



Der Spielmann und seine Geige

Caitlin Hulcup *Mezzosopran*
Jonathan Stone *Violine*
Sholto Kynoch *Klavier*

Freitag, 19. November 2021 | 19.30 Uhr
Kühlhaus Berlin, Kubus

PROGRAMME

Dominick Argento (1927 - 2019)

Winter

William Shakespeare (1564 - 1616)

Benjamin Britten (1913 - 1976)

At the railway station, Upway

Thomas Hardy (1840 - 1928)

Rebecca Clarke (1886 - 1979)

The Tailor and His Mouse

Anon.

Louis Spohr (1784 - 1859)

Der Spielmann und seine Geige

Henriette Wilhelmine Auguste von Schorn
(1807 - 1869)

Hugo Wolf (1860 - 1903)

Das Ständchen

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788 - 1857)

Der Musikant

Joseph von Eichendorff

Wie lange schon war immer
mein Verlangen

Paul Heyse (1830 - 1914)

Mikhail Ippolitov-Ivanov (1859 - 1935)

I ruki l'nut k rukam,

Rabindranath Tagore (1861 - 1941)

Zhelten'kaja ptichka,

Ne ukhodi, ne protivshis' so mnoi

Cécile Chaminade, arr. Fritz Kreisler

Sérénade espagnole, Op.150 (*violin/piano*)

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887 - 1959)

A menina e a canção

Quéro ser alégre

Mário Raul de Andrade (1893 - 1945)

Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963)

Violon

Louise de Vilmorin (1902 - 1969)

Cécile Chaminade, arr. Fritz Kreisler

Capriccio, Op.18 (*violin/piano*)

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835 - 1921)

Violons dans le soir

Danse macabre

Comtesse Anna de Noailles (1876 - 1933)

Henri Cazalis (1840 - 1909)

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

WINTER

Argento / Shakespeare

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! - A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl
Then nightly sings the staring owl:
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! Tu-whoo! - A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

AT THE RAILWAY STATION, UPWAY - 'THE CONVICT AND THE BOY WITH THE VIOLIN'

Britten / Hardy

'There is not much that I can do,
For I've no money that's quite my own!
Spoke up the pitying child—
A little boy with a violin
At the station before the train came in—
'But I can play my fiddle to you,
And a nice one 'tis, and good in tone!

The man in the handcuffs smiled;
The constable looked, and he smiled, too,
As the fiddle began to twang;
And the man in the handcuffs
Suddenly sang
With grimful glee:
'This life so free
Is the thing for me!

And the constable smiled, and said no word,
As if unconscious of what he heard;
And so they went on till the train came in—
The convict, and boy with the violin.

THE TAILOR AND HIS MOUSE

Clarke / Anon.

A tailor had a little mouse
Hi diddly um come feedle
They lived together in one house
Hi diddly um come feedle

Hi diddly um come tarum tantum,
Through the town of Ramsey,
Hi diddly um come over the lea,
Hi diddly um come feedle

The tailor thought his mouse was ill
Hi diddly um come feedle
So he gave it half of one blue pill
Hi diddly um come feedle

Hi diddly um come tarum tantum,
Through the town of Ramsey,
Hi diddly um come over the lea,
Hi diddly um come feedle

The tailor thought his mouse would die
Hi diddly um come feedle
So he baked it in an apple pie
Hi diddly um come feedle

Hi diddly um come tarum tantum,
Through the town of Ramsey,
Hi diddly um come over the lea,
Hi diddly um come feedle

The tailor thought his mouse was dead
Hi diddly um come feedle
So he bought another in his stead
Hi diddly um come feedle

Hi diddly um come tarum tantum,
Through the town of Ramsey,
Hi diddly um come over the lea,
Hi diddly um come feedle

DER SPIELMANN UND SEINE GEIGE

Spohr / Schorn

Vor Gottes Aug', dem Abendrot,
Gab sie mir Ring und Schwur;
Der Ring zersprang, die Treu' ist tot,
Mir blieb die Sehnsucht nur.

Ein Stutzer lockte schmuck und leicht
Mit süßem Flitterton;
Sie folgte, lächelnd ward gereicht
Mein brechend' Herz zum Lohn.

THE MINSTREL AND HIS FIDDLE

English Translation © Richard Stokes

With God and the sunset as witnesses,
She gave me ring and vow;
The ring snapped in two, she broke her faith,
My longing was all that remained.

A dandy, handsome and flighty,
Lured her with empty words;
She followed; with smiles she offered
My breaking heart as reward.

Durch schwarz' Gewölk die Sonne blinkt!
Freud' steht mit Leid im Bund; -
Mein Gram lebt ewig, nimmer sinkt
Sein Thron am bleichen Mund.

Lös', Geige, der Dämonen Schar,
Es winkt mein Zauberstab, -
Stürm, Wahnsinn, dunkles Schlangenhaar,
Sei meiner Leiden Grab!

Doch leise, Äolsharfen gleich,
Besänftigt sie mein Herz;
Ihr Seelenklang, an Balsam reich,
Stillt meinen tiefen Schmerz.

DAS STÄNDCHEN

Wolf / Eichendorff

Auf die Dächer zwischen blassen
Wolken schaut der Mond herfür,
Ein Student dort auf den Gassen
Singt vor seiner Liebsten Tür.

Und die Brunnen rauschen wieder
Durch die stille Einsamkeit,
Und der Wald vom Berge nieder,
Wie in alter, schöner Zeit.

So in meinen jungen Tagen
Hab ich manche Sommernacht
Auch die Laute hier geschlagen
Und manch lust'ges Lied erdacht.

Aber von der stillen Schwelle
Trugen sie mein Lieb zur Ruh' –
Und du, fröhlicher Geselle,
Singe, sing nur immer zu!

DER MUSIKANT

Wolf / Eichendorff

Wandern lieb' ich für mein Leben,
Lebe eben wie ich kann,
Wollt ich mir auch Mühe geben,
Passt es mir doch gar nicht an.

Schöne alte Lieder weiss ich;
In der Kälte, ohne Schuh,
Draussen in die Saiten reiss ich,
Weiss nicht, wo ich abends ruh'.

The sun gleams through dark clouds!
Joy is allied with pain;
My grief abides for ever, it will always
Reign upon these pale lips.

Set free, O fiddle, the host of demons,
My magic wand beckons -
Rage, O madness; dark serpent locks,
Be my sorrow's grave!

But softly, like Aeolian harps,
She soothes my heart;
The sound of her balm-drenched soul
Assuages my deep pain.

THE SERENADE

English Translation © Richard Stokes

The moon from pallid clouds
Gazes out across the roofs,
There in the street a student sings
Before his sweetheart's door.

And again the fountains murmur
In the silent loneliness,
And the woods on the mountain
Murmur, as in the good old days.

Likewise in my young days,
Often on a summer's night
I too plucked my lute here,
And composed some merry songs.

But from that silent threshold
My love's been taken to rest –
And you, my blithe friend,
Sing on, just sing on!

THE MINSTREL

English Translation © Richard Stokes

I simply love to wander,
And live as best I can,
And were I to exert myself,
It wouldn't suit at all.

Beautiful old songs I know,
Barefoot out in the cold
I pluck my strings,
Not knowing where I'll rest at night.

Manche Schöne macht wohl Augen,
Meinet, ich gefiel ihr sehr,
Wenn ich nur was wollte taugen,
So ein armer Lump nicht wär. --

Mag dir Gott ein'n Mann bescheren,
Wohl mit Haus und Hof verseh'n!
Wenn wir zwei zusammen wären,
Möcht mein Singen mir vergehn.

WIE LANGE SCHON WAR IMMER MEIN VERLANGEN

Wolf / Heyse

Wie lange schon war immer mein Verlangen:
Ach, wäre doch ein Musikus mir gut!
Nun liess der Herr mich meinen Wunsch erlangen
Und schickt mir einen, ganz wie Milch und Blut.
Da kommt er eben her mit sanfter Miene,
Und senkt den Kopf und spielt die Violine.

I RUKI L'NUT K RUKAM

Ippolitov-Ivanov / Tagore

I ruki l'nut k rukam, i ochi smotrjat v ochi -
Tak prost nash gimn serdec
v sijan'e `etoj nochi.
Luna nam tikho svetit,
struitsja aromat,
I flejta, i girljanda v zabvenii lezhat.
Zachem teper' mne zvuki,
zachem tebe cvety.
Prosta ljubov', kak pesnja,
zdes' tol'ko ja da ty.
I smotrjat ochi v ochi, i l'nut k ustam usta.
Mezh mnoju i toboju ljubov', kak pesn', prosta.

Many a beauty gives me looks,
Says she'd fancy me,
If I'd make something of myself,
Were not such a beggar wretch. --

May God give you a husband,
Well provided with house and home!
If we two were together,
My singing might fade away.

HOW LONG HAVE I YEARNED

English Translation © Richard Stokes

How long have I yearned
To have a musician as lover!
Now the Lord has granted me my wish,
And sends me one, all pink and white.
And here he comes with gentle mien,
And bows his head and plays the violin.

HANDS CLING TO HANDS

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

Hands cling to hands, and eyes gaze into eyes -
So simple is the hymn of our heart
in the radiance of this night.
The moon shines down on us in silence,
the air is heavy with scent,
And flute and garland lie forgotten.
What use are sounds to me,
what use are flowers to you?
Love is as simple as a song,
you and I are the only ones here.
And eyes gaze into eyes, and lips fall upon lips.
The love between you and me is as simple as a song.

ZHELTEN'KAJA PTICHKA

Ippolitov-Ivanov / Tagore

Zhelten'kaja ptichka ich saddu sad nash zaletela,
Serdce vstrepenulos', radost' priletela.
I ona, i ja zhivjom zdes' pomalen'ku,
Ottogo my ljubim nashu dereven'ku.

Akh!...
Nasha dereven'ka Khondzhana,
Rechku nazyvajut Andzhana.
Kto zhe zdes' ne znajet,
Kto zhe zdes' ne znajet,
Chto menja zovut vse Radzhana.

Pereulkom uzkim k nim idjosh' poroju,
Ves' on v aromatakh, ves' v cvetakh vesnoju.
Tam nad ikh izbushkoj, kak i tut, sred' nochi
S radostnoj ulybkoj zvezd mercajut ochi.

Akh!...
Nasha dereven'ka Khondzhana,
Rechku nazyvajut Andzhana.
Kto zhe zdes' ne znajet,
Kto zhe zdes' ne znajet,
Chto menja zovut vse Radzhana.

NE UKHODI, NE PROSTIVSHIS' SO MNOI

Ippolitov-Ivanov / Tagore

Ne ukhodi, ne prostivshis' so mnoi, moj milyj!
Mne ne spalos, otchevwo dorogoj moj
Sna prevozmoch' ne imeju ja sily.
Jesli usnu, ja tebja poterjaju!
Ne ukhodi, ne prostivshis' so mnoj.
Vzdrognu, tebja ja kasajus' v trevoqe.
Jesli b, svjazav tvoi ruki,
Ja serdcem svoim krepko derzhat'
u grudi ikh mogla by!
Ne ukhodi... Ja shepchu, zasypaja:
«Ne ukhodi... ne ukhodi... ne ukhodi... ne ukhodi!»

A LITTLE YELLOW BIRD

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

A little yellow bird flew down into our garden,
Setting my heart aquiver with joy.
Together, we quietly get on with our lives,
Because we love our little village so.

Ah!
Our little village of Honjana,
With its little river, Anjana.
Who here doesn't know,
Who here doesn't know
That I'm called Radjana.

Down a narrow lane you get to it,
A lane heavy with scented flowers in spring.
And deep in the night, above the cottage,
The eyes of the stars twinkle with a joyful smile.

Ah!
Our little village of Honjana,
With its little river, Anjana.
Who here doesn't know,
Who here doesn't know
That I'm called Radjana.

DO NOT LEAVE ME WITHOUT SAYING FAREWELL

English Translation © Philip Ross Bullock

Do not leave me without saying farewell, my love!
I have not slept all night, and now, my darling,
The desire to sleep is too much for me!
I fear that if I should I fall asleep, I shall lose you!
Do not leave without saying farewell to me.
Trembling, I anxiously reach out to touch you.
If only, having bound your hands,
I could hold them close to my breast
with my heart!
Do not leave me... I whisper as I fall asleep:
"Do not leave... do not leave... do not leave me!"

Cécile Chaminade, arr. Fritz Kreisler

Sérénade espagnole, Op.150 (*violin/piano*)

A MENINA E A CANÇÃO

Villa-Lobos / Andrade

Tralilarara trarila trarila.
A menina esganiçada, magriça,
com a saia voejando por cima dos joelhos em nó,
Vinha meio dansando, cantando,
ao crepusculo escuro.
Batia compasso com a varinha,
na poeira da calçada.
Tralilarara trarila trarila.
De repente voltou-se para a negra velha que vinha
tropegando atraz,
enorme trouxa de roupa a cabeça:
«Qué mi da, vó?» ... Nã-ão.

THE GIRL AND HER SONG

English Translation © Isabelle Ganz

Tra li la ra ...
the thin, gaunt girl,
her skirt flying above her bony knees,
came half dancing,
singing in the dim twilight.
She beat a rhythm with her stick
in the dust of the sidewalk.
Tra li la ra ...
Suddenly, she turned to the old black woman
who came tripping behind,
an enormous clothes bundle on her head.
"Oh, will you give it to me, Granny!" No.

QUÉRO SER ALÉGRE

Villa-Lobos - vocalisations

VIOLON

Poulenc / Vilmorin

Couple amoureux aux accents méconnus
Le violon et son joueur me plaisent.
Ah! j'aime ces gémissements tendus
Sur la corde des malaises.
Aux accords sur les cordes des pendus
À l'heure où les Lois se taisent
Le cœur, en forme de friase,
S'offre à l'amour comme un fruit inconnu.

VIOLIN

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Loving couple of misapprehended sounds
Violin and player please me.
Ah! I love these long wailings
Stretched on the string of disquiet,
To the sound of strung-up chords
At the hour when Justice is silent
The heart, shaped like a strawberry,
Gives itself to love like an unknown fruit.

Cécile Chaminade, arr. Fritz Kreisler

Capriccio, Op.18 (*violin/piano*)

VIOLONS DANS LE SOIR

Saint-Saëns / Noailles

Quand le soir est venu, que tout est calme enfin
Dans la chaude nature,
Voici que naît sous l'arbre et sous le ciel divin
La plus vive torture.

Sur les graviers d'argent, dans les bois apaisés,
Des violons s'exaltent.
Ce sont des jets de cris, de sanglots, de baisers,
Sans contrainte et sans halte.

Il semble que l'archet se cabre, qu'il se tord
Sur les luisantes cordes,
Tant ce sont des appels de plaisir et de mort
Et de miséricorde.

Et le brûlant archet enroulé de langueur
Gémit, souffre, caresse,
Poignard voluptueux qui pénètre le coeur
D'une épuisante ivresse.

Archets, soyez maudits pour vos brûlants accords,
Pour votre âme explosive,
Fers rouges qui dans l'ombre arrachez à nos corps
Des lambeaux de chair vive!

DANSE MACABRE

Saint-Saëns / Cazalis

Zig et zig et zig, la mort cri en cadence
Frappant une tombe avec son talon,
La mort à minuit joue un air de danse,
Zig et zig et zag, sur son violon.

Le vent d'hiver souffle, et la nuit est sombre,
Des gémissements sortent des tilleuls;
Les squelettes blancs vont à travers l'ombre
Courant et sautant sous leurs grands linceuls,

Zig et zig et zig, chacun se trémousse,
On entend claquer les os des danseurs,
Un couple lascif s'assoit sur la mousse
Comme pour goûter d'anciennes douceurs.

Zig et zig et zag, la mort continue
De racler sans fin son aigre instrument.
Un voile est tombé! La danseuse est nue!
Son danseur la serre amoureusement.

La dame est, dit-on, marquise ou baronne.
Et le vert galant un pauvre charron—
Horreur! Et voilà qu'elle s'abandonne
Comme si le rustre était un baron!

VIOLINS IN THE EVENING

English Translation © Richard Stokes

When evening has fallen and all's at last quiet
In warm nature,
There stirs beneath tree and heavenly sky
The most painful agony.

On silver gravel, in hushed woods,
Frenetic violins are heard:
A stream of cries, of sobs and kisses,
Unrestrained and unremitting.

The violin bow seems to rear and writhe
Across the shining strings—
For these are true cries of pleasure, death
And mercy.

And the burning bow in its affliction,
Groans, suffers and caresses—
A voluptuous dagger that pierces the heart
With exhausted ecstasy.

May you bows be cursed for your scalding chords,
For your explosive soul:
Molten swords that at night rip from our bodies
Shreds of living flesh!

DANSE MACABRE

English Translation © Richard Stokes

Tap, tap, tap—Death rhythmically,
Taps a tomb with his heel,
Death at midnight plays a gigue,
Tap, tap, tap, on his violin.

The Winter wind blows, the night is dark,
The lime-trees groan aloud;
White skeletons flit across the gloom,
Running and leaping beneath their huge shrouds

Tap, tap, tap, everyone's astir,
You hear the bones of the dancers knock,
A lustful couple sits down on the moss,
As if to savour past delights.

Tap, tap, tap, Death continues,
Endlessly scraping his shrill violin
A veil has slipped! The dancer's naked!
Her partner clasps her amorously.

They say she's a baroness or marchioness,
And the callow gallant a poor cartwright.
Good God! And now she's giving herself,
As though the bumpkin were a baron!

Zig et zig et zig, quelle sarabande!
Quels cercles de morts se donnant la main!
Zig et zig et zag, on voit dans la bande
Le roi gambader auprès du vilain!

Mais psit! tout à coup on quitte la ronde,
On se pousse, on fuit, le coq a chanté...
Oh! La belle nuit pour le pauvre monde!
Et vive la mort et l'égalité!

Tap, tap, tap, what a saraband!
Circles of corpses all holding hands!
Tap, tap, tap, in the throng you can see
King and peasant dancing together!

But shh! Suddenly the dance is ended,
They jostle and take flight—the cock has crowed...
Ah! Nocturnal beauty shines on the poor!
And long live death and equality!