

OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



DOVER BEACH

Thursday 26 October 2023 | 5.15pm
University Church of St Mary the Virgin

Presented in association with the **Faculty of Music, University of Oxford**. This concert is part of the **Hans Keller String Quartet Residency** at the Faculty of Music, University of Oxford, which is generously supported by **The Cosman Keller Art & Music Trust**.

Castalian String Quartet

Juliette Roos violin

Daniel Roberts violin

Ruth Gibson viola

Steffan Morris cello

Julien Van Mellaerts baritone



Hans Keller
STRING QUARTET RESIDENCY

PROGRAMME

Leoš Janáček
(1854 - 1928)

Kreutzer Sonata

- i. Adagio – con moto
- ii. Con moto
- iii. Con moto – Vivo- Andante
- iv. Con moto – Adagio – Più mosso

Samuel Barber
(1910 - 1981)

Dover Beach

Matthew Arnold
(1822 - 1888)

Felix Mendelssohn
(1809 - 1847)

Quartet in F minor Op. 80

- i. Allegro vivace assai – Presto
- ii. Allegro assai
- iii. Adagio
- vi. Finale: Allegro molto

DOVER BEACH

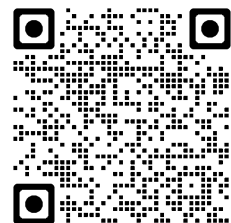
Barber / Arnold

The sea is calm tonight,
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straights; - on the French coast the light
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,
Glimm'ring and vast, out in the tranquil bay.
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray,
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! You hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back, and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in.
Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery; we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;
But now I only hear,
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating to the breath
Of the night wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new,
Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;
And we are here, as on a darkling plain,
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



oxfordsong.org/events/dover-beach