

WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 3 November 2022
1.00pm

Roberta Alexander Masterclass

Manon Ogwen Parry soprano
Thomas Eeckhout piano

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Quando m'en vo' from *La bohème* (1893-5)

Channa Malkin soprano
Sebastian Wybrew piano

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Quando avran fine omai ... Padre, germani, addio! from
Idomeneo K366 (1780)

Interval

Lynda Olivia Nwabudike soprano
Sebastian Wybrew piano

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

St Ita's Vision from *Hermit Songs* Op. 29 (1952-3)

Gabriella Noble mezzo-soprano
David Palmer piano

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

King David (1919)

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Manon Ogwen Parry soprano
Thomas Eeckhout piano

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

Quando m'en vo' from **When I go out**

La bohème (1893-5)

Luigi Illica and Giuseppe

Giacosa

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| Quando m'en vo soletta per la via, La gente sosta e mira E la bellezza mia tutta ricerca in me Da capo a pi... Ed assaporo allor la bramosia Sottile, che da gli occhi traspira E dai palesi vezzi intender sa Alle occulte beltà. Così l'effluvio del desio tutta m'aggira, Felice mi fa! E tu che sai, che memori e ti struggi Da me tanto rifuggi? So ben le angoscie tue non le vuoi dir, Ma ti senti morir! | When I go out alone on the street, people stop and stare, and everyone studies my beauty from head to foot. And then I savour the veiled desire which emanates from their eyes, and beneath the obvious charms they recognise the hidden beauty. So the effusion of desire surrounds me, it makes me happy! And you who know, remember, are consumed by it - you shy away from me so? I know well the sufferings of which you do not wish to speak; but you feel like you're dying! |
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Channa Malkin soprano
Sebastian Wybrew piano

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Quando avran fine omai

... Padre, germani,
addio! from *Idomeneo*

K366 (1780)

Giambattista Varesco, after

Antoine Danchet

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| Quando avran fine omai L'aspre sventure mie? Ilia infelice! Di tempesta crudel misero avanzo, Del genitor, e de' germani priva Del barbaro nemico Misto col sangue il sangue | When will my bitter misfortunes be ended? Unhappy Ilia, wretched survivor of a dreadful tempest, bereft of father and brothers, the victims' blood spilt and mingled |
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| Vittime generose, A qual sorte più rea Ti riserbano i Numi?... Pur vendicaste voi Di Priamo, e di Troia i danni, e l'onte? Peri la flotta Argiva, e Idomeneo Pasto forse sarà d'orca vorace... Ma che mi giova, oh ciel! se al primo aspetto Di quel prode Idamante, Che all'onde mi rapì, l'odio deposi, E pria fu schiavo il cor, che m'accorgessi D'essere prigioniera. Ah qual contrasto, oh Dio! d'opposti affetti Mi destate nel sen odio, ed amore! Vendetta deggio a chi mi diè la vita, Gratitudine a chi vita mi rende... Oh Ilia! oh genitor! oh prence! oh sorte! Oh vita sventurata! oh dolce morte! Ma che? m'ama Idamante?... ah no; l'ingrato Per Elettra sospira, e quell' Elettra Meschina principessa esule d'Argo, D'Oreste alle sciagure a queste arene Fuggitiva, raminga, è mia rivale. Quanti mi siete intorno Carnefici spietati?... orsù sbranate Vendetta, gelosia, odio, ed amore, Sbranate sì quest'infelice core! Padre, germani, addio! Voi foste, io vi perdei. Grecia, cagion tu sei. E un greco adorerò? D'ingrata al sangue mio So, che la colpa avrei; Ma quel sembiante, oh Dei! Odiare ancor non so. | with the blood of their savage foes, for what harsher fate have the gods preserved you? ... Are the loss and shame of Priam and Troy avenged? The Greek fleet is destroyed, and Idomeneo perhaps will be a meal for hungry fish ... But what comfort is that to me, ye heavens, if at the first sight of that valiant Idamante who snatched me from the waves I forgot my hatred, and my heart was enslaved before I realised I was a prisoner. O God, what a conflict of warring emotions you rouse in my breast, hate and love! I owe vengeance to him who gave me life, gratitude to him who restored it ... O Ilia! o father, o prince, o destiny! Ill-fated life, o sweet death! But yet does Idamante love me? ... Ah no; ungratefully he sighs for Electra; and that Electra, unhappy princess, an exile from Argos and the torments of Orestes, who fled, a wanderer, to these shores, is my rival. Ruthless butchers, how many of you surround me?... Then up and shatter vengeance, jealousy, hate and love; yes, shatter my unhappy heart! Father, brothers, farewell! You are no more; I have lost you. Greece, you are the cause; and shall I now love a Greek? I know that I am guilty of abandoning my kin; but I cannot bring myself, o gods, to hate that face. |
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Interval

Lynda Olivia Nwabudike soprano

Sebastian Wybrew piano

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)

St Ita's Vision from *Hermit Songs* Op. 29

(1952-3)

Attrib. St Ita, 8th century

'I will take nothing from my Lord', said she,
'Unless He gives me His Son from Heaven
In the form of a Baby that I may nurse Him'.
So that Christ came down to her
In the form of a Baby and then she said:
'Infant Jesus, at my breast,
Nothing in this world is true
Save, O tiny nursling, You.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
By my heart every night,
You I nurse are not
A churl but were begot
On Mary the Jewess by Heaven's Light.
Infant Jesus, at my breast,
What King is there but You who could
Give everlasting Good?
Wherefore I give my food.
Sing to Him, maidens, sing your best!
There is none that has such right
To your song as Heaven's King
Who every night
Is Infant Jesus at my breast'.

Gabriella Noble mezzo-soprano

David Palmer piano

Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

King David (1919)

Walter de la Mare

King David was a sorrowful man:
No cause for his sorrow had he;
And he called for the music of a hundred harps,
To ease his melancholy.

They played till they all fell silent:
Played and play sweet did they;
But the sorrow that haunted the heart of King David
They could not charm away.

He rose; and in his garden
Walked by the moon alone,
A nightingale hidden in a cypress tree,
Jargoned on and on.

King David lifted his sad eyes
Into the dark-boughed tree –
'Tell me, thou little bird that singest,
Who taught my grief to thee?'

But the bird in no wise heeded;
And the king in the cool of the moon
Hearkened to the nightingale's sorrowfulness,
Till all his own was gone.

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