

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)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

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

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

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

Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816)

Abendempfindung K523 (1787)

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

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

Gerardo Matos Rodríguez (1897-1948)

Di tanti palpiti from *Tancredi* (1813)

Enrique Granados (1867-1916)

La cumparsita (1916)

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)

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

Francis Poulenc

Erlkönig D328 (1815)

Gabriel Fauré (1845-1924)

Sarabande (1960)

Barbara (1930-1997)

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

Federico García Lorca (1898-1936)

Nocturne Op. 43 No. 2 (1886)

Luiz Bonfá (1922-2001)

Septembre (1965)

Dilermando Reis (1916-1977)

Anda jaleo (pub. 1961)

Ariel Ramírez (1921-2010)

Manhã de Carnaval (1959)

Benjamin Britten (1913-1976)

Xodó da Baiana (1951)

Alfonsina y el mar (1969)

Il est quelqu'un sur terre (1942)

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ENGLAND**



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 Songs 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, Clémence 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
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 entfliehn 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,

Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!	flit by as in a dance!
Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene, Und der Vorhang rollt herab. Aus ist unser Spiel! Des Freundes Träne Fliesset schon auf unser Grab.	Soon life's bright pageant will be over, and the curtain will fall. Our play is ended! Tears wept by a friend flow already on our grave.
Bald vielleicht mir weht, wie Westwind leise, Eine stille Ahnung zu – Schliess' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise, Fliege in das Land der Ruh'.	Soon perhaps, like a gentle zephyr, a silent presentiment will reach me, and I shall end this earthly pilgrimage, fly to the land of rest.
Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen, Trauernd meine Asche sehn', Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen Und will Himmel auf euch wehn'.	If you then weep by my grave and gaze mourning on my ashes, then, dear friends, I shall appear to you bringing a breath of heaven.
Schenk' auch du ein Tränchen mir Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab; Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blick Sieh' dann sanft auf mich herab.	May you too shed a tear for me and pluck a violet for my grave; and let your compassionate gaze look tenderly down on me.
Weih' mir eine Träne und ach! Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n, O sie wird in meinem Diademe Dann die schönste Perle sein.	Consecrate a tear to me and ah! Be not ashamed to do so; in my diadem it shall become the fairest pearl of all.

Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816)

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

Giuseppe Palomba

Nel cor più non mi sento Brillar la gioventù, Cagion del mio tormento, Amor, sei colpa tu.	In my heart I no longer feel the sparkle of youth; the cause of all my torments, Love, the fault is yours.
Mi pizzichi, mi stuzzichi, Mi pungichi, mi mastichi Che cosa è questo ahimè? Pietà, pietà, pietà! Amore è un certo che, Che disperer mi fa.	You sting me, you provoke me, you wound me, you chew me up - what is all this, alas? Mercy, mercy, mercy! Love is a thing which drives me to despair.

Gioachino Rossini (1792-1868)

Di tanti palpiti from

Tancredi (1813)

Gaetano Rossi

Di tanti palpiti, di tante pene,
Da te mio bene, spero mercà.
Mi rivedrai... ti rivedrà...
Ne' tuoi bei rai mi pascero.
Deliri, sospiri...
Accentì, contenti!
Sarà felice, il cor mel dice,
Il mio destino vicino a te.

Out of so many worries

Out of so many worries, so many grieves,
from you my love, I expect mercy.
You'll see me again... I'll see you again...
I shall nourish myself with your beautiful rays:
Deliriums, sights... cheerful phrases!
My heart tells me that my destiny 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 Tan hondo el mirar Que a fin de cortar Desdenes y enojos Los suelo entornar?
¿Qué fuego dentro llevarán Que si acaso con calor Los clavo en mi amor Sonrojo me dan?
Por eso el chispero A quien mi alma dí Al verse ante mí Me tira el sombrero Y dícame así:
'Mi Maja, no me mires más, Que tus ojos rayos son Y ardiendo en pasión La muerte me dan.'

Why do my eyes have so deep a gaze, that to suppress scorn and anger I must lower my lids?
Such fire dwells within, that if I chance to gaze passionately at my love, they make me blush.
And so the chispero to whom I gave my soul, when meeting me pulls down his sombrero and says:
'My maja! Look on me no more, for your eyes flash like lightning and, burning with passion, 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 dünnen Blättern säuselt der Wind.“

„Willst, feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?“

Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;

Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reih,

Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.“

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

Erlköning's 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!'

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 embaumé,

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,

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!

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

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!

Nocturne

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

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

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

Alfonsina and the sea

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*

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)

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. Paisiello 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.