

# WIGMORE HALL

Wednesday 4 May 2022 7.30pm

Beyond the borders: Music and Musicians of the New Europe

**Anna Bonitatibus** mezzo-soprano

**Simon Lepper** piano

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart** (1756-1791)

Oiseaux, si tous les ans K307 (1777-8)

Un moto di gioia K579 (1789)

**Luigi Cherubini** (1760-1842)

From *Romances du Roman d'Estelle* (1787)

Arbre charmant, qui me rappelle • Vous, qui loin d'une amante

**Joseph Haydn** (1732-1809)

She never told her love (1794-5)

Fidelity (1794)

**Jan Ladislav Dussek** (1760-1812)

L'Adieu (1790)

**Isabella Colbran** (1785-1845)

Quel cor che mi prometti (pub. 1809)

Mi lagnerò tacendo (pub. 1808)

**Antonio Salieri** (1750-1825)

In questa tomba oscura (second setting) (pub. 1808)

In questa tomba oscura (first setting) (pub. 1808)

**Girolamo Crescentini** (1762-1846)

Ore spietate (pub. 1820)

Ombra adorata aspetta (1796)

## Interval

**Gaspard Spontini** (1774-1851)

Le premier baiser

O des infortunés déesse tutélaire from *La vestale* (1807)

**Ferdinando Paer** (1771-1839)

Io d'amore, oh Dio mi moro (pub. 1806)

Fra l'onda che infida minaccia (pub. 1806)

**Muzio Clementi** (1752-1832)

From *Melodies of Different Nations* (1814)

If sighing could recall the years • I've not said how much I love her

**Ludwig van Beethoven** (1770-1827)

Schöne Minka, ich muss scheiden WoO. 158a (1816)

La tiranna se imbarca WoO. 158a (1816)

**Maria Szymanowska** (1789-1831)

Minuet No. 1 from *6 Minuets* (pub. 1821)

Se spiegar potessi, oh Dio! (pub. 1822)

**Franz Schubert** (1797-1828)

Guarda che bianca luna D688 No. 2 (1820)

Wandrer's Nachtlied II D768 (1824)

**Gioachino Rossini** (1792-1868)

Preghiera 'Deh tu pietoso cielo' (c.1820)

Addio ai viennesi (1822)

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'I'm glad you like my French song', **Mozart** wrote to his father in winter 1777. 'Oiseaux, si tous les ans' is short, simple and showed positive thinking to his dad who was urging the 21-year-old to ingratiate himself with Paris. Revolutionary ideas spawned by the Enlightenment were just beginning to ferment and the city had less time for the adult Austro-Hungarian, product of the old Europe, than it had done previously for the precocious 7-year-old with his keyboard tricks. Mozart went home and wrote opera for Vienna, which Napoleon would twice invade. He rattled off the delicious 'Un moto di gioia' as a replacement aria in *Le Nozze di Figaro* in 1789 just as the Bastille was stormed, the French Revolution begun and the New Europe given agonised birth.

A year earlier, the Italian composer **Cherubini** had charmed Paris with a set of vocal romances from a popular, recently published novel, *Estelle* by Florian. They include the sweet, sad 'Arbre charmant' and the lovesick 'Vous, qui loin d'une amante', both with arpeggiated harp-like accompaniments and a melancholy strain as premonition of France's violent upheaval.

The Austrian **Haydn** was in London during the 1790s and set English lyrics. 'She never told her love' is from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night*, the melody long at the line 'patience on a monument' and with an anguished diminished seventh chord on 'grief'. The poet of 'Fidelity' was Anne Hunter, a singing pupil of Haydn and wife of the celebrated Dr John Hunter. Haydn decorates her turbulent text with storm-and-stress motifs.

Czech pianist and composer **Dussek** composed the piano solo *L'Adieu* on leaving revolutionary France in 1790 where he'd been patronised by aristocrats now being sized up for the guillotine. It's a rondo for nimble fingers, crossed hands, trills and much loud and soft playing to exploit the new loud-soft - *forte-piano* - instruments.

The Spanish soprano **Colbran** composed four volumes of songs including 'Quel cor che mi prometti' and 'Mi lagnerò tacendo' published in 1809 and 1808 respectively. The first has a short palpitating introduction which launches scale-based phrases over a heartbeat accompaniment. The second is a sighing andante over broken chords. Colbran married Italian composer Gioachino Rossini, who wrote his greatest tragic roles for her dramatic gifts.

In 1808, **Salieri** set the bitter lyric *In questa tomba* – as did 60 other composers, by invitation of its author, Giuseppe Carpani. In fact Salieri set it twice; in D and A minor, the former version simple, syllabic and funereal, the latter elaborate with textual liberties in emphatic repetitions of '*ingrata*' – 'ungrateful'. Carpani returned the favour by defending Salieri against accusations that he'd poisoned Mozart.

The Italian composer **Crescentini** was one of the last superstar castrati. Napoleon hired him as his family's singing teacher in 1806 after hearing him as Romeo singing 'Ombra adorata aspetta', which he had written for another composer's *Romeo and Juliet*. He remained in Paris until 1812 when he stopped performing in order

to teach and write. Colbran was his pupil, and probably sang 'Ore spietate' from a collection of ariettas published in Bologna in 1820. Meanwhile, the Empress Josephine favoured the castrato's compatriot **Spontini**, who arrived in Paris in 1803. She enjoyed singing romances like his 'Le premier baiser'. Spontini's greatest success, however, was the opera *La Vestale*, premièred in 1807 starring Colbran and featuring the impassioned aria 'O des infortunés déesse tutélaire', in which a vestal virgin must die after she falls for a famous general. Napoleon divorced Josephine in 1808 as she was unable to have children.

Spontini was dismissed in 1812 and replaced by Italian composer **Paer**, who had written a bridal march for Napoleon's wedding to Marie-Louise of Austria in 1810. She produced a son, and Paer a collection of 12 *Ariettes Italiens* in 1806 including 'lo d'amore' and 'Fra l'onda'.

The Italian-born composer and pianist **Clementi** emigrated to England aged 14. In 1802 he toured Europe, dodging Napoleonic conflicts. *Melodies of Different Nations* was an 1814 publication of tunes collected en route and set to English lyrics by poet David Thomson, who died the following year aged 25.

**Beethoven** admired Napoleon until he declared himself emperor and terrorised Europe. The composer's sense of the brotherhood of nations came out in his arrangements of songs 'from various lands' including the catchy Ukrainian folksong 'Schöne Minka' and the Spanish song 'La tiranna se embarca', calling Spaniards to defend themselves against the French.

The Polish-Jewish pianist and composer **Szymanowska** was one of the leading performers in Europe after Napoleon's demise at Waterloo. She published 6 Minuets in Leipzig in 1821, of which the wistful No. 1 is played here. It shares Chopin's melancholy. 'Se spiegar potessi' is a brief, passionate song of longing and regret. From 1822 until her premature death she was pianist to the Russian court.

The Vienna Congress of 1815 re-drew the map of post-Napoleonic Europe. An authoritarian clampdown targeted even merry evenings of song like **Schubert's** 'Schubertiades', when friends performed such songs as his innocent Italian setting 'Guarda che bianca luna'. His setting of Goethe's text *Wandrer's Nachtlied II*, considered 'the perhaps the most perfect lyric in the German language' (Alan P Cottrell), follows.

**Rossini** composed the sacred song 'Preghiera' around 1820. He had grown up with a republican father sympathetic to Napoleon, yet the Austrians sensed no revolutionary threat in his operas and post-Congress Vienna adored him and Colbran in 1822. He met Beethoven who, despite his deafness and Rossini's lack of German, somehow imparted his admiration for *Il barbiere di Siviglia*. His departure from Vienna was tinged with regret, expressed with the sadness of a Neapolitan ballad in 'Addio ai viennesi'.

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## Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

### Oiseaux, si tous les ans If yearly, birds

K307 (1777-8)

*Antoine Ferrand*

Oiseaux, si tous les ans  
Vous changez de climats,  
Dès que le triste hiver  
Dépouille nos bocages;  
Ce n'est pas seulement  
Pour changer de feuillages,  
Ni pour éviter nos frimats;  
Mais votre destinée  
Ne vous permet d'aimer,  
Qu'à la saison des fleurs.  
Et quand elle est passée,  
Vous la cherchez ailleurs,  
Afin d'aimer toute l'année.

If yearly, birds,  
you change climate  
the moment sad winter  
strips bare our woods,  
it is not solely  
for change of foliage,  
nor to escape our winter;  
it is because your destiny  
only permits you to love  
in the season of flowers.  
And when that season is past,  
you search for it elsewhere,  
that you might love throughout  
the year.

### Un moto di gioia K579

(1789)

*Lorenzo Da Ponte*

Un moto di gioia  
Mi sento nel petto,  
Che annunzia diletto  
In mezzo il timor!

### A joyful stirring

A joyful stirring  
in my breast  
foretells happiness  
in the midst of fear.

Speriam che in contento  
Finisca l'affanno,  
Non sempre è tiranno  
Il fato ed amor.

Let's hope all this worry  
has a happy end,  
for fortune and love  
are not always tyrants.

## Luigi Cherubini (1760-1842)

### From *Romances du Roman d'Estelle* (1787)

#### Arbre charmant, qui me rappelle

*Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian*

Arbre charmant, qui me rappelle  
Ceux où ma main grava son  
nom;  
Ruisseau limpide, beau vallon,  
En vous voyant je cherche  
Estelle.  
'Ô souvenir cruel et doux!  
Laissez-moi, que me voulez-  
vous?'

#### Lovely tree, which reminds me

Lovely tree, which reminds me  
of those on which my hand  
carved her name;  
glasslike brook, beautiful valley,  
when I look upon you I seek  
Estelle.  
'O memory cruel and sweet!  
Leave me be, what do you want  
from me?'

Si quelquefois sous cet ombrage,  
Mes yeux succombent au sommeil,  
Je la vois; mais l'affreux réveil,

If sometimes beneath this shade  
my eyes yield to sleep,  
I see her; but the terrible awakening

m'enlève une si chère image.  
'Ô souvenir cruel et doux!  
Laissez-moi; que me voulez-  
vous?'

Insensé! quel est mon délire!  
Je ne vis que par mes regrets.  
Ah! si je les perdois jamais,  
Que mon cœur seroit prompt à  
dire:  
'Ô souvenir cruel et doux!  
Revenez, pourquoi fuyez-vous?'

### Vous, qui loin d'une amante

*Jean-Pierre Claris de Florian*

Vous, qui loin d'une amante,  
Comptez chaque moment;  
Vous, qui d'une inconstante,  
Pleurez le changement.  
Votre destin funeste  
Pour moi seroit un bien;  
L'espoir au moins vous reste;  
Il ne me reste rien.

J'aimois une bergère,  
Je possédois son cœur;  
Mais, hélas, sur la terre  
Il n'est point de bonheur.  
Il ressemble à la rose,  
Qui s'ouvre au doux zéphyr;  
Le jour qu'elle est éclosé,  
On la voit se flétrir.

L'objet de ma tendresse  
A subi le trépas;  
Beauté, grâce, jeunesse  
Ne la sauvèrent pas.  
Je vais bientôt la suivre  
Dans la nuit du tombeau;  
Le lierre ne peut vivre  
Quand on coupe l'ormeau.

robs me of so dear an image.  
'O memory cruel and sweet!  
Leave me be, what do you want  
from me?'

Senseless! How crazed I am!  
I see only through my regrets.  
Ah! if I were ever to lose them  
how swift my heart would be to  
say:  
'O memory cruel and sweet!  
Come back, why do you flee?'

### You, who far from a lover

You, who far from a lover  
count each moment;  
you, who weep over the fickleness  
of an unfaithful one.  
Your dire fortune  
would be a blessing for me;  
at least you still have hope;  
I have nothing left.

I loved a shepherdess,  
I had her heart;  
but, alas, on earth  
there is no happiness.  
It was like a rose  
that opens to a gentle breeze;  
the day it blooms,  
you see it wither.

The object of my devotion  
has breathed her last;  
beauty, grace, youth  
could not save her.  
I will soon follow her  
into the dark of the tomb;  
the ivy cannot live  
when the elm is cut down.

## Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

### She never told her love (1794-5)

*William Shakespeare*

She never told her love,  
But let concealment, like a worm in the bud,  
Feed on her damask cheek...;  
She sat, like Patience on a monument,  
Smiling at grief.

## Fidelity (1794)

Anne Hunter

While hollow burst the rushing winds,  
And heavy beats the show'r,  
This anxious, aching bosom finds  
No comfort in its pow'r.

For ah, my love, it little knows  
What thy hard fate may be,  
What bitter storm of fortune blows,  
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the thread  
On which our days depend,  
And darkling in the checker'd shade,  
She draws it to an end.

But whatsoe'er may be our doom,  
The lot is cast for me,  
For in the world or in the tomb,  
My heart is fix'd on thee.

## Jan Ladislav Dussek (1760-1812)

### L'Adieu (1790)

## Isabella Colbran (1785-1845)

### Quel cor che mi prometti    If the heart you promise me

(pub. 1809)

*Pietro Metastasio*

Quel cor che mi prometti,  
Se tutto mio non è,  
Donalo ad altri affetti:  
Non lo serbar per me.

If the heart you promise me  
is not wholly mine,  
give it to other loves:  
do not keep it for me.

Và dove amor ti guida,  
Che l'alma mia fedel,  
Pria che trovarti perfido,  
Ti soffrirà crudel.

Go where love leads you,  
for my constant heart  
will long endure your cruelty  
before it thinks you disloyal.

### Mi lagnerò tacendo (pub. 1808)    I shall mourn in silence

*Pietro Metastasio*

Mi lagnerò tacendo  
Del mio destino avaro  
Ma ch'io non t'ami, oh caro,  
Non lo sperar da me.

I shall mourn in silence  
over my harsh destiny,  
but that I love you not, my dear,  
do not expect that of me.

Crudel! In che t'offendo,  
Se resta in questo petto,

Cruel one! How do I offend you  
if in my breast there remains

Il misero diletto  
Di sospirar per te.

this miserable delight  
in sighing for you?

## Antonio Salieri (1750-1825)

### In questa tomba oscura    In this dark tomb (second setting)

(pub. 1808)

*Giuseppe Carpani*

In questa tomba oscura  
Lasciami riposar:  
Quando vivevo, ingrata,  
Dovevi a me pensar.

In this dark tomb  
let me lie;  
you should have thought of me  
when I was alive, you ingrate.

Lascia che l'ombre ignude  
Godansi pace almen  
E non bagnar mie ceneri  
D'inutile velen.

At least leave naked spectres  
to enjoy their peace  
and do not bathe their ashes  
with futile venom.

### In questa tomba oscura    In this dark tomb (first setting) (pub. 1808)

*Giuseppe Carpani*

In questa tomba oscura  
Lasciami riposar:  
Quando vivevo, ingrata,  
Dovevi a me pensar.

In this dark tomb  
let me lie;  
you should have thought of me  
when I was alive, you ingrate.

Lascia che l'ombre ignude  
Godansi pace almen  
E non bagnar mie ceneri  
D'inutile velen.

At least leave naked spectres  
to enjoy their peace  
and do not bathe their ashes  
with futile venom.

## Girolamo Crescentini (1762-1846)

### Ore spietate (pub. 1820)    Pitiless hours

*Pietro Metastasio*

Ore spietate  
Perché volate  
Quando al mio bene  
lo son vicin?

Pitiless hours,  
why do you fly by  
when I am close  
to my beloved?

E il vol frenate,  
Ore spietate,  
Se a lui m'invola  
Crudo destin?

And why do you drag,  
pitiless hours,  
when cruel destiny  
takes me far from him?

Deh! per pietade  
Il vol frenate,  
Quand'al mio bene  
lo son vicin.

Ah! for pity's sake,  
pass more slowly  
when I am close  
to my beloved.

E men spietate  
Sol v'affrettate,  
Se a lui m'invola  
Crudo destin.

Be less pitiless,  
hasten only  
when cruel destiny  
takes me far from him.

### Ombra adorata aspetta

(1796)

*Giuseppe Maria Foppa*

Ombra adorata aspetta,  
Teco sarò indiviso,  
Nel fortunato Eliso,  
Avrà contento il cor.

### Wait, beloved spirit

Wait, beloved spirit,  
I shall be one with you,  
in blessed Elysium  
my heart will find happiness.

Là, fra i fedeli amanti,  
Ci appresta amor diletto,  
Godremo i dolci  
istanti,  
Là fra i fedeli amanti.

There, among faithful lovers,  
love's delights await us,  
love's delights await us, we shall  
enjoy times of sweetness  
there, among faithful lovers.

Godremo i dolci istanti,  
De' più innocenti affetti,  
E l'Eco a noi d'intorno  
Risuonerà d'amor.

We shall enjoy times of sweetness,  
of the most innocent affections,  
and all around us  
will resound the echo of love.

## Interval

### Gaspare Spontini (1774-1851)

#### Le premier baiser

*Mr Girau*

Sont-ils perdus pour ne plus  
revenir  
Ces jours d'ivresse et d'espérance?  
Fortunés jours, mais dont le  
souvenir  
Redouble aujourd'hui ma  
souffrance.  
Quand Emma m'ôte le  
bonheur  
Pourquoi son nom reste-t-il  
dans mon cœur?

#### The first kiss

Are they lost, never to  
return,  
those days of bliss and of hope?  
Blessed days, but the memory  
of them  
increases my present  
suffering.  
When Emma took happiness  
from me,  
why does her name remain in  
my heart?

Trop tard peut-être Emma  
regrettera  
L'objet de sa première flamme!  
Ah! Qu'ai-je dit? Non, rien  
n'effacera  
Son image au fond de mon âme  
Et je garderai dans mon cœur  
Son doux baiser, hélas! et ma  
douleur.

Too late perhaps Emma will be  
sorry for  
the object of her first love!  
Ah! What have I said? No,  
nothing will erase  
her image deep in my soul  
and I will keep in my heart  
her sweet kiss, alas! and my  
sorrow.

### O des infortunés déesse tutélaire from *La vestale*

(1807)

*Étienne de Jouy*

O des infortunés déesse  
tutélaire,  
Latone, écoute ma prière,  
Mon dernier vœu doit te fléchir,  
Daigne, avant que j'y tombe,  
Ecarter de ma tombe  
Le mortel adoré, pour qui je vais  
mourir!

### Guardian goddess of the unlucky

Guardian goddess of the  
unlucky,  
Leto, hear my prayer,  
my last wish must sway you -  
deign, before I fall into it,  
to rescue from the grave  
the beloved mortal for whom I  
will die!

### Ferdinando Paer (1771-1839)

#### Io d'amore, oh Dio mi moro (pub. 1806)

*Pietro Metastasio*

Io d'amore, oh Dio, mi moro;  
Scopro a te la mia ferita.  
Tu, crudel, puoi darmi aita,  
E mi lasci, oh Dio, morir?

#### O God, I am dying of love

O God, I am dying of love;  
I can show you my wound.  
You, cruel one, could help me,  
yet will you leave me to die?

No, sì barbara non sei;  
Hai pietà de' mali miei.  
È un ritegno quel tuo sdegno,  
Non desio del mio martir.

No, you are not so unkind;  
you take pity on my pain.  
your disdain is but restraint,  
not a desire for my suffering.

#### Fra l'onda che infida minaccia (pub. 1806)

*Pietro Metastasio*

Fra l'onda che infida  
Minaccia procella,  
Tu sei la mia guida  
Tu sei la mia stella:  
Se tu m'abbandoni,  
Più speme non ho.

#### Amid the faithless waves

Amid the faithless waves  
that forebode a storm,  
you are my guide,  
you are my star:  
if you abandon me,  
all my hope is gone.

Potresti tu ancora  
Provar la mia sorte;  
Che pur s'innamora  
Chi mai non amò.

You might yet prove  
to be my destiny;  
for even one who has  
never loved may fall in love.

## Muzio Clementi (1752-1832)

From *Melodies of Different Nations* (1814)

### If sighing could recall the years

David Thomson

If sighing could recall the years,  
That swift have past away;  
We then might waste an hour in tears,  
To gain one fleeting day:  
But brightest days must set in night,  
Nor sighs nor tears can stop their flight,  
Then sure 'tis vain to mourn;  
For since they fly we less can spare  
The hour for sighing grief or care,  
That never, never can return.

### I've not said how much I love her

David Thomson

I've not said how much I love her,  
She my vow for ever flies;  
Yet its meaning I discover  
Under fiction's sweet disguise.  
While some tale is sadly telling,  
Hopeless love in ev'ry line;  
Sighs within my bosom swelling,  
Whisper still 'its griefs are mine'.

## Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)

### Schöne Minka, ich muss scheiden WoO. 158a      Lovely Minka, I must leave!

(1816)

Christoph August Tiedge

Olis:  
Schöne Minka, ich muss scheiden!  
Ach, du fühltest nicht das Leiden,  
Fern auf freudenlosen Heiden  
Fern zu sein von dir!  
Finstern wird der Tag mir scheinen,  
Einsam werd' ich gehen und  
weinen;  
Auf den Bergen, in den Hainen  
Ruf' ich, Minka, dir!

Olis:  
Lovely Minka, I must leave!  
Oh, you don't know the pain,  
far away upon the joyless heath  
far from you to be!  
The day will seem dark to me,  
lonely will I go and  
weep;  
On the mountains, in the groves,  
I will call to you, Minka!

Nie werd' ich von dir mich  
wenden;  
Mit den Lippen, mit den Händen  
Werd' ich Grüsse zu dir senden  
Von entfernten Höhn!  
Mancher Mond wird noch  
vergehen,

Never would I turn away from  
you;  
With lips and with hands  
I would send you greetings  
from the distant heights!  
Many moons will go  
by,

Ehe wir uns wiedersehen:  
Ach, vernimm mein letztes Flehen:  
Bleib mir treu und schön!

before we see each other again:  
Ah, hear my final plea:  
remain true to me, and lovely!

Minka:  
Du, mein Olis, mich verlassen?  
Meine Wange wird erblassen!  
Alle Freuden werd' ich hassen,  
Die sich freundlich nahn!  
Ach, den Nächten und den Tagen  
Werd' ich meinen Kummer klagen;  
Alle Lüfte werd' ich fragen,  
Ob sie Olis sahn!

Minka:  
You, my Olis, to leave me?  
My cheek will become pale!  
All joys will be hateful to me,  
that approach me graciously!  
Oh, the nights and days  
will I bewail my sorrow;  
I will ask all the breezes  
if they have seen Olis!

Tief verstummen meine Lieder,  
Meine Augen schlag' ich nieder,  
Aber seh' ich einst dich wieder,  
Dann wird's anders sein!  
Ob auch all die frischen Farben  
Deiner Jugendblüte starben:  
Ja, mit Wunden und mit Narben  
Bist du, Süsster, mein!

My songs will fall deeply silent,  
I will cast my eyes downward,  
but I will see you again one day,  
then it will be different!  
Even if all the beautiful colours  
of your youth have died:  
yes, with wounds and scars,  
you will be mine, darling!

### La tiranna se embarca

WoO. 158a (1816)

Traditional

La Tirana se embarca  
De Cádiz para Marsella,  
En alta mar la apresó  
Una balandra francesa.

### The Tirana embarks

The Tirana embarks  
From Cadiz to Marseille,  
On the high seas  
A French sloop caught her.

Ay Tirana retírate a España  
Ay Tirana huye los rigores,  
Ay Tirana de la  
Convención!  
Sí, sí, Tiranilla  
Sí, sí picarilla  
Porque si te agarran,  
Porque si te pillan,  
Pondrán tu cabeza en la  
guillotina.

Ah Tirana, retire to Spain  
Ah Tirana, flee the rigors,  
Ah Tirana, of the [French  
National] Convention!  
Yes, Tiranilla,  
Yes, little trickster  
Because if they catch you,  
Because if they catch you,  
They will put your head in the  
guillotine.

La tirana que de amor muere  
No llame muerte al morir,  
Que es morir por quien se  
adora  
El más dichoso vivir.

The tyrant who of love dies  
Does not call death when dying,  
Which is dying for whom one  
adores  
The most fortunate to live.

Grande pena es el morir,  
Pero yo no la sintiera,  
Pues quien vive como yo,  
De alegría le sirviera.

A great pain is dying,  
But I did not feel it,  
So who lives as I do,  
Happiness served him.

## Maria Szymanowska (1789-1831)

### Minuet No. 1 from *6 Minuets* (pub. 1821)

**Se spiegar potessi, oh**      **If I could tell, oh God**

**Dio!** (pub. 1822)

*Anonymous*

Se spiegar potessi, Oh! Dio,  
L'eccessivo mio dolore,  
Desterei nel tuo core,  
Qualche segno di pietà.

If I could tell, oh God,  
the extremes of my sorrow  
I would awaken in your heart  
a small sign of mercy.

Forse allor, fatta pietosa,  
Volgereste a me, lo spero,  
Uno sguardo lusinghiero  
Della mia felicità.

Perhaps then, made compassionate  
you would show to me, I hope,  
a tempting glimpse  
of my happiness.

## Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

**Guarda che bianca luna**      **Look how bright the**  
**D688 No. 2** (1820)      **moon is**

*Jacopo Vittorelli*

Guarda che bianca luna,  
Guarda che notte azzurra!  
Un'aura non susurra,  
Nò, non tremola uno stel.

Look how bright the moon is,  
and how blue the night!  
Not a breeze whispers,  
not a twig quivers.

L'usignuoletto solo  
Va dalla siepe all'orno,  
E sospirando intorno  
Chiama la sua fedel.

A lone nightingale  
flies from the hedge to the elm-tree,  
and sighing all the while,  
calls to his faithful love.

**Wandrer's Nachtlied II**      **Wanderer's nightsong II**

**D768** (1824)

*Johann Wolfgang von Goethe*

Über allen Gipfeln  
Ist Ruh',  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spürest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Vöglein schweigen im  
Walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch.

Over every mountain-top  
lies peace,  
in every tree-top  
you scarcely feel  
a breath of wind;  
the little birds are hushed in the  
wood.  
Wait, soon you too  
will be at peace.

## Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

**Preghiera 'Deh tu**      **Ah, merciful heaven**  
**pietoso cielo'** (c.1820)

*Anonymous*

Deh, tu, pietoso cielo!  
Mi salva figlio e sposo,  
Dove trovar riposo  
Se non lo trovo in te.

Ah, merciful heaven!  
Spare my son and husband;  
where shall I find peace  
if not in you?

Per me, deh, senti, oh ciel, pietà,  
Se non amor pietà;

Oh heaven, show me mercy,  
if not love, at least mercy.

**Addio ai viennesi** (1822)

*Anonymous*

Da voi parto, amate sponde,  
Ma da voi non parte il  
cor.  
Troppo a me foste  
seconde,  
Troppo prodighe  
d'amor.

**Farewell to the Viennese**

Beloved city, I leave you,  
but my heart will remain here  
with you.  
For too warmly have you  
welcomed me,  
too generous have you been  
with your love.

Ah! dov'è quell'alma ingrata  
Che d'un popolo sì altero,  
Così nobile e sincero  
Obliar possa il favor?

Ah! how thankless would a soul be  
ever to forget the favour  
of a people so proud,  
so noble and sincere?

Quando l'aure intorno  
Sussurar dolci udirete,  
O d'amor la notte e il giorno  
L'usignuolo favellar,

When you hear the breeze  
softly whisper around you,  
or the nightingale speak  
of love, night or day,

Dite pur: questo è Rossini  
Che dispiega i suoi desiri,  
D'un crescendo di sospiri  
Fa sull'Istro risuonar.

Say to yourself: that's Rossini  
giving voice to his longing  
and creating a crescendo of sighs  
to echo across the Danube.

*Translation of 'Oiseaux, si tous les ans' by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Cherubini and Spontini by Jean du Monde. 'Quel cor che mi prometti', Crescentini, Paer and Rossini by Susannah Howe. Salieri copyright © by Emily Ezust, 'Schöne Minka, ich muss scheiden' copyright © by Barbara Miller and 'La tiranna se embarca' copyright © by Garrett Medlock, all from The LiederNet Archive, lieder.net. 'Guarda che bianca luna' by Richard Wigmore from Schubert - The Complete Song Texts published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. 'Wandrer's Nachtlied II' by Richard Stokes from The Book of Lieder published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder, published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.*