

A POET'S LOVE

Friday 27 October 2023 | 7.45pm
Holywell Music Room

Julien Van Mellaerts baritone
Alisdair Hogarth piano

Generously supported by **Julian Hall & Ingrid Lunt**

Part of Oxford International Song Festival's
Song Futures programme, generously
supported by the **Nicholas John Trust**

PROGRAMME

Robert Schumann (1810 - 1856)

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

- i. Im wunderschönen Monat Mai
- ii. Aus meinen Tränen sprießen
- iii. Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne
- iv. Wenn ich in deine Augen seh
- v. Ich will meine Seele tauchen
- vi. Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome
- vii. Ich grolle nicht
- viii. Und wüßten's die Blumen, die kleinen
- ix. Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen
- x. Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen
- xi. Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen
- xii. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
- xiii. Ich hab' im Traum geweinet
- xvi. Allnächtlich im Traume
- xv. Aus alten Märchen
- xvi. Die alten, bösen Lieder

Heinrich Heine (1797-1856)

Geoffrey Gordon (b.1968)

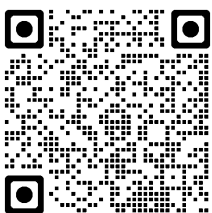
At the round earths imagin'd corners*

John Donne (1572-1631)

1. VII. At the round earths imagin'd corners
2. I. Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
3. XIII. What if this present were the worlds last night?
4. XIV. Batter my heart, three person'd God
5. VI. This is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint
6. IV. Oh my blacke Soule! now thou art summoned
7. X. Death be not proud, though some have called thee

***world premiere**

**ARTIST
BIOGRAPHIES**



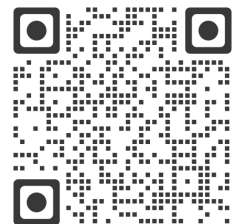
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TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Dichterliebe, Op. 48

Schumann / Heine

English Translation © Richard Stokes

IM WUNDERSCHÖNEN MONAT MAI

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Knospen sprangen,
Da ist in meinem Herzen
Die Liebe aufgegangen.

Im wunderschönen Monat Mai,
Als alle Vögel sangen,
Da hab' ich ihr gestanden
Mein Sehnen und Verlangen.

AUS MEINEN TRÄNEN SPRIESSEN

Aus meinen Tränen spriessen
Viel blühende Blumen hervor,
Und meine Seufzer werden
Ein Nachtigallenchor.

Und wenn du mich lieb hast, Kindchen,
Schenk' ich dir die Blumen all',
Und vor deinem Fenster soll klingen
Das Lied der Nachtigall.

DIE ROSE, DIE LILIE, DIE TAUBE, DIE SONNE

Die Rose, die Lilie, die Taube, die Sonne,
Die lieb' ich einst alle in Liebeswonne.
Ich lieb' sie nicht mehr, ich liebe alleine
Die Kleine, die Feine, die Reine, die Eine;
Sie selber, aller Liebe Wonne,
Ist Rose und Lilie und Taube und Sonne.

IN THE WONDROUS MONTH OF MAY

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the buds burst into bloom,
Then it was that in my heart
Love began to burgeon.

In the wondrous month of May,
When all the birds were singing,
Then it was I confessed to her
My longing and desire.

FROM MY TEARS THERE WILL SPRING

From my tears there will spring
Many blossoming flowers,
And my sighs shall become
A chorus of nightingales.

And if you love me, child,
I'll give you all the flowers,
And at your window shall sound
The nightingale's song.

ROSE, LILY, DOVE, SUN

Rose, lily, dove, sun,
I loved them all once in the bliss of love.
I love them no more, I only love
She who is small, fine, pure, rare;
She, most blissful of all loves,
Is rose and lily and dove and sun.

WENN ICH IN DEINE AUGEN SEH

Wenn ich in deine Augen seh',
So schwindet all' mein Leid und Weh';
Doch wenn ich küsse deinen Mund,
So werd' ich ganz und gar gesund.

Wenn ich mich lehn' an deine Brust,
Kommt's über mich wie Himmelslust;
Doch wenn du sprichst: ich liebe dich!
So muss ich weinen bitterlich.

ICH WILL MEINE SEELE TAUCHEN

Ich will meine Seele tauchen
In den Kelch der Lilie hinein;
Die Lilie soll klingend hauchen
Ein Lied von der Liebsten mein.

Das Lied soll schauern und beben,
Wie der Kuss von ihrem Mund,
Den sie mir einst gegeben
In wunderbar süsser Stund'.

IM RHEIN, IM HEILIGEN STROME

Im Rhein, im heiligen Strome,
Da spiegelt sich in den Well'n
Mit seinem grossen Dome,
Das grosse, heilige Köln.

Im Dom da steht ein Bildnis,
Auf gold'nem Leder gemalt;
In meines Lebens Wildnis
Hat's freundlich hineingestrahlt.

Es schweben Blumen und Eng'lein
Um unsre liebe Frau;
Die Augen, die Lippen, die Wäng'lein,
Die gleichen der Liebsten genau.

WHEN I LOOK INTO YOUR EYES

When I look into your eyes,
All my pain and sorrow vanish;
But when I kiss your lips,
Then I am wholly healed.

When I lay my head against your breast,
Heavenly bliss steals over me;
But when you say: I love you!
I must weep bitter tears.

LET ME BATHE MY SOUL

Let me bathe my soul
In the lily's chalice;
The lily shall resound
With a song of my beloved.

The songs shall tremble and quiver
Like the kiss that her lips
Once gave me
In a wondrously sweet hour.

IN THE RHINE, IN THE HOLY RIVER

In the Rhine, in the holy river,
Mirrored in its waves,
With its great cathedral,
Stands great and holy Cologne.

In the cathedral hangs a picture,
Painted on gilded leather;
Into my life's wilderness
It has cast its friendly rays.

Flowers and cherubs hover
Around Our beloved Lady;
Her eyes, her lips, her cheeks
Are the image of my love's.

ICH GROLLE NICHT

Ich grolle nicht, und wenn das Herz
auch bricht,
Ewig verlornes Lieb! ich grolle nicht.
Wie du auch strahlst in Diamantenpracht,
Es fällt kein Strahl in deines Herzens Nacht.

Das weiss ich längst.
Ich sah dich ja im Traume,
Und sah die Nacht in deines Herzens Raume,
Und sah die Schlang',
die dir am Herzen frisst,
Ich sah, mein Lieb, wie sehr du elend bist.
Ich grolle nicht.

UND WÜSSTEN'S DIE BLUMEN, DIE KLEINEN

Und wüssten's die Blumen, die kleinen,
Wie tief verwundet mein Herz,
Sie würden mit mir weinen,
Zu heilen meinen Schmerz.

Und wüssten's die Nachtigallen,
Wie ich so traurig und krank,
Sie liessen fröhlich erschallen
Erquickenden Gesang.

Und wüssten sie mein Wehe,
Die goldenen Sternelein,
Sie kämen aus ihrer Höhe,
Und sprächen Trost mir ein.

Sie alle können's nicht wissen,
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz:
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

DAS IST EIN FLÖTEN UND GEIGEN

Das ist ein Flöten und Geigen,
Trompeten schmettern darein;
Da tanzt wohl den Hochzeitsreigen
Die Herzallerliebste mein.

Das ist ein Klingen und Dröhnen,
Ein Pauken und ein Schalmei'n;
Dazwischen schluchzen und stöhnen
Die lieblichen Engelein.

I BEAR NO GRUDGE

I bear no grudge, though my heart
is breaking,
O love forever lost! I bear no grudge.
However you gleam in diamond splendour,
No ray falls in the night of your heart.

I've known that long.
For I saw you in my dreams,
And saw the night within your heart,
And saw the serpent
gnawing at your heart;
I saw, my love, how pitiful you are.
I bear no grudge.

IF THE LITTLE FLOWERS KNEW

If the little flowers knew
How deeply my heart is hurt,
They would weep with me
To heal my pain.

If the nightingales knew
How sad I am and sick,
They would joyfully make the air
Ring with refreshing song.

And if they knew of my grief,
Those little golden stars,
They would come down from the sky
And console me with their words.

But none of them can know;
My pain is known to one alone;
For she it was who broke,
Broke my heart in two.

WHAT A FLUTING, WHAT A SCRAPING

What a fluting, what a scraping,
With trumpets blaring in;
That must be my dearest love
Dancing at her wedding feast.

What a clashing, what a clanging,
What a drumming, what a piping;
And the lovely little angels
Sobbing and groaning in between.

HÖR' ICH DAS LIEDCHEN KLINGEN

Hör' ich das Liedchen klingen,
Das einst die Liebste sang,
So will mir die Brust zerspringen
Von wildem Schmerzendrang.

Es treibt mich ein dunkles Sehnen
Hinauf zur Waldeshöh',
Dort löst sich auf in Tränen
Mein übergrosses Weh'.

EIN JÜNGLING LIEBT EIN MÄDCHEN

Ein Jüngling liebt ein Mädchen,
Die hat einen andern erwählt;
Der andre liebt eine andre,
Und hat sich mit dieser vermählt.

Das Mädchen nimmt aus Ärger
Den ersten besten Mann,
Der ihr in den Weg gelaufen;
Der Jüngling ist übel dran.

Es ist eine alte Geschichte,
Doch bleibt sie immer neu;
Und wem sie just passiert,
Dem bricht das Herz entzwei.

AM LEUCHTENDEN SOMMERMORGEN

Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen
Geh' ich im Garten herum.
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:
„Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,
Du trauriger, blasser Mann.“

WHEN I HEAR THE LITTLE SONG

When I hear the little song
That my love once sang,
My heart almost bursts
With the wild rush of pain.

A dark longing drives me
Out to the wooded heights,
Where my overwhelming grief
Dissolves in tears.

A BOY LOVES A GIRL

A boy loves a girl
Who chooses another;
He in turn loves another
And marries her.

The girl, out of pique,
Takes the very first man
To come her way;
The boy is badly hurt.

It is an old story,
Yet remains ever new;
And he to whom it happens,
It breaks his heart in two.

ONE BRIGHT SUMMER MORNING

One bright summer morning
I walk around the garden.
The flowers whisper and talk,
But I walk silently.

The flowers whisper and talk,
And look at me in pity:
'Be not angry with our sister,
You sad, pale man.'

ICH HAB' IM TRAUM GEWEINET

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne
Floss noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumt', du verliessest mich.
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut.
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

ALLNÄCHTLICH IM TRAUME

Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich
Und sehe dich freundlich grüssen,
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich
Zu deinen süssen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich
Die Perletränenröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort
Und gibst mir den Strauss von Zypressen.
Ich wache auf, und der Strauss ist fort,
Und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

I WEPT IN MY DREAM

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you lay in your grave.
I woke, and tears
Still flowed down my cheeks.

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt that you were leaving me.
I woke, and wept on
Long and bitterly.

I wept in my dream;
I dreamt you loved me still.
I woke, and still
My tears stream.

NIGHTLY IN MY DREAMS

Nightly in my dreams I see you,
And see your friendly greeting,
And weeping loud, I hurl myself
Down at your sweet feet.

Wistfully you look at me,
Shaking your fair little head;
Stealing from your eyes
Flow little tears of pearl.

You whisper me a soft word
And hand me a wreath of cypress.
I wake, the wreath is gone,
And I cannot remember the word.

AUS ALTEN MÄRCHEN

Aus alten Märchen winkt es
Hervor mit weisser Hand,
Da singt es und da klingt es
Von einem Zauberland;

Wo bunte Blumen blühen
Im gold'nen Abendlicht,
Und lieblich duftend glühen,
Mit bräutlichem Gesicht;

Und grüne Bäume singen
Uralte Melodei'n,
Die Lüfte heimlich klingen,
Und Vögel schmettern drein;

Und Nebelbilder steigen
Wohl aus der Erd' hervor,
Und tanzen luft'gen Reigen
Im wunderlichen Chor;

Und blaue Funken brennen
An jedem Blatt und Reis,
Und rote Lichter rennen
Im irren, wirren Kreis;

Und laute Quellen brechen
Aus wildem Marmorstein.
Und seltsam in den Bächen
Strahlt fort der Widerschein.

Ach, könnt' ich dorthin kommen,
Und dort mein Herz erfreu'n,
Und aller Qual entnommen,
Und frei und selig sein!

Ach! jenes Land der Wonne,
Das seh' ich oft im Traum,
Doch kommt die Morgensonne,
Zerfließt's wie eitel Schaum.

FROM FAIRY TALES OF OLD

A white hand beckons
From fairy tales of old,
Where there are sounds and songs
Of a magic land;

Where brightly coloured flowers
Bloom in the golden twilight,
And glow sweet and fragrant
With a bride-like face;

And green trees
Sing primeval melodies,
Mysterious breezes murmur,
And birds too join in warbling;

And misty shapes rise up
From the very ground,
And dance airy dances
In a strange throng;

And blue sparks blaze
On every leaf and twig,
And red fires race
Madly round and round;

And loud springs gush
From wild marble cliffs.
And strangely in the streams
Reflections shine on and on.

Ah, could I but reach that land,
And there make glad my heart,
And be relieved of all pain,
And be blissful and free!

Ah, that land of delight,
I see it often in my dreams,
But with the morning sun
It melts away like mere foam.

DIE ALTEN, BÖSEN LIEDER

Die alten, bösen Lieder,
Die Träume bö's und arg,
Die lasst uns jetzt begraben,
Holt einen grossen Sarg.

Hinein leg' ich gar manches,
Doch sag' ich noch nicht was;
Der Sarg muss sein noch grösser,
Wie's Heidelberger Fass.

Und holt eine Totenbahre
Und Bretter fest und dick;
Auch muss sie sein noch länger,
Als wie zu Mainz die Brück'.

Und holt mir auch zwölf Riesen,
Die müssen noch stärker sein
Als wie der starke Christoph
Im Dom zu Köln am Rhein.

Die sollen den Sarg forttragen,
Und senken ins Meer hinab;
Denn solchem grossen Sarge
Gebührt ein grosses Grab.

Wisst ihr, warum der Sarg wohl
So gross und schwer mag sein?
Ich senkt' auch meine Liebe
Und meinen Schmerz hinein.

THE BAD OLD SONGS

The bad old songs,
The bad and bitter dreams,
Let us now bury them.
Fetch me a large coffin.

I have much to put in it,
Though what, I won't yet say;
The coffin must be even larger
Than the vat at Heidelberg.

And fetch a bier
Made of firm thick timber:
And it must be even longer
Than the bridge at Mainz.

And fetch for me twelve giants;
They must be even stronger
Than Saint Christopher the Strong
In Cologne Cathedral on the Rhine.

They shall bear the coffin away,
And sink it deep into the sea;
For such a large coffin
Deserves a large grave.

Do you know why the coffin
Must be so large and heavy?
I'd like to bury there my love
And my sorrow too.

AT THE ROUND EARTHS IMAGIN'D CORNERS

Gordon / Donne (old English)

AT THE ROUND EARTHS IMAGIN'D CORNER

At the round earths imagin'd corners, blow
Your trumpets, Angells, and arise, arise
From death, you numberlesse infinities
Of soules, and to your scattred bodies goe,
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom warre, dearth, sage, agues, tyrannies,
Despaire, law chance, hath slaine, and you whose eyes,
Shall behold God, and never tast deaths woe.
But let them sleepe, Lord, and mee mourne a space,
For, if above all these, my sinnes abound,
'Tis late to aske abundance of thy grace,
When wee are there; here on this lowly ground,
Teach mee how to repent; for that's as good
As if thou'hadst seal'd my pardon, with thy blood.

THOU HAST MADE ME, AND SHALL THY WORKE DECAY?

Thou hast made me, And shall thy worke decay?
Repaire me now, for now mine end doth haste,
I runne to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
I dare not move my dimme eyes any way,
Despaire behind, and death before doth cast
Such terrour, and my feeble flesh doth waste
By sinne in it, which it t'wards hell doth weigh;
Onely thou art above, and when towards thee
By thy leave I can looke, I rise againe;
But our old subtle foe so tempteth me,
That not one houre my selfe I can sustaine;
Thy Grace may wing me to prevent his art,
And thou like Adamant draw mine iron heart.

WHAT IF THIS PRESENT WERE THE WORLDS LAST NIGHT?

What if this present were the worlds last night?
Marke in my heart, O Soule, where thou dost dwell,
The picture of Christ crucified, and tell
Whether that countenance can thee affright,
Teares in his eyes quench the amazing light,
Blood fills his frownes, which from his pierc'd head fell.
And can that tongue adjudge thee unto hell,
Which pray'd forgiveness for his foes fierce spight?
No, no; but as in my idolatrie
I said to all my profane mistresses,
Beauty, of pittie, foulnesse onely is
A sign of rigour: so I say to thee,
To wicked spirits are horrid shapes assign'd,
This beauteous forme assures a pitious minde.

BATTER MY HEART, THREE PERSON'D GOD

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend,
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee, and bend
Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
I, like an usurpt towne, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,
Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
Yet dearly I love you, and would be loved faine,
But am betroth'd unto your enemye:
Divorce mee, untie, or breake that knot againe,
Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
Except you enthrall mee, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee.

THIS IS MY PLAYES LAST SCENE, HERE HEAVENS APPOINT

This is my playes last scene, here heavens appoint
My pilgrimages last mile; and my race
Idly, yet quickly runne, hath this last pace,
My spans last inch, my minutes latest point,
And gluttonous death, will instantly unjoynt
My body, and soule, and I shall sleepe a space,
But my'ever-waking part shall see that face,
Whose feare already shakes my every joynt;
Then, as my soule, to'heaven her first seate, takes flight,
And earth-borne body, in the earth shall dwelll,
So, fall my sinnes, that all may have their right,
To where they're bred, and would presse me, to hell.
Impute me righteous, thus purg'd of evill,
For thus I leave the world, the flesh, the devill.

OH MY BLACKE SOULE! NOW THOU ART SUMMONED

Oh my blacke Soule! Now thou art summoned
By sicknesse, deaths herald, and champion;
Thou art like a pilgrim, which abroad hath done
Treason, and durst not turne to whence hee is fled,
Or like a thiefe, which till deaths doome be read,
Wisheth himselfe delivered from prison;
But damn'd and hal'd to execution,
Wisheth that still he might be imprisoned.
Yet grace, if thou repent, thou canst not lacke;
But who shall give thee that grace to beginner?
Oh make thy selfe with holy mourning blacke,
And red with blushing, as thou art with sinne;
Or wash thee in Christs blood, which hath this might
That being red, it dyes red soules to white.

DEATH BE NOT PROUD, THOUGH SOME HAVE CALLED THEE

Death be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadfull, for, thou art not soe,
For, those, whom thou think'st, thou dost overthrow,
Die not, poore death, nor yet canst thou kill mee.
From rest and sleepe, which but thy pictures bee,
Much pleasure, then from thee, much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee doe goe,
Rest of their bones, and soules deliverie.
Thou art slave to Fate, Chance, kings, and desperate men,
And dost with poyson, warre, and sicknesse dwell,
And poppie, or charmes can make us sleepe as well,
And better than thy stroake; why swell'st thou then?
One short sleepe past, wee wake eternally,
And death shall be no more; death, thou shalt die.

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Barry & Patricia Hedges
Malcolm Herring
Rodney Hill
Tony & Clare Hollander
Tim Horder
Martin & Gill Ingram
Austen & Alison Issard-Davies
Chris Jacques
Stuart King
Charles Kingsley-Evans
Janet Lincé
Sir Timothy & Lady Lloyd
Helen Lunt
Alastair Mackeown
Colm Maguire
Julian Marland & Pauline Wood
Jan Maulden & David Kewley
John & Julia Melvin
Charlie Millar
Sylvia Mills
Gertraude Molloy
Jane Moore
Susan Mortimer
Ivan & Mary Moseley
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Leonora Pitt
Michael Pretty
Eric Price
Mari Prichard
Beatrice Pryce
Morris Reagan
Colin Ridler
Richard Ritchie
Nancy-Jane Rucker
& Benjamin Thompson
Jennifer Rushworth

Keith J Salway
Hugh & Sue Savill
Angela Schiller
Sir Michael & Lady
Angela Scholar
Jos Schouten
Brian Shine
Graham & Dorothea Smallbone
Alan Smith
Diana Smith
Mary & Philip Smith
Dennis Southwick
Julia & Peter Stutfield
Kevin Talbot
Clare Taylor
Robert Thomas
Jennifer Thompson
Maggie Towse
Francis & Elisabeth Tregear
Lindsay & Jeremy Tyndall
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and several anonymous donors

With thanks also to our many
Songsters and all our Festival
volunteers and hosts.

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TABLEAUX VIVANTS

Laura Tunbridge *speaker*

Anhad Arora *speaker*

James Gilchrist *tenor*

Anna Tilbrook *piano*

Presented in association
with the Faculty of Music,
University of Oxford

28 October 2023 | 5pm
The Levine Building, Trinity College

Tableaux vivants, or living pictures, were popular ‘audiovisual’ entertainments in early 19th-century Germany, with elaborately costumed casts posing during musical performances.

The Mendelssohns and Schumanns were fascinated by them, and this recreation of such a gathering features their music alongside that of Spontini, with songs that were intended for specific **tableaux vivants**.

THE WANDERER / AU NATUREL

Toby Spence *tenor*
Isabelle Peters *soprano*
Sholto Kynoch *piano*

I Fagiolini
Robert Hollingworth *director*

28 October 2023 | 7.30pm
Holywell Music Room / University Church of St Mary the Virgin

Two concerts in one evening!

In the Holywell Music Room, Toby Spence, Isabelle Peters and Sholto Kynoch perform songs by Franz Schubert, inspired by the quintessential Romantic artist Caspar David Friedrich, in particular his iconic 'Wanderer over the Sea of Mist'. Meanwhile in the stunning University Church, enjoy the glorious sound of I Fagiolini as they present a specially devised programme in response to Pieter Brueghel the Younger's cycle of paintings, 'The Seasons'.

You'll get to see both concerts, swapping locations during the interval. At the end of the evening, all are warmly invited for a celebratory drink in the University Church, to mark the end of this year's Festival.