

# WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 23 February 2023  
7.30pm

Angela Hewitt piano  
Anna Bonitatibus mezzo-soprano

Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)	Les nuits d'été Op. 7 (1840-1) <i>Villanelle</i> <i>Le spectre de la rose</i> <i>Sur les lagunes</i> <i>Absence</i> <i>Au cimetière</i> <i>L'île inconnue</i>
Pauline Viardot (1821-1910)	Scène d'Hermione (pub. 1887) <i>Interval</i>
Franz Liszt (1811-1886)	3 sonetti di Petrarca S270/2 (1864-82) <i>Benedetto sia'l giorno (Sonnet No. 47)</i> <i>Pace non trovo (Sonnet No. 104)</i> <i>I' vidi in terra angelici costumi (Sonnet No. 123)</i>
Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)	Giovanna d'Arco (1832)

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30

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There are few 19th-century musical dynasties as powerfully impressive as that of the García family. The renowned Spanish tenor and composer Manuel García was a close friend and associate of Rossini, and the original Count Almaviva in *Il barbiere di Siviglia* (for which he was paid more than Rossini was to compose it!). His two daughters were also to have superb careers of their own: the elder, Maria Malibran, who died at just 28 in a riding accident; and the younger, Pauline Viardot, composer, singer, pianist, linguist and *salonnière*. It is Viardot who unites the music in this evening's programme – as a friend, collaborator, dedicatee and creator of the pieces before us.

**Hector Berlioz** encountered Viardot in Paris in the early 1840s and was profoundly moved by her fierce musical intelligence and sensitivity. She performed with him in Paris, Vienna and London and he was particularly taken by her appearances as Cassandra and Dido in excerpts of *Les Troyens*. In 1859, Viardot took the lead in a revival of Gluck's *Orphée* at the Théâtre-Lyrique, which Berlioz conducted, running to packed houses every night.

*Les nuits d'été* had been written some time before this powerful collaboration was established. Berlioz completed the score for voice and piano in 1841 and then orchestrated the songs in the mid-1850s. In 1861, however, Berlioz described them as 'quite unknown in France' – most were dedicated to singers working in Germany – and there is no record of him directing or even attending a complete performance.

The texts are drawn from Théophile Gautier's 1838 collection *La Comédie de la mort*; the title *Les nuits d'été* is the composer's own. There is no single protagonist, but rather a succession of powerfully evoked dramatic scenes. We move from the fresh, excitable spring lover of 'Villanelle' to the magical 'Le spectre de la rose' and the heartbroken protagonist of 'Sur les lagunes'. 'Absence' is a call for a loved one to come back, though the return in 'Au cimetière' is that of one lost and remembered as 'une forme angélique'. We end with a journey to 'L'île inconnue', a fantastical voyage of love and whimsy.

The chronology of **Viardot's** own *Scène d'Hermione* is somewhat less clear. The score was first printed in 1887 with a dedication to fellow opera singer Adèle Franck-Duvernoy, the sister-in-law of Viardot's daughter Marianne; but some scholars believe that the piece could have been written much earlier. Viardot takes her text from the fourth act of the 1667 tragedy *Andromaque* by the French dramatist Jean Racine. Hermione, daughter of Helen of Troy, is to marry Pyrrhus, the son of Achilles – but Pyrrhus is in love with his captive Andromache (widow of Hector, slain by Achilles). Amid such tangled passions and enmities, Hermione stands furious and wounded as she realises Pyrrhus does not want her. Her opening recitative, proud and ominous, eventually gives way

to a hymn-like righteousness as she recalls waiting for Pyrrhus to acknowledge and return her love. But rage wins out: 'Traitor!', she shouts, the piano turbulent as she sends him out of her sight.

Although Viardot's fame rests largely on her vocal abilities (and, increasingly, on her highly inventive and skilful compositions), she was also an exceptionally fine pianist who could equally have pursued a career as a keyboard virtuoso. As a teenager she studied with **Liszt** and he – like Clara Schumann – remained a great admirer of her pianistic talent even if they did not always see eye to eye. ('I am very fond of him,' she later mused, 'and believe he likes me too a little; but there is *no true sympathy* between us – we have met, not *found* each other.')

Viardot most certainly did not get on with Liszt's lover, Marie d'Agoult, who abandoned her husband in Paris to travel Europe with him in the mid-1830s. But this time abroad provided much inspiration for Liszt, most famously resulting in three books of *Années de pèlerinage* for solo piano. Between 1842-6, Liszt set three poems by the 14th-century humanist Petrarch as solo songs, which later found their way into the second book of the *Années*. We hear them tonight in their original vocal version, revised later in the composer's life. 'Pace non trovo' is a portrait of restless love, impassioned and extreme, much of the vocal writing set in the manner of recitative. 'Love has me in a prison... you have reduced me, my lady, to this state', our speaker brokenly declares. By contrast, 'Benedetto sia 'l giorno' is a blessing on the arrival of overwhelming love, warm and rapturous; whilst 'l vidi in terra angelici costumi' floats magically on the sweetness of heavenly melodies.

It was **Rossini** whose music provided the international big break for Viardot's father; and it is with Rossini, Viardot's lifelong friend, that we conclude. The cantata *Giovanna d'Arco* was composed in 1832, several years after his retirement from operatic composition (*Guillaume Tell* had been his last, premiering in 1829), to an anonymous text. This is a highly dramatic setting: a pair of recitatives and arias that give us some sense of the different facets of Joan's personality. We begin at night, echoes of a fanfare sounding in the piano as Joan sits musing over her future, restless and uncertain as she realises that she must leave her home. The first aria is addressed to her mother, at first tenderly lilting and melancholy, but gathering energy as Joan imagines the pride she will bring to her family with her courageous deeds. With the second recitative, Joan has a vision – it trembles and sparkles in the piano, sonorous and dramatic. This leads us to the second, unabashedly virtuosic second aria, fiery and martial, as she embraces her fate. Rossini dedicated the cantata to his lover and later wife, Olympe Pélissier.

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## Hector Berlioz (1803-1869)

### Les nuits d'été Op. 7 (1840-1)

Théophile Gautier

#### Villanelle

Quand viendra la saison  
nouvelle,  
Quand auront disparu les froids,  
Tous les deux nous irons, ma  
belle,  
Pour cueillir le muguet au  
bois;  
Sous nos pieds égrenant les  
perles  
Que l'on voit au matin  
trembler,  
Nous irons écouter les  
merles  
Siffler!

Le printemps est venu, ma  
belle;  
C'est le mois des amants  
béné,  
Et l'oiseau, satinant son  
aile,  
Dit ses vers au rebord du  
nid.  
Oh! viens donc sur ce banc  
de mousse,  
Pour parler de nos beaux  
amours,  
Et dis-moi de ta voix si  
douce:  
Toujours!

Loin, bien loin, égarant nos  
courses,  
Faisons fuir le lapin  
caché,  
Et le daim au miroir des  
sources  
Admirant son grand bois  
penché;  
Puis, chez nous, tout  
heureux, tout aises,  
En panier enlaçant nos  
doigts,  
Revenons rapportant des  
fraises  
Des bois!

#### Villanelle

When the new season  
comes,  
when the cold has gone,  
we two will go, my  
sweet,  
to gather lilies-of-the-  
valley in the woods;  
scattering as we tread the  
pearls of dew  
we see quivering each  
morn,  
we'll go and hear the  
blackbirds  
sing!

Spring has come, my  
sweet;  
it is the season lovers  
bless,  
and the birds, preening  
their wings,  
sing songs from the edge  
of their nests.  
Ah! Come, then, to this  
mossy bank  
to talk of our beautiful  
love,  
and tell me in your gentle  
voice:  
forever!

Far, far away we'll stray  
from our path,  
startling the rabbit from  
his hiding-place  
and the deer reflected in  
the spring,  
admiring his great  
lowered antlers;  
then home we'll go,  
serene and at ease,  
and entwining our fingers  
basket-like,  
we'll bring back home  
wild  
strawberries!

## Le spectre de la rose

Soulève ta paupière close  
Qu'effleure un songe virginal;  
Je suis le spectre d'une rose  
Que tu portais hier au  
bal.  
Tu me pris encore  
emperlée  
Des pleurs d'argent de  
l'arrosoir,  
Et parmi la fête étoilée  
Tu me promenas tout le  
soir.

O toi qui de ma mort fus  
cause,  
Sans que tu puisses le  
chasser,  
Toutes les nuits mon spectre  
rose  
A ton chevet viendra  
danser.  
Mais ne crains rien, je ne  
réclame  
Ni messe ni *De  
profundis*;  
Ce léger parfum est mon  
âme,  
Et j'arrive du paradis.

Mon destin fut digne  
d'envie:  
Et pour avoir un sort si beau,  
Plus d'un aurait donné sa  
vie,  
Car sur ton sein j'ai mon  
tombeau,  
Et sur l'albâtre où je  
repose  
Un poète avec un baiser  
Ecrivit: Ci-gît une rose  
Que tous les rois vont  
jalouser.

## The spectre of the rose

Open your eyelids,  
brushed by a virginal  
dream;  
I am the spectre of a rose  
that yesterday you wore  
at the dance.  
You plucked me still  
sprinkled  
with silver tears of  
dew,  
and amid the glittering feast  
you wore me all evening  
long.

O you who brought about  
my death,  
you shall be powerless to  
banish me:  
the rosy spectre which  
every night  
will come to dance at  
your bedside.  
But be not afraid – I  
demand  
neither Mass nor *De  
Profundis*;  
this faint perfume is my  
soul,  
and I come from Paradise.

My destiny was worthy of  
envy;  
and for such a beautiful fate,  
many would have given  
their lives –  
for my tomb is on your  
breast,  
and on the alabaster  
where I lie,  
a poet with a kiss  
has written: Here lies a rose  
which every king will  
envy.

## Sur les lagunes

Ma belle amie est morte:  
Je pleurerai toujours;  
Sous la tombe elle  
emporte  
Mon âme et mes amours.  
Dans le ciel, sans m'attendre,  
Elle s'en retourna;  
L'ange qui  
l'emmena  
Ne voulut pas me prendre.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur  
la mer!

La blanche créature  
Est couchée au cercueil.  
Comme dans la nature  
Tout me paraît en deuil!  
La colombe oubliée  
Pleure et songe à  
l'absent;  
Mon âme pleure et sent  
Qu'elle est dépareillée.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur  
la mer!

Sur moi la nuit  
immense  
S'étend comme un linceul;  
Je chante ma romance  
Que le ciel entend  
seul.  
Ah! Comme elle était belle,  
Et comme je l'aimais!  
Je n'aimerai jamais  
Une femme autant qu'elle.  
Que mon sort est amer!  
Ah! sans amour, s'en aller sur  
la mer!

## On the lagoons

My dearest love is dead:  
I shall weep for evermore;  
to the tomb she takes  
with her  
my soul and all my love.  
Without waiting for me  
she has returned to Heaven;  
the angel who took her  
away  
did not wish to take me.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to set sail loveless  
across the sea!

The pure white being  
lies in her coffin.  
How everything in nature  
seems to mourn!  
The forsaken dove  
weeps, dreaming of its  
absent mate;  
my soul weeps and feels  
itself adrift.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to set sail loveless  
across the sea!

The immense night  
above me  
is spread like a shroud;  
I sing my song  
which heaven alone can  
hear.  
Ah! how beautiful she was,  
and how I loved her!  
I shall never love a woman  
as I loved her.  
How bitter is my fate!  
Alas! to set sail loveless  
across the sea!

## Absence

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-  
aimée;  
Comme une fleur loin du  
soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est  
fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

Entre nos coeurs quelle  
distance!  
Tant d'espace entre nos  
baisers!  
O sort amer! O dure  
absence!  
O grands désirs  
inapaisés!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-  
aimée!  
Comme une fleur loin du  
soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est  
fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

D'ici là-bas, que de  
campagnes,  
Que de villes et de  
hameaux,  
Que de vallons et de  
montagnes,  
A lasser le pied des chevaux!

Reviens, reviens, ma bien-  
aimée!  
Comme une fleur loin du  
soleil,  
La fleur de ma vie est  
fermée  
Loin de ton sourire vermeil!

## Absence

Return, return, my  
sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the  
sun,  
the flower of my life is  
closed  
far from your crimson smile!

Such a distance between  
our hearts!  
So great a gulf between  
our kisses!  
O bitter fate! O harsh  
absence  
O great unassuaged  
desires!

Return, return, my  
sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the  
sun,  
the flower of my life is  
closed  
far from your crimson smile!

So many intervening  
plains,  
so many towns and  
hamlets,  
so many valleys and  
mountains  
to weary the horses' hooves!

Return, return, my  
sweetest love!  
Like a flower far from the  
sun,  
the flower of my life is  
closed  
far from your crimson smile!

## Au cimetière

Connaissez-vous la blanche  
tombe  
Où flotte avec un son plaintif  
L'ombre d'un if?  
Sur l'if, une pâle colombe,  
Triste et seule, au soleil  
couchant,  
Chante son chant;

Un air maladivement  
tendre,  
A la fois charmant et  
fatal,  
Qui vous fait mal  
Et qu'on voudrait toujours  
entendre,  
Un air, comme en soupire  
aux cieux  
L'ange amoureux.

On dirait que l'âme éveillée  
Pleure sous terre à  
l'unisson  
De la chanson,  
Et du malheur d'être  
oubliée  
Se plaint dans un roucoulement  
Bien doucement.

Sur les ailes de la musique  
On sent lentement revenir  
Un souvenir;  
Une ombre, une forme  
angélique  
Passe dans un rayon  
tremblant,  
En voile blanc.

Les belles-de-nuit, demi-  
closes,  
Jettent leur parfum faible et  
doux  
Autour de vous,  
Et le fantôme aux molles  
poses  
Murmure, en vous tendant  
les bras:  
Tu reviendras?

Oh! jamais plus, près de la  
tombe  
Je n'irai, quand descend le soir  
Au manteau noir,  
Ecouter la pâle colombe  
Chanter sur la pointe de l'if  
Son chant plaintif!

## At the cemetery

Do you know the white  
tomb,  
where the shadow of a yew  
waves plaintively?  
On that yew a pale dove,  
sad and solitary at  
sundown  
sings its song;

A melody of morbid  
sweetness,  
delightful and deathly at  
once,  
which wounds you  
and which you'd like to  
hear forever,  
a melody, such as in the  
heavens,  
a lovesick angel sighs.

As if the awakened soul  
weeps beneath the earth  
together  
with the song,  
and at the sorrow of  
being forgotten  
murmurs its complaint  
most meltingly.

On the wings of music  
you sense the slow return  
of a memory;  
a shadow, an angelic form  
passes in a shimmering  
beam,  
veiled in white.

The Marvels of Peru, half-  
closed,  
shed their fragrance  
sweet and faint  
about you,  
and the phantom with its  
languid gestures  
murmurs, reaching out to  
you:  
will you return?

Ah! nevermore shall I  
approach that tomb,  
when evening descends  
in its black cloak,  
to listen to the pale dove  
from the top of a yew  
sing its plaintive song!

## L'île inconnue

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

L'aviron est d'ivoire,  
Le pavillon de moire,  
Le gouvernail d'or fin;  
J'ai pour lest une orange,  
Pour voile une aile d'ange,  
Pour mousse un séraphin.

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?  
La voile ouvre son aile,  
La brise va souffler!

Est-ce dans la Baltique,  
Dans la mer Pacifique,  
Dans l'île de Java?  
Ou bien est-ce en Norvège,  
Cueillir la fleur de neige  
Ou la fleur d'Angsoka?

Dites, la jeune belle,  
Où voulez-vous aller?

Menez-moi, dit la  
belle,  
A la rive fidèle  
Où l'on aime toujours.  
– Cette rive, ma chère,  
On ne la connaît guère  
Au pays des amours.

Où voulez-vous aller?  
La brise va souffler.

## The unknown isle

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
the breeze about to blow!

The oar is of ivory,  
the pennant of watered silk,  
the rudder of finest gold;  
for ballast I've an orange,  
for sail an angel's wing,  
for cabin boy a seraph.

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
where is it you would go?  
The sail is billowing,  
the breeze about to blow!

Perhaps the Baltic,  
or the Pacific  
or the Isle of Java?  
Or else to Norway,  
to pluck the snow flower  
or the flower of Angsoka?

Tell me, pretty young maid,  
where is it you would go?

Take me, said the pretty  
maid,  
to the shore of faithfulness  
where love endures forever.  
– That shore, my sweet,  
is scarce known,  
in the realm of love.

Where do you wish to go?  
The breeze is about to blow!

**Pauline Viardot** (1821-1910)

**Scène d'Hermione** (pub. 1887)

*Jean Racine*

Je ne t'ai point aimé, cruel! Qu'ai-je donc fait?	I didn't love you? How cruel! What did I do then?
J'ai dédaigné pour toi les vœux de tous nos princes,	For you I spurned the princes of my own country;
Je t'ai cherché moi-même au fond de tes provinces,	I sought you out, myself, in the depths of your lands;
J'y suis encore malgré tes infidélités,	I'm still here, despite your faithlessness,
Et malgré tous mes Grecs, honteux de mes bontés.	and despite my Greek warriors, all ashamed of my weakness.
Je leur ai commandé de cacher mon injure.	I ordered them to hide my dishonour.
J'attendais en secret le retour d'un parjure,	I secretly waited for the return of the liar,
J'ai cru que, tôt ou tard, à tes devoirs rendu,	I believed that, sooner or later, you'd see your duty:
Tu me rapporterais ce cœur qui m'était dû,	you'd bring back the heart that should be mine.
Je t'aimais inconstant, qu'aurais-je fait fidèle!	I loved you faithless: think how I could love, if you were faithful!
Et même en ce moment où ta bouche cruelle	Even now, when your cruel mouth
Vient si tranquillement m'annoncer le trépas,	calmly announces my doom -
Ingrat! je doute encor si je ne t'aime pas!	ingrate! I think I still love you!
Mais, Seigneur, s'il le faut, si le ciel en colère	But, Lord, if it must be, if heaven in its anger
Réserve à d'autres yeux la gloire de vous plaire,	gives other eyes the glory of pleasing you,
Achez votre hymen, j'y consens. Mais du moins	go ahead with your wedding, I consent! But at least
Ne forcez pas mes yeux d'en être les témoins!	don't force me to witness it!
Pour la dernière fois je vous parle peut-être ...	This may be the last time I'll ever speak to you ...
Différez-le d'un jour, demain vous serez maître.	Postpone it a day, tomorrow you will be master.
Vous ne répondez pas? Perfide! je le vois,	You don't answer? Traitor! I see!
Tu comptes les instants que tu perds avec moi!	You're counting the moments you waste with me
Ton cœur impatient de revoir ta Troyenne	Your heart - so impatient to see your Trojan woman again -
Ne souffre qu'à regret qu'une autre t'entretienne,	can barely tolerate another woman's company.
Tu lui parles du cœur, tu la cherches des yeux!	You speak to her in your heart, your eyes look for her!
Je ne te retiens plus! Sauve- toi de ces lieux,	I won't keep you! Leave this place,

Va lui jurer la foi que tu m'avais jurée,	go pledge yourself to her the same way you did to me.
Va profaner des Dieux la Majesté sacrée!	Go profane the sacred majesty of the gods!
Ces Dieux, ces justes Dieux n'auront pas oublié	Those gods, those just gods will not have forgotten
Que ces mêmes serments avec moi t'ont lié.	that these same oaths bound you to me.
Porte aux pieds des autels ce cœur que m'abandonne,	Bring to the foot of the altar this heart that abandons me.
Va, cours, mais crains encor d'y trouver Hermione!	Go! Run! But be afraid, if you find Hermione there!

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**Interval**

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**Franz Liszt** (1811-1886)

**3 sonetti di Petrarca**      **3 Petrarch Sonnets**  
**S270/2** (1864-82)

**Benedetto sia'l giorno**      **Blessed be the day**  
**(Sonnet No. 47)**

Benedetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno, E la stagione, e 'l tempo, e l'ora, e 'l punto, E 'l bel paese e 'l loco ov'io fui giunto Da' duo begli occhi che legato m'anno.	Blessed be the day, the month, the year, and the season, and the time, and the moment, and the lovely landscape, and the spot where I was enthralled by two lovely eyes that have enslaved me.
E benedetto il primo dolce affanno Ch'i' ebbi ed esser con Amor congiunto, E l'arco e le saette ond' i' fui punto, E le piaghe ch'infino al cor mi vanno.	And blessed be the first sweet pang I suffered, when Love overwhelmed me, the bows and arrows which stung me, and the wounds which penetrate my heart.
Benedette le voci tante, ch'io Chiamando il nome di mia Donna ho sparte, E i sospiri e le lagrime e 'l desio;	Blessed be the many voices that have echoed when I have called my lady's name, and the sighs and tears, and the longing;
E benedette sian tutte le carte Ov'io fama le acquisto, e il pensier mio, Ch'è sol di lei, si ch'altra non v'ha parte.	and blessed be all those writings in which I have spread her fame, and my thoughts, which stem from her alone.

**Pace non trovo (Sonnet No. 104) I find no peace**

Pace non trovo, e non ho da far guerra, E temo, e spero, ed ardo, e son un ghiaccio: E volo sopra 'l cielo e giaccio in terra; E nulla stringo, e tutto 'l mondo abbraccio.	I find no peace, and am not inclined for war; and I fear, and I hope, and burn, and am turned to ice, and I soar in the air, and lie upon the ground; and I hold nothing, though I embrace the world.
Tal m'ha in prigion, che non m'apre, né serra, Né per suo mi ritien, né scioglie il laccio, E non m'accide Amor, e non mi sferra; Né mi vuol vivo, né mi trahe d'impaccio.	Love has me in a prison, which he neither opens nor locks; he neither claims me for his own, nor loosens my halter; and Love neither slays me, nor unshackles me; he would not have me live, yet he torments me.
Veggio senz'occhi; e non ho lingua e grido; E bramo di perir, e chieggo aita; Ed ho in odio me stesso, ed amo altrui:	I see without eyes; and cry without a tongue; I long to perish, and plead for help; I hate myself, and love another:
Pascomi di dolor; piangendo rido; Eguale mi spiace morte e vita. In questo stato son, Donna, per Voi.	I feed on grief; weeping I laugh; death, like life, repels me. You have reduced me, my lady, to this state.

**I' vidi in terra angelici costumi (Sonnet No. 123)**

I' vidi in terra angelici costumi,  
E celesti bellezze al mondo sole;  
Tal che di rimembrar mi giova, e dole:  
Che quant'io miro, par sogni, ombre, e fumi.

E vidi lagrimar que' duo bei lumi,  
Ch'han fatto mille volte invidia al sole,  
Ed udi' sospirando dir parole  
Che farian gir i monti, e stare i fiumi.

Amor! senno! valor, pietate, e doglia  
Facean piangendo un più dolce concerto  
D'ogni altro, che nel mondo udir si soglia.

Ed era 'l cielo all'armonia s'intento  
Che non si vedea in ramo mover foglia.  
Tanta dolcezza avea pien l'aer e 'l vento.

**I beheld on earth angelic grace**

I beheld on earth angelic grace,  
and heavenly beauty unmatched in this world,  
such as rejoice and pain my memory,  
which is so clouded with dreams, shadows, mists.

And I beheld tears spring from those lovely eyes,  
which many a time have put the sun to shame,  
and I heard words uttered with such sighs  
that mountains would be moved and rivers halted.

Love, wisdom, valour, pity and grief  
created in that lament a sweeter concert  
than any other to be heard on earth.

And heaven was so intent on that harmony  
that not a leaf was seen to move on the bough;  
such sweetness had filled the air and wind.

## Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

### Giovanna d'Arco (1832) Joan of Arc

*Anonymous*

È notte, e tutto  
addormentato è il mondo.  
Sola io veglio, ed aspetto  
Che un destrier passi,  
Che una tromba chiami.  
Ascolto, e nulla sento  
Se non son l'acque  
E il mormorar del vento.  
Muta ogni cosa e afflitta  
Come l'ora che segue alla  
sconfitta.

O patria! O Re!  
Novella un'aita  
verrà.  
L'Onnipossente dal  
gregge suscitò la  
pastorella.  
Vadasi. O dolce mio loco  
natio,  
Dolce famiglia, o campi, o  
selve, addio.

O mia madre, e tu  
frattanto  
La tua figlia  
cercherai,  
Affannata  
chiamerai  
E nessun risponderà.

Ma fra poco d'alte  
imprese  
Verrà un suon conforto al  
pianto:  
Ogni madre, ogni francese  
La mia madre  
invidierà.

O mia madre, se  
frattanto  
La tua figlia  
cercherai,  
Se affannata  
chiamerai,  
Questo suon  
risponderà.

Eppur piange. Ah!  
repente  
Qual luce balenò  
nell'oriente,  
Non è il sole che s'alza,  
Sei la mia vision, io ti  
conosco.  
Più grande che non suole

Night has fallen, all the  
world's asleep.  
I alone lie awake, waiting  
for a charger to ride by,  
a trumpet to sound.  
I listen, but hear nothing  
save the flowing water,  
the murmuring wind.  
All is sad and silent,  
as in the hour that follows  
a defeat.

O my country! My king!  
A new source of help will  
come.  
The Almighty has called  
the shepherdess from  
her flock.  
Let her go forth. O beloved  
place of my birth,  
my beloved family, O fields  
and forests, farewell.

Dear mother, when I am  
gone  
you will search for your  
daughter,  
anxiously you will call out  
to her,  
but there will be no reply.

Soon, however, your tears  
will be dried  
by the tidings of great  
deeds:  
my mother will be the envy  
of all mothers, all people  
of France.

Dear mother, if when I am  
gone  
you search for your  
daughter,  
if you anxiously call out to  
her,  
the sound of these tidings  
will be your reply.

And yet she weeps. Ah!  
what light  
suddenly blazes in the  
east –  
it is not the rising sun,  
you are my vision – I  
know you.  
Larger than usual,

Empie il ciel fulminando  
e mi fa  
segno.  
Angiol di morte, tu mi chiami,  
io vegno.

Ah, la fiamma che t'esce dal  
guardo  
Già m'ha toccà, m'investe,  
già m'arde.  
Presto un brando, marciamo  
pugnando.  
Viva il Re, la vittoria è con  
me.

Guida i forti la vergine al  
campo,  
Tra i leoni l'agnello  
s'avventa.  
Non han scampo, il Signor li  
spaventa.  
Viva il Re, la vittoria è con  
me.

Corre la gioia di core in  
core.  
Ma, queta e timida fra lo  
stupore,  
Chi se' domandano, che il Re  
salvò?  
Ah! vinse la vergine  
che in Dio  
sperò.

Presto un brando, marciamo  
pugnando.  
Viva il Re, la vittoria è con  
me.

it fills the sky, firing bolts  
of lightning, and gives  
me a sign.  
Angel of death, you  
summon me, I shall come.

Ah, the flame that shoots  
from your eyes  
touches me now, engulfs  
me, burns me.  
Quick, hand me a sword,  
let us march and fight.  
Long live the king, I shall  
bring him victory.

The maiden leads the  
warriors into battle,  
the lamb hurls itself into  
the lions' midst,  
they cannot escape, the  
Lord fills them with fear.  
Long live the king, I shall  
bring him victory.

Joy is flowing from heart  
to heart.  
But, in wonder, they will ask  
the quiet and timid girl,  
'Who are you, you who  
have saved the king?'  
Victory belongs to the  
maiden who put her  
faith in God.

Quick, hand me a sword,  
let us march and fight.  
Long live the king, I shall  
bring him victory.

*Translations of Berlioz by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Liszt by Richard Stokes. Rossini by Susannah Howe.*