

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 29 April 2024
1.00pm

I Fagiolini

Anna Crookes soprano
Rebecca Lea soprano
Martha McLorinan mezzo-soprano
Matthew Long tenor
Greg Skidmore baritone
Frederick Long bass
Eligio Quinteiro chitarrone
Robert Hollingworth director, organ

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643) O primavera, gioventù dell'anno SV68 (pub. 1592)
'Rimanti in pace' a la dolente e bella SV74 (pub. 1592)
Lamento della ninfa SV163 (pub. 1638)
Sfogava con le stelle SV78 (pub. 1603)
Longe da te, cor mio SV92 (pub. 1603)
Salve o regina SV326 (pub. 1624)
Cruda Amarilli SV94 (pub. 1605)
Era l'anima mia SV96 (pub. 1605)
Parlo, miser, o taccio? SV136 (pub. 1619)
Lamento d'Arianna (Secondo) SV107 (pub. 1614)



This concert is being broadcast on BBC Radio 3



Our Audience Fund provides essential unrestricted support for our artistic and learning programmes, connecting thousands of people with music locally, nationally, and internationally. We rely on the generosity of our audience to raise £150,000 each year to support this work. Your gifts are, and continue to be, indispensable.

To donate, please visit <https://wigmore-hall.org.uk/audiencefund>

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 • 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



Supported using public funding by
**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**



The music of **Claudio Monteverdi** (1567-1643) straddled the Renaissance and Baroque, including madrigals and sacred polyphony but also some of the earliest and greatest operas of the 17th Century. Born in Cremona, he worked at Mantua then Venice, and published a great deal of music, including nine books of madrigals, the first when he was barely 20. This was by no means his opening foray into print: the motet collection *Sacrae cantiunculae* was published in Venice when he was only 15 and his *Madrigali spirituali* a year later; his teacher is given as Marc'Antonio Ingegneri, *maestro di cappella* of Cremona Cathedral.

At Mantua he was a court musician to the Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga, who had gathered a number of leading musicians from around Europe (including Monteverdi's brother Giulio Cesare). There, certain technical irregularities in Monteverdi's music gave rise to a print controversy with the theorist Giovanni Maria Artusi, who decried 'the imperfections of modern music', using examples from the madrigal collections. The opera *L'Orfeo* (1608) helped spread Monteverdi's reputation, as did publication of his innovative *Vespers* collection (1610). In 1613 he moved to St Mark's, Venice, composing music for the church, as well as carrying on writing madrigals and opera. He raised the performance standard in Venice, one visitor describing a grand Vespers service of Monteverdi's music as being 'the most perfect music I had ever heard in my life'. A number of surviving letters give insight into both the frustrations and successes of his musical career. His wife had died relatively young, and late in life he was ordained.

This programme is built around the lament, a genre that was particularly part of the pastoral drama tradition. *O primavera, gioventù dell'anno* in 5 voices was published in Book 3 (1592) to a text from Giovanni Battista Guarini's Arcadian verse play *Il pastor fido* (1590). It begins with praise of Spring, that 'fair mother of flowers', but soon turns into a lament for lost love against the turning of the seasons. The theme is carried on in another work from the same collection, '*Rimanti in pace*' a la dolente e bella, Angelo Grillo's description (writing as Livio Celiano) of the pastoral lovers Thyrsis and Phyllis being separated. There is a great deal of dialogue between the upper and lower voices, representing the two characters. The motif continues in the three-section *Lamento della ninfa*, published in the *Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi* (1638). Ottavio Rinuccini's text first describes an abandoned nymph lamenting lost love, her face pale with grief, then her plea (over a ground bass) to the God of Love to reclaim him from her rival, so that she will not need to 'torment myself' further, finishing with a description of love's 'fire and ice' burning in the heart of a lover.

Sfogava con le stelle is another Rinuccini setting (although the attribution here has been questioned),

and was published in *Book 4* (1603). This time it is from the perspective of the lovesick man: 'crying to the stars, beneath the night sky', he compares his love to the stars, hoping for her compassion. The music is restless, alternating recitativo sections with imitative passages. The text of *Longe da te, cor mio*, also from *Book 4*, is anonymous; it continues the theme of the tormented lover and the metaphor of light, calling for her to return, in fragmented counterpoint.

The tone now changes from romantic to sacred love, with the *Salve o regina*, a solo motet accompanied by continuo and setting a standard Marian text 'Hail, O Queen', that is still a lament: 'To you we cry, exiled children of Eve, to you we sigh, groaning and weeping in this valley of tears'. It appeared in the anthology *Seconda raccolta di sacri canti* (1624) rather than in any of Monteverdi's own collections.

Cruda Amarilli is a florid setting of lines from Guarini's *Il pastor fido*, and was first published in *Il quinto libro de madrigali* (1605). In it, the poet laments the hostility of 'Cruel Amarillis', saying that only his death will tell of his suffering. *Era l'anima mia* is a further Guarini setting published in *Book 5*, this time with the languishing poet saying that the gaze of a 'soul more fair and more ravishing' alone can keep him alive. The words are set with a great deal of textural and rhythmic variety. *Parlo, miser, o taccio?* sets more Guarini, and first appeared in *Book 7* (1619). Like the previous madrigal, it counterpoints the ideas of speech and silence: 'Should I, poor wretch, speak out or be silent?'. The three singers compete in virtuoso display, over the basso continuo accompaniment.

The Florentine poet Ottavio Rinuccini (1562-1621) was the first opera librettist, collaborating with composer Jacopo Peri on *Dafne* (1598) and *Euridice* (1600). He then worked with Monteverdi on *Il ballo delle ingrate* (1608) and *L'Arianna* (1608); the latter opera has been lost, with the exception of the *Lamento d'Arianna*, which was elaborated and published separately in *Book 6* of Monteverdi's madrigals (1614), as a piece in four sections that is both strikingly dissonant and chromatic. It was evidently very popular, as the composer reworked it as a solo (1623) then a sacred work (1640). The text is the highly emotive cry of the abandoned princess Arianna (or Ariadne), daughter of King Minos, calling for death after the departure of Theseus from Naxos, he having escaped from the Minotaur in the Labyrinth. In one version of the original myth, Arianna survives and marries the god Dionysus; Monteverdi's music ends gently, possibly in reference to this eventual outcome.

© Dr Francis Knights 2024

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

O primavera, gioventù dell'anno SV68

(pub. 1592)

Giovanni Battista Guarini

O primavera, gioventù de l'anno, Bella madre de' fiori, D'erbe novelle e di novelli amori, Tu ben, lasso, ritorni, Ma senza i cari giorni De le speranze mie. Tu ben sei quella Ch'eri pur dianzi, sì vezzosa e bella; Ma non son io quel che già un tempo fui, Sì caro a gli occhi altrui.	O spring, youthful season of the year, fair mother of flowers, tender grasses and new loves: you indeed, alas, can return, but without the precious days of my longing. You are that which you were before – attractive and beautiful, but not so I, who had once been so dear to the eyes of others.
--	---

'Rimanti in pace' a la dolente e bella SV74

(pub. 1592)

Livio Celiano

'Rimanti in pace' a la dolente e bella Fillida Tirsi sospirando disse. 'Rimanti, io me ne vo'tal mi prescrisse Legge empio fato aspra sort'e rubella.' Ed ella, hora da l'una e l'altra stella Stillando amaro humore, i lumi affisse Nei lumi del suo Tirsi e gli trafisse Il cor di pietosissime quadrella. Ond'ei di morte la sua faccia impressa Disse: 'Ahi come n'andrò senz'il mio sole, Di martir in martir, di doglie in doglie?' Ed ella, da singhiozzi e piant'oppressa Fievolmente formò queste parole: 'Deh, cara anima mia, chi mi ti toglie?'	'Remain in peace,' said Thyrsis, sighing, to the sorrowing and fair Phyllis; 'remain - I shall go: that was prescribed to me by law, cruel fate and bitter, perverse destiny!' And she, now from one and the other eye dripping bitter tears, fixed her eyes on the eyes of her Thyrsis, and pierced his heart with the most pitying arrows. Whence he, with death imprinted on his face, said: 'Alas, how can I go without my sun, from torment to torment, from pain to pain?' And she, oppressed with sighs and tears, faintly uttered these words: 'Ah, my dear soul, who takes you from me?'
--	---

Lamento della ninfa SV163 (pub. 1638)

Ottavio Rinuccini

Non havea Febo ancora Recato al mondo il dì, Ch'una donzella fuora Del proprio albergo uscì.	Phoebus had still not ushered in the day when a girl came forth from her house.
Sul pallidetto volto Scorgea se il suo dolor, Spesso gli venia sciolto Un gran sospir dal cor.	On her pallid face grief was visible, and frequently she heaved a great sigh from her heart.
Sì calpestando fiori Errava hor qua, hor là, I suoi perduti amori Così piangendo va:	Trampling the flowers underfoot, she wandered this way and that, lamenting thus her lost loves:
'Amor,' dicea, il ciel Mirando, il piè fermo, 'Dove, dov'è la fè' Ch'el traditor giurò?	'O Love,' she said, gazing at the sky, her feet now steady, 'What has become of the faith that the deceiver swore?
Fa che ritorni il mio Amor com'ei pur fu, O tu m'ancidi, ch'io Non mi tormenti più.'	Persuade him to be once more the lover he used to be, or kill me, so that I need no longer torment myself.'
Miserella, ah più, no, Tanto gel soffrir non può.	Unhappy girl! No more, no more, can she bear such coldness.
'Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri Se non lontan da me, No, no che i martiri Più non darammi affè.	'I do not want him to sigh unless he is far away from me; no, for all this misery will then be spared me.
Perchè di lui mi struggo, Tutt'orgoglioso sta, Che sì, che sì se'l fuggo Ancor mi pregherà?	Since my pining for him makes him so proud, perhaps if I show indifference, he will return to me?

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Se ciglio ha più sereno
Colei che'l mio non è,
Già non rinchiude in seno,
Amor sì bella fè.

Her eyes may shine more brightly
than mine do,
but in her breast, love has not implanted
a faith as true as mine.

Ne mai sí dolci baci
Da quella bocca havrai,
Ne più soavi. Ah taci,

Nor will you receive sweeter kisses from those lips,
nor more tender ... Ah, be silent,
be silent, for you know that too well.'

Si tra sdegnosi pianti
Spargea le voci al ciel;
Così ne' cori amanti
Mesce amor fiamma e gel.

And so with angry tears her cries filled the sky;
thus in the hearts of lovers
love mixes fire and ice.

Sfogava con le stelle SV78 (pub. 1603)

?*Ottavio Rinuccini*

Sfogava con le stelle
Un'infermo d'amore
Sotto notturno ciel il suo dolore,
E dicea fisso in loro:
O immagini belle
De l'idol mio ch'adoro,
Sì com'a me mostrate,
Mentre così splendete,
La sua rara beltate,
Così mostrast'a lei
I vivi ardori miei,
La fareste col vostr'aureo sembiante
Pietosa sì, come me
fat'amante.

Crying to the stars
a love-sick man
beneath the night sky
spoke of his grief,
and said, whilst gazing at them:
'Oh, lovely images
of the idol I adore,
if only, as you show me,
when you shine,
her rare beauty,
you could show to her
my ardent flames,
you would make her, with
your golden look
compassionate, just as
you make me
affectionate.'

Longe da te, cor mio SV92 (pub. 1603)

Anonymous

Longe da te, cor mio,
Struggomi di dolore,
Di dolcezz'e d'amore.
Ma torna omai, deh torna! E se'l destino
Strugger vorrammi ancor a te vicino,
Sfavilli e splenda il tuo bel lume amato
Ch'io n'arda e mora, e morirò beato.

Far from you, my heart,
I am consumed with sorrow,
tenderness and love,
but return now! And if fate
wills me still to suffer when near you,
let your beautiful dear eyes shine and sparkle,
so that I burn and die from them, and I will die happy.

Salve o regina SV326 (pub. 1624)

Liturgical text

Salve, O Regina, O mater, O vita, O spes, O Clemens, O Pia, Dulcis Virgo Maria, salve. Salve Regina, Mater misericordiae: Vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve. Ad te clamamus, ... exsules, filii Hevæ. Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes In hac lacrimarum valle. Eia ergo, ... Advocata nostra, Illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte. Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, Nobis post hoc exsilium ostende...	Hail, O Queen, O mother, life. And hope, O kindly, compassionate, sweet Virgin Mary, hail! Hail, Queen, mother of mercy; our life, our sweetness and our hope, hail! To you we cry, ... exiled children of Eve. To you we sigh, groaning and weeping in this vale of tears. So then, ... our own advocate, turn your merciful eyes towards us; and show us Jesus, the blessed fruit of your womb, after this our earthly exile...
---	--

Cruda Amarilli SV94 (pub. 1605)

Giovanni Battista Guarini

Cruda Amarilli che col nome ancora D'amar, ahi lasso, amaramente insegni; Amarilli, del candido ligustro Più candida e più bella, Ma de l'aspido sordo E più sorda e più fera e più fugace, Poi che col dir t'offendo l' mi morrò tacendo.	Cruel Amarillis, who, to love that name, alas, you still bitterly teach us; Amarillis, than the privet yet more white and beautiful, but than the deaf snake more deaf and fleeting, since I offend you by speaking, I shall die in silence.
--	---

Era l'anima mia SV96 (pub. 1605)

Giovanni Battista Guarini

Era l'anima mia Già presso a l'ultim'hore E languia come langue alma che more; Quando anima più bella e più gradita Volsè lo sguardo in sì pietoso giro, Che mi mantenne in vita. Parean dir quei bei lumi, 'Deh, perché ti consumi?	My soul was already close to its last hour and languished like a dying soul languishes; when a soul more fair and more ravishing turned to me a look so pitiful, that it kept me alive. And these lights seemed to say 'Ah, why are you consumed so?
---	--

Non m'è sì caro il cor, ond'io respiro, Come se' tu, cor mio; Se mori, ohimè, non mori tu, mor'io.'	This heart that makes me live is not so dear to me, as you yourself, my heart; if you die, alas, it is not you that die, but I.'
--	---

Parlo, miser, o taccio? SV136 (pub. 1619)

Giovanni Battista Guarini

Parlo, miser, o taccio? S'io taccio, che soccorso avrà il morire? S'io parlo, che perdono avrà l'ardire? Taci, che ben s'intende Chiusa fiamma talhor da chi l'accende; Parla in me la pietade, Parla in lei la beltade E dice quel bel volto al crudo core: Chi può mirarmi e non languir d'amore?	Should I, poor wretch, speak out or be silent? If I stay silent, will death ease my troubles? If I speak, will such boldness be forgiven? Be silent, for a smothered flame is well understood to they who lit the fire! In me, mercy speaks. In her, beauty. And the handsome face says to the cruel heart: who can see me and not pine for love?
--	--

Lamento d'Arianna (Secondo) SV107 (pub.

1614)

Ottavio Rinuccini

Lasciatemi morire, E chi volete voi, che mi conforte In così dura sorte, In così gran martire? Lasciatemi morire.	Leave me to die! For even if you wished to, how could you comfort me in such harsh misfortune, in such great suffering? Leave me to die!
O Teseo, o Teseo mio, Sì che mio ti vo'dir, che mio pur sei, Benché t'involi, ahi crudo, a gl'occhi miei. Volgiti Teseo mio Volgiti Teseo, o dio Volgiti indietro a rimirar colei Che lasciato ha per te la patria, e il regno, E in questa arena ancora Cibo di fere dispietate, e crude Lascierà l'ossa ignude. O Teseo, o Teseo mio Se tu sapessi, o dio,	O my Theseus, yes, I still want to call you mine for mine you still are, even though you have turned, (ah, cruel one) away from my eyes. Turn back, my Theseus, Turn back, my Theseus (ah heavens) turn back to look again upon she who abandoned for you her homeland and her throne, and is still on this shore, the prey of wild beasts, harsh and cruel, who will leave her bones laid bare. O my Theseus, if you knew, (ah heavens)

Se tu sapessi, ohimè, come s'affanna La povera Arianna, Forse, forse pentito Rivolgeresti ancor la prora al lito; Ma con l'aure serene Tu te ne vai felice, ed io qui piango. A te prepara Atene Liete pompe superbe, ed io rimango Cibo di fere dispietate e crude In solitarie arene. Tu l'un e l'altro tuo vecchio parente Stringerai lieto, ed io Più non vedrovvi, o madre, o padre mio.	alas, how suffers your poor Ariadne, perhaps you would repent and turn back the prow of your ship to the shore: but with fair winds you sail joyfully away - and I remain here weeping. For you Athens is preparing festivities with great ceremony; and I am left as prey of wild beasts, harsh and cruel on these lonely shores. You will happily embrace both your aged parents while I will never again see my mother and my father.
--	---

Dove, dove è la fede, Che tanto mi giuravi? Così ne l'alta sede Tu mi ripon de gl'avi? Son queste le corone Onde m'adorni il crine? Questi li scettri sono, Queste le gemme, e gl'ori? Lasciarmi in abbandono A fera, che mi stracci, e mi divori? Ah Teseo, ah Teseo mio, Lascierai tu morire In van piangendo, in van gridando aita La misera Arianna, Ch'a te fidossi, e ti die' gloria e vita?	Where is the faithfulness which so strongly you swore to me? Where is the lofty throne on which you swore to seat me? Are these the wreaths which were to adorn my head? Are these the sceptres? Are these the jewels and golden ornaments? You abandon me for wild beasts to tear and devour? O my Theseus, are you leaving to die (vainly crying for help) the wretched Ariadne, who trusted you and to whom you owe your fame and your life?
--	---

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Ahi, che non pur risponde;	Alas, he does not even reply.
Ahi, che più d'aspe è sordo a miei lamenti.	Alas, he is deafer than a snake to my complaining.
O nembì, o turbi, o venti	O thunderclouds, tempests, winds,
Sommergetelo voi dentro a quell'onde.	drown him in the waves!
Correte Orchi e Balene,	Rush to him, sea- monsters and whales
E de la membra immonde	and with his foul limbs
Empiete le voragini profonde!	fill the chasms of the deep.
Che parlo, ahi, che vaneggio?	What am I saying? Ah, am I raving, wretched woman?
Misera, ohimè, che chieggió?	Alas, what am I asking?
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,	O my Theseus,
Non son quell'io che i ferì detti sciolse,	I am not myself while wild beasts threaten me:
Parlò l'affanno mio, parlò il dolore,	it was my deprivation that spoke, my pain.
Parlò la lingua sì, ma non già'l core.	My tongue spoke, yes - but not my heart.

All translations except 'Lamento della ninfa' by Silvia Reseghetti and Robert Hollingworth, kindly provided by the artists. 'Lamento della ninfa' by James Halliday.