

WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 9 December 2021 7.30pm

Philippe Jaroussky countertenor

Thibaut Garcia guitar

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

A sa guitare (1935)

Tommaso Giordani (c.1730-1806)

Caro mio ben (1783)

Francesca Caccini (1587-1641)

Chi desia di saper

John Dowland (1563-1626)

In darkness let me dwell (pub. 1610)

Come again, sweet love doth now invite (pub. 1597)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

When I am laid in earth from *Dido and Aeneas* Z626 (1689)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Abendempfindung K523 (1787)

Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816)

Nel cor più non mi sento from *L'amor contrastato, ossia La molinara* (1788)

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Di tanti palpiti from *Tancredi* (1813)

Gerardo Matos Rodríguez (1897-1948)

La cumparsita (1916)

Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

El mirar de la maja from *12 Tonadillas en un estilo antiguo* (1911-3)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Erlkönig D328 (1815)

Francis Poulenc

Sarabande (1960)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Au bord de l'eau Op. 8 No. 1 (1875)

Nocturne Op. 43 No. 2 (1886)

Barbara (1930-1997)

Septembre (1965)

Federico García Lorca (1898-1936)

Anda jaleo (pub. 1961)

Luiz Bonfá (1922-2001)

Manhã de Carnaval (1959)

Dilermando Reis (1916-1977)

Xodó da Baiana (1951)

Ariel Ramírez (1921-2010)

Alfonsina y el mar (1969)

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Il est quelqu'un sur terre (1942)

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Please note, the programme has changed since this programme note was written.

Dowland, one of Britain's first great song composers, published his *First Booke of Songes or Ayres* in 1597 with a dedication to George Carey, the Lord Chamberlain. 'Come again, sweet love doth now invite' is one of the 21 songs in the collection; the poet is unknown. 'In darkness let me dwell' comes from the next decade, published in *The Musical Banquet* (1610), a collection including songs from England, France, Italy and Spain. Active a century later, **Purcell**'s lament from *Dido and Aeneas* unfolds with tragic inevitability over an inexorable ground bass, this overwhelming aria portrays the moment Dido comes to realise that death is her only option.

The Neapolitan composer **Tommaso Giordani** is the likeliest composer of 'Caro mio ben' (1783), though it may have been written by his son, Giuseppe. Giordani worked in Ireland, staging operas in Dublin during the 1760s, then moved to London for several years before returning to Ireland in 1783. 'Caro mio ben' was described on early editions as 'a celebrated song ... sung with universal applause' and it may well have started life in one of Giordani's operas. **Rossini** composed *Tancredi* at great speed in 1813 (he had less than a month in which to write it), and Stendhal hailed it as a masterpiece, declaring that it was 'like a genuine thunderbolt out of the clear blue sky for Italian lyric theatre.' The aria 'Di tanti palpiti' (sung by the title character) became astonishingly famous during Rossini's lifetime and has remained so ever since, though the complete opera is rarely staged.

Mozart finished 'Abendempfindung' (to a poem by Joachim Heinrich Campe) on 24 June 1787 (the day he entered it in his thematic catalogue). Written at the same time as *Don Giovanni*, 'Abendempfindung' is an outstanding demonstration of Mozart as a composer of *Lieder*, a form he usually turned to only for special occasions. **Schubert** composed 'Erlkönig' in 1815 (when he was 18) and it was published in 1821 as his Opus 1. A brilliantly inventive setting of Goethe's poem (assigning four different characters to a single singer), it is a highly dramatic song, virtually an operatic tragedy in miniature. Its originality was recognised by Berlioz and Liszt who both made arrangements of it.

Fauré's status as a favourite of Parisian musical salons was helped by his friendship with Pauline Viardot and her family. In 1877, Fauré was even engaged for a short time to Pauline's daughter Marianne, but 'Au bord de l'eau', from 1875, was dedicated to another of her daughters, Claudie Chamerot. This alluring song has an arching melody supported by chords that slither effortlessly through a surprising range of keys. The music is tinged with melancholy as the poet (Sully Prudhomme) muses on two lovers watching time and the river passing by.

Poulenc composed his *Sarabande* during a visit to New York in 1960 and dedicated it to the French guitarist Ida Presti. An avowed self-borrower, Poulenc took the opening theme from his Improvisation No. 13 for piano (1958), which in turn drew on his opera, *Dialogues des Carmélites* (1953-6). Sarabandes are customarily in slow triple time, but Poulenc moves freely through changing time signatures, creating ambiguity in a piece that is fleeting but rather haunting. 'A sa guitare' was written in 1935 for Yvonne Printemps to sing in the play *Margot* (about Marguerite de Valois, first wife of Henri IV). Setting a poem by Ronsard, its music mingles recollections of the old with some distinctly 20th-century dissonances.

Britten arranged eight French folksongs in December 1942 as part of a larger series that included songs from Britain and Ireland. Britten's own creative personality shines through in these arrangements which also remain faithful to the original tunes. 'Il est quelqu'un sur terre' is the longest of the set, a song of sorrow and loss that unfolds over a descending bass line.

Granados finished his *12 Tonadillas en un estilo antiguo* in 1913. Using the 'tonadillo', a popular form of theatre song, the 'old style' of Granados's title harks back to the time of Goya. 'Amor y odio' sets a folkish melody to a poem by Fernando Periquet Zuaznábar about the sorrow caused by love. The Argentine composer **Ariel Ramírez** and lyricist Félix Luna wrote 'Alfonsina y el mar' in 1969 as a tribute to the poet Alfonsina Storni who committed suicide in 1938. With music based on a traditional Argentine *zamba*, the inspiration for this song came from Ramírez's father, who had taught Alfonsina.

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Due to a late programme change, we are unable to provide all the texts for this concert. We apologise for any inconvenience caused.

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

A sa guitare (1935)

Pierre de Ronsard

Ma guitare, je te chante
Par qui seule je déçois,
Je déçois, je romps, j'enchanté
Les amours que je reçois.

Au son de ton harmonie
Je rafraîchis ma chaleur,
Ma chaleur flamme infinie
Naissante d'un beau malheur.

To his guitar

My guitar, I sing of you,
through whom alone I delude,
I delude, break off, enchant
the loves that I receive.

At the sound of your harmony
I rekindle my ardour,
the infinite flame of my ardour
born of a beautiful sorrow.

Tommaso Giordani (c.1730-1806)

Caro mio ben (1783)

Anonymous

Caro mio ben,
Credimi almen,
Senza di te
Languisce il cor.

Il tuo fedel
Sospira ognor.
Cessa, crudel,
Tanto rigor!

My dear beloved

My dear beloved
at least believe me,
without you
my heart languishes.

Your faithful admirer
always sighs.
Stop, cruel one,
being so harsh!

Francesca Caccini (1587-1641)

Chi desia di saper

Chi desia di saper,
Che cosa è Amore ...

John Dowland (1563-1626)

In darkness let me dwell (pub. 1610)

Anonymous

In darkness let me dwell, the ground shall sorrow be,
The roof despair to bar all cheerful light from me,
The walls of marble black that moist'ned still shall weep,
My music hellish jarring sounds to banish friendly sleep.
Thus wedded to my woes and bedded to my tomb
O, let me living die, till death do come.

Come again, sweet love doth now invite (pub. 1597)

Anonymous

Come again, sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces, that refrain
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again, that I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain.
For now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
In deadly pain and endless misery.

All the day the sun that lends me shine
By frowns do cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay;
Her smiles my springs that makes my joys to grow;
Her frowns the winters of my woe.

All the night my sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams;
My heart takes no delight
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
And mark the storms are me assigned.

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

When I am laid in earth from *Dido and Aeneas* Z626

(1689)

Nahum Tate

Thy hand Belinda, darkness shades me,
On thy bosom let me rest.
More I would but death invades me.
Death is now a welcome guest.

When I am laid in earth may my wrongs create
No trouble in thy breast,
Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Abendempfindung K523 Evening thoughts

(1787)

Joachim Heinrich Campe

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist
verschwunden,
Und der Mond strahlt
Silberglanz;
So entflieh'n des Lebens
schönste Stunden

It is evening, the sun has
vanished,
and the moon sheds its silver
light;
so life's sweetest hours speed
by,

Flieth'n vorüber wie im Tanz! flit by as in a dance!
 Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Scene, Soon life's bright pageant will be over,
 Und der Vorhang rollt herab. and the curtain will fall.
 Aus ist unser Spiel! Des Freundes Träne Our play is ended! Tears wept by a friend
 Fliesset schon auf unser Grab. flow already on our grave.

Bald vielleicht mir weht, wie Soon perhaps, like a gentle zephyr,
 Westwind leise, a silent presentiment will reach me,
 Eine stille Ahnung zu – and I shall end this earthly pilgrimage,
 Schliess' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise, fly to the land of rest.
 Fliege in das Land der Ruh'.

Werdet ihr dann an meinem If you then weep by my grave
 Grabe weinen, and gaze mourning on my ashes,
 Trauernd meine Asche seh'n, then, dear friends, I shall appear to you
 Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch bringing a breath of heaven.
 erscheinen
 Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.

Schenk' auch du ein Tränchen mir May you too shed a tear for me
 Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf and pluck a violet for my
 mein Grab; grave;
 Und mit deinem seelenvollen and let your compassionate
 Blicke gaze
 Sieh' dann sanft auf mich herab. look tenderly down on me.

Weih' mir eine Träne und ach! Consecrate a tear to me and ah!
 Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir Be not ashamed to do
 zu weih'n, so;
 O sie wird in meinem Diademe in my diadem it shall become
 Dann die schönste Perle sein. the fairest pearl of all.

Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816)

**Nel cor più non mi sento In my heart I no longer
 from *L'amor contrastato*, feel
 ossia *La molinara* (1788)**

Giuseppe Palomba

Nel cor più non mi sento In my heart I no longer feel
 Brillar la gioventù, the sparkle of youth;
 Cagion del mio tormento, the cause of all my torments,
 Amor, sei colpa tu. Love, the fault is yours.

Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi, You sting me, you provoke me,
 Mi pungichi, mi mastichi, you wound me, you chew me up -
 Che cosa è questo ahimè? what is all this, alas?
 Pietà, pietà, pietà! Mercy, mercy, mercy!
 Amore è un certo che, Love is a thing which
 Che disperer mi fa. drives me to despair.

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

**Di tanti palpiti from Out of so many worries
Tancredi (1813)**

Gaetano Rossi

Di tanti palpiti, di tante Out of so many worries, so
 pene, many grieves,
 Da te mio bene, spero mercà. from you my love, I expect mercy.
 Mi rivedrai... ti You'll see me again... I'll see you
 rivedrà... again...
 Ne' tuoi bei rai mi I shall nourish myself with your
 pascerò. beautiful rays:
 Deliri, sospiri... Deliriums, sights...
 Accenti, contenti! cheerful phrases!
 Sarà felice, il cor mel dice, My heart tells me that my destiny
 Il mio destino vicino a te. will be happy, by your side!

Gerardo Matos Rodríguez (1897-1948)

La cumparsita (1916)

Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

**El mirar de la maja from The maja's gaze
*12 Tonadillas en un estilo***

antiguo (1911-3)

Fernando Periquet

¿Por qué es en mis ojos Why do my eyes
 Tan hondo el mirar have so deep a gaze,
 Que a fin de cortar that to suppress
 Desdenes y enojos scorn and anger
 Los suelo entornar? I must lower my lids?
 ¿Qué fuego dentro llevarán Such fire dwells within,
 Que si acaso con calor that if I chance to gaze
 Los clavo en mi amor passionately at my love,
 Sonrojo me dan? they make me blush.
 Por eso el chispero And so the chispero
 A quien mi alma dí to whom I gave my soul,
 Al verse ante mí when meeting me
 Me tira el sombrero pulls down his sombrero
 Y dícame así: and says:
 'Mi Maja, no me mires más, 'My maja! Look on me no more,
 Que tus ojos rayos son for your eyes flash like lightning
 Y ardiendo en pasión and, burning with passion,
 La muerte me dan.' destroy me.'

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

Erlkönig D328 (1815)

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht
und Wind?

Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem
Arm,
Er fasst ihn sicher, er hält ihn
warm.

„Mein Sohn, was birgst du so
bang dein Gesicht?“

„Siehst, Vater, du den Erlkönig
nicht?

Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und
Schweif?“

„Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif.“

„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit
mir!

Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit
dir;

Manch' bunte Blumen sind an
dem Strand;

Meine Mutter hat manch gülden
Gewand.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und
hörest du nicht

Was Erlenkönig mir leise
verspricht?“

„Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der
Wind.“

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir
gehn?

Meine Töchter sollen dich
warten schön;

Meine Töchter führen den
nächtlichen Reihn,

Und wiegen und tanzen und
singen dich ein.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, und
siehst du nicht dort

Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern
Ort?“

„Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh'
es genau;

Es scheinen die alten Weiden so
grau.“

Erlking

Who rides so late through night
and wind?

It is the father with his child;
he has the boy safe in his
arms,
he holds him close, he keeps
him warm.

'My son, why hide your face in
fear?'

'Can't you see the Erlking,
father?'

The Erlking with his crown and
robe?'

'My son, it is a streak of mist.'

'You sweetest child, come go
with me!

Wondrous games I'll play with
you;

many bright flowers grow on
the shore;

my mother has many a garment
of gold.'

'Father, O father, can't you
hear

the Erlking's whispered
promises?'

'Be calm, stay calm, my child,
the wind is rustling in withered
leaves.'

'Won't you come with me, fine
boy?'

My daughters shall take good
care of you;

my daughters lead the nightly
dance,

and will rock and dance and
sing you to sleep.'

'Father, O father, can't you
see

the Erlking's daughters there in
the gloom?'

'My son, my son, I can see quite
clearly:

it's the old willows gleaming so
grey.'

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine
schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so
brauch' ich Gewalt.“

„Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt
fasst er mich an!

Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan!“

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet
geschwind,

Er hält in Armen das ächzende
Kind,

Erreicht den Hof mit Müh und
Not;

In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

'I love you. Your beautiful figure
excites me;
and if you're not willing, I'll take
you by force.'

'Father, O father, he's seizing
me now!

The Erlking's done me harm!'

The father shudders, swiftly he
rides,

with the groaning child in his
arms,

with a final effort he reaches
home;

the child lay dead in his arms.

Francis Poulenc

Sarabande (1960)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Au bord de l'eau Op. 8

No. 1 (1875)

Sully Prudhomme

S'asseoir tous deux au bord du
flot qui passe,

Le voir passer;

Tous deux, s'il glisse un nuage
en l'espace,

Le voir glisser;

A l'horizon, s'il fume un toit de
chaume,

Le voir fumer;

Aux alentours si quelque fleur
embaume,

S'en embaumer;

Entendre au pied du saule où
l'eau murmure,

L'eau murmurer;

Ne pas sentir, tant que ce rêve
dure,

Le temps durer;

Mais n'apportant de passion
profonde,

Qu'à s'adorer,

Sans nul souci des querelles du
monde,

Les ignorer;

Et seuls, tous deux devant tout
ce qui lasse,

Sans se lasser,

At the water's edge

To sit together on the bank of a
flowing stream,

to watch it flow;

together, if a cloud glides
by,

to watch it glide;

on the horizon, if smoke rises
from thatch,

to watch it rise;

if nearby a flower smells
sweet,

to savour its sweetness;

to listen at the foot of the willow,
where water murmurs,

to the murmuring water;

not to feel, while this dream
passes,

the passing of time;

but feeling no deep
passion,

except to adore each other,

with no cares for the quarrels of
the world,

to know nothing of them;

and alone together, seeing all
that tires,

not to tire of each other,

Sentir l'amour, devant tout ce
qui passe,
Ne point passer!

to feel that love, in the face of
all that passes,
shall never pass!

Nocturne Op. 43 No. 2

(1886)

Auguste Villiers de l'Isle-Adam

La nuit sur le grand mystère
Entr'ouvre ses écrins bleus;
Autant de fleurs sur la terre
Que d'étoiles dans les cieux!

Onto a landscape of great mystery
Night half-opens its blue caskets;
As many flowers on earth
As stars in the sky!

On voit ses ombres dormantes
S'éclairer à tous moments
Autant par les fleurs charmantes
Que par les astres charmants.

Its sleeping shadows are seen
Brightening every moment
As much by charming flowers
As by charming stars.

Moi, ma nuit au sombre voile
N'a pour charme et pour clarté
Qu'une fleur et qu'une étoile,
Mon amour et ta beauté!

My own darkly veiled night
Has for charm and light
But one flower and one star –
My love and your beauty!

Barbara (1930-1997)

Septembre (1965)

Jamais la fin d'été n'avait parue si belle
Les vignes de l'année auront de beaux raisins ...

Federico García Lorca (1898-1936)

Anda jaleo (pub. 1961)

Yo me alivié a un pino verde
Por ver si la divisaba ...

Luiz Bonfá (1922-2001)

Manhã de Carnaval (1959)

Manhã, tão bonita manhã
Na vida, uma nova canção ...

Dilermando Reis (1916-1977)

Xodó da Baiana (1951)

Ariel Ramírez (1921-2010)

Alfonsina y el mar (1969)

Félix Luna

Por la blanda arena que lame el
mar
Su pequeña huella no vuelve
más ...

*Due to copyright we are unable to
reproduce the original text for this song*

Alfonsina and the sea

On the soft sand that touches
the sea
her little footprints won't be
seen again,
a path of nothing but pain and
silence reached
up to the deep water.
A path of nothing but muted
pains reached
up to the surf.

God knows what anguish
accompanied you
what old griefs silenced your
voice
to lie down, lulled into sleep by
the singing
of the seashells.
The song that sings in the dark
depths of the sea
the seashell.

You leave, Alfonsina, with your
loneliness,
which new poems were you
looking for?
An ancient voice of wind and
salt
shattering your soul and taking
it
and you go to there as if in a
dream
sleeping, Alfonsina, dressed in
the sea.

Five little mermaids will escort
you
down paths made of seaweed
and coral
and phosphorescent seahorses
will circle around you.
And the aquatic dwellers will
soon play by your side.

Put the lamp down a bit more
for me,
let me to sleep in peace, nurse
and if he calls don't tell him I'm
here
Tell him that Alfonsina isn't
coming back.

And if he calls, don't ever tell
him that I'm here,
Tell him that I have gone.

You leave, Alfonsina, with your
loneliness, *etc.*

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Il est quelqu'un sur terre (1942) **There is someone in the world**

Traditional

Il est quelqu'un sur terre,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne,
Va ton train,
Et dis, tout bas,
Ton doux refrain,
Il est quelqu'un sur terre,
Vers qui mes rêves vont.

There is someone in the world,
turn little wheel!
Gently turn,
go your way,
and whisper
your sweet refrain,
there is someone in the world
to whom my dreams incline.

Il est dans la vallée,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne,
Va ton train,
Et dis, tout bas,
Ton doux refrain,
Il est dans la vallée,
Un moulin près du pont.

There is in the valley,
turn little wheel!
Gently turn,
go your way,
and whisper
your sweet refrain,
there is in the valley,
a windmill by the bridge.

L'amour y moud' sa graine,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne,
Va ton train,
Et dis, tout bas,
Ton doux refrain,
L'amour y moud' sa graine,
Tant que le jour est long

Love grinds the barley there,
turn little wheel!
Gently turn,
go your way,
and whisper
your sweet refrain,
love grinds the barley there,
all through the live-long day.

La nuit vers les étoiles,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne,
Va ton train,
Et dis, tout bas,
Ton doux refrain,
La nuit vers les étoiles,
Soupire sa chanson.

Night turns towards the stars,
turn little wheel!
Gently turn,
go your way,
and whisper
your sweet refrain,
night turns towards the stars,
and sings her song.

La rou' s'y est brisée,
Va, mon rouet!
Docile, tourne,
Va ton train,
Et dis, tout bas,
Ton doux refrain,

The wheel there is broken,
turn little wheel!
Gently turn,
go your way,
and whisper
your sweet refrain,

La rou' s'y est brisée.
Finie est la chanson.

the wheel there is broken.
The song is at an end.

Translation of Poulenc and 'Au bord de l'eau' by Richard Stokes from A French Song Companion (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP. Mozart and Schubert 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. Pasiello by Jean du Monde. Granados by Jacqueline Cockburn and Richard Stokes from The Spanish Song Companion published by Victor Gollancz Ltd. 'Nocturne' by Richard Stokes.