COLLEGIIUM VOCALE CRETE SENESI

28 JUL – 02 AUG 2019

DIREZIONE ARTISTICA
PHILIPPE HERREWEGHE
COLLEGIUM VOCALE CRETE SENESI

28 JUL – 02 AUG 2019
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        dAAn sChalck
Artistic director          President
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
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                         Daan Schalck
Artiestiek directeur                         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
SIENA

PIENZA

ASCiano

MONTALCINO

Grosseta

Raccordo Autostradale
Siena–Firenze

San Quirico d'Orcia
- Roma

Buonconvento

Montisi

Trequanda

Castelmuzio

Sinalunga

Perugia

- Roma

PIENZA

MONTALCINO

Grosseta

Buonconvento

Montisi

Trequanda

Castelmuzio

San Quirico d'Orcia

- Roma
## PROGRAM 2019

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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 succesful collaboration with Collegium Vocale Gent during the Verdi Requiem programm 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 Festivalstaff. You can recognize them by their Festivalbadge. They will be happy to assist and guide you. Enjoy your Collegium Vocale Crete Senesi Festival!
**EVENING PLAN**

- **18:00** | OPENING | SPEECHES | FANFARA
- **19:00** | ELEANOR LYONS & STANISLAV SOLOVEV
- **20:00** | ELEANOR LYONS & STANISLAV SOLOVEV
- **21:00** | BUFFET
- **22:30** | MALA PUNICA
- **00:00** | PHILIPPE THURIOT & CARLO NARDOZZA

**PARCOURS 1: RED BRACELET**

**PARCOURS 2: BLEU BRACELET**

**ALL TICKET HOLDERS**
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 ouvre 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 accompanied 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 Ouverture-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]
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
- А-у! (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 ouvre: 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, including 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, extro-verted 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]

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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-зарыка  
Ивушке, плачущей горько,  
Слёзы — кудрями отрёт.

Aleksandr Aleksandrovich Blok –  
after Avetik Isahakian

К НЕЙ (K NEY)

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

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

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

Boris Nikolayevich Bugayev

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.

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’evich Lotaryov

Дaises
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!

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,
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.

The Pied Piper
I play a reed-pipe,
Tra-la-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 lambs.
Tra-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
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
Дожделеннее 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
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

Luce e splendore nei mottetti di Johannes Ciconia 1390-1405

ANONYMUS
Kyrie (Fa117, 79r-v)

JOHANNES CICONIA [C.1370-1412]
O Padua, sidus preclarum (Q15, 257v-258r)
O 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)
O 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-isorhymic (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
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]
LYRICS | BEATUM INCENDIUM

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 yucunditas
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
dercorant, 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,
you father's most illustrious name,
on plaustriger illustriissime,
your shining virtues
virtutes splendidissime
are matched by your actions.
sunt tuis factis consone:

Fano novo et multis aris
Thanks to the new church and the many
superis quas dedicasti
altars you have dedicated to the saints,
ad astra iter iam parasti
you have prepared the way to heaven
tibi et cunctis tui laris.
for you and for all your family.

Precor, patre o digna proles,
I pray to you, worthy child of your father,
iusta, mitis et modesta,
just, humble and modest,
viciorium ac infesta,
an enemy to vice,
virtutibusque redolens,
and full of virtues,
dignare me Ciconiam
to deign to receive me, Ciconia (although
tanti licet sim indignus)
I am unworthy of such an honour)
es benignus quoniam.
as a sign in your heart
for you are gracious.

ALBANE MISSE CELITUS

Cantus I

Albane, misse celitus
O Albano, sent from heaven,
presul date divinitus
a bishop given by divine virtue,
veni, pater Padue,
come, father of Padua,

Cui desolate penitus
to her, in her deep desolation,
confer medellam protinus
bereft of a leader for so long,
duce dudum vidue
come at once to heal her.

Veni pastor animarum,
Come, shepherd of souls,
sparge lumen, sidus clarum,
spread light, brilliant star,
cuncta solve debita.
and cancel all our debts.

Auffer quidquid est avarum
Chase away all that is miserly
nichil sinas esse amarum
let nothing bitter be allowed;
queque prudens limita.
but wisely moderate all things.

Justus, pius et severus
Just, holy and rigorous,
quia totus es sincerus
for you are entirely honest:
quis rimetur cetera?
who would look for other qualities?

Constans, lenis dominaris,
Rule with constancy and gentleness,
vera laude predicaris,
be exalted with true praise,
qua pertingis ethera.
and thus touch the heavens.
LYRICS | BEATUM INCENDIUM

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

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

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.

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.

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.

O Venetina civitas, in qua perfecta bonitas virtus tanta nascitur, hoc alumno jocunderis, tibi fulget instar veris de quo mundus loquitur.

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.

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

Illustri domo genitus, humilitati deditus, sublima comparasti.

Virg tanti data cure qui te regit equo iure, Paduana ecclesia,
**MERÇÉ O MORTE**

Merçè o morte, o vagha anima mia,  
Oymè ch’io moro, o graciosa e pia  

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

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

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

Mercè o morte, o vagha anima mia,  
Oymè ch’io moro, o graciosa e pia.  

---

**O BEATUM INCENDIUM**

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

Portas vestras attollite,  
celi cives occurrite,  
triumphatori dicite:  
“Salve Jesu, rex inclite,  
Rex virtutum, rex glorie,  
tibi laus honor et imperium  
Yhesu Christe, Yhesu largitor venie  
esto nobis refugium”.  

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

Te celi chorus predicat  
et laudes tuas replicat.  
Yhesus orbed letificat  
et nos Deo pacificat.  
nunc prosequamur laudibus  
Yhesum himnis et precibus,  
ut nos donet celestibus  
frui cum celi civibus.  

---

**Translation**

**MERÇÉ O MORTE**

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

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

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

**O BEATUM INCENDIUM**

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

Lift up your gates,  
 come here, citizens of heaven,  
 say to him who has triumphed:  
 “Hail, Jesus, glorious king,  
 King of virtues, king of glory, praise,  
 honour and dominion to you, Jesus Christ!  
 O Jesus, bestower of forgiveness,  
 be our refuge.  

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

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

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 exspectant, 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**  

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**  

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.
LYRICS | BEATUM INCENDIUM

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’d 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 celtius plagas sequamur maximo cultu lavandos lumina Franciscæ, nostros spiritus

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

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

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

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.

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.

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

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.

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

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

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
Antenoris stirps accipit.

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

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.

**BENEDICAMUS DOMINO**

Benedicamus Domino.

Let us bless the Lord.

**DEO GRATIAS**

Deo Gratias.

Let us give thanks to the Lord.
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) Liégeois 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.
MONDAY 29.07 – 20:00
Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

Dinner: AmorDivino – Asciano

CLAIRE 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
op.40 [1929] ± 25 MIN

HENRI DUTILLEUX [1916–2013]
String Quartet ‘Ainsi la nuit’
[1973–76] ± 25 MIN
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 ouvre. 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
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 neoclassicism. 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]
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 *murêna*, *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

MONDAY 29.07 – 23:30
Piazza Garibaldi – Bar Hervé – Asciano

MADE IN ITALY | FATTO IN ITALIA
± 30 MIN
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 ouvre 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]
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

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, ferrite

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
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 polyphonic 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’èri 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 è 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,
cosi da tutti abandonata
e priva d’ogni speranza,
accompagnata solo
da un’estrema infelice
e funesta pietà,
che non m’a’ita.

G.B. Guarini

D’orrida selce alpina
cred’io Donna nascesti,
e dalle tigre ircane
il latte havesti,
si dura alle priegh mi,ei
se pur ti ghe anzi pur selce,
a lasso,
ch’entro un petto di fera
hai cor di sasso.

A. Aligieri

Ride la primavera.
torna la bella Clori,
o di 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 I believe,
Lady, you were born,
And by the Hycane 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 dilett’e 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’infiamma,
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 togli.

G.B. Guarini

Flee, o my heart,
Do you not see the fair hand
Which conspires with fair eyes
And 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.

The flame that fetters,
The fetter 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

Io moro, ecco ch’io moro.
Bella nemica mia,
t’offes’ assai,
levar tropp’ alto i miei pensieri osai,
perdon ti chieggio 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

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

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?

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.

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 sospi,  
finché sciolta da ferro ingiusto e crudo  
torni la mia fred’ombra  
alle vostr’ombre amate,  
che nel penoso inferno  
non può gir innocent,  
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 sospi.

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 naturel 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.
SUITE

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]
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 Lautenbande
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 was criticized for the folksy simplicity of his writing, Schubert none-theless 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 munten 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 weiterziehn
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.
LYRICS | DIE SCHÖNE MULLERIN

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 möcht 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 brightlys
glow 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!
Könnt’ ich brausend
Die Räder führen!
Könnt’ ich wehen
Durch alle Haine!
Könnt’ 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 erführ’ so gern.

Ich bin ja auch kein Gärtnern,
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!

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.
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 heißt Nein,
Die beiden Wörtchen schließen
Die ganze Welt mir ein.

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

UNGEDULD

Ich schnitt’ es gern in alle Rinden ein,
Ich grüb’ es gern in jeden Kieselstein,
Ich möcht’ es sän 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.

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?

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 gäbs 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 schlummertrunken 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 ecstacy?

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!
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 Erlandach,
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 hinunte
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-
ting 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.

MEIN!

Bächlein, laß dein Rauschen sein!
Räder, stellt 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 Blümlein?
Sonne, hast du keinen hellern Schein?
Ach, so muß ich ganz allein,
Mit dem seligen Worte mein,
Unverstanden in der weiten Schöpfung sein!

PAUSE

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
Durfft' ich aushauchen in Liederscherz,
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?

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 durchschauret mich.
Warum ließ ich das Band auch hängen
so lang'?
Oft fliegt's um die Saiten mit sehrendem Klang.
Ist es der Nachklang meiner Liebespein?
Soll es das Vorspiel neuer Lieder sein?

INTERLUDE

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?

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 GRÜHENEN 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 knüpf’ 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,
Dum 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 Grüner 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.

Grabbt 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.

DIE BÖSE FARBE

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!

Ich möchte die grünen Blätter all’
Pflücken von jedem Zweig,
Ich möchte die grünen Gräser all’
Weinen ganz todtenbleich.

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

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

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

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

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.

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.

THE HATEFUL COLOR

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!

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.

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?

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.

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.

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,  
Alts 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.
LYRICS | DIE SCHÖNE MULLERIN

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.
LYRICS | DIE SCHÖNE MULLERIN

DES BACHES WIEGENLIED

Gute Ruh', gute Ruh'!
Thu' die Augen zu!
Wandrer, 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 Pfuhl,
In dem blauen krystallenen 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!
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

Dinner: 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
‘Appasionata’
± 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]
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.

**IN MODO CLASSICO**

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

**CARLO NARDOZZA** trumpet
**PHILIPPE THURIOT** accordion
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 Königstum 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.


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 wohnet, lachet 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.
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!
Küsset 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!


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 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 wrate.
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


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


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 Herrn gehen
und daß unsre Füße werden stehen,
in deinen Toren, Jerusalem.
Jerusalem ist gebaut, daß eine Stadt
sei, da man zusammenkommen soll.
Da die Stämme hinaufgehen sollen,
nämlich die Stämme des Herrn,
zu predigen dem Volke Israel,
zu danken dem Namen des Herrn.
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 Herrn, 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,
Herr Zebaoth!
Mein Seel verlangt und sehnet sich
nach den Vorhöfen des Herrn, 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, Herr 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 nach wandeln.

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

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


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 kommt
Meine Hilfe kommt vom Herren, der Himmel und Erde gemacht hat.
Er wird dein Fuß nicht gleiten lassen, und der dich behütet, schlägt nicht.
Siehe, der Hüter Israel schlägt 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 Mond 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 verstörte 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.

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 (SWV 39)

Lobe den Herren, meine Seele, und vergiß nicht, was er dir Guts getan hat. Der dir alle deine Sünde vergibt und heile alle deine Gebrechen. Lobe den Herren, meine Seele, und vergiß nicht, was es dir Guts gethan hat. Der dein Leben vom Verderben erlöset, der dich krönet mit Gnaden 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 (SWV 40)

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
(SWV 494)

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 Kindeskinder; denn er hat große Dinge an mir getan, der da mächtig ist und des Namens 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 übert 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.


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
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 (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.antwerp symphonyorchestra.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 Solovev 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 lead 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 Nardozza (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 Nardozza is multitalented and used to be a member of different musical companies.

www.carlonardozza.eu
CHRISTOPH PREGARDIEN

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 Strawinsky 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.concertgebouworkest.nl

STANISLAV SOLOVIEV

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, Phillipe 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 Ponseele), Ictus, Klangforum Wien.

www.philippethuriot.com

PIETER WISPELWEY

Pieter Wispelwey is equally at ease on the modern or period cello. His acute stylistic awarenes, 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 Guadagnini cello and a 1710 Rombouts baroque cello.

www.pieterwispelwey.com
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.

DEVENEZ MÉCÈNE

ET, PAR VOTRE DON, AIDEZ À BÂTIR UN AVENIR
SOLIDE POUR LE COLLEGIUM VOCALE GENT


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

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.

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? È possibile facendo una donazione in quanto mecenate.

Potete sostenere il Collegium vocale Gent con una donazione detraibile dalle tasse, che sarà destinata esclusivamente al bilancio per la gestione dell’ensemble.

A partire da 40€, vi sarà rilasciato un’attestazione fiscale che vi darà diritto, nella vostra dichiarazione dei redditi, a una detrazione d’imposta del 45% sulle somme versate. Potete versare la vostra donazione sul conto BE08 8939 4405 7013 presso la VDK Bank di Gand, precisando come causale “gift CVG 2019”.

Grazie alla vostra donazione, il Collegium vocale Gent potrà proseguire nella realizzazione delle sue ambizioni artistiche.
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Sun 13.10.2019 – 15:00
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Sun 24.11.2019 – 11:00
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Collegium Vocale Gent

Volgend jaar wordt gevierd dat in 1970 op voorspraak van Philippe Herreweghe Collegium Vocale Gent werd opgericht.

In de serie Barok Vocaal in Het Concertgebouw (Amsterdam) wordt door middel van drie concerten aandacht besteed aan dit jubileum met topconcerten en topsolisten.

Kijk op www.fredluiten.nl voor de diverse series en concerten.

16 december 2019: Weihnachtsoratorium; Collegium Vocale Gent o.l.v. Christoph Prégardien, met o.a. Hana Blažíková, Alex Potter & Peter Kooij.

16 maart 2020: Johannes Passion; Collegium Vocale Gent o.l.v. Philippe Herreweghe, met o.a. Dorothee Mields, Alex Potter & Peter Kooij.

2 april 2020: Matthäus Passion; Collegium Vocale Gent o.l.v. Philippe Herreweghe, met o.a. Dorothee Mields, Alex Potter & Peter Kooij.
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Please note already now the dates of the festival for next year: from Sunday, July 26 till Friday, July 31, 2020

Vi preghiamo di notare già le date del festival del prossimo anno: dalla domenica 26 luglio a venerdì 31 luglio 2020

Noteer nu alvast de Festivaldata voor volgend jaar: van zondag 26 juli tot en met vrijdag 31 juli 2020

Notez déjà les dates du festival pour l’année prochaine: du dimanche 26 juillet au vendredi 31 juillet 2020