

# WIGMORE HALL

Friday 29 October 2021 1.00pm

**Grace Durham** mezzo-soprano  
**Edward Liddall** piano

<b>Graciane Finzi</b> (b.1945)	Cabaret Voltaire (2015)
<b>Ernest Chausson</b> (1855-1899)	Hébé Op. 2 No. 6 (1882)
<b>Gabriel Fauré</b> (1845-1924)	Clair de lune Op. 46 No. 2 (1887)
	Dans la forêt de septembre Op. 85 No. 1 (1902)
<b>Liam Paterson</b> (b.1991)	The Isle Is Full of Noises (2016) <i>UK première</i>
<b>Joseph Haydn</b> (1732-1809)	Arianna a Naxos HXXVIb 2 (c.1790)
<b>Maurice Ravel</b> (1875-1937)	5 mélodies populaires grecques (1904-6) <i>Chanson de la mariée • Là-bas, vers l'église • Quel galant m'est comparable • Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques • Tout gai!</i>
<b>Lili Boulanger</b> (1893-1918)	Nous nous aimerons from <i>Clairières dans le ciel</i> (1913-14)

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## Graciane Finzi (b.1945)

### Cabaret Voltaire (2015)

after Hugo Ball

Dada, est une nouvelle tendance artistique, on s'en rend bien compte quisque, jusqu'à aujourd'hui personne n'en savait rien. C'est terriblement simple.	Dada, is a new artistic trend, we realise that, until today nobody knew anything about it. It is terribly simple.
'Cheval de bois'	'Wooden horse'
'Va t'faire, Au revoir, à la prochaine'.	'Go to hell, goodbye, see you next time'.
En roumain, 'oui en effet, vous avez raison, - c'est d'accord, vraiment, on s'en occupe' etcetera.	In Romanian, 'yes indeed, you are right, - it's okay, really, we'll take care of it' etcetera.
C'est un mot international. Seulement un mot et ce mot comme mouvement	It's an international word, only one word and this word as a movement
Très facile a comprendre	Very easy to understand
Psychologie Dada y compris indigestions et crampes brouillardaises, littérature Dada bourgeoisie Dada et vous, très vénérés poètes, vous qui avez toujours fait de la poésie avec des mots, mais qui	Dada psychology including indigestion and foggy cramps, Dada literature, Dada bourgeoisie and you, revered poets, who have always made poetry with words, but who
n'en faites jamais du mot lui-même, vous qui, tournez autour d'un simple point en poétisant.	but who never make of the word itself, you who, turn around a simple point while poetizing.
Guerre mondiale Dada et pas de fin, révolution Dada et pas de commencement.	World War Dada and no end, revolution Dada and no beginning.
Comment devenir célèbre? En disant Dada, jusqu'à la folie, jusqu'à l'évanouisse	How to become famous? By saying Dada, until the madness, until the fainting
Comment obtenir la béatitude? En disant Dada. D'un geste noble, jusqu'à la folie.	How to get bliss? By saying Dada. With a noble gesture, until the madness.
Comment en finir avec tout ce qui est journalisticaille,	How to get rid of everything that is journalistic,
Comment en finir avec tout ce qui est gentil et propre, borné, vermoulu de morale, énervé, européenisé, conventionnel?	How to finish with all that is nice and clean, narrow-minded, wormed of morals, irritated, Europeanised, conventional?
En disant Dada. Dada c'est l'âme du monde, c'est le grand truc, c'est le meilleur savon au lait de lys du monde.	By saying Dada. Dada is the soul of the world, it is the great thing, it is the best lily milk soap in the world.
Dada, Monsieur Rubiner, Dada, Monsieur Korodi, Dada,	Dada, Mr Rubiner, Dada, Mr Korodi, Dada, Mr

Monsieur Huelsenbeck, Richard Huelsenbeck, Dada Monsieur Anastasius Lilienstein, cela veut dire en allemand: l'hospitalité de la Suisse est vraiment appréciable. Et en esthétique, ce qui compte, c'est la qualité.	Huelsenbeck, Richard Huelsenbeck, Dada Mr Anastasius Lilienstein, that means in German: the hospitality of Switzerland is really appreciable. And in aesthetics, quality is what counts.
Si une vibration mesure trois pieds, je veux, bien entendu, des mots qui mesurent trois pieds.	If a vibration is three feet long, I want words that are three feet long.
Les mots de Monsieur Dupont ne mesurent que deux centimetres et demi	Mr Dupont's words are only two and a half centimetres long
Je laisse galipetter les voyelles, je laisse tout simplement tomber les sons, à peu près comme miaule un chat. Des mots surgissent, des épaules de mots, des jambes, des bras, des mains de mots.	I let the vowels gallivant, I simply let the sounds fall, much like a cat meows. Words appear, shoulders of words, legs, arms, hands of words.
Je veux le mot là où il s'arrête et là où il commence.	I want the word where it stops and where it starts.
Pourquoi l'arbre ne pourrait-il pas s'appeler Ploupouche et Plouploubache quand il a plu?	Why couldn't the tree be called Ploupouche and Plouploubache when it rained?
Le mot, messieurs, le mot est une affaire publique de tout premier ordre	The word, gentlemen, the word is a public matter of very first order

## Ernest Chausson (1855-1899)

### Hébé Op. 2 No. 6 (1882)

Louise-Victorine Ackermann

Les yeux baissés, rougissante et candide,	When Hebe, guileless and with lowered gaze,
Vers leur banquet quand Hébé s'avancait.	blushingly drew near their feast,
Les Dieux charmés tendaient leur coupe vide,	the delighted gods proffered empty goblets
Et de nectar l'enfant la remplissait.	which the child replenished with nectar.
Nous tous aussi, quand passe la jeunesse,	And we too, when youth fades,
Nous lui tendons notre coupe à l'envi.	vie in proffering her our goblets.
Quel est le vin qu'y verse la déesse?	What is the wine she dispenses?
Nous l'ignorons; il enivre et ravit.	We do not know; it elates and enraptures.

Ayant souri dans sa grâce immortelle, Hébé s'éloigne; on la rappelle en vain. Longtemps encor sur la route éternelle, Notre œil en pleurs suit l'échanson divin.	Having smiled with her immortal grace, Hebe goes on her way - you summon her in vain. For a long time still on the eternal path, we follow the gods' cup-bearer with weeping eyes.
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## Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

### Clair de lune Op. 46

No. 2 (1887)

*Paul Verlaine*

Votre âme est un paysage choisi Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques Jouant du luth et dansant et quasi Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.	Your soul is a chosen landscape bewitched by masquers and bergamaskers, playing the lute and dancing and almost sad beneath their fanciful disguises.
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Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune, Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,	Singing as they go in a minor key of conquering love and life's favours, they do not seem to believe in their fortune and their song mingles with the light of the moon,
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Au calme clair de lune triste et beau, Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau, Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.	The calm light of the moon, sad and fair, that sets the birds dreaming in the trees and the fountains sobbing in their rapture, tall and svelte amid marble statues.
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### Dans la forêt de septembre Op. 85 No. 1

(1902)

*Catulle Mendès*

Ramure aux rumeurs amollies, Troncs sonores que l'âge creuse, L'antique forêt douloureuse S'accorde à nos mélancolies.	Foliage of deadened sound, resonant trunks hollowed by age, the ancient, mournful forest blends with our melancholy.
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Ô sapins agriffés au gouffre,	O fir-trees, clinging to chasms,
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Nids déserts aux branches brisées, Halliers brûlés, fleurs sans rosées, Vous savez bien comme l'on souffre!	abandoned nests in broken branches, burnt-out thickets, flowers without dew, you well know our suffering!
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Et lorsque l'homme, passant blême, Pleure dans le bois solitaire, Des plaintes d'ombre et de mystère L'accueillent en pleurant, de même.	And when man, that pale wanderer, weeps in the lonely wood, shadowy, mysterious laments greet him, likewise weeping.
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Bonne forêt! promesse ouverte De l'exil que la vie implore, Je viens d'un pas alerte encore Dans ta profondeur encor verte.	Good forest! Open promise of exile that life implores, I come with a step still brisk into your still green depths.
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Mais d'un fin bouleau de la sente Une feuille, un peu rousse, frôle Ma tête et tremble à mon épaule; C'est que la forêt vieillissante,	But from a slender birch by the path, a reddish leaf brushes my head and quivers on my shoulder - for the ageing forest,
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Sachant l'hiver où tout avorte, Déjà proche en moi comme en elle, Me fait l'aumône fraternelle De sa première feuille morte!	Knowing that winter, when all withers, is already close for me as for her, bestows on me the fraternal gift of her first dead leaf!
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## Ll iam Paterson (b.1991)

### The Isle Is Full of Noises (2016)

*William Shakespeare*

Be not afeard; the isle is full of noises,  
Sounds and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not.  
Sometimes a thousand twangling instruments  
Will hum about mine ears; and sometime voices,  
That, if I then had waked after long sleep,  
Will make me sleep again: and then, in dreaming,  
The clouds methought would open, and show riches  
Ready to drop upon me; that, when I waked,  
I cried to dream again.

# Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

## Arianna a Naxos

HXXVib:2 (c.1790)

*Anonymous*

### *Recitative*

Teseo mio ben,  
Dove sei tu?  
Vicino d'averti mi pareo  
Ma un lusinghiero sogno fallace  
m'ingannò.  
Già sorge in ciel la rosea  
Aurora  
E l'erbe e i fior colora  
Febo  
Uscendo dal mar col crine  
aurato.  
Sposo adorato, dove guidasti il  
piè?  
Forse le fere ad inseguir ti  
chiama il tuo nobile ardor.  
Ah vieni, O caro,  
Ed offrirò più grata preda a tuoi  
lacci.  
Il cor d'Arianna amante, che  
t'adora costante,  
Stringi con nodo più tenace  
E più bella la face splenda dal  
nostro amor.  
Soffrir non posso  
D'esser da te divisa un sol  
istante.  
Ah di vederti, O caro, già mi  
strugge il desio.  
Ti sospira il mio cuor.  
Vieni, idol mio.

### *Aria. Largo*

Dove sei, mio bel tesoro?  
Chi t'invola a questo cor?  
Se non vieni, io già mi moro,  
Né resisto al mio dolor.  
Se pietade avete, O Dei,  
Secondate i voti miei;  
A me torni il caro ben.  
Dove sei? Teseo!

### *Recitative*

Ma, a chi parlo?  
Gli accenti eco ripete sol.  
Teseo non m'ode,  
Teseo non mi risponde,  
E portano le voci e l'aure e  
l'onde.

## Ariadne on Naxos

### *Recitative*

Theseus my beloved,  
where are you?  
I seem to have you near me,  
but a flattering treacherous  
dream deceives me.  
Already rose-coloured Dawn is  
rising in the sky  
and Phoebus colours the grass  
and flowers  
rising from the sea with his  
golden hair.  
Adored husband, where have  
your footsteps led you?  
Perhaps your noble ardour calls  
you to pursue wild beasts.  
Ah come, my dearest,  
and I shall offer a more pleasing  
prey to your snares.  
Arianna's loving heart, which  
adores you faithfully,  
clasps the splendid  
light of our love with a firmer  
knot.  
I cannot bear  
to be apart from you for a single  
moment.  
Ah beloved, I am consumed with  
longing to see you.  
My heart sighs for you.  
Come, my idol.

### *Aria. Largo*

Who stole you from this heart?  
Who stole you from this heart?  
If you do not come, already I die,  
nor resist my grief.  
If you have pity, O Gods,  
fulfil my desires;  
return my dear beloved to me.  
Where are you? Theseus!

### *Recitative*

But to whom am I speaking?  
Only echo repeats my words.  
Theseus does not hear me,  
Theseus does not answer me,  
and my voice is carried away by  
the wind and the waves.

Poco da me lontano esser egli  
dovria.  
Salgasi quello che più d'ogni  
altro s'alza alpestro scoglio:  
Ivi lo scoprirò.  
Che miro?  
O stelle!  
Misera me!  
Quest'è l'argivo legno,  
Greci son quelli.  
Teseo!  
Ei sulla prora!  
Ah, m'inganassi almen ...  
No no, non m'inganno.  
Ei fuggè,  
Ei qui mi lascia in abbandono.  
Più speranza non v'è, tradita io  
sono.  
Teseo, Teseo, m'ascolta Teseo!  
Ma oimè! Vaneggio.  
I flutti e il vento lo involano per  
sempre agli occhi miei.  
Ah, siete ingiusti, O Dei  
Se l'empio non punite!  
Ingrato! Perché ti trassi dalla  
morte?  
Dunque tu dovevi tradirmi?  
E le promesse, e i giuramenti  
tuoi?  
Spergiuo! Infido!  
Hai cor di lasciarmi!

A chi mi volgo?  
Da chi pietà sperar?  
Già più non reggo:  
Il piè vacilla,  
E in così amaro istante  
Sento mancarmi in sen l'alma  
tremante.

### *Aria. Larghetto*

Ah! che morir vorrei  
In sì fatal momento,  
Ma al mio crudel tormento  
Mi serba ingiusto il ciel.

### *Presto*

Misera abbandonata  
Non ho chi mi consola.  
Chi tanto amai  
s'invola,  
Barbaro ed infidel.

He must not be far from  
me.  
Let me climb the highest of  
these steep rocks:  
I shall discover him thus.  
What do I see?  
O heavens!  
Misery me!  
That is the wooden Argosy,  
those men are Greeks.  
Theseus!  
He is on the prow!  
O may I at least be mistaken ...  
no, no, I am not mistaken.  
He flees,  
he leaves me abandoned here.  
There is no longer any hope for  
me, I am betrayed.  
Theseus, listen to me Theseus!  
But alas! I am raving.  
The waves and wind are stealing  
him from my eyes for ever.  
Ah, you are unjust, O Gods  
if you do not punish the infidel!  
Ungrateful man! Why did I  
snatch you away from death?  
So you had to betray me?  
And your promises and your  
oaths?  
Perjurer! Infidel!  
Have you the heart to leave me?

To whom can I turn?  
From whom can I hope for pity?  
I can already bear no more:  
my step falters,  
and in so bitter a moment  
I feel my trembling soul  
weaken.

### *Aria. Larghetto*

Ah, how I should like to die  
in so fatal a moment,  
but the heavens unjustly keep me  
in my cruel torment.

### *Presto*

Wretched and abandoned  
I have no one to console me.  
He whom I loved so much has  
fled,  
barbarous and unfaithful.

## Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

### 5 mélodies populaires grecques (1904-6)

*Traditional, trans. Michel-Dimitri Calvocoressi*

#### Chanson de la mariée

#### The bride's awakening

Réveille-toi, réveille-toi, perdrix  
mignonne.

Wake up, wake up, pretty  
partridge,

Ouvre au matin tes ailes.

spread your wings to the morning.

Trois grains de beauté, mon  
cœur en est brûlé.

Three beauty spots – and my  
heart's ablaze.

Vois le ruban, le ruban d'or que  
je t'apporte

See the golden ribbon I bring  
you

Pour le nouer autour de tes  
cheveux.

to tie around your  
tresses.

Si tu veux, ma belle, viens nous  
marier:

If you wish, my beauty, let us  
marry!

Dans nos deux familles, tous  
sont alliés.

In our two families all are  
related.

#### Là-bas, vers l'église

#### Down there by the church

Là-bas, vers l'église,

Down there by the church,

Vers l'église Ayio Sidero,

by the church of Saint Sideros,

L'église, ô Vierge sainte,

the church, O Holy Virgin,

L'église, Ayio Constandino

the church of Saint Constantine,

Se sont réunis, rassemblés en  
nombre infini,

are gathered together, in infinite  
numbers,

Du monde, ô Vierge sainte!

the bravest people, O Holy Virgin,

Du monde tous les plus braves!

the bravest people in the world!

#### Quel galant m'est comparable

#### What gallant can compare with me?

Quel galant m'est comparable,  
D'entre ceux qu'on voit passer?  
Dis, dame Vassiliki?

What gallant can compare with me  
among those seen passing by?  
Tell me, Mistress Vassiliki?

Vois, pendus, pendus à ma  
ceinture,

See, hanging at my  
belt,

Pistolets et sabre aigu...

pistols and sharp sword...

Et c'est toi que j'aime!

and it's you I love!

#### Chanson des cueilleuses de lentisques

#### Song of the lentisk gatherers

Ô joie de mon âme,

O joy of my soul,

Joie de mon cœur, trésor qui  
m'est si cher;

joy of my heart, treasure so  
dear to me;

Joie de l'âme et du cœur.

joy of the soul and of the heart,

Toi que j'aime ardemment,

you whom I love with passion,

Tu es plus beau qu'un  
ange.

you are more beautiful than an  
angel.

Ô lorsque tu parais, ange si  
doux,

O when you appear, angel so  
sweet,

Devant nos yeux,

before our eyes,

Comme un bel ange blond,

like a lovely, blond angel

Sous le clair soleil,

under the bright sun –

Hélas, tous nos pauvres cœurs  
soupirent!

alas, all our poor hearts  
sigh!

#### Tout gai!

#### So merry!

Tout gai,

So merry,

Ha, tout gai;

ah, so merry;

Belle jambe, tireli, qui danse,

lovely leg, tireli, that dances,

Belle jambe, la vaisselle danse.

lovely leg, the crockery dances,

Tra-la-la.

tra la la.

## Lili Boulanger (1893-1918)

### Clairières dans le ciel (1913-14)

*Francis Jammes*

#### Nous nous aimerons

#### We shall love each other

Nous nous aimerons tant que  
nous tairons nos mots,  
en nous tendant la main, quand  
nous nous reverrons.

We shall love each other so, that  
we shall be silent  
as we hold out hands when next  
we meet.

Vous serez ombragée par  
d'anciens rameaux  
sur le banc que je sais où nous  
nous assoierons.

You will be shaded by old  
branches  
on the bench where I know we  
shall both sit down.

Donc nous nous assoierons sur  
ce banc tous deux seuls ...

And so we shall sit down on this  
bench, we two alone...

D'un long moment, ô mon amie,  
vous n'oserez ...

For a long while, my friend, you  
will not dare...

Que vous me serez douce et  
que je tremblerai ...

How gentle you will be with me  
and how I shall tremble...

*Translations of Fauré, Ravel and Boulanger by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Chausson by Richard Stokes. Haydn by Misha Donat.*