

WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 22 June 2023
1.00pm

Anne Sofie von Otter Masterclass

Anne Sofie von Otter mezzo-soprano

Chloe Harris mezzo-soprano
Harry Rylance piano

Anna Pych soprano
Chiara Naldi piano

Caroline Bourg soprano
Edward Picton-Turbervill piano

Rebecca Hart mezzo-soprano
Alexsander Ribeiro de Lara piano

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)
Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Chloe Harris mezzo-soprano • Harry Rylance piano
Mignon 'Kennst du das Land?' from *Goethe Lieder* (1888-90)
Sérénade (1869)

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)
Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992)

Anna Pych soprano • Chiara Naldi piano
Erwartung Op. 2 No. 1 (c.1899-1900)
Le collier from *Poèmes pour Mi* (1936)

Interval

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)
Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Caroline Bourg soprano • Edward Picton-Turbervill piano
Apparition (1884)
Norden Op. 90 No. 1 (1917)

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)
Arnold Schoenberg

Rebecca Hart mezzo-soprano • Alexsander Ribeiro de Lara piano
Si vous n'avez rien à me dire (1870)
Galathea from *Brettli-Lieder* (1901)



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Chloe Harris mezzo-soprano • Harry Rylance piano

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Mignon 'Kennst du das Land?' from *Goethe*

Lieder (1888-90)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen blühen, Im dunkeln Laub die Goldorangen glühen, Ein sanfter Wind vom blauen Himmel weht, Die Myrte still und hoch der Lorbeer steht, Kennst du es wohl? Dahin! Dahin Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Geliebter, ziehn.	Do you know the land where lemons blossom, where oranges grow golden among dark leaves, a gentle wind drifts across blue skies, the myrtle stands silent, the laurel tall, do you know it? It is there, it is there I long to go with you, my love.
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Kennst du das Haus? Auf Säulen ruht sein Dach, Es glänzt der Saal, es schimmert das Gemach, Und Marmorbilder stehn und sehn mich an: Was hat man dir, du armes Kind, getan? Kennst du es wohl? Dahin! Dahin Möcht ich mit dir, o mein Beschützer, ziehn.	Do you know the house? Columns support its roof, its hall gleams, its apartments shimmer, and marble statues stand and stare at me: what have they done to you, poor child? Do you know it? It is there, it is there I long to go with you, my protector.
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Kennst du den Berg und seinen Wolkensteg? Das Maultier sucht im Nebel seinen Weg; In Höhlen wohnt der Drachen alte Brut; Es stürzt der Fels und über ihn die Flut, Kennst du ihn wohl? Dahin! Dahin Geht unser Weg! o Vater, lass uns ziehn!	Do you know the mountain and its cloud-girt path? The mule seeks its way through the mist, in caverns dwell the dragons' ancient brood; the cliff falls sheer, the torrent over it, Do you know it? It is there, it is there Our pathway lies! O father, let us go!
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Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Sérénade (1869)

Gabriel Marc

Si j'étais, ô mon amoureuse, La brise au souffle parfumé, Pour frôler ta bouche riieuse, Je viendrais craintif et charmé.	If, my beloved, I were the scented breeze, I would come, timid and rapt, to brush your laughing lips.
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Serenade

Si j'étais l'abeille qui vole, Ou le papillon séducteur, Tu ne me verrais pas, frivole, Te quitter pour une autre fleur.	If I were a bee in flight, or a beguiling butterfly, you would not see me skittishly leave you for another flower.
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Si j'étais la rose charmante Que ta main place sur ton cœur, Si près de toi toute tremblante Je me fanerais de bonheur.	If I were the charming rose your hand placed on your heart, I would, quivering so close to you, wither with happiness.
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Mais en vain je cherche à te plaire, J'ai beau gémir et soupirer. Je suis homme, et que puis-je faire?... T'aimer... Te le dire... Et pleurer!	But I seek in vain to please you, in vain I moan and sigh. I am a man, and what can I do? Love you... Confess my love... And cry!
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Anna Pych soprano • Chiara Naldi piano

Arnold Schoenberg (1874-1951)

Erwartung Op. 2 No. 1

(c.1899-1900)

Richard Dehmel

Aus dem meergrünen Teiche Neben der roten Villa Unter der toten Eiche Scheint der Mond.	From the sea-green pond near the red villa beneath the dead oak the moon is shining.
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Wo ihr dunkles Abbild Durch das Wasser greift, Steht ein Mann und streift Einen Ring von seiner Hand.	Where her dark image gleams through the water, a man stands, and draws a ring from his hand.
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Drei Opale blinken; Durch die bleichen Steine Schwimmen rot und grüne Funken und versinken.	Three opals glimmer; among the pale stones float red and green sparks and sink.
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Und er küsst sie, und Seine Augen leuchten Wie der meergrüne Grund: Ein Fenster tut sich auf.	And he kisses her, and his eyes gleam like the sea-green depths: a window opens.
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Aus der roten Villa Neben der toten Eiche Winkt ihm eine bleiche Frauenhand...	From the red villa near the dead oak, a woman's pale hand waves to him...
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Olivier Messiaen (1908-1992)

Le collier from *Poèmes* The necklace

pour Mi (1936)

Olivier Messiaen

Printemps enchaîné, arc-en-ciel léger du matin, Ah! mon collier! Ah! mon collier!	Spring enchained, light rainbow of morning, ah! my necklace! Ah! my necklace!
Petit soutien vivant de mes oreilles lasses,	Small living support of my weary ears,
Collier de renouveau, de sourire et de grâce,	necklace of renewal, of smiles, of grace,
Collier d'Orient, collier choisi multicolore	Oriental necklace, chosen, multicoloured
Aux perles dures et cocasses!	with hard, whimsical pearls!
Paysage courbe, épousant l'air frais du matin,	Curving landscape, espousing the fresh morning air,
Ah! mon collier! Ah! mon collier!	ah! my necklace! Ah! my necklace!
Tes deux bras autour de mon cou, ce matin.	Your two arms round my neck, this morning.

Interval

Caroline Bourg soprano • Edward Picton-Turbervill piano

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

Apparition (1884)

Stéphane Mallarmé

La lune s'attristait. Des séraphins en pleurs Rêvant, l'archet aux doigts, dans le calme des fleurs Vaporeuses, tiraient de mourantes violes De blanc sanglots glissant sur l'azur des corolles. – C'était le jour béni de ton premier baiser. Ma songerie aimant à me martyriser S'enivrait savamment du parfum de tristesse Que même sans regret et sans déboire laisse La cueillaison d'un Rêve au cœur qui l'a cueilli. J'errais donc, l'œil rivé sur le pavé vieilli	The moon grew sad. Weeping seraphim, dreaming, bows in hand, in the calm of hazy flowers, drew from dying violes white sobs that glided over the corollas' blue. – It was the blessed day of your first kiss. My dreaming, glad to torment me grew skilfully drunk on the perfumed sadness that – without regret or bitter after-taste – the harvest of a Dream leaves in the reaper's heart. And so I wandered, my eyes fixed on the old paving stones,
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Quand avec du soleil aux cheveux, dans la rue

Et dans le soir, tu m'es en riant apparue

Et j'ai cru voir la fée au chapeau de clarté

Qui jadis sur mes beaux sommeils d'enfant gâté

Passait, laissant toujours de ses mains mal fermées

Neiger de blancs bouquets d'étoiles parfumées.

when with sun-flecked hair, in the street

and in the evening, you appeared laughing before me

and I thought I glimpsed the fairy with her cap of light

who long ago crossed my lovely spoilt child's slumbers,

always allowing from her half-closed hands

white bouquets of scented stars to snow.

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Norden Op. 90 No. 1

(1917)

Johan Ludvig Runeberg

Löfven de falla,
Sjöarna frysa...
Flyttande svanor,
Seglen, o seglen
Sorgsna till södern,
Söken dess nödspis,
Längtande åter;
Plöjen dess sjöar,
Saknande våra!
Då skall ett öga
Se er från palmens
Skugga och tala:
'Tynande Svanor,
Hvilken förtrollning
Hvilar på norden?
Den som från södern
Längtar, hans längtan
Söker en himmel.'

The North

The leaves are falling,
the lakes are freezing...
moving swans,
sail, O sail
sorrowful to the South
looking for its meagre fare,
longing back,
ploughing its lakes,
missing ours!
Then shall an eye
see you from the palm's
shadow and speak:
'Swans, languishing away,
what enchantment
lies upon the North?
He, who from the South
is longing, his longing
seeks a heaven.'

Rebecca Hart mezzo-soprano • Alexsander Ribeiro de Lara piano

Camille Saint-Saëns (1835-1921)

Si vous n'avez rien à me dire (1870) If you have nothing to tell me

Victor Hugo

Si vous n'avez rien à me dire, Pourquoi venir auprès de moi? Pourquoi me faire ce sourire Qui tournerait la tête au roi? Si vous n'avez rien à me dire, Pourquoi venir auprès de moi?	If you have nothing to tell me, why do you draw near? Why give me that smile that would turn a monarch's head? If you have nothing to tell me, why do you draw near?
Si vous n'avez rien à m'apprendre, Pourquoi me pressez-vous la main? Sur le rêve angélique et tendre, Auquel vous songiez en chemin, Si vous n'avez rien à m'apprendre, Pourquoi me pressez-vous la main?	If you have nothing to tell me, why are you taking my hand? About this tender, angelic dream you dreamt on your journey here, if you have nothing to tell me, why are you taking my hand?
Si vous voulez que je m'en aille, Pourquoi passez-vous par ici? Lorsque je vous vois, je tressaille: C'est ma joie et c'est mon souci. Si vous voulez que je m'en aille, Pourquoi passez-vous par ici?	If you wish me to go away, why do you pass by here? When I catch sight of you, I tremble: that both gladdens and troubles me. If you wish me to go away, why do you pass by here?

Arnold Schoenberg

Galathea from *Brettli-Lieder* (1901)

Frank Wedekind

Ach, wie brenn' ich vor Verlangen, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Wangen, Weil sie so entzückend sind.	Ah, how I'm burning with desire, Galathea, lovely child, just to kiss your cheeks, because they're so enchanting.
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Wonne die mir widerfahre, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Haare, Weil sie so verlockend sind. Nimmer wehr' mir bis ich ende, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Hände, Weil sie so verlockend sind.	The rapture that I feel, Galathea, lovely child, just to kiss your tresses, because they're so enticing. Never resist me, till I've finished, Galathea, lovely child, kissing your hands, because they're so enticing.
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Ach, du ahnst nicht, wie ich glühe, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Knie, Weil sie so verlockend sind.	Ah, you do not sense how I burn, Galathea, lovely child, to kiss your knees, because they're so enticing.
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Und was tät ich nicht, du Süsse, Galathea, schönes Kind, Dir zu küssen deine Füße, Weil sie so verlockend sind.	And what wouldn't I do, my sweet, Galathea, lovely child, to kiss your feet, because they're so enticing.
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Aber deinen Mund enthülle, Mädchen, meinen Küssen nie, Denn in seiner Reize Fülle, Küsst ihn nur die Phantasie.	But never expose your lips, sweet girl, to my kisses, for the fullness of their charms can only be kissed in fantasy.
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