COLLEGIUM VOCALE CRETE SENESI

26 – 31 JULY 2020

DIREZIONE ARTISTICA PHILIPPE HERREWEGHE
Una bella annata!

Welcome to the twentieth edition of the Collegium Vocale Crete Senesi festival. Music and culture in general have been hit very hard in recent months. Organizing concerts was hardly conceivable until recently. We are therefore very happy to be able to present you with a beautiful birthday edition of our festival in this memorable year in spite of everything.

In the name of Collegium Vocale Gent we invite you to (re)discover a whole week of well-known and lesser known pages from more than five centuries of music history in the unique setting of the Crete Senesi. From John Dowland to Johannes Brahms or from Henry Purcell to Eugène Ysaïe: finally musicians and listeners of flesh and blood again, not that damned screen!

Respecting all safety regulations, we bring you, as in previous years, a varied opening night, along the churches and squares of Asciano, our home base and, more than ever before, the centre of this festival.

We would like to introduce you to some international ensembles and some exceptional soloists who are very closely linked to Collegium Vocale Gent. Cellist Christoph Coin, violinist Sylvia Huang, laureate of the Queen Elisabeth Competition, and singer Thomas Bauer will be guests for the first time. We are equally delighted to hear pianist Nelson Goerner or the chamber music ensembles of the Concertgebouw Orchestra, the Orchestre de Champs Elysées or the Antwerp Symphony Orchestra at work again. And Philippe Thuriot is also a fixture in this festive edition!

Last but not least Collegium Vocale Gent and Philippe Herreweghe will host two concerts built around the madrigal repertoire of Carlo Gesualdo and Claudio Monteverdi.

We wish you a wonderful week full of inspiring beauty and hope to meet you at one of the concerts, dinners or, of course, one and a half meters from each other, in the festival bar!

Philippe Herreweghe          Daan Schalck
Artistic director           President
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PROGRAM 2020

**WEDNESDAY 29.07 – 20:00**
Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano
LES ADIEUX
GOERNER PLAYS BEETHOVEN
Nelson Goerner

**WEDNESDAY 29.07 – 23:00**
Piazza Garibaldi [Bar Gaston] – Asciano
THURIOT LATE NIGHT
Philippe Thuriot

**THURSDAY 30.07 – 12:00**
Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano
JEUX D’AUX
GOERNER PLAYS LISZT
Nelson Goerner

**THURSDAY 30.07 – 20:00**
Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano
BAX | BRAHMS
Members of the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra

**THURSDAY 30.07 – 23:00**
Piazza Garibaldi [Bar Gaston] – Asciano
THURIOT LATE NIGHT
Philippe Thuriot

**FRIDAY 31.07 – 12:00**
Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano
BACH IN TIME
Philippe Thuriot

**FRIDAY 31.07 – 20:00**
Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano
MONTEVERDI – IL BEL VISO
Collegium Vocale Gent &
Philippe Herreweghe
## OPENING NIGHT EVENT

Chiesa San Francesco

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SUNDAY 26.07 – 18:30 & 22:00

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

Opening night under the patronage of Mr. Carruet, Belgian Ambassador in Italy and with the support of Mr. Fabrizio Nucci, Mayor and Mrs Lucia Angelini, Vice Mayor of Asciano

FRANZ SCHUBERT [1797–1828]
Octet in F major, D803 ± 60 MIN

I. Adagio – Allegro – Più allegro
II. Adagio
III. Allegro vivace – Trio – Allegro vivace
IV. Andante – variations. Un poco più mosso – Più lento
V. Menuetto. Allegretto – Trio – Menuetto – Coda
VI. Andante molto – Allegro – Andante molto – Allegro molto

MEMBERS OF THE ANTWERP SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
LISANNE SOETERBROEK violin
MARA MAHLER violin
SANDER GEERTS viola
MARC VOSSEN cello
IOAN BARANGA double bass
NELE DELAFONTHEYNE clarinet
GRAZIANO MORETTO bassoon
ELIZ ERKALP horn
It’s impossible to discuss Schubert’s Octet in F major without mentioning Beethoven. Both composers were living in Vienna as Beethoven’s fame reached its height in Viennese music circles. Beethoven’s success was in part thanks to his Septet in E-flat major, Op. 20 (1799), whose enormous popularity, though at first a source of pride for Beethoven, later became somewhat of an annoyance. After all, the Septet was praised for its brilliant, entertaining style (taking after Haydn and Mozart’s divertimenti), while this lightness is exactly what Beethoven moved away from in his later, more serious compositions.

Knowing the success of Beethoven’s Septet, it is little surprise that Count Ferdinand Troyer reportedly asked Schubert to compose a work similar to the Septet. Schubert began working on the piece immediately, completing the composition just after one week on March 1, 1824. Rather than merely imitating Beethoven’s work, Schubert used this commission as an opportunity to “prepare the way to the full-scale symphony,” as he told a friend a few weeks later. While Schubert retains the sparkling exuberance and transparent structure of Beethoven’s Septet, his Octet is considerably longer, lasting about one hour. Using the Septet’s unusual instrumentation as a starting point, Schubert adds a second violin to the texture, and while he affords each instrument the chance to take the lead, he reserves some of the most beautiful solos for the clarinet, thus giving a small nod to Troyer, an amateur clarinetist himself who performed in the first private performance of the piece.
SUNDAY 26.07 – 18:30 & 20:00

Basilica Sant’Agatha – Asciano

PER VIOLONCELLO SOLO

DOMENICO GABRIELLI [1651–1690]
Ricercare in D ± 5 MIN

GIUSEPPE DALL ABACO [1710–1805]
Capricci 8 & 6 ± 10 MIN

JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH [1685–1750]
Suite No.3 in C major BWV 1009 ± 22 MIN

Prelude
Allemande
Courante
Sarabande
Bourrée I / II
Gigue

CHRISTOPH COIN cello
In the late 1600s, a new literature for solo cello began to emerge, finally liberating the cello from its long-held role as instrumental accompaniment. Likely the first of such works to ever be written were the *7 Ricercare for Violoncello Solo* by Domenico Gabrielli. Also called *Mingain dal Viulunzeel* (dialect for “Little Domenico of the cello”), Gabrielli was an Italian composer and virtuoso cellist from Bologna. His *Ricercare* have a relatively free structure and improvisational character, unlike other strict, fugal ricercare of his time, and they were likely made possible due to innovations in the cello’s strings, which had recently started to be produced as metal-wound gut strings. This change allowed a smaller instrument to be used without sacrificing the instrument’s tone or response.

It was in 1717-1723 that the cello’s true potential as a solo instrument was finally realized in Johann Sebastian Bach’s *6 Cello Suites*. Like a typical Baroque suite, each of Bach’s suites contains a prelude followed by a series of stylized dance movements. These works are extremely versatile because they do not include any written tempo, articulation, or dynamic markings and thus allow the performer to develop a very individual interpretation of the score. Although Bach’s *Cello Suites* are seen today as masterpieces, they were largely forgotten after Bach’s death in 1750 before they were revived by Pablo Casals in the 20th century, thus raising doubts about whether Joseph Marie Clément dall’ Abaco would have known about them when he wrote his *11 Capricci for Violoncello Solo* in the 1770s.
FANTASIAS

HENRY PURCELL [1659–1695]

Fantasias for viols [1680] ± 45 MIN

Fantasia a 3 No.1 in D Minor, Z. 732
Fantasia a 3 No 2 in F Major, Z. 733
Fantasia a 3 No 3. In G Minor, Z. 734
Fantasia a 4 No 4 in G Minor Z. 735
Fantasia a 4 No. 6 in F Major, Z. 737
Fantasia a 4 No. 7 in C Minor, Z. 738
Fantasia a 4 No. 8 in D Minor, Z. 743
Fantasia a 4 No. 9 in A Minor, Z. 740
Fantasia a 4 No. 11 in G Major, Z. 742
Fantasia a 4 No. 12 in D Minor, Z. 739

HATHOR ENSEMBLE

ROMINA LISCHKA  treble viol & artistic direction
LIAM BYRNE  tenor viol
NICHOLAS MILNE  bass viol
IRENE KLEIN  bass viol
Henry Purcell was one of the finest composers of his time and England’s last major composer until Edward Elgar, some 200 years later. He was only twenty years old when he wrote his fifteen Fantasias for the Viols, Z. 732-747, in the summer of 1680 — and what a feat it was for the young composer. These pieces have such rigorous contrapuntal complexity that they are often compared to the likes of Bach’s Musical Offering and the Art of Fugue, but we might not ever know why Purcell chose to write them. The fantasia was a rather antiquated form by that time, and the viol was falling out of fashion, slowly being replaced by the new and popular violin. Purcell did not even attempt to publish the Fantasias (only in 1927 did they finally appear in print). We might only know of these works today thanks to a surviving manuscript copy kept at the British Museum.

Each fantasia on this program is scored for three or four voices and contains a number of contrasting sections, each one showcasing a different character. While Purcell’s Fantasias are filled with meticulous contrapuntal experimentation, they are much more than mere pedantic exercises. By carrying the polyphony to its limits, Purcell creates unexpected chromaticism and surprising dissonances one might not otherwise expect from the English repertoire, which typically favors pure, consonant harmonies. His courage to experiment and take these risks makes the Fantasias the crowning jewel of two centuries of English instrumental music.
SUNDAY 26.07 – 22:00 & 23:30
Basilica Sant’Agatha – Asciano

A FANCY

JOHN DOWLAND [1563–1626]
Lute recital ± 45 MIN

A Fantasia [P71]
A Fancy [P6]
A Dream
A Fancy [P73]
Can she excuse – The Right Honourable Robert, Earl of Essex, His Galliard

Preludium
Forlorn Hope Fancy [P2]
Lachrymae
The Right Honourable, the Lady Clifton’s Spirit

A Fancy [P5]
Fortune My Foe
Sir John Smith, His Almain
My Lady Hundson’s Puffe

BOR ZULJAN lute
The most celebrated lutenist of his time, John Dowland was also a prolific composer whose First Booke of Songes in 1597 helped usher in the golden age of English lute music. During this Elizabethan period, English lutenists had a great variety of repertoire at their disposal, typically favoring dance-form pieces (like pavans and galliards) and arrangements of popular songs over “academic” forms like the fantasia (“fancy” in English) that dominated many continental collections. This made Dowland rather the cosmopolitan in writing fantasias for the lute.

Between the more serious, contrapuntal fantasias and “fancyes” on this program are the more typical dance pieces associated with Elizabethan music. Dowland’s renowned mastery of melancholy can be felt in many of these works, particularly in Lachrymae. The Lachrymae pavan is undoubtedly Dowland’s most famous composition and survives in over a hundred different versions, including Dowland’s reworking of the piece into the song “Flow My Tears.” Beginning with a “falling tear” motif of four descending notes, Dowland evokes real pathos in the pavan, whose sorrow and uncertainty is heightened by the lute’s fragile sonority. The fantasia “Farewell” portrays a similar vulnerability with its seemingly naked, chromatic opening and persistent question-and-answer figuration. The piece is a true embodiment of the pain of bidding goodbye, but Dowland does offer us hope; in the final measures, the harmony softly and slowly turns to major.
MONDAY 27.07 – 20:00
Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

WIND QUINTETS

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART [1756–1791]
Quintet for Piano and winds in E-flat major, K.452 [1784]
I. Largo – Allegro moderato
II. Larghetto
III. Allegretto

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN [1770–1828]
Quintet for Piano and winds in E-flat major, op.16 [1796]
I. Grave – Allegro ma non troppo
II. Andante cantabile
III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo

MAUDE GRATTON & MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRE DES CHAMPS ELYSÉES
NICOLA BOUD clarinet
EMMANUEL LAPORTE oboe
JULIEN DEBORDES bassoon
NICOLAS CHEDMAIL horn
MAUDE GRATTON pianoforte
1784 was a busy year for Mozart. Between February 26 and April 3, 1784, he supposedly performed in 22 concerts, all the while producing an astonishing compositional output, including six piano concertos. That first week of April also saw the premiere of Mozart’s Quintet in E-flat major, K. 452, for piano and winds, of which Mozart wrote to his father a few days later, “I myself consider it to be the best thing I have ever written in my life.” Mozart might have been exaggerating his success, trying to convince his father that he could make a career in Vienna on his own terms. Nevertheless, Mozart’s Quintet remains a polished, inventive work that even caught the attention of the young Ludwig van Beethoven.

Mozart’s main challenge in composing his Quintet in E-flat major was to blend together the unique timbres of each wind instrument with the piano. He accomplishes this by crafting short phrases for the winds and grouping the instruments in all possible permutations. From this style of writing, a kind of dialogue and drama emerges, similar to what one might find in Mozart’s operas. Perhaps because Mozart was so busy performing as a piano soloist and composing piano concertos at the time, Mozart occasionally treats some passages in the Quintet, particularly in the first and third movements, like a piano concerto. For example, new themes are often introduced by the piano, and while the piano part is filled with virtuosic passages, here the winds play typical Mozartian accompaniment. However, the lyrical second movement (Larghetto) is where the winds really shine, and in the last movement, a rondo, Mozart invites every instrument to join in the cadenza.

Mozart died at the young age of 35 in 1791. Just one year later, the city of Vienna became the home of none other than Ludwig van Beethoven, who was moving there to study with Haydn. Haydn helped Beethoven build a network in Vienna, for example by putting him in contact with Count Waldstein, who would become his first major patron. During his early years in Vienna, Beethoven focused largely on writing chamber and piano works; his Quintet in E-flat major, Op. 16, is one composition to arise from this period of productivity.

Although Beethoven does not explicitly mention Mozart with regard to his Quintet, he leaves a number of clues that suggest he used Mozart’s Quintet as a model. Both works are in the same key and have the same instrumentation and movement structure. However, Beethoven’s writing seems to transcend its model. For example, he writes longer phrases in the winds, relying on them much more often for the presentation of thematic material than Mozart does. Beethoven also invents increasingly elaborate variations on the theme of the second movement, something that diverges completely from Mozart’s Quintet. While the resulting work certainly belongs to Beethoven’s early period as a young composer, it possesses “a charm which will never grow old,” as Beethoven’s pupil Carl Czerny once wrote.
TUESDAY 28.07
Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

HUANG PLAYS YSAŸE [1] – 06:00

EUGÈNE YSAŸE [1858–1931]
Sonata op.27 No.5 in G
à Matthieu Crickboom
± 8 MIN
I. L’Aurore
II. Danse rustique

Sonata op.27 No.3 in D minor “Ballade”
à Georges Enesco
± 7 MIN
I. Lento molto sostenuto
II. Allegro in tempo giusto e con bravura

SYLVIA HUANG violin
HUANG PLAYS YSAŸE [2] – 10:00

EUGÈNE YSAŸE

Sonata op.27 No.1 in G minor
à Joseph Szigeti

I. Grave
II. Fugato
III. Allegretto poco scherzoso
IV. Finale; Con brio

Sonata op.27 No.4 in E minor
à Fritz Kreisler

I. Allemande (Lento maestoso)
II. Sarabande (Quasi lento)
III. Finale (Presto ma non troppo)

HUANG PLAYS YSAŸE [3] – 12:00

EUGÈNE YSAŸE

Sonata op.27 No.2 in A minor
à Jaques Thibaud

I. Obsession; Prelude
II. Malinconia
III. Danse des Ombres; Sarabande
IV. Les furies

Sonata op.27 No.6 in E
à Manuel Quiroga

I. Allegro giusto non troppo vivo-
   Allegretto poco scherzando- Allegro Tempo 1
Eugène Ysaÿe was among the leading virtuosos of his time. The Belgian “king of the violin” was born in Liège in 1858 and was introduced to the violin at a very young age by his father, himself a violinist and opera conductor. After completing his studies in 1879 with Henri Vieuxtemps in Paris, Ysaÿe played for a couple years as the concertmaster of the Bilse Orchestra in Berlin (the predecessor of the Berliner Philharmoniker) before focusing full-time on his solo career. Unlike most virtuosos who came before him, Ysaÿe inspired admiration from his peers, not jealous rivalry. He also was well-connected with many major composers of his time, like Cesar Franck, Camille Saint-Saëns, Ernest Chausson, Gabriel Fauré, and Claude Debussy. Over two hundred new works were dedicated to Ysaÿe, thus placing him in a unique position to exert significant influence over the development of violin playing.

Ysaÿe’s successful career as a violinist, and later as a conductor, may have been detrimental to the development of his reputation as a composer. While he was actively playing and conducting, he put little effort into disseminating his compositional oeuvre. It was only once his performing career declined and he began to withdraw from the concert stage that Ysaÿe really turned his focus to composition. The six Violin Sonatas, Op. 27, stand out in his oeuvre as a set of masterpieces that push the limits of violin technique to new extremes. The sonatas seem to be Ysaÿe’s modern response to J.S. Bach’s 6 Sonatas and Par-
titas for solo violin (BWV 1001-1006), which have long served as the archetypical solo violin works. In fact, Ysaÿe set to work on his sonatas in 1923 soon after he attended an impressive performance by the young violinist Joseph Szigeti of Bach’s Sonata for solo violin in G minor.

Ysaÿe dedicated each of his sonatas to a different virtuoso of the younger generation: Joseph Szigeti (No. 1), of course, as well as Jacques Thibaud (No. 2), George Enescu (No. 3), Fritz Kreisler (No. 4), Mathieu Crickboom (No. 5), and Manuel Quiroga (No. 6). He inventively merges the Baroque tradition of solo writing with the virtuosic playing techniques of Paganini, meanwhile capturing the personality of each of the dedicatees. Ysaÿe also makes the connection to Bach’s solo violin pieces explicit, for example by writing his Sonata No. 1 in G minor, the same key as Bach’s first sonata, and giving it four movements, as Bach also does. In his second sonata, Ysaÿe quotes Bach’s Partita No. 3 in E major directly. Other allusions abound, such as the insistent dies irae motif in the second sonata, or the habanera style of Sonata No. 6. This last sonata was so challenging that the dedicatee, Manuel Quiroga, never even dared to perform it publicly. But technical virtuosity was more than just a means of showing off. As Ysaÿe explains, “At the present day, the tools of violin mastery, of expression, technique, mechanism, are far more necessary than in days gone by. In fact, they are indispensable if the spirit is to express itself without restraint.”
TUESDAY 28.07 – 20:00
Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

This concert was made possible thanks to support of the Flemish Government – Flanders State of the Art
With the support of Mr and Mrs Joosse, MWH Foundation

DOLCISSIMA MIA VITA
CARLO GESUALDO [1566–1613]
Il quinto libro de madrigali [1611] ± 80 MIN
Gioite voi col canto
S’io non miro non moro
Itene, o miei sospiri
Dolcissima mia vita

PIETRO ANTONIO MELLI [1579–c.1629]
“Il Carlino” – Capriccio Cromatico

O dolorosa goia
Qual for a, donna
Felicissimo sonno
Se vi duol il mio duolo

ALESSANDRO PICCININI [1566–c.1638]
Toccata Cromatica XII
Occhi del mio cor vita
Languisce al fin
Mercè grido piangendo
O voi, troppo felici

ALESSANDRO PICCININI
Toccata Cromatica XII

Correte, amanti, a prova
Asciugate I begli occhi
Tu m’uccidi, o crudele
Deh, coprite il bel seno

ALESSANDRO PICCININI
Passacaglia

Poichè l’avidìa sete (Prima parte)
Ma tu, cagion (Seconda parte)
O tenebroso giorno
Se tu fuggi, io non resto
T’amo, mia vita

COLLEGIUM VOCALE GENT
DOROTHEE MIELDS  soprano
BARBORA KABÁTKOVÁ  mezzo-soprano
JAMES HALL  alto
BENEDICT HYMAS  tenor
TORE TOM DENYS  tenor
JIMMY HOLLIDAY  bass
BOR ZULJAN  chitarrone
PHILIPPE HERREWEGHE  musical direction
Carlo Gesualdo is usually remembered today for two things: he composed incredibly dark, extraordinary music, and he murdered his wife and her lover. Ever since the horrid night of October 16, 1590, when he caught the two in bed together and gruesomely took their lives, Gesualdo has been portrayed at best as a noble aristocrat who did what was necessary to reclaim his honor, and at worst as a violent and crazy psychopath. Gesualdo’s progressivism as a composer is similarly controversial: were his madrigals revolutionary because of their intense, abounding dissonances, or was Gesualdo in fact a deep-seated conservative by continuing to write madrigals at all?

The term “madrigal” was used in 16th-century Italy to describe a new genre of secular vocal music in the vernacular Italian. Composers like Philippe Verdelot and Jacques Arcadelt began writing such works in the 1520s and 30s primarily for private entertainment to be performed by a small group of skilled amateurs. More than any other compositional feature, Madrigals are marked by their close reliance on the text, depicting the literal meaning of the lyrics in the shape and structure of the music. In the late 16th century, some composers took these techniques to new extremes as a means of better representing the text. The madrigralist Luzzasco Luzzaschi even began writing abrupt changes of texture and temporary chromaticism in his madrigals, explaining that “since poetry was the first to be born, music reveres and honors her as his lady ... If the verse weeps, laughs, runs, stops, implores, denies, screams, falls silent, lives, and dies, these effects should be vividly expressed in the music.”

The younger Gesualdo was aware of Luzzaschi’s work and followed it closely. His own madrigals continued in Luzzaschi’s footsteps but went many steps further. Around the same time that his contemporary, Claudio Monteverdi, was introducing the world to his new innovation of opera with L’Orfeo, Gesualdo was showing that the “old-fashioned” madrigal could portray just as much drama and emotion. Of his six books of madrigals, the last two, published together in 1611, contain some of his darkest, most emotionally intense works. Rather than emphasizing balance and beauty, these madrigals relish in harmonic and rhythmic instability. Gesualdo clings to medieval modes and savors the unpredictable, like cadences that have no conclusive end and sequences that snake their way to distant, unexpected keys. With their striking dissonances, pervading chromaticism, and sudden shifts in harmony, these works are also incredibly difficult to perform live. Gesualdo ultimately remained somewhat of a “lonely prophet,” as some scholars have described him. Despite his unprecedented compositional style, a similarly daring approach to tonality and chromaticism would not be seen for centuries until Wagner or even Schoenberg, thus suggesting that Gesualdo really was ahead of time.
SONG TEXTS | DOLCISSIMA MIA VITA

I

Gioite voi col canto
Mentre piango e sospiro
Né dal mio lagrimar punto respiro.
Ahi misero mio core
Nato sol al dolore!
Piangi, ma piangi tanto
Che vinta dal tuo pianto
Sia la mia donna e poi rivedi in lei
Gli affanni e i dolor miei.

Rejoice in song,
while I weep and sigh,
while tears choke my breath.
Alas, wretched heart of mine,
born for grief alone;
weep, but weep so much
that my mistress may be vanquished
by your tears, and then revert to seeing
my grief and pains in her.

II

I die if I do not look,
But live not when I look:
Thus I am dead but not bereft of life.
O miracle of Love, alas, strange predicament,
Since living is not life, nor dying death.

S’io non miro, non moro,
Non mirando, non vivo,
Pur morto io son nè son di vita privo.
O miracol d’amore, ahi strana sorte:
Che ‘l viver non sia vita, e ‘l morir morte!

III

Go now, sighs of mine,
Rush, fly to her,
The cause of my bitter suffering.
Tell her, out of pity, of my great grief;
May she now be as compassionate to me
As she is beautiful,
and I shall joyfully turn
My bitter weeping to loving song.

Itene, o miei sospiri,
Precipitate ‘l volo
A lei che m’è cagion d’aspri martiri.
Ditele per pietà del mio gran duolo,
C’ormai ella mi sia
Come bella ancor pia,
Ché l’amaro mio pianto
Cangerò lieto in amoroso canto.

IV

Sweetest life of mine,
Why do yo uso delay the help I crave?
Can you believe the fire that now scorches me
Will be quenched because you look away?
Alas, may my desire never aim for aught
Than to either love or to die.

Dolcissima mia vita,
A che tardate la bramata aita?
Credete forse che ‘l bel foco ond’ardo
Sia per finir perché torcete ‘l guardo?
Ahi, non fia mai, ché brama il mio desire
O d’amarti o morire.

V

O painful joy,
O soft pain,
Because of you my soul is glum
and gladly withers away.
O dear sighs of mine,
My welcome torments,
Strip me not of your grief,
Which so sweetly makes me live and die.

O dolorosa gioia,
O soave dolore
Per cui quest’alma è mesta
e lieta more!
O miei cari sospiri,
Miei graditi martiri,
Del vostro duol non mi lasciate privo,
Poi che si dolce mi fa morto e vivo.
VI
Qual fora, donna,
un dolce oimè d’Amore,
Se quell’oimè, che da voi tragge, ahi lasso!
Lieve dolor, così m’incende il core?
Misero, a ciascun passo
Vo desiendo e so ch’indarno il bramo,
Che un di col cor dicate:
‘Oimè ch’io t’amo!’

Why not utter, my lady,
a sweet ‘Alas’ of love
If that same ‘Alas’ that brings you
A light pain so inflames my heart?
Wretched, at every step
I wish – knowing well I yearn in vain –
That one day you will say, with all your heart:
‘Alas, I love you’.

VII
Felicissimo sonno
Che ne le luci di madonna vivi
E noi di luce privi,
Deh con un sogno messaggier
le mostra
L’afflitta anima nostra!
Fa’ che in partir da lei
pietà vi resti
E pietosa si desti.

Most happy dream,
Who lives in my lady’s shining eyes
And hides the light away from me,
Ah, send her a harbringer dream
To show her my soul’s affliction.
Make sure, when you part,
to leave pity by her side,
So she may wake up with
a sympathetic heart.

VIII
Se vi duol il mio duolo,
Voi sola, anima mia,
Potete far che tutto gioia sia.
Deh gradite il mio ardore
Ch’arderà lieto nel suo foco il core,
E quel duol che vi spiace
In me sia gioia,
in voi diletto e pace.

If my grief pains you,
Only you, my soul,
Can turn it all to joy.
Ah, accept my flame,
Which will spread its fire to your heart;
And the grief that displeases you
Shall be joy in me,
and peace and delight in you.

IX
Occhi del mio cor vita,
Voi mi negate oimè
l’usata aita!
Tempo è ben di morire,
a che più tardo?
A che serbate il guardo?
Forse per non mirar come v’adoro.
Mirate almen ch’io moro.

Eyes, life of my heart,
You are denying me, alas,
your usual assistance.
It is time to die; why tarry so long?
Why do you look away?
Perhaps you would rather not see
how much I adore you?
See at least how I die!
SONG TEXTS | DOLCISSIMA MIA VITA

X

Languisce alfin chi da la vita parte
E di morte il dolore
L'affligge sì che in crude
penne more.
Ahi che quello son io,
Dolcissimo cor mio,
Che da voi parto e per mia
crudel sorte
La vita lascio e me ne vado a morte.

XI

Mercé grido piangendo,
Ma chi m'ascolta?
Ahi lasso, io vengo meno;
Morrò dunque tacendo.
Deh per pietade almeno,
Dolce del cor tesoro,
Potessi dir ti, pria ch'io mora: 'Io moro!'

XII

O voi troppo felici
Che mirate il mio sole
E cangiate con lui sguardi e parole,
Quel che a voi sopravanza ahi potess'io
Raccor per cibo agli occhi del cor mio!

XIII

Correte, amanti, a prova
A mirar meco quello
Onde s'adorna il mondo e si fa bello:
Vista dolce ed acerba in cui si trova
Virtù di forza tale
C'or breve fa la vita, or immortale.

XIV

Asciugate i begl'occhi,
Deh, cor mio, non piangete
Se lontano da voi gir mi vedete.
Ahi che pianger debb'io misero e solo,
Ché, partendo da voi, m'uccide il duolo.
XV

Tu m’uccidi, o crudele,
D’amor empia omicida,
E vuoi ch’io taccia e ‘l mio
morir non gridia?
Ah non si può tacer l’aspro martire
Che va innanzi al morire,
Ond’io ne vo gridando:
‘Ohimè ch’io moro amando!’

You are killing me, o cruel woman,
Pittyless slayer of Love.
And you would have me keep quiet;
should I not scream in my death?
Ah, you cannot silence the bitter torment
That precedes death,
Which makes me go about crying out:
‘Alas, I die as I love!’

XVI

Deh coprite il bel seno,
Ché per troppo mirar l’alma vien meno.
Ahi, nol coprite no, ché l’alma, avezza
A viver di dolcezza,
Spera, mirando, aita
Da quel bel sen che le
da morte e vita.

Oh, cover your beautiful bosom,
My soul faints from gazing at it too much.
Oh, don’t cover it, no, for my soul, used to
Living in sweetness
Expects, while it gazes, help
From that comely bosom that
gives it death and life.

Prima parte

Poi che l’avid sete
C’hai del mio tristo e lagrimoso umore
Non è ancor spenta, o dispietato core,
Spengala il sangue mio
C’or verserà dal mio
trafitto petto
Un doloroso rio.

Since your avid thirst
For my sad tears
Isn’t quenched yet, o cruel heart,
Sate it with my blood,
Now that my wounded breast is
about to gush forth
A painful river.

Seconda parte

Ma tu, cagion di quella atroce pena
Che a la morte mi mena,
Mira, mal grado tuo, pietoso effetto
De la tua crudeltà, del mio tormento,
Che, morendo al mio duol,
morte non sento.

And you, source of the atrocious sorrow
That leads me to death,
See, despite yourself, the pious effect
Of your cruelty and my torment:
As I die from sorrow,
I do not feel death.

XIX

O tenebroso giorno,
Infelice mio stato!
O mio cor tristo, sol a pianger nato,
Quando lieto ritorno
Farai dinanzi a quella
Che è più d’ogni altra bella,
Più leggiadra e più vaga,
Che con suoi sguardi morte e vita appaga?

O darkest day,
Unhappy state of mine,
O my sad heart, born for weeping alone.
When will you happily return
To that beauty’s side,
The most beautiful among all,
The most graceful and charming,
Whose gaze satisfies death and life?
XX

Se tu fuggi, io non resto,
Ché ‘l cor ti segue e grida:
Ahi, cor crudele ove empietà s’annida,
Dove ten vai? Deh pria mi rendi il core
E poi ten fuggi, e fugga teco Amore!

XXI

‘T’amo, mia vita’, la mia cara vita
Mi dice, e in questa sola
Dolcissima parola
Par che trasformi lietamente il core
Per farsene signore.
O voce di dolcezza e di diletto!
Prendila tosto, amore,
Stampala nel mio core.
Spiri solo per te l’anima mia:
‘T’amo mia vita’ la mia vita sia.

If you flee I will not stay behind,
For my heart follows you and shouts:
‘Ah, cruel heart, where indifference nests,
Is it there you are going?
Alas give me back my heart first,
And then flee, and may love flee with you!’

‘I love you, my life’, so says my dear life
And in this single
And sweetest word,
My heart seems to joyfully become
A true gentleman.
O sweet and delightful voice!
Catch her swiftly, Love,
And stamp her on my breast!
Only through you does my soul live.
‘I love you, my life’, be the life of me.
HOLLYWOOD SONGBOOK

KURT WEILL [1900–1950]
Four Walt Whitman Songs [1942] ± 16 MIN
Beat ! Beat ! Drums !
Oh Captain ! My Captain !
Come up from the Fields, Father
Dirge for Two Veterans

HANNS EISLER [1898–1962]
Hollywood Songbook [1942/43] ± 15 MIN
Hölderlin-Fragmente
An die Hoffnung – Andenken – Elegie
Die Heimat – An eine Stadt – Erinnerung
Vom Sprengen des Gartens

KURT WEILL
Lieder aus Bühnenwerken ± 15 MIN
Zu Potsdam unter den Eichen (Das Berliner Requiem)
Ballade vom angenehmen Leben (Die Dreigroschenoper)
Bilbao Song (Happy End)
Kanonensong (Die Dreigroschenoper)
Moritat vom Mackie Messer (Die Dreigroschenoper)
Kurt Weill and Hanns Eisler have much in common. Both composers began their careers in Germany in the 1920s before they fled the Nazis and emigrated to America. Both also collaborated with playwright Bertolt Brecht extensively. Nevertheless, however tempting it may be to group their compositional output together, their musical styles belong to different branches of 20th-century modernism.

Hanns Eisler studied with Arnold Schoenberg and was the first of his pupils to compose using the twelve-tone technique. Though Eisler later drew influences from jazz and cabaret as his works took on a more political tone (for him, the modern composer should be a “fighter,” not a “parasite”), Schoenberg’s presence can still be felt across Eisler’s oeuvre. For example, the Hölderin-Fragmente from Eisler’s Hollywood Songbook are not the typical showstoppers one might associate with Hollywood. Based on textual fragments from Friedrich Hölderin’s poetry, these works vacillate between the atonality of the Viennese School and the more traditional tonality of the European art song.

Kurt Weill saw a much greater shift in his compositional style. In Germany, he wrote edgy ballads, like for Die Dreigroschenoper (The Threepenny Opera), but once in the US, he embraced the jazzy style of Broadway musicals. The Four Walt Whitman Songs are a fusion of these two styles with Weill’s roots in the late-Romantic Lied and the high-modernism he learned from Ferruccio Busoni, thus showing Weill’s ability to integrate into his new homeland and forge a new style that was both serious and popular, European and American, esoteric and accessible.

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THOMAS E. BAUER baritone
DONALD SULZEN piano
FOUR WALT WHITMAN SONGS

BEAT! BEAT! DRUMS!

Beat! beat! drums! – blow! bugles! blow!
Through the windows – through doors –
burst like a ruthless force,
Into the solemn church, and scatter
the congregation,
Into the school where the scholar is
studying;
Leave not the bridegroom quiet – no
happiness must he have now with his bride,
Nor the peaceful farmer any peace,
ploughing his field or gathering his grain,
So fierce you thirr and pound, you drums
– so shrill you bugles blow.

Beat! beat! drums! – blow! bugles! blow!
Over the traffic of cities – over the
rumble of wheels in the streets;
Are beds prepared for sleepers at
night in the houses?
No sleepers must sleep in those beds –
No bargainers bargains by day – no brokers
or speculators – would they continue?
Would the talkers be talking? would the
singer attempt to sing?
Would the lawyer rise in the court to
state his case before the judge?
Then rattle quicker, heavier drums
–
you bugles wilder blow.

Beat! beat! drums! – blow! bugles! blow!
Make no parley – stop for no
expostulation,
Mind not the timid – mind not the
weeper or prayer,
Mind not the old man beseeching
the young man,
Let not the child’s voice be heard,
nor the mother’s entreaties,
Make even the trestles to shake the dead
where they lie awaiting the hearses,
So strong you thump O terrible drums –
so loud you bugles blow.

OH CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN!

O Captain! my Captain! our fearful
trip is done;
The ship has weather’d every rack,
the prize we sought is won;
The port is near, the bells I hear,
the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel,
the vessel grim and daring:
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up
and hear the bells;
Rise up – for you the flag is flung –
for you the bugle trills;
For you bouquets and ribbon’d wreaths –
for you the shores a-crowding;
For you they call, the swaying mass,
their eager faces turning;
Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head;
It is some dream that on the deck,
You’ve fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer,
his lips are pale and still;
My father does not feel my arm,
he has no pulse nor will;
The ship is anchor’d safe and sound,
its voyage closed and done;
From fearful trip, the victor ship,
comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.
COME UP FROM THE FIELDS, FATHER

Come up from the fields, Father,  
here’s a letter from our Pete,  
And come to the front door Mother,  
here’s a letter from thy dear son.

Lo, ’tis autumn,  
Lo, where the trees, deeper green,  
yellower and redder,  
Cool and sweeten Ohio’s villages with leaves fluttering in the moderate wind,  
Where apples ripe in the orchards hang and grapes on the trellis’d vines,

Above all, lo, the sky so calm, so transparent after the rain, and with wondrous clouds,  
Below too, all calm, all vital and beautiful, and the farm prospers well.

Down in the fields all prospers well,  
But now from the fields come Father,  
come at the daughter’s call,  
And come to the entry Mother,  
to the front door come right away.

Fast as she can she hurries, something ominous, her steps trembling,  
She does not tarry to smooth her hair nor adjust her cap.

Open the envelope quickly,  
O this is not our son’s writing,  
yet his name is sign’d,

O a strange hand writes for our dear son,  
O stricken mother’s soul!  
All swims before her eyes, flashes with black, she catches the main words only;

Sentences broken, gunshot wound in the breast, cavalry skirmish, taken to hospital,  
At present low, but will soon be better.

Alas poor boy, he will never be better,  
(nor may-be needs to be better, that brave and simple soul,)  
While they stand at home at the door he is dead already,  
The only son is dead.

But the mother needs to be better,  
She with thin form presently dressed in black,  
By day her meals untouch’d, then at night fitfully sleeping, often waking,  
In the midnight waking, weeping, longing with one deep longing,  
O that she might withdraw unnoticed, silent from life escape and withdraw,  
To follow, to seek, to be with her dear dead son.
DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS

The last sunbeam
Lightly falls from the finish’d Sabbath,
On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking,
Down a new-made double grave.

Lo, the moon ascending,
Up from the east the silvery round moon,
Beautiful over the house-tops, ghastly, phantom moon,
Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,
And I hear the sound of coming full-key’d bugles,
All the channels of the city streets they are flooding,
As with voices and with tears.

I hear the great drums pounding,
And the small drums steady whirring
And every blow of the great convulsive drums,
Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,
(In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,
Two veterans son and father dropt together,
And the double grave awaits them.)

And nearer blow the bugles,
And the drums strike more convulsive,
And the daylight o’er the pavement quite has faded,
And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,
The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumin’d,
(‘Tis some mother’s large transparent face,
In heaven brighter growing.)

O strong dead-march you please me!
O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!
O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial!
What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,
And the bugles and the drums give you music,
And my heart, O my soldiers,
My heart gives you love.
HOLLYWOOD SONGBOOK
Hölderlin-Fragmente

AN DIE HOFFNUNG

O Hoffnung! Holde güttiggeschäftige!
Die du das Haus der Trauernden
nicht verschmähest,
Und gerne dienend zwischen
den Sterblichen waltest:
Wo bist du? Wo bist du?
Wenig lebt ich. Doch atmet
Kalt mein Abend schon. Und stille,
den Schatten gleich,
Bin ich schon hier. Und schon gesanglos
Schlummert das schaudernde Herz.

Tekst: Friedrich Hölderlin

ANDENKEN

Der Nordost weht
Der liebster unter den Winden
Mir, weil er gute Fahrt verheißet.
Geh aber nun, grüße
Die schöne Garonne und die
Gärten von Bordeaux,
Dort, wo am scharfen Ufer
Hingehet der Steg und in den Strom
Tief fällt der Bach, darüber aber
Hinschauet ein edel Paar
Von Eichen und Silberpappeln.
An Feiertagen gehn die braunen
Fraun daselbst
Auf seidnen Boden,
Zur Märzenzeit, wenn gleich ist
Tag und Nacht,
Und über langsamten Stegen,
Von goldenen Träumen schwer
Einwiegende Lüfte ziehn.

Tekst: Friedrich Hölderlin

O hope! Dear one, kind and concerned!
You who do not spurn the house
of the mourner
And gladly serve among mortals:
Where are you? Where are you?
I have already lived. Yet my evening
Already breathes coldly. And softly,
like shadows,
I am already here. And already
without a song,
My shuddering heart is sleeping.

The North-East wind blows,
My favorite among the winds
Because he promises a fair voyage.
Go now, bring greetings
To the lovely Garonne and the gardens
of Bordeaux,
Where on the jagged shore
The path runs out, and the brook
Drops down into the streams, and
A noble pair of oaks and silver poplars
Look out above it all.
That is where on holidays brown
women walk
On silken ground
In March, when day and night
are equal,
And above the sleepy paths,
Heavy with golden dreams
Waft gently rocking breezes.
ELEGIE

Wie wenn die alten Wasser, 
in anderen Zorn, 
In schrecklichereh verwandelt 
Wieder kämen, 
So gärt' und wieder wuchs und 
wogte von Jahr zu Jahr 
Die unerhörte Schlacht, daß weit hüllt 
Wideln Dunkel und Blässe das Haupt 
der Menschen. 
Wer brachte den Fluch? Von heut 
Ist er nicht und nicht von gestern. 
Und die zuerst das Maß verloren 
Unsre Väter wußten es nicht. 
Zu lang, zu lang schon treten die 
Sterblichen 
Sich gern aufs Haupt, den Nachbar 
Fürchtend. 
Und unstet, irren und wirren, 
Dem Chaos gleich, 
Dem gären Gschlecht die 
Wünsche nach 
Und wild ist unverzagt und kalt 
Von Sorgen das Leben.

Tekst: Friedrich Hölderlin

DIE HEIMAT

Froh kehrt der Schiffer heim and die 
hell Strome 
Von Fernen Inseln, wo er geerntet hat. 
Wohl möchte ich gern zu 
Heimat wieder, 
Ach was hab'ich, wie Leid, geerntet. 
Ihr holden Ufer, die ihr mich auferzogt, 
Ach gebt ihr mir, ihr Wälder meiner 
Kindheit, 
Wann ich wiederkehre, die Ruhe noch 
einmal wieder.

Tekst: Friedrich Hölderlin

As though the ancient waters, 
transformed 
into another fiercer rage, returned, 
Thus boiled and grew and raged from year to year 
The outrageous battle, so that far and 
Men's heads were wrapped in darkness 
and pallor. 
Who brought this curse? It is not 
Today's, nor yesterday's. 
And they who first overstepped the bounds, 
Our fathers, knew it not. 
For too long mortals trod 
Gleefully upon others head, 
fearing their neighbors 
Unsteadily, like chaos, desires roam and meander 
Following the race in ferment 
And life is made wild and fearful 
And cold with care.

Happy does the sailor return to 
the bright streams 
From far off islands, where he has reaped. 
I too would like to return to my homeland again. 
Oh, how I have woefully reaped. 
Your lovely shores, which have raised me 
Oh grant me, you forests of my 
childhood, 
When I return, peace once more again.
AN EINE STADT

Lange lieb ich dich schon, mochte dich, mir zur Lust,
Mutter nennen, und dir schenken ein kunstloses Lied,
Du, der Vaterlandsstädte
Ländlichschönste, so viel ich sah.
Wie der Vogel des Walds über die Gipfel fliegt,
Schwingt sich über den Strom, wo er vorbei dir glänzt
Leicht und kräftig die Brücke,
Die von Wagen und Menschen tönt
Da ich vorüberging, fesselt' der Zauber auch mich,
Und herein in die Berge
Mir die reizende Ferne schien.
Du hast dem Flüchtigen kühlenden Schatten geschenkt,
Und die Gestade sahen ihm alle nach,
Und es tönte aus den Wellen das lieblich Bild.
Sträucher blühten herab, bis wo im heiteren Tal,
An den Hügel gelehnt, oder dem Ufer hold,
Deine fröhliche Gassen unter duftenden Gärten ruh.

Tekst: Friedrich Hölderlin

ERINNERN

O heilig Herz der Völker, o Vaterland!
Allduldend, gleich der schweigenden Mutter Erd,
Und allverkannt, wenn schon aus deiner Tiefe die Fremden ihr Bestes haben!

Sie ernten den Gedanken, den Geist von dir,
Sie pflücken gern die Traube, doch höhnen sie
Dich, ungestaltete Rebe! daß du Schwankend den Boden und wild umirrest.

O holy heart of a people, o fatherland!
Long suffering, like the silent mother earth
Misunderstood, even though from your Depths strangers have gleaned their best.

They reaped thoughts and spirits from you,
They were happy to pick the grape and they scorn
You, shapeless vine, till you Tottered to the ground and wildly roamed.
Doch magst du manches Schöne
nicht bergen mir,
Oft stand ich überschauend das
holde Grün,
Den weiten Garten hoch in deinen
Lüften auf hellem Gebirg und sah dich.

Und an den Ufern sah ich die
Städte blühn,
Die Edlen, wo der Fleiß in der
Werkstatt schweigt,
Die Wissenschaft, wo deine Sonne
Milde dem Künstler zum Ernste leuchtet.

Tekst: Friedrich Hölderlin

VOM SPRENGEN DES GARTENS

O Sprengen des Gartens, das Grün
tzu ermutigen!
Wässern der durstigen Bäume!
Gib mehr als genug. Und
Vergiß’ nicht das Strauchwerk, auch
Das beerenlose nicht, das ermattete
Geizige! Und übersieh mir nicht
Zwischen den Blumen das Unkraut,
 das auch
Durst hat. Noch gieße nur
Den frischen rasen oder den
versengten nur:
Auch den nackten baden erfrische du.

Tekst: Bertold Brecht

ZU POTSدام UNTER DEN EICHER

Zu Potsdam unter den Eichen
Im hellen Mittag ein Zug
Vorn eine Trommel und hinten eine Fahn
In der Mitte einen Sarg man trug

Zu Potsdam unter den Eichen
Im hundertjährigen Staub
Da trugen sechse einen Sarg
Mit Helm und Eichenlaub

But some beauteous things you
cannot hide from me.
Oft stood I gazing over the gentle green,
The expansive gardens high in the
Sky into the gleaming mountains
and saw you.

And along the shores I saw the
cities bloom,
Noble ones, where industry keeps
silent the workplace
Knowledge, whose sun so
Mild enlightens the artist to be earnest.

Oh, sprinkle the garden, you must
freshen up the green.
Watering the thirsty fruit trees,
give more than enough. And
Do not overlook the shrubbery, even
If it bears no fruit, seems to fade away.
Nor should you forget
Among the flowers there’s bindweed,
just as
Thirsty. Do not water only where there’s
Fresh grass, or pick on the browner parts
For the naked earth needs
refreshment too.

At Potsdam under the oak trees
They marched in the light of day
A drummer was there and a flag at the rear
And a coffin leading the way.

At Potsdam under the oak trees
In the hundred-year-old dust
Six men carried a coffin along
With a helmet and iron cross.
Und auf dem Sarg mit Mennigerot
Da war geschrieben ein Reim
Die Buchstaben sahen häßlich aus:
“Jedem Krieger sein Heim!”

And on the coffin with letters of red
There stood a little poem
The script was certainly ugly enough:
“Every soldier comes home!”

Das war zum Angedenken
An manchen toten Mann
Geboren in der Heimat
Gefallen am Chemin des Dames

And that was meant as a monument
To many a fallen men
Born and raised in the homeland
And killed at the battle of Aisnes.

Gekrochen einst mit Herz und Hand
Dem Vaterland auf den Leim
Belohnt mit dem Sarge vom Vaterland:
Jedem Krieger sein Heim!

Strung along by the Fatherland
They crawled through the mud and the loam
And the Fatherland gave them a coffin:
Every soldier comes home!

So zogen sie durch Potsdam
Für den Mann am Chemim des Dames
Da kam die grüne Polizei
Und haute sie zusamm’.

And so they marched through Potsdam
For the man who fell at Aisnes
Along came the security police
And beat them up for their pains.

BALLADE VOM ANGENEHMEN LEBEN
(Die Dreigroschenoper)

Ihr Herrn, urteilt jetzt selbst:
ist das ein Leben?
Ich finde nicht Geschmack an alledem
Als kleines Kind schon hörte ich mit Beben:
“Nur wer im Wohlstand lebt, lebt angenehm!”

Is this a life for one of my proud station?
I take it, I must frankly own, amiss.
From childhood up I heard with consternation:
“One must live well to know what living is.”

Da preist man nun das Leben
großer Geister
Das lebt mit einem Buch und nichts im Magen
In einer Hütte, daran Ratten nagen
Mir bleibe man vom Leib mit solchem Kleister!

I’ve heard them praising single-minded spirits
Whose empty stomachs show they live for knowledge
In rat infested shacks awash with ullage.
I’m all for culture but there are some limits.
The simple life is fine for those it suits.
I don’t find, for my part, that it attracts.
There’s not a bird from here to Halifax
Would peck at such unappetising fruits.
What use is freedom? None, to judge from this.
One must live well to know what living is.
Die Abenteurer mit dem kühnen Wesen
Und ihrer Gier, die Haut zu Markt zu tragen
Die stets so frei sind und die Wahrheit sagen
Damit die Spießer etwas kühnes lesen
Wenn man sie sieht, wie das am Abend friert
Mit kalter Gattin stumm zu Bette geht
Und horcht, ob niemand klatscht und nichts versteht
Und trostlos in das Jahr fünftausend stiert
Jetzt frag ich Sie nun noch, ist das bequem?
Nur wer im Wohlstand lebt, lebt angenehm!

Ich selber könnte mich durchaus begreifen
Wenn ich mich lieber groß und einsam sähe
Doch sah ich solche Leute aus der Nähe
Da sag' ich mir: “Das musst du dir verkneifen!”
Armut bringt außer Weisheit auch Verdruss
Und Kühnheit außer Ruhm auch bitt're Müh’n
Jetzt warst du arm und einsam, weis’ und kühn
Jetzt machst du mit der Größe aber Schluss
Dann löst sich ganz von selbst das Glückssproblem
Nur wer im Wohlstand lebt, lebt angenehm!

The dashing sort who cut precarious capers
And go and risk their necks just for the pleasure
then swagger home and write it up at leisure
and flog the story to the Sunday papers –
if you could see how cold they get at night
sullen, with chilly wife, climbing to bed
and how they dream they’re going to get ahead
and see the future stretching out of sight –
now tell me, who would choose to live like this?
One must live well to know what living is.

There’s plenty that they
I know I lack it
And ought to join their splendid isolation
But when I gave it more consideration
I told myself: my friend, that’s not your racket.
Suffering ennobles, but I can depress.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.
You once were poor and lonely, wise and brave.
You ought to try to bite of rather less.
The search for happiness boils down to this:
One must live well to know what living is.
BILBAO SONG
(Happy End)

Bill’s beer hall in Bilbao,
Bilbao, Bilbao
Was the most fantastic place
I’ve ever known
For just a dollar you’d get all you wanted
All you wanted, all you wanted
Of whatever kind of joy you called your own
But if you had been around to see the fun
Well I don’t know you might not like what you’d’ve seen
The stools at the bar were damp with rye
On the dancefloor the grass grew high
Through the roof the moon was shining green
And the music really gave you some return on what you paid
Hey Joe, play that old song they always played

That ol’ Bilbao
Down where we used to go
Who remembers the words
It’s so long ago
I don’t know if it would have brought you joy or grief but

It was fantastic
It was fantastic
It was fantastic
Beyond belief.

Bills Ballhaus in Bilbao
Bilbao, Bilbao
An ‘nem Tag, gen Ende Mai,
im Jahre Acht
Da kamen Vier aus Frisko mit
‘nem Geldsack
Mit ‘nem Geldsack, mit ‘nem Geldsack
Die haben damals mit uns was gemacht!
Aber wenn Sie da dabei gewesen wären
Ich weiß nicht, ob Ihnen so was grad gefällt
Ach, Brandylachen waren,  The brandy bottles smashing
wo man saß through the air
Auf dem Tanzboden wuchs das Gras And the chairs flying everywhere
Und der grüne Mond schien Through the roof the moon’s
durch das Dach still shining green
Und vier Herren konnten Sie mit And those fog eyes all going crazy
ihren Browning schießen hör’n with their pistols blazing high
Sind Sie ein Held? Na, dann machen “Think you can stop ‘em?
Sie’s mal nach! Go ahead and try!
Ich weiß ja nicht, ob Ihnen so was I don’t know if it would have
grad gefällt – doch brought you joy or grief but
Es war das Schönste It was fantastic
Es war das Schönste It was fantastic
Es war das Schönste auf der Welt! Beyond belief

Bills Ballhaus in Bilbao
Bilbao, Bilbao
Heute ist es renoviert ,so auf dezent
Mit Palme und mit Eiscrème,
ganz gewöhnlich
Ganz gewöhnlich, janz gewöhnlich
Wie jedes and’re Etablissement!
Aber wenn Sie jetzt hereingesegelt kämen
‘S ist ja möglich, dass es Ihnen so gefällt
Nur mir persönlich macht macht sowas keinen Spaß!
Auf dem Tanzboden wächst kein Gras
Und der grüne Mond ist abbestellt!
‘Ne Musik machen sie - da kann man sich nur schämen für sein Geld!
Geh, Joe, mach die Musik von damals nach!

Alter Bilbaomond
Halt wie ging das jetzt weiter?
Er war Brasil gewohnt!
Alter Bilbaomond
Mich hat er nie geschont!
Ich weiß den Text nicht mehr
‘S ist schon lange her!
Ich weiß ja nicht, ob Ihnen so was grad
gefällt - doch
Es war das Schönste
Es war das Schönste
Es war das Schönste auf der Welt!
KANONENSONG
(Die Dreigroschenoper)
John war darunter und Jim war dabei
Und Georgie ist Sergeant geworden
Doch die Armee, die fragt keinen, wer er sei
Und sie marschierte hinauf nach dem Norden.

Refrain
Soldaten wohnen
Auf den Kanonen
Vom Kap bis Couch Behar.
Wenn es mal regnete
Und es begegnete
Ihnen ‘ne neue Rasse
‘Ne braune oder blasse
Da machen sie vielleicht daraus
ihr Beefsteak Tartar

Johnny war der Whisky zu warm
Und Jimmy hatte nie genug Decken
Aber Georgie nahm beide beim Arm
Und sagte: “Die Armee kann nicht verrecken”.

Refrain
John ist gestorben und Jimmy ist tot
Und Georgie ist vermisst und verdorben
Aber Blut ist immer noch rot
Und für die Armee wird jetzt wieder geworben!

John was amongst them and
Jimmy had joined
And Georgie became a Sergeant.
The Army doesn’t ask anyone who he is, though
And they marched up to the North.

Chorus
Soldiers dwell
On the cannons,
From the Cape to Cutch Behar.
When it rained some day
And they encountered
A new race,
A brown one or a pale one,
They perhaps used them to make their beefsteak tartare!

For Johnny the whisky was too warm,
And Jimmy never had enough blankets
But Georgie took both of them by their arm
And said “The Army shall never perish!”

Chorus
John has deceased and Jimmy is dead
And Georgie is missing and rotten
But blood is still red,
And the army is recruiting again!
MORITAT VOM MACKIE MESSER
(Die Dreigroschenoper)

Und der Haifisch, der hat Zähne
und die trägt er im Gesicht
und Macheath, der hat ein Messer,
doch das Messer sieht man nicht.

Und es sind des Haifischs Flossen
rot, wenn dieser Blut vergießt
Mackie Messer trägt ‘nen Handschuh
drauf man keine Untat liest.

An der Themse grünem Wasser
fallen plötzlich Leute um
Es ist weder Pest noch Cholera,
doch es heißt: Mackie geht um.

An ‘nem schönen blauen Sonntag
liegt ein toter Mann am Strand
und ein Mensch geht um die Ecke,
den man Mackie Messer nennt.

Und Schmul Meier bleibt verschwunden
und so mancher reiche Mann
und sein Geld hat Mackie Messer,
dem man nichts beweisen kann.

Jenny Towler ward gefunden
mit ‘nem Messer in der Brust
und am Kai geht Mackie Messer,
der von allem nichts gewußt.

Wo ist Alfons gleich, der Fuhrherr?
Kommt er je ans Sonnenlicht?
Wer es immer wissen könnte
Mackie Messer weiß es nicht.

Und das große Feuer in Soho,
sieben Kinder und ein Greis
In der Menge Mackie Messer, den
man nichts fragt, und der nichts weiß.

Und die minderjähr’ge Witwe,
deren Namen jeder weiß,
wachte auf und war geschändet
Mackie, welches war dein Preis?

And the shark, he has teeth;
he has them in his face.
And Macheath, he has a knife,
but no one sees the knife.

And the shark’s fins are
red when he sheds blood;
Mack the Knife wears a glove
on which no sign of a crime can be seen.

By the green waters of the Thames
suddenly people drop down.
It is neither plague nor cholera,
it’s said: Mack’s about.

On a beautiful, blue-skied Sunday
a dead man lies on the Strand
and someone turns the corner,
the one they call Mack the Knife.

And Schmul Meier’s still not been found,
and many such a rich man
and his money has Mack the Knife,
against whom no one can prove anything.

Jenny Towler was found
with a knife in her chest
and on the embankment there’s
Mack the Knife,
who knows nothing of any of it.

Where is Alfons Glite, the cab driver?
Will he ever see sunlight again?
Whoever could know,
Mack the Knife has no idea.

And the great fire in Soho,
seven children and an old man.
In the crowd Mack the Knife, whom
one asks nothing, and who knows nothing.

And the underage widow,
whose name everyone knows,
woke up and was defiled.
Mack, what was your price?
**Refrain**
Und die einen sind im Dunkeln
und die anderen sind im Licht
Doch man sieht nur die im Lichte,
die im Dunklen sieht man nicht
Doch man sieht nur die im Lichte,
die im Dunklen sieht man nicht

**End**
Und nun kommt zum guten Ende
alles unter einen Hut
Ist das nötige Geld vorhanden,
ist das Ende meistens gut

**Refrain**
And some are in the dark,
and others are in the light.
But one only sees those in the light;
those in the dark one doesn’t see.
But one only sees those in the light;
those in the dark one doesn’t see.

**End**
Now here’s the happy ending,
everything reconciled.
If the readies are to hand,
the ending is generally good.
LES ADIEUX

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN [1770–1828]

Piano sonata No.26 op.81a in E flat major “Les Adieux” [1809–1810] ± 17 MIN

I. Das Lebewohl: Adagio – Allegro
II. Abwesenheit: Andante espressivo
   (In gehender Bewegung, doch mit viel Ausdruck)
III. Das Wiedersehen: Vivacissimamente
   (Im lebhaftesten Zeitmaße)

Eroica Variations in E flat major op.35 [1802] ± 25 MIN

Thema
Variationen I-XV
Finale alla fuga

NELSON GOERNER piano
In April 1809, Napoleon’s army began approaching Vienna, leaving a small window for the Austrian nobility to escape before the French invaded. Among the fleeing aristocrats was the emperor’s brother, Archduke Rudolph, who was a good friend, pupil, and patron of Beethoven and also an accomplished pianist and composer himself. The Archduke was so fond of Beethoven that he promised to provide him with income for the rest of his life if Beethoven would only stay in Vienna. Beethoven returned the favor by dedicating some of his most significant works to the Archduke, including his “Emperor” Piano Concerto and the Missa Solemnis.

Although his Piano Sonata No. 26 in E-flat major (1809-1810) is today known by its French title, “Les adieux,” Beethoven insisted on using the German title, “Das Lebewohl,” whose three syllables, “Le-be-wohl” (or “fare-thee-well”), are inscribed above the opening three chords of the first movement. Beethoven clearly was bidding farewell to his good friend, the Archduke, who fled Vienna on May 4, 1809. The second movement, “Abwesenheit” (The Absence), was completed months later, during the Archduke’s exile, and the last movement, “Das Wiedersehen” (The Reunion), was written upon his return.

While these titles suggest that the sonata is a programmatic piece, this work is much more about Beethoven’s personal feelings than it is a literal depiction of the events. Beethoven was devastated by his friend’s departure, and this anguish already takes over on the third chord of the first movement with its sudden change of harmony. The second movement is the emotional core of the piece, with its frequent use of the diminished chord and jolting sforzato accents, breaking through the otherwise soft, delicate texture. The third movement begins attacca like a lightning bolt of exuberant energy leading to a joyful, dancing theme, announcing the Archduke’s long-anticipated return.

The Eroica Variations, composed in the summer and fall of 1802, reveal a completely different side of Beethoven. He had already used the theme for this set of fifteen variations in the finale of his ballet The Creatures of Prometheus (1801) and in the seventh of his 12 Contredanses for Orchestra, WoO 14 (1800-02), but most listeners will recognize the tune as the finale of his Symphony No. 3 “Eroica” (1803), from which this variation set later got its name. Unlike the introspective “Les adieux” Sonata, the Eroica Variations are bold, cheerful, and abounding in humor. However, this “heroic” style that marked Beethoven’s middle period shows little hint of the torment he was personally experiencing at this time. As he wrote to his brothers on October 6, 1802, in what is today known as the Heiligenstadt Testament, Beethoven struggled to come to terms with the terrible knowledge that he was becoming deaf. While the Eroica Variations do include two variations in minor, the work is overwhelmingly joyful and sprightly, and its incredible inventiveness is a remarkable step towards his later, monumental Variations on a Waltz by Diabelli, op. 120.
THURSDAY 30.07 – 12:00
Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

JEUX D’EAUX

FRANZ LISZT [1752–1791]

Petrarca Sonet no.123, S.161/6 ± 7 MIN
Etude de concert "La leggerezza", S.144/2 ± 5 MIN
Funérailles (Harmonies poétiques et religieuses), S.173/7 ± 12 MIN
Jeux d’eaux à la Villa d’Este (Années de pélérinage), S.163 ± 9 MIN
Valse oubliée, S.215/2 ± 6 MIN
Rhapsody espagnole, S.254 ± 15 MIN

NELSON GOERNER piano
The virtuoso pianist and composer Franz Liszt essentially invented the concept of a piano recital. Inspired by the adventurous “demon violinist” Paganini, Liszt astonished audiences by appearing alone on stage, thus establishing the template for every concert pianist to come in the decades after him. He captured the hearts and minds of his audience, so much so that he developed an extraordinary fan base. This “Lisztomania,” a term coined by the writer Heinrich Heine in 1844 for Liszt’s celebrity treatment, came as a result not only of Liszt’s dramatic stage presence but also of the dazzling and entrancing repertoire that he performed.

Liszt was a prolific composer, particularly for his instrument, the piano. By including works from across the spectrum of Liszt’s piano oeuvre, this program reveals the many evolutions in Liszt’s compositional style. His masterpiece is the Années de pèlerinage (Years of Pilgrimage), a set of three suites with an enormous range of emotions and colors. In the second suite, Deuxième année: Italie, we find Liszt’s transcription of his 3 Petrarch Sonnets for solo piano (originally written for voice and piano in 1838-1842). Perhaps inspired by the title Il Canzoniere, the name for the collection of Petrarch’s poems, Liszt set sonnets 47, 104, and 123 to music, thus incorporating poetry into the piano repertoire. Liszt accordingly relies on the text of the poetry, which contemplates a sublime, unattainable woman, Laura, to inspire the music.

While the Sonnet No. 123 is slow and ruminative (notwithstanding its bouts of passion), Liszt’s second Etude de concert (1845-1849) is a dazzling showpiece that undoubtedly would have put Liszt’s fans in a frenzy. As its name suggests, the work is more than just an étude; it was meant to be performed. As such, in addition to the rapid, sinuous runs that give it its name “La leggerezza” (Lightness), the piece also affords the performer the opportunity to show real emotion, like in the work’s creeping chromatic motives. Funerailles is even more of a showstopper, particularly with its thunderous warrior march. Liszt wrote this programmatic work in October 1849 as a tribute to three of his friends who perished in the failed Hungarian Revolution against the Habsburg rule.

Les Jeux d’eaux à la Villa d’Este and Valse oubliée No. 2 are two of Liszt’s later works that set the composer in yet another light. Jeux d’eaux (1877) depicts glittering fountains in an almost harp-like manner and includes a quotation from the Gospel of St. John about the “water of life,” thus suggesting a religious context to this work. Valse oubliée No. 2 (1883), on the other hand, is a nostalgic, “forgotten” waltz. Its relative shyness and modesty stand in great contrast to the bravado of Liszt’s Rhapsodie Espagnole. This work became one of Liszt’s most famous compositions and alludes to the Folies d’Espagne as well as the “Jota aragonesa,” drawing inspiration from Liszt’s time in Spain and Portugal in 1844-1845. The work is full of contrasts and exemplifies the compositional drama and virtuosity that made Liszt’s concert performances so compelling.
STRING QUINTETS

ARNOLD BAX [1883–1953]
Lyrical Interlude [1923] ± 9 MIN

JOHANNES BRAHMS [1833–1897]
String Quintet No.2 in G, op.111 ± 30 MIN
I. Allegro non troppo ma con brio
II. Adagio (en ré mineur
III. Un poco allegretto
IV. Vivace, ma non troppo

MEMBERS OF THE ROYAL CONCERTGEBOUW ORCHESTRA, AMSTERDAM
CORALINE GROEN violin
LEONIE BOT violin
FREDERIK BOITS viola
MARTINA FORNI viola
CLEMENT PEIGNÉ cello
The String Quintet No. 2 in G, Op. 111, was supposed to be Johannes Brahms’ swansong, his final creation before retiring from composition altogether. After completing his Opus 111 in the summer of 1890, Brahms finalized his will, in which he planned only for the revisions of existing works, not the compositions of any new ones. As he wrote to the publisher Simrock in December 1890 when handing off the four-hand piano version of the piece, “With this note, you can bid farewell to my music, because it is high time to stop.”

Brahms did not ultimately stay true to his word (he went on to write his Clarinet Trio, Clarinet Quintet and Clarinet Sonatas, among others), but his String Quintet No. 2 does have a sense of finality to it nonetheless. In this work, Brahms brings together many of the compositional elements that he became known for over the course of his career: finely crafted melodies, lush textures, rich counterpoint, and even a Hungarian dance. His String Quintet No. 2 is scored for two violins, two violas, and one cello, following more from Mozart, than from Boccherini or Schubert, who preferred using one viola and two cellos. Although Brahms used the same instrumentation for his first String Quintet in 1882, the String Quartet No. 2 is the real tour de force, conjuring up a grand symphonic sonority with a spectacular color palette from merely five string players.

The first movement is in fact based on Brahms’ sketches for his never-realized fifth symphony. Accordingly, Brahms evokes an orchestral texture from the onset with a singing, almost heroic cello melody emerging from a shimmering wave of oscillating chords in the upper four strings. Brahmsian cross accents and hemiolas help drive the energy forward. After such an exhilarating first movement, the introspective Adagio and mysterious, waltzing Un poco allegretto are much more intimate, giving us a moment to catch our breath before the Vivace ma non troppo presto. This final movement begins innocently with a thin, “chamber” texture, building back up to the majestic orchestral sound with which the work began. It concludes with an exuberant Hungarian czardas.

Lyrical Interlude by the English composer Arnold Bax was completed in 1923, some 30 years after Brahms’ Opus 111, and is a reworking of the second movement of Bax’s own quintet from 1908. Bax was best known for his orchestral works, including seven symphonies and several tone poems. Lyrical Interlude is dedicated to Ralph Vaughan Williams, and despite being a chamber work, it shows many hints of a grander symphonic sonority that Bax was so used to writing. The piece begins with quiet intensity, but it slowly and steadily opens up as each instrument gains more independence. Such an approach leads to wonderfully rich textures later in the piece, such as when Bax paints lush solo melodies above a fluttering soundscape of trills and pizzicati, after which the work steadily calms down and comes to a delicate, peaceful end.
FRIDAY 31.07 – 12:00
Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

BACH IN TIME

PRELUDE AND MILONGA
on Prelude in A minor for Organ BWV 543

BACH IN TIME
on Prelude and Fugue in C minor from
Wohltemperiertes Klavier I, BWV 847

BACHDAD
on Menuet in G from Notenbüchlein
für Anna Magdalena Bach

TENDERLY
on Menuet in G minor from Notenbüchlein
für Anna Magdalena Bach

JAVA
on Menuet in D minor from Notenbüchlein
für Anna Magdalena Bach

WHISTLE STÜCK
on Prelude in C (Eb) from
Wohltemperiertes Klavier I
JOY AND PEACE
on Prelude in G Major from
Wohltemperiertes Klavier I, BWV 860
and on “Peace” by Horace Silver

ECHO
on Prelude in D minor from
Wohltemperiertes Klavier I, BWV 851

AIRBACH
on Air from Orchestral Suite nr.3
in D, BWV 1068

SERBIAN DANCE
on Badinerie from Orchestral Suite Nr.4 in
B minor, BWV 1067

POR LA BLANDA ARENA
on “Wir setzen uns mit Tränen nieder” from
Matthäus-Passion, BWV 244
and on “Alfonsina y el Mar” by Ariel Ramírez

PHILIPPE THURIOT accordion
Bach in Time can be considered Philippe Thuriot’s magnum opus. It is the culmination of a four-decade-long exploration of a wide variety of musical genres. His musical journey has meandered through classical music (baroque and contemporary) and jazz, as well as popular music. For an artist like Philippe, having to choose between these styles would be a true act of self-denial. The fusion of these different genres was thus a logical next step in his career. For this accordionist, all his musical paths come together in Bach in Time.

For Bach in Time, Thuriot drew inspiration from Bach’s organ works and his Preludes and Fugues for harpsichord. Even his small pieces from the Notebook for Anna Magdalena Bach sow the seeds for something new. A symbiosis develops between “Blackbird” and three-hundred-year-old music. Balkan music sprouts from the Orchestral Suite No. 4, and the famous “Air” gets a breath of fresh air, literally. Thuriot unravels Bach’s works to their core. They become X-rays, and he dresses them right up again in his own inimitable way.

Bach in Time is a surprising program and a tribute to the world’s greatest musical genius. It is largely a poetic trip, sometimes frivolous, and then again serious and sacred, as illustrated by the Argentinian song “Alfonsina y el Mar” that is masterfully interwoven with “Wir setzen uns mit Tränen nieder” from the St. Matthew Passion. Above all else, Bach in Time is an exciting musical adventure with a driving energy. A trance-inducing musical world that leaves no one untouched.
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General Representative of the Government of Flanders in Italy
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IL BEL VISO

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI [1567–1643]
A florilegium of madrigals ± 50 MIN

Volgendo il ciel per l’immortal sentiero [SV154] –
Libro VIII, 1638 – Text: Ottavio Rinuccini

Ohime il bel viso [SV112] – Libro VI, 1614
Text: Francesco Petrarca

INSTRUMENTAL INTERLUDIUM

Altri canti di Marte e di sua schiera [SV155] –
Libro VIII, 1638
Text: Giambattista Marino

Sfogava con le stele [SV78] - Libro IV, 1603
Text: Ottavio Rinuccini

Amor che deggio far [SV144] - Libro VII, 1619
Text: anonimus

INSTRUMENTAL INTERLUDIUM

Lamento della ninfa [SV163] – Libro VIII, 1638
Text: Ottavio Rinuccini

Hor che'l ciel e la terra e'l vento tace [SV147] –
Libro VIII, 1638 – Text: Francesco Petrarca
In the preface to his eighth book of madrigals, Claudio Monteverdi wrote, “The aim of all good music is to affect the soul.” For his time, such a statement was revolutionary. It sheds light on the dramatic shift in musical style occurring at the turn of the 17th century that would later be recognized as the end of the Renaissance and the beginning of the Baroque era. Monteverdi was a crucial figure in this transition, and his eight books of madrigals, composed between 1587 and 1638, bear witness to the many ways in which compositional technique was evolving during this watershed in music history.

A madrigal is a form without a form. In other words, it has no standard structure and instead takes its form from whatever (secular) text it’s based on. Monteverdi uses the madrigal as a sandbox for experimenting with the synthesis of different musical and linguistic elements. With each book of madrigals, he becomes ever more forward-thinking. These developments did not go unnoticed and became a matter of significant controversy. Incited by Monteverdi’s fourth book of madrigals, the theorist Artusi attacked Monteverdi’s music for its use of harmony and treatment of dissonance. For Monteverdi, however, “harmony was the servant of the words,” thus making it acceptable, even logical, to occasionally break the standard rules of polyphony if this would better support the text. Ultimately, this argument led Monteverdi to define his new style as the seconda prattica (second practice). Recognizing the importance of the text also led to changes in the compositional texture of seconda prattica works. The text needed to be intelligible, which meant thinner textures, unlike the thick, complex counterpoint of many 16th-century, prima prattica works.

COLLEGIUM VOCALE GENT
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BARBORA KABÁTKOVÁ  mezzo-soprano
JAMES HALL  alto
BENEDICT HYMAS, TORE TOM DENYS  tenor
JIMMY HOLLIDAY  bass
ANAIS CHEN, EVA SALADIN  violin
AGEET ZWEISTRA  cello
MAUDE GRATTON  cembalo
MICHELE PASOTTI  chitarone
PHILIPPE HERREWEGHE  conductor
Monteverdi’s evolution in compositional style culminates in his eighth book of madrigals, which he published in 1638. Subtitled Madrigali guerrieri, et amorosi (“Madrigals of war and love”), the book is divided into two symmetrical halves with one part for “war,” and the other for “love.” These works have an extraordinary emotional scope and are some of the most expressive of all of Monteverdi’s madrigals. Among the new techniques that Monteverdi introduces here is the stile concitato (agitated style). To evoke anger and agitation, Monteverdi employs rapidly repeating sixteenth notes. We find this, for example, in “Hor che ’l ciel e la terra e ’l vento tace.” This madrigal begins slowly, almost mournfully. Then, only with the text, “Guerra è il mio stato, d’ira e di duol piena” (War is my fate, full of rage and pain), does the work suddenly erupt in frenetic energy. Even though this passage is in major, this is not exuberant excitement, but rather a depiction of psychological madness. Such dramatization goes far beyond the careful word-painting found in earlier madrigals and begins to more closely resemble the theatrics of opera.
**INTRODUZIONE AL BALLO**

Voce sola (Poeta fermato così dice):

Volgendo il ciel per l’immortal sentiero,
Le ruote de la luce alma e serena,
Un secolo di pace il Sol rimena,
Sotto il Re novo del Romano Impero.
Sù, mi si rechi ormai del grand’Ibero
Profonda tazza, inghirlandata e piena,
Che correndomi al cor di vena in vena
Sgombra da l’alma ogni mortal pensiero.
Venga la nobil cetra.

(Ricevuto il chitarone, da la ninfa,
si volta verso l’altre e così gli parla:)
Il crin di fiori cingimi,
O Filli,
(qui li pone la ninfa la ghirlanda,
poi parla il poeta come segue:)
Io feriro le stelle
cantando del mio Re
gli eccelsi allori.

(qui nel chitarone da lui sonato cosi segue:)
E voi, che per beltà, donne
e donzelle, gite superbe
d’immortali honori:
Movete al mio bel suon le piante snelle,
Sparso di rose il crin leggiadro e biondo.
E, lasciato dell’Istro il ricco fondo,
Vengan l’humide ninfe al Ballo anch’elles.

(Entrata come di sopra, et le Ninfe
dell’Istro escono al tempo di essa
entrata come le prime, e giunte
al loro determinato loco,tutte
le Ninfe insieme danzano
il seguente ballo).

(Without moving, the poet speaks thus):

As Apollo drives his chariot of blessed,
peaceful light along its eternal,
heavenly course,
he brings with him an era of peace
under the new king of the Roman Empire.
Come, pour me a deep glass of Spanish wine,
full to the brim and wreathed in flowers,
wine that will run through my veins to
my heart,
banishing all mortal concerns from my soul.
Bring me my noble lyre.

(Having been handed his lyre by one maiden,
he turns to the others with these words)
Place the flowery crown upon my brow,
o Phyllis.

(she places the wreath upon his head,
then the poet speaks as follows)
My song praising the lofty virtues
of my king will strike the stars.
(now accompanying himself on the lyre
as he sings)
And you ladies and damsels
who walk in beauty and in dignity,
to your everlasting honour,
let your slender feet dance to my fine music,
your fair, golden hair entwined with roses.
(now, raising his voice,
he invites the naiads of the Danube to dance as well)
And let the naiads of the Danube too
leave its deep waters and join our dance.
(The naiads of the Danube appear as the entrata
is performed,
and once they and the other maidens are
all in place,
they perform the following ballet together)
II. BALLO

Movete al mio bel suon...
Fuggan in si bel di nembi e procelle.
D’aure odorate el mormorar giocondo
Fat’eco al mio cantor, rimbombi il mondo
L’opre di Ferdinando eccelse e belle.

(Qui in questo loco finita la presente prima
parte, si fa un canario
o passo e mezzo od altro balletto, a
beneplacito senza canto
poi si ritorna sopra la prima aria come
segue, cangiando mutanze.)

Ei l’armi cinse, e su destrier alato
Corse le piaggie, e su la terra dura
La testa riposo sul braccio armato.
Le torri eccelse e le superbe mura
Al vento sparse, e fe’ vermiglio il prato,
Lasciando ogni altra gloria al mondo
oscura.

Let your slender feet dance to my fine music,
your fair, golden hair entwined with roses.
And let the naiads of the Danube too
leave its deep waters and join our dance.
Let clouds and storms flee on this day,
let the happy murmur of the perfumed breeze
echo my song, and let the world resound with
the fine and noble feats of Ferdinand.

(At this point, the first part having ended,
will be performed a canario or passo e mezzo or
another dance, as preferred, without singing,
then there
will be a return to the first air as follows,
but changing the dance steps.
Here the dance master may perform one or two
short dances of his choice, without song.)

He took up his weapons and on his winged steed
travelled throughout the land,
and rested his head on his mail
clad arm upon the hard ground.
He scattered lofty towers and
imposing walls to the winds,
and turned the fields red with blood,
eclipsing all other earthly glories.
OIMÈ IL BEL VISO

Oimè il bel viso, oimè il soave sguardo, oimè il leggiadro portamento altero; oimè il parlar ch’ogni aspro ingegno et fero facevi humile, ed ogni huom vil gagliardo! et oimè il dolce riso, onde uscio ‘l dardo di che morte, altro bene omai non spero: alma real, dignissima d’impero, se non fossi fra noi scesa sí tardo!

Per voi conven ch’io arda, e ‘n voi respiro, ch’i’ pur fui vostro; et se di voi son privo, via men d’ogni sventura altra mi dole.

Di speranza m’empieste et di desire, quand’io parti’ dal sommo piacer vivo; ma ‘l vento ne portava le parole.

ALTRI CANTI DI MARTE, E DI SUA SCHIERA

Prima parte


Io canto, Amor, da questa tua guerriera Quant’hebbi a sostener mortali offese, Com’un guardo mi vinse, un crin mi prese: Historia miserabile, ma vera.

Seconda parte

Due belli occhi fur l’armi, onde trafitta Giacque, e di sangue invece amaro pianto Sparse lunga stagion l’anima afflitta.

Tu, per lo cui valor la palma, e’l vanto Hebbe di me la mia nemica invitta, Se desti morte al cor, dà vita al canto.

First part

Let others sing of Mars and of the daring attacks and honourable enterprises undertaken by his troops, of their bloody victories and clashes, of the triumphs of fierce and cruel death.

I sing, Cupid, of this warrior maid of yours, of the many mortal insults I have had to endure, of being conquered by a look, taken prisoner by her tresses: a wretched tale, but a true one.

Second part

Two beautiful eyes were the weapons whose blows have wounded and felled me, and my stricken heart has long shed bitter tears in place of blood.

You, by whose valour my undefeated enemy won both palms and pride from me, having given death to my heart, give life to my song.
SFOGAVA CON LE STELLE

Sfogava con le stelle
un inferno d’amore
sotto notturno cielo il suo dolore.
E dicea fisso in loro:
“O imagini belle de l’idol mio ch’adoro,
si com’a me mostrate
mentre così splendete
la sua rara beltate,
così mostraste a lei
i vivi ardori miei,
la fareste col vost’aureo sembiante
pietosa si come me fate amante.”

AMOR CHE DEGGIO FAR

Amor che deggio far
se non mi giova amar con pura fede?
Servir non vo’ così,
piangendo notte e dì per chi no’l crede!

E non si può veder
l’amoroso pensier da l’occhio umano?
Dunque un fido amator
dovrà nel suo dolor languir invano?

Intesi pur talor
che ne la fronte il cor si porta scritto;
or, come a me non val
scoprir l’interno mal nel volto afflitto?

Ingiustissimo Re,
perché la vera fé nota non fai?
Perché lasci perir
voci, sguardi e sospir, se’l vedi e’l sai?

Oh come saria pur
amor dolce e sicur se’l cor s’aprisse!
Non soffrirebbe già
donna senza pietà ch’altrui morisse.

E dunque sotto il ciel
non v’è d’alma fedel segno verace?
Ahi fato, ahi pena, ahi duol!
Or credami chi vuol, ch’io mi dò pace.
NON HAVEA FEBO ANCORA / LAMENTO DELLA NIMFA

Non havea Febo ancora recato al mondo il dì, ch’una donzella fuora del proprio albergo uscì.

Sul pallidetto volto scorgiasi il suo dolor, spesso gli venia sciolto un gran sospir dal cor.

Sí calpestando fiori errava hor qua, hor là, i suoi perduti amori cosí piangendo va:

Lamento della nimfa

“Amor”, dicea, il ciel mirando, il piè fermo, “dove, dov’è la fè ch’el traditor giurò?”

Miserella.

“Fa’ che ritorni il mio amor com’ei pur fu, o tu m’ancidi, ch’io non mi tormenti più.”

Miserella, ah più no, no, tanto gel soffrir non può.

“Non vo’ più ch’ei sospiri se non lontan da me, no, no che i martiri più non darammi affè.

Perché di lui mi struggo, tutt’orgoglioso sta, che sì, che sì se’l fuggo ancor mi pregherà?

Se ciglio ha più sereno colei, che’l mio non è, già non rinchiude in seno, Amor, sí bella fè.

Phoebus had not yet brought The day to the world, When a maiden so angry Came out of her house.

On her pale face Her pain could be read, And every so often A heavy sigh came from her heart.

Stepping on flowers, She wandered from here to there, Bewailing her lost love With these words.

Love (gazing at the sky, Standing still) Love Where is the troth that the traitor vowed? (Unhappy one) Make him return to my Love, as he once was, Or else kill me, so I Can no longer torment myself, (The poor girl, ah no more, no, can she suffer so much ice.) I no longer want him to breathe, unless far from me so that he can no longer say the things that torture me (Ah, the poor girl, ah no more, no, no) Because I destroy myself for him, so full of pride as he is; but if I flee from him, again he entraits me. (The poor girl, ah no more, no, can she suffer so much ice) A more serene eyebrow has she than mine, but love has not planted in his breast so fair a faith. (The poor girl, ah no more, no, can
Ne mai sí dolci baci
da quella bocca havrai,
ne più soavi, ah taci,
taci, che troppo il sai.”

Si tra sdegnosi
Si tra sdegnosi pianti
spargea le voci al ciel;
 così ne’ cori amanti
mesce amor fiamma, e gel.

HOR CHE’L CIEL E LA TERRA E’L VENTO TACE

Prima parte
Or che’l ciel e la terra e’l vento tace
e le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena,
notte il carro stellato in giro mena
e nel suo letto il mar senz’onda giace,
veggio, penso, ardo, piango; e chi mi sface
sempre m’è inanzi per mia dolce pena:
guerra è ‘l mio stato, d’ira et di duol piena,
et sol di lei pensando ò qualche pace.

Seconda parte
Così sol d’una chiara fonte viva
move ‘l dolce e l’amaro ond’io mi pasco;
una man sola mi risana e punge;
e perché ‘l mio martir non giunga a riva,
mille volte il di moro e mille nasco;
tanto da la salute mia son lunge.

First Part
Now that heaven and earth and
the wind are silent,
sleep has stilled the birds and beasts,
night is guiding the course of its starry chariot
and the sea is lying waveless in its bed,
I lie awake, I think, I burn, I weep;
and she who is destroying me is always
before me, causing me sweet pain:
I am caught up in a war of anger and grief,
and only the thought of her brings
me any peace.

Second Part
Thus from the same bright and sparkling
spring issue the sweetness and the
bitterness that both sustain me;
the same hand both heals and wounds me;
and that there be no end to my suffering,
I die and am reborn a thousand times a day,
so far am I from finding salvation.
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Please note already now the dates of the festival for next year: from Sunday, July 25 till Friday, July 30, 2021.

Vi preghiamo di notare già le date del festival del prossimo anno: dalla domenica 25 luglio a venerdì 30 luglio 2021.

