



**COLLEGIUM
VOCALE
CRETE SENESI**

28 JUL – 02 AUG 2019

**DIREZIONE ARTISTICA
PHILIPPE HERREWEGHE**



FOREWORD

Best friends,

Welcome to the nineteenth edition of the *Collegium Vocale Crete Senesi* festival. In the authentic Tuscan atmosphere of the Crete Senesi, we invite you this week, on behalf of Collegium Vocale Gent, to (re)discover familiar and lesser known pages from more than five centuries of music history.

For the third time in a row we will start with a varied opening night along the churches and squares of Asciano, our home base and center of the festival.

From Monday, we would like to introduce you to a series of international top ensembles and some world soloists. Singer Christoph Prégardien, cellist Pieter Wispelwey and pianist Nelson Goerner are guests for the first time. We are also delighted that the string sextet of the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra from Amsterdam will once again be present, as will accordionist Philippe Thuriot. But it goes without saying that the Edding Quartet and the musicians of the Antwerp Symphony Orchestra are not lacking either.

Collegium Vocale Gent and Philippe Herreweghe will host two concerts built around the music of the German Baroque composer Heinrich Schütz, contemporary of Claudio Monteverdi. An intimate concert with his Italian madrigals is planned for Tuesday evening. The richly filled *Psalms of David* provide a festive ending!

We wish you a very exciting week full of inspiring beauty and hope to meet you during one of the concerts, dinners or in the festivalcafé of bar Hervé!

Philippe Herreweghe
Artistic director

Daan Schalck
President

PREFAZIONE

Cari amici,

Benvenuti alla diciannovesima edizione del *Collegium Vocale Crete Senesi* festival. Nell'autentica atmosfera toscana delle Crete Senesi, vi invitiamo, a nome di Collegium Vocale Gent, a (ri)scoprire una settimana di pagine conosciute e meno note di oltre cinque secoli di storia della musica.

Per la terza volta di fila inizieremo con una variegata serata di apertura, lungo le chiese e le piazze di Asciano, nostra sede e centro del festival.

A partire da lunedì vi presentiamo una serie di ensemble internazionali e alcuni solisti mondiali. Il cantante Christoph Prégardien, il violoncellista Pieter Wispelwey e il pianista Nelson Goerner sono ospiti per la prima volta. Siamo inoltre lieti che il sestetto d'archi della Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra di Amsterdam sarà ancora una volta presente, così come il fisarmonicista Philippe Thuriot. Ma va da sé che non mancano nemmeno il Quartetto Edding e i musicisti dell'Antwerp Symphony Orchestra.

Collegium Vocale Gent e Philippe Herreweghe ospiteranno due concerti costruiti intorno alla musica del compositore barocco tedesco Heinrich Schütz, contemporaneo di Claudio Monteverdi. Il suo intimo concerto con i madrigali italiani è previsto per martedì sera. I *Psalmi Davidici* riccamente riempiti forniscono un finale festivo!

Vi auguriamo una settimana molto emozionante piena di bellezza ispiratrice e speriamo di incontrarvi durante uno dei concerti, cene o al café del nostro festival, bar Hervé!

Philippe Herreweghe
Direttore artistico

Daan Schalck
Presidente

VOORWOORD

Beste vrienden,

Hartelijk welkom op de negentiende editie van het *Collegium Vocale Crete Senesi* festival.

In de authentieke Toscaanse sfeer van de Crete Senesi nodigen wij u in naam van Collegium Vocale Gent andermaal uit om een hele week bekende en minder bekende pagina's uit meer dan vijf eeuwen muziekgeschiedenis te (her)ontdekken. Voor de derde keer op rij gaan we van start met een gevarieerde openingsavond, een *opening night*, langsheen de kerken en pleintjes van Asciano, onze thuisbasis en centrum van het festival.

Vanaf maandag stellen we u graag voor aan een rist internationale topensembles en enkele wereldsolisten. Liedzanger Christoph Prégardien, cellist Pieter Wispelwey en pianist Nelson Goerner zijn voor het eerst te gast. We zijn ook verheugd dat het strijksextet van het Koninklijk Concertgebouworkest uit Amsterdam opnieuw van de partij is, net als accordeonist Philippe Thuriot. Maar ook vaste waarden als het Edding Kwartet en de musici van het Antwerp Symphony Orchestra ontbreken uiteraard niet.

Als gastheer brengen Collegium Vocale Gent en Philippe Herreweghe twee concerten opgebouwd rond de muziek van de Duitse barokcomponist Heinrich Schütz, tijdgenoot van Claudio Monteverdi. Van hem staat op dinsdagavond een intiem concert met Italiaanse madrigalen gepland. De rijk bezette *Psalmen Davids* zorgen voor een feestelijke afsluiter!

Wij wensen u alvast een heel boeiende week vol inspirerende schoonheid en hopen u te ontmoeten tijdens één van de concerten, diners of in de festivalcafé van bar Hervé!

Philippe Herreweghe
Artistiek directeur

Daan Schalck
Voorzitter

Chères amies, chers amis,

Bienvenue à la dix-neuvième édition du festival *Collegium Vocale Crete Senesi*. C'est dans une véritable ambiance toscane des Crete Senesi que nous vous invitons, au nom du Collegium Vocale Gent, à (re)découvrir, toute une semaine durant, des pages connues et moins connues choisies à travers plus de cinq siècles d'histoire de la musique.

Pour la troisième fois, nous débutons par une soirée d'ouverture variée au fil des églises et des places d'Asciano, notre point d'attache et centre du festival.

Dès lundi, nous avons l'immense plaisir de vous présenter une série d'ensembles et de solistes internationaux de premier plan. Le chanteur de lied Christoph Prégardien, le violoncelliste Pieter Wispelwey et le pianiste Nelson Goerner nous rejoignent pour la première fois. Nous sommes aussi très heureux d'accueillir à nouveau le sextuor à cordes du Koninklijk Concertgebouworkest d'Amsterdam, ainsi que l'accordéoniste Philippe Thuriot. Bien entendu, les valeurs sûres telles que le Quatuor Edding et les musiciens de l'Antwerp Symphony Orchestra seront également de la partie.

En tant qu'hôtes, le Collegium Vocale Gent et Philippe Herreweghe donnent deux concerts consacrés au compositeur baroque allemand Heinrich Schütz, un contemporain de Claudio Monteverdi dont nous inscrivons les madrigaux italiens au concert intime de mardi soir. Quant aux riches *Psaumes de David*, ils seront les garants d'un épilogue festif !

Nous vous souhaitons d'ores et déjà de vivre une semaine inspirante, passionnante et belle, et espérons vous rencontrer au détour d'un concert, d'un dîner ou d'un verre au café du festival : le bar Hervé !

Philippe Herreweghe
Directeur artistique

Daan Schalck
Président



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SUNDAY 28.07

Diner: Piazza del Grano

Questo concerto è patrocinato dal comune di Asciano
con un ringraziamento speciale a Fabrizio Nucci
This concert goes under the patronage of Mr. Carruet,
Belgian Ambassador in Italy

SOIRÉE COMPOSÉE

THE OPENING NIGHT EVENT OF COLLEGIUM VOCALE CRETE SENESI 2020

Let's start the festival week with good vibes and a nice variety of music: 4 different concerts – little gems in the San Francesco Church and in the Basilica Collegiata di St. Agata.

We open the festival programme with Ensemble Masques on the one hand and Eleanor Lyons accompanied by Stanislav Solovev on the other hand. Ensemble Masques is for the first time invited to the Crete Senesi. The ensemble is composed of a core of 6 instrumentalists specialized in baroque music and is renowned for its expressiveness, eloquence and the depth of interpretations. As for Eleanor Lyons, it's her first visit to the Crete. After a very successful collaboration with Collegium Vocale Gent during the Verdi Requiem programme last year, Philippe Herreweghe invited her for a solo recital in the festival. She will be accompanied by her good friend Stanislav Solovev.

For the third concert the full audience will gather together at the San Francesco Church to meet with Mala Punica and Pedro Memelsdorff. It was Philippe Herreweghe's wish for many years to invite Mala Punica to the Festival. Founded and directed by Pedro Memelsdorff, Mala Punica (Latin for pomegranates, symbol of fertility) is a vocal-instrumental ensemble devoted to the Ars nova and Ars subtilior – a luxuriant polyphonic repertoire that spread across Europe at the end of the Middle Ages.

Around midnight, we will meet outside for the closing concert by Philippe Thuriot and Carlo Nardozza, in the open air on the square by the Festival café Bar Hervé. Time for some Belgian music history.

If you have any doubt or question, do address our Festival staff. You can recognize them by their Festival badge. They will be happy to assist and guide you. Enjoy your Collegium Vocale Crete Senesi Festival!

EVENING PLAN

	Basilica Sant'Agata	Chiesa San Francesco	Piazza Garibaldi / Bar Hervé	Piazza del Grano
18:00			OPENING SPEECHES FANFARA	
19:00	ENSEMBLE MASQUES	ELEANOR LYONS & STANISLAV SOLOVEV		
20:00	ENSEMBLE MASQUES	ELEANOR LYONS & STANISLAV SOLOVEV		
21:00				BUFFET
22:30		MALA PUNICA		
00:00			PHILIPPE THURIOT & CARLO NARDOZZA	
<div><div>PARCOURS 1: RED BRACELET</div><div>PARCOURS 2: BLEU BRACELET</div><div>ALL TICKET HOLDERS</div></div>				

SUNDAY 28.07 – 19:00 & 20:00

Basilica Sant'Agatha – Asciano

OUVERTURE

GEORG PHILIPP TELEMANN [1681–1767]

Ouverture – suite in A Major TWV 55:A1

± 15 MIN

Ouverture

Branle

Gaillarde

Sarabande

Réjouissance

Passepied

Canarie

Ouverture – Suite “Les Nations” TWV 55:B5

± 20 MIN

Ouverture

Menuet I (alternativement) / Menuet II. Doucement

Les Turcs

Les Suisses

Les Moscovites

Les Portugais

Les Boiteux

Les Coureurs

In 1740, theorist and composer Johann Mattheson remarked, “Lully is esteemed, Corelli should be praised, but Telemann alone transcends the fame of all.” Mattheson was not alone in praising his friend Telemann; in fact, for decades Telemann enjoyed a reputation as the greatest German composer of his generation. Not only had he mastered *le goût français* of Lully, but he also succeeded in tastefully synthesizing this French style with Italian, German, and other exotic compositional elements. This “mixed style” became the trademark of Telemann’s vast oeuvre and helped him cast a new light on traditional musical forms, such as the *ouverture-suite*.

This popular genre, which Telemann imported from France to Germany, typically consisted of an opening *ouverture accom-*

panied by several stylized dances. Despite the strict conventions that governed these dance forms, Telemann’s originality does not fail to shine through. For example, the first work on tonight’s program includes two antiquated 16th-century dances, the *branle* and *galliarde*, which Telemann reinvents using his own modern language.

Like Vivaldi’s concertos and Haydn’s symphonies, many of Telemann’s most popular *ouverture-suites* also earned characteristic titles. His *Overture-Suite* “Les Nations” theatrically caricatures various foreign nationalities, such as evoking a Russian peal of bells in *Les Moscovites* by way of a three-note ostinato. The work concludes by depicting two groups common to every nation: *Les Boiteux* (“The Lame”) and *Les Coureurs* (“The Runners”). [R.P]

ENSEMBLE MASQUES

SOPHIE GENT violin

LOUIS CREACH violin

KATHLEEN KAJIOKA viola

OCTAVIE DOSTALER LALONDE bass cello

BENOÎT VANDEN BEMDEN double bass

OLIVIER FORTIN harpsichord

SUNDAY 28.07 – 19:00 & 20:00

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

LIED RECITAL

ELENA KATS-CHERNIN [1957]

Green leaf (from Wild Swans Suite)

± 3 MIN

SERGEI RACHMANINOFF [1873–1943]

6 Romances, op. 38 [1916]

± 15 MIN

Ночью в саду у меня (Noch'yu v sadu u menya) /

In My Garden at Night

К ней (K ney) / To Her

Маргаритки (Margaritki) / Daisies

Крысолов (Krysolov) / The Pied Piper

Сон (Son) / The Dream

A-y! (A-u!) / A-oo

CLAUDE DEBUSSY [1862–1918]

Suite 'Pour le piano' (L.95): Prélude

± 4 MIN

SERGEI PROKOFIEV [1891–1953]

5 Melodies, op.35 [1920]

± 13 MIN

Andante

Lento, ma non troppo

Animato, ma non allegro

Andantino, un poco scherzando

Andante non troppo

Studies and performances of Russian classical music usually focus on symphonic repertoire, operas, and ballets—and for good reason; composers like Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov, Rachmaninoff, and Prokofiev wrote myriad influential masterpieces for large ensemble. Nevertheless, these composers' works for smaller forces often expose a more intensely personal expression facilitated by a more intimate setting.

Rachmaninoff's *Six Romances*, op. 38, and Prokofiev's *Five Melodies*, op. 35, were composed within five years of each other and shine a light on a more overshadowed genre in each composer's oeuvre: songs for piano and voice. Both works were written for the Russian mezzo-soprano Nina Koshetz. Rachmaninoff had previously composed several works for piano and voice, includ-

ing another set of *Six Romances*, op. 4. In his Opus 38 Romances, Rachmaninoff takes a step in a new direction away from the old generation of Russian Romantic poets and towards the contemporary symbolist poets. Accordingly, he adapts his musical style to the new poetry, focusing more on subtlety and painting an aural atmosphere than on writing tuneful melodies with big, extroverted gestures, as he had in Opus 4. The newer set of Romances touches on themes of love and nature, which Rachmaninoff vividly responds to with glistening textures and impressionist harmonies. Prokofiev's *Five Melodies*, on the other hand, is a song without words, the first of its kind, and was later transcribed for violin. With each movement, Prokofiev juxtaposes contrasting moods and characters with intense lyricism. [R.P]

ELEANOR LYONS soprano
STANISLAV SOLOVEV piano

НОЧЬЮ В САДУ У МЕНЯ
(NOCH'YU V SADU U MENYA)

Ночью в саду у меня
Плачет плакучая ива,
И безутешна она,
Ивушка, грустная ива.

Раннее утро блеснёт —
Нежная девушка-зорька
Ивушке, плачущей горько,
Слёзы — кудрями отрёт.

*Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Blok –
after Avetik Isahakian*

IN MY GARDEN AT NIGHT

At night in my garden
A weeping willow weeps,
And she is inconsolable, the willow,
The sorrowful willow.

Early morning sparkles,
A tender girl named Dawn
With her curly hair will wipe away
The tears of the bitterly weeping willow.

К НЕЙ (K NEY)

Травы одеты перлами.
Где-то приветы
Грустные слышу,
Приветы милые...
Милая, где ты,
Милая!

Вечера светят ясные,
Вечера светят красные
Руки воздеты:
Жду тебя,
Милая, где ты,
Милая?

Руки воздеты:
Жду тебя,
В струях
Леты смывую
Бледными Леты
струями...
Милая, где ты,
Милая!

Boris Nikolayevich Bugayev

TO HER

The grass wears pearls
Somewhere I hear sad greetings...
tender greetings...
Dearest, where are you,
Sweetheart!

Evening light is clear,
Evening light is red
Hands upraised:
I wait for you
Dearest, where are you,
Sweetheart?

Hands upraised:
I wait for you
In the streams
Lethe washes the years away,
In the pale river of Lethe
I'm washed away
Dearest, where are you,
Sweetheart!

МАРГАРИТКИ (MARGARITKI)

О, посмотри! как много
маргариток —
И там, и тут...
Они цветут; их много; их избыток;
Они цветут.

Их лепестки трёхгранные — как
крылья,
Как белый шёлк...
Вы — лета мощь! Вы — радость
изобилия!
Вы — светлый полк!

Готовь, земля, цветам из рос
напиток,
Дай сок стеблю...
О, девушки! о, звезды маргариток!
Я вас люблю...

Igor Vasil'yevich Lotaryov

КРЫСОЛОВ (KRYSOLOV)

Я на дудочке играю,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
И на дудочке играю,
Чьи-то души веселя.

Я иду вдоль тихой речки,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Дремлют тихия овечки,
Кротко зыблются поля.

Спите, овцы и барашки,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
За лугами красной кашки
стройно встали тополя.

Малый домик там таится,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Милой девушке приснится,
Что ей душу отдал я.

DAISIES

Oh, look, how many daisies
Are here and there,
They blossom, they are many,
they are in abundance.
They blossom.

Their triangle petals are like wings,
Like white silk.
In them is summer's power!
In them, the joy of abundance,
a bright regiment.

Earth, prepare a drink of dew
for the flowers,
Give juice to a stem...
Oh, girls, daisy starlets,
I love you!

THE PIED PIPER

I play a reed-pipe,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la
to bring joy
to someone's soul.

I walk along a quiet river,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la
Calm little sheep are asleep,
the fields are gently rocking.

Sleep now, sheepies and lambies.
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la
Beyond the fields of red clover
stand slender poplars.

A little house is hidden there,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la
A pretty maiden will have a dream,
That I gave her my soul.

И на нежный зов свирели,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Выйдет словно к светлой цели,
через сад, через поля.

И в лесу под дубом тёмным,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Будет ждать в бреду истомном,
В час, когда уснёт земля.

Встречу гостью дорогую,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Вплоть до утра зацелую,
Сердце лаской утоля.

И, сменившись с ней
колечком,
Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля,
Отпущу её к овечкам,
В сад, где стройны тополя.

Тра-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля-ля!

Valery Yakovlevich Bryusov

СОН (SON)

В мире нет ничего
Дожденнее сна,
Чары есть у него,
У него тишина,
У него на устах
Ни печаль и ни смех,
И в бездонных очах
Много тайных утех.

У него широки,
Широки два крыла,
И легки, так лёгки,
Как полночная мгла.
Не понять, как несёт,
И куда и на чем
Он крылом не взмахнет
И не двинет плечом.

Fyodor Kuzmych Teternikov

And to the tender call of the reed-pipe,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la
She will come, as if towards a bright dream,
Through the garden, through the fields.

And in the forest under the dark oak,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la
She will wait in a languorous fever
For the hour when the earth falls asleep.

I will greet the dear guest,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la
And will kiss her away till dawn,
Satisfying my heart with tenderness.

And, after we've exchanged rings,
Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la
I'll let her go to the sheep,
Into the garden, where slender
poplars stand!

Tra-la-la-la-la-la-la

THE DREAM

In the world
there is nothing more desirable
than a dream.
It has magic stillness.
It has on its lips
No sadness, no laughter
And in bottomless eyes
many hidden pleasures.

It has two wide wings,
as light as
the mist of midnight.
It's unfathomable
how he carries,
and where and on what;
not beating its wings,
nor moving its shoulder.

A-Y! (A-u!)

Твой нежный смех был
сказкою изменчивою,
Он звал как в сон зовёт
свирельный звон.
И вот венком, стихом тебя
увенчиваю.
Уйдём, бежим вдвоем на
горный склон.

Но где же ты?
Лишь звон вершин позванивает
Цветку цветок средь дня
зажег свечу.
И чей-то смех все в глубь
меня заманивает.

Пою, ищу,
Ау!
Ау!
кричу.

Konstantin Dmitrevich Balmont

A-OO

Your tender laughter was
a fickle fairytale,
It calls me like in a dream
with pipe chimes.
Now with a garland of
poetry I crown you
Let's go, let's run together
to the mountainside!

But then, where are you?
Only the pipes from the top chime...
One flower to another flower
enflame the candle of midday.
And someone's laughter calls to
me from the depths.

I sing, I search,
"A-oo!",
"A-oo!",
I cry.

SUNDAY 28.07 – 22.30

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

BEATUM INCENDIUM

± 50 MIN

Luce e splendore nei mottetti di Johannes Ciconia 1390-1405

ANONYMUS

Kyrie (Fa117, 79r-v)

JOHANNES CICONIA [c.1370-1412]

○ Padua, sidus preclarum (Q15, 257v-258r)

○ felix templum jubila (Q15, 223v-224r)

Albane misse celitus (Q15, 271v-272r)

ANONYMUS

Intavolatura di J. Ciconia, Con lagreme bagnandomi (Bux, 38)

JOHANNES CICONIA

Merçé o morte (Pz, 18v-19r; BU, 51r)

○ beatum incendium (Q15, 266v-167r)

ANONYMUS

Graduale Universi qui te exspectant (GT, 16)

Alleluia Ego sum pastor bonus (Gua, 194v)

Intavolatura di mottetto (Fa117, 93r-94r)

Antifona Hec est regina (SM572, 141r)

Antifona Ave regina celorum (SM574, 109v-110r)

JOHANNES CICONIA

Ut te per omnes (Q15 260v-261r; Ox213, 119v-120r)

ANONYMUS

Intavolatura di bassadanza (Fa117, 94v)

Benedicamus Domino (Ox229, 53v)

Deo gratias (Fa117, 79r-v)

In 1412, the same year as Ciconia's death, the influential Paduan music theorist Prosdocimo de Beldemandis published his treatise *Contrapunctus*. In it, he challenged his forerunner Marchetto da Padova for the division of the whole tone into five parts, a 'mendacious swindle' which, according to Prosdocimo, had perverted the musicians of his own time, whom he addressed as 'moderniores'. Scholars believe that one of these 'moderner' musicians was Johannes Ciconia, author of two impressive theoretical treatises in which he implicitly subscribed to and even expanded Marchetto's theories. Ciconia thus belonged to the 'swindlers' – but there must have been reasons to spare him from open criticism.

Prosdocimo's prudence has indeed an explanation: beside these treatises, a collection of mass-settings and some twenty refined Italian and French texted songs,

Ciconia left eight political motets, most of which were dedicated to the highest Paduan and Venetian dignitaries of the time: Stefano Carrara, Albano Michiel and Pietro Marcello – bishops of Padua in 1402, 1406, and 1409 respectively –, Michele Steno – doge of Venice from 1400 –, or Ciconia's main protector Francesco Zabarella – bishop of Florence and anti-papal cardinal from 1410. Such an entourage on the one side influenced Ciconia's humanistic approach to grammar and music and, on the other, secured him the status of an untouchable authority. Hence Prosdocimo's carefully indirect charge.

The present programme includes a selection of Ciconia's motets and songs. Among the motets, two are non-isorhythmic (that is, they follow no fixed rhythmic scheme of repetition): *O Padua sidus preclarum* and *O felix templum jubila*. They only bear one poetical text – a rarity in

MALA PUNICA

BARBARA ZANICHELLI soprano

MARKETA CUKROVÁ mezzosoprano

GIANLUCA FERRARINI, RAFFAELE GIORDANI tenor

HELENA ZEMANOVÁ, JOSÉ MANUEL NAVARRO vielle

PABLO KORNFELD tastiere

PEDRO MEMELSDORFF flauto & direction

the repertoire – though a second, occasional text was possibly planned for *O Padua. O felix templum*, in turn, seems to be truly mono-textual. Datable to 1402-1405, the piece is explicitly dedicated to Stefano da Carrara, natural child of Francesco il Vecchio da Carrara and bishop of Padua under the latter's ruling.

Two further motets are isorhythmic, instead: *Albane misse celitus* and *Ut te per omnes*. They share Ciconia's stunning ability of comparing complementary statements – that is, opposite melodic figurations and even antithetic words, located at parallel places of a bipartite, specular structure. *Albane* praises the election of Albano Michiel, Padua's bishop from 1406; *Ut te per omnes* celebrates at once the Franciscan order and Francesco Zabarella, bishop of Florence from 1410 and cardinal from 1411, author of important theological and political works on the schism, the deplored division of the Catholic Church prior to the Council of Constance.

Among the songs, the ballata *Merçé o morte* adds to the genre of the desperate – poems of complain against pain and incomprehension. Its text openly cites two verses of sonnet 130 of *Petrarch's Canzoniere*, a distich in itself alluding both to Psalm 41 and to Ovid's *Metamor-*

phosis X, 75, the lament sung by Orpheus while facing Eurydice's second death, *lacrimae alimenta fuere* ('tears were my nourishment').

The contrafactum *O beatum incendium*, finally, sets a Latin devotional text to Ciconia's French virelai *Aller m'en veus*, producing a web of intertextual allusions between both poems. Indeed, stunning metaphors link the melancholy of the secular farewell with its spiritual contrafactum, in itself a reworking of St. Bernhard's excruciating *Jubilus: beatum incendium, ardens desiderium, dulcis refrigerium, mea delectatio, amoris consummatio*.

At Ciconia's time Paduan audiences were probably at the peak of their exposure to pan-Italian and even international repertoires: French, Flemish or Italian mass-settings and motets, French and Italian texted songs of different origins and styles, Latin contrafacta and most likely exuberant instrumental reworkings such as those copied into the MSS Padua553 or Faenza117. Two of these reworkings have been included in our programme. The first is a virtuoso diminution on a (lost) isorhythmic motet clearly related to Ciconia's models. The second intabulates a Kyrie and is used here – following a 14th-century praxis – to close, and thus frame, the ceremony. [P.M]

KYRIE

Kyrie eleison
Christe eleison
Kyrie eleison

Lord, have mercy.
Christ, have mercy.
Lord, have mercy.

O PADUA, SIDUS PRECLARUM

O Padua sidus preclarum
hocce nissa fulgido
regula virtutum morum
serto refulgens florido.

O Padua, brightest shining star
of this gleaming flowery garland,
shining rule
of moral virtues.

Te laudat yuris sanctio,
philosophie veritas,
et artistarum concio,
poematum sublimitas.

You are praised by the sanction of law,
the truth of philosophy,
the debates of intellectuals,
and lofty flights of poetry.

Tu Anthenoris genere
regis sumpsisti exordium,
quo proles tua muneris
genus habet egregium.

Your beginnings
lie in the line of King Antenor,
and so your offspring have been given
a higher duty.

Frugum, opum fecunditas
telluris, orta spacio,
tibi servit yocunditas
fertilitas, ocio.

Fertility of the land, of fruits and riches,
born by the earth,
you are served by joy,
and fruitfulness [favours] your peace.

Te plena montes flumina,
te castra, rura florida
decorant, templi culmina,
edes et pontes, balnea.

The full rivers, the mountains, the castles
and flourishing countryside are your
adornment, like the cupolas of the church,
buildings and bridges, the spas.

Tue laudis preconia
per orbem fama memorat,
que Johannes Ciconia
canore fido resonat

Fame sings the praises of your glory
throughout the world.
Johannes Ciconia makes
those praises sound harmoniously.

O FELIX TEMPLUM JUBILA

O felix templum iubila
et chors tua canonici
nunc plaudat corde supplici.
Tu, clere, viso rutila.

Rejoice, o blessed church,
and let the retinue of canons
now give praise with supplicant hearts.
O clergy, may your face glow to see it.

Qui presul divi muneris
de summo missus cardine
a iusto nato Dardane
est pastor sacri oneris.

This man, a bishop given by heaven,
sent by the highest cornerstone,
born of the line of just Aeneas,
is pastor of the divine office.

Tu genitoris Stephane,
o plaustriger illustrissime,
virtutes splendidissime
sunt tuis factis consone:

Fano novo et multis aris
superis quas dedicasti
ad astra iter iam parasti
tibi et cunctis tui laris.

Precor, patre o digna proles,
iusta, mitis et modesta,
viciozum ac infesta,
virtutibusque redolens,

dignare me Ciconiam
(tanti licet sim indignus)
tui habere in corde pignus,
es benignus quoniam.

You, o Stefano, who bear
your father's most illustrious name,
your shining virtues
are matched by your actions.

Thanks to the new church and the many
altars you have dedicated to the saints,
you have prepared the way to heaven
for you and for all your family.

I pray to you, worthy child of your father,
just, humble and modest,
an enemy to vice,
and full of virtues,

to deign to receive me, Ciconia (although
I am unworthy of such an honour)
as a sign in your heart
for you are gracious.

ALBANE MISSE CELITUS

Cantus I

Albane, misse celitus
presul date divinitus
veni, pater Padue,

Cui desolate penitus
confer medellam protinus
duce dudum vidue

Veni pastor animarum,
sparge lumen, sidus clarum,
cuncta solve debita.

Auffer quidquid est avarum
nichil sinas esse amarum
queque prudens limita.

Justus, pius et severus
quia totus es sincerus
quis rimetur cetera?

Constans, lenis dominaris,
vera laude predicaris,
qua pertingis ethera.

O Albano, sent from heaven,
a bishop given by divine virtue,
come, father of Padua,

to her, in her deep desolation,
bereft of a leader for so long,
come at once to heal her.

Come, shepherd of souls,
spread light, brilliant star,
and cancel all our debts.

Chase away all that is miserly
let nothing bitter be allowed;
but wisely moderate all things.

Just, holy and rigorous,
for you are entirely honest:
who would look for other qualities?

Rule with constancy and gentleness,
be exalted with true praise,
and thus touch the heavens.

Leteris, urbs Antenoris,
adventu tanti decoris,
plausu tota concine.

Michaële stirpe clarus,
tibi antistes datur gnarus
cantum numquam desine.

Cantus II

Albane, doctor maxime,
virtute celo proxime,
gradu nitens gemino,

nam decretorum insula
et presulatus ferula
flores sine termino.

Vite celestis emulus,
in omni bono sedulus,
te Jesu dedicasti.

Illustri domo genitus,
humilitati deditus,
sublima comparasti.

O Venetina civitas,
in qua perfecta bonitas
virtus tanta nascitur,

hoc alumno jocunderis,
tibi fulget instar veris
de quo mundus loquitur.

Viri tanti data cure
qui te regit equo iure,
Paduana ecclesia,

Christo grates laudes pange
celum edis hymnis tange
cum tuo Ciconia.

Be cheered, city of Antenor,
by the coming of such an adornment,
let all sing and give praise.

A famous bishop of such understanding
has been given to you, from the family
of Michiels, sing without cease.

O Albano, great scholar
close to heaven for your virtue
your brilliance is twofold,

for as an island of laws,
and staff of the bishopric
you will flourish for ever.

Emulating life in heaven,
working conscientiously towards the good
you are consecrated to Jesus.

Born of an illustrious family,
dedicated to humility, you have
obtained sublime things for yourself.

O Venetian city,
in which perfect good was born
and virtue such as this,

take pleasure in this son of yours;
to you he is like the springtime
of which the world speaks.

O church of Padua, entrusted to such
a great man, who governs you
justly,

sing grateful praise to Christ;
touch the vaults of the church
with hymns,
together with your Ciconia.

MERÇÉ O MORTE

Merçé o morte, o vagha anima mia,
Oymè ch'io moro, o graciosa e pia

Mercy or death, O my fair soul,
alas, for I die, gracious and pious one.

Pascho el cor de sospir' ch'altruy no'l vede
E de lagrime vivo amaramente.

I feed my heart with sighs that no one sees
and live bitterly on tears.

Aymè, dolent' morirò per la merçede
del dolce amor che'l mio cor t'a presente

Alas, I shall die of pain in return for the
sweet love that my heart has given you.

O Dio, che pena è questa al cor
dolente!
Falsa, çudea, almen' fame morir via.

O God! what pain is this to a grieving heart!
False traitress, at least show me the way
to death.

Merçe o morte, o vagha anima mia,
Oymè ch'io moro, o graciosa e pia.

Mercy or death, O my fair soul,
alas, for I die, gracious and pious one.

O BEATUM INCENDIUM

O beatum incendium,
o ardens desiderium,
o dulce refrigerium,
amare Dei filium.

O blessed flame,
o burning desire,
o sweet relief
is to love the son of God.

Portas vestras attollite,
celi cives occurrite,
triumphatori dicite:
"Salve Jesu, rex inclite,

Lift up your gates,
come here, citizens of heaven,
say to him who has triumphed:
"Hail, Jesus, glorious king,

Rex virtutum, rex glorie,
tibi laus honor et imperium
Yhesu Christe, Yhesu largitor venie
esto nobis refugium".

King of virtues, king of glory, praise,
honour and dominion to you, Jesus Christ!
O Jesus, bestower of forgiveness,
be our refuge.

O mea delectacio,
amoris consummatio,
o mea consolacio,
Yhesu, mundi salvacio.

O my delight,
fulfilment of love,
o my consolation,
Jesus, saviour of the world.

Te celi chorus predicat
et laudes tuas replicat.
Yhesus orbem letificat
et nos Deo pacificat.

The heavenly choir extols you
and repeats your praises."
Jesus brings joy to the world
and makes our peace with God.

nunc prosequamur laudibus
Yhesum himnis et precibus,
ut nos donet celestibus
frui cum celi civibus.

Let us now follow Jesus
with praise, hymns and prayers, so that
heavenly good may flourish within us
together with those who live in heaven.

UNIVERSI QUI TE EXSPECTANT

Universi qui te expectant,
non confundentur.

Psalmus

Vias tuas, Domine, demonstra mihi,
et semitas tuas edoce me.

None of those who are awaiting
you will be disappointed.

[Psalm]

O Lord, make me know your ways.
Teach me your paths.

EGO SUM PASTOR BONUS

Alleluia. Ego sum pastor bonus
et cognosco oves meas
et cognoscunt meae.

Alleluia. I am the good shepherd,
and know my sheep,
and am known of mine.

HEC EST REGINA

Antiphon

Hec est regina virginum que genuit regem,
velut rosa decora virgo.
Dei genitrix per quam reperimus
Deum et hominem,
alma virgo [virginum] intercede pro
nobis omnibus.

This is the Queen of Virgins,
Who gave birth to the King as a
beautiful rose.
Virgin Mother of God, through
whom we behold God and man,
Gracious Virgin, intercede on our behalf.

Psalm

Laudate pueri Dominum:
laudate nomen Domini.
Sit nomen Domini benedictum:
ex hoc nunc et usque in seculum.

Praise the Lord, ye servants:
O praise the Name of the Lord.
Blessed be the Name of the Lord:
from this time forth for evermore.

Doxology

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio et nunc et
semper et in secula seculorum.
Amen.

Glory to the Father, and to the Son, and to
the Holy Spirit, As it was in the beginning,
and now, and ever shall be, world without end.
Amen

AVE REGINA CELORUM

Ave regina celorum,
ave domina angelorum.
Salve radix sancta ex qua mundo
lux est orta,
gaude gloriosa super omnes speciosa.
Vale valde decora et pro nobis
semper Christum exora.

Hail, O Queen of Heav'n enthron'd,
Hail, by angels Mistress own'd
Root of Jesse, Gate of morn, Whence the
world's true light was born. Glorious Virgin,
joy to thee, Loveliest whom in Heaven they
see, Fairest thou where all are fair!
Plead with Christ our sins to spare.

UT TE PER OMNES

Cantus I

Ut te per omnes celitus
plagas sequamur maximo
cultu lavandos lumina
Francisce, nostros spiritus

In order we may follow you
with the greatest veneration, through all
the wounds given to you by heaven, Francis,
enlighten our souls, which must be purified.

Tu qui perennis glorie
sedes tueris omnipatris,
qui cuncta nutu concutit,
perversa nobis erue.

You who look at the seats of eternal glory
of the father of all things,
who with a single sign can strike all,
take every evil from us.

Christi letus quod sumpseras
vulnus receptum per tuum
nobis benigne porrigere
[ut] de te canens gloriam,

For you happily received the
wound of Christ,
welcoming it as your own,
kindly grant, as we sing your glory,

Sit illa felix regula,
fratrum minorum nomine,
cujus fuisti conditor,
duret per evum longius.

that the order
of Friars Minor be happy,
whose founder you were;
and that it may long endure.

Cantus II

Ingens alumnus Padue,
quem Zabarellam nominant,
Franciscus almi supplicat
Francisci adorans numina.

Francesco, of the name Zabarella,
great son of Padua,
beseeches in adoration the power
of the divine Francis.

Sis tutor excelsis favens
servo precanti te tuo,
quem totus orbis predicat
insignibus preconis.

May you, St Francis, be
his protector from on high, and look
favourably on your servant who prays to you;
the whole world bestows great praise on him.

Audi libens dignas preces
doctoris immensi, sacer Francisce,
quo leges bonas
Antenor's stirps accipit.

Silvas per altas alitus,
in mole clausus corporis
ducens viam celestium
rector veni fidelium.

BENEDICAMUS DOMINO

Benedicamus Domino.

DEO GRATIAS

Deo Gratias.

Listen with favour to the worthy
prayers of the great scholar, o holy Francis;
through him the line of Antenor
is given good laws.

He grew up in the mountain woods,
a man of strength
following the path to heaven
come, ruler of the faithful.

Let us bless the Lord.

Let us give thanks to the Lord.



SUNDAY 28.07 – MIDNIGHT

Piazza Garibaldi – Bar Hervé – Asciano

DOIGTÉ BELGE

A program of music with Belgian roots

± 30 MIN

The accordion is inextricably connected to the French musette. But in that same glorious period between 1930 and 1950, Belgium became one of the largest markets for accordions built in Castelfidardo, Italy. The Belgians re-invented the Italian keyboard and with much “toupet” named it the *Clavier Bruxellois*. This created a lot of confusion because they were also working on a *Clavier (Doigté) Liègeois* and *Charlerois*.

The most admired French musette player came from Lessines, Belgium, the birthplace of René Magritte. His name was Gus Viseur. His father was a ship operator, who, on one of his voyages, brought Gus along to Paris. The bridge between

Belgium and the swing musette was forged when Gus met there with the other great Belgian musician: Django Reinhardt. Django is also known to have had a profound influence on Toots Thielemans, whose first instrument was the accordion. The accordion became one of the most played instruments in the world.

Carlo's trumpet exudes the “valse musette,” so to speak; since his father was an accordionist, the young trumpeter learned early on how to play along in all the quick, virtuosic tunes. Carlo and Philippe will perform music by Django Reinhardt, Wannes Van de Velde, Philip Catherine, Toots, Brel, and of course Gus Viseur.

CARLO NARDOZZA trumpet
PHILIPPE THURIOT accordion





MONDAY 29.07 – 20:00

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

Diner: AmorDivino – Asciano

CLAUDE DEBUSSY [1862–1918]

Syrinx for flute solo (L.129) [1913] ± 2 MIN

String Quartet op.10 (L.85) [1893] ± 25 MIN

I. Animé et très décidé

II. Assez vif et bien rythmé

III. Andantino, doucement expressif

IV. Très modéré – En animant peu à peu –

Très mouvementé et avec passion

ALBERT ROUSSEL [1869–1937]

Trio for flute, alto and cello ± 25 MIN

op.40 [1929]

HENRI DUTILLEUX [1916–2013]

String Quartet ‘Ainsi la nuit’ ± 25 MIN

[1973–76]

The last decade of the 19th century was a watershed period. Romanticism – the singularly dominant 19th-century musical idiom from Beethoven to Wagner would soon give way to a new era of musical pluralism, one marked by a never-ending search for new means of expression. Before Schoenberg, Stravinsky, or Bartók, it was Claude Debussy who first pioneered a radical departure from Romanticism, rejecting Wagnerism in pursuit of his own compositional idiom that prized subtlety above grandiosity and evoked emotions instead of following explicit programs.

Debussy first fully embraced this new stylistic trajectory in 1894 with his *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*, which many consider to be the beginning of modern music. As Pierre Boulez remarked, “the flute of the faun brought new breath to the art of music.” The entrancing *Syrinx*, composed nearly 20 years later, recalls this moment and is itself a seminal work in Debussy’s oeuvre. As the first significant work for solo flute since C.P.E. Bach’s Sonata in A Minor, *Syrinx* showcases the instrument’s potential for expressivity, particularly in its melancholic low register.

Although Debussy composed his *String Quartet in G Minor, op. 10* one year before the revolutionary *Prélude à l'après-midi d'un faune*, the Quartet already shows clear markers of his characteristic idiom, but in a more conventional form. Debussy’s String Quartet is his only work to have a key designation and an opus number, and its four movements follow a traditional structure: a first movement in sonata form, a lively scherzo, a slow, lyrical movement, and a passionate finale. Employing a technique of César Franck, Debussy develops the themes of the first movement throughout the entire work. With its sensual tonal shifts and

MEMBERS OF THE ANTWERP SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

EDITH VAN DYCK flute

LISANNE SOETERBROEK violin

MIMI JUNG violin

BARBARA GIEPNER alto

CLAIRE BLEUMER cello

wide range of timbre, the Quartet balances convention with ingenuity, thus foreshadowing the mature style that Debussy would come to embrace just one year later.

But Debussy spurred merely the beginning of modern musical thought; after him, composers continued to explore new styles of expression. Initially, Albert Roussel was influenced by Debussy and Ravel, but he ultimately turned to neo-classicism. In his *Trio for Flute, Alto and Cello, op. 40*, Roussel blends traditional form with whimsical imagination, writing colorful counterpoint in a modern tonal idiom. As one scholar remarked, “Roussel is somewhat like a Debussy trained in the school of counterpoint.”

Later, in post-war France, the avant-garde movement took hold with Pierre Boulez at its helm. Henri Dutilleux, however, rejected the avant-garde and even refused to associate with any school of composition. Instead, he developed his own musical language, strongly influenced by the writings of Marcel Proust. Proust’s ideas about time and memory are the guiding influences behind *Ainsi la nuit (Thus the Night)*, in which Dutilleux develops small musical cells bit by bit, employing these motifs both to recall earlier sections of the piece and to hint at what is yet to come. [R.P.]

MONDAY 29.07 – 23:30

Piazza Garibaldi – Bar Hervé – Asciano

MADE IN ITALY | FATTO IN ITALIA

± 30 MIN

The accordion was designed in Vienna in 1829, but Italy quickly took over the reins. The Italians called the instrument the *fisarmonica*. Due to the many economic refugees and migrant workers at that time from the poor regions of Italy, Paris became overrun with very good players who flaunted their showpieces (the *muréna*, *colombo*, *péguri*, *guérino*, and *baselli*, and later the *galliano* and *peirani*). They clashed with jobseekers from the French Auvergne who typically played a small bagpipe: the *musette*.

A new style of music was born. In the Belgian city of Genk, quite a bit of accordion was also played, usually on instruments with a piano keyboard. However, the *fisarmonicas* were eventually brought out again in Genk, dug out from dark attics after a period of neglect. Carlo's father was one of those many "miners." Carlo and Philippe will play music from Italian roots: Nino Rota, Henry Mancini, Richard Galliano, Enrico Pieranunzi, Stefano Bollani, Enrico Rava, and more.

CARLO NARDOZZA trumpet
PHILIPPE THURIOT accordion

TUESDAY 30.07 – 12:00

Chiesa Santo Stefano – Castelmuzio

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN [1770–1827]

String Quartet No.12 op.127 [1825]

I. Maestoso - Allegro

II. Adagio, ma non troppo e molto cantabile

III. Scherzando vivace

IV. Allegro

± 40 MIN

EDDING QUARTET

BAPTISTE LOPEZ violin I

CAROLINE BAYET violin II

PABLO DE PEDRO viola

AGEET ZWEISTRA cello

Artists in their late years are often driven to take their work to extremes, pushing the boundaries of their art. Consider Monet's Water Lilies, which verges on abstraction, Matisse's unorthodox, yet trailblazing "paper cut-outs," or the daringly colorful and expressive late works of Picasso. In music, one can find similar stylistic evolutions, with the late period of Ludwig van Beethoven serving as a quintessential example. In the years leading to his death, Beethoven retreated inward, redefining his legacy with a relatively small oeuvre of monumental works: the last five piano sonatas, the *Diabelli Variations*, the late string quartets, the *Missa Solemnis*, and the *Ninth Symphony*. These compositions are marked by extreme virtuosity, epic lengths, intricate counterpoint, and sublime beauty.

The emotional intensity in Beethoven's late works was likely stimulated by the turmoil that Beethoven had recently faced in his own life. After his enormously successful "heroic decade" (1803-1813), which began with the premier of his *Eroica Symphony* and came to a climax with his *Emperor Piano Concerto*, Beethoven's luck turned for the worse. By 1816, he was completely deaf and faced problems in nearly every aspect of his life, including his physical health and his finances, not to mention a protracted legal battle for custody of his nephew.

In 1822, amid this woeful period, Beethoven received a letter out of the blue from the young Russian Prince Galitzin inviting him to compose one to three string quartets for a price of his choosing. This commission would be a godsend for Beethoven, easing his financial troubles and giving him reason to return to the genre of the string quartet, which he had not touched since writing his "Serioso" Quartet, op. 95 twelve years earlier. Beethoven ultimately wrote three quartets for Prince Galitzin (opp. 127, 132, and 130) as well as two other quartets (opp. 131 and 135) during the same period. Completed in 1825 to 1826, these were among his last major compositions. Beethoven's String Quartet No. 12, op. 127 is the first of these legendary works. In E-flat major, the Quartet's simple, ordinary opening chords are made to sound extraordinary, recalling the grand rhetoric of Beethoven's other monumental works in the same key, such as the *Eroica Symphony* and the *Emperor Piano Concerto*. The work exhibits an exceptionally wide range of emotions, showcased particularly in the second movement, with its endlessly creative variations on a prayer-like melody.

Although the late string quartets are considered today to be among Beethoven's greatest musical contributions, they were not received well in their own time. In the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*, one critic remarked that the op.127 quartet was an "incomprehensible, incoherent, vague, over-extended series of fantasias." It would seem that these works were simply beyond the public's comprehension. Only over time would they come to be appreciated as some of Beethoven's true masterpieces. [R.P.]

TUESDAY 30.07 – 22:30

Sant'Anna in Camprena – Pienza

Diner: Sant' Anna in Camprena – Pienza

Diner: La Terazza del Chiostro – Pienza

O PRIMAVERA

HEINRICH SCHÜTZ [1585–1672]

Il primo libro de madrigali op.1 [1611]

O primavera

O dolcezze amarissime

Selve beate

Alma afflitta

Così morir debb'io

± 55 MIN

JOHANNES KAPSBERGER [1580–1651]

Toccata V

Libro primo d'intavolatura di lauta, Roma 1611

D'orrida selce alpina

Ride la primavera

Fuggi o mio core

Feritevi, ferite

JOHANNES KAPSBERGER [1580–1651]

Toccata VI

Libro primo d'intavolatura di lauta, Roma 1611

Fiamma ch'allacia
Quella damma son io
Mi saluta costei
Io moro, eccho ch'io moro

JOHANNES KAPSBERGER [1580–1651]

Toccata III

Libro primo d'intavolatura di lauta, Roma 1611

Sospir che del bel petto
Dunque addio
Tornate, o cari baci
Di marmo siete voi
Giunto è pur, Lidia

COLLEGIUM VOCALE GENT

GRACE DAVIDSON soprano

BARBORA KABATKOVA mezzo-soprano

BENEDICT HYMAS alto

THOMAS HOBBS tenor

TORÉ DENYS tenor

JIMMY HOLLIDAY bass

MATTHIAS SPAETER theorbo

PHILIPPE HERREWEGHE artistic direction

One hundred years after Adrian Willaert (founder of the Venetian School) and one hundred years before J.S. Bach, Heinrich Schütz was one of the most important transitional figures of the early Baroque period. That Schütz made such a mark in music history could all be thanks to the Landgrave Moritz von Hessen-Kassel. In 1598, while staying overnight at an inn run by Schütz's father, the Landgrave heard young Heinrich singing and recognized a talent in the boy. The next year, he convinced Heinrich's parents to send the boy to his court to become a choirboy. Because Heinrich's parents did not approve of him becoming a musician, the young Schütz studied law briefly in 1608 before returning to music in 1609, when he again received help from the Landgrave in the form of a scholarship to apprentice in Italy with the Venetian masters.

It was in Venice that Schütz was first introduced to the Italian style of polychoral writing and studied composition with the master himself, Giovanni Gabrieli. The polychoral style was first pioneered by composers like Willaert at the San Marco Basilica as a solution for the sound delay caused by the separation between the two opposing choir lofts. Instead of singing simultaneously, the two halves of the choir would alternate phrases in a kind of question and answer, an antiphonal style called *cori spezzati*. When Gabrieli was appointed principal organist of the San Marco in 1584, he went a step further than his predecessors by specifying instrumentation and dynamics and writing for more than two groups. With compositions like his *Sacrae Symphoniae*, he made a name for himself and attracted many students, like Schütz, from across Europe to come and apprentice with him.

As the culmination of his studies, Schütz composed a collection of Italian madrigals, which he called *Il primo libro de madrigali* op. 1 – his first published composition. In this set of five-voice secular songs (one of the only secular works that Schütz would ever compose), Schütz showcases not only his mastery of the intimate Italian madrigal, but also his deep understanding of Italian language and culture. The techniques that Schütz employs in each madrigal seem to be inspired by the style of Claudio Monteverdi, the great composer of monody, whose fourth and fifth books of madrigals written in 1603 and 1605 were then circulating in Venice (the two composers would later meet during Schütz's second trip to Italy in 1628). Like Monteverdi, Schütz skillfully intensifies the drama of the poetry he sets, heightening the meaning of the text by way of tender dissonance, contrast in tessitura, and attention to major and minor harmonies. For example, in "O primavera," Schütz changes from minor to major harmony on the word "primavera," evoking a blooming flower in springtime. Schütz continued to employ this style of text painting even after he returned to Germany in 1613 and shifted his focus to composing sacred works, making him perhaps the most influential German composer before Bach. [R.P.]

Prima parte.

O primavera, gioventù de l'anno,
bella madre di fiori,
d'herbe novelle, di novelli amori,
tu torni ben, ma teco non tornano
i sereni e fortunati di delle mie gioie,
che del perduto mio caro tesoro
la rimembranza misera e dolente,
tu quella sè, ch'eri pur dianzi
si vezzosa e bella,
ma non son io quel ch'un tempo fui,
si caro agli occhi altrui.

Seconda parte

O dolcezze amarissimi d'amore,
quanto é più duro perdervi,
che mai non v'haver
ò provate ò possedute,
come saria l'amor felice stato,
se'l già goduto ben non si perdesse
o quando egli si perde,
ogni memoria ancora
del dileguato ben si dileguasse.

G.B. Guarini

Selve beate,

se sospirando in flebili susurri
a nostro lamentar vi lamentaste,
gioite e tante lingue scogliete,
quante frondi scherzano al
suon di queste,
piene del gioir nostro aure ridenti.

G.B. Guarini

Alma afflitta, che fai

chi ti darà più vita,
se colei, per cui vivi,
hoggi è partita.
Ah, son ben folle e cieco,
con l'alma a ragionar,
che non e meco.

G.B. Marino

First part

O Spring, youth of the year,
Fair mother of flowers,
Of new grass and new loves,
You return, but with you
The serene and happy days of
my joy do not return,
But only the loss of my dear love
And the woeful, painful memory.
You are still what you used to be,
As charming and fair.
But I am not what I once was,
So dear in the eyes of another.

Second part

O most bitter sweetness of love,
How much harder to have lost you
Than never to have had you at all,
Never to have felt you or possessed you.
How blissful love would be
If once tasted it were not lost.
Yet, if it is to be lost,
Then let all remaining memory
Of the vanished treasure vanish too.

Blessed woods,

If I should sigh in tearful woe,
Then come weep you with me.
But now rejoice with many
loosened tongues,
So many leaves laughing at the sound,
And full of our bliss the breezes smile.

Afflicted soul, what will you do?

What will give you life now,
If the one by whom you lived
Has now departed?
Ah, I am mad and blind
To reason with a soul
That I no longer possess.

Così morir debb'io,
 nè sarà chi m'ascolti ò me diffenda,
 così da tutti abbandonata
 e priva d'ogni speranza,
 accompagnata solo
 da un'estrema infelice
 e funesta pietà,
 che non m'aita.

G.B. Guarini

D'orrida selce alpina
 cred'io Donna nascesti,
 e dalle tigre ircane
 il latte havesti,
 sì dura alle prieghi miei,
 se pur tigre anzi pur selce,
 ai lasso,
 ch'entro un petto di fera
 hai cor di sasso.

A. Aligieri

Ride la primavera,
 torna la bella Clori,
 odi la rondinella,
 mira l'herbette e i fiori.
 Ma tu Clori più bella,
 nella stagion novella.
 Serbi l'antico verno,
 deh, s'hai cinto il cor
 di ghiaccio eterno.
 Perchè, ninfa crudel,
 quanto gentile,
 porti negl'occhi il sol,
 nel volt'aprile?

G.B. Marino

So I must die
 Since no one will hear or defend me;
 Thus I am abandoned by everyone,
 And deprived of all hope,
 Accompanied only
 By a last miserable
 And woebegone devotion
 That does not help me at all.

Of grim Alpine flint! believe,
 Lady, you were born,
 And by the Hyrcane tiger
 Were you suckled.
 As hardhearted to my prayers
 As the Tiger and the flinty rock,
 Alas!
 That in a wild beast's breast
 You should have a heart of stone!

Spring smiles,
 Fair Cloris returns,
 Listens to the swallow
 Admires the young grass and the
 flowers.
 But you Cloris are fairer
 In this young season.
 You preserve old winter,
 Alas, and have engirded your heart
 With eternal ice.
 Why, cruel nymph,
 So fair,
 Do you wear the sun in your eyes,
 But April in your face?

Fuggi o mio core,
non vedi la man bella,
che congiurata co'begli occhi
anch'ella
per farti prigionier
vien ti a ferire;
ecco un sospir nunzio infelice,
che più giova il fuggire,
egli è già preso, egli convien morire.

G.B. Marino

Feritevi, viperette mordaci,
dolci guerriere ardite
del dilette d'amor bocche sagaci,
saettatevi pur`vibrat' ardenti,
l'armi vostre pungenti,
ma le morti sien vite,
ma le guerre sien paci,
sien saette le lingue,
e piagh' i baci.

G.B. Marino

Fiamma ch'allaccia
e laccio sei tu ch'infiama,
o caro dolce vezzo d'amor,
ch'avvampando mi il cor
circondi il braccio,
fosti ancor rete almeno,
che m'accogliesse alla mia in seno,
ch'al hor vedrebbe il ciel
in ogni parte,
Vener più bella
e più gagliardo Marte.

A. Gatti

Quella dama son io,
crudelissimo Silvio,
che senza esser attesa
son da te vinta e presa,
viva se tu m'accogli,
morta se mi ti toglì.

G.B. Guarini

Flee, o my heart,
Do you not see the fair hand
Which conspires with fair eyes
And with her
To take you captive
And cast you in chains?
This sigh, unhappy messenger,
Comes to say that it is useless to flee,
For it is caught and needs must die.

Strike, you biting little vipers;
Sweet, fearless warriors,
So eloquent in delights and in love,
Shoot your sharp, burning,
Piercing arrows;
But let the dead become living,
Let war become peace,
Let arrows become tongues,
And wounds become kisses.

The flame that fetters,
The fether art thou who inflames,
O dear, sweet enchantment of love,
Who enkindles my heart,
Girds me in its arm,
And casts a net
That gathers me to my dear one's breast,
That heaven now might show
To the sight of all
A Venus more fair,
And a more valiant Mars.

I am the fallow deer,
Most cruel Silvio,
Who against my will,
You have vanquished and captured;
Living if you hold me,
Dead if you set me free.

Mi saluta costei,
 ma nel soave inchino
 nasconde agli occhi miei,
 gli occhi leggiadri
 e bel volto divino
 O pietosa in aspetto
 e crudele in effetto,
 avara hor che farete,
 s'usando cortesia,
 scarsa mi siete.

G.B. Marino

She greets me,
 But in that sweet curtsy
 Hides from my sight
 Her fair eyes
 And divine countenance.
 O merciful in aspect
 And cruel in effect,
 What will you, so miserly in tenderness,
 If using courtesy
 You make yourself more coy?

Io moro, ecco ch'io moro.
 Bella nemica mia,
 t'offes` assai,
 levar tropp' alto i miei pensieri osai,
 perdon ti chieggo in pegno.
 brama di pace un segno.
 In quest' estrema mia dura partita
 non vò senza il tuo bacio
 uscir di vita.

G.B. Marino

I die, see how I die.
 I have railed at you enough;
 Too high I dared to raise my hopes;
 In trust I ask your pardon,
 And in token a sign of peace.
 In this bitter extreme of parting,
 I will not, without your kiss,
 Depart my life.

Sospir che del bel petto
 di Madonna esci fore,
 dimmi che fa quel core.
 Serba l'antico affetto,
 ò pur messo se'tu
 di novo amore?
 Nò, deh nò, più tosto sia
 sospirata da lei
 la morte mia.

G.B. Marino

Sigh, issuing from the fair breast
 Of my Lady,
 Tell me what is her heart doing?
 Does it hold fast to its old affection,
 Or do you know if it makes place
 For a new love?
 No, oh, no, sooner let
 Her sighing be
 For my death.

Dunque addio, care selve,
 care mie selve addio,
 ricevete questi ultimi sospiri,
 finchè sciolta da ferro ingiusto e crudo
 torni la mia fredd'ombra
 alle vostr'ombre amate,
 che nel penoso inferno
 non può gir innocente,
 nè può star tra beati
 disperata e dolente.

G.B. Guarini

Tornate o cari baci
 a ritornarmi in vita,
 baci al mio cor digiuno
 esca gradita,
 voi di quel dolce amaro,
 per cui languir m'è caro,
 pascete i miei famelici desiri,
 baci in cui dolci
 provo anco i sospiri.

G.B. Marino

Di marmo siete voi,
 donna, a colpi d'amore,
 al pianto mio,
 e di marmo son io
 alle vostr'ire e agli strali suoi
 per natura,
 per amor io costante
 e voi dura.
 Ambo siam sassi
 e l'un e l'altro è scoglio,
 io di fè e voi d'orgoglio.

G.B. Marino

Giunto è pur, Lidia, il mio,
 non so se deggia dire:
 ò partire ò morire,
 lasso dirò ben io,
 che la morte è partita,
 piochè lasciando te
 lascio la vita.

G.B. Marino

My dear woods, farewell,
 Receive these my last sighs,
 Until, released from unjust and cruel
 bondage,
 My cold shade returns
 To your beloved shades;
 For in doleful
 Hell cannot burn, for I am innocent,
 Nor can I stay among the blessed spirits
 Despairing and griefstricken.

Return dear kisses
 And bring me back to life;
 Kisses, to my starving heart
 Bring succour;
 You, so bittersweet,
 For to languish is so sweet to me,
 Appease my famished desires,
 Kisses in whose sweetness
 I still taste my sighs.

Of marble are you all,
 Lady, to the blows of love,
 To my tears;
 And of marble am I
 To your wrath and to its darts.
 By nature I am true, and through love,
 And you are hard.
 We are both rocks,
 Both of us unshakeable reefs:
 I of faith, and you of pride.

Having now come,
 Lydia, I know not what to say:
 Either to leave or to die;
 Wearily I will say then
 That death is parting,
 For in leaving you I leave life.

WEDNESDAY 31.07 – 12:00

Chiesa Santo Stefano – Castelmuzio

SUITES

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH [1685–1750]

Suite No. 6 in D major, BWV 1012 ± 25 MIN

Prélude – Allemande – Courante –
Sarabande – Gavotte I/II – Gigue

GYÖRGY LIGETI [1923–2006]

Sonata for cello solo [1948–53] ± 8 MIN

BENJAMIN BRITTEN [1913–1976]

Suite No. 1 op.72 [1964] ± 23 MIN

I. Canto primo: *Sostenuto e largamente*
II. Fuga: *Andante moderato*
III. Lamento: *Lento rubato*
IV. Canto secondo: *Sostenuto*
V. Serenata: *Allegretto pizzicato*
VI. Marcia: *Alla marcia moderato*
VII. Canto terzo: *Sostenuto*
VIII. Bordone: *Moderato quasi recitativo*
IX. Moto perpetuo e Canto quarto: *Presto*

PIETER WISPELWEY cello

In the generation before Johann Sebastian Bach, some Italian composers began experimenting with casting the cello in a completely solo role, such as Domenico Gabrielli in his unaccompanied *Ricercari*. These works were certainly a departure from the norm; after all, until the early 1700s, the cello predominantly served as an accompanying instrument and was seldom recognized for its melodic potential. Only years after Gabrielli and his contemporaries would this potential truly be realized in Bach's six Cello Suites.

Bach most likely composed this cycle of artistic masterpieces between 1717 and 1723. Like a typical Baroque suite, each of Bach's suites begin with a prelude, followed by a series of stylized dance movements. Without any written tempo, articulation, or dynamic markings, the suites are extremely versatile, allowing each performer to form a profoundly individual interpretation of the score. Bach's Suite No. 6 is larger in scale than the other five suites and is highly virtuosic, its key of D major – the “key of glory” in the Baroque – evoking the triumphant joy of other works in the same key, such as “The Trumpet Shall Sound” and the “Hallelujah” chorus from Handel's *Messiah*. Unlike Bach's other cello suites, this “symphony for solo cello,” as Mstislav Rostropovich called it, might have been written for a five-string cello, as suggested by the work's unusually large tessitura.

Bach never achieved fame as a composer during his lifetime, and until the early- to mid-19th century, his works were largely forgotten. It's a small miracle that his Cello Suites were not lost to history; the suites were “rediscovered” by Pablo Casals in 1889 purely by chance. At thirteen years old, the young cellist stumbled on an old copy of the suites in a second-hand music store in Barcelona. Eleven years later, Casals revived interest in the suites, introducing audiences to the works on a concert tour in Spain, and the rest is history.

In 1915 after Casals' discovery, Zoltán Kodály and Max Reger were the first major composers to write for unaccompanied cello since Bach completed his suites nearly 200 years earlier. This opened the gateway for a sea of new works for solo cello in the 20th century. György Ligeti's Cello Sonata (1948/1953) recalls Kodály's solo cello work with its meandering, lyrical melody in “Dialogo” and shows strong influences of Bartók in its fiery “Capriccio.” Benjamin Britten's Suite No. 1 op. 72, on the other hand, blends Baroque and modern compositional techniques. Britten was inspired to compose the suite after hearing Rostropovich play Bach's suites; he later composed two additional cello suites and dedicated all three to Rostropovich. Britten's Cello Suite No. 1 delights in virtuosic technical passages, ambiguous tonalities, unpredictable changes in meter, and a kaleidoscopic range of color and emotion, thus giving Rostropovich an entirely different character in each movement with which he could show off his technical and expressive abilities. [R.P.]

WEDNESDAY 31.07 – 20:00

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

Diner: Piazza del Grano – Asciano

This concert was made possible thanks to the generous support of Janson Baugniet Bruxelles (B), law firm

DIE SCHÖNE MULLERIN

FRANZ SCHUBERT [1797–1828]

Die schöne Müllerin D795 [1823] ± 60 MIN

Words by Wilhelm Müller

Das Wandern

Wohin?

Halt!

Danksagung an den Bach

Am Feierabend

Der Neugierige

Ungeduld

Morgengruss

Des Müllers Blumen

Tränenregen

Mein!

Pause

Mit dem grünen Lautenbände

Der Jäger

Eifersucht und Stolz

Die liebe Farbe

Die böse Farbe

Trockne Blumen

Der Müller und der Bach

Des Baches Wiegenlied

CHRISTOPH PRÉGARDIEN tenor

MICHAEL GEES piano

In 1815, the Prussian poet Wilhelm Müller lamented, “I can neither play nor sing, and when I write poetry, I nevertheless sing and play. If I were able to express the tunes in my head, then my songs would be more successful than they now are. But do not despair, some day a kindred soul may well turn up that can hear the melodies hidden in my words and give them back to me.” Müller ultimately found his “kindred soul” in Franz Schubert, who, in 1823, set Müller’s set of poems, *Die Schöne Mullerin* (The Beautiful Maid of the Mill), to music. Although Müller has been criticized for the folksy simplicity of his writing, Schubert nonetheless ingeniously crafted Müller’s tale of unrequited love into a seminal work of the Romantic period.

By this time, Schubert was an experienced composer of Lieder, or the German art song, a genre he single handedly elevated to the heart of the Romantic repertoire. Already at the young age of 17, he wrote his breakthrough song, “Gretchen am Spinnrade,” which changed the course of music history in more ways than one. Yes, Schubert fused poetry and music in profound ways, heightening the meaning of the text through his musical writing. But, more importantly, his art songs embodied the Romantic ideals of art as personal, subjective expression by presenting the drama from inside the protagonist’s head. By transferring the action from “the realm of things” to “the realm of thoughts,” as the scholar Paul Gibson described it, Schubert draws the listener into the character’s mind and spirit.

In *Die Schöne Mullerin*, Schubert sets 20 of Müller’s poems, which tell the story of a young miller who wanders along a brook to a mill, where he falls in love with the miller-maid (the Mullerin). Knowing she is beyond his reach, as he is only a journeyman, he tries to woo her, but without success; upon realizing that she has fallen in love with a hunter, the miller despairs and drowns himself in the brook. Schubert masterfully unites the song cycle into one whole by way of binding motivic threads and careful attention to the sequence of keys. Schubert also transforms the role of the piano from purely accompanimental to an integral part the story: the brook.

In some ways, the song cycle mirrors what Schubert was experiencing in his own life. In 1823, when he composed *Die Schöne Mullerin*, Schubert had contracted syphilis and began to experience its symptoms. He was hospitalized and likely composed parts of the cycle from his hospital bed. Schubert, utterly hopeless, expressed to a friend, “In a word, I feel myself to be the most unhappy and wretched creature in the world. Imagine a man, whose health will never be right again; imagine a man, I say, whose most brilliant hopes have come to naught, to whom the happiness of love and friendship have nothing to offer but pain, at best.” In his final years, Schubert would go on to compose many other influential works, including his Symphony in B Minor, known as the Unfinished Symphony; however, it was in Lieder where he truly proved his lyric genius. [R.P.]

DAS WANDERN

Das Wandern ist des Müllers Lust,
Das Wandern!
Das muß ein schlechter Müller sein,
Dem niemals fiel das Wandern ein,
Das Wandern.

Vom Wasser haben wir's gelernt,
Vom Wasser!
Das hat nicht Rast bei Tag und Nacht,
Ist stets auf Wanderschaft bedacht,
Das Wasser.

Das sehn wir auch den Rädern ab,
Den Rädern!
Die gar nicht gerne stille stehn,
Die sich mein Tag nicht müde drehn,
Die Räder.

Die Steine selbst, so schwer sie sind,
Die Steine!
Sie tanzen mit den muntern Reihn
Und wollen gar noch schneller sein,
Die Steine.

O Wandern, Wandern, meine Lust,
O Wandern!
Herr Meister und Frau Meisterin,
Laßt mich in Frieden weiterzieh'n
Und wandern.

WOHIN?

Ich hört' ein Bächlein rauschen
Wohl aus dem Felsenquell,
Hinab zum Thale rauschen
So frisch und wunderhell.

Ich weiß nicht, wie mir wurde,
Nicht, wer den Rath mir gab,
Ich mußte gleich hinunter
Mit meinem Wanderstab.

Hinunter und immer weiter,
Und immer dem Bache nach,
Und immer frischer rauschte,
Und immer heller der Bach.

WANDERING

Wandering is the miller's joy,
Wandering!
A man isn't much of a miller,
If he doesn't think of wandering,
Wandering!

We learned it from the stream,
The stream!
It doesn't rest by day or night,
And only thinks of wandering,
The stream!

We also see it in the mill wheels,
The mill wheels!
They'd rather not stand still at all
and don't tire of turning all day,
the mill wheels!

Even the millstones, as heavy as they are,
The millstones!
They take part in the merry dance
And would go faster if they could,
The millstones!

Oh wandering, wandering, my passion,
Oh wandering!
Master and Mistress Miller,
Give me your leave to go in peace,
And wander!

WHITHER?

I heard a little brook rushing
From its source in the rocky spring,
Bubbling down to the valley
So clean and wonderfully bright.

I don't know what came over me,
Or who advised me to act,
I just had to go down with it,
Carrying my walking staff.

Downward, still further and further,
Always following the brook,
And the stream bubbled ever more briskly
And became ever clearer and brighter.

Ist das denn meine Straße?
O Bächlein, sprich, wohin?
Du hast mit deinem Rauschen
Mir ganz berauscht den Sinn.

Was sag' ich denn von Rauschen?
Das kann kein Rauschen sein:
Es singen wohl die Nixen
Dort unten ihren Reihn.

Laß singen, Gesell, laß rauschen,
Und wandre fröhlich nach!
Es gehn ja Mühlenräder
In jedem klaren Bach.

HALT!

Eine Mühle seh' ich blinken
Aus den Erlen heraus,
Durch Rauschen und Singen
Bricht Rädergebraus.

Ei willkommen, ei willkommen,
Süßer Mühlengesang!
Und das Haus, wie so traulich!
Und die Fenster, wie blank!

Und die Sonne, wie helle
Vom Himmel sie scheint!
Ei, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
War es also gemeint?

DANKSAGUNG AN DEN BACH

War es also gemeint,
Mein rauschender Freund?
Dein Singen, dein Klingen,
War es also gemeint?

Zur Müllerin hin!
So lautet der Sinn.
Gelt, hab' ich's verstanden?
Zur Müllerin hin!

Hat sie dich geschickt?
Oder hast mich berückt?
Das möchte ich noch wissen,
Ob sie dich geschickt.

Is this my path, then?
Oh brook, tell me, whither?
You have completely captivated me
With your flowing.

What can I say about the rushing?
That can't be an ordinary sound.
It must be the nixies singing
Deep under their stream.

Sing on, friend, keep rushing,
And travel gladly along.
There are mill wheels moving
In every clear stream.

STOP!

I see a mill glinting
From among the elder trees,
The rushing and singing
Are pierced by the roar of wheels.

Ah welcome, ah welcome,
Sweet song of the mill!
And the house, how cozy!
And the windows, how shiny!

And the sun, how brightlylt
glows in the sky!
Oh brook, dear brook,
Was this destined for me?

GRATITUDE TO THE BROOK

Was this destined for me,
My bubbling friend?
Your singing, your ringing,
Was this destined for me?

To the miller's daughter,
That's what you meant.
Right? Did I understand it?
To the miller's daughter!

Did she send you to me?
Or have you enchanted me?
I'd like to know,
Did she send you to me?

Nun wie's auch mag sein,
Ich gebe mich drein:
Was ich such, hab ich funden,
Wie's immer mag sein.

Nach Arbeit ich frug,
Nun hab ich genug
Für die Hände, fürs Herze
Vollauf genug!

AM FEIERABEND

Hätt' ich tausend
Arme zu rühren!
Könn't ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könn't ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könn't ich drehen
Alle Steine!
Daß die schöne Müllerin
Merkte meinen treuen Sinn!

Ach, wie ist mein Arm so schwach!
Was ich hebe, was ich trage,
Was ich schneide, was ich schlage,
Jeder Knappe thut es nach.
Und da sitz' ich in der großen Runde,
Zu der stillen kühlen Feierstunde,
Und der Meister spricht zu Allen:
Euer Werk hat mir gefallen;
Und das liebe Mädchen sagt
Allen eine gute Nacht.

DER NEUGIERIGE

Ich frage keine Blume,
Ich frage keinen Stern,
Sie können mir nicht sagen,
Was ich erfür' so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtner,
Die Sterne stehn zu hoch;
Mein Bächlein will ich fragen,
Ob mich mein Herz belog.

No matter what happens,
I commit myself.
What I sought I have found,
Whatever happens.

I sought after work,
Now I have enough,
For my hands, for my heart,
I have more than enough!

AFTER WORK

If I had a thousand
arms to move!
I could drive
The wheels with a roar!
I could blow
Through all the copses!
I could turn
All the millstones!
Then the miller's daughter
Could sense my true purpose!

Oh, how weak my arms are!
What I lift, what I carry,
What I cut, what I hammer,
Any fellow can do as well.
And there I sit among all the others
In the quiet, cool time of rest,
And the master says to all of us:
I am pleased with your work,
And the lovely maiden said
Goodnight to everyone.

THE QUESTIONER

I don't ask any flower,
I don't ask any star,
None of them can tell me
What I'd like to know so much.

I am not a gardener,
The stars are too far above;
I'll ask my little brook,
If my heart has deceived me.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Wie bist du heut' so stumm!
Will ja nur Eines wissen,
Ein Wörtchen um und um.

Ja, heißt das eine Wörtchen,
Das andre heißet Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen schließen
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

O Bächlein meiner Liebe,
Was bist du wunderbar!
Will's ja nicht weiter sagen,
Sag', Bächlein, liebt sie mich?

Oh, little brook of my love,
Why are you so silent today?
I only want to know one thing,
One word, one way or the other.

Yes, is the one word,
The other is No.
The two words together
Make up my entire world.

Oh, little brook of my love,
How strange you are!
If you won't say anything further,
Tell me, little brook, does she love me?

UNGEDULD

Ich schnitt' es gern in alle Rinden ein,
Ich grüb' es gern in jeden Kieselstein,
Ich möcht' es sä'n auf jedes frische Beet
Mit Kressensamen, der es schnell
verräth,
Auf jeden weißen Zettel möcht'
ich's schreiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es
ewig bleiben.

Ich möcht' mir ziehen einen jungen Staar,
Bis daß er spräch' die Worte rein und klar,
Bis er sie spräch' mit meines
Mundes Klang,
Mit meines Herzens vollem,
heißem Drang;
Dann säng' er hell durch ihre
Fensterscheiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es
ewig bleiben.

Den Morgenwinden möcht' ich's
hauchen ein,
Ich möcht' es säuseln durch den
regen Hain;
O, leuchtet' es aus jedem Blumenstern!
Trüg' es der Duft zu ihr von nah und fern!
Ihr Wogen, könnt ihr nichts als Räder
treiben?
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es
ewig bleiben.

IMPATIENCE

I'd like to carve it in the bark of
every tree,
I'd etch it into every pebble,
I'd sow it in every new-tilled field,
With cress seeds that would show
it quickly,
I'd gladly write it on every blank sheet
of paper:
My heart is yours and will ever
remain so.

I'd like to raise a young starling,
To speak the words clearly and
distinctly,
So that he would speak with the
sound of my voice,
With all my heart's intense longing;
Then he'd sing it through her windows:
My heart is yours and will ever
remain so.

I'd like to breathe it into the
morning breezes,
I'd like to blow it through the stirring grove;
Oh, if it could only glow from every
starry blossom!
If the scent could carry it to her from
near and far!
You waves, can you only push wheels?
My heart is yours and will ever
remain so.

Ich meint', es müßt' in meinen
Augen stehn,
Auf meinen Wangen müßt' man's
brennen sehn,
Zu lesen wär's auf meinem stummen Mund,
Ein jeder Athemzug gäb's laut ihr kund;
Und sie merkt nichts von all' dem
bangen Treiben:
Dein ist mein Herz, und soll es
ewig bleiben.

I'd swear it must show in my eyes,
Anyone could see it burning on
my cheeks,
Anyone could read it on my
silent lips,
Every breath proclaims it aloud,
And she doesn't even notice my
anxious yearning:
My heart is yours and will ever
remain so.

MORGENGRUSS

Guten Morgen, schöne Müllerin!
Wo steckst du gleich das Köpfchen hin,
Als wär' dir was geschehen?
Verdrießt dich denn mein Gruß so schwer?
Verstört dich denn mein Blick so sehr?
So muß ich wieder gehen.

MORNING GREETING

Good morning, lovely miller's daughter!
Why do you quickly hide your head,
As if something had upset you?
Does my greeting displease you so much?
Does my glance upset you so much?
Then I'll have to go.

O laß mich nur von ferne stehn,
Nach deinem lieben Fenster sehn,
Von ferne, ganz von ferne!
Du blondes Köpfchen, komm hervor!
Hervor aus eurem runden Thor,
Ihr blauen Morgensterne!

But just let me stand at a distance
And look toward your dear window
From a distance, quite from a distance!
Just come out, little blonde girl!
Out of your round-arched door,
You blue morning-stars!

Ihr schlummertrunknen Äugelein,
Ihr thaubetrübten Blümelein,
Was scheuet ihr die Sonne?
Hat es die Nacht so gut gemeint,
Daß ihr euch schließt und bückt und weint
Nach ihrer stillen Wonne?

Your sweet sleep-drugged eyes,
You sweet blossoms dimmed by dew,
Why do you hide from the sun?
Did night please you so much,
That you close and nod and weep
From its silent ecstasy?

Nun schüttelt ab der Träume Flor,
Und hebt euch frisch und frei empor
In Gottes hellen Morgen!
Die Lerche wirbelt in der Luft,
Und aus dem tiefen Herzen ruft
Die Liebe Leid und Sorgen.

Now shake off the veil of dreams
And lift yourselves fresh and free
In God's bright morning!
The lark circles in the sky
And sings from the depths of its heart
The sorrows and cares of love.

DES MÜLLERS BLUMEN

Am Bach viel kleine Blumen stehn,
Aus hellen blauen Augen sehn;
Der Bach der ist des Müllers Freund,
Und hellblau Liebchens Auge scheint,
Drum sind es meine Blumen.

THE MILLER'S FLOWERS

Many tiny blossoms stand on the
edge of the brook,
Looking out of clear blue eyes;
The brook is the miller's friend,
And my darling's eyes shine bright blue,
So they are my flowers.

Dicht unter ihrem Fensterlein
Da pflanz' ich meine Blumen ein,
Da ruft ihr zu, wenn Alles schweigt,
Wenn sich ihr Haupt zum
Schlummer neigt,
Ihr wißt ja, was ich meine.

Und wenn sie thät die Äuglein zu,
Und schläft in süßer, süßer Ruh',
Dann lispelt als ein Traumgesicht
Ihr zu: Vergiß, vergiß mein nicht!
Das ist es, was ich meine.

Und schließt sie früh die Laden auf,
Dann schaut mit Liebesblick hinauf:
Der Thau in euren Äugelein,
Das sollen meine Thränen sein,
Die will ich auf euch weinen.

THRÄNENREGEN

Wir saßen so traulich beisammen
Im kühlen Erlendach,
Wir schauten so traulich zusammen
Hinab in den rieselnden Bach.

Der Mond war auch gekommen,
Die Sternlein hinterdrein,
Und schauten so traulich zusammen
In den silbernen Spiegel hinein.

Ich sah nach keinem Monde,
Nach keinem Sternenschein,
Ich schaute nach ihrem Bilde,
Nach ihren Augen allein.

Und sahe sie nicken und blicken
Herauf aus dem seligen Bach,
Die Blümlein am Ufer, die blauen,
Sie nickten und blickten ihr nach.

Und in den Bach versunken
Der ganze Himmel schien,
Und wollte mich mit hinunter
In seine Tiefe ziehn.

Und über den Wolken und Sternen,
Da rieselte munter der Bach,
Und rief mit Singen und Klingen:
Geselle, Geselle, mir nach!

Right under her dear window
I want to plant the flowers,
Then you call to her, when every-
thing is quiet,
When she lays her head down to sleep,
Of course, you know what I mean.

And when she closes her eyes
And sleeps in sweet, sweet repose,
Then whisper to her as if in a dream:
Don't forget, don't forget me!
That is what I mean.

And when she opens the shutters early,
Then look up at her lovingly:
The dew in your eyes,
That will be my tears,
That I will weep on you.

RAIN OF TEARS

We sat together so cosily
In the cool shelter of the alders
And we looked down together so amicably
Into the rippling brook.

The moon came out, too,
And the stars thereafter,
And looked down together so comfortably
Into the silver mirror.

I didn't look at the moon
Or at the starlight,
I looked at her image
At her eyes alone.

And saw them nod and gaze
Up from the blissful brook,
The flowers on the bank,
the blue ones, Nodded and gazed as well.

And engulfed in the brook
Was all the sky, it seemed,
And wanted to draw me under
Into its depths.

And above the clouds and stars
The brook rippled cheerfully
And called with singing and ringing
Friend, friend, come to me!

Da gingen die Augen mir über,
Da ward es im Spiegel so kraus;
Sie sprach: Es kommt ein Regen,
Ade, ich geh' nach Haus.

And then my eyes overflowed,
And the reflection became blurred,
She said: the rain is coming,
Farewell, I'm going home.

MEIN!

MINE!

Bächlein, laß dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stell' eur Brausen ein!
All' ihr muntern Waldvögelein,
Groß und klein,
Endet eure Melodein!
Durch den Hain
Aus und ein
Schalle heut' ein Reim allein:
Die geliebte Müllerin ist mein!
Mein!
Frühling, sind das alle deine Blümelein?
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?
Ach, so muß ich ganz allein,
Mit dem seligen Worte mein,
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein!

Brook, stop your murmuring!
Wheels, stop your thundering!
All you merry woodland birds,
Large and small,
Stop your singing!
Through the grove,
In and out,
Only one phrase resounds:
The beloved miller's daughter is mine!
Mine!
Spring, are these all your flowers?
Sun, can't you shine any brighter?
Alas, then I must stand all alone,
With the blissful word mine,
Misunderstood in this vast universe.

PAUSE

INTERLUDE

Meine Laute hab' ich gehängt an die Wand,
Hab' sie umschlungen mit einem
grünen Band —
Ich kann nicht mehr singen, mein Herz
ist zu voll,
Weiß nicht, wie ich's in Reime zwingen soll.
Meiner Sehnsucht allerheißesten Schmerz
Durft' ich aushauchen in Liederschmerz,
Und wie ich klagte so süß und fein,
Meint' ich doch, mein Leiden wär' nicht klein.
Ei, wie groß ist wohl meines Glückes Last,
Daß kein Klang auf Erden es in sich faßt?

I have hung my lute on the wall,
And wreathed it in a green ribbon —
I can't sing anymore, my heart is
too full,
I don't know how I could force it
into verse.
The most burning pain of my yearning
I could infuse into cheerful song,
And as I lamented, so sweet and fine,
I really believed that my pain was not small.
But how heavy is the burden of my happiness,
That no sound on earth can encompass it?

Nun, liebe Laute, ruh' an dem Nagel hier!
Und weht ein Lüftchen über die Saiten dir,
Und streift eine Biene mit ihren Flügeln dich,
Da wird mir so bange und es durch-
schauert mich.
Warum ließ ich das Band auch hängen
so lang'?
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit seuf-
zendem Klang.
Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

Now, dear lute, rest here on the nail!
And if a little breeze blows over
your strings,
And if a bee brushes you with its wings,
Then I get so worried, and anxiety fills me.
Why have I left the ribbon hanging
so long?
It drifts over the strings with a
sighing sound.
Is that the echo of my love's pain?
Or is it the prelude to new songs?

MIT DEM GRÜNEN LAUTENBANDE

„Schad' um das schöne grüne Band,
Daß es verbleicht hier an der Wand,
Ich hab' das Grün so gern!“
So sprachst du, Liebchen, heut' zu mir;
Gleich knüpft' ich's ab und send' es dir:
Nun hab' das Grüne gern!

Ist auch dein ganzer Liebster weiß,
Soll Grün doch haben seinen Preis,
Und ich auch hab' es gern.
Weil unsre Lieb' ist immergrün,
Weil grün der Hoffnung Fernen
blühn,
Drum haben wir es gern.

Nun schlingst du in die Locken dein
Das grüne Band gefällig ein,
Du hast ja 's Grün so gern.
Dann weiß ich, wo die Hoffnung
wohnt,
Dann weiß ich, wo die Liebe thront,
Dann hab' ich 's Grün erst gern.

DER JÄGER

Was sucht denn der Jäger am
Mühlbach hier?
Bleib', trotziger Jäger, in deinem Revier!
Hier giebt es kein Wild zu jagen für dich,
Hier wohnt nur ein Rehlein, ein zahmes,
für mich.
Und willst du das zärtliche Rehlein sehn,
So laß deine Büchsen im Walde stehn,
Und laß deine klaffenden Hunde zu Haus,
Und laß auf dem Horne den Saus
und Braus,
Und scheere vom Kinne das
struppige Haar,
Sonst scheut sich im Garten das
Rehlein fürwahr.

Doch besser, du bliebest im Walde dazu,
Und ließest die Mühlen und Müller in Ruh'.
Was taugen die Fischlein im
grünen Gezweig?
Was will denn das Eichhorn im
bläulichen Teich?
Drum bleibe, du trotziger Jäger, im Hain,

WITH THE GREEN LUTE-RIBBON

“What a shame about the green ribbon,
that it should be fading there on the wall,
I like green so much!”
Thus you spoke to me today, my darling,
And right away I'll untie it and give it to you,
So now enjoy the green!

And even if your beloved is
completely white,
Yet green should have its honor place,
And I like it, too.
Because our love is evergreen,
Because in the distance hope
blooms green,
And so we like it.

So now wind into your curls
The green ribbon, if you please,
Since you like green so much.
Then I'll know where hope resides,
Then I'll know where love presides,
Then I really will like green.

THE HUNTER

What is the hunter doing at the
mill stream?
Bold hunter, stay in your forest preserve!
There's no game here for you to hunt,
There's only a doe here, a tame one,
for me,
And if you want to see the dainty doe,
Leave your rifle behind in the woods,
And leave your barking dogs at home,
And stop trumpeting and blasting
on your horn,
And shave the tangled hair from
your chin,
Or the doe will surely take fright
in her garden.

Better still, just stay in the woods
And leave the mills and miller in peace.
What would a fish be doing in the
green branches?
What would a squirrel be doing
in the blue pond?
So stay in the wood, you bold hunter,

Und laß mich mit meinen drei
Rädern allein;
Und willst meinem Schätzchen
dich machen beliebt,
So wisse, mein Freund, was ihr Herzchen
betrübt:
Die Eber, die kommen zu Nacht
aus dem Hain,
Und brechen in ihren Kohlgarten ein,
Und treten und wühlen herum in dem Feld:
Die Eber die schieße, du Jägerheld!

And leave me alone with my
three wheels;
And if you want to endear yourself
to my beloved,
Then I'll tell you, my friend,
what troubles her heart:
The boars that come out of the
forest at night
And break into her cabbage patch
And trample and root around in the soil,
Shoot the boars, you gallant hunter!

EIFERSUCHT UND STOLZ

Wohin so schnell, so kraus, so wild,
mein lieber Bach?
Eilst du voll Zorn dem frechen
Bruder Jäger nach?
Kehr' um, kehr' um, und schilt erst
deine Müllerin
Für ihren leichten, losen,
kleinen Flattersinn.
Sahst du sie gestern Abend nicht
am Thore stehn,
Mit langem Halse nach der großen
Straße sehn?
Wenn von dem Fang der Jäger
lustig zieht nach Haus,
Da steckt kein sittsam Kind den
Kopf zum Fenster 'naus.
Geh', Bächlein, hin und sag' ihr das,
doch sag' ihr nicht,
Hörst du, kein Wort, von meinem
traurigen Gesicht;
Sag' ihr: Er schnitzt bei mir sich
eine Pfeif' aus Rohr,
Und bläst den Kindern schöne
Tänz' und Lieder vor.

JEALOUSY AND PRIDE

Where are you headed, so raging
and wild, my dear brook?
Are you rushing angrily after
impudent Brother Hunter?
Turn back, turn back, and scold
your miller's daughter first,
For her light-hearted, frivolous,
fickle little ways.
Didn't you see her last evening
standing at her door
And craning her neck toward the
highway?
When the hunter returns home
merrily from the hunt
No decent child sticks her nose
out the window.
Go on, brook, and tell her that;
but don't say anything,
Hear me? Not a word about my
sad face.
Tell her: He's sitting by me and
carving a pipe from a reed
And playing pretty songs and
dances for the children.

DIE LIEBE FARBE

In Grün will ich mich kleiden,
In grüne Thränenweiden,
Mein Schatz hat 's Grün so gern.
Will suchen einen Zypressenhain,
Eine Heide von grünem Rosmarein,
Mein Schatz hat 's Grün so gern.

THE FAVORITE COLOR

I want to clothe myself in green,
In green weeping willows,
My dear likes green so much.
I'll search for a grove of cypresses,
For a field of green rosemary:
My dear likes green so much.

Wohlauf zum fröhlichen Jagen!
 Wohlauf durch Heid' und Hagen!
 Mein Schatz hat 's Jagen so gern.
 Das Wild, das ich jage, das ist der Tod,
 Die Heide, die heiß' ich die Liebesnoth,
 Mein Schatz hat 's Jagen so gern.

Good luck with the jolly hunt,
 Good luck through field and thicket,
 My dear likes hunting so much.
 The quarry I'm hunting is called death
 The heath is called love's misery.
 My dear likes hunting so much.

Grabt mir ein Grab im Wasen,
 Deckt mich mit grünem Rasen,
 Mein Schatz hat 's Grün so gern.
 Kein Kreuzlein schwarz, kein Blümlein bunt,
 Grün, Alles grün so rings und rund!
 Mein Schatz hat 's Grün so gern.

Dig me a grave in the meadow,
 Cover me with green turf,
 My dear likes green so much.
 No black cross, no colorful flowers,
 Green, everything green all around!
 My dear likes green so much.

DIE BÖSE FARBE

THE HATEFUL COLOR

Ich möchte ziehn in die Welt hinaus,
 Hinaus in die weite Welt,
 Wenn's nur so grün, so grün nicht wär'
 Da draußen in Wald und Feld!

I'd like to journey into the world,
 Out into the wide world,
 If only it weren't so green, so green,
 Out there in the fields and woods!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all'
 Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
 Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all'
 Weinen ganz totenbleich.

I'd like to pluck all the green leaves
 From every branch,
 I'd like to weep on all the green grass
 Until it's as pale as death.

Ach Grün, du böse Farbe du,
 Was siehst mich immer an,
 So stolz, so keck, so schadenfroh,
 Mich armen weißen Mann?

Oh green, you hateful color, you,
 Why do you keep staring,
 So mocking, so proud, so pleased
 by my pain,
 At me, a poor pale man?

Ich möchte liegen vor ihrer Thür,
 In Sturm und Regen und Schnee,
 Und singen ganz leise bei
 Tag und Nacht
 Das eine Wörtchen Ade!

I'd like to lie outside her door,
 In storm and rain and snow,
 And sing so quietly by night and day
 Just the one word: goodbye.

Horch, wenn im Wald ein Jagd-
 horn ruft,
 Da klingt ihr Fensterlein,
 Und schaut sie auch nach mir nicht aus,
 Darf ich doch schauen hinein.

Listen, when in the forest a
 hunting horn calls,
 Then her window resounds!
 And if she doesn't look out at me,
 Yet I can look in at her.

O binde von der Stirn dir ab
 Das grüne, grüne Band,
 Ade, Ade! und reiche mir
 Zum Abschied deine Hand!

Oh, loose from around your brow
 The green, green ribbon!
 Goodbye, goodbye and give to me
 Your hand in farewell!

TROCKNE BLUMEN

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab,
Euch soll man legen
Mit mir in's Grab.

Wie seht ihr alle
Mich an so weh,
Als ob ihr wüßtet,
Wie mir gescheh'?

Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wie welk, wie blaß?
Ihr Blümlein alle,
Wovon so naß?

Ach, Thränen machen
Nicht maiengrün,
Machen todte Liebe
Nicht wieder blühn.

Und Lenz wird kommen,
Und Winter wird gehn,
Und Blümlein werden
Im Grase stehn,

Und Blümlein liegen
In meinem Grab,
Die Blümlein alle,
Die sie mir gab.

Und wenn sie wandelt
Am Hügel vorbei,
Und denkt im Herzen:
Der meint' es treu!

Dann Blümlein alle,
Heraus, heraus!
Der Mai ist kommen,
Der Winter ist aus.

WITHERED FLOWERS

All you flowers
That she gave to me,
They should put you
With me in my grave.

Why do you all look at me
So sorrowfully,
As if you knew,
What was happening to me?

All you flowers,
Why so limp, why so pale?
All you flowers,
What has drenched you so?

Ah, but tears don't bring
The green of May,
Don't cause dead love
To bloom again.

And spring will come,
And winter will go,
And flowers will
Grow in the grass again.

And flowers are lying
In my grave,
All the flowers
That she gave to me.

And when she strolls
Past my burial place
And thinks to herself:
He was true to me!

Then all you flowers
Come out, come out!
May has come,
And winter is gone.

DER MÜLLER UND DER BACH

Der Müller.

Wo ein treues Herze
In Liebe vergeht.
Da welken die Lilien
Auf jedem Beet.

Da muß in die Wolken
Der Vollmond gehn,
Damit seine Thränen
Die Menschen nicht sehn.

Da halten die Englein
Die Augen sich zu,
Und schluchzen und singen
Die Seele zu Ruh'.

Der Bach.

Und wenn sich die Liebe
Dem Schmerz entringt,
Ein Sternlein, ein neues,
Am Himmel erblinkt.

Da springen drei Rosen,
Halb roth, halb weiß,
Die welken nicht wieder,
Aus Dornenreis.

Und die Engelein schneiden
Die Flügel sich ab,
Und gehn alle Morgen
Zur Erde hinab.

Der Müller.

Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
Du meinst es so gut:
Ach, Bächlein, aber weißt du,
Wie Liebe thut?

Ach, unten, da unten,
Die kühle Ruh'!
Ach, Bächlein, liebes Bächlein,
So singe nur zu.

THE MILLER AND THE BROOK

The Miller:

When a loyal heart
Perishes from love,
The lilies wither
in every field;

The full moon must hide
itself in the clouds,
So people won't see
its tears;

And the angels close
Their eyes
And sob and sing
His soul to peace.

The Brook:

And when love frees
Itself from pain,
A little star, a new one,
Twinkles in the sky;

And three roses spring,
Half red and half white,
That never wither,
From the thorny stem.

And the angels cut off
Their wings
And every morning
Go down to earth.

The Miller:

Oh brook, dear brook,
You mean so well:
Oh brook, but do you know
What love does to you?

Ah, below, down there,
The cool repose!
Oh brook, dear brook,
Just sing to me.

DES BACHES WIEGENLIED

Gute Ruh', gute Ruh'!
 Thu' die Augen zu!
 Wanderer, du müder, du bist zu Haus.
 Die Treu' ist hier,
 Sollst liegen bei mir,
 Bis das Meer will trinken die Bächlein aus.

Will betten dich kühl,
 Auf weichem Pfühl,
 In dem blauen krystallinen Kämmerlein.
 Heran, heran,
 Was wiegen kann,
 Woget und wieget den Knaben mir ein!

Wenn ein Jagdhorn schallt
 Aus dem grünen Wald,
 Will ich sausen und brausen wohl
 um dich her.
 Blickt nicht herein,
 Blaue Blümelein!
 Ihr macht meinem Schläfer die
 Träume so schwer.

Hinweg, hinweg
 Von dem Mühlensteg,
 Böses Mägdlein, daß ihn dein
 Schatten nicht weckt!
 Wirf mir herein
 Dein Tüchlein fein,
 Daß ich die Augen ihm halte bedeckt!

Gute Nacht, gute Nacht!
 Bis Alles wacht,
 Schlaf' aus deine Freude, schlaf'
 aus dein Leid!
 Der Vollmond steigt,
 Der Nebel weicht,
 Und der Himmel da oben,
 wie ist er so weit!

THE BROOK'S LULLABY

Rest well, rest well!
 Close your eyes.
 Wanderer, you weary one,
 you are at home.
 Fidelity is here,
 You'll lie with me
 Until the sea drains the brook dry.

I'll make you a cool bed
 On a soft cushion
 In your blue crystalline chamber.
 Come closer, come here,
 Whatever can soothe,
 Lull and rock my boy to sleep.

If a hunting horn sounds
 From the green forest,
 I'll rumble and thunder all
 around you.
 Don't look in here You blue flowers!
 You trouble my sleeper's dreams.

Go away, depart
 From the mill bridge,
 Wicked girl, so your shadow
 won't wake him!
 Throw in to me
 Your fine scarf,
 So I can cover his eyes.

Good night, good night,
 Until everything wakes.
 Sleep away your joy, sleep
 away your pain.
 The full moon rises,
 The mist departs,
 And the sky above,
 how vast it is!



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WEDNESDAY 31.07 – 23:30

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

TO JOSEPH HAYDN

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

[1752–1791]

String Quartet No.16 in

E-flat major K.428/421b [1783]

± 35 MIN

I. Allegro non troppo

II. Andante con moto

III. Menuetto & Trio

IV. Allegro vivace

EDDING QUARTET

BAPTISTE LOPEZ violin I

CAROLINE BAYET violin II

PABLO DE PEDRO viola

AGEET ZWEISTRA cello

“Before God and as an honest man, I tell you that your son is the greatest composer known to me either in person or in name. He has taste, and what is more, the most profound knowledge of composition.” Thus professed Joseph Haydn to Mozart’s father in 1785 upon hearing the last three quartets of Mozart’s six “Haydn” Quartets. The admiration went both ways. Mozart thought highly of his “beloved friend” Haydn, even declaring, “It was from Haydn that I first learned the true way to compose quartets.”

After all, Haydn was a pioneer in the genre, later earning him the title of “father of the modern string quartet.” In particular, his Opus 33 set of quartets, completed in 1781, marked an important turning point. Haydn proclaimed that he composed these works in “an entirely new and special way,” in which he broke down the once strict roles of melody and accompaniment into a more equal discourse among four voices. The German poet Goethe would later compare this new style of quartet writing to “listening to four rational people conversing among themselves.” Some scholars, such as David Schroeder, have even likened this loosening of roles to “a realization of one of the highest goals of the Enlightenment.” He writes, “With accompaniments that can be transformed into melodies and vice versa, there is an apparent recognition of a higher social truth which is that differences do not preclude equality.”

When Haydn completed his Opus 33 quartets, Mozart had just arrived in Vienna. Likely inspired by Haydn’s newly written quartets, Mozart returned to the genre himself just one year later, making it nearly ten years since he had last composed for quartet in 1773 with his set of “Viennese” Quartets. The result was a set of six quartets that Mozart completed in 1785 and later dedicated to Haydn. In response to Haydn’s pioneering work, Mozart too begins to incorporate a dialectical relationship between theme and accompaniment in his “Haydn” Quartets, and, on many occasions, includes the kind of wit and humor that Haydn so frequently employed in his quartets.

Mozart’s String Quartet No. 16 is the third in the set and is a genial work marked by adventurous chromaticism and unexpected shifts in harmony. The quartet begins in unison with an octave leap up, but this innocent gesture is followed by a shocking fall by tritone, the so-called devil’s interval. Even though the four-measure passage has no accompanying harmony, one can’t help but hear the dissonance that Mozart is implying. Mozart develops these sonorities in the work’s second movement, a chromatic masterpiece in A-flat major, in which yearning, experimental harmonies subtly shift by way of minimal melodic motion. The third movement is particularly reminiscent of the Minuet of Haydn’s Quartet No. 2 in E-flat Major, op. 33, while the work’s final movement draws on Haydn’s proclivity for humor with its playful gestures, dancing rhythms, and sudden outbursts. [R.P.]

THURSDAY 01.08 – 20:00

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

Diner: La Mencia – Asciano

APPASIONATA

ROBERT SCHUMANN [1810–1856]

Blumenstück op.19 ± 8 MIN

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN [1770–1827]

Piano sonata No.23, op.57 in F minor
'Appassionata' ± 25 MIN

FRANZ LISZT [1811–1886]

Valse oubliée No.1 (S.215/1) ± 4 MIN

Les jeux d'eau à la villa d'Este ± 9 MIN

Rhapsodie espagnole (S.254) ± 15 MIN

NELSON GOERNER piano

Nineteenth-century music saw a revolutionary transformation not just in the style of the works being composed, but also in the contexts in which these compositions were performed. Over the course of the century, music performance shifted from private, aristocratic settings to the public sphere of the bourgeoisie, an evolution largely thanks to the emergence of a middle class and the simultaneous popularization of the piano. Thanks to technical innovations in piano construction, piano makers began designing smaller, less expensive pianos (first square, then upright), so that amateur musicians, especially women, could study and enjoy music in the comfort of their salons. Some composers saw this as a commercial opportunity to promote their music. Robert Schumann, for example, composed his *Blumenstück*, op. 19 to appeal to amateurs in hopes of elevating himself “to the front rank of favorite composers of the women of Vienna.”

Before the Hungarian pianist-composer Franz Liszt, the concept of a public piano recital was unknown. Although public concerts were organized with some frequency during the first half of the 19th century, these performances seldom featured solo piano works and instead typically consisted of orchestral overtures, concertos, and symphonies. During Beethoven’s lifetime, only one of his piano sonatas was ever performed in a public concert; the rest of his thirty-two sonatas were heard in private settings. Only decades after Beethoven was the complete set of sonatas performed for the first time in concert by Hans von Bülow, who called them the “New Testament” of the piano literature, with Bach’s Well-Tempered Clavier being the “Old Testament.” Although Beethoven’s “Appassionata” piano sonata was never performed in a concert hall during his lifetime, the work’s tempestuous character certainly lends itself to one. Its first movement rises up from the depths, erupting in a fiery storm of unprecedented fervor, cooling down only in the second movement with a set of variations on a remarkably simple theme. The fire of the first movement returns suddenly in the work’s anguishing finale, a virtuosic masterpiece in near-perpetual motion.

This exceptional level of virtuosity would later return in the works of Franz Liszt, himself an admirer of Beethoven. Upon hearing the celebrity violinist Niccolò Paganini for the first time in 1831, Liszt was in awe and resolved to become the “Paganini of the Piano.” In doing so, he pioneered the concept of the public piano recital, appearing alone on stage and performing not just his own compositions, but also those of other composers, such as Beethoven. Liszt’s works on tonight’s program showcase the composer’s expansive expressive palate and virtuosic pianistic writing. In particular, his *Rhapsodie espagnole* (inspired by a concert tour Liszt made to the Iberian Peninsula) presents extreme technical challenges, giving him material with which he could wow his audiences, thus helping to earn him the celebrity status he sought. [R.P.]



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THURSDAY 01.08 – 23:30

Piazza Garibaldi – Bar Hervé – Asciano

IN MODO CLASSICO

± 30 MIN

A program based on classical music, dressed in a jazz outfit

Jazz players frequently improvise using ancient church scales, called *modi*, such as Phrygian, Dorian, and Mixolydian, thus recalling classical antiquity. Many jazz musicians have also been inspired by classical music; think of Duke Ellington, George Gershwin, John Coltrane and Kurt Weill. Likewise, works by composers like Stravinsky, Ravel and Debussy also show influences of jazz.

Tonight, Carlo and Philippe will dive deep into the great cave of classical music. They'll excavate works like the Allegretto from Ludwig van Beethoven's Symphony No. 7, the *Clair de Lune* by Claude "Debluesy," and Bach's St. Matthew Passion, not to mention Handel's *Lascia ch'io pianga*. They'll also draw on works by Monteverdi, Rachmaninoff, and Chopin, among others.

CARLO NARDOZZA trumpet

PHILIPPE THURIOT accordion

FRIDAY 02.08 – 12:00

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

STRING SEXTET

RICHARD WAGNER [1813–1883]

Vorspiel zu ‘Tristan und Isolde’

± 10 MIN

Version for string sextet by Sebastian Gürtler

JOHANNES BRAHMS [1833–1897]

String Sextet op.18 No. 1 in

B flat major [1860]

± 40 MIN

I. Allegro ma non troppo

II. Andante, ma moderato

III. Scherzo: Allegro molto

IV. Rondo: Poco allegretto e grazioso

**MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL CONCERTGEBOUW
ORCHESTRA, AMSTERDAM**

JUNKO NAITO violin

LEONIE BOT violin

FREDERIK BOITS viola

MARTINA FORNI viola

FRED EDELEN cello

HONORINE SCHAEFFER cello

During Wagner and Brahms' lifetimes, it would have been incomprehensible to program works by the two composers in the same performance. After all, Wagner and Brahms were pitted against each other for most of their careers on opposite camps of the so-called War of the Romantics. This spoken and written "war" ignited in the 1850s, staging a protracted confrontation between the "progressives" (Wagner and Liszt) and the "conservatives" (Brahms, Clara Schumann and Joseph Joachim).

The core issue at stake was the direction in which music should proceed after Beethoven, whom both sides considered a kind of artistic hero. While the progressives saw the period after Beethoven as a new beginning for music, the conservatives saw Beethoven as a figure never to be surpassed. Brahms was a traditionalist, writing mostly for chamber settings before gaining the courage to write his first symphony in 1876, but Wagner, on the other hand, saw the symphony as outdated and turned to opera, synthesizing music, visual arts, poetry, and drama into one *Gesamtkunstwerk* ("total work of art").

The pairing of works in this afternoon's program revisits the raging war of the mid- to late-19th century with a chamber setting of Wagner's *Vorspiel zu "Tristan und Isolde."* The very first chord in Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*, with its ambiguous tonal function, was itself revolutionary and marked a bold departure from traditional tonal harmony. Brahms did not think highly of *Tristan*, admitting, "If I look at the score of *Tristan* in the morning, I'm cross for the rest of the day." However, he personally did not hold any animosity towards Wagner and admired many of his other works, even (privately) declaring himself a Wagnerian.

Since Wagner was chiefly a composer of opera and wrote little chamber music besides his *Lieder*, Sebastian Gürtler's sextet arrangement of his *Vorspiel zu "Tristan und Isolde"* is noteworthy. In a way, it shortens the great distance between Brahms and Wagner's compositional styles by placing them in the same medium. Although Brahms' *String Sextet No. 1* does not flaunt the adventurous harmony common to Wagner, it does incorporate the exhaustive motivic development for which Brahms was later praised by Arnold Schoenberg. Typical of Brahms, this relatively early work is abound with lyrical, singing melodies. That Brahms was particularly fond of this sextet is evidenced by the four-hand piano arrangement he made of it, as well as a solo piano arrangement of the work's second movement, which he wrote as a birthday gift for Clara Schumann. Interestingly enough, Arnold Schoenberg was a self-proclaimed admirer of both Brahms and Wagner. While the great War of the Romantics would take decades to subside, it was Schoenberg who ultimately attempted to reconcile Wagner and Brahms' ideological differences in his one-movement string sextet, *Verklärte Nacht* (1899), which fuses Brahms' structural logic with Wagner's harmonic language. [R.P.]

FRIDAY 02.08 – 20:00

Sant'Anna in Camprena – Pienza

Diner: Sant'Anna Camprena – Pienza

Diner: La Terazza del Chiostro – Pienza

This concert goes under the patronage of Mr. De Proost,
Flemish Representative in Italy

PSALMEN DAVIDS

HEINRICH SCHÜTZ [1567–1643]

Psalmen Davids (selection)

± 65 MIN

Schwanengesang°

Der Herr sprach zu meinem Herren, SWV 22

Warum toben die Heiden, SWV 23

Ach Herr, straf mich nicht in deinem Zorn, SWV 24

GIOVANNI GABRIELI [C.1555–1612]

Canzon III a6 [1615]

Aus der Tiefe ruf ich, Herr, zu dir, SWV 25

Ich freue mich des, das mir geredt ist, SWV 26

Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen, SWV 29

Wohl dem, der den Herren fürchtet, SWV 30

Ich hebe meine Augen auf, SWV 31

GIOVANNI GABRIELI

Canzon VIII a8 [1615]

An den Wassern zu Babel, SWV 37

Lobe den Herren, meine Seele, SWV 39

Ist nicht Ephraim mein teurer Sohn, SWV 40

Magnificat: Meine Seele erhebt den Herren, SWV 494°

SOLOISTS & INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLE
COLLEGIUM VOCALE GENT

PHILIPPE HERREWEGHE conductor

GRACE DAVIDSON, BARBORA KABÁTKOVÁ soprano
ALEXANDER SIMPSON, BENEDICT HYMAS alto
THOMAS HOBBS, TORE TOM DENYS tenor
WOLF MATTHIAS FRIEDRICH, JIMMY HOLLIDAY bass

BRUCE DICKEY, FRITHJOF SMITH,
JAMIE SAVAN cornetto
CATHERINE MOTUZ, MAXIMILIAN BRISSON,
EMILY WHITE, JOOST SWINKELS trombone
BAPTISTE LOPEZ, CAROLINE BAYET violin
PABLO DE PEDRO viola
AGEET ZWEISTRA cello
MATTHIAS SPAETER theorbo
LORENZO FEDER cembalo

When Schütz traveled for the first time from Germany to Venice in 1609-1612, he was exposed not only to a new world of musical practice, but also to the culture and traditions of Catholicism. The compositional style of Schütz's teacher Gabrieli resulted directly from these North-Italian traditions, which, as a result of the Protestant Reformation nearly a century earlier, stood in stark contrast to the liturgical practice in Protestant Germany. So deeply imprinted in Schütz were the concepts of sola scriptura and sola gratia of the Protestant creed that when he returned to Germany in 1613, Schütz immediately began adapting the Italian style of composing to Protestant Bible passages. He did this by applying Gabrieli and Monteverdi's compositional techniques to settings of vernacular German scripture in order to bring out the meaning of the text. By synthesizing his strong Evangelical interests with the antiphonal cori spezzati of Gabrieli and the dramatic text painting of Monteverdi, Schütz created a new style of German music. In doing so, he elevated the status of music practice in Germany so considerably that he is today considered by many to be the "father of Germany music."

After returning to Germany in 1613, Schütz turned exclusively to writing sacred music and became a prolific composer of more than 500 individual pieces. The Italian influence in his works was made explicit in his *Psalmen Davids*, in which Schütz expressly mentions his teacher Gabrieli and characterizes the work as being written "auf Italienische Manier." Schütz wrote his "Psalms of David" just six years after his return to Germany. The work comprises 26 individual settings of mostly psalm texts, the majority ending with the doxology "Ehre sei dem Vater" (Glory be to the Father).

In the *Psalmen Davids*, Schütz's settings rely on the rhythmic character of the text as well as its actual meaning. Schütz begins by identifying the natural word accents and rhythms of the spoken text, translating these elements into a declamatory melody, often with many repeated notes. Schütz also determines the character of the melody and rhythm based on the meaning of the text. For example, descending melodic lines and slow gestures often allude to negative or sad affects, whereas quick movements and ascending melodies illustrate positive messages. Schütz also employs the *cori spezzati* technique of Gabrieli in this work, writing for groups of two to four choirs. Here, Schütz prioritizes the understandability of the text without fail, so that even with multiple choirs singing, the meaning of the text is always easily deciphered.

Like the compositions of his successor J.S. Bach, Heinrich Schütz's works would also be lost to time only to be rediscovered at the beginning of the 20th century. His sacred compositions would have a profound influence on a new generation of German composers, especially Hugo Distler, who, in the early 1900s, reinvented old forms, relying on many of the same text painting techniques as Schütz. [R.P]

DER HERR SPRACH
ZU MEINEM HERRN
Psalm 110 (SWV22)

Der Herr sprach zu meinem Herrn:
„Setze dich zu Meiner Rechten,
bis Ich dir deine Feinde als Schemel
unter deine Füße lege.“
Der Herr wird das Zepter deines
Reiches senden aus Zion.
„Herrsche unter deinen Feinden.
Das Königtum sei bei dir am Tage deiner
Herrschaft im Glanz der Heiligen.
Vor dem Morgenstern habe Ich dich
aus dem Leibe gezeugt.“
Der Herr hat geschworen, und es
wird Ihn nicht gereuen:
„Du bist ein Priester ewiglich nach
der Weise Melchisedeks.“
Der Herr zu deiner Rechten wird
zerschmettern die Könige am Tag
Seines Zorns.
Er wird richten unter den Heiden.
Er wird häufen die Toten.
Er wird zerschmettern das Haupt
über große Lande.
Er wird trinken vom Bach auf dem Wege;
darum wird Er das Haupt emporheben.

Ehre sei dem Vater und dem Sohn
und auch dem Heiligen Geiste,
wie es war im Anfang, jetzt und
immerdar und von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.
Amen.

WARUM TOBEN DIE HEIDEN
Psalm 2 (SWV23)

Warum toben die Heiden, und
die Leute reden so vergeblich?
Die Könige im Lande lehnen sich auf,
und die herrn ratschlagen miteinander
wider den Herrn und seinen Gesalbten:
Lasset uns zerreißen ihre Bande und von
uns werfen ihre Seile!
Aber der im Himmel wohnt, lachtet
ihrer, und der Herr spottet ihrer.
Er wird einst mit ihnen reden in seinem
Zorn, und mit seinem Grimm wird
er sie schrecken.

The Lord says to my Lord:
“Sit at my right hand,
until I make your enemies
your footstool.”
The Lord sends forth from Zion
your mighty scepter.
“Rule in the midst of your enemies!”
Your people will offer themselves
freely on the day of your power,
in holy garments;
from the womb of the morning,
the dew of your youth will be yours.
The Lord has sworn and will not
change his mind,
“You are a priest forever after
the order of Melchizedek.”
The Lord is at your right hand; he will
shatter kings on the day of his wrath.
He will execute judgment among the
nations, filling them with corpses;
he will shatter chiefs over the
wide earth.
He will drink from the brook by the way;
therefore he will lift up his head.

Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, now and
always, and for ever and ever.
Amen.

Why do the nations rage and the
peoples plot in vain?
The kings of the earth set them-
selves, and the rulers take counsel
together,
against the Lord and against his
Anointed, saying,
“Let us burst their bonds apart
and cast away their cords from us.”
He who sits in the heavens laughs;
the Lord holds them in derision.

Aber ich habe meinen König eingesetzt
auf meinem heiligen Berg Zion.
Ich will von einer solchen Weise
predigen, daß der Herr zu mir
gesagt hat:
Du bist mein Sohn, heute hab ich
dich gezeugt.
Heische von mir, so will ich dir die
Heiden zum Erbe geben und der
Welt Ende zum Eigentum.
Du sollst sie mit einem eisernen
Zepter zerschlagen; wie Töpfe sollst
du sie zerschmeißen.
So laßt euch nun weisen, ihr Könige,
und laßt euch züchtigen, ihr Richter
auf Erden!
Dienet dem Herrn mit Furcht und
freuet euch mit Zittern!
Küsst den Sohn, daß er nicht
zürne und ihr umkommet auf
dem Wege;
denn sein Zorn wird bald anbrennen.
Aber wohl allen, die auf ihn trauen!

Ehre sei dem Vater und dem Sohn
und auch dem Heiligen Geiste,
wie es war im Anfang, jetzt und
immerdar und von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.
Amen.

ACH, HERR, STRAFE MICH
NICHT IN DEINEM ZORN
Psalm 6 (SWV24)

Ach, Herr, strafe mich nicht in deinem
Zorn und züchtige mich nicht in
deinem Grimm!
Herr, sei mir gnädig, denn ich bin
schwach; heile mich, Herr, denn
meine Gebeine sind erschrocken,
und meine Seele ist sehr erschrocken.
Ach, du Herr, wie lange!
Wende dich, Herr, und errette meine
Seele; hilf mir um deiner Güte willen!
Denn im Tode gedenkt man dein nicht;
wer will dir in der Hölle danken?
Ich bin so müde vom Seufzen, ich
schwemme mein Bette die ganze Nacht
und netze mit meinen Tränen mein Lager.
Meine Gestalt ist verfallen vor Trauern

Then he will speak to them in his
wrath, and terrify them in his fury,
saying,
"As for me, I have set my King
on Zion, my holy hill."
I will tell of the decree: The Lord
said to me, "You are my Son;
today I have begotten you.
Ask of me, and I will make the
nations your heritage, and the ends
of the earth your possession.
You shall break[b] them with a rod
of iron and dash them in pieces
like a potter's vessel."
Now therefore, O kings, be wise;
be warned, O rulers of the earth.
Serve the Lord with fear and rejoice
with trembling.
Kiss the Son, lest he be angry,
and you perish in the way,
for his wrath is quickly kindled.
Blessed are all who take
refuge in him.

Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, now and
always, and for ever and ever.
Amen.

Ah, Lord, do not punish me in
Your anger and do not chastise me
in your wrath.
Lord, be gracious to me, for I am
weak; Heal me, Lord, for my limbs
are shaking,
And my soul is very frightened.
Ah Lord, how long!
Turn, Lord, and save my soul, help
me for the sake of Your goodness.
For in death You are not remembered;
Who will give You thanks in hell?
I am so weary from sobbing;
I drench my bed all night long
And moisten my couch with tears.
My face has drooped from grieving

und ist alt worden; denn ich
allenthalben geängstet werde.
Weichet von mir, alle Übeltäter; denn
der Herr höret mein Weinen,
der Herr höret mein Flehen, mein Gebet
nimmt der Herr an.
Es müssen alle meine Feinde zuschanden
werden und sehr erschrecken,
sich zurückkehren und zuschanden
werden plötzlich

Ehre sei dem Vater und dem Sohn und
auch dem Heiligen Geiste,
wie es war im Anfang, jetzt und
immerdar und von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.
Amen.

AUS DER TIEFE RUF ICH,
HERR, ZU DIR
Psalm 130 (SWV25)

Aus der Tiefe ruf ich, Herr, zu dir;
Herr, höre meine Stimme, laß deine
Ohren merken auf die Stimme
meines Flehens.
So du willst, Herr, Sünde zurechnen,
Herr, wer wird bestehen?
Denn bei dir ist die Vergebung,
dass man dich fürchte.
Ich harre des Herren; meine Seele
harret, und ich hoffe auf sein Wort:
Meine Seele wartet auf den Herren von
einer Morgenwache bis zu der andern.
Israel, hoffe auf den Herren!
Den bei dem Herren ist die Gnade,
und viel Erlösung bei ihm,
Und er wird Israel erlösen aus
allen seinen Sünden.

Ehre sei dem Vater und dem Sohn
und auch dem Heiligen Geiste,
wie es war im Anfang, jetzt und
immerdar und von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.
Amen.

and has become old, For I am
anxious over everything.
Hence from me, you evil-doers;
For the Lord hears my weeping,
The Lord hears my pleading;
My prayers are taken up by the Lord.
All my enemies must be put to
shame and be frightened,
turned back, and humiliated in
a moment.

Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, now and
always, and for ever and ever.
Amen.

Out of the depths I cry, Lord, to you.
Lord, hear my voice. Let Your ears
take note of the sound of my pleading!
If You choose, Lord, to make a
reckoning of sin, Lord, who will
withstand it?
For forgiveness is with You,
therefore You are held in awe.
I await the Lord; My soul waits,
and I hope in His word.
My soul waits for the Lord from
one dawning to the next.
Israel, hope in the Lord!
For grace is with the Lord and
much redemption,
And He will redeem Israel out of
all its sins.

Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, now and
always, and for ever and ever.
Amen.

ICH FREU MICH DES,
DAS MIR GEREDT IST
Psalm 122 (SWV26)

Ich freu mich des, das mir geredt ist, daß
wir werden ins Haus des Herren gehen
und daß unsre Füße werden stehen,
in deinen Toren, Jerusalem.
Jerusalem ist gebauet, daß eine Stadt
sei, da man zusammenkommen soll.
Da die Stämme hinaufgehen sollen,
nämlich die Stämme des Herren,
zu predigen dem Volke Israel,
zu danken dem Namen des Herren.
Denn daselbst sitzen die Stühle zum
Gerichte, Stühle des Hauses Davids.
Wünschet Jerusalem Glück, es müsse
wohl gehen denen, die dich lieben.
Es müsse Frieden sein inwendig deinen
Mauern und Glück in deinen Palästen.
Um meiner Brüder und Freunde willen
will ich dir Frieden wünschen.
Um des Hauses Willen des Herren, unsers
Gottes, will ich dein Bestes suchen.

Ehre sei dem Vater und dem Sohn und
auch dem Heiligen Geiste,
wie es war im Anfang, jetzt und
immerdar und von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.
Amen.

WIE LIEBLICH SIND
DEINE WOHNUNGEN
Psalm 84 (SWV29)

Wie lieblich sind deine Wohnungen,
Herre Zebaoth!
Mein Seel verlangt und sehnet sich
nach den Vorhöfen des Herren, mein
Leib und Seele freuet sich in dem
lebendigen Gott.
Denn der Vogel hat ein Haus funden und
die Schwalbe ihr Nest, da sie Junge hecken,
nämlich deine Altar, Herre Zebaoth,
mein König und mein Gott.
Wohl denen, die in deinem Hause
wohnen, die loben dich immerdar, Sela,
Wohl den Menschen, die dich für
ihre Stärke halten und von Herzen
dir nachwandeln.

I was glad when they said to me:
“Let us go to the house of the Lord!”
Our feet have been standing
within your gates, O Jerusalem!
Jerusalem – built as a city that is
bound firmly together,
to which the tribes go up, the tribes
of the Lord,
as was decreed for Israel, to give
thanks to the name of the Lord.
There thrones for judgment were set,
the thrones of the house of David.
Pray for the peace of Jerusalem!
“May they be secure who love you!
Peace be within your walls and
security within your towers!”
For my brothers and companions’
sake I will say, “Peace be within you!”
For the sake of the house of the Lord
our God, I will seek your good.

Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, now and
always, and for ever and ever.
Amen.

How lovely is your dwelling place,
O Lord of hosts!
My soul longs, yes, faints for the
courts of the Lord;
my heart and flesh sing for joy to
the living God.
Even the sparrow finds a home,
and the swallow a nest for herself,
where she may lay her young,
at your altars, O Lord of hosts,
my King and my God.
Blessed are those who dwell in
your house, ever singing your
praise! Selah
Blessed are those whose strength

Die durch das Jammertal gehen,
und graben daselbst Brunnen.
Und die Lehrer werden mit viel Segen
geschmücket; sie erhalten einen
Sieg nach dem andern,
daß man sehen muß, der rechte
Gott sei zu Zion.
Herr, Gott Zebaoth, höre mein Gebet,
vernimm, Gott Jakob Sela.
Gott, unser Schild, schau doch siehe
an das Rich deines Gesalbten!
Denn ein Tag in deinen Vorhöfen ist
besser, denn sonst tausend.
Ich will lieber die Tür hüten in meines
Gottes Hause, denn lange wohnen
in der Gottlosen Hütten.
Denn Gott der Herr ist Sonn und
Schild, der Herr gibt Gnad und Ehre.
Er wird kein Gutes mangeln lassen
den Frommen, Herr Zebaoth,
wohl dem Menschen, der sich
auf dich verläßt.

WOHL DEM, DER DEN
HERREN FÜRCHTET
Psalm 128 (SWV30)

Wohl dem, der den Herren fürchtet
und auf seinen Wegen gehet.
Du wirst dich nähren deiner Hände
Arbeit, wohl dir, du hast es gut.
Dein Weib wird sein wie ein fruchtbar
Weinstock um dein Haus herum,
deine Kinder wie die Oelzweige um
deinen Tisch her.
Siehe, also wird gesegnet der Mann,
der den Herren fürchtet.
Der Herr wird dich segnen aus Zion,
das du sehest das Glück Jerusalem
dein Leben lang und sehest deiner
Kinder Kinder.
Friede über Israel!

Ehre sei dem Vater und dem Sohn
und auch dem Heiligen Geiste
wie es war im Anfang, jetzt und
immerdar und von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.
Amen.

is in you, in whose heart are
the highways to Zion.
As they go through the Valley of
Baca they make it a place of springs;
the early rain also covers it with pools.
They go from strength to strength;
each one appears before God in Zion.
O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer;
give ear, O God of Jacob! Selah
Behold our shield, O God; look on
the face of your anointed!
For a day in your courts is better
than a thousand elsewhere.
I would rather be a doorkeeper in
the house of my God than dwell in
the tents of wickedness.
For the Lord God is a sun and shield;
the Lord bestows favor and honor.
No good thing does he withhold
from those who walk uprightly.
O Lord of hosts, blessed is the
one who trusts in you!

He is fortunate who fears the Lord
and walks in His ways.
You will nourish yourself by the work
of your hands, happy are you, you have
good fortune.
Your wife will be like a fruitful vine
surrounding your house,
Your children like olive branches at
your table.
Behold, thus will the man be blessed
who fears the Lord.
The Lord will bless you out of Zion,
so that you will behold the fortune
of Jerusalem
For your whole life long and behold
your children's children.
Peace be over Israel!

Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, now and
always, and for ever and ever.
Amen.

ICH HEBE MEINE AUGEN
AUF ZU DEN BERGEN
Psalm 121 (SWV31)

Ich hebe meine Augen auf zu den Bergen
Von welchen mir Hilfe kommet
Meine Hilfe kommt vom Herren,
der Himmel und Erde gemacht hat.
Er wird dein Fuß nicht gleiten lassen,
und der dich behütet, schläft nicht.
Siehe, der Hüter Israel schläft noch
schlummert nicht.
Der Herr behütet dich, der Herr
ist dein Schatten über deiner
rechten Hand,
daß dich des Tags die Sonne nicht
steche noch der Monde des Nachts.
Der Herr behüte dich vor allem Übel.
Er behüte deine Seele, der Herr
behüte deinen Ausgang
und Eingang von nun an bis in Ewigkeit.

I look up to the mountains
does my help come from there?
My help comes from the Lord,
who made heaven and earth!
He will not let you stumble; the one
who watches over you will not slumber.
Indeed, he who watches over Israel
never slumbers or sleeps.
The Lord himself watches over you!
The Lord stands beside you as your
protective shade.
The sun will not harm you by day
nor the moon at night.
The Lord keeps you from all harm
and watches over your life.
The Lord keeps watch over you as
you come and go, both now and forever.

AN DEN WASSERN ZU BABEL
Psalm 137 (SWV37)

An den Wassern zu Babel saßen wir und
weineten, wenn wir an Zion gedachten.
Unsre Harfen hingen wir an die Weiden,
die drinnen sind,
denn da selbst hießen uns singen,
die uns gefangen hielten
und in unserm Heulen fröhlich sein:
"Lieber singet uns ein Lied von Zion!"
Wie sollten wir des Herren Lied singen
in fremden Landen?
Vergeß ich dein, Jerusalem, so werde
meiner Rechten vergessen.
Meine Zunge soll an meinem Gaumen
kleben, wo ich dein nicht gedenke
wo ich nicht laß Jerusalem mein
höchste Freude sein.
Herr, gedenke der Kinder Edom am
Tage Jerusalem die da sagten:
"Rein ab, rein ab bis auf ihren Boden."
Du verstörete Tochter Babel, wohl dem,
der dir vergelte, wie du uns getan hast.
Wohl dem, der deine jungen Kinder
nimmet und zerschmettert sie an
dem Stein.

By the waters of Babylon we sat and
wept, when we remembered Zion.
We hung our harps on the willows
that are there within,
For they told us to sing, those that
held us captive,
And the delighted in our wailing:
"Please sing us a song of Zion!"
How should we sing the Lord's song
in a foreign land?
If I forget you, Jerusalem, I will forget
my right hand.
My tongue will cleave to the roof of
my mouth, if I do not remember you,
If I do not let Jerusalem be my
greatest joy.
Lord, remember the children of Edom
in the days of Jerusalem, when they said:
"Destroy it to its foundations."
You destructive daughter Babylon,
happy those who pay you back for
what you have done to us.
Happy those, who take your young
children and smash them on the stones.

Ehre sei dem Vater und dem Sohn
und auch dem Heiligen Geiste,
wie es war am Anfang, jetzt und
immerdar und von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.
Amen.

Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, now and
always, and for ever and ever.
Amen.

LOBE DEN HERREN,
MEINE SEELE
Psalm 103 (SWV39)

Lobe den Herren, meine Seele, und
vergiß nicht, was er dir Guts getan hat.
Der dir alle deine Sünde vergibt und
heilet alle deine Gebrechen.
Lobe den Herren, meine Seele, und
vergiß nicht, was es dir Guts gethan hat.
Der dein Leben vom Verderben
erlöst, der dich krönet mit Gnad
und Barmherzigkeit.
Lobe den Herren, meine Seele, und
vergiß nicht, was er dir Guts getan hat.

Praise the Lord, my soul, and do not
forget the good He has done for you.
He who forgives all your sins and
heals all your transgressions,
Praise the Lord, my soul, and do not
forget the good He has done for you.
He who redeems your life from
destruction, who crowns you with
grace and mercy.
Praise the Lord, my soul, and do not
forget the good He has done for you.

IST NICHT EPHRAIM
MEIN TEURER SOHN
Jeremias 31,20 (SWV40)

Ist nicht Ephraim mein teurer Sohn
und mein trautes Kind?
Denn ich gedenk noch wohl daran,
was ich ihm geredet habe.
Darum bricht mir mein Herz gegen ihm,
daß ich mich sein erbarmen muß,
spricht der Herr.

Is not Ephraim my beloved son
and my faithful child?
Therefore I still consider well
what I have said to him.
Therefore my heart breaks over
him, so that I must have mercy for him,
Says the Lord.

MAGNIFICAT
(SWV494)

Meine Seele erhebt den Herrn,
und mein Geist freuet sich Gottes,
meines Heilands;
denn er hat die Niedrigkeit seiner
Magd angesehen.
Siehe, von nun an werden mich selig
preisen alle Kindeskinde;
denn er hat große Dinge an mir getan,
der da mächtig ist und des Namen
heilig ist.
Und seine Barmherzigkeit währet immer

My soul magnifies the Lord
and my spirit rejoices in God my Savior.
For He has regarded the lowliness
of His handmaiden.
Behold, from henceforth, I will be
called blessed by all generations.
For the Mighty One has done great
things for me, and holy is His name.
His mercy is for those who fear Him
from generation to generation.
He has shown strength with His arm,

für und für bei denen, die ihn fürchten.
Er übet Gewalt mit seinem Arm und
zerstreut, die hoffärtig sind in ihres
Herzens Sinn.
Er stößt die Gewaltigen vom Stuhl
und erhebt die Niedrigen.
Die Hungrigen füllt er mit Gütern
und lässt die Reichen leer.
Er denkt der Barmherzigkeit und
hilft seinem Diener Israel auf,
wie er geredet hat unsern Vätern,
Abraham und seinem Samen ewiglich.

Ehre sei dem Vater und dem Sohn
und auch dem heiligen Geiste,
Wie es war im Anfang, jetzt und
immerdar, und von Ewigkeit zu Ewigkeit.
Amen.

He has scattered the proud in the
thoughts of their hearts.
He has brought down the powerful
from their thrones and lifted up
the lowly.
He has filled the hungry with good
things, and sent the rich away empty.
He has helped His servant Israel in
remembrance of His mercy.
According to the promise He made
to our ancestors, to Abraham and
to His descendants

Glory to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Spirit,
As it was in the beginning, now and
always, and for ever and ever.
Amen.





GLOBAL INSPIRATIONAL MASTERCLASS

THE IMPORTANCE OF
EUROPE YOUNG HIGH POTENTIALS
MEETING INSPIRATIONAL LEADERS

As a visitor to Collegium Vocale Crete Senesi, you may notice a group of ten young people staying with us during this Festival week. We kindly invite you to meet and greet them, and to feel free to converse with them.

Asked what birthday present would make him most happy, Philippe Herreweghe came up with the idea to invite young people to the Crete Senesi Festival to enjoy the music, understand the importance of arts and culture and discuss Europe's future with each other and with some inspiring opinion makers.

In this beautiful summer setting, ten young high potentials with different origins and backgrounds are meeting to discuss the importance of Europe, its future and the influence of its art and culture.

They will have the chance to enjoy the festival, the music and the landscape. They will also hear inspiring speeches exclusively for them, given by international personalities (Philippe Herreweghe himself, and others including Philipp Blom, Alicja Gescinska and Francesco Illy).

During these six days, the group will meet inspiring people, creating a compelling vision of the future of Europe. Some speakers will go for the 'visionary' approach, while another inspiring leader may set 'stretch goals' by tossing out a challenge to the group around a specific topic, or may encourage the team to find an ethical goal.

Philippe Herreweghe himself may take the 'expert' route and introduce the team members to the music and the praxis during the rehearsals of the two Schütz concerts by Claudio Monteverdi.

The final target is to develop an innovative and inspiring week for young people to understand the need for and the importance of arts and culture in the development of a strong Europe, by marshalling the enthusiasm of the team to aspire to a higher goal.

Collegium Vocale Crete Senesi would like to expand this master class in the future. If you want to support this programme, you can help us with a donation 'masterclass crete senesi' on BE08 8939 4405 7013 VDK Bank or contact sophie@collegiumvocale.com



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ANTWERP SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA (MEMBERS)

The Antwerp Symphony Orchestra is the symphony orchestra of Flanders and is based in the new Queen Elisabeth Hall in Antwerp. Under the baton of Principal Guest Conductor Philippe Herreweghe and Honorary Conductor Edo de Waart the orchestra wants to move and inspire a large and diverse audience through top-level concert experiences.

Thanks to its own series of concerts in large venues, the Antwerp Symphony Orchestra occupies a unique position in Flanders. The Antwerp Symphony Orchestra has also been a guest of some major foreign concert halls: the Musikverein and Konzerthaus in Vienna, the Festspielhaus in Salzburg, the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, the Suntory Hall and the Bunka Kaikan Hall in Tokyo, the Philharmonie of Cologne and Munich, the Palace of Art in Budapest and the National Grand Theatre of Beijing. International concert tours through Europe and Asia are a constant item on the yearly calendar.

The Antwerp Symphony Orchestra collaborates with major classical music labels and several of the orchestra's CDs received acclaim by the professional press. The orchestra also curates its own label, focusing on the main orchestral repertoire, Belgian composers and contemporary music.

www.antwerpsymphonyorchestra.be

COLLEGIUM VOCALE GENT

In 2010, Collegium Vocale Gent celebrated its founding 40 years before, by a group of friends studying at the University of Ghent, on Philippe Herreweghe's initiative. They were one of the first ensembles to use new ideas about baroque performance practice in vocal music. Their authentic, text-oriented and rhetorical approach gave the ensemble the transparent sound with which it would acquire world fame.

In recent years, Collegium Vocale Gent has grown organically into a flexible ensemble whose wide repertoire encompasses a range of stylistic periods, from the Renaissance and Baroque eras (in particular J.S. Bach's vocal works) to the Classical, Romantic and contemporary masterpieces.

Collegium Vocale Gent works together with privileged partners such as the Orchestre des Champs Élysées, the Akademie für Alte Musik Berlin, the Antwerp Symphony Orchestra, the Budapest Festival Orchestra and Amsterdam's Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra. It has been conducted by many of the most distinguished conductors of our age. With Philippe Herreweghe, the ensemble has built up an impressive discography with more than 85 recordings, mainly with the labels  (phi/Outhere-Music) and Harmonia Mundi France. Collegium Vocale Gent enjoys the financial support of the Flemish Community, the Province of East Flanders and the city of Ghent.

www.collegiumvocale.com

EDDING QUARTET

Formed in 2007, 'the Eddings' quickly became one of the references for the interpretation of Classical and Romantic repertoire for string quartet, offering a fine and intelligent reading of these often-heard works. Their use of historical instruments, and particularly the use of gut strings, gives them a warm and captivating sound that has enthralled audiences. In addition to the quartet repertoire, the Eddings have heavily invested in larger formations of chamber music. They play regularly as a quintet, but more importantly, together with clarinettist Nicola Boud, bassoonist Julien Debordes, French horn player Nicolas Chedmail, and double bassist Damien Guffroy, they formed the Northernlight ensemble, which explores works from the Classical and Romantic repertoire for strings and winds.

www.edding-quartet.com

MICHAEL GEES

Pianist and composer Michael Gees won the Steinway competition in 1961 and made his concert debut at the age of ten. Whilst studying music in Salzburg, Wien, Detmold and Hannover, he devoted equal time to performing jazz, standard classical repertoire and composing.

The first recordings of his work, released in the early 80s, led to a number of subsequent commissions. In 1989 he founded forum kunstvereint ("Art Unites") to give scope for the development of childrens' creativity.

Since 2001 he has been the Artistic Director of the Consol Theater in Gelsenkirchen. Michael Gees' repertory ranges from Scarlatti to contemporary music.

He is a prolific recording artist and, since 1991, has become a regular on the touring circuit, both as an accompanist as well as a recitalist of innovative programmes. His long-standing collaboration with Christoph Prégardien includes several recordings; he has also released CDs of solo piano music, combining interpretations, extempores and his own compositions.

www.michaelgees.com

NELSON GOERNER

Born in 1969 in Argentina, Nelson Goerner has established himself as one of the foremost pianists of his generation. He was awarded First Prize at the Liszt Competition in Buenos Aires in 1986, and in 1990 he won First Prize at the Geneva Competition.

Nelson Goerner has performed with many of today's major orchestras including the Philharmonia Orchestra, London Philharmonic Orchestra, Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, Deutsche Kammerphilharmonie, the Hallé Orchestra and Tokyo's NHK Symphony Orchestra, and with several of today's leading conductors such as Neeme Järvi, Sir Mark Elder, Vassily Sinaisky, Jonathan Nott, Fabio Luisi and Frans Bruggen.

A keen chamber musician, Nelson Goerner has collaborated with artists such as Martha Argerich (in repertoire for two pianos), Janine Jansen, Steven Isserlis and Gary Hoffman.

www.nelsongoerner.com

PHILIPPE HERREWEGHE

Philippe Herreweghe was born in Ghent, where he studied at the university while training as a pianist with Marcel Gazelle. In 1970 he founded Collegium Vocale Gent, and in 1977 the Parisian ensemble La Chapelle Royale. From 1982 to 2002 he was artistic director of the Académies Musicales de Saintes. During this period he created the Ensemble Vocal Européen and the Orchestre des Champs-Élysées. Constantly seeking new musical challenges, Philippe Herreweghe has also been active for some years in the core symphonic repertoire. He has been principal conductor of the Antwerp Symphony Orchestra since 1997, and active as a guest conductor with orchestras such as the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Tonhalle Orchestra Zürich or the Staatskapelle Dresden.

Over the years, he has amassed an extensive discography of more than 150 recordings. In 2010 he founded his own label ϕ (phi) in order to build a rich and varied catalogue in complete artistic freedom. Since then, more than 25 recordings of music from Gesualdo to Stravinsky have become available. Philippe Herreweghe has received numerous European awards for his consistent artistic imagination and commitment.

www.collegiumvocalegent.com

www.orchestredeschampselysées.com

www.antwerpsymphonyorchestra.be

ELEANOR LYONS

Australian soprano Eleanor Lyons is the first prize winner of the 2013 international Elena Obraztsova Competition and also this year's winner of the Opera

Foundation's Vienna State Opera Award, where sings in the 2018-19 season. After finishing her studies at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music, she took part of the studio program at the Mariinsky Academy of Young Singers in St Petersburg, Russia and undertook post-graduate studies at the Royal Northern College of Music.

Highlights from last season include Verdi's *Messa da Requiem* and Britten's *War Requiem* with the Antwerp Symphony Orchestra conducted by Philippe Herreweghe; and the Grafenegg Academy where she sang Maria in *Der Diktator* by Krenek under conductor Leon Botstein. She will also give a series of gala-concerts in Russia, a Schumann song recital in Vienna with pianist Stanislav Solovov and a chamber music series on the Cote d'Azur.

www.eleano-lyons.com

MALA PUNICA – PEDRO MEMELSDORFF

Founded and directed by Pedro Memelsdorff, Mala Punica (Latin for pomegranates, symbol of fertility) is a vocal-instrumental ensemble devoted to the *Ars nova* and *Ars subtilior* – a luxuriant polyphonic repertoire that spread across Europe at the end of the Middle Ages.

The ensemble's path-breaking career includes eight recordings and over four-hundred concerts which have completely revolutionized the repertoire, changed accepted views and established new standards in the performance of medieval music, as well as reviving neglected composers such as Paolo da Firenze, Matteo da Perugia, Antonello and Filippotto da Caserta or Antonio Zacara da Teramo.

Mala Punica has performed in many of the most renowned venues, early-music festivals, and classical series throughout Europe and North and South America.

www.malapunica.com

ENSEMBLE MASQUES

A chamber group without conductor, Masques benefits from the creative involvement of each member. Their shared curiosity has led them, and their audiences, along an ever-evolving path of discovery.

From their deep immersion into the fascinating world of 17th century German music, to the unveiling of Telemann's universalism, humour and humanism, to their interest in the initiatory journey of "The Grand Tour," Masques' artistic choices are underpinned by the same appetite for trade, blending, borrowing and mixing that was the very breath of the Baroque era itself. It is a spirit reflected in the diverse nationalities of Masques' musicians, who hail from Australia, Belgium, Canada, Finland and France – and through their playing, made new.

www.ensemblemasques.org

CARLO NARDOZZA

Carlo Nardoza (1982) is the youngest son of two from a warm Italian family in Genk (Belgium). Since the age of seven Carlo has been fascinated by the trumpet and took his first steps in music inspired by his musical father.

He graduated cum laude for trumpet at Conservatorium Maastricht under supervision of Rob Bruynen and later on studied for his Masterdegree at the same institute under supervision of Claudius Valk and Bert Joris.

As Professor in Music and trumpet Carlo has been teaching at the Conservatorium of Gent and the Conservatorium of Brussels. Currently he is teaching at the Conservatorium of Maastricht and at the Academy of Music Hasselt.

Carlo Nardoza is multitalented and used to be a member of different musical companies.

www.carlonardoza.eu

CHRISTOPH PRÉGARDIEN

Precise vocal control, clear diction, intelligent musicality and an ability to get to the heart of everything he sings ensures Christoph Prégardien's place among the world's foremost lyric tenors – specially revered as a Lieder singer.

Christoph Prégardien appears regularly with renowned orchestras the world over. He has worked with the Berlin and Vienna Philharmonics, the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra, the Philharmonia Orchestra, the Orchestre Philharmonique de Radio France, as well as the Boston and San Francisco Symphonies, and with conductors such as Barenboim, Metzmacher and Thielemann. His wide orchestral repertoire includes the great baroque, classical and romantic oratorios and passions, as well as works from the 17th and 20th centuries.

His long experience singing the Evangelist roles, and his close working relationship with conductors such as Nagano, Chailly, Herreweghe, Harnoncourt, Luisi and Gardiner have provided him with the perfect basis for his increasing work conducting the works of Bach. At a celebration concert for Philippe Herreweghe's 70th birthday he also led the Collegium Vocale Gent.

Teaching remains a very important part of Christoph Prégardien's musical life, and in addition to his concert engagements he gives masterclasses worldwide for young singers.

"His lyric tenor voice had a youthful glow, yet he sang with plaintive beauty and piercing insight." The New York Times
www.pregardien.com

ROYAL CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA (MEMBERS)

The Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra is one of the very best orchestras in the world. Time and time again, critics have lauded its unique sound. The RCO's string section has been called 'velvety', the sound of the brass 'golden', the

timbre of the woodwinds 'distinctly personal' and the percussion have an international reputation. While the exceptional acoustics of the Concertgebouw play an important role in this respect, no other orchestra sounds like the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra in the Main Hall.

Equally important is the quality of the musicians themselves and the influence exerted on the orchestra by its chief conductors, of which there have been only seven since the orchestra was founded in 1888.

Leading composers such as Gustav Mahler, Richard Strauss and Igor Stravinsky conducted the orchestra on more than one occasion. The orchestra still regularly collaborates with contemporary composers, including John Adams, George Benjamin, Tan Dun and Thomas Adès.

The Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra is made up of 120 players hailing from over 20 countries. Despite its size, the orchestra actually functions more like a chamber orchestra in terms of the sensitivity with which its members listen to – and work in tandem with – one another. Indeed, this requires both a high individual calibre and a great sense of mutual trust and confidence.

In addition to some ninety concerts performed at the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam, the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra gives forty concerts at leading concert halls throughout the world each year. Thanks to regular radio and television broadcasts, that exposure is further increased. The RCO Academy successfully trains talented young orchestra musicians.

www.concertgebouwkest.nl

STANISLAV SOLOVEV

Stanislav Soloviev was born in Leningrad (St.-Petersburg) in 1979. In 2003 he graduated from St-Petersburg State Conservatory (class of Prof. Alexander Sandler). The pianist is

a winner international competitions. Apart from his concert activities Stanislav works as a Chamber Music Professor at the Rimsky-Korsakov St.-Petersburg State Conservatory. Since 2003 he also has a position of guest-concertmaster in the Summer Musical Academy (Marktoberdorf, Germany).

PHILIPPE THURIOT

The Belgian accordionist Philippe Thuriot has been playing on the international stages for 25 years. He was born in Brussels and completed his musical studies at the Royal Danish Academy of Music in Copenhagen, where he was taught by Mogens Ellegaard. As a musician, Philippe cannot be described in one sentence. He has very wide interests, going from Jazz to improvisation and classical music. He played together with Steve Houben, Charles Loos, Aka Moon, Tcha Limberger, Ellery Eskelin, and Uri Caine, all masters in the international jazz world. Philippe Thuriot was also invited to play in chamber concerts and / or

orchestras together with ensembles as Brussels Philharmonic, Oxalys, Het Collectief (works composed and conducted by Johannes Schöllhorn and Reinbert de Leeuw), Il Gardellino (conducted by Marcel Ponsele), Ictus, Klangforum Wien.

www.philippethuriot.com

PIETER WISPELWEY

Pieter Wispelwey is equally at ease on the modern or period cello. His acute stylistic awareness, combined with a truly original interpretation and a phenomenal technical mastery, has won the hearts of critic and public, alike in repertoire ranging from J.S. Bach to Schnittke, Elliott Carter and works composed for him.

Born in Haarlem, The Netherlands, Wispelwey studied with Dicky Boeke and Anner Bylsma in Amsterdam and later with Paul Katz in the USA and William Pleeth in the UK.

Pieter Wispelwey plays on a 1760 Giovanni Battista Guaragnini cello and a 1710 Rombouts baroque cello.

www.pieterwispelwey.com



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WORD MECENAS

EN HELP MET UW GIFT MEE TE BOUWEN AAN EEN

STERKE TOEKOMST VOOR COLLEGIUM VOCALE GENT

Collegium Vocale Gent werd in 2017 als culturele instelling erkend om voor giften zonder tegenwaarde vanaf € 40 een fiscaal attest uit te reiken. Wil u Collegium Vocale Gent steunen en onze artistieke projecten voor de toekomst mee mogelijk maken, zowel nationaal als internationaal? Dat kan nu via een gift als mecenas.

U kan het Collegium Vocale Gent steunen met een fiscaal aftrekbare gift. Deze giften worden uitsluitend besteed als onderdeel van het werkingsbudget van het ensemble.

Vanaf € 40 ontvangt u hiervoor een fiscaal attest dat in de personenbelasting recht geeft op een belastingvermindering van 45% op de betaalde sommen. Een gift storten kan op rekeningnummer BE08 8939 4405 7013 bij VDK Bank Gent met vermelding "gift CVG 2019".

Dankzij uw gift kan Collegium Vocale Gent zijn artistieke ambities verder waarmaken.

DEVENEZ MÉCÈNE

ET, PAR VOTRE DON, AIDEZ À BÂTIR UN AVENIR

SOLIDE POUR LE COLLEGIUM VOCALE GENT

Depuis 2017, le Collegium Vocale Gent est une institution culturelle autorisée à délivrer une attestation fiscale pour tout don sans contrepartie d'un montant d'au moins 40 €. Vous voulez soutenir le Collegium Vocale Gent et lui permettre de réaliser ses projets artistiques, en Belgique et ailleurs ? C'est possible en effectuant un don en qualité de mécène.

Vous pouvez soutenir le Collegium Vocale Gent par un don déductible d'impôts, qui sera exclusivement affecté au budget de fonctionnement de l'ensemble.

À partir de 40 €, une attestation fiscale vous est délivrée, donnant droit dans votre déclaration individuelle de revenus à une réduction d'impôt de 45 % sur les sommes payées. Vous pouvez virer votre don sur le compte BE08 8939 4405 7013 auprès de VDK Bank à Gand, en précisant la mention « gift CVG 2019 ».

Grâce à votre don, le Collegium Vocale Gent pourra poursuivre la réalisation de ses ambitions artistiques.

BECOME A PATRON

AND HELP BUILDING A STRONG FUTURE
FOR COLLEGIUM VOCALE GENT

In 2017 Collegium Vocale Gent was accredited as a cultural institution able to issue a tax certificate for donations of € 40 or more. Would you like to support Collegium Vocale Gent and help to ensure our artistic projects for the future, both at home and abroad? Now you can, through your donation as a patron.

You can support Collegium Vocale Gent with a tax-deductible donation only in Belgium. Every donation will exclusively serve the ensemble's operational budget.

For donations of € 40 or more you will receive a tax certificate allowing you to deduct 45% of the total of your donations from your individual income tax. Donations can be made by bank transfer to account number BE08 8939 4405 7013 at VDK Bank Ghent mentioning "gift CVG 2019".

Thanks to your donations Collegium Vocale Gent can continue to achieve its artistic ambitions.

DIVENTATE MECENATI

MECENATI E, CON LA VOSTRA DONAZIONE, AIUTATE A
COSTRUIRE UN FUTURO SOLIDO PER IL COLLEGIUM VOCALE GENT

Dal 2017, il Collegium vocale Gent è un'istituzione culturale autorizzata a rilasciare un'attestazione fiscale per ogni donazione senza contropartita di almeno 40€. Volete sostenere il Collegium vocale Gent e permettergli di realizzare i suoi progetti artistici, in Belgio e altrove? E' possibile facendo una donazione in quanto mecenate.

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[Update 26 Guigno 2019]



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Testi: Sophie Cocquyt, Pedro
Memelsdorff, Rachel Perfecto,
Jens Van Durme
Traduzioni Inglese: Rachel Perfecto
Traduzioni Italiane: Giulia Barbini
Composizione & redazione: Sophie
Cocquyt, Jens Van Durme
Fotografia: Frédéric Bourda,
Peter Terrin, Ageet Zweistra
Design: Thomas Soete
www.thomassoete.com
Stampati: Graphius

Publicato da – Published by
Uitgegeven door – Publié par
Collegium Vocale Gent
Drongen 42, 9000 Gent (Belgio)
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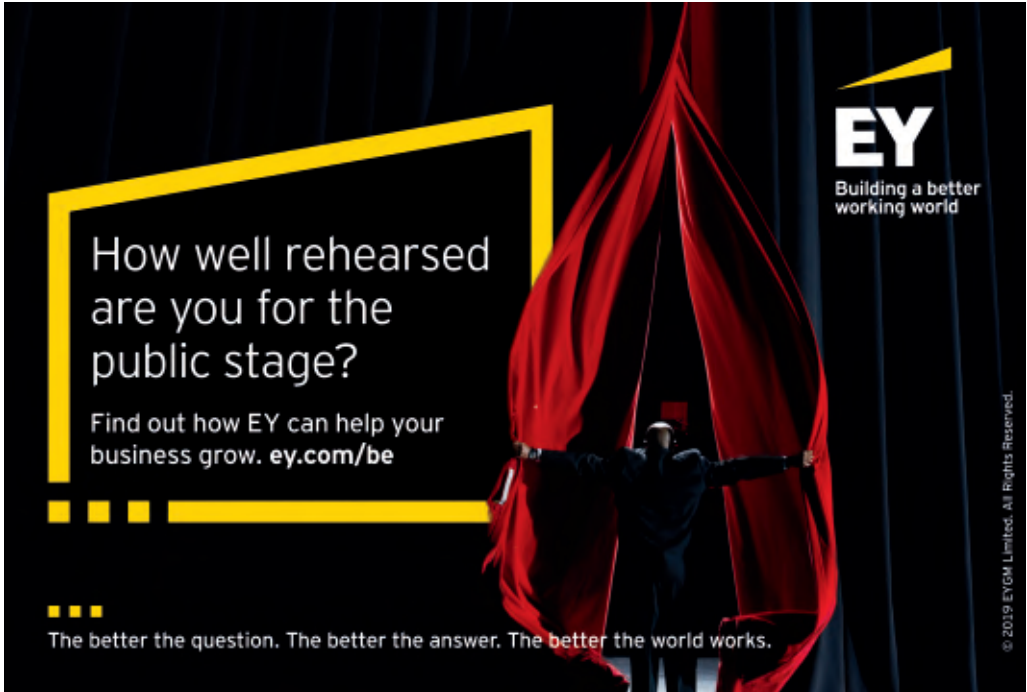
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Vi preghiamo di notare già le date
del festival del prossimo anno: dalla
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Noteer nu alvast de Festivaldata voor
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