

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 12 September 2022
7.30pm

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Diana Damrau soprano
Xavier de Maistre harp

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An die Musik D547 (1817)
Auf dem Wasser zu singen D774 (1823)
Du bist die Ruh D776 (1823)
Ellens Gesang III D839 (1825)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Impromptu No. 6 Op. 86 (1904)
En prière (1890)
Clair de lune Op. 46 No. 2 (1887)
Les berceaux Op. 23 No. 1 (1879)
Adieu from *Poème d'un jour* Op. 21 (1878)
Notre amour Op. 23 No. 2 (c.1879)

Interval

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Nuit d'étoiles (1880)
Fleur des blés (1881)
Clair de lune from *Fêtes galantes Book I* (1882)
Mandoline (1882)
Beau soir (1891)
Clair de lune from *Suite bergamasque* (c.1890 rev. 1905)

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Assisa a' piè d'un salice from *Otello* (1816)
From *Soirées musicales* (c.1830-5)
L'invito • La pastorella dell'Alpi
L'esule (1857-68)
Aragonese (1857-68)



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Even during **Schubert's** lifetime, some arrangements of his songs started to appear in Vienna with the piano parts arranged for guitar, and the modern harp could be said to offer a similarly intimate alternative to the piano. 'An die Musik', on a poem by his friend Franz von Schober, was composed in March 1817. This heartfelt and noble hymn in praise of music has an arching melody, mirrored and echoed by the bass line of the accompaniment, while repeated chords propel the music on its gentle way. 'Auf dem Wasser zu singen' was written in 1823. The poem was by the diplomat and poet Friedrich Leopold, Graf zu Stollberg-Stollberg, who dedicated it to the memory of his wife. He lived at Sondermühlen Castle which is – appropriately enough – surrounded by water. Schubert's song was first published as a musical supplement for a Viennese magazine on 30 December 1823. Marked by an accompaniment which reflects the watery theme, the song was described by Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau as a demonstration of 'the most entrancing qualities of Schubert's lyricism [with] a typically Austrian sensuous delight in melody.'

'Du bist die Ruh', setting words by Friedrich Rückert, was also composed in 1823. In 1928, for the Schubert centenary, the British critic Richard Capell published a study of Schubert's songs in which he described 'Du bist die Ruh' as an 'erotic hymn' which Schubert set 'in a singularly pure and beautiful spirit', equating the fulfilment of love with spiritual purity. 'Ellens Gesang III', composed in April 1825, is better known as Schubert's 'Ave Maria' and sets a German translation of Walter Scott's paraphrase of the famous Catholic hymn, which appears in the Third Canto of Scott's *The Lady of the Lake*. One of seven Scott settings, it was an immediate success and Schubert wrote to his father on 25 July 1825: 'Much have I surprised people by the religious feeling I have expressed in a hymn to the Blessed Virgin, by which, so it seems, all are struck and solemnly impressed.' Scott takes the Latin text as his starting point, but presents it in a secular setting in which he describes Ellen singing to the accompaniment of a harp.

Fauré's Impromptu Op. 86 was composed for the harp *concours* at the Paris Conservatoire which took place on 25 July 1904. It is dedicated to his friend, Alphonse Hasselmans, professor of harp at the Conservatoire, who almost certainly helped Fauré with some of the technical challenges explored in the piece. With its harp-like accompaniment, 'En prière' effortlessly captures the innocent piety of Stéphan Bordèse's poem. Fauré's setting was originally published in 1890 in *Contes mystiques*, an anthology of religious songs by various composers including Holmès, Viardot, Massenet and Saint-Saëns. It was dedicated to the mezzo-soprano Rachel-Pascaline Leroux-Ribeyre whose singing was admired by several composers at the time. Fauré wrote

'Clair de lune' in 1887. It is one of his most magical songs, demonstrating the mature composer's astonishing gift for rhythmic and harmonic ambiguity that perfectly reflect the shifting half-lights of Verlaine's poem. 'Adieu' was composed a decade earlier, in 1878, and already demonstrates Fauré's fluidity and ingenuity in an ostensibly simple song. 'Les berceaux' and 'Notre amour' were both written in 1879. The first suggests the rocking of infants' cradles and the boats of their fathers (fishing in treacherous waters), while the second is a more straightforward love song.

'Nuit d'étoiles' was composed in 1880, when **Debussy** was still in his teens, and it constitutes an auspicious debut as the young composer's first published composition. In the same year, Debussy started to accompany Mme Moreau-Sainti's singing class and 'Fleur des blés' was dedicated to one of its members, Mme Emile Deguingand, its vocal writing more suggestive of Debussy's later style. Though he had been taught the piano by Verlaine's mother-in-law, Debussy seems never to have met the poet himself. An early setting of his *Clair de lune* was composed in 1882 (five years before Fauré's) and it was revised in 1891. It demonstrates greater harmonic range than his earlier songs, and a vocal line that seems to float effortlessly and freely. The original version had been dedicated to the soprano Marie-Blanche Vasnier – his muse at the time – as was another Verlaine setting, 'Mandoline', completed on 25 November 1882 in Vienna. 'Beau soir', on a poem by Paul Bourget, was first published in 1891. This peaceful evocation of a summer evening is wonderfully reflected in the music, as is the turn towards darker thoughts as the light fades. The instrumental *Clair de lune*, written for solo piano in about 1890, was first published 15 years later as part of the *Suite bergamasque*. Full of atmosphere and allure, this extremely popular piece was arranged for many different instruments, and a harp transcription first appeared in the 1920s.

'Assisa a piè d'un salice' is Desdemona's 'Willow Song' from Act Three of **Rossini's** *Otello*, first performed in Naples on 4 December 1816. In the original opera, this highly expressive aria is accompanied by an orchestra with a prominent solo harp part, and arrangements for voice and harp started to appear very soon after the première. The *Soirées musicales*, first published in 1835, were composed after Rossini renounced the operatic stage. 'La pastorella dell'Alpi' is a Tyrolean song, while 'L'invito' is a Bolero. The arietta 'L'esule' and the enchanting 'Aragonese' were both written in Paris towards the end of Rossini's long and contented life: they are among his delightful *Péchés de vieillesse* – 'sins of old age' – composed between 1857 and 1868.

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Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

An die Musik D547 (1817) To music

Franz von Schober

Du holde Kunst, in wieviel
grauen Stunden,
Wo mich des Lebens wilder
Kreis umstrickt,
Hast du mein Herz zu warmer
Lieb entzunden,
Hast mich in eine bessre Welt
entrückt.

O sweet art, in how many a
grey hour,
when I am caught in life's
tempestuous round,
have you kindled my heart to
loving warmth,
and borne me away to a better
world.

Oft hat ein Seufzer, deiner Harf
entflossen,
Ein süsser, heiliger Akkord von
dir,
Den Himmel bessrer Zeiten
mir erschlossen,
Du holde Kunst, ich danke dir
dafür!

Often a sigh, escaping your
harp,
a chord of sweet celestial
harmony,
has opened a heaven of better
times,
O sweet art, for this I thank
you!

Auf dem Wasser zu singen D774 (1823) To be sung on the water

*Friedrich Leopold Graf zu
Stolberg-Stolberg*

Mitten im Schimmer
derspiegelnden Wellen
Gleitet, wie Schwäne,
derwankende Kahn;
Ach, auf der Freude sanft
schimmernden Wellen
Gleitet die Seele dahin wie der
Kahn;
Denn von dem Himmel herab
auf die Wellen
Tanzet das Abendrot rund um
den Kahn.

Amid the shimmer of mirroring
waves
the swaying boat glides like a
swan;
ah, on joy's gently gleaming
waves
the soul glides onward like the
boat;
for the sunset glow from
heaven
dances on the waves around
the boat.

Über den Wipfeln des
westlichen Haines,
Winket uns freundlich der
rötliche Schein;
Unter den Zweigen des
östlichen Haines
Säuselt der Calmus im
rötlichen Schein;
Freude des Himmels und Ruhe
des Haines
Atmet die Seel' im errötenden
Schein.

Above the tree-tops of the
western grove,
the reddish light beckons
us;
beneath the branches of the
easterly grove,
the sweet-flag rustles in the
reddish light;
the soul breathes in the joy of
heaven,
the peace of the grove in the
reddening glow.

Ach es entschwindet mit
tauigem Flügel
Mir auf den wiegenden Wellen
die Zeit.
Morgen entschwindet mit
schimmerndem Flügel
Wieder wie gestern und heute
die Zeit,
Bis ich auf höherem
strahlendem Flügel
Selber entschwinde der
wechselnden Zeit.

For me, alas, time
vanishes
with dewy wings on the
rocking waves.
Time vanishes tomorrow with
shimmering wings,
as it did yesterday and
today,
till I on loftier, radiant
wings,
myself escape the flux of
time.

Du bist die Ruh D776 (1823)

Friedrich Rückert

Du bist die Ruh,
Der Friede mild,
Die Sehnsucht du,
Und was sie stillt.

You are repose

You are repose
and gentle peace,
you are longing
and what stills it.

Ich weihe dir
Voll Lust und Schmerz
Zur Wohnung hier
Mein Aug' und Herz.

I pledge to you
full of joy and pain
as a dwelling here
my eyes and heart.

Kehr ein bei mir,
Und schliesse du
Still hinter dir
Die Pforten zu.

Come in to me,
and softly close
the gate
behind you.

Treib andern Schmerz
Aus dieser Brust.
Voll sei dies Herz
Von deiner Lust.

Drive other pain
from this breast!
Let my heart be filled
with your joy.

Dies Augenzelt
Von deinem Glanz
Allein erhellt,
O füll es ganz.

This temple of my eyes
is lit
by your radiance alone,
O fill it utterly.

Texts continue overleaf

Ellens Gesang III D839

(1825)

Sir Walter Scott trans. Adam Storck

Ave Maria! Jungfrau mild,
Erhöre einer Jungfrau Flehen,
Aus diesem Felsen starr und wild
Soll mein Gebet zu dir
hinwehen.

Wir schlafen sicher bis zum
Morgen,

Ob Menschen noch so
grausam sind.

O Jungfrau, sieh der Jungfrau
Sorgen,

O Mutter, hör ein bittend Kind!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Unbefleckt!

Wenn wir auf diesen Fels
hinsinken

Zum Schlaf, und uns dein
Schutz bedeckt

Wird weich der harte Fels uns
dünken.

Du lächelst, Rosendüfte
wehen

In dieser dumpfen Felsenkluft,

O Mutter, höre Kindes Flehen,

O Jungfrau, eine Jungfrau ruft!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Reine Magd!

Der Erde und der Luft Dämonen,

Von deines Auges Huld

verjagt,

Sie können hier nicht bei uns
wohnen.

Wir woll'n uns still dem

Schicksal beugen,

Da uns dein heil'ger Trost

anweht;

Der Jungfrau wolle hold dich

neigen,

Dem Kind, das für den Vater

fleht.

Ave Maria!

Ellen's song III

Ave Maria! Virgin mild,
listen to a virgin's pleading,
from this wild, unyielding rock
my prayer shall be wafted to
you.

We shall sleep safely till
morning dawns,

however cruel men may
be.

O Virgin, behold a virgin's

cares,

O Mother, hear a pleading child!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Undefined!

When, beneath your
protection,

we sink down on this rock to
sleep,

the hard rock shall seem soft
to us.

You smile, and the fragrance of
roses

wafts through this gloomy cavern,

O Mother, hear a child's entreaty,

O Virgin, a virgin cries out to you!

Ave Maria!

Ave Maria! Pure Maiden!

Demons of the earth and air,

banished by the grace of your

gaze,

cannot dwell with us
here.

We shall silently submit to

fate,

since your holy comfort

breathes on us;

bow down, I pray, to this

virgin,

this child who prays for her

father.

Ave Maria!

Si Vous m'avez choisi pour
enseigner vos lois

Sur la terre,

Je saurai Vous servir, auguste

Roi des rois,

O Lumière!

Sur mes lèvres, Seigneur,

mettez la vérité

Salutaire,

Pour que celui qui doute, avec
humilité

Vous révère!

Ne m'abandonnez pas,

donnez-moi la douceur

Nécessaire,

Pour apaiser les maux,

soulager la douleur,

La misère!

Révélez Vous à moi, Seigneur
en qui je crois

Et j'espère:

Pour Vous je veux souffrir et

mourir sur la croix,

Au calvaire!

If You have chosen me to
teach your laws

on earth,

I will know how to serve You,

great King of kings,

O Light!

Upon my lips, Lord, place the

life-saving

truth,

that he who doubts with

humility may

revere You!

Do not abandon me, give me

the grace

necessary

to salve ills, ease

suffering,

misery!

Reveal Yourself to me, Lord in
whom I believe

and hope:

for You I wish to suffer and die

on the cross,

at Calvary!

Clair de lune Op. 46

No. 2 (1887)

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,

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen
landscape

bewitched by masquers and
bergamaskers,

playing the lute and dancing
and almost

sad beneath their fanciful
disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor
key

of conquering love and life's
favours,

they do not seem to believe in
their fortune

and their song mingles with
the light of the moon,

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.

The calm light of the moon,
sad and fair,

that sets the birds dreaming in
the trees

and the fountains sobbing in
their rapture,

tall and svelte amid marble
statues.

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Impromptu No. 6 Op. 86 (1904)

En prière (1890)

Stéphan Bordèse

Si la voix d'un enfant peut
monter jusqu'à Vous,

O mon Père,

Ecoutez de Jésus, devant Vous

à genoux,

La prière!

In prayer

If the voice of a child can reach
all the way to You,

O my Father,

then as I kneel before You,

hear Jesus's

prayer!

Les berceaux Op. 23

No. 1 (1879)

Sully Prudhomme

Le long du quai les grands
vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux
berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des
adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes
pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands
vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui
diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains
berceaux.

The cradles

Along the quay the great
ships,
listing silently with the surge,
pay no heed to the
cradles
rocked by women's hands.

But the day of parting will
come,
for it is decreed that women
shall weep,
and that men with questing spirits
shall seek enticing horizons.

And on that day the great
ships,
leaving the dwindling harbour
behind,
shall feel their hulls held back
by the soul of the distant
cradles.

Adieu from *Poème d'un jour* Op. 21 (1878)

Charles Grandmougin

Comme tout meurt vite, la rose
Déclose,
Et les frais manteaux diaprés
Des prés;
Les longs soupirs, les bien-
aimées,
Fumées!

On voit dans ce monde léger
Changer
Plus vite que les flots des
grèves,
Nos rêves,
Plus vite que le givre en
fleurs,
Nos cœurs!

A vous l'on se croyait
fidèle,
Cruelle,
Mais hélas! les plus longs amours
Sont courts!

Et je dis en quittant vos
charmes,
Sans larmes,
Presqu'au moment de mon
aveu,
Adieu!

Farewell

How swiftly all things die, the rose
in bloom,
and the cool dappled mantle
of the meadows;
long-drawn sighs, loved
ones,
all smoke!

In this fickle world we see
our dreams
change more swiftly than
waves
on the shore,
our hearts change more swiftly
than patterns
of frosted flowers!

To you I thought I would be
faithful,
cruel one,
but alas! the longest loves
are short!

And I say, taking leave of your
charms,
without tears,
almost at the moment of my
avowal,
farewell!

Notre amour Op. 23

No. 2 (c.1879)

Armand Silvestre

Notre amour est chose légère,
Comme les parfums que le
vent
Prend aux cimes de la fougère
Pour qu'on les respire en
rêvant.
Notre amour est chose légère.

Notre amour est chose
charmante,
Comme les chansons du matin
Où nul regret ne se lamente,
Où vibre un espoir incertain.
– Notre amour est chose
charmante.

Notre amour est chose sacrée,
Comme les mystères des bois
Où tressaille une âme ignorée,
Où les silences ont des voix.
– Notre amour est chose sacrée.

Notre amour est chose infinie,
Comme les chemins des
couchants
Où la mer, aux cieux
réunie,
S'endort sous les soleils
penchants.

Notre amour est chose éternelle,
Comme tout ce qu'un Dieu
vainqueur
A touché du feu de son aile,
Comme tout ce qui vient du
cœur,
Notre amour est chose éternelle.

Our love

Our love is light and gentle,
like fragrance fetched by the
breeze
from the tips of ferns
for us to breathe while
dreaming.
– Our love is light and gentle.

Our love is
enchanting,
like morning songs,
where no regret is voiced,
quivering with uncertain hopes.
– Our love is
enchanting.

Our love is sacred,
like woodland mysteries,
where an unknown soul throbs
and silences are eloquent.
– Our love is sacred.

Our love is infinite,
like sunset
paths
where the sea, joined with the
skies,
falls asleep beneath slanting
suns.

Our love is eternal,
like all that a victorious
God
has brushed with his fiery wing,
like all that comes from the
heart,
– Our love is eternal.

Interval

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Nuit d'étoiles (1880)

Théodore de Banville

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

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

Fleur des blés (1881)

André Girod

Le long des blés que la brise
Fait onduler puis défrise
En un désordre coquet,
J'ai trouvé de bonne prise
De t'y cueillir un bouquet.

Mets-le vite à ton corsage;
Il est fait à ton image
En même temps que pour toi ...
Ton petit doigt, je le gage,
T'a déjà soufflé pourquoi:

Ces épis dorés, c'est
l'onde
De ta chevelure blonde
Toute d'or et de soleil;
Ce coquelicot qui fronde
C'est ta bouche au sang vermeil.

Et ces bluets, beau
mystère!
Points d'azur que rien
n'altère,

Night of stars

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
your breeze and your fragrance,
sad lyre
that sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

Serene melancholy
now blooms deep in my heart,
and I hear the soul of my love
quiver in the dreaming woods.

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
your breeze and your fragrance,
sad lyre
that sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

Once more at our fountain I see
your eyes as blue as the
sky;
this rose is your breath,
and these stars are your eyes.

Night of stars,
beneath your veils,
your breeze and your fragrance,
sad lyre
that sighs,
I dream of bygone loves.

Flower of wheat

From the tall corn that ripples
and undulates under the breeze
in coquettish disarray,
I have found the good idea
to gather a bouquet for you.

Place it on your bosom, quickly;
it was not only gathered for you,
but also created in your image,
and I'll warrant your little finger
has already told you why:

These golden ears of corn are
like the waves
of your own fair tresses,
spun from gold and sunlight;
this insolent poppy
is the red blood of your lips.

And these cornflowers, (you'll
never guess!),
these azure dots that nothing
can change,

Ces bluets ce sont tes yeux
Si bleus qu'on dirait, sur
terre,
Deux éclats tombés des cieux.

these cornflowers are your eyes,
so blue that they look like two
pieces of heaven
fallen down upon this earth.

Clair de lune from *Fêtes galantes Book I* (1882)

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 a chosen
landscape
bewitched by masquers and
bergamaskers,
playing the lute and dancing
and almost
sad beneath their fanciful
disguises.

Singing as they go in a minor
key
of conquering love and life's
favours,
they do not seem to believe in
their fortune
and their song mingles with
the light of the moon,

The calm light of the moon,
sad and fair,
that sets the birds dreaming in
the trees
and the fountains sobbing in
their rapture,
tall and svelte amid marble
statues.

Mandoline (1882)

Paul Verlaine

Les donneurs de sérénades
Et les belles écouteuses
Echangent des propos fades
Sous les ramures chanteuses.

C'est Tircis et c'est Aminte,
Et c'est l'éternel Clitandre,
Et c'est Damis qui pour
mainte
Cruelle fait maint vers tendre.

Leurs courtes vestes de soie,
Leurs longues robes à queues,
Leur élégance, leur joie
Et leurs molles ombres bleues

Tourbillonnent dans l'extase
D'une lune rose et grise,
Et la mandoline jase
Parmi les frissons de brise.

Mandolin

The gallant serenaders
and their fair listeners
exchange sweet nothings
beneath singing boughs.

Tircis is there, Aminte is there,
and tedious Clitandre too,
and Damis who for many a
cruel maid
writes many a tender song.

Their short silken doublets,
their long trailing gowns,
their elegance, their joy,
and their soft blue shadows

Whirl madly in the rapture
of a grey and roseate moon,
and the mandolin jangles on
in the shivering breeze.

Beau soir (c.1880)

Paul Bourget

Lorsque au soleil couchant les
rivières sont roses,
Et qu'un tiède frisson court sur
les champs de blé,
Un conseil d'être heureux
semble sortir des choses
Et monter vers le cœur
troublé;

Un conseil de goûter le charme
d'être au monde
Cependant qu'on est jeune et
que le soir est beau,
Car nous nous en allons,
comme s'en va cette onde:
Elle à la mer – nous au tombeau!

Beautiful evening

When at sunset the rivers are
pink
and a warm breeze ripples the
fields of wheat,
all things seem to advise
content –
and rise toward the troubled
heart;

Advise us to savour the gift of
life,
while we are young and the
evening fair,
for our life slips by, as that river
does:
it to the sea – we to the tomb.

Clair de lune from *Suite bergamasque* (c.1890 rev. 1905)

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Assisa a' piè d'un salice from *Otello* (1816)

Francesco Berio di Salsa

Desdemona

Assisa a' piè d'un salice,
Immersa nel dolore,
Gemea trafitta Isaura
Dal più crudele amore:
L'aura tra i rami flebile
Ne ripeteva il suon.
I ruscelletti limpidi
A' caldi suoi sospiri,
Il mormorio mesceano
De' lor diversi giri:
L'aura fra i rami flebile
Ne ripeteva il suon.

Salce d'amor delizia!
Ombra pietosa appresta,
Di mie sciagure immemore,
All'urna mia funesta;
Nè più ripeta l'aura
De' miei lamenti il suon.
Che dissi! ... Ah m'ingannai! ...
Non è del canto
Questo il lugubre fin.
M'ascolta ...
(*Un colpo di vento spezza
alcuni vetri della finestra*)
Oh Dio!
Qual mai strepito è questo!
Qual presagio funesto!

Seated beneath a willow tree

Desdemona

Seated beneath a willow tree,
consumed by sorrow,
Isaura did weep,
wounded by cruellest love:
amid the boughs, the melancholy
breeze echoed her lament.
The limpid streams
mingled the murmur
of their eddying flow
with her heartfelt sighs.
Amid the boughs, the melancholy
breeze echoed her lament.

Willow, love's delight!
Oblivious to my misfortune,
lend your merciful shade
to my funereal urn;
let the breeze no more echo
the sound of my lament.
What have I said? ... Ah, I was
wrong! This
is not the end of my mournful
song. Listen...
(*A gust of wind shatters some
of the window panes*)
Dear Lord!
What was that?
What dire portent?

Io credeva che alcuno ... Oh
come il Cielo
S'unisce a' miei lamenti!...
Ascolta il fin de' dolorosi
accenti.

Ma stanca alfin di
spargere
Mesti sospiri, e pianto,
Mori l'afflitta vergine
Ahi! di quel salce accanto.
Ma stanca alfin di piangere
Mori ... che duol!
l'ingrato ...
Oimè ... ma il pianto
Proseguir non mi fa.
(*ad Emilia*)
Parti, ricevi
Da' labbri dell'amica il bacio
estremo.

Deh calma, o Ciel, nel sonno
Per poco le mie pene,
Fa che l'amato bene
Mi venga a consolar.
Se poi son vani i prieghi,
Di mia breve urna in seno
Di pianto venga almeno
Il cenere a bagnar.

I thought someone... Oh, the
heavens
are joining me in my lament!...
Listen to these last plaintive
words.

Listen to these last plaintive
words.
sighing and weeping,
the unhappy maiden died,
alas, there beside the willow.
Yet weary at last of weeping,
she died ... what sorrow! The
thankless man...
Alas... my own tears
prevent me from saying more.
(*to Emilia*)
Go now, after one last kiss
from the lips of your
friend.

O heaven, I beg you ease
my torment for a while in sleep.
Grant that my beloved
may come to comfort me.
If my prayers are futile,
let him at least come
to bathe with his tears
the ashes within my urn.

From *Soirées musicales* (c.1830-5)

L'invito

Conte Carlo Pepoli

Vieni, o Ruggiero,
La tua Eloisa
Da te divisa
Non puo restar:
Alle mie lacrime
Già rispondevi,
Vieni, ricevi
Il mio pregar.

Vieni, o bell'angelo,
Vien, mio diletto,
Sovra il mio petto
Vieni a posar!
Senti se palpita,
Se amor t'invita ...
Vieni, mia vita,
Vieni, fammi spirar ...

The invitation

Come Ruggiero,
your Eloisa
cannot stay
separated from you:
you've already
responded to my tears,
come and grant
my request.

Come, beautiful angel,
come, my delight,
here on my bosom
come to rest!
Feel my throbbing heart,
when love invites you,
come my life, come,
make me die!

La pastorella dell'Alpi

Carlo Pepoli, Conte

Son bella pastorella,
Che scende ogni mattino
Ed offre un cestellino
Di fresche frutta e fior.

Chi viene al primo albore
Avrà vezzose rose
E poma rugiadose,
Venite al mio giardino.

Son bella pastorella, ...

Ahu, ahu...

Chi nel notturno orrore
Smarr la buona via,
Alla capanna mia
Ritrover il cammin.

Venite, o passeggero,
La pastorella è qua,
Ma il fior del suo pensiero
Ad uno sol darà!

Venite, o passeggero, ...

Ahu, ahu...

L'esule (1857-68)

Giuseppe Torre

Qui sempre ride il cielo,
Qui verde ognor la fronda,
Qui del ruscello l'onda
Dolce mi scorre al piè;
Ma questo suol non è
La Patria mia.

Qui nell'azzurro flutto
Sempre si specchia il sole;
I gigli e le viole
Crescono intorno a me;
Ma questo suol non è
La Patria mia.

Le vergini son vaghe
Come le fresche rose
Che al loro crin compose
Amor pegno di fé;
Ma questo suol non è
La Patria mia.

Nell'Itale contrade
E una città Regina;
La Ligure marina
Sempre le bagna il piè.
La ravvisate, ell'è
La Patria mia.

The Alpine Shepherdess

I am the pretty shepherdess
who walks down every morning
with my basket of fresh fruit
and flowers to offer

Those who come at daybreak
will have elegant roses
and apples fresh with dew,
come to my garden,

I am the pretty shepherdess...

Ah, ah...

Those who have lost their way
in the darkness of night,
will find their path again
as they pass by my little home.

Come travellers one and all,
the shepherdess is here,
but the flower of her mind
she will give to one man alone!

Come travellers one and all ...

Ah, ah...

The Exile

Here the skies are always clear,
the leaves are always green,
the water in the stream
flows gently over my feet;
but this land is not
home to me.

Here the sun is always
mirrored in blue waters;
lilies and violets
bloom all around me;
but this land is not
home to me.

The girls are as fair
as the fresh roses
love has entwined in their hair
as a token of fidelity;
but this land is not
home to me.

The queen of cities
is to be found in Italy;
her shores endlessly washed
by the Ligurian sea.
Do you know her? That city is
home to me.

Aragonese (1857-68)

Pietro Metastasio

Mi lagnerò tacendo
Della mia sorte amara
Ma ch'io non t'ami, o
cara,
Non lo sperar da me!

Crudel, in che t'offesi
farmi penar così?
Crudel, in che t'offesi
farmi penar, perché?

Aragonese

I will lament in silence
my bitter fate;
but that I should not love you,
dear one,
do not expect that of me!

Cruel one, how did I hurt you,
to make me suffer like this?
Cruel one, how did I hurt you,
to make me suffer - why?

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