

**NCO**  
New Chamber Opera



**New Chamber Opera Studio**

**Lunchtime Recital Series**

**Ischia Gooda, *soprano***

**Alfred Fardell, *piano***

**Ischia Gooda** is in her second year at the Queen's College, Oxford, where she is reading French and holds a choral scholarship. She began learning the piano aged five and went on to study singing and piano accompaniment. She has a keen interest in the craft of accompaniment, and particularly enjoys English song and lieder. As BBC Young Chorister of the Year 2017, Ischia took part a number of television and radio recordings and sang Cupid in Blow's *Venus and Adonis* at the Bruges Early Music Festival with Elizabeth Kenny's Theatre of the Ayre. Ischia has sung with The Delius Singers, New Chamber Opera, The Instruments of Time and Truth and Canzona Baroque; she has recently been selected for the 2024-25 Genesis Sixteen programme.



**Alfred Fardell** is in his final year reading Music at St Peter's College, Oxford. He performs regularly as a solo pianist and chamber musician in Oxford and London and has appeared at venues including St John's Smith Square, Winchester Cathedral, and the Holywell Music Room. He started his musical training as a chorister at Westminster Cathedral, before winning a music scholarship to study at Winchester College. He currently studies the piano with Anna Tilbrook and will take up a scholarship on the Ensemble Piano course at the Royal Academy of Music in September 2024.

## Programme

**King David** – Herbert Howells (1892 – 1983)

**Tired** – Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 – 1958)

**The Infinite Shining Heavens** – Ralph Vaughan Williams

**Come away, death** – Roger Quilter (1877 – 1953)

**En Sourdine** – Gabriel Fauré (1845 – 1924)

**Après un Rêve** – Gabriel Fauré

**Nuit d'Étoiles** – Claude Debussy (1862 – 1918)

**Clair de lune** – Gabriel Fauré

**Her Song** – John Ireland (1879 – 1962)

**Drink to me only with thine eyes** – Roger Quilter

**Silent Noon** – Ralph Vaughan Williams

## **Texts & Translations**

### **En Sourdine**

*Paul Verlaine (1844 – 1896)*

Calmes dans le demi-jour  
Que les branches hautes font,  
Pénétrons bien notre amour  
De ce silence profond.

Mêlons nos âmes, nos cœurs  
Et nos sens extasiés,  
Parmi les vagues langueurs  
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,  
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,  
Et de ton cœur endormi  
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader  
Au souffle berceur et doux  
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider  
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir  
Des chênes noirs tombera  
Voix de notre désespoir,  
Le rossignol chantera.

### **Hushed**

Calm in the dappled shade  
Of these cathedral trees,  
Our love's immersed, infused  
With sacred silence.

We shall fuse hearts and souls,  
And our intoxicated senses,  
Anointed by the sweet fragrance  
Of pine and arbutus.

Let close those lovely eyes,  
Settle your arms across your breast,  
And in your drowsy heart  
Let naught remain but peace.

The gentle, murmuring breeze  
Lulls us both to sleep,  
Caresses your feet with rippling  
Waves of red-gold grass.

And at evening, as twilight fails,  
From those stern black oaks  
Comes the sound of fading hope:  
The nightingale will sing.

## **Après un rêve**

*Romain Bussine (1830 – 1899)*

Dans un sommeil que charmaient ton image  
Je rêvais le bonheur, ardent mirage,  
Tes yeux étaient plus doux, ta voix pure et  
sonore,  
Tu rayonnais comme un ciel éclairé par  
l'aurore;

Tu m'appelais et je quittais la terre  
Pour m'enfuir avec toi vers la lumière,  
Les cieux pour nous entr'ouvraient leurs  
nues,  
Splendeurs inconnues, lueurs divines  
entrevues.

Hélas! hélas, triste réveil des songes,  
Je t'appelle, ô nuit, rends-moi tes  
mensonges;  
Reviens, reviens, radieuse,  
Reviens, ô nuit mystérieuse!

## **After a dream**

In sleep blessed by your beautiful image  
Dreams of joy, passion, love – for you I  
burned,  
Eyes sweeter than all eyes, a voice of such  
music  
You shone like dawn; a sky lit by the  
morning;

You called my name and the dull earth  
released me,  
Freeing me to join you there, where all is  
light:  
Poised now in azure skies, revealed to us  
only,  
Splendours surpassing words, a glimpse of  
divine fires.

Alas! Alas, I wake with such sorrow,  
Let me back, o night, let me have this dream  
once again  
Come back – come back – soul of radiance,  
Bring back that night of sacred mystery.

## Clair de lune

*Paul Verlaine*

Votre âme est un paysage choisi  
Que vont charmant masques et  
bergamasques  
Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi  
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur  
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,  
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur  
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,  
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres  
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,  
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les  
marbres.

## Moonlight

Your soul is an exquisite painting  
Adorned with swirling masked dancers  
Playing the lute as they whirl, almost  
Sad beneath their fanciful disguises.

Lamenting in a minor key, singing  
Of Love the conqueror, a life of hope – yet  
Seeming to doubt their show of happiness  
As their ballad mingles with pale moonlight

In the glow of pale moonlight, fragile and  
bittersweet  
Light which bathes dreaming birds nestled  
in branches  
And sets to weeping, euphoric, the streams  
of water:  
Slender fountains kissed by cold marble.

## Nuit d'Etoiles

*Théodore de Banville (1823 – 1891)*

Nuit d'étoiles,  
Sous tes voiles,  
Sous ta brise et tes parfums,  
Triste lyre  
Qui soupire,  
Je rêve aux amours défunts.

La sereine mélancolie  
Vient éclore au fond de mon cœur,  
Et j'entends l'âme de ma mie  
Tressaillir dans le bois rêveur.

Nuit d'étoiles ...

Je revois à notre fontaine  
Tes regards bleus comme les cieux;  
Cette rose, c'est ton haleine,  
Et ces étoiles sont tes yeux.

Nuit d'étoiles ...

## Night of Stars

Ah, starry night,  
Beneath your diaphanes  
And scented zephyrs,  
My sad lyre,  
Sighing,  
Dreams of loves long gone.

A still, quiet melancholy  
Quickens deep in my heart,  
And I hear the soul of my beloved  
Shiver in the dreaming forest.

Ah, starry night...

I remember when first we met  
You looked at me, blue as the skies;  
Let this rose be your breath,  
And these stars become your eyes

Ah, starry night...