

# OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



## THE WANDERER

Saturday 28 October 2023 | 7.30pm  
Holywell Music Room

Generously supported by the  
**Friends of Oxford International Song Festival**

Presented as part of the Humanities  
Cultural Programme *Everything is Connected* season

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

### PROGRAMME

**Franz Schubert** (1797 - 1828)

Gretchen am Spinnrade D118

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe  
(1749 - 1832)

\*\*\*\*\*

Im Walde „Waldesnacht“ D708

Friedrich von Schlegel  
(1772 - 1829)

Der Lindenbaum

Wilhelm Müller  
(1794 - 1827)

Das Wirtshaus

Wilhelm Müller

Einsamkeit Op. 90 no.5

Wilhelm Müller

Totengräbers Heimweh D842

Jacob Nicolaus Craigher  
de Jachelutta (1797 - 1855)

Über Wildemann D884

Ernst Schulze  
(1789 - 1817)

An den Mond in einer Herbstnacht D614

Aloys Schreiber  
(1761 - 1841)

Licht und Liebe D352

Matthäus Casimir  
von Collin (1779 - 1824)

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# TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

## GRETCHEN AM SPINNRADE

Schubert / Goethe

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab'  
Ist mir das Grab,  
Die ganze Welt  
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf  
Ist mir verrückt  
Mein armer Sinn  
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Nach ihm nur schau' ich  
Zum Fenster hinaus,  
Nach ihm nur geh' ich  
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,  
Sein' edle Gestalt,  
Seines Mundes Lächeln,  
Seiner Augen Gewalt.

Und seiner Rede  
Zauberfluss.  
Sein Händedruck,  
Und ach, sein Kuss!

Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer,  
Ich finde sie nimmer  
Und nimmermehr.

Mein Busen drängt sich  
Nach ihm hin.  
Ach dürft' ich fassen  
Und halten ihn.

Und küssen ihn  
So wie ich wollt'  
An seinen Küssen  
Vergehen sollt'!

## GRETCHEN AT THE SPINNING-WHEEL

English Translation © Richard Stokes

My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy,  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.

When he's not with me,  
Life's like the grave;  
The whole world  
Is turned to gall.

My poor head  
Is crazed,  
My poor mind  
Shattered.

My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy,  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.

It's only for him  
I gaze from the window,  
It's only for him  
I leave the house.

His proud bearing  
His noble form,  
The smile on his lips,  
The power of his eyes,

And the magic flow  
Of his words,  
The touch of his hand,  
And ah, his kiss!

My peace is gone  
My heart is heavy,  
I shall never  
Ever find peace again.

My bosom  
Yearns for him.  
Ah! If I could clasp  
And hold him,

And kiss him  
To my heart's content,  
And in his kisses  
Perish!

## IM WALDE, „WALDESNACHT“

Schubert / Schlegel

Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel,  
Tief in kühler Waldesnacht;  
Wie der Held in Rosses Bügel,  
Schwingt sich des Gedankens Macht.  
Wie die alten Tannen sausen,  
Hört man Geistes Wogen brausen.

Herrlich ist der Flamme Leuchten  
In des Morgenglanzes Rot,  
Oder die das Feld beleuchten,  
Blitze, schwanger oft von Tod.  
Rasch die Flamme zuckt und lodert,  
Wie zu Gott hinauf gefordert.

Ewig's Rauschen sanfter Quellen,  
Zaubert Blumen aus dem Schmerz;  
Trauer doch in linden Wellen  
Schlägt uns lockend an das Herz;  
Fernab hin der Geist gezogen,  
Die uns locken, durch die Wogen.

Drang des Lebens aus der Hülle,  
Kampf der starken Triebe wild;  
Wird zur schönsten Liebesfülle,  
Durch des Geistes Hauch gestillt.  
Schöpferischer Lüfte Wehen  
Fühlt man durch die Seele gehen.

Windes Rauschen, Gottes Flügel,  
Tief in kühler Waldesnacht!  
Frei gegeben alle Zügel,  
Schwingt sich des Gedankens Macht,  
Hört in Lüften ohne Grausen  
Den Gesang der Geister brausen.

## IN THE FOREST, 'NIGHT IN THE FOREST'

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

The rushing of the wind, God's own wings,  
deep in the cool night of the forest,  
as the hero leaps on to his horse,  
so does the power of thought soar.  
As the old pine-trees rustle,  
so we hear the surging waves of the spirit.

Glorious is the flame's glow  
in the red light of morning,  
or the flashes that light up the fields,  
often pregnant with death.  
Swiftly the flame flickers and blazes,  
as if summoned upward to God.

The eternal murmuring of gentle springs  
conjures flowers from sorrow;  
yet sadness beats alluringly  
against our hearts in gentle waves.  
The spirit is borne far away  
by those waves that allure us.

Life's urge to be free of its fetters,  
the struggle of strong, wild impulses,  
is turned to love's fair fulfilment,  
stilled by the breath of the spirit.  
We feel the creative breath  
pervade our souls.

The rushing of the wind, God's own wings,  
deep in the cool night of the forest;  
free from all restraints  
the power of thought soars;  
without fear we hear the song  
of the spirits echoing in the breezes.

## **DER LINDENBAUM**

Schubert / Müller

Am Brunnen vor dem Tore,  
Da steht ein Lindenbaum,  
Ich träumt' in seinem Schatten  
So manchen süßen Traum;  
Ich schnitt in seine Rinde  
So manches liebe Wort,  
Es zog in Freud' und Leide  
Zu ihm mich immer fort.

Ich musst' auch heute wandern  
Vorbei in tiefer Nacht,  
Da hab' ich noch im Dunkeln  
Die Augen zugemacht.  
Und seine Zweige rauschten,  
Als riefen sie mir zu:  
Komm her zu mir, Geselle,  
Hier find'st du deine Ruh'.

Die kalten Winde bliesen  
Mir grad' in's Angesicht,  
Der Hut flog mir vom Kopfe,  
Ich wendete mich nicht.  
Nun bin ich manche Stunde  
Entfernt von jenem Ort,  
Und immer hör' ich's rauschen:  
Du fändest Ruhe dort.

## **DAS WIRTSHAUS**

Schubert / Müller

Auf einen Totenacker  
Hat mich mein Weg gebracht.  
Allhier will ich einkehren:  
Hab' ich bei mir gedacht.

Ihr grünen Totenkränze  
Könnt wohl die Zeichen sein,  
Die müde Wandrer laden  
In's kühle Wirtshaus ein.

Sind denn in diesem Hause  
Die Kammern all' besetzt?  
Bin matt zum Niedersinken  
Bin tödlich schwer verletzt.

O unbarmherz'ge Schenke,  
Doch weisest du mich ab?  
Nun weiter denn, nur weiter,  
Mein treuer Wanderstab!

## **THE LINDEN TREE**

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

By the well, before the gate,  
stands a linden tree;  
in its shade I dreamt  
many a sweet dream.  
In its bark I carved  
many a word of love;  
in joy and sorrow  
I was ever drawn to it.

Today, too, I had to walk  
past it at dead of night;  
even in the darkness  
I closed my eyes.  
And its branches rustled  
as if they were calling to me:  
'Come to me, friend,  
here you will find rest.'

The cold wind blew  
straight into my face,  
my hat flew from my head;  
I did not turn back.  
Now I am many hours' journey  
from that place;  
yet I still hear the rustling:  
'There you would find rest.'

## **THE INN**

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

My journey has brought me  
to a graveyard.  
Here, I thought to myself,  
I will rest for the night.

Green funeral wreaths,  
you must be the signs  
inviting tired travellers  
into the cool inn.

Are all the rooms  
in this house taken, then?  
I am weary to the point of collapse,  
I am fatally wounded.

Pitiless tavern,  
do you nonetheless turn me away?  
On, then, press onwards,  
my trusty staff!

## **EINSAMKEIT**

Schubert / Müller

Wie eine trübe Wolke  
Durch heitre Lüfte geht,  
Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel  
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:

So zieh' ich meine Strasse  
Dahin mit tragem Fuss,  
Durch helles, frohes Leben,  
Einsam und ohne Gruss.

Ach, dass die Luft so ruhig!  
Ach, dass die Welt so licht!  
Als noch die Stürme tobten,  
War ich so elend nicht.

## **LONELINESS**

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

As a dark cloud  
drifts through clear skies,  
when a faint breeze blows  
in the fir-tops;

Thus I go on my way  
with weary steps, through  
bright, joyful life,  
alone, greeted by no one.

Alas, that the air is so calm!  
Alas, that the world is so bright!  
When storms were still raging  
I was not so wretched.

## TOTENGRÄBERS HEIMWEH

Schubert / Jachelutta

O Menschheit, - O Leben! -  
Was soll's? - O was soll's?!  
Grabe aus - scharre zu!  
Tag und Nacht keine Ruh! -  
Das Treiben, das Drängen -  
Wohin? - O wohin?! -  
"Ins Grab - tief hinab!"

O Schicksal - O traurige Pflicht  
Ich trag's länger nicht! -  
Wann wirst du mir schlagen,  
O Stunde der Ruh?!  
O Tod! komm und drücke  
Die Augen mir zu! -  
Im Leben, da ist's ach! so schwül!  
Im Grabe so friedlich, so kühl!  
Doch ach, wer legt mich hinein? -  
Ich stehe allein! - so ganz allein!! -

Von allen verlassen  
Dem Tod nur verwandt,  
Verweil' ich am Rande -  
Das Kreuz in der Hand,  
Und starre mit sehndem Blick,  
Hinab - ins tiefe Grab! -

O Heimat des Friedens,  
Der Seligen Land!  
An dich knüpft die Seele  
Ein magisches Band. -  
Du winkst mir von Ferne,  
Du ewiges Licht:  
Es schwinden die Sterne -  
Das Auge schon bricht! -  
Ich sinke - ich sinke! - Ihr Lieben, -  
Ich komm!

## GRAVEDIGGER'S LONGING

English Translation © Richard Stokes

O mankind - O life! -  
To what end - Oh what end?!  
Digging out - filling in!  
Day and night no rest! -  
The urgency, the haste -  
Where does it lead! - Ah where?! -  
'Deep down - into the grave!' -

O fate - O sad duty -  
I can bear it no more! -  
When will you toll for me,  
O hour of peace?! -  
O death! Come  
And close my eyes! -  
Life, alas, is so oppressive! -  
The grave so peaceful, so cool!  
But ah! Who will lay me there? -  
I stand alone! - so utterly alone!! -

Abandoned by all,  
With death my only kin,  
I linger on the edge -  
Cross in hand,  
And stare longingly  
Down - into the deep grave! -

O homeland of peace,  
Land of the blessed!  
A magic bond  
Binds my soul to you. -  
Eternal light,  
You beckon me from afar: -  
The stars vanish -  
My eyes close in death! -  
I am sinking - I am sinking! - Loved ones -  
I come!

## ÜBER WILDEMANN

Schubert / Schulze

Die Winde sausen am Tannenhang,  
Die Quellen brausen das Tal entlang;  
Ich wand're in Eile  
    durch Wald und Schnee,  
Wohl manche Meile von Höh zu Höh.

Und will das Leben im freien Tal  
Sich auch schon heben  
    zum Sonnenstrahl;  
Ich muss vorüber mit wildem Sinn  
Und blicke lieber zum Winter hin.

Auf grünen Heiden, auf bunten Aun,  
Müsst' ich mein Leiden  
    nur immer schaun,  
Dass selbst am Steine  
    das Leben spriesst,  
Und ach, nur eine ihr Herz verschliesst.

O Liebe, Liebe, O Maienhauch!  
Du drängst die Triebe  
    aus Baum und Strauch!  
Die Vögel singen auf grünen Höhn,  
Die Quellen springen bei deinem Wehn!

Mich lässt du schweifen  
    im dunklen Wahn  
Durch Windespfeifen auf rauher Bahn.  
O Frühlingsschimmer, O Blütenschein,  
Soll ich denn nimmer  
    mich dein erfreun?

## ABOVE WILDEMAN

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

The winds whistle over the pine-slopes,  
the streams rush along the valley;  
I hasten for many a mile  
through forest and snow,  
    from peak to peak.

And though life in the open valley  
already rises  
    to meet the sun's rays,  
I must pass on, troubled in spirit,  
preferring to look towards winter.

In green fields, in many-coloured meadows  
I would only contemplate  
    my suffering ceaselessly,  
knowing that life burgeons  
    from the very stones,  
and, alas, that only one creature closes her heart.

O love, O love, O breath of May!  
You force the shoots  
    from tree and bush.  
The birds sing on green treetops;  
the springs gush forth when you stir.

You leave me to roam  
    with my dark imaginings,  
along the rough path, in whistling winds.  
O gleam of spring, O sheen of blossom,  
shall I never again  
    delight in you?

## AN DEN MOND IN EINER HERBSTNACHT

Schubert / Schreiber

Freundlich ist dein Antlitz,  
Söhn des Himmels!  
Leis sind deine Tritte  
Durch des Äthers Wüste,  
Holder Nachtgefährte!

Dein Schimmer  
ist sanft und erquickend,  
Wie das Wort des Trostes  
Von des Freundes Lippe,  
Wenn ein schrecklicher Geier  
An der Seele nagt.

Manche Träne siehst du,  
Siehst so manches Lächeln,  
Hörst der Liebe trauliches Geflüster,  
Leuchtest ihr auf stillem Pfade;  
Hoffnung schwebt auf deinem Strahle,  
Herab zum stillen Dulder,  
Der verlassen geht auf bedorntem Weg.

Du siehst auch meine Freunde,  
Zerstreut in fernen Landen;  
Du giessest deinen Schimmer  
Auch auf die frohen Hügel,  
Wo ich oft als Knabe hüpfte,  
Wo oft bei deinem Lächeln  
Ein unbekanntes Sehnen  
Mein junges Herz ergriff.

Du blickst auch auf die Stätte,  
Wo meine Lieben ruhn,  
Wo der Tau fällt auf ihr Grab,  
Und die Gräser drüber weh'n  
In dem Abendhauche.

Doch dein Schimmer dringt nicht  
In die dunkle Kammer,  
Wo sie ruhen von des Lebens Müh'n,  
Wo auch ich bald ruhen werde!  
Du wirst geh'n und Wiederkehren,  
Du wirst seh'n noch manches Lächeln,  
Dann werd' ich nicht mehr lächeln,  
Dann werd' ich nicht mehr weinen,  
Mein wird man nicht mehr gedenken  
Auf dieser schönen Erde.

## TO THE MOON ON AN AUTUMN NIGHT

English Translation © Richard Wigmore

Your face is kind,  
son of heaven.  
Softly you move  
through the airy waste,  
fair companion of the night.

Your shimmering light  
is gentle and refreshing,  
like a word of comfort  
from the lips of a friend  
when a terrifying vulture  
gnaws at the soul.

You see many a tear  
and many a smile ;  
you hear lovers' intimate whispers  
as you shine for them on their quiet way;  
on your beams hope streams down  
to the silent sufferer,  
wandering all alone on the thorny path.

You see my friends, too,  
scattered in distant lands ;  
you shed your light  
upon the happy hills  
where I often played as a boy,  
and where, as you smiled down,  
an unknown longing  
often seized my youthful heart.

You gaze also upon the place  
where my loved ones rest,  
where the dew falls on their graves  
and the grass above them  
blows in the evening breeze.

But your light does not penetrate  
the dark chamber  
where they rest from life's toil,  
and where I, too, shall soon rest.  
You will go and return again,  
you will see many more smiles.  
Then I shall smile  
and weep no more;  
I will no longer be remembered  
on this fair earth.



## LICHT UND LIEBE

Schubert / Collin

Liebe ist ein süßes Licht.  
Wie die Erde strebt zur Sonne,  
Und zu jenen hellen Sternen  
In den weiten blauen Fernen,  
Strebt das Herz nach Liebeswonne:  
Denn sie ist ein süßes Licht.

Sieh ! Wie hoch in stiller Feier  
Droben helle Sterne funkeln:  
von der Erde fliehn die dunkeln  
Schwermutsvollen trüben Schleier.  
Wehe mir, wie so trübe  
Fühl ich tief mich im Gemüte,  
Das in Freuden sonst erblühte,  
Nun vereinsamt, ohne Liebe.

## LIGHT AND LOVE

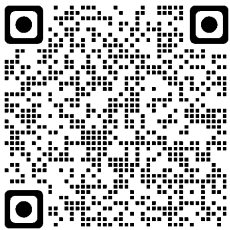
English Translation © Richard Wigmore

Love is a sweet light.  
Just as the earth aches for the sun  
and those bright stars  
in the distant blue expanses,  
so the heart aches for love's bliss,  
for love is a sweet light.

See, high in the silent solemnity,  
bright stars glitter up above:  
from the earth flee the dark  
heavy baleful mists.  
Alas ! Yet how sad I feel  
deep in my soul;  
once I brimmed with joy;  
now I am abandoned, unloved.

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## ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



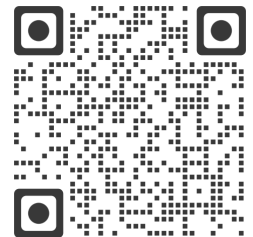
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# OXFORD INTERNATIONAL SONG FESTIVAL



## AU NATUREL

Inspired by 'The Seasons' of Pieter Breughel the Younger

Saturday 28 October 2023 | 7.30pm  
University Church of St Mary the Virgin

**I Fagiolini** ensemble  
**Robert Hollingworth** director

Generously supported by the  
**Friends of Oxford International Song Festival**  
and the **I Fagiolini Charitable Trust**

Presented as part of the Humanities  
Cultural Programme *Everything is Connected* season

### PROGRAMME

#### Autumn

**Johannes Brahms**  
(1833 - 1897)

Im Herbst

Klaus Groth  
(1819 - 1899)

**Kenneth Leighton**  
(1929 - 1988)

God's grandeur

Gerard Manley Hopkins  
(1844 - 1889)

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#### Winter

**Adriano Banchieri**  
(1568 - 1634)

*from 'Il Festino sul Giovedì Grasso'*

Adriano Banchieri

- Nobili spettatori / Contrapunto bestialmente

**Francis Poulenc**  
(1899 - 1963)

**Un soir de neige**

Paul Éluard  
(1895 - 1952)

Le feu

Un loup

Derniers instants

Du dehors

\*\*\*\*\*

## Spring

**Herbert Howells**  
(1892 - 1983)

Summer is coming

Bryan Walter Guinness  
(1905 - 1992)

\*\*\*\*\*

## Summer

**Clément Janequin**  
(1485 - 1558)

**La chasse**

Anon.

Prima pars

Secunda pars

\*\*\*\*\*

## Autumn

**Léo Ferré**  
(1916 - 1993)

Chanson d'automne

Paul Verlaine  
(1844 - 1896)

\*\*\*\*\*

## TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

### IM HERBST

Brahms / Groth

Ernst ist der Herbst.  
Und wenn die Blätter fallen,  
sinkt auch das Herz zu trübem Weh herab.  
Still ist die Flur,  
und nach dem Süden wallen  
die Sänger stumm, wie nach dem Grab.

Bleich ist der Tag,  
und blasse Nebel schleiern  
die Sonne wie die Herzen ein.  
Früh kommt die Nacht:  
denn alle Kräfte feiern,  
und tief verschlossen ruht das Sein.

Sanft wird der Mensch.  
Er sieht die Sonne sinken,  
er ahnt des Lebens wie des Jahres Schluß.  
Feucht wird das Aug',  
doch in der Träne Blinken  
entströmt des Herzens seligster Erguß.

### IN AUTUMN

English Translation © Anon.

Autumn is serious,  
And when the leaves are falling,  
the heart also sinks in troubled grief.  
Still is the field,  
and fluttering in the Southwinds,  
the singers silent, as at the grave.

Drear is the day,  
and pallid fog veils  
the sunlight as well as hearts.  
Soon comes the night:  
then all powers celebrate,  
And deeply locked reposes existence.

Man grows tender.  
He sees the sun declining,  
Sensing that life too must close, as the year.  
Eyes become moist,  
but through the shining teardrops,  
flows the heart's most blessed outpouring.

## **GOD'S GRANDEUR**

Leighton / Hopkins

The world is charged with the grandeur of God.  
It will flame out, like shining from shook foil;  
It gathers to a greatness, like the ooze of oil  
Crushed. Why do men then now not reck his rod?  
Generations have trod, have trod, have trod;  
And all is seared with trade; bleared, smeared with toil;  
And bears man's smudge and shares man's smell: the soil  
Is bare now, nor can foot feel, being shod.  
And for all this, nature is never spent;  
There lives the dearest freshness deep down things;  
And though the last lights from the black west went  
Oh, morning, at the brown brink eastward, springs -  
Because the Holy Ghost over the bent  
World broods with warm breast and with ah! Bright wings.

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## **NOBILI SPETTATORI...**

Banchieri / Banchieri

Nobili spettatori, udrete or ora  
quattro belli umori:  
un cane, un gatto, un cucco, un chiù,  
per spasso, far contrappunto  
a mente sopra un basso.

Nulla fides gobbis;  
similiter est zoppis.  
Si squerzus bonus est,  
super annalia scribe.

## **NOBLE SPECTATORS...**

English Translation © Robert Hollingworth

Noble spectators, you will now hear  
four fine types:  
a dog, a cat, a cuckoo and an owl  
who for fun improvise counterpoint  
over a bassline.

You can't trust hunchbacks,  
it's the same with people who limp;  
if the outside looks good,  
write it on the annals.

# Un soir de neige

Poulenc / Éluard

English Translations © Robert Hollingworth

## LE FEU

De grandes cuillers de neige  
Ramassent nos pieds glacés  
Et d'une dure parole  
Nous heurtons l'hiver têtu  
Chaque arbre a sa place en l'air  
Chaque roc son poids sur terre  
Chaque ruisseau son eau vive  
Nous nous n'avons pas de feu

## UN LOUP

La bonne neige le ciel noir  
Les branches mortes la détresse  
De la forêt pleine de pièges  
Honte à la bête pourchassée  
La fuite en flèche dans le cœur  
Les traces d'une proie atroce  
Hardi au loup et c'est toujours  
Le plus beau loup et c'est toujours  
Le dernier vivant que menace  
La masse absolue de la mort

## DERNIERS INSTANTS

Bois meurtri bois perdu  
d'un voyage en hiver  
Navire où la neige prend pied  
Bois d'asile bois mort où  
sans espoir je rêve  
De la mer aux miroirs crevés  
Un grand moment d'eau froide  
a saisi les noyés  
La foule de mon corps en souffre  
Je m'affaiblis  
Je me disperse  
J'avoue ma vie  
J'avoue ma mort  
J'avoue autrui  
Bois meurtri bois perdu  
Bois d'asile bois mort

## THE FIRE

As great drifts of snow  
gather round our frozen feet,  
and with strained words  
we run into stubborn winter.  
Each tree has its place in the air,  
each rock its weight on the earth,  
each stream its living water,  
we have no fire.

## A WOLF

The good snow, the black sky,  
the dead branches, the distress  
of the forest full of traps;  
shame on the hunted animal  
The escape like an arrow in the heart  
The shocking remains of a dreadful prey  
'bold as the wolf', they say, and it's always  
the most handsome wolf, and it's always  
the last one to live which is threatened by  
the absolute mass of death.

## LAST MOMENTS

Wounded woods, woods lost  
in a winter journey,  
a ship where the snow settles,  
woods of shelter, dead woods where  
I dream without hope  
of the sea with its broken mirrors  
A great moment of cold water  
seized the drowned  
The crowd of my body suffers for it  
I become weak  
I am falling apart  
I avow my life  
I avow my death  
I avow the other  
Wounded woods, lost woods,  
Woods of shelter, dead woods.

## **DU DEHORS**

La nuit le froid la solitude  
On m'enferma soigneusement  
Mais les branches cherchaient  
leur voie dans la prison  
Autour de moi l'herbe trouva le ciel  
On verrouilla le ciel  
Ma prison s'écroula  
Le froid vivant le froid brûlant  
m'eut bien en main

## **FROM OUTSIDE**

The night, the cold, the solitude,  
I have been carefully imprisoned  
but branches were seeking  
their way into the prison,  
around me the grass found the sky.  
They locked the sky,  
but my prison fell apart:  
the living cold, the burning cold  
took hold of me.

\*\*\*\*\*

## **SUMMER IS COMING**

Howells / Guinness

The summer is coming over the hills.  
The milk of the blackthorn is bursting and spills;  
all day the cuckoo in County Mayo  
breathes like a flute as he flits high and low.

Dark is the turf, and grey is the stone,  
and sad is the sky for the wild geese gone.  
But the gleaming coat of the grass begins  
under the golden brooch of the whins.

The black boats walk on the silver strand,  
like beetles that go on the edge of the land;  
the black boats tilt on the western waves;  
black heifers stand over the old green graves.

The summer is coming over the sea,  
and lights with soft kisses on you and on me.  
All day the cuckoo in County Mayo  
breathes like a flute as he flits high and low.

\*\*\*\*\*

# La Chasse

Janequin / Anon.

English Translations © Robert Hollingworth

## PRIMA PARS

« Gentilz veneurs allez  
en queste au buyson,  
Et soyez seurs s'il y  
a grant cerf ou non.  
Le Petit Perot et le Verdier,  
Vous prendrez chascun vostre limier,  
La Roche, Plexis aurez pour compaignon.  
Vous yrez destourner au rocher d'Avon.  
Oudart et Britonniere,  
ferez la croix du Vaucervelle.  
L'enseigne aussy, Bruniere,  
Qui avez tres bonne cervelle.  
Vous yrez a la croix du Grant Veneur,  
Car il y a un grant cerf, j'en suis seur.  
Et faictes tost du revenir.  
Puis liron lancer et courir.  
Il faict bon prendre  
son deduct et son plaisir,,  
Avec son chien tirer, quester et assentir.  
Real/Souillart/Bontemps/Friet,  
mon amy, va avant,  
va par cy, Ha, mon amy, la, va oultre.  
C'est grant cerf. Tout quoy.  
Vez en cy les vois. »

« Je ne rencontre,  
onc si malheureux ne fuz. »  
« Vez en cy, c'est beste noire  
qui s'en va la sus. »  
« Je suis malheureux,  
je ne trouve rien sus ne jus. »  
« Vien ça, c'est grant cerf,  
Par les portées  
elles sont haultes eslevées. »  
« Que malgré en ait bieu  
de ce gris caffart,  
Il m'a porté malheur :  
le dyable y ait part. »  
« C'est trop questé sans rien trouver.  
Maugré bien du cordelier  
D'huy ne puis rien rencontrer. »  
« Verdier »  
« plaistil ? »  
« Est-ce de rien veu ? »

## FIRST PART

“Good huntsmen, go searching  
in the scrub,  
and find out whether there's  
a great stag or not.  
Little Perot and Mr Finch,  
both of you take your tracker dogs;  
La Roche, you will have Plexis as companion.  
You will place yourself at Avon's rock.  
Oudart and Britonniere,  
go to Braintree Cross:  
and Bruniere, the standard bearer too -  
you've got a good brain.  
You will go to Great Huntsman's Cross,  
for there's a big stag there, I'm sure of it.  
And make haste to return.  
Then we will launch at it and run.  
It's good  
to enjoy yourself,  
leading your dog, searching and smelling.  
Real/Souillart/Bontemps/Friet, my friend,  
forwards,  
this way, Ha! my friend, go ahead.  
It's a big stag. Quiet there.  
See the traces here.”

*Whippers-in start talking.* “I'm can't find  
anything, I've never been so unhappy.”  
“Look there -  
it's a boar running off.”  
“I'm unhappy,  
I find nothing here nor there.  
“Come here, it's a great stag,  
the broken branches show  
that the antlers are really high.”  
“Though we've seen  
the boar's grey fur  
he's brought me bad luck:  
this is the devil's work.”  
“It's too bad, searching and finding nothing.  
In spite of hard work,  
today we haven't come across anything.”  
“Mr Finch!”  
“Yes sir?”  
“Have you seen anything?”

« De veoir rien je n'ay peu, »  
 « Il me semble que j'ay veu du cerf que »  
 demandons. « Je n'ai de rien aperceu  
 si est mon chien fort bon. »  
 « Mettez pied a terre,  
 tenez court vostre chien. »  
 « Malheur trop me serre,  
 je ne feray huy bien  
 J'ay eu malle matinée,  
 C'est rencontre d'estoulé  
 C'est mon, Voyci ma brisée,  
 vela pas du cerf bon pied. »  
 « Bons doz, bon talon,  
 fort bras joincte. »  
 « Quelles fumées il a geté »  
 « Bien viandées, pressées,  
 esmoulées, bien formées »  
 « Elles ne sont point esguilonées. »  
 « Non, et si sont tres bien colorées. »  
 « Croy que le roy bonnes les trouvera. »  
 « Faictes le devant de ce chemin la,  
 Et je feray cestuy cy. »  
 « Je n'ay rien aperceu, »  
 « Ma foy ne moy aussi »  
 « J'en suys fort esbahy »  
 « J'ay veu au matin une vielle acroupie. »  
 « Elle porte malheur,  
 J'ay veu une pye  
 Que ne me cessoit d'agacer, »  
 « C'estoit assez pour enrager.  
 Sembloit que me vouldist menger. »  
 « Il est temps de s'en retourner  
 Je pensoye que deust arrager. »  
 « C'est follye de plus quester.  
 Il est ja trop hault heure. »  
 « A vous point veu nostre cerf passer ? »  
 « Non, ce me semble, il demeure,  
 Car j'en suys bien assuré  
 Que mon chien ne l'a point surallé. »  
 « Scavez vous bien, belle demeure. »

« Et puis Perot,  
 a vous rien veu? »  
 « Ouy, Sire, me semble  
 qu'ay veu du cerf que demandons. »  
 « Est-ce grant cerf monstrez ? »  
 « Sire, voicy les fumées,  
 Elles sont bien viandées. »  
 « Elles ne sont point esguilonées. »  
 « Qu'en dictes vous, grant seneschal ? »  
 « Bien pressez il est cerf pour courir. »  
 « Sire, point n'en est de meilleures. »  
 « Meziere sur tost a cheval.  
 Le voy mort ains qu'il soit cinq heures. »

"I haven't seen a thing."  
 "I think I've seen the stag we're searching for."  
 "I've seen nothing  
 even though my dog is great."  
 "Get off your horse,  
 hold your dog tight."  
 "I'm dogged by bad luck.  
 I'll do nothing good today.  
 I've had a bad morning,  
 But I'll come across it some day.  
 That's my opinion, here are the traces I found.  
 Aren't they good footprints?"  
 "Good back, good heel,  
 attached to strong limbs,"  
 "What droppings it has thrown!"  
 "Good and meaty", "dense,"  
 "moulded", "well formed."  
 "They aren't tapered"  
 "No, and they're nicely coloured."  
 "I think that the king will like them."  
 "You go down that path,  
 and I'll take this one."  
 "I've seen nothing."  
 "In truth, me neither."  
 "I'm astonished."  
 "This morning I saw an old woman crouching."  
 "They bring bad luck.  
 I saw a magpie  
 which didn't stop annoying me."  
 "It was enough to make me mad.  
 It looked as if it wanted to eat me."  
 "It's time to go back."  
 "I think it's time to break ranks."  
 "It's crazy to keep searching.  
 It's already too late."  
 "Have you seen our stag?"  
 "No, I think, it's still there,  
 because I'm sure  
 my dog hasn't missed it."  
 "I ask you, what a fine wait..."

*The King speaks:* "And so, Perot,  
 have you seen anything?"  
 "Yes, Sire, I think we've seen  
 the stag we're chasing."  
 "Has this great stag shown himself?"  
 "Sire, here are the droppings.  
 They are good and meaty."  
 "Not tapered."  
 "What do you think, seneschal?"  
 "It's in a hurry: a real runner."  
 "Sire, there's no better stag."  
 "Meziere, hurry on to your horse.  
 I'll see it dead before five o'clock."



## SECUNDA PARTS

Sur tous soulas, plaisir et lyesse,  
Sur tous souhaitz qu'amour pourchasse,  
Sur tous esbatz qui sont en noblesse,  
Sur tous deduitz  
    n'est que la chasse.  
« Perot mettez vous le premier. »  
« C'est par cy, Sire, descendez.  
Vez cy de son viandis,  
Il n'a pas fait grant pais. »  
« Voyci du pied du grant cerf. »  
Va avant la frere la  
La la Friet, la la parcy, va par cy,  
Il dit vray. Voy le cy aller,  
Gardez bien de le suraller.  
Voy le cy fuyant la,  
Guare, Tyaglau  
A bas chiens,  
C'est grant cerf,  
Je le congnois bien,  
Sire, c'est le mien.  
Escoute a Clerant, escoute a Fricant.  
Gnof gnof plif plof  
Voy le cy fuyant la voye, compaignon,  
Oultre a luy chiens.  
Tout beau, Arriere chiens, arriere.  
Ralliez chiens, ralliez.  
Il se fera relancer.  
Ho arry, arry arriere chiens.  
Voy le cy aller jusques icy.  
Tout beau, Soulas,  
Batez ce chien.  
Arriere, arriere villain.  
Escoute, ha ! Mirande le voit.  
Ho, il revient sur luy, arriere,  
Ho, il demeure, mes chiens.  
Si si fuyra chiens, sus a luy.  
Vau le fouyr.  
Voy le cy, va le cerf fuyant.  
La teste luy poise.  
Teo... Il ce fait abayer.  
Aux aboys ! Tyaulau.  
Ne le tuez pas, Attendez le roy.  
Attendez, nul n'y touche,  
Attendez, je le veuil tuer.  
Sire, tués le de peur  
    qu'il ne blesse les chiens.  
Arriere chiens ! Tronc !

## SECOND PART

In all happiness, pleasure and jollity,  
in all wishes that love is looking for,  
in all the revelling to be found at court;  
amongst all those amusements  
    the hunt stands out.  
“Perot, you go first.”  
“It's this way, Sire, dismount.  
See its recent pasture here,  
it hasn't eaten very much.”  
“Here is the footprint of the great stag.”  
Forwards there, brother,  
There, Friet, over there, this way.  
He's right. See him go!  
Make sure you don't overtake it.  
See it fleeing there,  
Watch out, tally-ho.  
Go, dogs.  
It's a big stag.  
I know him well.  
Sire, it's mine.  
Listen to Clerant, listen to Fricants.  
woof woof plif plof  
See it there, running off the path, friend.  
Follow it, dogs.  
Easy my lovelies; back, dogs, back.  
Rally dogs, rally.  
It'll be chased out again.  
Ho, ba- ba- back, dogs.  
See it go by right here.  
Easy, Soulas,  
Hit this dog.  
Back villain, back.  
Listen - ha! Mirande sees it.  
Ho, it's turning back on itself,  
Ho, it's stopped, my dogs.  
It'll run from the dogs - everyone to him!  
Look at it rooting about.  
See it, see the stag flee.  
Its head seems heavy.  
Tara... It's standing stock-still.  
At bay! Tally-Ho.  
Don't kill it, wait for the king.  
Wait, no-one touches it,  
Wait, I want to kill it.  
Sire, kill it  
    before it hurts the dogs.  
Back dogs! Toot!

\*\*\*\*\*

## CHANSON D'AUTOMNE

Ferré / Verlaine

Les sanglots longs  
Des violons  
De l'automne  
Blessent mon cœur  
D'une langueur  
Monotone.

Tout suffocant  
Et blême, quand  
Sonne l'heure,  
Je me souviens  
Des jours anciens  
Et je pleure ;

Et je m'en vais  
Au vent mauvais  
Qui m'emporte  
Deçà, delà,  
Pareil à la  
Feuille morte.

## AUTUMN SONG

English Translation © Richard Stokes

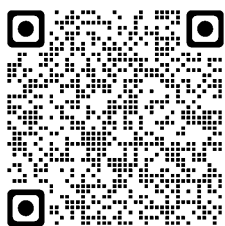
With long sobs  
The violins  
Of autumn  
Wound my heart  
With languorous  
Monotony.

All choking  
And pale, when  
The hour sounds,  
I remember  
Departed days  
And I weep;

And I go  
Where ill winds blow,  
Buffeted  
To and fro,  
Like a  
Dead leaf.

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## ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES



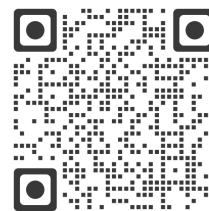
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