

WIGMORE HALL

Friday 4 February 2022 7.30pm Oblivion

Josè Maria Lo Monaco mezzo-soprano

Oblivion Ensemble

Andrea de Carlo musical leader, arrangements, viola da gamba

Javier Giroto soprano saxophone, quena, percussion

Fabio Furia bandoneon

Lucia Adelaide di Nicola harpsichord, positive organ

Jadran Duncumb theorbo, baroque guitar

Amleto Matteucci double bass

CLASSIC *fm*

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

SPARTENZA

Trad/Sicilian

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Ástor Piazzolla (1921-1992)

Trad/Sicilian

Ayo visto lo mappamundi

Ahi, caso acerbo from *Orfeo* (1607)

Tema de María from *María de Buenos Aires* (1968)

Cu ti lu dissi

OLVIDO

Ástor Piazzolla

Claudio Monteverdi

Ástor Piazzolla

Trad/Sicilian

Claudio Monteverdi

Yo soy María from *María de Buenos Aires* (1968)

Oblivion soave from *L'incoronazione di Poppea* (1642-3 rev. 1651)

Oblivion (1982)

Nici ricordati

Lamento d'Arianna: Lasciatemi morire (1607)

Interval

MEMORIA

Ástor Piazzolla

Claudio Monteverdi

Ástor Piazzolla

Trad/Sicilian

Claudio Monteverdi

Chiquilín de Bachín (1969)

Lamento della ninfa

Los pájaros perdidos (1973)

Si pi disgrazia iu perdu a Rosa

Si dolce è'l tormento (pub. 1624)

SUEÑOS

Ástor Piazzolla

Claudio Monteverdi

Trad/Sicilian

Los sueños (1989)

Yo soy María from *María de Buenos Aires* (1968)

Ohimè ch'io cado, ohimè (pub. 1624)

Amara terra mia

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



SPARTENZA

Around 1480, a new world map was displayed in Naples. Visitors from Sicily who saw it agreed that although other countries were attractive, nothing could compare with their island. This is the subject of the opening song 'Ayo vista lo mappamundi', its gentle wit bathed in nostalgia. The language is Sicilian, its vocab a mixture of Greek, Latin, Italian and Spanish, cultures that have inhabited the island. The programme reflects the effects of emigration in four Sicilian subheadings - *spartenza, olvido, memoria and sueños*: parting, forgetting, remembering, dreaming. The singer too, José María Lo Monaco, is Sicilian.

Each section has music by north Italian composer **Claudio Monteverdi**. His opera *Orfeo*, staged at Mantua in 1607, yields 'Ahi, caso acerbo'. The singer is a messenger bringing news that Orfeo's bride Euridice is dead; bitter blow indeed! Orfeo leaves for the underworld to retrieve her. The novelty of the new dramatic form was that the actors sang their dialogue in 'recitative'. The text shapes the music; *ahi* is a keening exclamation...

Each part also features Argentinian composer and virtuoso of the bandoneon **Ástor Piazzolla**. He studied in 1950s Paris under Nadia Boulanger, who encouraged him to exploit his own culture. His 1968 opera *María de Buenos Aires* is an allegory on the birth of *Nuevo Tango*. The singer sings the *Tema di María* wordlessly at first in free rhythm, later in the snappy 3-3-2 of tango. The seductive bandoneon lures María to the city where she entertains in the bordellos. Pimps contrive her death. Descending to hell like Euridice, she bears a daughter - new tango - adored by Magi-like construction workers and peasants in pasta factories. The traditional waltz song 'Cu ti lu dissi' was a hit for the Sicilian singer Rosa Balistreri (1927-1990), whose life had some parallels with María.

OLVIDO

Piazzolla introduces María with the sultry tango 'Yo soy María'. The melody descends as the *machos* do, falling into her trap of forgetfulness, where the bandoneon plays and yesterday, today and tomorrow are confused. The words are by Uruguayan journalist Horacio Ferrer (1933-2014) who also played the narrator *El Duende*. He was Piazzolla's lyricist from 1955 when the latter returned from Paris.

By 1643, when Monteverdi staged *L'incoronazione di Poppea*, opera had shifted from court entertainment to popular show, programmed at the Venice carnival. The subject matter was no longer Greek myth but Roman politics. Nero's mistress Poppea persuades him to make her empress; the philosopher Seneca advises against and commits suicide. Poppea's maid sings 'Oblivion soave', lulling to sleep Poppea who delights in Seneca's permanent oblivion.

In 1982, when Argentina and Britain fought over the Falkland Islands, Piazzolla wrote *Oblivion* for the film *Enrico IV*, a black comedy about an Italian aristocrat in 1900, who, after a fall,

believes himself to be the Holy Roman Emperor Enrico IV (1050-1105). The film reworks the eponymous 1921 play by Sicilian playwright Luigi Pirandello linking Mussolini with Argentina's military leader, General Galtieri. The traditional Sicilian 'Nici, ricordati' is a popular song in waltz time. The singer begs Nici not to forget the man who loved her before he left Sicily.

Monteverdi's *Lamento d'Arianna* is all that survives of his 1608 opera *Arianna*, composed for the wedding of the Duke of Mantua's son. Arianna loves Teseo and rescues him from a man-eating bull in Crete. They escape across the Aegean, but he abandons her on the island of Naxos, where she sings the lament. Monteverdi dresses the colourful text in a rising chromatic wail. The hammered questions and the abrupt chord changes at *che vaneggio* ('am I mad') indicate a disturbed mind. The lament was published separately and thus survived when the rest of the unpublished opera disappeared. It was said that every home in Italy had a copy of the lament.

MEMORIA

Piazzolla and Ferrer often dined at the Bachín restaurant in Buenos Aires, and in 'Chiquilín de Bachín' recalled in a sentimental tango a rose vendor there, ashamed of his own poverty. The success of Monteverdi's 'Lamento d'Arianna' inspired a fashion for operatic laments, including the 'Lamento della ninfa'. A whole scene is enacted: a woman rails against the memory of her faithless, preening lover over a ground bass comprising the first four notes of a descending minor scale.

Piazzolla's 'Los pájaros perdidos' is a 1973 setting of words by the Argentine poet Mario Trejo (1926-2012). The opening is reflective, the central section - *Todo fue un sueño* - hard-hitting, the conclusion moody. Memories of a lost love, a metaphor for the homeland, keep returning.

The traditional song 'Si pi disgrazia' is in gentle six-eight time - a siciliana. The singer loves Rosa and vows to become a *monaco* (monk) if she becomes a memory. In Monteverdi's gentle lilt 'Si dolce e'l tormento' the singer recalls rejection in a bittersweet memory. It appeared in an anthology, the *Quarto Scherzo*, published in Venice by Carlo Milanuzzi in 1624, which included chords for Spanish guitar, an effect of the cultural exchange with Spain.

SUEÑOS

Piazzolla's *Los sueños* (dreams) has no words. The melody aches with longing and nostalgia. A reprise of 'Yo soy María' follows. Monteverdi's 'Ohimè ch'io cado', again from Milanuzzi's *Quarto Scherzo*, is a verbose vision, rich with imagery, sung over a dancing ground which might in the end, as the singer imagines, be paradise. The final Sicilian song 'Amara terra mia' unites the quarters of the programme - leaving, forgetting, remembering and dreaming - in one sad slow valedictory waltz.

© Rick Jones 2022

Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.

SPARTENZA

Trad/Sicilian

Ayo visto lo mappamundi I have seen the world map

Anonymous after a lauda by Feo Belcari

Ajo visto lo mappamundo I have seen the world map
E la carta di navigari and the navigational chart,
Ma Sicilia me pare but Sicily seems to me
La chiù bella de questo munnu the most beautiful in this world.
Ajo visto lo mappamundo I have seen the world map
E la carta di navigari... and the navigational chart...

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Ahi, caso acerbo from Ah, bitter blow

Orfeo (1607)

Alessandro Striggio

Ahi, caso acerbo! Ah, bitter blow!
Ahi, fat' empio e cudele, Ah, wicked, cruel Fate!
Ahi stelle ingiuriose! Ah, baleful stars!
Ahi, ciel avaro. Ah, avaricious heaven!

Ástor Piazzolla (1921-1992)

Tema de María from *María de Buenos Aires* (1968)

Trad/Sicilian

Cu ti lu dissi Who told you

Cu ti lu dissi ca t'haju a lassari? Who told you that I must leave you?
Megghiu la morti e no chistu duluri Better death than this pain.
Ahj ahj ahj ahj, moru moru moru Alas, alas, alas, I die, I die, I die,
moru I die!
Ciatu di lu me cori, l'amuri miu Breath of my heart, you are my
si tu love.
Ahj ahj ahj ahj, moru moru moru Alas, alas, alas, I die, I die, I die,
moru I die!
Ciatu di lu me cori, l'amuri miu Breath of my heart, you are my
si tu love.
Cu ti lu dissi a tia nicuzza? Who told you, little one,
Lu cori mi scricchia, a picca a my heart breaks little by little by
picca a picca a picca little.
Ahj ahj ahj ahj, moru moru moru Alas, alas, alas, I die, I die, I die,
moru ... I die...

Lu primu amuri lu fici cu tia I made my first love with you

E tu, schifusa, ti stai scurdannu and you, ungrateful, forget
i mia me.
Paci facimmu, nicaredda mia Let's make peace, oh my little one,
Ciatu di l'arma mia l'amuri miu breath of my soul, you are my
si tu love.
Ahj ahj ahj ahj, moru moru moru Alas, alas, alas, I die, I die, I die,
moru ... I die...

La la la la la La la la la la la
La la la la la La la la la la la

OLVIDO

Ástor Piazzolla

Yo soy María from *María de Buenos Aires* (1968)

Horacio Ferrer

Yo soy María de Buenos Aires! I am María from Buenos Aires!
De Buenos Aires María ¿no ven From Buenos Aires, María, don't
quién soy yo? ... you see who I am? ...

For copyright reasons we are unable to reproduce the full text of this song

Claudio Monteverdi

Oblivion soave from May sweet oblivion

L'incoronazione di

Poppea (1642-3 rev. 1651)

Oblivion soave May sweet oblivion
I dolci sentimenti give rest to your tender thoughts,
In te, figlia, addormenti. my daughter.
Posatevi, occhi ladri; Rest, thieving eyes;
Aperti, deh, che fate, why open at all
Se chiusi ancor when you still beguile us while
rubate? closed?
Poppea, rimanti in pace; Poppea, rest peacefully;
Luci care e gradite, dear, lovely eyes,
Dormite omai, dormite. sleep now, sleep.

Ástor Piazzolla (1921-1992)

Oblivion (1982)

Trad/Sicilian

Nici ricordati Nici, remember

Nici ricordati quantu Nici, remember how much I
t'amai loved you,

Penza p'amariti quantu
pinài.
E duoppu aviriti, mia Nici, amatu
Divisu, ah miseru, di tia
sarò.

think how much I suffered by
loving you;
and, having loved you, my Nici,
I'm now, poor wretch, to be
parted from you.

Ma tu prumettimi, si-mm'ami
ancora,
Di ricurdariti di cu
t'amò.
Ma tu prumettimi, si-mm'ami
ancora
Di ricurdariti di cu
t'amò.

Promise me, if you still love
me,
not to forget the man who loved
you.
Promise me, if you still love me,
not to forget the man who loved
you.

Casi di moriri l'ora è sunata,
Nun resti l'anima tua
scunsulata.
E tu cunfortati, mia bedda Nici,
Pirchi filici iu morirò.

It's almost time for me to die,
but let your heart not grieve for
long;
be comforted, my beautiful Nici,
for I shall die a happy man.

Ma tu prumettimi, si-mm'ami
ancora,
Di ricurdariti di cu
t'amò.
Ma tu prumettimi, si-mm'ami
ancora
Di ricurdariti di cu
t'amò.

Promise me, if you still love
me,
not to forget the man who loved
you.
Promise me, if you still love
me,
not to forget the man who loved
you.

Claudio Monteverdi

Lamento d'Arianna:

Lasciatemi morire (1607)

Ottavio Rinuccini

Lasciatemi morire,
Lasciatemi morire;
E che volete voi, che mi conforte
In così dura sorte,
In così gran martire?
Lasciatemi morire!

Let me die,
let me die!
What consolation could there be
for so dreadful a fate,
for such great torment?
Let me die!

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
Sì che mio ti vo' dir, che mio
pur sei,
Benché t'involi, ahi crudo, a gli
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 queste arene ancora,

O Theseus, my Theseus,
yes, I still call you mine for so
you are,
even though, cruel man, you
steal away from me.
Turn back, my Theseus,
turn back, Theseus! O god!
Turn back and look again upon
the woman
who forsook her country and
kingdom for your sake,
and who upon this shore will leave

Cibo di fere dispietate, e crude
Lascierà l'ossa ignude.
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
Se tu sapessi, o dio!
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, et io quì
piango.
A te prepara Atene
Liete pompe superbe, ed io
rimango
Cibo di fere in solitarie
arene.
Te l'uno, e l'altro tuo vecchio
parente
Stringerà lieto, et io
Più non vedrovi, o madre, o
padre mio.

Dove, dove è la
fede,
Che tanto mi giuravi?
Così ne l'alta sede
Tu mi ripon de gli avi?
Son queste le corone,
Onde m'adorni il crine?
Questi gli scettri sono,
Queste le gemme e gli ori?
Lasciarmi in abbandono
A fera che mi strazi, e mi
divori?
Ah Teseo, ah Teseo mio,
Lascierai tu morire,
In van piangendo, in van
gridando aita,
La misera Arianna
Che a te fidossi, e ti diè gloria e
vita?

Ahi, che non pur risponde!
Ahi, che più d'aspe è sordo a'
miei lamenti!
O nembì, o turbi, o
venti,
Sommergetelo voi dentr'a
quell'onde!
Correte, orche e balene,
E de le membra immonde
Empiete le voragini profonde!
Che parlo, ahi! che vaneggio?
Misera, ohimè! Che
chiaggio?

her bones, picked clean
by pitiless wild beasts.
O Theseus, my Theseus,
if you only knew – oh God! –
if you knew,
alas
how poor Ariadne suffers,
perhaps you would repent
and turn your prow towards the
shore again.
But, wafted by fair winds,
you sail away serenely and I
weep here;
Athens prepares a glad
and sumptuous welcome for
you, and I remain
food for wild beasts on these
deserted shores;
both your aged
parents
will embrace you joyfully, but I
shall never see my mother or
father again.

What has become of your many
vows
to be true to me?
Is this how you install me
upon your ancestral throne?
Are these the diadems
you place upon my brow?
Are these the sceptres,
the jewels and golden ornaments:
to leave me, abandon me
to beasts who will torment and
devour me?
Ah Theseus, ah my Theseus,
will you leave me to die,
vainly weeping, vainly calling for
aid,
your hapless Ariadne
who trusted you and brought
you fame and life?

Alas, not even a response!
Oh, deaf as the adder is he
to my plaints.
O thunderclouds, whirlwinds
and gales,
thrust him beneath those
waves!
Rush hither, monsters and whales,
and fill the chasms of the deep
with his corrupt limbs!
What am I saying? Ah! Am I mad?
Ah me! Wretched! What am I
asking?

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
Non son, non son quell'io,
Non son quell'io, che i ferì detti
sciolse:
Parlò l'affanno mio, parlò il dolore;
Parlò la lingua sì, ma non già il
core.

O Theseus, my Theseus,
it was not I who spoke,
it was not I who uttered those
wild words:
my grief spoke, my pain spoke,
my tongue spoke, yes, but not
my heart.

Misera! ancor dò
loco
A la tradita speme, e non si
spagne,
Fra tanto scherno ancor d'amor
il foco?
Spegni tu, morte, omai le
fiamme indegne!
O madre, o padre, o de l'antico
regno
Superbi alberghi, ov'ebbi d'or la
cuna;
O servi, o fidi amici (ahi fato
indegno!)
Mirate ove m'ha scorto empia
fortuna!
Mirate di che duol m'han fatto
erede
L'amor mio, la mia fede, e
l'altrui inganno.
Così va chi tropp'ama, e troppo
crede.

Unhappy woman, am I still
harbouring
that hope betrayed, and has
such mockery
still not extinguished the fire of
passion?
Death, extinguish the
contemptible flames!
O mother, O father, O ancient
realm in whose
splendid habitations I was
cradled in gold:
O servants, O loyal friends
(alas, unmerited fate!),
see where a wretched fortune
has brought me,
see what grief has been
bequeathed to me
by my love, my faith and the
deceit of others.
Such is the fate of those who
love and trust too much.

Interval

MEMORIA

Ástor Piazzolla

Chiquilín de Bachín (1969)

Horacio Ferrer

Por los noches, cara sucia,
de angelito con bluyín ...

At night, with dirty face,
a little angel in blue jeans ...

For copyright reasons we are unable to reproduce the full text of this song

Claudio Monteverdi

Lamento della ninfa

Ottavio Rinuccini

Non havea Febo ancora
Recato al mondo il dì,
Ch'una donzella fuora
Del proprio albergo uscì.

The nymph's lament

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 veniva 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?

Se ciglio ha più sereno
Coei 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,
Taci, che troppo il
sai.'

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.

Ástor Piazzolla

Los pájaros perdidos

(1973)

Mario Trejo

Amo los pájaros perdidos
que vuelven desde el más allá,
a confundirse con un cielo
que nunca más podré
recuperar.

Vuelven de nuevo los recuerdos,
las horas jóvenes que
di
y desde el mar llega un fantasma
hecho de cosas que amé y
perdí.

Todo fue un sueño, un sueño
que perdimos,
como perdimos los pájaros y el
mar,
un sueño breve y antiguo como
el tiempo
que los espejos no pueden reflejar.

Después busqué perderte en
tantas otras
y aquella otra y todas eras
vos;
por fin logré reconocer cuando
un adiós es un adiós,
la soledad me devoró y fuimos
dos.

Vuelven los pájaros nocturnos
que vuelan ciegos sobre el mar,
la noche entera es un espejo
que me devuelve tu
soledad.

Soy sólo un pájaro perdido
que vuelve desde el más allá
a confundirse con un cielo
que nunca más podré
recuperar.

The lost birds

I love the lost birds
That come back from death
To blend in with a sky
Where I will never be able to get
back.

The memories come back,
The hours of my youth that I
gave away,
And a ghost comes from the sea
Made out of things I loved and
lost.

Everything was a dream, a
dream that we lost,
Like we lost the birds and the
sea,
A short and ancient dream like
the time
That mirrors can not reflect.

Later I tried to lose you in so
many others
And that other one and all of
them were you;
I finally got to recognize when a
goodbye is a goodbye,
Loneliness devours me, and we
were left two.

The night birds come back
They fly, blind, over the sea,
The entire night is a mirror
That brings your loneliness back
to me.

I am but a lost bird
Coming back from death
To blend in with a sky
Where I will never be able to get
back.

Trad/Sicilian

Si pi disgrazia iu perdu a Rosa

Si pi disgrazia iu perdu a Rosa,
Mi fazzu monacu di la Cirtosa.

If, sadly, I'm to lose my Rosa

If, sadly, I'm to lose my Rosa,
I'll join the Carthusian monks.

E vogghiu partiri pri fora regnu,
E vogghiu perdiri zoccu c'haju e
tegnu.

Rosa fu l'unica ca mi piacivu,
Fu la delizia d'u cori miu.
Rosa fu l'unica ca mi piacivu,
Fu la delizia d'u cori miu.

Claudio Monteverdi

Sì dolce è'l tormento

(pub. 1624)

Anonymous

Sí dolce è'l tormento
Ch'in seno mi sta
Ch'io vivo contento
Per cruda beltà.
Nel ciel di bellezza
S'accreschi fierezza
Et manchi pietà,
Che sempre qual scoglio
All'onda d'orgoglio
Mia fede sarà.

La speme fallace
Rivolgam' il piè,
Diletto ne pace
Non scendano a me,
E l'empia ch'adoro

Mi nieghi ristoro
Di buona mercè:
Tra doglia infinita
Tra speme tradita
Vivrà la mia fè.

(Per foco e per gelo
Riposo non ho
Nel porto del Cielo
Riposo haverò...
Se colpo mortale
Con rigido strale
Il cor m'impiegò
Cangiando mia sorte
Col dardo di morte
Il cor sanerò...)

Se fiamma d'amore
Già mai non sentì
Quel rigido core
Ch'il cor mi rapì,
Se nega pietate
La cruda beltate
Che l'alma invaghì:

I'll travel away from the kingdom
and give up all my worldly
goods.

Rosa was the only girl for me,
she was my heart's delight.
Rosa was the only girl for me,
she was my heart's delight.

So sweet is the pain

So sweet is the pain
I feel in my heart
that I am happy to live for
one who is heartless but lovely.
In the heaven of beauty
let cruelty flourish
and mercy fail,
for my loyalty will,
like a rock, withstand
a torrent of pride.

Let illusory hope
turn its back on me,
let me be filled with
neither joy nor peace.
And let the pitiless object of my
love
refuse me the solace
of gentle mercy:
amid endless sorrow,
amid hope betrayed,
my fidelity will live on.

(From fire and ice
I will find no repose;
only at the gate of Heaven
shall I find repose...
should the deadly strike
of an arrow
injure my heart,
my heart shall heal
by changing my lot
with that arrow of death...)

If the flame of love
has never warmed
the unfeeling heart
that has stolen mine from me,
if the cruel beauty
who has bewitched my soul
denies me any pity,

Ben fia che dolente
Pentita e languente
Sospirami un dì.

then let her one day,
repentant and languishing,
suffer and yearn for me.

SUEÑOS

Ástor Piazzolla

Los sueños (1989)

Yo soy María from *María de Buenos Aires* (1968) **I am María**

Horacio Ferrer

Yo soy María de Buenos Aires!
De Buenos Aires María ¿no ven
quién soy yo? ...

I am María from Buenos Aires!
From Buenos Aires, María, don't
you see who I am? ...

For copyright reasons we are unable to reproduce the full text of this song

Claudio Monteverdi

Ohimè ch'io cado, ohimè **Alas, I am falling, alas**

(pub. 1624)

Carlo Milanuzzi

Ohimè ch'io cado, ohimè
Ch'inciampo ancor il piè
Pur come pria,
E la sfiorita mia
Caduta speme
Pur di novo rigar
Con fresco lagrimar
Hor mi conviene.

Alas, I am falling, alas,
my foot is stumbling
just like before;
and now I feel
I must once again
water my fading,
withered hope
with fresh tears.

Lasso, del vecchio ardor
Conosco l'orme ancor
Dentro nel petto;
Ch'ha rotto il vago aspetto
E i guardi amati
Lo smalto adamantin
Ond'armaro il meschin
Pensier gelati.

Alas, I recognise the traces
of my old passion
within my heart;
for a pretty face and the eyes
I love have shattered
the adamantine defences
with which icy thoughts
were protecting this poor wretch.

Folle, credev'io pur
D'aver schermo sicur
Da un nudo arciero;
E pur io sì guerriero
Hor son codardo
Ne vaglio sostener
Il colpo lusinghier
D'un solo sguardo.

In my folly, I believed
my shield would ward off
the naked archer;
but I, the brave warrior,
am become craven,
and cannot endure
the alluring blow
of a single glance.

O Campion immortal
Sdegno; come sì fral
Hor fuggi indietro;
A sott'armi di vetro
Incauto errante
M'hai condotto infidel
Contro spada crudel
D'aspro diamante.

O come sa punir
Tirann'amor l'ardir
D'alma rubella!
Una dolce favella,
Un seren volto
Un vezzoso mirar,
Sogliono rilegar
Un cor disciolto.

Occhi belli, ah, se fu
Sempre bella virtù
Giusta pietate!
Deh, voi non mi negate
Il guardo e'l riso
Che mi sia la prigion
Per sì bella cagion
Il paradiso.

O disdain, immortal
champion; you now retreat
as if you were weak;
you traitor, you have led me,
clad in armour of glass,
foolishly wandering,
to face a pitiless sword
as hard as diamond.

Oh, what power ruthless love
has to punish the passion
of a rebellious heart!
Sweetly spoken words,
a beautiful face,
and a charming glance
nearly always recapture
a heart set free.

Beautiful eyes, if
merciful pity has
always been a fair virtue,
ah, then deny me not
a look or a smile,
and thus let
my prison become
a paradise to me.

Trad/Sicilian

Amara terra mia

Sole alla valle e sole alla
collina
Per le campagne non c'è più
nessuno
Addio, addio, amore
Io vado via
Amara terra mia
Amara e bella.
Cieli infiniti e volti come pietra
Mani incallite ormai senza
speranza
Addio, addio, amore
Io vado via
Amara terra mia
Amara e bella.

My bitter land

Sun on the valley and sun on
the hill
across the countryside no-one
remains
farewell, farewell, beloved
I take my leave
my bitter land
bitter and beautiful.
Endless skies and faces like stone
calloused hands now without
hope
farewell, farewell, beloved
I take my leave
my bitter land
bitter and beautiful.

Translation of 'Ayo visto la mappamundi' by Francesco Spiga from ChoralWiki, cpdl.org. 'Oblivion soave' and 'Lamento della ninfa' by James Halliday. 'Nici ricordati', 'Si pi disgrazia iu perdu a Rosa', 'Si dolce è'l tormento' and 'Ohimè ch'io cado, ohimè' by Susannah Howe. 'Lamento d'Arianna' printed by permission of Erato Warner Classics.