

WIGMORE HALL

Saturday 26 February 2022 7.30pm

The Trials of Love

Anna Dennis soprano

Matthew Brook baritone

Dunedin Consort

John Butt director, harpsichord

Matthew Truscott violin I

Sarah Bevan-Baker violin I

Hilary Michael violin I

Huw Daniel violin II

Rebecca Livermore violin II

Kristin Deeken violin II

John Crockatt viola

Oliver Wilson viola

Andrew Skidmore cello

Lucia Capellaro cello

Carina Cosgrave double bass

Katy Bircher flute

Alexandra Bellamy oboe

Oonagh Lee oboe

Joe Qiu bassoon

CLASSIC *fm*

Wigmore Hall £5 tickets for Under 35s supported by Media Partner Classic FM

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Concerto Grosso in D Op. 6 No. 5 HWV323 (1739)

I. Larghetto e staccato • II. Allegro • III. Presto •

IV. Largo • V. Allegro • VI. Menuet. Un poco larghetto

Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)

Bella madre de' fiori

Interval

George Frideric Handel

Apollo e Dafne HWV122 (by 1710)

Welcome back to Wigmore Hall

We are grateful to our Friends and donors for their generosity as we rebuild a full series of concerts in 2021/22 and reinforce our efforts to reach audiences everywhere through our broadcasts. To help us present inspirational concerts and support our community of artists, please make a donation by visiting our website:

[Wigmore-hall.org.uk/donate](https://www.wigmore-hall.org.uk/donate). Every gift is making a difference. Thank you.

Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management.

In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions.

Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141.

Wigmore Hall is equipped with a 'Loop' to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.



Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • [Wigmore-hall.org.uk](https://www.wigmore-hall.org.uk) • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG

Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan



At its late-16th Century inception the cantata was relatively brief and simple, but by the later 17th Century it usually took the form of a recitative-aria-recitative-aria alternation – just long enough to allow the semi-dramatic exposition of a single character’s emotional turmoil. Indeed, from its first appearance, the cantata was connected to other dramatic forms, the emergent opera and the well-established pastoral. Like opera, the cantata was primarily concerned with moving the emotions (often in order to achieve catharsis), and as such its creators chose stories or events that centred on moments of high drama. While opera focussed on complex mythological or historical narratives, the cantata as it developed often examined briefer scenes of pastoral love, on a scale more suited to its courtly performance. As such, it flourished in the late-17th to mid-18th centuries, being by far the most common form of vocal chamber music of the period.

Rome was the epicentre of cantata creation throughout this period: as opera was frequently banned, Rome’s many princely households cultivated the cantata as an alternative platform for dramatic display. Alessandro Scarlatti and Handel both wrote cantatas chiefly for the Roman environment. **Scarlatti** was, indeed, one of the most prolific composers in the genre, writing over 600 for his aristocratic patrons. Many cantatas dealt with the pangs of unrequited love, and *Bella madre de’ fiori* is typical in that regard, with Clori pining for her departed lover Fileno. Although the cantata may not be his (it has no attribution in the one manuscript in which it appears), it nonetheless demonstrates typical features of his work from the 1680s or ‘90s in its use of strophic and dance-based aria forms. It opens with a Corellian *sinfonia* of two violins intertwining suspensions over a walking bass – a texture retained throughout the cantata. In her first aria the interweaving of violins is characterised by a chromatic descent, underpinning Clori’s comparison of her lament for Fileno to the mournful notes of the turtle dove. In the second, virtuosic aria, ‘Vanne o caro’, her tears are like the tempestuous sea. Alongside the virtuosic imitation between voice and violin, suspensions and sighing falls continue in this aria, and in the concluding *scena*, as Amore brings the gift of healing sleep.

Handel’s cantatas were until recently relatively unexplored: they were the only genre this clever self-promoter wrote but never published, and because public record of their performance is lacking, little was known about when or why Handel’s 80+ cantatas were written until 1967, when Ursula Kirkendale’s archival research demonstrated that many of these pieces were composed for important Roman patrons. During the period 1706–10, the young Handel relied particularly on aristocratic support, from the Medici court to the Roman aristocracy – cardinals Benedetto Pamphili, Carlo Colonna, and (probably) Pietro Ottoboni, and the Marquis (later Prince) Ruspoli, who hosted the

Arcadian Academy in his palace – and then the Hanoverian elector. After his 1710 arrival in London, too, Handel initially relied on the generosity of patrons, with the Earl of Burlington and James Brydges at Cannons hosting him during that first decade. Only in 1723 did Handel move into the house in Brook Street that was to be his home for the rest of his life – and essentially stop composing these courtly domestic pieces. Aside from a change in personal circumstances, his shift in focus to opera (the most prestigious genre for any eighteenth-century composer) would have nullified the need to write cantatas.

Although it may have been written for Hanover or Dusseldorf, rather than Rome, *Apollo e Dafne* seems to align with other quasi-operatic dramatic cantatas that were written for that city (*Clori, Tirsi e Fileno* and *Aci, Galatea e Polifemo*). It has a strong focus on characterisation of a hubristic (and then remorseful) Apollo and a defiantly chaste Dafne. The cantata begins with Apollo boasting of his defeat of Python and liberation of Delphi, which has freed the earth of terror (the recitative ‘La terra è liberata’ and jaunty aria, ‘Pende il ben dell’universo da quest’arco salutar’). He claims that his bow is more powerful than Cupid’s in the muscularly virtuosic ‘Spezza l’arco e getta l’armi’, but pride inevitably comes before a fall – in this case for Dafne, who arrives in a lilting, pastoral sicilian singing of her happiness in liberty, ‘Felicissima quest’alma, ch’ama sol la libertà’. She rebuffs his advances in the duet, ‘Una guerra ho dentro il seno’, which has something of comic opera in its pattering, quick-fire vocal exchanges. Apollo’s maladroit courtship continues in ‘Come rosa in su la spina’, where he compares Dafne to a rose in order to suggest that she might as well give in before she fades like a flower and loses her beauty. Dafne’s magisterial, long-breathed aria on the supremacy of reason over love (‘Come in ciel benigna stella’) is an appropriately haughty riposte. Apollo’s oily lyricism continues in the following multi-section ‘duet’, as he stalks Dafne, while she flees him with increasing desperation. Apollo returns to pugnacious form in ‘Mie piante correte’, and Dafne’s desperate transformation into a laurel is narrated solely by Apollo, who finally shows magnanimity in his final aria, ‘Cara pianta, co’ miei pianti’, claiming to water her roots with his tears, while nonetheless appropriating her branches for his brow.

Although Handel largely ceased writing cantatas on his move to London, his Italian experience remained important to him. Britons were particularly avid admirers of Arcangelo Corelli and his *Concerti grossi* Op. 6. The young Handel had worked with Corelli in Rome, and some thirty years later, in September and October 1739, he wrote his own ‘opus 6’ ‘grand concertos’, in emulation of Corelli (and, he hoped, of Corelli’s success).

© Suzanne Aspden 2022

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

Concerto Grosso in D Op. 6 No. 5 HWV323 (1739)

I. *Larghetto e staccato*

II. *Allegro*

III. *Presto*

IV. *Largo*

V. *Allegro*

VI. *Menuet. Un poco larghetto*

Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)

Bella madre de' fiori

Recitativo

Bella madre de' fiori,
Tu ritorni
vezzosa
A spargere nel suol soavi odori,
E placida e pietosa,
Al suon dell'aure e degli augelli
al canto
Tenti arrestare al mio gran
duolo il pianto.
Ma pur forz'è che mesta,
Lontana dal bell'idolo ch'adoro,
Pianga l'ora funesta
Che mi rapì dal seno il mio
tesoro;
E sol può consolar quest'alma
fida
O ch'io torni a goderlo o'l duol
m'uccida.

Aria

Tortorella dai flebili accenti,
Io comprendo ch'hai lungi il tuo
bene;
Or s'eguali a noi son le pene
Giusto è ancor che sian pari i
lamenti.

Onda chiara veloce tra
scogli

Lieta corri a trovare il tuo
amante.

Deh potessi almen dare un istante
Anch'io tregua ai miei fieri
dolor!

Recitativo

Ah Fileno adorato,
Cagion de' miei martiri,

Beautiful Mother of Flowers

Recitative

Beautiful mother of flowers,
you return graciously covering
the earth
with sweet smells.
Calmly, mercifully to the tone
of birds' songs on
high,
you attempt to ease my tears,
my great pain.
But, alas, there is no choice —
sorrowful and far removed from
the beautiful figure whom I adore,
I mourn the dark hour that tore
my loved one from my breast.
It is the only comfort I can give
my faithful soul.
If I cannot love him, the pain will
take my life.

Aria

Tiny dove, with your weak song,
I think your love must also be
far away.
If we are suffering the same pain,
it is only right for us to sing the
same lament.

White waves, dashing against
the stones,
cheerily you run to meet your
love.

O that my great suffering might,
at least for a moment, cease to
torment me!

Recitative

O Fileno, thou cherished
cause of my suffering,

Per te si strugge e langue
La sua misera Clori,
E tu non riedi.
Dimmi forse nol
credi!

Aria

Vanne, o caro, su le sponde,
Ove il mar freme incostante
E vedrai correr quell'onde
A dar baci a le tue piante,
Perché portano, oh Dio,
Insieme con quell'acqua il pianto
mio.

Vanne o caro, ai boschi, ai
prati,
Ove ognor spirano i venti
E dai zefiri più grati
Sentirai li miei lamenti,
Poiché dove t'aggiri
Ti seguon tra quell'aure i miei
sospiri.

Recitativo

Ma folle, e con chi
parlo
A chi mercede io chieggo,
Se non m'ascolta enon può
darmi aita
Chi l'alma m'ha rapita?

Aria

Abborrita lontananza,
Troppo crudo è il tuo velen.
Che sarà se'l mal
s'avanza,
Manca il cor, l'alma vien men?
Lassa ohimé, per mercé,
Chieggo solo un dì seren.
Ah, pietà di tanto male,
Deh ti movi, o dio
d'amor.
Se la piaga fe' il tuo
strale,
Sol tu puoi sanarla ancor.
Ahi, perché sol per me
Devi armarti di
rigor?

Recitativo

Così la bella Clori piangeale
Sue sventure e Amore intanto
Col sonno lusinghier le
Tolse il pianto.

your poor Clori
will pine and wail
if you do not return.
Tell me — but perhaps no one
will believe me!

Aria

Go, my dear one, to the shore
where the sea roars uneasily.
And you shall see the waves rush
to kiss your feet.
Because they bear, O God,
their own water with my
tears.

Go, my dear one, to woods, to
the meadows,
where the winds blow
and, from the grateful zephyrs,
you will hear my complaints.
Because where you wander,
my sighs
follow.

Recitative

But I am mad, and who will I
speak to,
whose help can I call for —
if he does not listen, if he
cannot help me,
he who stole my soul?

Aria

Fearful distance,
your poison is too cruel.
What will happen if evil comes
near me?
My heart fails, my soul errs;
ah, I beg your mercy,
please, just leave me one quiet day.
If you could be moved to mercy,
facing so much pain, thou God
of love;
if my wound was made by your
sword,
then only you can heal it.
Ah, why only for me,
must you arm yourself with
cruelty?

Recitative

Thus wept the beautiful Clori
of her misery, while Cupid,
with liberating sleep,
freed her from her tears.

Interval

George Frideric Handel

Apollo e Dafne HWV122

(by 1710)

Nicola Giuvo

Recitativo

Apollo:

La terra è liberata, la Grecia e
vendicata!
Apollo ha vinto!
Dopo tanti terrori e tante stragi
che desolano
E spopolano i regni giace
Piton
Per la mia mano estinto.
Apollo ha trionfato, Apollo ha
vinto!

Aria

Apollo:

Pende il ben
dell'universo
Da quest'arco salutar.
Di mie lodi il suol
rimbombe
Ed appresti l'ecatombe
Al mio braccio
tutelar.

Recitativo

Apollo:

Ch'il superbetto Amore
Delle saette mie ceda a la
forza;
Ch'omai più non si vanti
Della punta fatal d'aurato
strale.
Un sol Piton più vale
Che mille accesi e saettati
amanti.

Aria

Apollo:

Spezza l'arco e getta
l'armi,
Dio dell'ozio e del piacer.
Come mai puoi tu piagarmi,
Nume ignudo e cieco arcier?

Aria

Dafne:

Apollo and Daphne

Recitative

Apollo:

The earth is liberated, Greece is
avenged,
Apollo has conquered!
After so many terrors and so
much suffering,
that ravaged and emptied the
kingdoms,
Python lies dead by my hand.
Apollo has triumphed, Apollo
has conquered!

Aria

Apollo:

The well-being of the universe
hangs
upon the virtue of this bow.
The ground resounds with my
praises
and even the catacombs
are taught to value my strength
of arms.

Recitative

Apollo:

Even that proud Cupid
must yield to the power of my
arrows;
from now on he cannot boast
of wounding me with his golden
dart;
a single Python is worth more
than a thousand burning and
pierced lovers.

Aria

Apollo:

Shatter the bow and toss away
your weapons,
God of laziness and pleasure!
How will you ever wound me,
naked deity and blind archer?

Aria

Daphne:

Felicissima quest'alma,
Ch'ama sol la libertà.
Non v'è pace, non v'è calma
Per chi sciolto il cor non
ha.

Recitativo

Apollo:

Che voce! Che beltà!
Questo suon, questa vista il cor
trapassa;
Ninfa!

Dafne:

Che veggo? ahi lassa:
E che sarà costui, chi mi
sorprese?

Apollo:

Io son un Dio, ch'il tuo bel volto
accese.

Dafne:

Non conosco altri Dei fra queste
selve
Che la sola Diana;
Non t'accostar divinità
profana.

Apollo:

Di Cinta io son fratel;
S'ami la suora abbi, o bella,
pietà di chi
t'adora.

Aria

Dafne:

Ardi adori e preghi in
vano;
Solo a Cintia io son fedel.
Alle fiamme del germano
Cintia vuol ch'io sia crudel.

Recitativo

Apollo:

Che crudel!

Dafne:

Ch'importuno!

Apollo:

Cerco il fin de' miei mali.

Dafne:

Ed' io lo scampo.

That soul is the happiest
which loves its liberty alone.
There is no peace or calm
for those who do not have an
unattached heart.

Recitative

Apollo:

What a voice! What beauty!
This sound, this vision has
struck my heart;
Nymph!

Daphne:

What do I see? Alas:
And who is this, who comes on
me unawares?

Apollo:

I am a God, whom your lovely
face has set on fire.

Daphne:

I know no other Gods in these
woods
save only Diana;
do not dare to profane her
divinity!

Apollo:

I am the brother of Cynthia:
if you love my sister, O fair one,
then have pity on him who
adores you.

Aria

Daphne:

You burn, worship, and plead in
vain;
I am loyal to Cynthia alone.
To her brother's passion
Cynthia desires that I be cruel.

Recitative

Apollo:

What cruelty!

Daphne:

What insistence!

Apollo:

I seek the end of my woes.

Daphne:

And I the avoidance of them.

<i>Apollo:</i> Io mi struggo d'amor.	<i>Apollo:</i> I am dying of love!
<i>Dafne:</i> Io d'ira avvampo.	<i>Daphne:</i> I am afire with rage.
<i>Duetto</i> <i>Apollo, Dafne:</i> Una guerra ho dentro il seno Che soffrir più non si può.	<i>Duet</i> <i>Apollo, Daphne:</i> I have a battle in my breast which I can no longer withstand.
<i>Apollo:</i> Ardo, gelo.	<i>Apollo:</i> I burn, I freeze.
<i>Dafne:</i> Temo, peno;	<i>Daphne:</i> I fear, I suffer;
<i>Apollo, Dafne:</i> S'all'ardor non metti freno Pace aver mai non potrò.	<i>Apollo, Daphne:</i> If you do not put restraints on this passion I will have peace no more.
<i>Recitativo</i> <i>Apollo:</i> Placati ai fin, o cara; La beltà che m'infiamma sempre non fiorirà, Ciò che natura di più vago formò, Passa e non dura.	<i>Recitative</i> <i>Apollo:</i> Be calm at last, my dear; the beauty that inflames me will not bloom forever, since the most lovely forms of nature pass away and do not last.
<i>Aria</i> <i>Apollo:</i> Come rosa in su la spina Presto viene e presto va, Tal con fuga repentina, Passa il fior della beltà.	<i>Aria</i> <i>Apollo:</i> As the rose upon the thorn arrives quickly and quickly goes, thus with hasty flight the flower of beauty fades.
<i>Recitativo</i> <i>Dafne:</i> Ah, ch'un Dio non dovrebbe Altro amore seguir ch'oggetti eterni; Perirà, finirà caduca polve che grata a te mi rende, Ma non già la virtù che mi difende.	<i>Recitative</i> <i>Daphne:</i> Ah! if only a God did not pursue other love than of eternal things; the fragile dust that makes me pleasing will die, will be destroyed, but not my virtue that defends me.
<i>Aria</i> <i>Dafne:</i> Come in ciel benigna stella Di Nettun placa il furor, Tal in alma onesta e bella, La ragion frena l'amor.	<i>Aria</i> <i>Daphne:</i> As a kindly star in heaven placates the wrath of Neptune, so in the honest and beautiful soul reason restrains love.

<i>Recitativo</i> <i>Apollo:</i> Odi la mia ragion!	<i>Recitative</i> <i>Apollo:</i> Listen to my reasonings!
<i>Dafne:</i> Sorda son io!	<i>Daphne:</i> I am deaf to them.
<i>Apollo:</i> Orsa e tigre tu sei!	<i>Apollo:</i> You are a bear, a tigress!
<i>Dafne:</i> Tu non sei Dio!	<i>Daphne:</i> You are no God!
<i>Apollo:</i> Cedi all'amor, o proverai la forza.	<i>Apollo:</i> Yield to my love, or you will feel my strength!
<i>Dafne:</i> Nel sangue mio questa tua fiamma amorza.	<i>Daphne:</i> In my blood your flame will be extinguished.
<i>Duetto</i> <i>Apollo:</i> Deh! lascia addolcire quell'aspro rigor,	<i>Duet</i> <i>Apollo:</i> Ah! Let this bitter cruelty be softened.
<i>Dafne:</i> Più tosto morire che perder l'onor.	<i>Daphne:</i> I would sooner die than lose my honour.
<i>Apollo:</i> Deh! cessino l'ire, o dolce mio cor!	<i>Apollo:</i> Ah! May your wrath cease, O delight of my heart!
<i>Dafne:</i> Più tosto morire che perder l'onor.	<i>Daphne:</i> To die is better than to lose my honour.
<i>Recitativo</i> <i>Apollo:</i> Sempre t'adorerò!	<i>Recitative</i> <i>Apollo:</i> I will adore you forever.
<i>Dafne:</i> Sempre t'aborrirò!	<i>Daphne:</i> I will abhor you forever.
<i>Apollo:</i> Tu non mi fuggirai!	<i>Apollo:</i> You will not escape me!
<i>Dafne:</i> Sì, che ti fuggirò!	<i>Daphne:</i> Yes, yes, I will flee you.
<i>Apollo:</i> Ti seguirò, correrò, Volerò sui passi tuoi, Più veloce del sole esser non puoi.	<i>Apollo:</i> I will follow you! I will run, I will fly in your tracks. More rapid than the sun you cannot be.

Aria

Apollo:

Mie piante correte;
Mie braccia stringete
L'ingrata beltà. La tocco, la
cingo,
La prendo, la stringo.
Ma, qual novità? Che vidi? Che
mirai?
Cieli! Destino! che sarai mai!

Recitativo

Apollo:

Dafne, dove sei tu? Che non ti
trovo.
Qual miracolo nuovo
Ti rapisce, ti cangia e ti
nasconde?
Che non t'offenda mai del verno
il gelo,
Ne' il folgore dal cielo
Tocchi la sacra e gloriosa
fronde.

Aria

Apollo:

Cara pianta, co' miei pianti
Il tuo verde irrigherò;
De' tuoi rami trionfanti
Sommi eroi coronerò.
Se non posso averti in seno,
Dafne, almeno
Sovra il crin ti porterò.

Aria

Apollo:

My feet pursue,
my arms embrace
the ungrateful beauty. I touch
her, I seize her,
I grasp her, I enfold her,
But, what surprse! What do I
see, what do I behold?
Heavens! Fate! Whatever can it be?

Recitative

Apollo:

Daphne, where are you? I
cannot find you.
What new miracle
steals you from me, changes
you and hides you?
You will not be harmed by
winter's ice,
nor will lightning from heaven
touch your sacred and glorious
leaves.

Aria

Apollo:

Dear plant, with my tears
I will water your greenness;
with your triumphant branches
I will crown supreme heroes.
If I cannot have you upon my heart,
at least, Daphne,
I will wear you above my brow.