# WIGMORE HALL

# Saturday 19 February 2022 7.30pm

## Carolyn Sampson soprano

Tim Mead countertenor

# Arcangelo

Jonathan Cohen director, piano	Jonathan Manson cello
Michael Gurevich violin	Tim Amherst double bass
Louise Ayrton violin	Emmanuel Laporte oboe
Jane Gordon violin	Katie Lewis oboe
Tuomo Suni violin	Joe Qiu bassoon
Beatrice Philips violin	Thomas Dunford lute
Rebecca Jones viola	

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George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)	Silete venti HWV242 (c.1723-5)
	Concerto Grosso in F Op. 3 No. 4 HWV315 (1740) I. Andante - Allegro • II. Andante • III. Allegro • IV. Minuetto alternativo
Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)	Cessate, omai cessate RV684
	Interval
Antonio Vivaldi	Concerto for 2 violins in A minor Op. 3 No. 8 RV522 'L'estro armonico' (pub. 1711) I. Allegro • II. Larghetto e spiritoso • III. Allegro
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)	Tilge, Höchster, meine Sünden BWV1083 (c.1745–7) based on Giovanni Pergolesi

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### From Italy to Germany

In the early 18th Century, the sights and sounds of Italy held an enduring appeal for Germans. Many German aristocrats visited Italy to view its art and architecture, and to experience music at its churches and theatres. Yet Italy also had connotations of moral corruption for Teutonic visitors: Protestants feared they might be converted there to Catholicism and consigned to eternal damnation; Northerners were bewitched by the voices of castrati, but fretted that these singers undermined conventional notions of masculinity.

Among the travellers heading south over the Alps were German musicians seeking the latest operatic styles. In 1706 **George Frideric Handel** travelled to Italy at the age of 21. He stayed there for four years, composing operas in Florence and Venice, and church music and cantatas in Rome. Later he would use his knowledge of Italian opera to create theatrical productions in London.

The fruits of Handel's Italian years are evident in his motet *Silete venti.* The virtuoso vocal writing requires a soprano or castrato as would be available in Italy. Although Handel is thought to have written the motet in London in the mid-1720s, it was unsuitable for Anglican use; he may instead have intended it for an Italian soprano or one of his former Italian patrons. During the overture, the crisp dotted rhythms are interrupted by mysterious soft chords. A similar effect occurs with the entry of the soprano, who (during a busy orchestral fugue) commands the rushing winds to be silent. The orchestra obeys immediately, with the mood changing to a *Larghetto*. Among the subsequent movements, 'Dulcis amor' paints a sensuous picture of the believer's spiritual love for Christ.

During his time in Rome, Handel encountered the violinist Arcangelo Corelli. According to one anecdote, Corelli did not play Handel's French overtures in the manner that the composer desired, leading Handel to snatch Corelli's violin in order to demonstrate the required 'fire and force'. How Handel adapted the Corellian concerto is evident in his Concerto Grosso in F Op. 3 No. 4. In Corelli's output, the concerto grosso involves a solo trio of two violins and cello, contrasted against the *tutti* string orchestra. Handel, however, used a greater variety of solo instruments in the concertos published as his Opus 3, such as an oboe in the concerto performed today. The opening is in the French style, exhibiting the spirited strength that Corelli reportedly did not comprehend. More Italianate is the ensuing *Andante* where the oboe spins a delicate melody over string accompaniment. A fugal movement and two minuets conclude this compendium of different national styles.

For northern visitors to Venice, one of the main attractions was the music of **Antonio Vivaldi**. For much of his career, Vivaldi taught at the Ospedale della Pietà, a girls' orphanage which used musical performances as a source of income. The girls gave concerts in the orphanage chapel, concealed behind a metal grille to protect them from the eyes of male visitors. To catch the attention of audiences in this unusual venue, Vivaldi favoured styles involving virtuosic playing and strong dramatic contrasts.

Vivaldi's theatrical vocal writing is showcased in his cantata *Cessate, omai cessate.* Via two recitatives and arias, the singer complains at being rejected by the lover Dorilla. The aria 'Ah, ch'infelice sempre' evokes the pain caused by Dorilla's cruelty, with the vocal line unfolding over pizzicato strings. By the second aria, 'Nell'orrido albergo', grief has been replaced by anger: Vivaldi uses the rapid figuration and pulsing fanfares of an operatic rage aria, as the singer calls for revenge on the beloved. Cantatas such as this were performed in exclusive social circles in Italy, and handwritten copies were purchased by northern tourists as souvenirs of their Grand Tour.

Particularly renowned in northern Europe were Vivaldi's string concertos such as his Opus 3 set *L'estro armonico*. These showed the distinctive elements of his concerto writing: insistent rhythms, audacious harmonies, and a structure that alternates a *ritornello* theme with figuration for the soloists. Vivaldi's Concerto for 2 violins in A minor Op. 3 No. 8 was one of the compositions encountered by Johann Sebastian Bach around 1713, possibly via a copy bought by his patron Duke Johann Ernst of Weimar. The first movement is remarkable for its abundance of initial ideas, including chiselled chords, rapid scales and driving harmonic progressions. Bach arranged this concerto for solo organ, as a way to perform it himself while absorbing the features of Vivaldi's style.

In the last decade of his life, Bach again took an interest in fashionable Italian styles. Around 1745 he adapted the Stabat mater by Giovanni Pergolesi, setting it to the words Tilge, Höchster, meine Sünden. Pergolesi wrote this work in 1736 in Naples, using operatic idioms to express Mary's pain at the crucifixion of her son. Within a few years, Bach had obtained a handwritten copy, perhaps via Italian musicians associated with the Dresden court. The Marian text was unsuitable for the Protestant churches of Leipzig, so Bach reworked the piece to the penitential words of Psalm 51. In the first movement, the intertwined dissonances representing the sorrow of Mary now become a plea to God to expunge sins. While some movements use the delicate slurred and syncopated figures of Neapolitan opera, others use the contrapuntal idiom known as the stile antico that had long appealed to Germans. In his arrangement, Bach elaborated Pergolesi's texture, replacing the original viola part (which doubles the bass) with an independent line. He thereby showed his ongoing fascination with Italian music, as well as his desire to improve it.

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# George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

# Silete venti HWV242 (c.1723-5)

Anonymous

### Sinfonia

Recitativo Silete venti. Nolite murmurare frondes. Quia anima mea dulcedine Requiescit.

### Aria

Dulcis amor, Jesu care, Quis non cupit te amare; Veni, transfige me. Si tu feris non sunt clades: Tuae plagae sunt suaves, quia totus Vivo in te.

Accompagnato O fortunata anima. O iucundissimus triumphus, O felicissima laetitia

# Aria

Date serta, date flores; Me coronent vestri honores; Date palmas nobiles. Surgent venti et beatae spirent Almae Fortunate auras Caeli fulgidas.

Presto Alleluia.

Sinfonia

Be silent, you winds, and do not murmur, you branches, because my soul is resting in sweetness.

### Aria

Sweet love, dear Jesus, who does not desire to love Thee; Come, transfix me. If you strike me, there are no injuries: your strokes are sweet, because I live totally in You.

O blessed soul. O happiest triumph, O most fortunate joy!

### Aria

Give garlands, give flowers; may your honours crown me; give noble palms. Let the winds arise and the blessed, fortunate spirits breathe the resplendent breezes of Heaven.

Presto Alleluia.

# Concerto Grosso in F Op. 3 No. 4 HWV315 (1740)

I. Andante - Allegro II. Andante III. Allegro N. Minuetto alternativo

Be silent, winds

Recitative

Accompagnato

# Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)

# Cessate, omai cessate **RV684**

Anonymous

Cessate, omai cessate Rimembranze crudeli D'un affetto tiranno: Già barbare e spietate Mi cangiaste i contenti In un immenso affanno. Cessate, omai cessate Di lacerarmi il petto, Di trafiggermi l'alma, Di toglier al mio cor riposo e calma. Povero core afflitto e abbandonato, Se ti toglie la pace Un affetto tiranno, Perchè un volto spietato, un'alma infida La sola crudeltà pasce ed annida.

Ah, ch'infelice sempre Mi vuol Dorilla ingrata, Ah, sempre più spietata M'astringe a lagrimar. Per me non v'è ristoro, Per me non v'è piu spene, E il fier martoro E le mie pene Solo la morte Puo consolar. Ah, ch'infelice sempre, ...

A voi dunque ricorro, Orridi spechi, taciturni orrori, Solitari ritiri ed ombre amiche; Tra voi porto il mio duolo, Perch'e spero da voi quella pietade Che Dorilla inumana non annida. Vengo, spelonche amate, Vengo, spechi graditi, Alfine meco involto In mio tormento in voi resti sepolto.

Nell'orrido albergo, Ricetto di pene. Potrò il mio tormento Sfogare contento, Potrò ad alta voce

# Cease, henceforth cease, cruel memories of despotic love; heartless and pitiless, you have turned my happiness into immense sorrow. Cease, henceforth cease to tear my breast, to pierce my soul, to rob my heart of peace and calm. Wretched, injured and forsaken you are, my heart, if a tyrannical passion can rob you of tranquillity because a pitiless countenance, a faithless soul, harbours and nurtures nothing

Cease, henceforth cease

Ah, ungrateful Dorilla wishes me to remain unhappy; ah, ever more pitilessly she forces out my tears. For me there is no remedy, for me there is no more hope. This fierce torment and my pain only death will assuage. Ah, ungrateful Dorilla...

but cruelty.

So it is to you, gloomy places, silent horrors, lonely caves and friendly shades, that I come and bring my grief, because I hope to obtain from you the pity that is not to be found in ungrateful Dorilla. Beloved caves, I come, I come, welcoming caverns, until finally, racked by my pains, I will bury myself in you.

In this horrible refuge, sheltering from my pains, I shall be able to give vent, to my grief, I shall be able

Chiamare spietata Dorilla l'ingrata, Morire potrò. Andrò d'Acheronte Su la nera sponda, Tingendo quest'onda Di sangue innocente, Gridando vendetta Ed ombra baccante Vendetta farò. Nell'orrido albergo ...

# Interval

# Antonio Vivaldi

Concerto for 2 violins in A minor Op. 3 No. 8 RV522 'L'estro armonico' (pub. 1711)

to call out;

and to die.

of Acheron,

'Dorilla, heartless and ungrateful',

I'll go to the gloomy banks

with my blameless blood,

I will take my revenge.

In this horrible refuge...

and, like the shade of a Bacchante,

staining that stream

crying for revenge.

I. Allegro II. Larghetto e spiritoso III. Allegro

# Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

# Tilge, Höchster, meine Sünden BWV1083

(c.1745-7)based on Giovanni Pergolesi Picander, based on Psalm 51

Versus 1 Duet Tilge, Höchster, meine Sünden Deine Eifer lass verschwinden, Lass mich deine Huld erfreun.

Versus 2 Aria Ist mein Herz in Missetaten Und in grosse Schuld geraten, Wasch es selber, mach es rein.

Versus 3 Duet Missetaten, die mich drücken, Muss ich mir itzt selbst aufrücken; Vater, ich bin nicht gerecht.

Blot out, Highest, my transgressions. thy stern ardour let now vanish, let me now thy care enjoy.

If my heart in sinful actions and in greatest guilt hath fallen, wash it thyself, make it clean.

Sinful actions which oppress me I must now myself acknowledge; Father, I have not been just.

Versus 4 Aria Dich erzürnt mein Tun und Lassen, Tun und lassen musst du hassen. Weil die Sünde mich geschwächt.

Versus 5 & 6 Duet Wer wird seine Schuld verneinen Oder gar gerecht erscheinen? Ich bin doch ein Sündenknecht. Wer wird, Herr, dein Urteil mindern Oder deine Ausspruch hindern? Du bist recht, dein Wort ist recht.

Versus 7 Duet Sieh! Ich bin in Sünd empfangen Sünde wurde ja begangen, Da, wo ich erzeuget ward.

Versus 8 Aria Sieh, du willst die Wahrheit haben. Die geheimen Weisheitsgaben Hast du selbst mir offenbart.

Versus 9 Aria Wasche mich doch rein von Sünden. Dass kein Makel mehr zu finden, Wenn der Isop mich besprengt.

Versus 10 Duet Lass mich Freud und Wonne spüren, Dass die Beine triumphieren, Da dein Kreuz mich hart bedrängt.

### Versus 11-15 Duet

Schaue nicht auf meine Sünden, Tilge sie, lass sie verschwinden. Geist und Herze mache neu.

Thee offend my deeds and failings, deeds and failings scorn thou shouldest for my sins have made me weak.

Who will his own guilt deny then, or indeed as just to claim it? I'm in truth to sin a thrall. Who will, Lord, thy judgment weaken, or prevent thy sentence spoken? Thou art fair, thy word is fair.

Lo, I was in sin conceivéd, sinful deeds I've here committed since the day I was conceived.

Lo, thou wouldst the truth be given, all the hidden gifts of wisdom thou thyself to me revealed.

Wash me clean of my transgressions, that no spot more be discovered when by hyssop I'm asperged.

Let me feel the joy and pleasure. let me always gladly triumph, when the cross me hard doth press.

Do not look upon my errors, blot them out, let them now vanish, heart and soul do thou renew.

# Blot out, Highest, my transgressions

Stoss mich nicht von deinen Augen, Und soll fort mein Wandel taugen, O, so steh dein Geist mir bei.

Gib, o Höchster, Trost ins Herze, Heile wieder nach dem Schmerze, Es enthalte mich dein Geist.

Denn ich will die Sünder lehren, Dass sie sich zu dir bekehren Und nicht tun, was Sünde heisst.

Lass, o Tilger meiner Sünden, Alle Blutschuld gar verschwinden. Dass mein Loblied, Herr, dich ehrt.

*Aria* Öfne Lippen, Mund und Seele, Dass ich deinen Ruhm erzähle, Der alleine dir gehört.

Versus 16

Versus 17 & 18 Duet Denn du willst kein Opfer haben, Sonsten brächt ich meine Gaben; Rauch und Brand gefällt dir nicht.

Herz und Geist, voll Angst und Grämen, Wirst du, Höchster, nicht beschämen, Weil dir das dein Herze bricht.

Versus 19 & 20 Duet Lass dein Zion blühend dauern, Baue die verfallnen Mauern, Alsdann opfern wir erfreut.

Alsdann soll dein Ruhm erschallen, Alsdann werden dir gefallen Opfer der Gerechtigkeit.

*Duet* Amen.

Amen.

Translation of Vivaldi by Luigi Cataldi. Translation of Bach by © Z. Philip Ambrose.

Thrust me not from out thy vision, and if then my conduct merits, O, then me thy spirit help.

Fill, O Highest, heart with comfort, health restore amidst my suff 'ring, arm me with thy Spirit's strength.

For I would all sinners monish that they be to thee converted and not do what sin doth bid.

Let, destroyer of my error, every mortal crime now vanish that my anthem, Lord, thee praise.

Open lips and mouth and spirit, that I may thy fame be telling, which alone to thee belongs.

For no sacrifice thou seekest, else l'd bring to thee my off 'ring; smoke and flame content thee not.

Heart and soul full fear and terror wilt thou, Highest, not confound then, for they cause thy heart to break.

Let thy Zion last and flourish, build again the fallen towers, and we'll sacrifice with joy.

And then shall thy glory echo, and then will to thee bring pleasure off 'rings of pure righteousness.