



Willkommen, Bienvenue, Welcome

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Samstag, 20. November 2021 | 16.30 Uhr
Kühlhaus Berlin, Kubus

PROGRAMME

Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)

Johnny

W H Auden (1907 - 1973)

Ethel Smyth (1858 - 1944)

The Clown

Possession

Maurice Baring (1874 - 1945)

Ethel Carnie Holdsworth (1886 - 1962)

Benjamin Britten

Nocturne

As it is plenty

W H Auden

W H Auden

Richard Strauss (1864 - 1949)

Heimliche Aufforderung

John Henry Mackay (1864 - 1933)

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Johnny

Britten / Auden

O the valley in the summer where I and my John
Beside the deep river would walk on and on
While the flowers at our feet and the birds up above
Argued so sweetly on reciprocal love,
And I leaned on his shoulder; 'O Johnny, let's play':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O that Friday near Christmas as I well recall
When we went to the Charity Matinee Ball,
The floor was so smooth and the band was so loud
And Johnny so handsome I felt so proud;
'Squeeze me tighter, dear Johnny, let's dance till it's day':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

Shall I ever forget at the Grand Opera
When music poured out of each wonderful star?
Diamonds and pearls they hung dazzling down
Over each silver and golden silk gown;
'O John I'm in heaven,' I whispered to say:
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O but he was fair as a garden in flower,
As slender and tall as the great Eiffel Tower,
When the waltz throbbed out on the long promenade
O his eyes and his smile they went straight to my heart;
'O marry me, Johnny, I'll love and obey':
But he frowned like thunder and he went away.

O last night I dreamed of you, Johnny, my lover,
You'd the sun on one arm and the moon on the other,
The sea it was blue and the grass it was green,
Every star rattled a round tambourine;
Ten thousand miles deep in a pit there I lay:
But you frowned like thunder and you went away.

The Clown

Smyth / Baring

There was once a poor clown all dressed in white,
In a dungeon, chained to the bars ;
And he danced all day, and he danced all night,
To the sound of the dancing stars.

"O clown, silly clown, O why do you dance ?
You know you can never be free.
You are tied by the leg to the strings of chance,
But you dance like captive flea."

"My chain is heavy, my dungeon is dark,
I know I can never be free.
In my heart, in my heart there's a dancing spark,
And the stars make music for me.

"Oh ! muffle my cell and rivet my chains,
And fetter my feet and my hands,
My soul is a horse of foam without reins.
That dances on deathless sands."

Possession

Smyth / Holdsworth

There bloomed at my cottage door
A rose with a heart scented sweet,
O so lovely and fair that I plucked it one day,
Laid it over my own heart's swift beat.
In a moment its petals were shed:
Just a tiny white mound at my feet.

There flew through my casements low
A linnet that richly could sing.
Sang so thrillingly sweet I could not let it go
But must cage it, the wild, happy thing.
But it pined in the cage I had made,
Not a note to my chamber would bring.

There came to my lonely soul
The friend I had waited for long,
And the deep chilly silence lay stricken and dead,
Pierc'd to death by our love and our song.
And I thought of the bird and the flow'r
And my soul in its knowledge grew strong.

Go out when thou wilt, O friend; --
Sing thy song, roam the world glad and free ;
By the holding I lose; by the giving I gain,
And the gods cannot take thee from me ;
For a song and a scent on the wind
Shall drift in through the doorway from thee.

Nocturne

Britten / Auden

Now through night's caressing grip
Earth and all her oceans slip,
Capes of China slide away
From her fingers into day
And the Americas incline
Coasts towards her shadow line.
Now the ragged vagrants creep
Into crooked holes to sleep:
Just and unjust, worst and best,
Change their places as they rest:
Awkward lovers like in fields
Where disdainful beauty yields:
While the splendid and the proud
Naked stand before the crowd
And the losing gambler gains
And the beggar entertains:
May sleep's healing power extend
Through these hours to our friend.
Unpursued by hostile force,
Traction engine, bull or horse
Or revolting succubus;
Calmly till the morning break
Let him lie, then gently wake.

As it is plenty

Britten / Auden

As it is, plenty;
As it's admitted
The children happy
And the car, the car
That goes so far
And the wife devoted:
To this as it is,
To the work and the banks
Let his thinning hair
And his hauteur
Give thanks, give thanks.

All that was thought
As like as not, is not
When nothing was enough
But love, but love
And the rough future
Of an intransigent nature
And the betraying smile,
Betraying, but a smile:
That that is not, is not;
Forget, forget.

Let him not cease to praise
Then his spacious days;
Yes, and the success
Let him bless, let him bless:
Let him see in this
The profits larger
And the sins venal,
Lest he see as it is
The loss as major
And final, final.

Heimliche Aufforderung

Strauss / Mackay

Auf, hebe die funkelnde Schale
empor zum Mund,
Und trinke beim Freudenmahle
dein Herz gesund.

Und wenn du sie hebst, so winke
mir heimlich zu,
Dann lächle ich, und dann trinke
ich still wie du ...

Und still gleich mir betrachte
um uns das Heer
Der trunkenen Schwätzer—verachte
sie nicht zu sehr.

Nein, hebe die blinkende Schale,
gefüllt mit Wein,
Und laß beim lärmenden Mahle
sie glücklich sein.

Doch hast du das Mahl genossen,
den Durst gestillt,
Dann verlasse der lauten Genossen
festfreudiges Bild,

Und wandle hinaus in den Garten
zum Rosenstrauch,—
Dort will ich dich dann erwarten
nach altem Brauch,

Und will an die Brust dir sinken
eh' du's gehofft,
Und deine Küsse trinken,
wie ehemals oft,

Und flechten in deine Haare
der Rose Pracht—
O komm, du wunderbare,
ersehnte Nacht!

Secret invitation

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Come, raise to your lips
the sparkling goblet,
And drink at this joyful feast
your heart to health.

And when you raise it, give
me a secret sign,
Then I shall smile, and drink
as quietly as you ...

And quietly like me, look
around at the hordes
Of drunken gossips — do not
despise them too much.

No, raise the glittering goblet,
filled with wine,
And let them be happy
at the noisy feast.

But once you have savoured the meal,
quenched your thirst,
Leave the loud company
of happy revellers,

And come out into the garden
to the rose-bush,—
There I shall wait for you
as I've always done.

And I shall sink on your breast,
before you could hope,
And drink your kisses,
as often before,

And twine in your hair
the glorious rose—
Ah! come, O wondrous,
longed-for night!