

## DAS LIED WINNER'S RECITAL

Wednesday 18 October 2023 | 5.15pm  
Holywell Music Room

**Laurence Kilsby** tenor  
**Ella O'Neill** piano

Presented in association with **Heidelberger Frühling**

### PROGRAMME

“All things truly wicked start from innocence.” - Ernest Hemingway  
A programme centred around themes of naivety, betrayal, lust and corruption.

|   |   |   |
|---|---|---|
| <b>Johannes Brahms</b><br>(1833 - 1897)     | Unbewegte laue Luft, Op. 57 no.8                              | Georg Friedrich<br>Daumer (1800 - 1875)   |
| <b>Camille Saint-Saëns</b><br>(1835 - 1921) | La coccinelle   | Victor Hugo<br>(1802 - 1885)              |
| <b>Hugo Wolf</b><br>(1860 - 1903)           | <i>from Mörike-Lieder</i><br>Der Knabe und das Immelein, no.2 | Eduard Mörike<br>(1804 - 1875)            |
| <b>Arnold Schoenberg</b><br>(1874 - 1951)   | <i>from Brettli-Lieder (Cabaret Songs)</i><br>Galathea        | Frank Wedekind<br>(1864 - 1918)           |
| <b>Wilhelm Stenhammar</b><br>(1871 - 1927)  | Flickan kom ifrån sin älsklings mote, Op. 4 no.1              | Johan Ludvig<br>Runeberg<br>(1804 - 1877) |
| <b>Rebecca Clarke</b><br>(1886 - 1979)      | The Seal Man  | John Masefield<br>(1878 - 1967)           |
| <b>Hugo Wolf</b><br>(1860 - 1903)           | <i>from Mörike-Lieder</i><br>Nimmersatte Liebe, no.9          | Eduard Mörike<br>(1804 - 1875)            |

**Hugh Wood**  
(b.1932 )

*from Wild Cyclamen, Op. 49*

Horizon

**Kurt Weill**  
(1900 - 1950)

*from Trois Chansons*

Complainte de la Seine

**Maurice Magre**  
(1877 - 1941)

**Arnold Schoenberg**  
(1874 - 1951)

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm, Op. 2 no.2

**Richard Dehmel**  
(1863 - 1920)

**Benjamin Britten**  
(1913 - 1976)

Canticle 1: 'My beloved is mine and I am his', Op. 40

**Francis Quarles**  
(1592-1644)

**Rebecca Clarke**  
(1886 - 1979)

Tiger Tiger

**William Blake**  
(1757 - 1827)

**Jake Heggie**  
(b.1961)

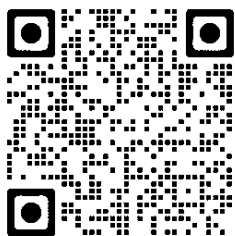
*from Natural Selection*

Animal Passion

**Gini Savage**

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## ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



[oxfordsong.org/artists](https://oxfordsong.org/artists)

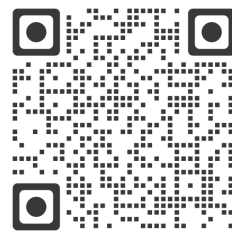
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# TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

## UNBEWEGTE LAUE LUFT

Brahms / Daumer

Unbewegte laue Luft,  
Tiefe Ruhe der Natur;  
Durch die stille Gartennacht  
Plätschert die Fontäne nur;  
Aber im Gemüte schwillt  
Heißere Begierde mir;  
Aber in der Ader quillt  
Leben und verlangt nach Leben.  
Sollten nicht auch deine Brust  
Sehnlichere Wünsche heben?  
Sollte meiner Seele Ruf  
Nicht die deine tief durchbeben?  
Leise mit dem Ätherfuß  
Säume nicht, daher zu schweben!  
Komm, o komm, damit wir uns  
Himmlische Genüge geben!

## MOTIONLESS MILD AIR

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Motionless mild air,  
Nature deep at rest;  
Through the still garden night  
Only the fountain splashes;  
But my soul swells  
With a more ardent desire;  
Life surges in my veins  
And yearns for life.  
Should not your breast too  
Heave with more passionate longing?  
Should not the cry of my soul  
Quiver deeply through your own?  
Softly on ethereal feet  
Glide to me, do not delay!  
Come, ah! come, that we might  
Give each other heavenly satisfaction!

## LA COCCINELLE

Saint-Saëns / Hugo

Elle me dit: « Quelque chose  
Me tourmente. » Et j'aperçus  
Son cou de neige, et, dessus,  
Un petit insecte rose.  
J'aurais dû, — mais, sage ou fou,  
À seize ans, on est farouche, —  
Voir le baiser sur sa bouche  
Plus que l'insecte à son cou.  
On eût dit un coquillage ;  
Dos rose et taché de noir.  
Les fauvettes pour nous voir  
Se penchaient dans le feuillage.  
Sa bouche fraîche était là ;  
Je me courbai sur la belle,  
Et je pris la coccinelle ;  
Mais le baiser s'envola.  
« Fils, apprends comme on me nomme »,  
Dit l'insecte du ciel bleu,  
« Les bêtes sont au bon Dieu ;  
Mais la bêtise est à l'homme. »

## THE LADYBIRD

English Translation © Richard Stokes

She said to me: 'Something's  
Itching me.' And I saw  
Her snow-white neck, and on it  
A small rose-coloured insect.  
I should — but right or wrong,  
At sixteen one is shy —  
Have seen the kiss on her lips  
More than the insect on her neck.  
Like a shell it shone;  
Red back speckled with black.  
The warblers, to catch a glimpse of us,  
Craned their necks in the branches.  
Her fresh mouth was there:  
I leaned over the lovely girl,  
And dislodged the ladybird,  
But... the kiss flew away!  
'Son, learn my name',  
Said the insect from the blue sky.  
'Creatures belong to our good Lord,  
But cretins belong to man.'

## DER KNABE UND DAS IMMLEIN

Wolf / Mörike

Im Weinberg auf der Höhe  
Ein Häuslein steht so windebang,  
Hat weder Tür noch Fenster,  
Die Weile wird ihm lang.  
Und ist der Tag so schwüle,  
Sind all verstummt die Vögelein,  
Summt an der Sonnenblume  
Ein Immelein ganz allein.  
Mein Lieb hat einen Garten,  
Da steht ein hübsches Immenhaus:  
Kommst du daher geflogen?  
Schickt sie dich nach mir aus?  
„O nein, du feiner Knabe,  
Es hieß mich niemand Boten gehn;  
Dieses Kind weiß nichts von Lieben,  
Hat dich noch kaum gesehn.  
Was wüßten auch die Mädchen,  
Wenn sie kaum aus der Schule sind!  
Dein herzallerliebstes Schätzchen  
Ist noch ein Mutterkind.  
Ich bring ihm Wachs und Honig;  
Ade! – ich hab ein ganzes Pfund;  
Wie wird das Schätzchen lachen,  
Ihm wässert schon der Mund.“  
Ach, wolltest du ihr sagen,  
Ich wüßte, was viel süßer ist:  
Nichts Lieblichers auf Erden  
Als wenn man herzt und küßt!

## THE BOY AND THE BEE

English Translation © Richard Stokes

On the hill-top vineyard  
There stands a hut so timidly,  
It has neither door nor window  
And feels time dragging by.  
And when the day's so sultry  
And every little bird is silent,  
A solitary bee  
Buzzes round the sunflower.  
My sweetheart has a garden  
With a pretty beehive in it:  
Is that where you've flown from?  
Did she send you to me?  
'Oh no, you handsome boy,  
No one bade me bear messages;  
This child knows nothing of love,  
Has scarcely even noticed you.  
What can girls know  
When hardly out of school!  
Your beloved sweetheart  
Is still her mother's child.  
I bring her wax and honey;  
Farewell! – I've gathered a whole pound;  
How your beloved will laugh!  
Her mouth's already watering.'  
Ah, if only you would tell her,  
I know of something much sweeter:  
There's nothing lovelier on earth  
Than when one hugs and kisses!

## **GALATHEA**

Schoenberg / Wedekind

Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Wangen,  
Weil sie so entzückend sind.

Wonne die mir widerfahre,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Haare,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Nimmer wehr' mir bis ich ende,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Hände,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Knie,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Und was tät ich nicht, du Süße,  
Galathea, schönes Kind,  
Dir zu küssen deine Füße,  
Weil sie so verlockend sind.

Aber deinen Mund enthülle,  
Mädchen, meinen Küßen nie,  
Denn in seiner Reize Fülle,  
Küßt ihn nur die Phantasie.

## **GALATHEA**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Ah, how I'm burning with desire,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
Just to kiss your cheeks,  
Because they're so enchanting.

The rapture that I feel,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
Just to kiss your tresses,  
Because they're so enticing.

Never resist me, till I've finished,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
Kissing your hands,  
Because they're so enticing.

Ah, you do not sense how I burn,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
To kiss your knees,  
Because they're so enticing.

And what wouldn't I do, my sweet,  
Galathea, lovely child,  
To kiss your feet,  
Because they're so enticing.

But never expose your lips,  
Sweet girl, to my kisses,  
For the fullness of their charms  
Can only be kissed in fantasy.

## FLICKAN KOM IFRÅN SIN ÄLSKLINGS MÖTE

Stenhammar / Runeberg

lickan kom ifrån sin älsklings möte,  
kom med röda händer. Modern sade:  
"Varav rodna dina händer, flicka?"  
Flickan sade: "Jag har plockat rosor  
och på törnen stungit mina händer."

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,  
kom med röda läppar. Modern sade:  
"Varav rodna dina läppar, flicka?"  
Flickan sade: "Jag har ätit hallon  
och med saften målat mina läppar."

Åter kom hon från sin älsklings möte,  
kom med bleka kinder. Modern sade:  
"Varav blekna dina kinder, flicka?"  
Flickan sade: "Red en grav, o moder!  
Göm mig där och ställ ett kors däröver,  
och på korset rista, som jag säger:

En gång kom hon hem med röda händer,  
ty de rodnat  
    mellan älskarns händer.  
En gång kom hon hem med röda läppar,  
ty de rodnat under älskarns läppar.  
Senast kom hon hem med bleka kinder,  
ty de bleknat  
    genom älskarns otro.

## THE MAIDEN CAME FROM HER LOVER'S TRYST

English Translation © Maria Forsström

The maiden came from her lover's tryst,  
Came with red hands. The mother said:  
"Whence reddened your hands, maiden?"  
The maiden said: "I have picked roses  
And stung my hands on the thorns."

Again she came from her lover's tryst,  
Came with red lips. The Mother said:  
"Whence reddened your lips, maiden?"  
The maiden said: "I have eaten raspberries  
And with the juices painted my lips."

Again she came from her lover's tryst,  
Came with pale cheeks. Her mother said:  
"Whence pale your cheeks, maiden?"  
The maiden said: "Make me a grave, o mother!  
Hide me there and put a cross on top,  
And on the cross carve, what I say:

Once she came home with red hands,  
Since they had reddened  
    between her lover's hands.  
Once she came home with red lips,  
Since she reddened under her lover's lips.  
Lastly she came home with pale cheeks,  
Since they had  
    paled with her lover's unfaithfulness.

## THE SEAL MAN

Clarke / Masefield

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.

## NIMMERSATTE LIEBE

Wolf / Mörike

So ist die Lieb! So ist die Lieb!  
Mit Küssen nicht zu stillen:  
Wer ist der Tor und will ein Sieb  
Mit eitel Wasser füllen?  
Und schöpfst du  
    an die tausend Jahr,  
Und küssest ewig, ewig gar,  
Du tust ihr nie zu Willen.

Die Lieb, die Lieb hat alle Stund  
Neu wunderlich Gelüsten;  
Wir bissen uns die Lippen wund,  
Da wir uns heute küssten.  
Das Mädchen hielt in guter Ruh,  
Wie's Lämmlein unterm Messer;  
Ihr Auge bat: „Nur immer zu!  
Je weher, desto besser!“

So ist die Lieb! und war auch so,  
Wie lang es Liebe gibt,  
Und anders war Herr Salomo,  
Der Weise, nicht verliebt.

## INSATIABLE LOVE

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Such is love! Such is love!  
Not to be quieted with kisses:  
What fool would wish to fill a sieve  
With nothing else but water?  
And were you to draw water  
    for some thousand years,  
And were you to kiss for ever and ever,  
You'd never satisfy love.

Love, love, has every hour  
New and strange desires;  
We bit until our lips were sore,  
When we kissed today.  
The girl kept nicely quiet and still,  
Like a lamb beneath the knife;  
Her eyes pleaded: "Go on, go on!  
The more it hurts the better!"

Such is love! and has been so  
As long as love's existed,  
And wise old Solomon himself  
Was no differently in love.

## HORIZON

Wood / Graves

On a clear day how thin the horizon  
Drawn between sea and sky,  
Between sea-love and sky-love;  
And after sunset how debatable  
Even for an honest eye.

'Do as you will tonight,'  
Said she, and so he did  
By moonlight, candlelight,  
Candlelight and moonlight,  
While pillowed clouds the horizon hid.

## COMPLAINTE DE LA SEINE

Weill / Magre

Au fond de la Seine, il y a de l'or,  
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes.  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des morts.  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des larmes.  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des fleurs;  
De vase et de boue elles sont nourries.  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des cœurs  
Qui font souffrir trop pour vivre la vie.  
Et puis des cailloux et des bêtes grises.  
L'âme des égouts soufflant des poisons.  
Les anneaux jetés par des incomprises,  
Des pieds qu'une hélice a coupés du tronc.

Et les fruits maudits des ventres stériles,  
Les blancs avortés que nul n'aima.  
Les vomissements de la grand'ville.  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a cela.  
Ô Seine clémente où vont les cadavres,  
Ô lit dont les draps sont faits de limon,  
Fleuv' des déchets, sans fanal, ni hâvre,  
Chanteuse berçant, la morgue et les ponts,

Accueill' le pauvre, accueill' la femme,  
Accueill' l'ivrogne  
Accueill' le fou,  
Mêle leurs sanglots au bruit de tes lames,  
Et porte leurs cœurs, et porte leurs cœurs  
Et porte leurs cœurs, parmi les cailloux.

Au fond de la Seine, il y a de l'or,  
Des bateaux rouillés, des bijoux, des armes.  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des morts.  
Au fond de la Seine, il y a des larmes.

Knowing-not-knowing  
that such deeds must end  
In a curse which lovers long past weeping for  
Had heaped upon him:  
she would be gone one night  
With his familiar friend,  
Granting him leave her beauty to explore  
By moonlight, candlelight,  
Candlelight and moonlight.

## LAMENT OF THE SEINE

English Translation © Richard Stokes

At the bottom of the Seine there is gold,  
Rusty boats, jewels, weapons.  
At the bottom of the Seine there are corpses.  
At the bottom of the Seine there are tears.  
At the bottom of the Seine there are flowers –  
Nourished on slime and mud.  
At the bottom of the Seine there are hearts  
That suffered too much to live.  
And then there are pebbles and grey creatures.  
The soul of sewers spewing poison.  
Rings tossed in by the misunderstood,  
Feet that a propeller has sliced from a body.

And the cursed fruits of a sterile womb,  
The aborted fetuses that no one loved.  
The city's vomit.  
All this rests at the bottom of the Seine.  
O merciful Seine, where cadavers end,  
O beds with linen made of slime,  
River of garbage without beacon or harbour –  
Singer who lulls the morgue and the bridges,

Welcome the poor, welcome the women,  
Welcome the drunks,  
Welcome the insane.  
Mingle their sobs with the sound of your waves  
And carry their hearts, and carry their hearts,  
And carry their hearts along with the pebbles.

At the bottom of the Seine there is gold,  
Rusty boats, jewels, weapons.  
At the bottom of the Seine there are corpses.  
At the bottom of the Seine there are tears.



## **SCHENK MIR DEINEN GOLDENEN KAMM**

Schoenberg / Dehmel

Schenk mir deinen goldenen Kamm;  
jeder Morgen soll dich mahnen,  
daß du mir die Haare küßttest.  
Schenk mir deinen seidenen Schwamm;  
jeden Abend will ich ahnen,  
wem du dich im Bade rüstest,  
o Maria!

Schenk mir Alles, was du hast;  
meine Seele ist nicht eitel,  
stolz empfang ich deinen Segen.  
Schenk mir deine schwerste Last:  
willst du nicht auf meinen Scheitel  
auch dein Herz, dein Herz noch legen,  
Magdalena?

## **GIVE ME YOUR GOLDEN COMB**

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Give me your golden comb;  
every morning shall remind you  
that you kissed my hair.  
Give me your silken sponge;  
every evening I want to sense  
for whom you prepared yourself in the bath -  
oh, Maria!

Give me everything you have;  
my soul is not vain,  
proudly I receive your blessing.  
Give me your heavy burden:  
will you not lay on my head  
your heart too, your heart -  
Magdalena?

## **CANTICLE 1 : MY BELOVED IS MINE**

Britten / Quarles

Ev'n like two little bank-divided brooks,  
That wash the pebbles with their wanton streams,  
And having rang'd and search'd a thousand nooks,  
Meet both at length at silver-breasted Thames,  
Where in a greater current they conjoin:  
So I my best-beloved's am; so he is mine.

Ev'n so we met; and after long pursuit,  
Ev'n so we joy'n'd; we both became entire;  
No need for either to renew a suit,  
For I was flax and he was flames of fire:  
Our firm-united souls did more than twine;  
So I my best-beloved's am; so he is mine.

If all those glitt'ring Monarchs that command  
The servile quarters of this earthly ball,  
Should tender, in exchange, their shares of land,  
I would not change my fortunes for them all:  
Their wealth is but a counter to my coin:  
The world's but theirs; but my beloved's mine.

Nor Time, nor Place, nor Chance, nor Death can bow  
My least desires unto the least remove;  
He's firmly mine by oath; I his by vow;  
He's mine by faith; and I am his by love;  
He's mine by water; I am his by wine,  
Thus I my best-beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He is my Altar; I, his Holy Place;  
I am his guest; and he, my living food;  
I'm his by penitence; he mine by grace;  
I'm his by purchase; he is mine, by blood;  
He's my supporting elm; and I his vine;  
Thus I my best beloved's am; thus he is mine.

He gives me wealth; I give him all my vows:  
I give him songs; he gives me length of days;  
With wreaths of grace he crowns my longing brows,  
And I his temples with a crown of Praise,  
Which he accepts: an everlasting sign,  
That I my best-beloved's am; that he is mine.

## 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 sieze 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?

## ANIMAL PASSION

Heggie / Savage

Fierce as a bobcat's spring  
with start-up speeds of sixty miles per hour  
I want a lover to sweep me off my feet  
and slide me into the gutter  
without the niceties of small-talk roses or  
champagne.  
I mean business.  
I want whiskey  
I want to be swallowed whole,  
I want tiles to spring off the walls  
when we enter hotel rooms or afternoon  
apartments  
I won't pussy-foot around responsibility  
"shoulds" and "oughts" are out for good.  
And I don't want to be a fat domestic cat  
I want to be frantic,  
yowls and growls to sound like the lion house  
at feeding time  
I don't give a damn who hears,  
I don't give a damn!  
no discreet eavesdroppers' coughs  
can stop us in our frenzy.  
Let the voyeurs voient  
and let the great cats come.

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# 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.