

# Vocal Recital

Sunday 2 March 2025 at 5.25 p.m.

James Kitchingman (Clare 2022) | tenor  
Daniel Blaze (Clare 2022) | piano





Sie alle können's nicht wissen,  
Nur eine kennt meinen Schmerz:  
Sie hat ja selbst zerrissen,  
Zerrissen mir das Herz.

*But none of them can know;  
My pain is known to one alone;  
For she it was who broke,  
Broke my heart in two.*

ix.

xii. Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen  
Am leuchtenden Sommermorgen  
G eh' ich im G arten herum.  
Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,  
Ich aber wandle stumm.

Es flüstern und sprechen die Blumen,  
Und schau'n mitleidig mich an:  
, Sei unsrer Schwester nicht böse,  
D u trauriger, blasser Mann."

xiii. =X \UVÑ]a 'HfU] a '[ Yk Y]bYh  
Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumte, du lägest im Grab.  
Ich wachte auf, und die Träne  
Floss noch von der Wange herab.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumt', du verliessest mich.  
Ich wachte auf, und ich weinte  
Noch lange bitterlich.

Ich hab' im Traum geweinet,  
Mir träumte, du wär'st mir noch gut  
Ich wachte auf, und noch immer  
Strömt meine Tränenflut.

xiv. Allnächtlich im Traume  
Allnächtlich im Traume seh' ich dich  
Und sehe dich freundlich grüssen,  
Und laut aufweinend stürz' ich mich  
Zu deinen süßen Füßen.

Du siehest mich an wehmütiglich  
Und schüttelst das blonde Köpfchen;  
Aus deinen Augen schleichen sich  
Die Perlentränenröpfchen.

Du sagst mir heimlich ein leises Wort  
Und gibst mir den Strauss von Zypressen.  
Ich wache auf, und der Strauss ist fort,  
Und's Wort hab' ich vergessen.

*xii. One bright summer morning  
One bright summer morning  
I walk around the garden.  
The flowers whisper and talk,  
But I walk silently.*

*The flowers whisper and talk,  
And look at me in pity:  
'Be not angry with our sister,  
You sad, pale man.'*

*xiii. I wept in my dream  
I wept in my dream;  
I dreamt you lay in your grave.  
I woke, and tears  
Still flowed down my cheeks.*

*I wept in my dream;  
I dreamt that you were leaving me.  
I woke, and wept on  
Long and bitterly.*

*I wept in my dream;  
I dreamt you loved me still.  
I woke, and still  
My tears stream.*

*xiv. Nightly in my dreams  
Nightly in my dreams I see you,  
And see your friendly greeting,  
And weeping loud, I hurl myself  
Down at your sweet feet.*

*Wistfully you look at me,  
Shaking your fair little head;  
Stealing from your eyes  
Flow little tears of pearl.*

*You whisper me a soft word  
And hand me a wreath of cypress.  
I wake, the wreath is gone,  
And I cannot remember the word.*





Schumann's *Dichterliebe* was composed in 1840, the 'year of song' in which the composer produced over 130 songs. The sixteen songs of this cycle are amongst Schumann's most well-known, especially no.7, *Ich grolle nicht*. The cycle presents a poet's love for a woman, reflecting Schumann's separation from his beloved Clara at the time of composition. This love is portrayed first as simple and cheerful, with abundant floral imagery supporting such. The second quarter of the cycle sees this love become desperate and furious, as the poet decries a love now lost with ample self-derision.

The third quarter of the cycle highlights the bitterness, mourning and irony of one marrying another, despite an anxious, unrequited love for her. The final quarter of *Dichterliebe* enters a dream-like world, with visions of the protagonist's sweetheart appearing from both delightful and nightmarish perspectives. The latter persists outside of the poet's dreams, whereas the positive is extinguished 'like mere foam' when he wakes. This agonising reality is most intense towards the conclusion of no.13, *Ich hab' im Traum gewinet*, where a silence of both piano and voice signifies a profound loss.

The force of the final song is somewhat undermined by the singer's low tessitura, which renders the poet's request for strength ineffectual. The poet directly tells the listener of his intention to bury his sorrow in the Rhine but the objective seems unfinished – the piano postlude reminds one of the self-pity and wistful reminiscence that characterise the cycle, complete with the poet's almost pathetic fragility in his boundless, grief-ridden yearning.

James Kitchingman is a third-year undergraduate from Harrogate, studying music at Clare and singing tenor in Clare College Choir. He was a chorister at Ripon Cathedral, going on to study voice and piano at junior RNCM in Manchester. He took a gap year to sing as a choral scholar at Worcester Cathedral, and is now a member of the Cambridge University Chamber Choir. He was president of Clare College Music Society (CCMS) last academic year. He studies singing with Marcus van den Akker at the Royal Academy of Music, focussing on the music of Schubert, Schumann and Britten. As a pianist James particularly enjoys collaborating with the piano.