

# OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



## BATHED IN GOLDEN LIGHT

Tuesday 17 October 2023 | 7.45pm  
Holywell Music Room

Generously supported by **The Beeching Trust**

**Christine Rice** mezzo-soprano  
**Timothy Ridout** viola  
**Julius Drake** piano

Emerging Artists  
**Edward Kim** baritone  
**Emily Hoh** pianist

## PROGRAMME

### Emerging Artists

**Carl Loewe**  
(1796 - 1869)

Tom der Reimer

Theodor Fontane  
(1819 - 1898), after  
14<sup>th</sup> C. Scottish Ballad

**Ralph Vaughan  
Williams**  
(1872 - 1958)

Silent Noon *from The House of Life*

Dante Gabriele Rossetti  
(1828 - 1882)

**Meirion Williams**  
(1901 - 1976)

Pan Ddaw'r Nos

Meirion Williams

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### Principal Artists

**Joseph Haydn**  
(1732 - 1809)

**Arianna a Naxos**

Anon.

Teseo mio ben

Dove sei, mio bel tesoro?

Ma, a chi parlo?

Ah! che morir vorrei

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**Rebecca Clarke**  
(1886 - 1979)

Chinese Puzzle (viola & piano)

Tiger Tiger

William Blake  
(1757 - 1827)

I'll bid my heart be still (viola & piano)

June Twilight

John Masefield  
(1878 - 1967)

Lullaby on an Ancient Irish Tune  
(viola & piano)

The Seal Man

John Masefield  
(1878 - 1967)

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**Frank Bridge**  
(1879 - 1941)

**Three Songs for Voice, Viola and Piano**

i. Far, far from each other

Matthew Arnold  
(1822 - 1888)

ii. Where is it that our soul doth go?

Kate F Kroeker  
(1845 - 1904),  
after Heine

iii. Music when soft voices die

Percy Bysshe Shelley  
(1792 - 1822)

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**Johannes Brahms**  
(1833 - 1897)

**Two Songs for Voice, Viola and Piano, Op. 91**

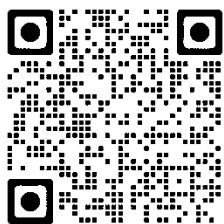
Friedrich Rückert  
(1788 - 1866)

Gestillte Sehnsucht

Geistliches Wiegenlied

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**ARTIST  
BIOGRAPHIES**



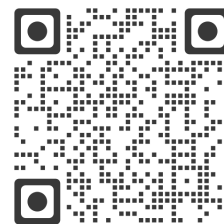
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# TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

## TOM DER REIMER

Loewe / Fontane

Der Reimer Thomas lag am Bach,  
Am Kieselbach bei Huntly Schloß.  
Da sah er eine blonde Frau,  
Die saß auf einem weißen Roß.

Sie saß auf einem weißen Roß,  
Die Mähne war geflochten fein,  
Und hell an jeder Flechte hing  
Ein silberblankes Glöcklein.

Und Tom der Reimer zog den Hut  
Und fiel auf's Knie, er grüßt und spricht:  
„Du bist die Himmelskönigin!  
Du bist von dieser Erde nicht!“

Die blonde Frau hält an ihr Roß:  
„Ich will dir sagen, wer ich bin;  
Ich bin die Himmelsjungfrau nicht,  
Ich bin die Elfenkönigin!“

„Nimm deine Harf und spiel und sing  
Und laß dein bestes Lied erschall'n,  
Doch wenn du meine Lippe küßt,  
Bist du mir sieben Jahr verfalln!“

„Wohl! sieben Jahr, o Königin,  
Zu dienen dir, es schreckt mich kaum!“  
Er küßte sie, sie küßte ihn,  
Ein Vogel sang im Eschenbaum.

„Nun bist du mein, nun zieh mit mir,  
Nun bist du mein auf sieben Jahr.“  
Sie ritten durch den grünen Wald  
Wie glücklich da der Reimer war!

Sie ritten durch den grünen Wald  
Bei Vogelsang und Sonnenschein,  
Und wenn sie leicht am Zügel zog,  
So klangen hell die Glöcklein.

## THOMAS RHYMER

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Thomas Rhymer lay by the burn,  
The pebble burn by Huntly Castle.  
When he beheld a fair lady,  
Sitting on a white steed.

She was sitting on a white steed,  
Whose mane was finely braided,  
And brightly shining from each braid  
There hung a tiny silver bell.

And Thomas Rhymer doffed his hat  
And dropped on one knee, and greets her thus:  
'You must be the Queen of Heaven!  
You are not of this earth!'

The fair lady reins in her steed:  
'I shall tell you who I am;  
I am not the Queen of Heaven,  
I am the Queen of the Elves.

Take up your harp and play and sing  
And let your finest song be heard,  
But if you ever kiss my lips,  
You shall serve me for seven years.'

'To serve you, O queen, for seven years,  
Shall scarcely frighten me!'  
He kissed her, she kissed him,  
A bird sang in the ash tree.

'Now you are mine, now come with me,  
Now you are mine for seven years!'  
They rode through the green wood,  
How happy now the Rhymer was.

They rode through the green wood,  
The birds sang, the sun shone,  
And when she lightly pulled the reins,  
The little bells rang brightly.

## SILENT NOON

Vaughan Williams / Rossetti

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -  
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:  
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms  
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -  
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! Clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love.

## PAN DDAW'R NOS

Meirion Williams / Williams

Pan ddaw'r nos a'i bysedd tawel i ddadwneud  
cyly mau'r dydd,  
bydd yr hwyliau yn yr awel  
a meddyliau'n yn rhydd.

Ni gawn ad o'r glannau llwydion,  
a phryderon dynion byw,  
a bydd gofal ein breuddwy dion ar yr angel,  
yr angel wrth y llyw.

Yn ddidwrf mewn myrdd o fyd oedd nofia'r  
nefoedd heibiaini  
a darlunir i'n hys bryd oedd  
Nefoedd arall  
yn y lli.

O mor esmwyth  
O mor dawel Fydd mordwy o gyda'r nos,  
mynd o flaen rhyw ddwyfol awel  
Adref at y wawrddydd dlos

## WHEN NIGHT FALLS

English Translation © Angharad Rowlands

When night falls and its quiet fingers  
untie the knots of day,  
the sails in the breeze and all senses  
will be released.

We cannot depart from the grey shores,  
nor the distresses of humankind,  
and our dreams will be cared for by the angel,  
the angel at the helm.

Calmly, through a myriad of worlds  
swims the paradise before us  
and to our soul was portrayed  
a different paradise  
in the sea.

Oh, how smooth,  
Oh, how quiet sailing will be at night,  
to go beyond a divine breeze  
home towards the beautiful dawn.

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## Arianna a Naxos

Haydn / Anon.

Teseo mio ben, dove sei tu?  
Vicino d'averti mi pareva ma un lusinghiero  
sogno fallace m'ingannò.  
Già sorge in ciel la rosea Aurora e l'erbe e i  
fior colora Febo  
uscendo dal mar col crine aurato.  
Sposo adorato,  
dove guidasti il piè?  
Forse le fere ad inseguir ti chiama  
il tuo nobile ardor.  
Ah vieni, O caro ed offrirò più  
grata preda a tuoi lacci.  
Il cor d'Arianna amante, che t'adora costante,  
stringi con nodo più tenace  
e più bella la face splenda del nostro amor.  
Soffrir non posso d'esser  
da te diviso un sol momento.  
Ah di vederti, O caro, già mi stringe il desio.  
Ti sospira il mio cuor. Vieni, idol mio.

Dove sei, mio bel tesoro?  
Chi t'invola a questo cor?  
Se non vieni, io già mi moro,  
Né resisto al mio dolor.

Se pietade avete, O Dei,  
Secondate i voti miei;  
A me torni il caro ben.  
Dove sei? Teseo!

## Arianna in Naxos

English Translations © Misha Donat

Theseus my beloved, where are you?  
I seem to have you near me, but a flattering  
treacherous dream deceives me.  
Already rose-coloured dawn is rising in the sky  
and Phoebus colours the grass and flowers  
rising from the sea with his golden hair.  
Adored husband,  
where have your footsteps led you?  
Perhaps your noble ardour calls you  
to pursue wild beasts.  
Ah come, my dearest, and I shall offer  
a more pleasing prey to your snares.  
Arianna's loving heart, which adores you faithfully,  
clasps the splendid  
light of our love with a firmer knot.  
I cannot bear  
to be apart from you for a single moment.  
Ah beloved, I am consumed with longing to see you.  
My heart sighs for you. Come, my idol.

Where are you, my treasure?  
Who stole you from this heart?  
If you do not come, already I die,  
nor resist my grief.

If you have pity, O Gods,  
fulfil my desires;  
return my dear beloved to me.  
Where are you? Theseus!

Ma, a chi parlo?  
Gli accenti eco ripete sol.  
Teseo non m'ode,  
Teseo non mi risponde,  
e portano le voci e l'aure e l'onde.  
Poco da me lontano esser egli dovia.  
Salgasi quello che più d'ogni altro s'alza  
alpestro scoglio: ivi lo scoprirò.  
Che miro? O stelle! Misera me! Quest'è  
l'argivo legno, Greci son quelli.  
Teseo!  
Ei sulla prora! Ah, m'inganassi almen ...  
No no, non m'inganno.  
Ei fugge, ei qui mi lascia in abbandono. Più  
speranza non v'è, tradita io sono.  
Teseo, Teseo, m'ascolta Teseo! Ma oimè!  
Vaneggio.  
I flutti e il vento lo involano  
per sempre agli occhi miei.  
Ah, siete ingiusti,  
O Dei se l'empio non punite! Ingrato!  
Perchè ti trassi dalla morte?  
Dunque tu dovevi tradirmi?

E le promesse, e i giuramenti tuoi?  
Spergiuro! Infido! Hai cor di lasciarmi!  
A chi mi volgo? Da chi pietà sperar?  
Già più non reggo:  
Il piè vacilla, e in così amaro istante sento  
mancarmi in sen l'alma tremante.

Ah! che morir vorrei  
In sì fatal momento,  
Ma al mio crudel tormento  
Mi serba ingiusto il ciel.

Misera abbandonata  
Non ho chi mi consola.  
Chi tanto amai s'involò,  
Barbaro ed infidel.

But to whom am I speaking?  
Only echo repeats my words.  
Theseus does not hear me,  
Theseus does not answer me,  
and my voice is carried by the wind and the waves.  
He must not be far from me. Let me climb the highest  
of these steep rocks: I shall discover him thus.  
What do I see? O heavens! Misery me!  
That is the wooden argosy,  
those men are Greeks.  
Theseus!  
He is on the prow! O may I at least be mistaken ...  
no, no, I am not mistaken.  
He flees, he leaves me abandoned here.  
There is no longer any hope for me, I am betrayed.  
Theseus, listen to me Theseus!  
But alas! I am raving.  
The waves and wind are stealing him  
from my eyes for ever.  
Ah, you are unjust,  
O Gods if you do not punish the infidel!  
Ungrateful man! Why did I snatch you away from  
death? So you had to betray me?

And your promises and your oaths?  
Perjurer! Infidel! Have you the heart to leave me?  
To whom can I turn? From whom can I hope for pity?  
I can already bear no more:  
my step falters, and in so bitter a moment  
I feel my trembling soul weaken.

Ah, how I should like to die  
in so fatal a moment,  
but the heavens unjustly keep me  
in my cruel torment.

Wretched and abandoned  
I have no one to console me.  
He whom I loved so much has fled,  
barbarous and unfaithful.

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## **TIGER TIGER**

Clarke / Blake

Tyger Tyger, burning bright,  
In the forests of the night;  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?  
On what wings dare he aspire?  
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand? & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,  
In what furnace was thy brain?  
What the anvil? what dread grasp,  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears  
And water'd heaven with their tears:  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,  
In the forests of the night:  
What immortal hand or eye,  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

Rebecca Clarke – **I'll bid my heart be still**  
(an old Scottish border melody for viola & piano)

## **JUNE TWILIGHT**

Clarke / Masfield

The twilight comes;  
the sun dips down and sets,  
The boys have done  
play at the nets.

In a warm golden glow  
The woods are steeped.  
The shadows grow;  
The bat has cheeped.

Sweet smells the new-mown hay;  
The mowers pass  
Home, each his way,  
through the grass.

The night-wind stirs the fern,  
A night-jar spins;  
The windows burn  
In the inns.

Dusky it grows. The moon! The dews descend.  
Love, can this beauty in our hearts end?

## **THE SEAL MAN**

Clarke / Masfield

And he came by her cabin to the west of the road, calling.  
There was a strong love came up in her at that,  
and she put down her sewing on the table, and "Mother," she says,  
"There's no lock, and no key, and no bolt, and no door.  
There's no iron, nor no stone, nor anything at all  
will keep me this night from the man I love."  
And she went out into the moonlight to him,  
there by the bush where the flow'rs is pretty, beyond the river.  
And he says to her: "You are all of the beauty of the world,  
will you come where I go, over the waves of the sea?"  
And she says to him: "My treasure and my strength," she says,  
"I would follow you on the frozen hills, my feet bleeding."  
Then they went down into the sea together,  
and the moon made a track on the sea, and they walked down it;  
it was like a flame before them. There was no fear at all on her;  
only a great love like the love of the Old Ones,  
that was stronger than the touch of the fool.  
She had a little white throat, and little cheeks like flowers,  
and she went down into the sea with her man,  
who wasn't a man at all.  
She was drowned, of course.  
It's like he never thought that she wouldn't bear the sea like himself.  
She was drowned, drowned.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **FAR, FAR FROM EACH OTHER**

Bridge / Arnold

Far, far from each other  
Our spirits have flown.  
And what heart knows another?  
Ah! who knows his own?

Blow, ye winds! lift me with you  
I come to the wild.  
Fold closely, O Nature!  
Thine arms round thy child.

Ah, calm me! restore me  
And dry up my tears  
On thy high mountain platforms,  
Where Morn first appears.



## **WHERE IS IT THAT OUR SOUL DOTH GO?**

Bridge / Kroeker, adapt. from Heine (1797 -1856)

One thing I'd know: when we have perished,  
Where is it that our soul doth go?  
Where is the fire that is extinguished?  
Where is the wind but now did blow?

## **MUSIC WHEN SOFT VOICES DIE**

Bridge / Shelley

Music, when soft voices die,  
Vibrates in the memory;  
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
Are heaped for the beloved's bed;  
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
Love itself shall slumber on.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **GESTILLTE SEHNSUCHT**

Brahms / Rückert

In goldnen Abendschein getauchet,  
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!  
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet  
Des Abendwindes leises Wehn.  
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?  
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget  
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!  
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,  
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?  
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,  
Ihr sehnenenden Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr ein?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in goldne Fernen  
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,  
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen  
Mit sehndem Blick mein Auge weilt;  
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein  
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

## **ASSUAGED LONGING**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Bathed in golden evening light,  
How solemnly the forests stand!  
The evening winds mingle softly  
With the soft voices of the birds.  
What do the winds, the birds whisper?  
They whisper the world to sleep.

But you, my desires, ever stirring  
In my heart without respite!  
You, my longing, that agitates my breast –  
When will you rest, when will you sleep?  
The winds and the birds whisper,  
But when will you, yearning desires, slumber?

Ah! when my spirit no longer hastens  
On wings of dreams into golden distances,  
When my eyes no longer dwell yearningly  
On eternally remote stars;  
Then shall the winds, the birds whisper  
My life – and my longing – to sleep.

## GEISTLICHES WIEGENLIED

Brahms / Geibel

Die ihr schwebet  
Um diese Palmen  
In Nacht und Wind,  
Ihr heil'gen Engel,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem  
Im Windesbrausen,  
Wie mögt ihr heute  
So zornig sausen!  
O rauscht nicht also!  
Schweiget, neiget  
Euch leis' und lind;  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe  
Duldet Beschwerde,  
Ach, wie so müd' er ward  
Vom Leid der Erde.  
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm  
Leise gesänftigt  
Die Qual zerrinnt,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte  
Sauset hernieder,  
Womit nur deck' ich  
Des Kindleins Glieder!  
O all ihr Engel,  
Die ihr geflügelt  
Wandelt im Wind,  
Stillet die Wipfel!  
Es schlummert mein Kind.

## A SACRED CRADLE-SONG

English Translation © Richard Stokes

You who hover  
Around these palms  
In night and wind,  
You holy angels,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem  
In the raging wind,  
Why do you bluster  
So angrily today!  
O roar not so!  
Be still, lean  
Calmly and gently over us;  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

The heavenly babe  
Suffers distress,  
Oh, how weary He has grown  
With the sorrows of this world.  
Ah, now that in sleep  
His pains  
Are gently eased,  
Silence the treetops!  
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold  
Blows down on us,  
With what shall I cover  
My little child's limbs?  
O all you angels,  
Who wing your way  
On the winds,  
Silence the tree-tops!  
My child is sleeping.

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