

If Music Be the Food of Love...

... play on!

Masterprojekt von Johanna Rademacher
- Mezzosopran

Aude Suter - Sopran
Valentin Sollberger - Tenor
Sascha Litschi - Bariton
Marie Roudon-Gauthier - Traversflöte
Clara Cavalleretti - Traversflöte
Katharina Böck - Violine
Claudia Liebendörfer - Violine
Nora Bürger - Violoncello
Marion Albrecht - Cembalo
Nadia Carboni - Klavier

27. Juni 2024

14:00

Musik der britischen Inseln von R. Quilter,
G. Finzi, E. Coates, M. Head, C. Stanford,
E. Moeran, H. Purcell und G.F. Händel
auf Texte von W. Shakespeare, R. Herrick,
J. Fletcher, R. Barrie, F. Ledwidge,
P. Shelley u.v.m.

Salquin, HSLU Musik,
Arsenalstr. 28A, 6010 Kriens



Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Love's Philosophy, Op.3, Nr 1

Text nach Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

Let Us Garlands Bring, Op.18:

Nr.2: Who Is Silvia

Nr.4: O Mistress Mine

Nr.5: It Was a Lover and His Lass

Text von William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Eric Coates (1886-1957)

I Heard You Singing

Text von Royden Barrie (1890-1948)

Michael Head (1900-1976)

Over the Rim of the Moon:

Nr.2: My Beloved

Nr.4: Nocturne

Text von Francis Ledwidge (1891-1917)

Roger Quilter (1877-1953)

Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun, Op.23, Nr.1

Blow, Blow Thou Winter Wind, Op.6, Nr.3

Texte von William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Joseph Vernon (1738-1782)

When That I Was a Little Tiny Boy

Text von William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

Ernest Moeran (1894-1950)

Under the Greenwood Tree

Text von William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

To Daffodils

Text von Robert Herrick (1591-1674)

The River God's Song

Text von John Fletcher (1579-1625)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Music for a While, Z.583

Text von William Shakespeare (1564-1616)

If Music Be the Food of Love, Z.379

Text von Henry Heveningham (1651-1700)

The Fairy Queen, Z.629:

One Charming Night

Text verm. von Thomas Betterton (1635-1710)

Hail! Bright Cecilia, Z.328

Hark! Each Tree It's Silence Breaks

Text von Nicholas Brady (1659-1726)

Georg Friedrich Händel (1685-1759)

Ode for the Birthday of Queen Anne, HWV 74:

Let Rolling Streams

Text von Ambrose Philips (1674-1749)

Loves's Philosophy

M: Roger Quilter / T: nach Percy Bysshe Shelley

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heav'n mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle.
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heav'n
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiv'n
If it disdained its brother,
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

Who Is Silvia?

M: Gerald Finzi / T: William Shakespeare

Who is Silvia? What is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her,
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness;
And, being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

O Mistress Mine

M: Gerald Finzi / T: William Shakespeare

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O, stay and hear; your true love's coming,
That can sing both high and low:
Trip no further pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:
In delay there lies no plenty,
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

It was a Lover and his Lass

M: Gerald Finzi / T: William Shakespeare

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crowned with the prime
In springtime, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

I Heard You Singing

M: Eric Coates / T: Royden Barrie

I heard you singing when the dawn was grey
And silver dew on ev'ry blossom lay;
And though the rising sun too soon drank up the dew,
I thought I heard you singing all the long day through.

I heard you singing in the silent hour
When evening came with sleep for bird and flow'r;
A song like happy murmuring of woodland streams,
I thought I heard you singing down the vale of dreams.

Beloved, when the last call echoes clear,
And I must part from all that is so dear,
I shall not fear the valley that before me lies,
If I may hear you singing as I close my eyes.

My Beloved

M: Michael Head / T: Francis Ledwidge

Nothing but sweet music wakes
My Beloved, My Beloved.
Sleeping by the blue lakes,
My own Beloved!

Song of lark and song of thrush,
My Beloved! My Beloved!
Sing in morning's rosy blush,
My own Beloved!

When your eyes dawn blue and clear,
My Beloved! My Beloved!

You will find me waiting here,
My own Beloved!

Nocturne

M: Michael Head / T: Francis Ledwidge

The rim of the moon
Is over the corn.
The beetle's drone
Is above the thorn.
Grey days come soon
And I am alone;
Can you hear my moan
Where you rest, Aroon?

When the wild tree bore
The deep blue cherry,
In night's deep pall
Our love kissed merry.
But you come no more
Where its woodlands call,
And the grey days fall
On my grief, Asthore!

The rim of the moon
Is over the corn.
The beetle's drone
Is above the thorn.
Grey days come soon
And I am alone;
Can you hear my moan
Where you rest, Aroon?

Fear No More the Heat o' the Sun

M: Roger Quilter / T: William Shakespeare

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The scepter, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan:
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renowned be thy grave!

Blow, blow, thou winterwind

M: Roger Quilter / T: William Shakespeare

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly!

When That I Was a Littly Tiny Boy

M: Joseph Vernon / T: William Shakespeare

When that I was a little tiny boy,
With a hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain, it raineth ev'ry day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With a hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain, it raineth ev'ry day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With a hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
By swagg'ring could I never thrive,
For the rain, it raineth ev'ry day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With a hey, ho! the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you ev'ry day.

Under the Greenwood Tree

M: Ernest Moeran / T: William Shakespeare

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see no enemy
But winter and rough weather.

To Daffodils

M: Ernest Moeran / T: Robert Herrick

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay, until the hasting day has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.
We die, as your hours do, and dry away,
Like to the summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

The River-God's Song

M: Ernest Moeran / T: John Fletcher

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;

Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wadest in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

Music for a While

M: Henry Purcell / T: William Shakespeare

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile:

Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
And disdain'd to be pleas'd,
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands,
Till the snakes drop from her head,
And the whip from out her hands.

Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.

If Music Be the Food of Love

M: Henry Purcell / T: Henry Heveningham, nach William Shakespeare

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are;
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

One charming night

M: Henry Purcell / T: verm. Thomas Betterton

One charming night
Gives more delight,
Than a hundred lucky days.
Night and I improve the taste,
Make the pleasure longer last,
A thousand, thousand several ways.

Hark! Each Tree It's Silence Breaks

M: Henry Purcell / T: Nicholas Brady

Hark! hark! each Tree its silence breaks,
The Box and Fir to talk begin!
This in the sprightly Violin
That in the Flute distinctly speaks!
Twas Sympathy their list'ning Brethren drew,
When to the Thracian Lyre with leafy Wings they flew.

Let Rolling Streams

M: Georg Friedrich Händel / M: Ambrose Philips

Let rolling streams their gladness show,
With gentle murmurs whilst they play,
And in their wild meanders flow,
Rejoicing in this blessed day,

The day that gave great Anna birth,
Who fix'd a lasting peace on earth.

If Music Be the Food of Love

Musik von den britischen Inseln

Masterprojekt von Johanna Rademacher - Mezzosopran
Master of Arts in Musikpädagogik Klassik vokal

mit:

Aude Suter – Sopran
Valentin Sollberger – Tenor
Sascha Litschi – Bariton
Marie Roudon-Gauthier – Traversflöte
Clara Cavalleretti – Traversflöte
Katharina Böck – Violine
Claudia Liebendörfer – Violine
Nora Bürger – Violoncello
Marion Albrecht – Cembalo
Nadia Carboni – Klavier

♥ Ein grosses Dankeschön gilt...

Allen Mitmusizierenden, Nadia Carboni, allen
Mitorganisierenden, sowie natürlich meiner Hauptfachdozentin
Barbara Locher!