



CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL

2020 FESTIVAL

Katherine Broderick *soprano*

Kathryn Stott *piano*

Schubert

An die Musik
An die Entfernte D765
Gretchen am Spinnrade

Fauré

Nocturne No 11

Les Berceaux
Les Présents
Après un Rêve

Berlioz

La Captive

Quilter

Now sleeps the crimson petal
Fair house of Joy

An die Musik

Franz von Schober

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessre Welt entrückt!

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf entflossen,
Ein süßser, heiliger Akkord von dir
Den Himmel besser Zeiten mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir dafür!

An die Entfernte

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

So hab' ich wirklich dich verloren?
Bist du, o Schöne, mir entflohn?
Noch klingt in den gewohnten Ohren
Ein jedes Wort, ein jeder Ton.

So wie des Wandrers Blick am Morgen
Vergebens in die Lüfte dringt,
Wenn, in dem blauen Raum verborgen,
Hoch über ihm die Lerche singt:

So dringet ängstlich hin und wieder
Durch Feld und Busch und Wald mein Blick;
Dich rufen alle meine Lieder:
„O komm, Geliebte, mir zurück!“

To Music

English Translation Richard Wigmore

Beloved art, in how many a bleak hour,
when I am enmeshed in life's tumultuous round,
have you kindled my heart to the warmth of love,
and borne me away to a better world!

Often a sigh, escaping from your harp,
a sweet, celestial chord
has revealed to me a heaven of happier times.
Beloved art, for this I thank you!

To the distant beloved

English Translation Richard Wigmore

Have I really lost you?
Have you fled from me, fairest love?
Every word, every tone
still sounds in my well-accustomed ears.

As in the morning the traveller's gaze
searches the heavens in vain
when, concealed in the blue firmament,
the lark sings high above him:

So my gaze searches anxiously back and forth
through field, thicket and woodland;
all my songs call out to you:
'Come back to me, beloved!'

Gretchen am Spinnrade

Johann Wolfgang von 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!

Les berceaux

Sully Prudhomme

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Les présents

Si tu me parles, quelque soir,
Du secret de mon cœur malade,
Je te dirai, pour t'émouvoir,
Une très ancienne ballade.

Si tu me parles de tourment,
D'espérance désabusée,
J'irai te cueillir, seulement,
Des roses pleines de rosée.

Si, pareille à la fleur des morts
Qui se plaît dans l'exil des tombes,
Tu veux partager mes remords...
Je t'apporterai des colombes.

Après un rêve

Romain Bussine

Dans un sommeil que charmait ton image
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et sonore,
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs nues,
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines entrevues.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes mensonges;
Reviens, reviens, radieuse,
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

The cradles

English Translation Richard Stokes

Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of the distant cradles.

Presents

If some evening you ask
The secret of my sick heart,
To move you, I will recount
A very ancient ballad.

If you speak to me of torment,
Of disillusioned hope,
Solely for you, I will gather
Roses filled with dew.

Like flowers for the dead
That thrive in exile among the graves,
You wish to share my remorse...
I will bring you some doves.

After a dream

English Translation Richard Stokes

In sleep made sweet by a vision of you
I dreamed of happiness, fervent illusion,
Your eyes were softer, your voice pure and ringing,
You shone like a sky that was lit by the dawn;

You called me and I departed the earth
To flee with you toward the light,
The heavens parted their clouds for us,
We glimpsed unknown splendours, celestial fires.

Alas, alas, sad awakening from dreams!
I summon you, O night, give me back your delusions;
Return, return in radiance,
Return, O mysterious night!

La Captive

Victor Hugo

Si je n'étais captive,
J'aimerais ce pays,
Et cette mer plaintive,
Et ces champs de maïs,
Et ces astres sans nombre,
Si le long du mur sombre
N'étincelait dans l'ombre
Le sabre des spahis.

Je ne suis point tartare
Pour qu'un eunuque noir
M'accorde ma guitare,
Me tienne mon miroir.
Bien loin de ces Sodomes,
Au pays dont nous sommes,
Avec les jeunes hommes
On peut parler le soir.

Pourtant j'aime une rive
Où jamais des hivers
Le souffle froid n'arrive
Par les vitraux ouverts,
L'été, la pluie est chaude,
L'insecte vert qui rôde
Luit, vivante émeraude,
Sous les brins d'herbe verts.

J'aime en un lit de mousses
Dire un air espagnol,
Quand mes compagnes douces,
Du pied rasant le sol,
Légion vagabonde
Où le sourire abonde,
Font tournoyer leur ronde
Sous un rond parasol.

Mais surtout, quand la brise
Me touche en voltigeant,
La nuit j'aime être assise,
Être assise en songeant,
L'oeil sur la mer profonde,
Tandis que, pâle et blonde,
La lune ouvre dans l'onde
Son éventail d'argent.

The captive girl

English Translation Richard Stokes

If I were not a captive,
I should love this country,
And this plaintive sea,
And these fields of maize,
And these stars without number,
If in the wall's dark shadow
There did not glint
The spahis' scimitar.

I was not born a Tartar
For a black eunuch
To tune my guitar
And hold up for me my mirror.
Far away from this land of Sodom,
In our native country, we are permitted
When evening falls,
To talk with the young men.

And yet I love a land
Where winter's chill breath
Never crosses
Wide-open windows.
In summer the rain is warm,
And the hovering insects
Gleam bright emerald
Beneath green blades of grass.

I love on a bed of moss
To sing a Spanish air,
While my sweet companions,
Feet grazing the ground,
Nomadic throng
With generous smirks,
Dance and whirl
Beneath an open parasol.

But most of all when a breeze
Lightly brushes my cheek,
I love to sit at night,
Sit and dream,
Gazing on the deep sea,
While the pale moon
Opens across the water
Its silver fan.

Now sleeps the crimson petal

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.
Now droops the milk-white peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.
Now lies the earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.
Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.
Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

Fair house of Joy

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:

Yet when this thought doth come
'Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!'
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.

Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.