träumen zu schweben, ein ewiges Sein!

„Ich bin's, die in Träumen du oft gesehn,
Ich bin's, die als Liebchen du oft besungen,
Ich bin es, die Elfenkönigin,
Du wolltest mich schauen, es ist dir gelungen.
Nun sollst du mein
Auf ewig sein,
Komm mit, komm mit in den Elfenreihn!“

Schon zogen, schon flogen
sie all um mich her,
Da wehte der Morgen, da bin ich genesen.
Fahr wohl nun, du Elfenkönigin,
Jetzt will ein andres Lieb ich mir erlesen;
Ohn Trug und Schein
Und von Herzen rein
Wird wohl auch für mich eins zu finden sein!

THE POET'S RECOVERY

And once again I thought of my beloved,
Whom till then I had seen but in dreams;
I was drawn out into the bright night,
I had to wander through silent valleys:
Then suddenly
The valley began to gleam
Eerily, like a hall full of ghosts.

The river and winds whistled together
a dance melody
With a hissing and a roar.
A fleeting throng came rushing by
From rocks and valleys,
bushes and waves,
And in the moonlight,
Like a white ring,
The elves began to dance their rounds.

And I heard in their midst an airy maiden,
The Queen of the Elves, begin to sing:
‘Leave your heavy earthly body!
Leave all foolish earthly things!
Only in moonlight
Can true life be found!
Eternity only in floating dreams!

‘I am she you've often seen in dreams,
I am she you've often hymned as your love,
I am the Queen of the Elves,
You wanted to see me, your wish is fulfilled!
You shall now be mine
For evermore,
Come, come dance with me in our fairy circle!’

They were fluttering and flying
all around me now,
The dawn wind blew, and I recovered.
Farewell now, O Queen of the Elves,
For now I shall choose another love;
Without deceit and wiles,
And pure of heart,
There must be one out there for me!

LIEBESBOTSCHAFT

Wolken, die ihr nach Osten eilt,
Wo die eine, die Meine weilt,
All meine Wünsche, mein Hoffen und Singen
Sollen auf eure Flügel sich schwingen,
Sollen euch, Flüchtige,
Zu ihr lenken,
Daß die Züchtige
Meiner in Treuen mag gedenken!

Singen noch Morgenträume sie ein,
Schwebet leise zum Garten hinein,
Senket als Tau euch in schattige Räume,
Streuet Perlen auf Blumen und Bäume,
Daß der Holdseligen,
Kommt sie gegangen,
All die fröhlichen Blüten
Sich öffnen mit lichterem Prangen!

Und am Abend in stiller Ruh',
Breitet der sinkenden Sonne euch zu!
Mögt mit Purpur und Gold euch malen,
Mögt in dem Meere von Gluten und Strahlen
Leicht sich schwingende
Schifflein fahren,
Daß sie singende Engel
Glaubet auf euch zu gewahren.

Ja, wohl möchten es Engel sein,
Wär mein Herz gleich ihrem rein;
All meine Wünsche, mein Hoffen und Singen
Zieht ja dahin auf euren Schwingen,
Euch, ihr Flüchtigen,
Hinzulenken,
Zu der Züchtigen,
Der ich einzig nur mag gedenken!

A MESSAGE OF LOVE

You clouds that hasten eastwards
To where my loved one lives,
All my wishes, hopes and songs
Shall go flying on your wings,
Shall lead you,
Fleeting messengers, to her,
That the chaste child
Shall faithfully think of me!

If morning dreams still lull her asleep
Drift gently down into her garden,
Alight as dew in the shadows,
Strew pearls on flowers and trees,
So that if my sweetheart
Passes by,
She shall see all the joyous flowers
Bud in even brighter splendour!

And at evening, in calm and silence,
Sail away to the setting sun!
Paint yourselves in purple and gold,
Immersed in the sea of bright fire,
Lightly swinging
Like little ships,
That she might think
You are singing angels.

And well might my thoughts be angels,
If my heart were as pure as hers;
All my wishes, hopes and songs
Shall go flying on your wings,
Shall lead you,
Fleeting messengers, to her,
The chaste child,
I think of all the time!

L'HEURE EXQUISE

Poldowski / Verlaine

La lune blanche
Luit dans les bois ;
De chaque branche
Part une voix
Sous la ramée ...

Ô bien aimée.

L'étang reflète,
Profond miroir,
La silhouette
Du saule noir
Où le vent pleure ...

Rêvons, c'est l'heure.

Un vaste et tendre
Apaisement
Semble descendre
Du firmament
Que l'astre irise ...

C'est l'heure exquise.

MANDOLINE

Poldowski / Verlaine

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Échangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie,
Et leurs molles ombres bleues.

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

EXQUISITE HOUR

English Translation © Richard Stokes

The white moon
Gleams in the woods;
From every branch
There comes a voice
Beneath the boughs...

O my beloved.

The pool reflects,
Deep mirror,
The silhouette
Of the black willow
Where the wind is weeping...

Let us dream, it is the hour.

A vast and tender
Consolation
Seems to fall
From the sky
The moon illumines...

Exquisite hour.

THE GALLANT SERENADERS

English Translation © Richard Stokes

The gallant serenaders
and their fair listeners
exchange sweet nothings
beneath singing boughs.

Tircis is there, Aminte is there,
and tedious Clitandre too,
and Damis who for many a cruel maid
writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,
their long trailing gowns,
their elegance, their joy,
and their soft blue shadows.

Whirl madly in the rapture
of a grey and roseate moon,
and the mandolin jangles on
in the shivering breeze.

SPLEEN

Poldowski / Verlaine

Les roses étaient toutes rouges
Et les lierres étaient tout noirs.

Chère, pour peu que tu te bouges
Renaissent tous mes désespoirs.

Le ciel était trop bleu, trop tendre,
La mer trop verte et l'air trop doux.

Je crains toujours, - ce qu'est d'attendre !
Quelque fuite atroce de vous.

Du houx à la feuille vernie,
Et du luisant buis je suis las,

Et de la campagne infinie
Et de tout, fors de vous, hélas !

CYTHÈRE

Poldowski / Verlaine

Un pavillon à claires-voies
Abrite doucement nos joies
Qu'éventent des rosiers amis ;

L'odeur des roses, faible, grâce
Au vent léger d'été qui passe,
Se mêle aux parfums qu'elle a mis ;

Comme ses yeux l'avaient promis,
Son courage est grand et sa lèvre
Communique une exquise fièvre ;

Et l'Amour comblant tout, hormis
La Faim, sorbets et confitures
Nous préservent des courbatures.

SPLEEN

English Translation © Richard Stokes

All the roses were red
And the ivy was all black.

Dear, at your slightest move,
All my despair revives.

The sky was too blue, too tender,
The sea too green, the air too mild.

I always fear - oh to wait and wonder!
One of your agonizing departures.

I am weary of the glossy holly,
Of the gleaming box-tree too,

And the boundless countryside
And everything, alas, but you!

CYTHERA

English Translation © Richard Stokes

The latticed arbour
Tenderly hides our ecstasy
The friendly rose trees cool;

The faint scent of roses,
Thanks to the summer breeze that blows,
Blends with the perfume she wears;

As her eyes promised,
She is fearless and her lips
Communicate an exquisite fever;

And Love, having sated all, except
Hunger, sherbets and preserves
Keep our bodies from aching.

CRÉPUSCULE DU SOIR MYSTIQUE

Poldowski / Verlaine

Le Souvenir avec le Crépuscule
Rougeoie et tremble à l'ardent horizon
De l'Espérance en flamme qui recule
Et s'agrandit ainsi qu'une cloison
Mystérieuse où mainte floraison
Dahlia, lys, tulipe et renoncule
S'élance autour d'un treillis, et circule
Parmi la malade exhalaïson
De parfums lourds et chauds, dont le poison
Dahlia, lys, tulipe et renoncule
Noyant mes sens, mon âme et ma raison,
Mêle dans une immense pâmoison
Le Souvenir avec le Crépuscule.

MYSTICAL EVENING TWILIGHT

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Memory glows with Twilight
And trembles at the fiery horizon
Of Hope in flames - flames that subside
And then rise up like a mysterious wall,
Where many a blossom
Dahlia, lily, tulip and buttercup
Winds itself around a trellis, and moves
Amid the sickly exhalation
Of hot and heavy scents, whose poison
Dahlia, lily, tulip and buttercup
Drowning my senses, my soul and my reason,
Blends together in one immense swoon
Memory with Twilight.

Drei Gedichte von Michaelangelo Three Poems by Michaelangelo

Wolf / Robert-Tornow, after Michaelangelo

English Translations © Richard Stokes

WOHL DENK' ICH OFT

Wohl denk' ich oft an mein vergang'nes Leben,
Wie es, vor meiner Liebe für Dich, war;
Kein Mensch hat damals Acht auf mich gegeben,
Ein jeder Tag verloren für mich war.
Ich dachte wohl, ganz dem Gesang zu leben,
Auch mich zu flüchten aus der Menschen Schar...
Genannt in Lob und Tadel bin ich heute,
Und, dass ich da bin, wissen alle Leute!

I OFTEN RECALL

I often recall my past life,
As it was before I loved you;
No one then paid heed to me,
Each day for me was a loss;
I thought to live for song alone,
And flee the thronging crowd...
Today my name is praised and censured,
And the entire world knows that I exist!

ALLES ENDET, WAS ENTSTEHET

Alles endet, was entstehet,
Alles, alles rings vergehet,
Denn die Zeit flieht, und die Sonne sieht
Dass Alles rings vergehet,
Denken, Reden, Schmerz und Wonne;
Und die wir zu Enkeln hatten,
Schwanden wie bei Tag die Schatten,
Wie ein Dunst im Windeshauch.
Menschen waren wir ja auch,
Froh und traurig, so wie ihr.
Und nun sind wir leblos hier,
Sind nur Erde, wie ihr sehet;
Alles endet, was entstehet,
Alles, alles rings vergehet!

FÜHLT MEINE SEELE

Fühlt meine Seele das ersehnte Licht
Von Gott, der sie erschuf? Ist es der Strahl
Von and'rer Schönheit aus dem Jammertal,
Der in mein Herz Erinnerungweckend bricht?

Ist es ein Klang, ein Traumgesicht,
Das Aug' und Herz mir füllt mit einem Mal
In unbegreiflich glüh'nder Qual,
Die mich zu Tränen bringt? Ich weiss es nicht.

Was ich ersehne, fühle, was mich lenkt,
Ist nicht in mir: Sag' mir, wie ich's erwerbe?
Mir zeigt es wohl nur eines And'ren Huld.

Darein bin ich, seit ich Dich sah, versenkt;
Mich treibt ein Ja und Nein,
ein Süß und Herbe...
Daran sind, Herrin, Deine Augen Schuld!

ALL MUST END, THAT HAS BEGINNING

All must end that has beginning,
All things round us perish,
For time is fleeting, and the sun sees
That all things round us perish,
Thought, speech, pain and rapture;
And our children's children
Vanished as shadows by day,
As mists in a breeze.
We were also human beings,
With joys and sorrows like your own.
And now there is no life in us here,
We are but earth, as you can see;
All must end that has beginning,
All things round us perish!

IS IT THE LONGED-FOR LIGHT OF GOD

Does my soul feel the longed-for light
Of God who created it? Is it the ray
Of some other beauty from this vale of tears
That storms my heart, awakening memories?

Is it a sound, a vision in a dream,
That suddenly fills my eyes and heart
With inconceivable, searing pain,
Reducing me to tears? I do not know.

What I long for, what I feel, what guides me
Is not in me: tell me how to achieve it?
Only another's favour is likely to reveal it.

This has absorbed me, since seeing you;
I am torn between yes and no,
bitterness and sweetness...
Your eyes, my lady, are the cause!

LE TRAVAIL DU PEINTRE

Poulenc / Éluard

PABLO PICASSO

Entoure ce citron de blanc d'œuf informe
Enrobe ce blanc d'œuf
d'un azur souple et fin
La ligne droite et noire a beau venir de toi
L'aube est derrière ton tableau

Et des murs innombrables croulent
Derrière ton tableau et toi l'œil fixe
Comme un aveugle comme un fou
Tu dresses une haute épée dans le vide

Une main pourquoi pas une seconde main
Et pourquoi pas la bouche nue
comme une plume
Pourquoi pas un sourire
et pourquoi pas des larmes
Tout au bord de la toile où jouent
les petits clous

Voici le jour d'autrui
laisse aux ombres leur chance
Et d'un seul mouvement
des paupières renonce.

MARC CHAGALL

Âne ou vache coq ou cheval
Jusqu' à la peau d'un violon
Homme chanteur un seul oiseau
Danseur agile avec sa femme

Couple trempé dans son printemps

L'or de l'herbe le plomb du ciel
Séparés par les flammes bleues
De la santé de la rosée
Le sang s'irise le cœur tinte

Un couple le premier reflet

Et dans un souterrain de neige
La vigne opulente dessine
Un visage aux lèvres de lune
Qui n'a jamais dormi la nuit.

THE PAINTER'S WORK

English Translations © Richard Stokes

PABLO PICASSO

Surround this lemon with formless egg-white
Coat this egg-white
with a supple and delicate blue
Though the straight black line stems from you
Dawn lies behind your painting

And innumerable walls crumble
Behind your painting and your eyes staring
Like a blind man like a madman
You raise up a tall sword in the void

A hand why not a second hand
And why not a mouth unadorned
like a quill
Why not a smile
and why not tears
At the very edge of the canvas where
tiny nails are fixed

This is another man's daylight
let darkness take its chances
And with a single movement
of the eyelids renounce.

MARC CHAGALL

Ass or cow cockerel or horse
Even a violin's skin
Singing man single bird
Agile dancer with his wife

Couple steeped in their springtime

The gold of the grass the lead of the sky
Divided by the blue flames
Of health-giving dew
The blood grows iridescent the heart rings

A couple the first reflection

And in a cavern of snow
The luxuriant vine traces
A face with moon-like lips
Which has never slept at night.

GEORGES BRAQUE

Un oiseau s'envole,
Il rejette les nues comme un voile inutile,
Il n'a jamais craint la lumière,
Enfermé dans son vol,
Il n'a jamais eu d'ombre.

Coquilles des moissons brisées par le soleil.
Toutes les feuilles dans les bois disent oui,
Elles ne savent dire que oui,
Toute question, toute réponse
Et la rosée coule au fond de ce oui.

Un homme aux yeux légers
décrit le ciel d'amour.
Il en rassemble les merveilles
Comme des feuilles dans un bois,
Comme des oiseaux dans leurs ailes
Et des hommes dans le sommeil.

JUAN GRIS

De jour merci de nuit prends garde
De douceur la moitié du monde
L'autre montrait rigueur aveugle

Aux veines se lisait un présent sans merci
Aux beautés des contours l'espace limité
Cimentait tous les joints des objets familiers

Table guitare et verre vide
Sur un arpent de terre pleine
De toile blanche d'air nocturne

Table devait se soutenir
Lampe rester pépin de l'ombre
Journal délaissait sa moitié

Deux fois le jour deux fois la nuit
De deux objets un double objet
Un seul ensemble à tout jamais.

GEORGES BRAQUE

A bird flies off,
It discards the clouds like a useless veil,
It has never feared the light,
Enclosed in its flight
It has never had a shadow.

Sun-split husks of harvest grains.
All the forest leaves say yes,
Yes is all they know how to say,
Every question, every answer
And the dew flows in the depth of this yes.

A man with carefree eyes
describes the heaven of love.
He gathers together its wonders
Like leaves in a forest,
Like birds in their wings
And men in sleep.

JUAN GRIS

Give thanks by day beware by night
One half of the world sweetness
The other showed blind harshness

In the veins a relentless present could be read
In the beauties of the contours bounded space
Cemented together all familiar objects

Table guitar and empty glass
On an acre of earth full of
White canvas of night air

Table had to support itself
Lamp remains at the core of darkness
Newspaper shed half of itself

Twice the day twice the night
Of two objects one double object
A single whole for evermore.

PAUL KLEE

Sur la pente fatale le voyageur profite
De la faveur du jour, verglas
et sans cailloux,
Et les yeux bleus d'amour,
découvre sa saison
Qui porte à tous les doigts
de grands astres en bague.

Sur la plage la mer a laissé ses oreilles
Et le sable creusé la place d'un beau crime.
Le supplice est plus dur
aux bourreaux qu'aux victimes
Les couteaux sont des signes
et les balles des larmes.

JOAN MIRÓ

Soleil de proie prisonnier de ma tête,
Enlève la colline, enlève la forêt.
Le ciel est plus beau que jamais.
Les libellules des raisins
Lui donnent des formes précises
Que je dissipe d'un geste.

Nuages du premier jour,
Nuages insensibles et que rien n'autorise,
Leurs graines brûlent
Dans les feux de paille de mes regards.

A la fin, pour se couvrir d'une aube
Il faudra que le ciel soit aussi pur que la nuit.

PAUL KLEE

On the fatal slope, the traveller profits
From the day's favour, frost-glazed
and pebbleless,
And eyes blue with love,
he discovers his season
Which wears on each finger
great stars as rings.

The sea has left its ears on the shore
And the hollowed sand site of a noble crime.
Executioners agonize
more than victims
Knives are omens
and bullets tears.

JOAN MIRÓ

Sun of prey prisoner of my head
Remove the hill, remove the forest.
The sky is more lovely than ever.
The grapes' dragonflies
Give it precise forms
That I with one gesture dispel.

Clouds of primeval day,
Indifferent clouds sanctioned by nothing,
Their seeds burn
In the straw fires of my glances.

At the last, to cloak itself with dawn
The sky must be as pure as night.

JACQUES VILLON

Irrémédiable vie
Vie à toujours chérir

En dépit des fléaux
Et des morales basses
En dépit des étoiles fausses
Et des cendres envahissantes

En dépit des fièvres grinçantes
Des crimes à hauteur du ventre
Des seins taris des fronts idiots
En dépit des soleils mortels

En dépit des dieux morts
En dépit des mensonges
L'aube l'horizon l'eau
L'oiseau l'homme l'amour

L'homme léger et bon
Adoucissant la terre
Éclaircissant les bois
Illuminant la pierre

Et la rose nocturne
Et le sang de la foule.

JACQUES VILLON

Incurable life
Life to be cherished always

Despite scourges
And base morals
Despite false stars
And encroaching ashes

Despite creaking fevers
Belly-high crimes
Desiccated breasts foolish faces
Despite mortal suns

Despite dead gods
Despite the lies
Dawn horizon water
Bird man love

Man light-hearted and good
Sweetening the earth
Brightening the woods
Illuminating the stone

And the nocturnal rose
And the blood of the crowd.

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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.