Temple Music

Tuesday 6th October 2020 7pm Temple Church

Temple Song *Tre Voci*

Ruby Hughes *soprano*
Natalie Clein *cello*
Julius Drake *piano*

Bach arr. Britten *Four Spiritual Songs (Geistliche Lieder)*
Ravel *Kaddish*
Bloch *Three Scenes from Jewish Life*
Tavener *Akhmatova Songs*
Judith Weir *On the palmy beach*
Brahms *Two Songs*
Schubert *Auf dem Strom*

This evening's concert is generously supported by
Temple Song Underwriters and **The Stradivari Trust**

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Bach arr. Britten *Four Spiritual Songs*

Gedenke doch, mein Geist
(Anon)

Gedenke doch, mein Geist, zurücke
Ans Grab und an den Glockenschlag,
Da man mich zur Ruh begleiten, Auf daß ich klüglich sterben mag.
Schreib dieses Wort in Herz und Brust:
Gedenke, daß du sterben mußt.

Be mindful, O soul

Be mindful, O soul,
Of the grave and the tolling bell That accompanies you to rest,
So that I might wisely die. Inscribe these words on heart and breast:
Be mindful that you must die.

Liebster Herr Jesu, wo bleibst du so lange? *(Christian Weselowius)*

Liebster Herr Jesu, wo bleibst du so lange?
Komm doch, mir wird hier auf Erden so bange,
Komm doch und nimm mich, wenn dir gefällt,
Von der beschwerlichen Bürde der Welt,
Komm doch, Herr Jesu, wo bleibst du so lange?
Komm doch, mir wird hier auf Erden so bange.

Dearest Lord Jesus, where do you tarry so long?

Dearest Lord Jesus, where do you tarry so long?
Come, I am so afraid here on earth,
Come and fetch me, if it be your pleasure,
From the world's oppressive burden,
Come, Lord Jesus, where do you tarry so long?
Come, I am so afraid here on earth.

Allbereit schmück ich dich, gläubige Seele,
Fülle die brennende Lampe mit Öle,
Auch um die Mitternacht fertig zu stehn
Und auf die ewige Hochzeit zu gehn.
Komm doch, mein Bräut'gam, wo bleibst du so lange? Komm doch, mir wird hier auf Erden so bange.

Even now I bedeck you, devout soul,
Fill the burning lamp with oil, To be ready when midnight strikes
To attend the eternal nuptials. Come, my bridegroom, where do you tarry so long?
Come, I am so afraid here on earth.

Bist du bei mir *(Anon.)*

Bist du bei mir, geh ich mit Freuden
Zum Sterben und zu meiner Ruh.
Ach, wie vergnügt wär so mein Ende,
Es drückten deine schönen Hände
Mir die getreuen Augen zu.

If you are with me

If you are with me, I shall with rapture
Go to my death and to my rest. Ah,
how joyous would be my end,
If your beautiful hands were to close
My faithful eyes.

Komm, süßer Tod *(Anon.)*

Komm, süßer Tod, komm sel'ge Ruh!
Komm, führe mich in Friede, Weil ich der
Welt bin müde, Ach komm! ich wart auf
dich,
Komm bald und führe mich,
Drück mir die Augen zu.
Komm, sel'ge Ruh!

Come, sweet death

Come, sweet death, come blessed
peace!
Come, lead me to tranquility,
For I am weary of the world,
Ah come! I await you,
Come soon to lead me,
Close my eyes.
Come, blessed peace!

Komm, süßer Tod, komm sel'ge Ruh!
Im Himmel ist es besser,
Da alle Lust viel größer,
Drum bin ich jederzeit
Schon zum Valet bereit,
Ich schliess die Augen zu.
Komm, sel'ge Ruh!

Come, sweet death, come blessed
peace!
In Heaven things are better,
All joys much greater,
Thus am I ever ready
To bid the world adieu,
I close my eyes.
Come, blessed peace!

Komm, süßer Tod, komm sel'ge
Ruh!
Ich will nun Jesum sehen
Und bei den Engeln stehen.
Es ist nunmehr vollbracht,
Drum, Welt, zu guter Nacht,
Mein' Augen sind schon zu.
Komm, sel'ge Ruh!

Come, sweet death, come blessed
peace!
I now wish to see Jesus
And be among the angels.
All is now accomplished,
Thus I bid you goodnight, O world,
My eyes are already closed.
Come, blessed peace!

Ravel *Kaddish*

Kaddisch *(Anon)*

Yithgaddal weyithkaddash scheméh
rabba be'olmâ diverâ 'khire'
outhé veyamli'kl mal'khouté'khön,
ouvezome'khôu ouve' hayyé
de'khol beth yisraël ba'agalâ
ouvizman qariw weimrou. Amen.
Yithbara'kh Weyischtaba'h weyith
paêr weyithroman weyithnassé
weyithhaddar weyith'allé weyithhallal
scheméh dequoudschâ beri'kh hou,
le'êla ule'êla min kol bir'khatha
weschi'ratha touschbehatha
wene'hamathâ daamirân ah! be'olma

Kaddisch

May thy glory, O King of Kings, be exalted, O thou who art to renew the world and resurrect the dead. May thy reign, Adonaï, be proclaimed by us, the sons of Israel, today, tomorrow, forever. Let us all say: Amen. May thy radiant name be loved, cherished, praised, glorified. May it be blessed, sanctified, exalted, thy name which soars above the heavens, above our praises, above our hymns, above our benisons. May merciful heaven grant us tranquillity, peace, happiness. Ah! Let us all say: Amen.

Bloch *Three Scenes from Jewish Life*

Prayer

Supplication

Jewish Song

Tavener *Akhmatova Songs*

Boris Pasternak *(Anna Akhmatova)*

Blessed with some eternal
childhood,
He shone open-handed, clear of
sight.
The whole earth was his heritage,
And this he shared with everyone.

Couplet *(Anna Akhmatova)*

For me praise from others – as ashes.
But even blame from you is praise.

Dante *(Anna Akhmatova)*

Even when he had died, he did not return
To his old familiar Florence.
As de departed, he did not glance backwards.
To him I sing this song . . . He cursed her from hell, And could not forget her in heaven.

Judith Weir (Master of the Queen's Music)
On the palmy beach for soprano, cello and piano (commissioned by Kings Place for tonight's artists)

On the palmy beach comprises four idiosyncratic views of life in the sea and on the beach. Fabliau of Florida (*Wallace Stevens*) is a complex sea view with powerful, ever- changing textures. The Glass- hulled Boat (*Kathleen Jamie*) reveals a surrealistic jellyfish, represented musically by the cello. Basking Shark (*Norman McCaig*) relates another personal encounter with a sea- creature, provoking reflections about pre-history and evolution. I started Early – Took my Dog (*Emily Dickinson*) is a gripping account of the waves on a beach, and their almost sexual pursuit of the poet (who, it is thought, never actually saw the sea in her lifetime.)

Fabliau of Florida (*Wallace Stevens*)

Barque of phosphor
On the palmy beach,

Move outward into heaven,
Into the alabasters
And night blues.

Foam and cloud are on
Sultry moon-monsters
Are dissolving.

Fill your black hull With white
moonlight.
There will never be an end To this
drowning of the surf.

The Glass-hulled Boat
(Kathleen Jamie)

First come the jellyfish;
Mauve-fringed, luminous bowls like
lost internal organs,
pulsing and slow.

Then in the green gloom swaying
sideways and back l
ike half-forgotten ancestors
- columns of bladderwack.

It's as though we're stalled in a taxi
in an ill-lit, odd
little town, at closing time, when
everyone's maudlin

and really, ought to just go
home, you sorry inclining
pillars of wrack, you lone, vaguely
uterine jellyfish

- whom I am almost envy:
spun out, when the engines churn,
on some sudden new trajectory,
fuddles, but unperturbed.

Basking Shark *(Norman MacCaig)*

To stub and oar on a rock where none should be,
To have it rise with a slounge out of the sea
Is a thing that happened once (too often) to me.

But not too often – though enough. I count as gain
That once I met, on a sea tin- tacked with rain
That roomsized monster with a matchbox brain.

He displaced more than water. He shlogged me
Centuries back – this decadent townee
Shook on a wrong branch of his family tree.

Swish up the dirt and, when it settles, a spring
Is all the clearer. I saw me, in one fling.
Emerging from the slime of everything.

So who's the monster? The thought made me grow pale For twenty seconds, while sail and sail,
The tall fin slid away and then the tail.

I started Early *(Emily Dickinson)*

I started Early – Too my Dog – And visited the Sea –
The Mermaids in the Basement
Came out to look at me–

And Frigates – in the Upper Floor
Extended Hempen Hands –
Presuming Me to be a Mouse –
Aground – upon the Sands –

But no Man moved Me – till the Tide
Went past my simple Shoe –
And past my Apron – and my Belt
And past my bodice – too –

And made as He would eat me up –
As wholly as a Dew
Upon a Dandelion's Sleeve –
And then – I started – too –

And He – He followed – close behind –
I felt his Silver Heel
Upon my Ankle – Then My Shoes
Would overflow with Pearl –

Until We met the Solid Town –
No One He seemed to know –
And bowing – with a Mighty look –
At me – The Sea withdrew -

Brahms *Two Songs*

Gestillte Sehnsucht *(Friedrich Rückert)*

In goldnen Abendschein getauchet,
Wie feierlich die Wälder stehn!
In leise Stimmen der Vöglein hauchet
Des Abendwindes leises Wehn.
Was lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein?
Sie lispeln die Welt in Schlummer ein.

Ihr Wünsche, die ihr stets euch reget
Im Herzen sonder Rast und Ruh!
Du Sehnen, das die Brust beweget,
Wann ruhest du, wann schlummerst du?
Beim Lispeln der Winde, der Vögelein,
Ihr sehnenden Wünsche, wann schlaft ihr ein?

Ach, wenn nicht mehr in goldne Fernen
Mein Geist auf Traumgefieder eilt,
Nicht mehr an ewig fernen Sternen
Mit sehnendem Blick mein Auge weilt;
Dann lispeln die Winde, die Vögelein,
Mit meinem Sehnen mein Leben ein.

Assuaged longing

Bathed in golden evening light,
How solemnly the forests stand!
The evening winds mingle softly With the soft voices of the birds.
What do the winds, the birds whisper?
They whisper the world to sleep.

But you, my desires, ever stirring In my heart without respite,
You, my longing, that agitates my breast –
When will you rest, when will you sleep?
The winds and the birds whisper,
But when will you, yearning desires, slumber?
Ah! when my spirit no longer hastens

On wings of dreams into golden distances,
When my eyes no longer dwell yearningly
On eternally remote stars;
Then shall the winds and the birds whisper
My life – and my longing – to sleep

Geistliches Wiegenlied (*Lope de Vega, trans. Emanuel Geibel)*

Die ihr schwebet
Um diese Palmen
In Nacht und Wind,
Ihr heil'gen Engel,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Ihr Palmen von Bethlehem Im Windesbrausen,
Wie mögt ihr heute
So zornig sausen!
O rauscht nicht also! Schweiget, neiget
Euch Leis' und lind; Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Der Himmelsknabe Duldet Beschwerde,
Ach, wie so müd' er ward Vom Leid der Erde.
Ach nun im Schlaf ihm Leise gesänftigt
Die Qual zerrinnt,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

Grimmige Kälte Sauset hernieder,
Womit nur deck' ich Des Kindleins Glieder! O all ihr Engel
Die ihr geflügelt
Wandelt im Wind,
Stillet die Wipfel!
Es schlummert mein Kind.

A holy cradle-song

You who hover About these palms
In night and wind,
You holy angels, Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

You palms of Bethlehem In the raging wind,
Why do you bluster
So angrily today?
Oh roar not so!
Be still, lean
Calmly and gently over us;
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

The heavenly babe
Suffers distress,
Ah, how weary he has grown With the sorrows of this world.
Ah, now that in sleep
His pains
Are gently eased,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

Fierce cold
Blows down on us, With what shall I cover My little child's limbs?
O all you angels
Who wing your way
On the winds,
Silence the tree-tops!
My child is sleeping.

Schubert *Auf Dem Strom*

Auf dem Strom *(Ludwig Rellstab)*

Nimm die letzten Abschiedsküsse,
Und die wehenden, die Grüsse,
Die ich noch ans Ufer sende,
Eh' Dein Fuss sich scheidend wende!
Schon wird von des Stromes Wogen
Rasch der Nachen fortgezogen,
Doch den tränendunklen Blick
Zieht die Sehnsucht stets zurück!

Take these last farewell kisses,
and the wafted greetings
that I send to the shore,
before your foot turns to leave.
Already the boat is pulled away
by the waves' rapid current;
but longing forever draws back
my gaze, clouded with tears.

Und so trägt mich denn die Welle
Fort mit unerflehter Schnelle.
Ach, schon ist die Flur verschwunden,
Wo ich selig Sie gefunden!
Ewig hin, ihr Wonnetage!
Hoffnungsleer verhallt die Klage
Um das schöne Heimatland,
Wo ich ihre Liebe fand.

And so the waves bear me away
with relentless speed.
Ah, already the meadows
where, overjoyed, I found her have
disappeared.
Days of bliss, you are gone for ever!
Hopelessly my lament echoes
round the fair homeland
where I found her love.

Sieh, wie flieht der Strand vorüber,
Und wie drängt es mich hinüber,
Zieht mit unnennbaren Banden,
An der Hütte dort zu landen,
In der Laube dort zu weilen;
Doch des Stromes Wellen eilen
Weiter ohne Rast und Ruh,
Führen mich dem Weltmeer zu!

See how the shore flies past,
and how mysterious ties
draw me across
to a land by yonder cottage,
to linger in yonder arbour.
But the river's waves rush onwards,
without respite,
bearing me on towards the ocean.

Ach, vor jener dunklen Wüste,
Fern von jeder heitern Küste,
Wo kein Eiland zu erschauen,
O, wie fasst mich zitternd Grauen!
Wehmutstränen sanft zu bringen,
Kann kein Lied vom Ufer dringen;
Nur der Sturm weht kalt daher
Durch das grau gehobne Meer!

Ah, how I tremble with dread
at that dark wilderness,
far from every cheerful shore,
where no island can be seen!
No song can reach me from the shore
to bring forth tears of gentle sadness;
only the tempest blows cold
across the grey, angry sea.

Kann des Auges sehnend Schweifen
Keine Ufer mehr ergreifen,
Nun so schau' ich zu den Sternen
Auf in jenen heil'gen Fernen!
Ach, bei ihrem milden Scheine
Nannt' ich sie zuerst die Meine;
Dort vielleicht, o tröstend Glück!
Dort begegn' ich ihrem Blick.

If my wistful, roaming eyes
can no longer descry the shore,
I shall look up to the stars
there in the sacred distance.
Ah! By their gentle radiance
I first called her mine;
there, perhaps, O consoling fate,
there I shall meet her gaze.

Translations © by Richard Stokes, author of A French Song Companion (OUP, 2000) and The Book of Lieder (Faber, 2005)

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Temple Music

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Use the hand sanitiser provided

Follow the one way system at all times

Maintain social distancing of at least 2m

Only sit in the allocated seating, singly or in pairs

Inform us if you test positive for Covid-19 within 7 days of the concert