



# CLARE COLLEGE CHAPEL

## Vocal Recital

Sunday 3 March 2024 at 5.25 p.m.

Luca Zucchi (Clare) | baritone  
Daniel Liu (Clare) | piano

<i>The Miller of Dee</i>	Traditional, arr. By Benjamin Britten (1913–76)
<i>Einsamkeit</i> <i>Der Leiermann</i> from <i>Winterreise</i> , D. 911, No. 12 & 24	Franz Schubert (1797–1828)
<i>Song of the Bowmen of Shu</i> from <i>Cathay</i>	Lilly Vadaneaux (2002–, Clare 2021)
<i>Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht</i> from <i>Lieder eines fahrenden Gesellen</i>	Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)
<i>Coffee-Spoon Cavatina</i> from <i>The Exterminating Angel</i>	Thomas Adès (1971–)
<i>Der Jäger</i> <i>Eifersucht und Stolz</i> <i>Die liebe Farbe</i> from <i>Die Schöne Müllerin</i> , D. 795, No. 14–16	Franz Schubert
<i>Der Rattenfänger</i> from <i>Goethe Lieder</i> , No. 11	Hugo Wolf (1860–1903)

### **The Miller of Dee**

There was a jolly miller once lived on the river Dee;  
He worked and sung from morn till night, no lark more blithe than he.  
And this the burden of his song for ever used to be:  
“I care for nobody, no, not I, if nobody cares for me.”

“I love my mill, she is to me like parent, child and wife,  
I would not change my station for any other in life.  
Then push, push, push the bowl, my boys, and pass it round to me,  
The longer we sit here and drink, the merrier we shall be.”

So sang the jolly miller, who lived on the river Dee;  
He worked and sung from morn till night, no lark more blithe than he.  
And this the burden of his song for ever used to be:  
“I care for nobody, no not I, if nobody cares for me.”

Words *Traditional*

## Einsamkeit

Wie eine trübe Wolke  
Durch heit're Lüfte geht,  
Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel  
Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:

So zieh' ich meine Strasse  
Dahin mit trägem Fuss,  
Durch helles, frohes Leben,  
Einsam und ohne Gruss.

Ach, dass die Luft so ruhig!  
Ach, dass die Welt so licht!  
Als noch die Stürme tobten,  
War ich so elend nicht.

*As a dark cloud  
drifts through clear skies,  
when a faint breeze blows  
in the fir-tops;*

*Thus I go on my way  
with weary steps, through  
bright, joyful life,  
alone, greeted by no one.*

*Alas, that the air is so calm!  
Alas, that the world is so bright!  
When storms were still raging  
I was not so wretched.*

Words *Wilhelm Müller (1794–1827)*

## Der Leiermann

Drüben hinter dem Dorfe  
Steht ein Leiermann,  
Und mit starren Fingern  
Dreht er, was er drehen kann.

Barfuss auf dem Eise  
Schwankt er hin und her;  
Und sein kleiner Teller  
Bleibt ihm immer leer.

Keiner mag ihn hören,  
Keiner sieht ihn an;  
Und die Hunde brummen  
Um den alten Mann.

Und er lässt es gehen  
Alles, wie es will,  
Dreht, und seine Leier  
Steht ihm nimmer still.

Wunderlicher Alter!  
Soll ich mit dir geh'n?  
Willst zu meinen Liedern  
Deine Leier dreh'n?

*There, beyond the village,  
stands a hurdy-gurdy player;  
and with numb fingers  
he plays as best he can.*

*Barefoot on the ice  
he totters to and fro,  
and his little plate  
remains forever empty.*

*No one wants to listen,  
no one looks at him,  
and the dogs growl  
around the old man.*

*And he lets everything go on  
as it will;  
he plays, and his hurdy-gurdy  
never stops.*

*Strange old man,  
shall I go with you?  
Will you turn your hurdy-gurdy  
to my song?*

Words *Wilhelm Müller*

### **Song of the Bowmen of Shu**

Here we are, picking the first fern-shoots  
And saying: When shall we get back to our country?  
Here we are because we have the Ken-nin for our foemen,  
We have no comfort because of these Mongols.

When anyone says “Return,” the others are full of sorrow.  
Sorrowful minds, sorrow is strong, we are hungry and thirsty.  
Our defence is not yet made sure, no one can let his friend return.

There is no ease in royal affairs, we have no comfort.  
Our sorrow is bitter, but we would not return to our country.

Our mind is full of sorrow, who will know of our grief?

Words *Ezra Pound (1885–1972)*

### **Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht**

Wenn mein Schatz Hochzeit macht,  
Fröhliche Hochzeit macht,  
Hab’ ich meinen traurigen Tag!  
Geh’ ich in mein Kämmerlein,  
Dunkles Kämmerlein!  
Weine! wein’! Um meinen Schatz,  
Um meinen lieben Schatz!

Blümlein blau! Blümlein blau!  
Verdorre nicht! Verdorre nicht!  
Vöglein süß! Vöglein süß!  
Du singst auf grüner Heide!  
„Ach, wie ist die Welt so schön!  
Ziküth! Ziküth!“

Singet nicht! Blühet nicht!  
Lenz ist ja vorbei!  
Alles Singen ist nun aus!  
Des Abends, wenn ich schlafen geh’,  
Denk’ ich an mein Leid!  
An mein Leide!

*When my love has her wedding-day,  
Her joyous wedding-day,  
I have my day of mourning!  
I go into my little room,  
My dark little room!  
I weep, weep! For my love,  
My dearest love!*

*Blue little flower! Blue little flower!  
Do not wither, do not wither!  
Sweet little bird! Sweet little bird!  
Singing on the green heath!  
‘Ah, how fair the world is!  
Jug-jug! Jug-jug!*

*Do not sing! Do not bloom!  
For spring is over!  
All singing now is done!  
At night, when I go to rest,  
I think of my sorrow!  
My sorrow!*

Words *Gustav Mahler (1860–1911)*

### **Coffee-Spoon Cavatina**

Forgive me, Lucía, but there are no coffee-spoons.  
These spoons are tea-spoons. These spoons are too large.  
I can’t stir my coffee with a tea-spoon.  
These spoons are too large  
Forgive me, Lucía, but I can’t stir my coffee with a tea-spoon.

Words *Tom Cairns (1952–)*

## Der Jäger

Was sucht denn der Jäger am Mühlbach hier?  
Bleib', trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!  
Hier gibt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,  
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes, für  
mich.

Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,  
So lass deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,  
Und lass deine klaffenden Hunde zu Haus,  
Und lass auf dem Horne den Saus und Braus,  
Und scheere vom Kinne das struppige Haar,  
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das Rehlein fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu,  
Und liestest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh'.  
Was taugen die Fischlein im grünen Gezweig?  
Was will denn das Eichhorn im bläulichen  
Teich?

Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain,  
Und lass mich mit meinen drei Rädern allein;  
Und willst meinem Schätzchen dich  
machen beliebt  
So wisse, mein Freund, was ihr Herzchen  
betrübt:

Die Eber, die kommen zur Nacht aus dem Hain,  
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein,  
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:  
Die Eber die schiesse, du Jägerheld!

*What does the huntsman seek here by the millstream?  
Stay in your own territory, defiant hunter!  
Here is no game for you to hunt;  
here dwells only a tame fawn for me.*

*And should you wish to see that gentle fawn,  
leave your guns in the forest,  
leave your baying hounds at home,  
stop that pealing din on your horn  
and shave that unkempt beard from your chin,  
or the fawn will take fright in the garden.*

*But it would be better if you stayed in the forest  
and left mills and millers in peace.  
How can fish thrive among green branches?  
What can the squirrel want in the blue pond?*

*Stay in the wood, then, defiant hunter,  
and leave me alone with my three mill-wheels,  
and if you wish to make yourself popular with my  
sweetheart,  
then, my friend, you should know what distresses*

*her heart: wild boars come out of the wood at night,  
and break into her cabbage patch,  
rooting about and trampling over the field.  
Shoot the wild boars, hunting hero!*

Words *Wilhelm Müller*

## Der liebe Farbe

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,  
In grüne Tränenweiden,  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.  
Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,  
Eine Heide von grünem Rosmarein,  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen Jagen!  
Wohlauf durch Heid' und Hagen!  
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.  
Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der Tod,  
Die Heide, die heiss ich die Liebesnot,  
Mein Schatz hat's Jagen so gern.

*I shall dress in green,  
in green weeping willows:  
my love is so fond of green.  
I shall seek out a cypress grove,  
a heath full of green rosemary:  
my love is so fond of green.*

*Up, away to the merry hunt!  
Away over heath and hedge!  
My love is so fond of hunting.  
The game I hunt is death.  
The heath I call Love's Torment:  
my love is so fond of hunting.*

Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,  
Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen,  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.  
Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein Blümlein bunt,  
Grün, alles grün so rings und rund!  
Mein Schatz hat's Grün so gern.

*Dig me a grave in the grass.  
Cover me with green turf.  
My love is so fond of green.  
No black cross, no colourful flowers,  
green, everything green, all around.  
My love is so fond of green.*

Words *Wilhelm Müller*

### Der Rattenfänger

Ich bin der wohlbekannte Sänger,  
Der vielgereiste Rattenfänger,  
Den diese altberühmte Stadt  
Gewiß besonders nötig hat.  
Und wären's Ratten noch so viele,  
Und wären Wiesel mit im Spiele,  
Von allen säubr' ich diesen Ort,  
Sie müssen miteinander fort.

Dann ist der gut gelaunte Sänger  
Mitunter auch ein Kinderfänger,  
Der selbst die wildesten bezwingt,  
Wenn er die goldenen Märchen singt.  
Und wären Knaben noch so trutzig,  
Und wären Mädchen noch so stutzig,  
In meine Saiten greif ich ein,  
Sie müssen alle hinterdrein.

Dann ist der vielgewandte Sänger  
Gelegentlich ein Mädchenfänger;  
In keinem Städtchen langt er an,  
Wo er's nicht mancher angetan.  
Und wären Mädchen noch so blöde,  
Und wären Weiber noch so spröde,  
Doch allen wird so liebebang  
Bei Zaubersaiten und Gesang.

*I am that celebrated singer,  
The much-travelled ratcatcher,  
Of whom this famous old city  
Assuredly has special need.  
And however many rats there are,  
And even if there were weasels too;  
I'll rid the place of every one,  
One and all, they must away.*

*Then this good-humoured singer  
Is a child-catcher too from time to time,  
Who can tame even the wildest,  
When he sings his golden tales.  
And however defiant the boys might be,  
And however rebellious the girls,  
I only have to pluck my strings,  
For them all to follow me.*

*And then this many-sided singer  
Is occasionally a girl-catcher;  
He's never arrived in any town,  
Without captivating many.  
And however bashful the girls might be,  
And however prudish the women,  
All of them grow weak with love  
At the sound of magic lute and song.*

Words *Johann Wolfgang Goethe (1749–1832)*

**Luca Zucchi** is a third-year music student at Clare. Primarily a singer, studying with Robert Rice, he also studies conducting with Roland Melia and double bass with Cathy Elliot. His interest in singing began as a treble chorister at the Temple Church. Since studying at Cambridge, he has been musical director and conductor for CCMS Opera, putting on fully-staged productions of Purcell's 'Dido and Aeneas', Nyman's 'The Man Who Mistook his Wife for a Hat' and Britten's 'Curlew River'. Luca is also a composer and has written music for a number of different ensembles. Last year, his piece 'In Times of Extreme Persecution', written in reaction to the war in Ukraine, was the winner of the Clare College Composition Competition and his piece 'Reflections' will be performed by the CCMS orchestra next term. Upcoming projects include a staged performance of Schubert's 'Winterreise', directed by Joshua Herberg, taking place in London this summer. In September, Luca is going to the Royal Academy of Music to study for a Master's in Composition.

**Daniel Liu** is a third-year music student at Clare, after studying piano and composition at Chetham's School of Music in Manchester. While there, he took lessons with Murray McLachlan, and won the school concerto prize following a performance of Britten's Piano concerto. As a composer, after winning 2019's BBC Young Composer, his piece *Fanfares* was premiered by the BBC Concert Orchestra in the summer of this year. He studies piano with Tessa Nicholson.