

WIGMORE HALL

Tuesday 14 May 2024
7.30pm

This concert is supported by the Rick Mather David Scrase Foundation

Ema Nikolovska mezzo-soprano
Sean Shibe guitar

Jules Massenet (1842-1912)	O Souverain, ô Juge, ô Père from <i>Le Cid</i> (1884)
John Dowland (1563-1626)	Preludium Come again, sweet love doth now invite (pub. 1597) Think'st thou then by thy feigning (pub. 1597) Come, heavy sleep (pub. 1597)
Sasha Scott (b.2002)	1000 PARTS OF YOU (2024) <i>world première</i> Co-commissioned by Richard Cauldwell and Wigmore Hall
Detlev Glanert (b.1960)	Insel der Düfte from <i>Orlando-Lieder</i> (2004)
Thomas Adès (b.1971)	Blanca from <i>The Exterminating Angel</i> (2015-6)
Detlev Glanert	Hexensabbat from <i>Orlando-Lieder</i>
Franz Schubert (1797-1828)	<i>Einsamkeit</i> from Winterreise D911 (1827)
Detlev Glanert	<i>Lied der Wehmut</i> from <i>Orlando-Lieder</i>
Thomas Adès	Habanera from <i>The Exterminating Angel</i>

Interval



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**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**



Detlev Glanert	From <i>Orlando-Lieder</i> <i>Orlandos Traum • Lied vom Meer • Der Hippogryph</i>
Cassandra Miller (b.1976)	Dream Memorandum (It Reminded Me of the Truth) (2024)
Hans Abrahamsen (b.1952)	See the limpid spring from 2 <i>Inger Christensen Songs</i> (2017)
Franz Schubert	So lasst mich scheinen from <i>Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister</i> D877 (1826)
John Dowland	Orlando Sleepeth
Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)	Aimez-moi (1886)
Bob Dylan (b.1941)	Masters of War (1962-3) <i>based on Trad/American arranged by Jean Ritchie</i>
Laurie Anderson (b.1947)	O Superman (<i>with electronics by Sasha Scott</i>) (1981)

The knight immortal, the troubadour ever-changing, the lover constant: Orlando adventures in all their/her/his forms, uncovering who they truly are. This programme explores the non-linear journey between the multiple iterations of Orlando through disparate time, genders and media, inspired by written stories such as the Old French *Chanson de Roland*, Ludovico Ariosto's *Orlando furioso*, and Virginia Woolf's *Orlando: A Biography*.

Orlando's experience with war begins with the *Chanson de Roland* (written c.1040), one of the oldest surviving works of French literature, and continues with his part in Ariosto's *Orlando furioso* (1532). These poems focus on the duties of a knight, as well as courtly love and the chivalrous adventures that ensue. Virginia Woolf forces Orlando to consider his identity in her novel *Orlando: A Biography* (1928), making him both long-lived and genderfluid. Inspired by her first female lover and fellow writer, Vita Sackville-West, Woolf created an Orlando who not only shifts from a man into a woman and steps up in social class from a court page to a noblewoman, but who explores their gender expression and sexuality. The novel follows Orlando's centuries-long adventures through both physical countries and metaphysical ways of being.

This programme follows Orlando's kaleidoscopic existence via the four musical signposts of Sasha Scott's '1000 parts of you', Cassandra Miller's 'It Reminded Me of the Truth', Detlev Glanert's *Orlando-Lieder* and Laurie Anderson's 'O Superman'. Along the way, we touch upon music by Dowland, Massenet, Bob Dylan and others.

Both Sasha Scott and Cassandra Miller contend with Orlando's identity in their world première works, deriving inspiration from Woolf's novel. '1000 parts of you' by **Scott**, a Londoner and current composition student at the Royal College of Music, mirrors her cover of 'O Superman', employing voice, guitar and electronics. About this piece, she said, '...[Chapter 6 of *Orlando*] led me to contemplate how we all as humans have what feels like thousands of different selves and parts of us, which all make us who we are. When I was thinking about this, I visited the exhibition *Infinity Mirror Rooms* by Yayoi Kusama. I was really moved and struck by the infinitive amount of reflections there were in the mirrored room, and how it almost felt like a simulation of Orlando's introspection. I wanted the sound world to feel infinitive and contemplative, yet consuming and overwhelming.'

Miller, a Canadian composer and previous Associate Head of Composition at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, created her piece, *Dream Memorandum* ('It Reminded Me of the Truth'), from the voice-memo of her conversation with Ema Nikolovska about the overarching themes of Woolf's novel. Speaking about her process, Miller said, '...I've asked Ema to re-learn excerpts of her voice memos to me, and to speak them now in concert accompanied by Sean. I find the sound of Ema's voice to be magical, evocative and intelligent – and, fortunately

for the transcription process, quite tonal. Her flights of insight manifest in an effervescent F major, and her most profound reflections have a rich D minor cadence.'

While adventuring the musical landscape, we continuously return to **Detlev Glanert's** *Orlando-Lieder*. This set of songs explores facets of Orlando's personality while providing a musical scaffolding for the entire recital. The texts, although inspired by Ariosto's *Orlando furioso*, are new poems by writers Margareth Obexer and Angela di Ciriaco-Sussdorff. This work had its complete world première in Berlin in 2005, with Aron Brieger and Juliane Tief. Glanert's propensity for harmonic complexity in his vocal work shines through these songs, although he swaps his usually dense soundscape for the sparse narrative style common to the troubadours and trobairitz of the Middle Ages. The voice moves freely over the lute-like accompaniment of the guitar, Glanert's emotion-forward compositional voice lending itself well to these texts that focus on passion and adventure.

This troubadour-esque sound serves as connective thread throughout the recital, exemplified by **Dowland's** work and colouring the wartime songs of Bob Dylan and Laurie Anderson. When placed alongside **Dylan's** 'Masters of War', a Cold War protest song from 1963, **Anderson's** 'O Superman' displays the effects of war on Orlando's identity and hampered ability to create community. Having started as an indie avant-garde artist, Anderson burst onto the commercial scene with her 'O Superman', taking the number two spot on the UK singles chart in 1981. The song began as part of *United States*, an 8-hour stage work that spanned two evenings and included musical numbers alongside purely visual segments, spoken word pieces and animated vignettes. Both the stage work and the song explore life in the United States, with the song focusing on how new technology can change communication between individuals during wartime. This song is sometimes called 'O Superman (for Massenet)' because Anderson was inspired by the aria 'O Souverain, ô juge, ô père' from **Massenet's** *Le Cid*. The opening line of the piece ('O Superman, O Judge, O Mom and Dad') mirrors the translated opening line of Massenet's aria ('O sovereign lord, O judge, O father'), but the text diverges after that. The original recording of 'O Superman' utilises looping electronics and a vocoder, allowing Anderson's voice to serve as both a constant beat and an accompanying, chordal Greek chorus. This programme's cover version, created by Sasha Scott, emulates the electronic accompaniment of the original while adding an acoustic element through the use of guitar. Orlando's adventure continues through and beyond this programme, their identity changing as they repeatedly reflect upon it. Who and what will they become next?

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Jules Massenet (1842-1912)

Le Cid (1884)

Adolphe d'Ennery, Louis Gallet, Édouard Blau, after
Pierre Corneille

O Souverain, ô Juge, ô Père (1884) O sovereign lord, O judge, O father

O souverain, ô juge, ô père, Toujours voilé, présent toujours, Je t'adorais au temps prospère Et te bénis aux sombres jours! Je vais où ta loi me réclame, Libre de tous regrets humains! O souverain, ô juge, ô père, Ta seule image est dans mon âme Que je remets entre tes mains!	O sovereign lord, O judge, O father, always hidden, always here, I worshipped you in times of plenty and bless you in these dark days! I will go where your law decrees, free from all mortal regrets! O sovereign lord, O judge, O father, your image alone is in my soul, that I give up into your hands!
---	--

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Preludium

Come again, sweet love doth now invite

(pub. 1597)

Anonymous

Come again, sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces, that refrain
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

All the night my sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams;
My heart takes no delight
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
And mark the storms are me assigned.

Gentle Love,
Draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart,
For I that to approve,
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,
Did tempt, while she for mighty triumph laughs.

Think'st thou then by thy feigning (pub. 1597)

Anonymous

Think'st thou then by thy feigning
Sleep, with a proud disdain,
Or with thy crafty closing
Thy cruel eyes reposing,
To drive me from thy sight,
When sleep yields more delight,
Such harmless beauty gracing.
And while sleep feigned is,
May not I steal a kiss,
Thy quiet arms embracing.

O that my sleep dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled,
Thy cruel eyes deceiving,
Of lively sense bereaving:
Then should my love requite
Thy love's unkind despite,
While fury triumph'd boldly
In beauty's sweet disgrace:
And liv'd in sweet embrace
Of her that lov'd so coldly.

Come, heavy sleep (pub. 1597)

Anonymous

Come, heavy Sleep, the image of true death,
And close up these my weary weeping eyes,
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,
And tears my heart with Sorrow's sigh-swoll'n cries.
Come and possess my tired through-worn soul,
That living dies till thou on me be stole.

Sasha Scott (b.2002)

1000 PARTS OF YOU (2024) world première

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Detlev Glanert (b.1960)

Insel der Düfte from *Orlando-Lieder* (2004)

Margareth Obexer and Angela di Ciriaco-Sussdorff,
after Ludovico Ariosto

*The perfumed island: carried across the water on the
wind, the scent of oleander, rose, lily, thyme, citrus,
myrtle.*

*Its lovely inhabitants learned the art of love from
Venus herself.*

Die Segel blähen sich, ein wolkenloser himmel tut
sich auf.
Die Luft ist mild. Die Sonne spiegelt sich im Wasser.
Von fernen Meereswogen dringen Düfte, umkosen
alle Sinne.
Vom Archipel der Liebesgöttin Venus kunden sie,
von Zypern und von Paphos.
So stark ist der Geruch von Oleander, Rose, Lilie und
Thymian,
Dass selbst der kühlfste Wind am offenen Horizont sie
nicht verscheuen kann.
Der bittersüße Duft von Zitrusfrüchten zieht von
Paphos der Lieblichen, herbei.
Safran und Myrthen heissen jeden, der hier
ankommt, zu verweilen.
Wen wundert's, dass der Mensch an diesem ort in
seligem Verzücken, in Lust und Liebe lebt?
Wahrlich berauchend ist die Schönheit der Mädchen
und der Frauen hier,
Von Venus selbst erfuhren sie die Kunst mit Küssen
zu erobern.

Thomas Adès (b.1971)

Blanca from *The Exterminating Angel*

(2015-6)

Tom Cairns

Over the sea,
Over the sea,
Where is the way?
Birds, tell me!

Over the sea
On islands of gold
A mighty tall nation
Of giants stroll.

A mighty tall nation
Upright and pure,
Ruled by a king
Like none before.

Gardens the king has
Over the sea
Where birds of paradise
Nest in the trees.

Over the sea,
Over the sea,
Where is the way?
Birds, tell me!

Detlev Glanert

Hexensabbat from *Orlando-Lieder*

Margareth Obexer and Angela di Ciriaco-Sussdorff,
after Ludovico Ariosto

*The witches' sabbath: a grotesque gathering blocks
the knight's path. Apes, cats, half-human
creatures, youths and leathery old men cavort and
ride on the backs of beasts.*

*The high priest rides a giant tortoise, two gnomes
holding up its drunken head.*

Wilde Waldgesellen stellen sich dem Ritter in den
Weg.

Auf den Menschenkörpern stecken zischende
Dämonenfratzen.

Affen und Katzen stampfen mit Bocksfüssen auf.

Bärentatzen, scharrende Wesen mit
Zentaurenleibern,

Dazwischen grinsende junge Männer und alte
Greise,

Die Haut von einem Ledermantel nicht zu
unterscheiden.

Ohne Zügel, ohne Sattel, schiessen sie an ihm vorbei,

Andere reiten gemächlich auf Ochs und Esel.

Ein junger mann springt auf einen Zentauren,
Andere greifen sich Kraniche.

Auf einer Riesenschildkröte reitet in der Mitte der
Hauptmann,

Dessen trunkenen Kopf zwei Gnomen stützen,

Dessen trunkenen Kopf, Hauptmann, trunkenen
Kopf,

Stützen Gnomen, trunkenen Kopf, stützen,
trunkenen Kopf,

Trunkenen Kopf, zwei Gnomen, zwei Gnomen, zwei
Gnomen,

Zwei Affen, Katzen, Wesen, Männer, Greise, zwei
Gnomen, zwei Gnomen, zwei Gnomen.

So torkeln sie inmitten grauser Fratzen gradewegs
wie aus der Hölle!

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Einsamkeit from *Winterreise* D911 (1827)

Wilhelm Müller

Einsamkeit

Wie eine trübe Wolke
Durch heitre Lüfte geht,
Wenn in der Tanne Wipfel

Loneliness

Like a dark cloud
drifting across clear skies,
when a faint breeze

Ein mattes Lüftchen weht:	blows through the fir- tops:
So zieh' ich meine Strasse Dahin mit tragem Fuss, Durch helles, frohes Leben, Einsam und ohne Gruss.	I go on my way with dragging steps, through life's bright joys, lonely and ignored.
Ach, dass die Luft so ruhig!	Alas, why is the air so calm!
Ach, dass die Welt so licht!	Alas, why is the world so bright!
Als noch die Stürme tobten,	While storms were still raging,
War ich so elend nicht.	I was not so wretched.

Detlev Glanert

Lied der Wehmut from *Orlando-Lieder*

Margareth Obexer and Angela di Ciriaco-Sussdorff,
after Ludovico Ariosto

*A song of melancholy longing: he stands gazing for
hours into the depths of space, in search of
nothing, finding nothing.*

Einsam, stumm, blickt er, die Augen
Traurig verloren
In den Himmelsraum hinein.
Er mag schon Stunden in den Tiefen
Der Gestirne wandern, bewegungslos,
Am gleichen Platz, die Füße lahm.
Nicht suchend, niemals wieder findend,
Die Hände wie zur letzten Ruh gefaltet, still.

Thomas Adès

Habanera from *The Exterminating Angel*

Tom Cairns

I think they watch us from time to time
From the front from the back from the sides
The rancorous eyes of hens
More dreadful than the rotting water of grottoes
Incestuous as the eyes of the mother who died on
the gallows.
I think I will have to die with my hands in the
quagmire . . .
I think that if a son were born to me
He would remain eternally watching the beasts
copulating in the late afternoon!

Interval

Detlev Glanert

From *Orlando-Lieder*

Margareth Obexer and Angela di Ciriaco-Sussdorff,
after Ludovico Ariosto

Orlandos Traum

*Orlando's dream: two bright stars, Angelica and
himself, shining with happiness. Suddenly a rough
wind comes, uprooting flowers and trees; she is
taken from him, borne into the depths of space.*

Im frühen Morgengrauen fällt Orlando in einen
leichten Traum:
Zwei Sterne leuchten hell am Firmament, in denen er
Angelica und sich im höchsten Glück erstrahlen
sieht.
Doch plötzlich kommt ein Sturmwind auf, der alle
Blumen knickt und Bäume von ihren Wurzeln
trennt.
Angelica wird ihm entrissen!
Davongetragen von den Bösen.
Die Hand, die der Geliebte eben noch berührte,
küsste, ist meilenweit von ihm entfernt.
Und tatenlos sieht er mit an, wie sie in tiefstem All
sich dann verliert.
Orlando peitscht sich durch die Böen, allein, er kann
Angelica nicht sehn.
Es ist kein Ausdruck für den Schmerz,
Den er empfindet.

Lied vom Meer

*A song of the sea: he drives his horse into the open
sea, towards the horizon.
Deeper and deeper it sinks under the waves, until the
waters close over it altogether.*

Er treibt das Ross ins off'ne Meer dem harten Wellen
schlag entgegen,
Zum weiten Horizont.
Die Mähne bäumt sich auf, die Nüstern saugen Luft –
vergeblich.

Es dringt die kalte Gischt in seinen Schädel, die
ersten Wellen schwappen über seinen Kopf, und
tief und tiefer sinkt es, bis es am Ende ganz
versinkt.

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have
ended.*

Der Hippogryph

The hippogriff: Ruggiero mounts the black-maned, winged horse.

It carries him aloft, mountains and valleys receding beneath him; soon it will only be visible as a tiny dot in the sky.

Ruggiero schwingt sich in den Sattel,

Er greift ins glänzend schwarze Haar der Mähne.

Das Pferd, es bäumt sich auf, reißt seinen Kopf herum,

Der Ritter zieht die Zügel stramm, gibt ihm die Sporen.

Da weiten sich die Flügel, schwingen wuchtig auf und nieder,

Und mit behendem Schwung zieht es Ruggiero in die Höh.

Weit sinken Berge und Täler unter ihm zurück,

Bald ist er nur noch als kleiner Punkt vom Himmel aus zu sehn.

Westwärts verwehen beide in die Richtung,

Die sie gen Osten führen soll.

Cassandra Miller (b.1976)

Dream Memorandum (It Reminded Me of the Truth) (2024)

Hans Abrahamsen (b.1952)

See the limpid spring from 2 Inger Christensen Songs (2017)

Inger Christensen, trans. Jakob Holtze

see the small, limpid well-spring,

all dried up and winding

its way up the mountain again.

and the bottomless roses

that marshland encloses

lay pollen to rest in the fen

in the days without end

imprinted in stone they in time signify

the cumulus letters engraved in the sky

like scripture as when Archeopteryx flew

across the celestial dizzying blue

in days without end

in days without end

as the wind sweeps the dry leaves

from the feet of the elm tree,

the summer in anthracite tones

I walk quietly weary

through the avenue - dreary

and darkened as snow, all alone.

in the days without end

I turn and go past the old cemet'ry walls

that echo the petrified dove when it calls

unceasing it looks for a place to suggest

that even its stone heart could somehow find rest

in the days without end

in days without end

Franz Schubert

So lasst mich scheinen from *Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister D877* (1826)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

So lasst mich scheinen So let me seem

So lasst mich scheinen, bis
ich werde;

Zieht mir das weisse Kleid
nicht aus!

Ich eile von der schönen
Erde

Hinab in jenes
feste Haus.

Dort ruh ich eine kleine
Stille,

Dann öffnet sich der frische
Blick,

Ich lasse dann die reine
Hülle,

Den Gürtel und den Kranz
zurück.

Und jene himmlischen
Gestalten,

Sie fragen nicht nach Mann
und Weib,

Und keine Kleider, keine
Falten

Umgeben den verklärten
Leib.

Zwar lebt ich ohne Sorg und
Mühe,

Doch fühlt ich tiefen
Schmerz genug.

Vor Kummer altert ich zu
frühe;

Macht mich auf ewig wieder
jung!

Let me appear an angel
till I become one;

do not take my white
dress from me!

I hasten from the
beautiful earth

down to that impregnable
house.

There in brief repose I'll
rest,

then my eyes will open,
renewed;

my pure raiment then I'll
leave,

with girdle and rosary,
behind.

And those heavenly
beings,

they do not ask who is
man or woman,

and no garments, no
folds

cover the transfigured
body.

Though I lived without
trouble and toil,

I have felt deep pain
enough.

I grew old with grief
before my time;

O make me forever young
again!

John Dowland

Orlando Sleepeth

Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)

Aimez-moi (1886)

Anonymous

Love me

An regarding vo gracieux maintien	Looking upon your gracious profile
Et vous douls yeux qui tant me font de joye,	and your sweet eyes which bring me such joy,
Amours m'ont mis en l'amoureuse voye;	Love has put me in a state of love;
Mais c'est si fort que mon cœur n'est plus mien.	one so powerful that my heart is no longer mine.
Car quand je pense la vertu et le bien	For when I think on the virtue and goodness
Qui sont en vous, en quelque lieu que soye,	within you, wherever you are,
Mon cœur et moy du tout je vous octroye,	my heart and my whole self I give to you,
Il est à vous, certes je n'y ai rien.	it is yours, nothing of it remains with me.
Mon bel amy, du tout je le retiens	My beloved, I hold nothing back
Comme celle qui suis, où que je soye,	of all the things that I am -
Vostre à jamais, car myeulx je ne pourroye	yours forever, for I could not have
Avoir choisy, cela cognays-je bien.	chosen better; that I know well.

Bob Dylan (b.1941)

Masters of War (1962-3)

based on Trad/American arranged by Jean Ritchie
Bob Dylan

Come you masters of war,
You that build the big guns ...

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Laurie Anderson (b.1947)

O Superman (with electronics by Sasha
Scott) (1981)

Laurie Anderson

O superman
O judge ...

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*Translations of Schubert by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder
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Viardot by Jean du Monde.*

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