

WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 29 November 2023
1.00pm

Roger Vignoles Masterclass

Dominic Felts bass-baritone • Pietro Iacopini piano

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937) Chanson romanesque from *Don Quichotte à Dulcinée* (1932-3)

Henri Duparc (1848-1933) Chanson triste (1868)

Charlotte Jane Kennedy soprano • Paul Mnatsakanov piano

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart Dans un bois solitaire K308 (1777-8)
(1756-1791)

Claude Debussy (1862-1918) C'est l'extase from *Ariettes oubliées* (1885-7, rev. 1903)

Interval

Alexandra Achillea Pouta mezzo-soprano • Edward Picton-Turbervill piano

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918) Les lilas qui avaient fleuri from *Clairières dans le ciel* (1913-4)

Claude Debussy Le tombeau des naïades from *Chansons de Bilitis* (1897-8)



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Dominic Felts bass-baritone
Pietro Iacopini piano

Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Chanson romanesque **Romantic song**
from *Don Quichotte à*

Dulcinée (1932-3)

Paul Morand

Si vous me disiez que la terre
À tant tourner vous
offensa,
Je lui dépêcherais
Pança:
Vous la verriez fixe, et se
taire.

Were you to tell me that the
earth offended you with
so much turning,
I'd dispatch Panza to deal
with it:
you'd see it still and
silenced.

Si vous me disiez que
l'ennui
Vous vient du ciel trop fleuri
d'astres,
Déchirant les divins
cadastres,
Je faucherais d'un coup la
nuit.

Were you to tell me that
you are wearied
by a sky too with
stars –
tearing the divine order
asunder,
I'd scythe the night with a
single blow.

Si vous me disiez que
l'espace
Ainsi vidé ne vous plaît
point,
Chevalier dieu, la lance au
poing,
J'étoilerais le vent qui
passe.

Were you to tell me that
space itself,
thus denuded was not to
your taste –
as a god-like knight, with
lance in hand,
I'd sow the fleeting wind
with stars.

Mais si vous disiez que mon
sang
Est plus à moi qu'à vous, ma
Dame,
Je blêmierais dessous le
blâme,
Et je mourrais, vous
bénissant.

But were you to tell me
that my blood
is more mine, my Lady,
than your own,
I'd pale at the
admonishment
and, blessing you, would
die.

O Dulcinée.

O Dulcinea.

Henri Duparc (1848-1933)

Chanson triste (1868)

Song of sadness

Jean Lahor

Dans ton cœur dort un clair
de lune,
Un doux clair de lune d'été,
Et pour fuir la vie
importune,
Je me noierai dans ta
clarté.

Moonlight slumbers in
your heart,
a gentle summer moonlight,
and to escape the cares
of life
I shall drown myself in
your light.

J'oublierai les douleurs
passées,
Mon amour, quand tu
berceras
Mon triste cœur et mes
pensées
Dans le calme aimant de tes
bras.

I shall forget past
sorrows,
my sweet, when you
cradle
my sad heart and my
thoughts
in the loving calm of your
arms.

Tu prendras ma tête malade,
Oh! quelquefois, sur tes
genoux,
Et lui diras une ballade
Qui semblera parler de nous;

You will rest my poor head,
ah! sometimes on your
lap,
and recite to it a ballad
that will seem to speak of us;

Et dans tes yeux pleins de
tristesses,
Dans tes yeux alors je
boirai
Tant de baisers et de
tendresses
Que peut-être je
guérirai.

And from your eyes full of
sorrow,
from your eyes I shall
then drink
so many kisses and so
much love
that perhaps I shall be
healed.

Charlotte Jane Kennedy soprano
Paul Mnatsakanov piano

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Dans un bois solitaire In a lonely wood K308 (1777-8)

Antoine Houdar de La Motte

Dans un bois solitaire et sombre In a dark and lonely wood
Je me promenais l'autr' jour, I walked a while ago,
Un enfant y dormait à a child was sleeping in its
l'ombre, shade –
C'était le redoutable it was fearsome Cupid
Amour. himself.

J'approche, sa beauté me I drew near, his beauty
flatte, charmed me,
Mais je devais m'en défier; but I had to be on my guard;
J'y vis tous les traits d'une I saw all the looks of a
ingrate, faithless maid
Que j'avais juré d'oublier. whom I had sworn to forget.

Il avait la bouche vermeille, His lips were bright red,
Le teint aussi beau que le his complexion as
sien, beautiful as hers,
Un soupir m'échappe, il a sigh escapes me, he
s'éveille; awakes
L'Amour se réveille de rien. Cupid wakes at anything.

Aussitôt déployant ses ailes Spreading at once his
et saisissant wings and seizing
Son arc vengeur, his vengeful bow,
D'une de ses fleches unleashing one of his
cruelles, en partant, cruel shafts
Il me blesse au cœur. he wounds me to the heart.

Va! va, dit-il, aux pieds de 'Go!' he said, 'at Sylvie's
Sylvie, feet
De nouveau languir et to languish and to burn
brûler! anew!
Tu l'aimeras toute ta vie, You shall love her all your life
Pour avoir osé for having dared to wake
m'éveiller. me.'

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

C'est l'extase from *Ariettes oubliées*

(1885-7, rev. 1903)
Paul Verlaine

C'est l'extase langoureuse,
C'est la fatigue amoureuse,
C'est tous les frissons des
bois
Parmi l'étreinte des brises,
C'est, vers les ramures
grises,
Le chœur des petites voix.

Ô le frêle et frais
murmure!
Cela gazouille et
susurre,
Cela ressemble au cri doux
Que l'herbe agitée expire ...
Tu dirais, sous l'eau qui
vire,
Le roulis sourd des
cailloux.

Cette âme qui se lamente
En cette plainte dormante
C'est la nôtre, n'est-ce pas?
La mienne, dis, et la tienne,
Dont s'exhale l'humble
antienne
Par ce tiède soir, tout
bas?

It is languorous rapture

It is languorous rapture,
it is amorous fatigue,
it is all the tremors of the
forest
in the breezes' embrace,
it is, around the grey
branches,
the choir of tiny voices.

O the delicate, fresh
murmuring!
The warbling and
whispering,
it is like the soft cry
the ruffled grass gives out ...
You might take it for the
muffled sound
of pebbles in the swirling
stream.

This soul which grieves
in this subdued lament,
it is ours, is it not?
Mine, and yours too,
breathing out our humble
hymn
on this warm evening,
soft and low?

Interval

Alexandra Achillea Pouta mezzo-soprano
Edward Picton-Turbervill piano

Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

Les lilas qui avaient
fleuri from *Clairières*
dans le ciel (1913-4)

Francis Jammes

Les lilas qui avaient fleuri
l'année dernière
Vont fleurir de nouveau dans
les tristes parterres.

Déjà le pêcher grêle
a jonché le ciel
bleu

De ses roses, comme un
enfant la Fête-Dieu.

Mon cœur devrait mourir au
milieu de ces choses

Car c'était au milieu des
vergers blancs et roses

Que j'avais espéré je ne sais
quoi de vous.

Mon âme rêve sourdement
sur vos genoux.

Ne la repoussez point. Ne la
relevez pas

De peur qu'en s'éloignant de
vous elle ne voie

Combien vous êtes faible et
troublée dans ses bras.

The lilacs which had
flowered

The lilacs which had
flowered last year
will soon flower once
more in dismal beds.

The slender peach has
already strewn the blue
sky

with its pinks, like a child
at Corpus Christi.

My heart should have
died amid these things,

for it was amid the orchard's
whites and pinks

that I had hoped for I know
not what from you.

My soul dreams secretly
on your lap.

Do not reject it. Do not
raise it up,

for fear that, drawing away
from you, it might see

how frail you are and
troubled in its embrace.

Claude Debussy

Le tombeau des
naïades from
Chansons de Bilitis
(1897-8)

Pierre Louÿs

Le long du bois couvert de
givre, je marchais; mes
cheveux devant ma bouche
se fleurissaient de petits
glaçons, et mes sandales
étaient lourdes de neige
fangeuse et tassée.

Il me dit: 'Que cherches-tu?'
- 'Je suis la trace du satyre.
Ses petits pas fourchus
alternent des trous dans
un manteau blanc.' Il me
dit: 'Les satyres sont morts.

'Les satyres et les nymphes
aussi. Depuis trente ans il
n'a pas fait un hiver aussi
terrible. La trace que tu
vois est celle d'un bouc.
Mais restons ici, où est leur
tombeau.'

Et avec le fer de sa houe
il cassa la glace de la
source où jadis riaient
les naïades. Il prenait
de grands morceaux
froids, et les soulevant vers
le ciel pâle, il regardait au
travers.

The tomb of the
Naiads

Along the frost-bound
wood I walked; my hair,
across my mouth,
blossomed with tiny
icicles, and my sandals
were heavy with
muddy, packed snow.

He said to me: 'What do you
seek?' 'I follow the satyr's
track. His little cloven hoof
marks alternate like holes
in a white cloak.' He said
to me: 'The satyrs are
dead.

The satyrs and the nymphs
too. For thirty years there
has not been so harsh a
winter. The tracks you see
are those of a goat. But let
us stay here, where their
tomb is.'

And with the iron head of his
hoe he broke the ice of
the spring where the
naiads used to laugh. He
picked up some huge
cold fragments, and,
raising them to the pale
sky, gazed through them.