

# WIGMORE HALL

Sunday 1 May 2022 7.30pm

**Jakub Józef Orliński** countertenor

**Michał Biel** piano

**Johann Joseph Fux** (1660-1741)

Non t'amo per il ciel from *Il fonte della salute aperto dalla grazia nel Calvario* (1716)

**Henry Purcell** (1659-1695)

Music for a while from *Incidental music for Oedipus, King of Thebes* Z583 (1692)

From *King Arthur* Z628 (1691)

Fairest Isle • Cold Song

Strike the viol, touch the lute from *Come, ye sons of art, away* Z323 (1694)

**Henryk Czyż** (1923-2003)

Pożegnania (1948)

*Kochałem Panią • Na wzgórzach Gruzji • Ostatni raz*

**Henry Purcell**

Your awful voice I hear from *The Tempest* Z631 (1695)

## Interval

**Henry Purcell**

If music be the food of love Z379c (1695)

**Mieczysław Karłowicz** (1876-1909)

Nie płacz nade mną Op. 3 No. 7 (1896)

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Czasem gdy długo na pół sennie marze (1895)

Zaczarowana królowa Op. 3 No. 10 (1896)

**Stanisław Moniuszko** (1819-1872)

Łza (pub. 1876)

Prząśniczka (pub. 1851)

**George Frideric Handel** (1685-1759)

Amen, Alleluia in D minor HWV269 (c.1734-41)



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**Johann Joseph Fux** wrote *Il fonte della salute* (*The Fount of Salvation*) in 1716 as a kind of hybrid between oratorio and Passion play. The characters are allegorical figures and 'Non t'amo per il ciel' is a *da capo* aria of quiet nobility sung by The Contrite Sinner.

Many of **Henry Purcell's** stage songs quickly acquired a life beyond the theatre: 'Music for a while' (from Dryden and Lee's *Oedipus*) and 'Fairest isle' (from *King Arthur*) were both printed in the anthology *Orpheus britannicus* (1698 and 1702); the magnificently bone-chilling 'Cold Song' also comes from *King Arthur* (where it is sung in the 'Frost' scene). 'Strike the viol' is a song on a lively ground bass from the ode *Come, ye sons of art, away*. 'Your awful voice I hear' was written around 1695 for *The Tempest or The Enchanted Island* (loosely based on Shakespeare): sung by Aeolus in the concluding 'Masque of Neptune', this flamboyant aria is only tenuously attributed to Purcell. Purcell made three settings of Henry Heveningham's Shakespeare paraphrase *If music be the food of love*. The third version, composed in 1695, the last year of Purcell's life, is the most florid and flamboyant of them.

As a conductor, **Henryk Czyż** was a leading champion of contemporary Polish music, giving the premières of Penderecki's *St Luke Passion* and *The Devils of Loudun* in the 1960s. Czyż was also a composer and *Pożegnania* ('Farewells') is a set of three songs on poems by Pushkin, composed in 1948. Czyż's highly chromatic musical language is deployed to powerful expressive effect in these songs. In the first and third, the poet muses on unrequited and lost love, while the second contemplates the joys and sorrows felt by the poet amid nature.

**Mieczysław Karłowicz** was in his prime when he was killed in an avalanche while skiing in the Tatras in 1909 at the age of 32. He studied the violin and composition at the Warsaw Conservatory, then went to Berlin where he was taught by Heinrich Urban (whose other pupils included Paderewski and Wanda Landowska). Karłowicz's output is small, consisting mainly of orchestral music – notably a memorable series of tone poems – and more than two dozen songs. These were nearly all written in 1896 during his studies in Berlin, and many were published at the time: a first book (Op. 1) in 1897, and a second (Op. 3) in 1898. Karłowicz's songs predate his orchestral works but they already reveal a distinctive musical personality. Why this 'year of song' for Karłowicz in 1896? Most probably because they served as a potent reminder of his homeland and his native tongue.

'Nie płacz nade mną' ('Don't cry over me') is on a poem by Jan Iwański who was still a teenager when Karłowicz made his eloquent setting. Józef Waśniewski's 'Z erotyków' ('From the love poems') depicts its subject weeping at the beloved's feet,

and Karłowicz's music perfectly matches the mood of tender despair. Karłowicz was particularly drawn to the poetry of Kazimierz Przerwa-Tetmajer, a member of the Young Poland literary movement, and Tetmajer's 'Mów do mnie jeszcze' ('Carry on, talk to me') is about the consoling power of words. 'Śpi w blaskach nocy' sets a Polish translation of Heine comparing the quiet ocean at night with the poet's heavy heart, and Karłowicz's heartfelt setting is notable for its rich piano chords. Equally compelling is the setting of Zygmunt Krasiński's 'Przed nocą wieczną' ('Before eternal night') in which the poet yearns to hear the beloved's voice one last time. 'Na spokojnym, ciemnym morzu' (On the calm, dark sea) finds the poet seeking solitude and silence, and Karłowicz's music has a quiet formality that well matches the text.

Despite its title, the mood in Tetmajer's 'W wieczorną ciszę' ('In the calm of the evening') is troubled and the song is marked *Agitato*, underpinned by a restless piano part. 'Smutną jest dusza moja' ('My soul is sorrowful'), another Tetmajer poem, is a powerful lament which unfolds over stern piano chords. 'Skąd pierwsze gwiazdy' ('Where the first stars light up') is by Juliusz Słowacki, a friend of Chopin's in Paris. Karłowicz's aptly sorrowful setting of this melancholy poem is marked *Mesto*. 'Czasem gdy długo' ('Sometimes when long I drowsily dream') has a flowing accompaniment through which a lyrical melody is woven. Karłowicz was only 20 when he wrote these songs so it is perhaps no surprise to find him drawn to poems about love and loss. Adam Asnyk's 'Zaczarowana królewna' ('The enchanted princess') tells of a princess dreaming of rescue by a knight who is then turned to stone. Karłowicz follows the dramatic trajectory of the story from enchantment to a tragic climax.

As well as being remembered as the 'father of Polish opera', **Stanisław Moniuszko** was a prolific song composer. *Prząśniczka* ('The loom'), published in 1851 in his third book of *Śpiewnik domowy* ('Songs for the Home'), is richly imbued with the spirit of Polish folksong. 'Łza' ('A tear') comes from the seventh book of *Śpiewnik domowy*, published in 1876, four years after Moniuszko's death, its music steeped in lamentation.

**Handel's Amen, Alleluia** in D minor is one of a number of virtuoso arias composed between 1728 and 1741 in which he set the words 'Amen' and 'Alleluia'. It is uncertain why they were written as they are too florid and elaborate for liturgical use, but it is possible they were intended for private devotion. As a concert piece, the *Amen, Alleluia* in D minor is a brilliant *da capo* aria which allows for an exciting display of vocal control and virtuosity.

## Johann Joseph Fux (1660-1741)

**Non t'amo per il ciel**      **I love you not for the**  
**from *Il fonte della salute***      **heaven**  
***aperto dalla grazia nel***  
***Calvario* (1716)**

*Pietro Pariati*

Non t'amo per il ciel Che puoi donarmi Ma sol perché d'amor, Tu, il fonte sei, E sol perché l'amarti È un dover mio.	I love you not for the heaven you can grant me but for the reason alone tha you are the source of love, and for the reason alone that loving you is my duty.
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Né temo del tuo sdegno Il braccio e l'armi Per un servil timor De' danni miei Ma sol perché temer Deggio il mio Dio.	Nor do I fear the weaponry of your wrath through craven dread of my own injury, but for the reason alone that I am impelled to fear my God.
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## Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

**Music for a while from *Incidental music for Oedipus,***  
***King of Thebes Z583* (1692)**

*John Dryden/Nathaniel Lee*

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile:  
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd,  
And disdain to be pleas'd,  
Till Alecto free the dead  
From their eternal bands,  
Till the snakes drop from her head,  
And the whip from out her hands.  
Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile.

**From *King Arthur Z628* (1691)**

*John Dryden*

### Fairest Isle

Fairest isle, all isles excelling,  
Seat of pleasure and of love.  
Venus here will choose her dwelling,  
And forsake her Cyprian grove.  
Cupid from his fav'rite nation  
Care and envy will remove;  
Jealousy, that poisons passion,  
And despair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,  
Sighs that blow the fire of love,  
Soft repulses, kind disdain,  
Shall be all the pains you prove.  
Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,  
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove;  
And as these excel in beauty,  
Those shall be renown'd for love.

### Cold Song

What power art thou, who from below  
Hast made me rise unwillingly and slow  
From beds of everlasting snow?  
See'st thou not how stiff and wondrous old,  
Far unfit to bear the bitter cold,  
I can scarcely move or draw my breath?  
Let me, let me freeze again to death.

**Strike the viol, touch the lute from *Come, ye sons of***  
***art, away Z323* (1694)**

*?Nahum Tate*

Strike the viol, touch the lute,  
Wake the harp, inspire the flute.  
Sing your patroness's praise,  
In cheerful and harmonious lays.

## Henryk Czyż (1923-2003)

**Pożegnania** (1948)

*Julian Tuwim, after Alexander  
Pushkin*

**Farewells**

**Kochałem Panią**

Kochałem Panią i miłości  
mojej  
Może się jeszcze resztki w  
duszy tła,  
Lecz niech to Pani już nie niepokoi;  
Nie chcę Cię smucić nawet  
myślą tą.  
Kochałem bez nadziei i w  
pokorze,  
W męce zazdrości, nieśmiałości  
trwóg.  
Tak czule, tak prawdziwie, że  
daj Boże,  
Aby Cię inny tak pokochać mógł!

**I loved you**

I loved you, and remnants of my  
love  
might well still flicker in my  
soul,  
but don't let that trouble you;  
I don't want to sadden you even  
with this thought.  
I loved humbly and without  
hope,  
tormented by bashful, jealous  
fears,  
so tenderly, so truly, that  
Heaven grant  
another man might love you so.

## Na wzgórzach Gruzji

Na wzgórzach Gruzji leży nocna  
mgła,  
U moich stóp Aragwa szumi  
pienna.  
Smutno i lekko mi. Tęsknota  
ma  
Świetlana jest i ciebie pełna.

Ciebie jedynej! Smutkiem moich  
snów  
Już cię nie dręczę więcej i nie  
trwożę,  
I serce płonie, serce kocha  
znów,  
Nie kochać bowiem – już nie  
może.

## Ostatni raz

Ostatni raz twą postać  
miłą  
Ważę się myśla tulić dziś  
I wskrzeszać sny serdeczną  
siłą,  
Żalością tkliwą i wstydliwą  
O twej miłości budzić myśl.

Mijają lata i niestety  
Zmieniają świat, zmieniają  
nas!  
W mogilnym mroku, w głębi  
Lety  
Widzi cię dzisiaj wzrok poety,  
Lecz i poeta Tobie  
zgaś.

Więc mego serca pożegnanie  
Przyjmij, daleka! Czoło skłoń  
Jak żona, gdy się wdową  
stanie,  
Jak wierny druh, co przed  
wygnaniem  
Bez słowa ściska bratnią  
dłoń.

## Over the hills of Georgia

Over the hills of Georgia lies a  
nocturnal mist,  
at my feet roars the foaming  
Aragvi.  
I feel both sorrowful and light-  
hearted. My yearning  
is refulgent and full of you.

Of you alone! I'll no longer  
trouble or concern you  
with the sadness of my  
dreams,  
and my heart is on fire once  
more, my heart loves again,  
for not to love – of that it is now  
incapable.

## For the last time

For the last time I venture, in  
imagination,  
to embrace your darling form today  
and by force of affection to  
rekindle dreams,  
with anguished, bashful tenderness  
to waken thoughts of your love.

The years are passing, and sadly,  
they are changing the world,  
they are changing us!  
In the darkness of the grave, in  
Lethe's depths  
your poet envisions you today,  
but for you, even the poet has  
faded.

And so accept my heart's farewell,  
distant one! Bow your head  
like a wife when she becomes a  
widow,  
like a faithful companion who,  
before going into exile,  
wordlessly clasps his brother's  
hand.

## Henry Purcell

### Your awful voice I hear from *The Tempest* Z631

(1695)

*Thomas Shadwell*

Your awful voice I hear and I obey,  
Brother to Jove and monarch of the sea.

Come down, my blusterers, swell no more,  
Your stormy rage give o'er.

To your prisons below,  
Down you must go.

In hollow rocks your revels make,  
Nor 'til I call your trembling dens forsake.

## Interval

## Henry Purcell

### If music be the food of love Z379c (1695)

*Henry Heveningham*

If music be the food of love,  
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;  
For then my list'ning soul you move  
To pleasures that can never cloy.  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are, they wound,  
And all my senses feasted are,  
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.

## Mieczysław Karłowicz (1876-1909)

### Nie płacz nade mną

### Don't cry over me

#### Op. 3 No. 7 (1896)

*Jan Iwański*

Nie płacz nade mną, królewno ma złota, Chociaż me piersi przygniata tęsknota; Chociaż w mej duszy i smutno, i ciemno, Nie płacz nade mną!	Don't cry over me, my golden princess, even though my breast is stricken with longing; even though all is sad and dark within my soul, don't cry over me!
---	---

Nie płacz nade mną, niech w  
marzeń godzinie,  
Dźwięk twego głosu czysty ku  
mnie płynie,  
Zrzuć z twego serca tęsknotę  
daremna,  
Nie płacz nade mną!

Don't cry over me, may the  
sound of your pure voice  
float to me in my  
dreams,  
rid your heart of futile  
longing,  
don't cry over me!

### Z erotyków Op. 3 No. 2

(1896)

*Józef Waśniewski*

I zamiast słońc i gwiazd, aniele  
ty mój drogi,  
Ja tylko łzy i łzy dziś składam ci  
pod nogi.  
Przebacz, że duszy mej ubogie  
są tak zdroje,  
Lecz przyjmij chociaż łzy, bo  
łzy te, to łzy moje.

### From the love poems

I have no sun, no stars, my dear  
beloved angel.  
With tears, and tears alone I can  
adorn your pleasure.  
Thou must forgive my soul its  
poverty and pain,  
but take my humble tears, for  
tears are all my treasure.

### Mów do mnie jeszcze

#### Op. 3 No. 1 (1896)

*Kazimierz Przerwa-Tetmajer*

Mów do mnie jeszcze ... z  
oddali, z oddali,  
Głos twój mi płynie na  
powietrznej fali.  
Jak kwiatem, każdym słowem  
twym się pieszczę,  
Mów do mnie jeszcze...

### Carry on, talk to me

Carry on, talk to me ... from far,  
far away  
your voice flows to me on the  
air.  
Your words soothe my senses  
like flowers.  
Carry on, talk to me...

Mów do mnie jeszcze ... te  
płynące ku mnie słowa  
Są jakby modlitwa przy trumnie.  
I w sercu śmierci wywołują  
dreszcze,  
Mów do mnie jeszcze...

Carry on, talk to me ... your  
words sound to my ear  
like a prayer at the coffin.  
My heart shivers from deathly  
fear,  
Carry on, talk to me...

### Śpi w blaskach nocy

#### Op. 3 No. 5 (1896)

*Maria Konopnicka, after Heinrich  
Heine*

Śpi w blaskach nocy morska  
toń,  
Leciuchno szemrzą fale,  
A mnie na sercu ciężko tak,  
Wspominam dawne żale,  
I owe wieści dawnych  
łań,  
Miast zatopionych jęki,

### The ocean depths are slumbering

The ocean depths are slumbering in  
the radiance of the night,  
the waves murmur faintly,  
but my heart is so heavy –  
I am remembering ancient sorrows,  
and those rumours of times long  
past,  
of the groaning of sunken cities,

I ze dna morza słyszę w  
noc  
Modły i dzwonów  
dźwięki.  
Ale nie zbawią miast tych  
już  
Modły i dzwonów bicia,  
Bo to, co raz chwyciła  
śmierć,  
Nie wróci się do życia.

and from the bottom of the sea I  
hear, in the night,  
prayers and the sound of tolling  
bells.  
But such cities will no longer be  
saved  
by prayers and the tolling of bells,  
for what death has once taken  
hold of  
will never return to life.

### Przed nocą wieczną

#### Op. 3 No. 6 (1896)

*Zygmunt Krasiński*

Przed nocą wieczną niech głos  
twój usłyszę,  
Jak pieśń nadziei w godzinie  
konania,  
A może wtedy ponad grobu  
ciszę  
Wejdzie mi błąd księżyc  
zmarłychwstania.

### Before eternal night

Before eternal night, I wish I  
could hear your voice  
as a song of hope in the hour of  
death.  
Perhaps then, above the silence  
of the grave,  
the pale moon of resurrection  
will come to me.

A jeśli, płacząc, na zgasłych  
żrenicach,  
Złożysz jak kwiaty twoje ciche  
ręce,  
Grób spłonie ogniem i w stu  
błyskawicach  
Słońc nieśmiertelnych obleją  
mnie wieńce.

And if, in tears, on my  
extinguished eyes  
you place, like flowers, your  
silent hands,  
the grave will burn with fire,  
and the lightning  
of a hundred immortal suns  
cascade over my body.

### Na spokojnym, ciemnym morzu Op. 3 No. 4 (1896)

*Kazimierz Przerwa-Tetmajer*

Na spokojnym, ciemnym morzu  
Chciałbym teraz lecieć w łodzi,  
Gdzie już żagli nie ma białych  
Ni szum statków nie  
dochodzi.

### On the calm, dark sea

On the calm, dark sea  
I would like to lie in a boat,  
where there are no white sails  
and the sound of ships cannot  
reach me.

Cały ciężar ten z much  
ramion,  
Co mię zgina i  
obali,  
Chciałbym rzucić w otchłań  
wodną  
I na ciemnej leżeć fali.

This whole burden on my  
shoulders,  
which bends me and knocks me  
down,  
I would like to toss it into the  
watery abyss  
and lie on a dark wave.

Naokoło niech mi cicho,  
Niech mi sennie przestwór  
dźwięczy

Let quietude surround me,  
let the space around me ring  
drowsily,

I niech ciemne głębie w słońcu  
Kolorami grają  
tęczy.

and let the dark depths in the sun  
play with all the colours of the  
rainbow.

Tam, tysiące mil od  
brzegu,  
Na bezdeni, pod  
jasnością,  
Patrząc w niebo nieruchome  
Niech upajam się nicością.

There, thousands of miles from  
the shore,  
on the bottomless deep, under  
the brightness,  
staring at the motionless sky,  
let me revel in nothingness.

### **W wieczorną ciszę**

**Op. 3 No. 8** (1896)

*Kazimierz Przerwa-Tetmajer*

W wieczorną ciszę z daleka  
słyszę  
Szumiące cicho rzeki;  
Myśli me z wolna sennie  
kołysze  
Szum cichy i daleki.

### **In the calm of the evening**

In the calm of the evening, I  
hear from afar  
the quietly rushing rivers;  
my thoughts are slowly rocked  
to sleep  
by the distant quiet roar.

Wolno i sennie w wielki  
bezdennie  
Świat myśli moje płyną,  
Płyną na gwiazdy lśniące  
promiennie  
I w ciemnej pustce giną.

Slowly and sleepily, in the great  
boundless  
world, my thoughts flow,  
flow to the radiantly glittering  
stars  
and, in the dark emptiness, perish.

### **Smutną jest dusza moja**

**Op. 1 No. 6** (1895-6)

*Kazimierz Przerwa-Tetmajer*

Smutną jest dusza moja aż do  
śmierci –  
Opuszczam ręce, niech się co  
chce dzieje,  
Już mi cios żaden mózgu nie  
przewierci,  
Bom już zeń wygnał do szczętu  
nadzieję.

### **My soul is sorrowful**

My soul is sorrowful unto  
death –  
I lower my hands, come what  
may,  
now no further blow can pierce  
my brain,  
for I have already banished all  
hope from it.

I oto stoję, milczący jak we  
śnie,  
Nad urną pragnień mych,  
rozbitą w ćwierci,  
A żem ją stracić musiał w proch  
tak wcześniej,  
Smutną jest dusza moja aż do  
śmierci.

And here I stand, silent as in a  
dream,  
over the shattered urn of my  
desires.  
But that I had to cast them in  
the dust so soon,  
my soul is sorrowful unto  
death.

### **Skąd pierwsze gwiazdy**

**Op. 1 No. 2** (1895-6)

*Juliusz Słowacki*

Skąd pierwsze gwiazdy na  
niebie zaświecą,  
Tam pójde, aż za ciemnych skał  
krawędzie.  
Spojrzę w lecaące po niebie  
łabędzie  
I tam polecę, gdzie one polecą.

### **Where the first stars light up**

Where the first stars light up the  
heavens,  
that's where I shall go, as far as  
the edge of the dark cliff.  
I shall direct my gaze at the  
swans flying across the sky  
and fly whither they fly.

Bo i tu, i tam, za morzem, i  
wszędzie,  
Gdzie tylko poszłę przed sobą  
myśl biedną,  
Zawsze mi smutno i wszędzie  
mi jedno;  
I wszędzie mi źle – i wiem, że  
źle będzie.

For both here and there, beyond  
the sea and everywhere  
I might go, my wretched  
thoughts are before me,  
I am always sad, and it makes no  
difference to me where I am,  
and it is hard for me everywhere,  
and I know it will be hard.

### **Czasem gdy długo na pół sennie marze** (1895)

*Kazimierz Przerwa-Tetmajer*

Czasem, gdy długo na pół  
sennie marzę,  
Cudny kobiecy głos mię skądś  
dolata,  
Anielskie śpiewający pieśni,  
Piękniejsze niżeli wszystkie  
pieśni świata.

### **Sometimes when long I drowsily dream**

Sometimes when long I drowsily  
dream,  
from somewhere, a woman's  
wonderful voice reaches me,  
singing angelic songs,  
more beautiful than all the  
songs in the world.

W głos ten się całą zastuchuję  
duszą,  
Serce mi z piersi tęsknota  
wrywa, poszedłbym za nim  
wszędzi!  
Niewiem czy to miłość, czy  
śmierć tak odzywa.

I listen to the voice with all my  
soul;  
longing wrenches my heart – I  
would follow the voice  
anywhere!  
I do not know if this is love or  
death that sings.

### **Zaczarowana królewna**

**Op. 3 No. 10** (1896)

*Adam Asnyk*

Zaczarowana królewna  
W mirtowym lasku drzemie;  
U nóg jej lutnia śpiewna  
Zsunęła się na ziemię.

### **The enchanted princess**

The enchanted princess  
dreams in a myrtle grove;  
at her feet, a tuneful lute  
has slipped down to the ground.

Niedokończona piosneczka  
Uśmiechem lśni na twarzy;  
Drżą jeszcze jej usteczka –  
O czymś rozkosznym  
marzy.

A sweet unfinished song  
shines on her face in a smile;  
her tender lips still flutter –  
she is dreaming of something  
blissful.

Marzy o jednym z rycerzy,  
Że idąc przez odmęty,  
Do stóp jej tu przybieży  
I przerwie sen zaklęty.

She is dreaming of a certain knight  
who will come through the depths,  
ride up to her feet,  
and break her enchanted dream.

Lecz rycerz, co walczył dla niej,  
Ten męstwo swe przeceniał -  
Zabłąkał się w otchłani...  
I zwałpił... i  
skamieniał.

But the knight who fought for her,  
he rated his valour too high:  
he stumbled in the abyss ...  
and he despaired ... and he  
turned to stone.

## Stanisław Moniuszko (1819-1872)

**Łza** (pub. 1876)

*Anonymous, after Nikolai  
Porfiryevich Grekov*

O łzo samotna, gorzka,  
co wilżysz oko moje,  
Zostałaś sama jedna  
pamiętka dni wiosennych!  
Płynęły twoich  
siostrzyc  
z tych powiek całe zdroje,  
Lecz wiatr je zimny rozwiął  
wśród nocy złych, bezsennych.

**A tear**

O solitary, bitter tear,  
why do you moisten my eye?  
You are the only one left  
to remind me of spring days!  
Whole fountains of your dear  
sisters  
flowed from these eyelids,  
but the cold wind dispersed them  
amidst bad, sleepless nights.

I w tuman się rozprysły  
gwiazdeczki owe złote,  
co mnie opromieniały  
i miłość, i tęsknotę.  
Gdy namiętności burze  
znikomą spadły mgłą,  
Dlaczegoś ty została  
minionych czasów łzo?

And in the clouds they scattered  
those golden stars  
that radiated for me  
love and longing.  
When the storms of passion  
vanished like fine mist,  
why did you remain,  
O tear from times gone by?

**Prząśniczka** (pub. 1851)

*Jan Czeczot*

U prząśniczki siedzą, jak anioł  
dzieweczki,  
Przędą sobie, przędą jedwabne  
niteczki.

**The loom**

By the loom, like angels, sit the  
sweet young girls,  
spinning and spinning their  
slender silken threads.

Kręć się, kręć, wrzeciono,  
Wić się tobie wić!  
Ta pamięta lepiej,  
Czyja dłuższa nić!

Spin, spin the spindle!  
Twist, twist your thread!  
The one whose thread is longer  
will remember better!

Poszedł do Królewca  
młodzieniec z wiciną,  
Łzami się zalewał, żegnając z  
dziewczyną.

A young man with a withy went  
to Königsberg,  
he was awash in tears as he  
bade his girl farewell.

Kręć się, kręć, wrzeciono...

Spin, spin the spindle! ...

Gładko idzie przędza, wesoło  
dziewczynie,  
Pamiętała trzy dni o wiernym  
chłopczynie.

Your yarn is going smoothly,  
happy girl!  
For three whole days she  
remembered her faithful boy.

Kręć się, kręć, wrzeciono...

Spin, spin the spindle! ...

Inny się młodzieniec podsuwa z  
ubocza,  
I innemu rada dziewczyna  
ochocza.

In comes another young boy  
from somewhere else  
and the blissful girl is ready for  
another.

Kręć się, kręć, wrzeciono,  
Pryśła wątła nić;  
Wstydem dziewczę płonie,  
Wstydz się, dziewczę, wstydz!

Spin, spin the spindle!  
The slender thread has snapped;  
the girl is burning with shame,  
for shame, girl, for shame!

## George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

**Amen, Alleluia in D minor HWV269** (c.1734-41)

*Liturgical text*

Amen, Alleluia ...

*Translations of Czyż, 'Nie płacz nade mną', 'Śpi w blaskach nocy', 'Smutną jest dusza moja', 'Skąd pierwsze gwiazdy' and 'Łza' by Susan Baxter. 'Z erotyków' and 'Mów do mnie jeszcze' by Agnieszka Piskorska. 'Przed nocą wieczną', 'Na spokojnym, ciemnym morzu', 'W wieczorną ciszę', 'Czasem gdy długo na pół sennie marze', 'Zaczarowana królowna' and 'Prząśniczka' by Brian Krostenko.*