

WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 24 January 2024
1.00pm

Karita Mattila Masterclass

Karita Mattila soprano
Keval Shah piano

Emma Kajander soprano

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

Kaiutar Op. 72 No. 4 (1915)

Die Nachtigall from *7 frühe Lieder* (1905-8)

Okko Lakka bass-baritone

Toivo Kuula (1883-1918)

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Yö Op. 22 No. 3 (1906)

Zueignung Op. 10 No. 1 (1885)

Interval

Emma Hartikainen soprano

Toivo Kuula

Richard Strauss

Jääkukkia Op. 24 No. 2 (1913)

Allerseelen Op. 10 No. 8 (1885)

Tuomas Miettola tenor

Jean Sibelius

Richard Strauss

Illalle Op. 17 No. 6 (1898)

Ich liebe dich Op. 37 No. 2 (1898)



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Emma Kajander soprano

Jean Sibelius (1865-1957)

Kaiutar Op. 72 No. 4 The echo nymph

(1915)

Larin-Kyösti

Kaiutar, korea neito
Astui illalla ahoa,
Kaihoissansa kankahalla,
Huusi yksin huoliansa.
Tullut ei suloinen sulho,
Vaikka vannot valallansa
Kihlaavansa kaunokaisen.
Ennen astuivat
 ahoa
Kankahalla kuherrellen
Kilvan kyyhkyjen kisoissa
Kesäpäivän paistaessa,
Illan kuun
 kumottaessa.
Meni sulho
 sanoinensa
Impi jäi
 sydäminensä.
Etsii impi ihanainen
Kullaistansa kankahalta,
Huhuilevi i kuuntelevi,
Kirkuvi kimahutellen
Äänen pienoisen pilalle,
Jähmettyvi, jäykästyvi,
Kaatuissansa kauhistuvi
Mustan metsän pimeyttä.
Aamulla
 herättyänsä
Kulkee kuje mielessänsä,
Eksyttävi erämiehen
Matkien ja
 mairitellen,
Niin kuin ennen
eksytteli,
Sulho suurilla sanoilla,
Tuulen turhilla taruilla.

Graceful Echo
gave vent to her grief
as she wandered at evening
over meadow and moor.
Her lover never came
though he gave his word
to wed her.
They had wandered
 together
over meadow and moor
cooing like turtle-doves
in the heat of a summer day,
in the cool of a moonlit
 night.
Then he went with his fine
 words,
left her with her aching
 heart.
The fair maid searches
the moors for her lover,
calls and listens,
cries and shouts
till she has no voice left,
and grows stiff and cold,
stumbling fearfully
through the dark forest.
Next morning when she
 wakes
an idea strikes her
to lead travellers astray
with her mimicking and
 mocking
just as her lover led her
 astray
with his fine words,
with his windy stories.

Alban Berg (1885-1935)

Die Nachtigall from 7 frühe Lieder (1905-8) *Theodor Storm*

The nightingale from 7 Early Songs

Das macht, es hat die
 Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht
 gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süssen
 Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

It is because the
 nightingale
has sung throughout the
 night,
that from the sweet
 sound
of her echoing song
the roses have sprung up.

Sie war doch sonst ein wildes
 Blut,
Nun geht sie tief in
 Sinnen;
Trägt in der Hand den
 Sommerhut
Und duldet still der Sonne
 Glut
Und weiss nicht, was beginnen.

She was once a wild
 creature,
now she wanders deep in
 thought;
in her hand a summer
 hat,
bearing in silence the
 sun's heat,
not knowing what to do.

Das macht, es hat die
 Nachtigall
Die ganze Nacht
 gesungen;
Da sind von ihrem süssen
 Schall,
Da sind in Hall und Widerhall
Die Rosen aufgesprungen.

It is because the
 nightingale
has sung throughout the
 night,
that from the sweet
 sound
of her echoing song
the roses have sprung up.

Okko Lakka bass-baritone

Toivo Kuula (1883-1918)

Yö Op. 22 No. 3 (1906) Night

Eino Leino

Yö saapuu. Päivä on poissa, Hämy silmiä hämmentää. Jo kaukana korven soissa Tulet virvojen virriää. Ypöyksin istun ma koissa, Ei armasta ystävää, Mutta oudoissa unelmoissa Mun henkeni heläjää. Ken siellä? Ken lehdossa läikkyy? Kuka huntua huiskuttaa? Kuva valkea vierii ja väikkyy, Tutut piirtehet pilkoittaa. Mun aatteeni seisoo ja säikkyy, Sumu silmiä sumentaa.	Night falls and daylight is thickening, darkness lies like mist on all. But close by the swamps the quickening will-o-wisps brighten the gloomy pall. All alone at home I sit pondering, for friends have I none who care; and my thoughts are just idly wandering like dreams through the clear night air. Who's there now? Who's that half reclining? Who is waving that veil to me? Now the vision grows radiant and shining; well known features I plainly see. The shock puts a stop to my pining, tears at last set my anguish free.
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Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Zueignung Op. 10 No. 1 Dedication

(1885)

Hermann von Gilm

Ja du weisst es, teure Seele, Dass ich fern von dir mich quäle, Liebe macht die Herzen krank, Habe Dank.	Yes, dear soul, you know that I'm in torment far from you, love makes hearts sick, be thanked.
Einst hielt ich, der Freiheit Zecher, Hoch den Amethysten-Becher Und du segnetest den Trank, Habe Dank.	Once, revelling in freedom, I held the amethyst cup aloft and you blessed that draught, be thanked.
Und beschworst darin die Bösen, Bis ich, was ich nie gewesen, Heilig, heilig an's Herz dir sank, Habe Dank.	And you banished the evil spirits, till I, as never before, holy, sank holy upon your heart, be thanked.

Interval

Emma Hartikainen soprano

Toivo Kuula

Jääkukkia Op. 24 No. 2 Frost Flowers

(1913)

VA Koskenniemi

Jääkukkaset
ikkunalla,
Te vuoteni viimeiset kukat,
Kukat, joihin ei koskenut
halla,
Te olette jäänehet.

Frost flowers on the
window pane,
the last of the dying year,
flowers unharmed by ice
and snow,
flowers that never were.

Te tulitte tummin
illoin
Yövalvojan
ikkunaan,
Ken teitä lempinyt on
milloin,
Ei kylmene
konsanaan.

You came on a bitter
evening,
when sleep refused to
appear.
Whoever loves the frost
flowers
will always find comfort
near.

On kevättä, kesää
monta
Ohi kulkenut
kukkasin,
Jääkukkaa
tuoksutonta
Enin lemmin kuitenkin.

How many springs and
summers
have the flowers begun to
pall.
Yet the flower without any
fragrance
is the dearest of them all.

Ilo, nuoruus sen loistossa
nukkuu,
Kuin koskaan ei herätä vois
Ne päivään mi hämyhyn
hukkuu
Ja kesään, mi kattoo
pois.

Joy, and youth in its
splendour
slumbers, when to awake?
But even in summer and
sunlight my heart
the frost flowers will
never forsake.

Richard Strauss

Allerseelen Op. 10

No. 8 (1885)

Hermann von Gilm

Stell' auf den Tisch die
duftenden Reseden,
Die letzten roten A stern trag'
herbei
Und lass uns wieder von der
Liebe reden
Wie einst im Mai.

All Souls' Day

Set on the table the
fragrant mignonettes,
bring in the last red
asters,
and let us talk of love
again
as once in May.

Gib mir die Hand, dass ich
sie heimlich drücke,
Und wenn man's sieht, mir ist
es einerlei,
Gib mir nur einen deiner
süssen Blicke
Wie einst im Mai.

Give me your hand to
press in secret,
and if people see, I do not
care,
give me but one of your
sweet glances
as once in May.

Es blüht und duftet heut' auf
jedem Grabe,
Ein Tag im Jahr ist ja den
Toten frei;
Komm' an mein Herz, dass
ich dich wieder habe,
Wie einst im Mai.

Each grave today has
flowers and is fragrant,
one day each year is
devoted to the dead;
come to my heart and so
be mine again,
as once in May.

Tuomas Miettola tenor

Jean Sibelius

Illalle Op. 17 No. 6 (1898) To evening

AV Koskimies

Oi, terve! tumma, vieno tähti-ilta,	Welcome, dark, mild and starry evening!
Sun haaveellista hartauttas lemmin	Your gentle fervour I adore
Ja suortuvaisi yötä sorjaa hemmin,	and caress the dark tresses
Mi hulmuaapi kulmais kuulamilta.	that flutter round your brow.
Kun oisit, ilta, oi, se tenhosilta,	If only you were the magic bridge
Mi sielun multa siirtäis lentoisammin	that would carry my soul away,
Pois aatteen maille itse kun ma emmin,	no longer burdened
Ja siip' ei kanna aineen kahleilta!	by the cares of life!
Ja itse oisin miekkoinen se päivä,	And if it were the happy day
Mi uupuneena saisin luokses liittää,	when, overcome with weariness, I might join you
Kun tauonnut on työ ja puuha räivä,	when work is over and duty done,
Kun mustasiipi yö jo silmään siittää	When night unfolds its black wings
Ja laaksot, vuoret verhoo harmaa häivä –	and a grey curtain falls over hill and dale,
Oi, ilta armas, silloin luokses kiittää!	O evening, how I would hurry to you!

Richard Strauss

Ich liebe dich Op. 37

No. 2 (1898)

Baron Detlev von Liliencron

I love you

Vier adlige Rosse Voran unserm Wagen, Wir wohnen im Schlosse In stolzem Behagen.	Four noble steeds we have to our carriage, we live in the castle in comfortable pride.
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Die Frühlichterwellen Und nächstens der Blitz, Was all sie erhellen, Ist unser Besitz.	First surging brightness and lightning at night, all they illumine, all that is ours.
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Und irrst du verlassen, Verbannt durch die Lande; Mit dir durch die Gassen In Armut und Schande!	Though forlorn you wander, an exile, through the world, I'll walk the alleys with you in poverty and shame.
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Es bluten die Hände, Die Füße sind wund, Vier trostlose Wände, Es kennt uns kein Hund.	Our hands will bleed, our feet be sore, the four walls cheerless, not a dog will know us.
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Steht silberbeschlagen Dein Sarg am Altar, Sie sollen mich tragen Zu dir auf die Bahr,	If, silver-fitted, your coffin's at the altar, they shall bear me on the bier to join you.
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Und fern auf der Heide Und stirbst du in Not, Den Dolch aus der Scheide, Dir nach in den Tod!	If away on the heath or in distress you die, then dagger I'll draw and follow you in death!
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