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**COLLEGIUM  
VOCALE  
CRETE SENESI**

**26 - 31 JULY 2020**

**DIREZIONE ARTISTICA  
PHILIPPE HERREWEGHE**

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## FOREWORD

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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 Ysaÿe: 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  
Artistic director

Daan Schalck  
President

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# OPENING NIGHT EVENT

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Chiesa San Francesco

17:30

18:30

SCHUBERT OCTET  
ANTWERP SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

20:00

PURCELL  
HATHOR CONSORT

21:00

22:00

SCHUBERT OCTET  
ANTWERP SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

23:30

PURCELL  
HATHOR CONSORT

 PARCOURS 1: GREEN BRACELET

 PARCOURS 2: PINK BRACELET

 ALL TICKET HOLDERS

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Basilica Sant'Agata

Piazza Garibaldi / Gaston

Piazza del Grano

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OPENING EVENT | FANFARA

BACH, GABRIELLI  
CHRISTOPHE COIN

BACH, GABRIELLI  
CHRISTOPHE COIN

DINER

LUTE RECITAL DOWLAND  
BOR ZULJAN

DOWLAND  
BOR ZULJAN

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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

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**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

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**MEMBERS OF THE ANTWERP  
SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA**

LISANNE SOETERBROEK violin

MARA MAHLER violin

SANDER GEERTS viola

MARC VOSSEN cello

IOAN BARANGA double bass

NELE DELAFONTEYNE clarinet

GRAZIANO MORETTO bassoon

ELIZ ERKALP horn



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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.

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**SUNDAY 26.07 – 18:30 & 20:00**

Basilica Sant'Agatha – Asciano

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**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

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**CHRISTOPH COIN** cello

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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.

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**SUNDAY 26.07 – 20:00 & 23:30**

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

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## 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

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## HATHOR ENSEMBLE

ROMINA LISCHKA treble viol & artistic direction

LIAM BYRNE tenor viol

NICHOLAS MILNE bass viol

IRENE KLEIN bass viol

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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.

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**SUNDAY 26.07 – 22:00 & 23:30**

Basilica Sant'Agatha – Asciano

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## 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

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**BOR ZULJAN** lute

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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 “fancies” 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.

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**MONDAY 27.07 – 20:00**

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

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## WIND QUINTETS

WOLFGANG AMADEUS MOZART

[1756–1791]

Quintet for Piano and winds

in E-flat major, K.452 [1784]

± 25 MIN

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]

± 25 MIN

I. Grave – Allegro ma non troppo

II. Andante cantabile

III. Rondo: Allegro ma non troppo

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## MAUDE GRATTON & MEMBERS OF THE ORCHESTRE DES CHAMPS ELYSÉES

NICOLA BOUD clarinet

EMMANUEL LAPORTE oboe

JULIEN DEBORDES bassoon

NICOLAS CHEDMAIL horn

MAUDE GRATTON pianoforte



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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.

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## TUESDAY 28.07

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

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### HUANG PLAYS YSAÏE [1] – 06:00

EUGÈNE YSAÏE [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

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SYLVIA HUANG violin

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## HUANG PLAYS YSAÏE [2] – 10:00

EUGÈNE YSAÏE

Sonata op.27 No.1 in G minor

à *Joseph Szigeti*

± 14 MIN

I. Grave

II. Fugato

III. Allegretto poco scherzoso

IV. Finale; Con brio

Sonata op.27 No.4 in E minor

à *Fritz Kreisler*

± 12 MIN

I. Allemande (Lento maestoso)

II. Sarabande (Quasi lento)

III. Finale (Presto ma non troppo)

## HUANG PLAYS YSAÏE [3] – 12:00

EUGÈNE YSAÏE

Sonata op.27 No.2 in A minor

à *Jaques Thibaud*

± 13 MIN

I. Obsession; Prelude

II. Malinconia

III. Danse des Ombres; Sarabande

IV. Les furies

Sonata op.27 No.6 in E

à *Manuel Quiroga*

± 7 MIN

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-

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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."

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**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

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## 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

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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'avida sete (Prima parte)  
Ma tu, cagion (Seconda parte)  
O tenebroso giorno  
Se tu fuggi, io non resto  
T'amo, mia vita

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## COLLEGIUM VOCALE GENT

DOROTHEE MIELDS soprano

BARBORA KABÁTKOVÁ mezzo-soprano

JAMES HALL alto

BENEDICT HYMAS tenor

TORRE 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 madrigalist 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.



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

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

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.

III

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.

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.

IV

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.

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.

V

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 sì dolce mi fa morto e vivo.

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.

VI

Qual fora, donna,  
 un dolce oimè d'Amore,  
 Se quell'oimè, che da voi tragge, ah! lasso!  
 Lieve dolor, così m'incende il core?  
 Misero, a ciascun passo  
 Vo desiando e so ch'indarno il bramo,  
 Che un dì col cor diciate:  
 '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 harbinger 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!

X

Languisce alfin chi da la vita parte  
 E di morte il dolore  
 L'affligge sì che in crude  
 pene 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.

He who parts from his life languishes at last,  
 And the pain of death  
 So afflicts him that he dies  
 amidst cruel sorrows.  
 Alas, that's me,  
 My sweetest heart,  
 Who now parts from you,  
 and this is my cruel fate:  
 I leave life and set out to meet death.

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 dirti, pria ch'io mora: 'lo moro!'

Have pity upon me! I cry weeping,  
 But who listens to me?  
 Alas, spent, I faint;  
 I shall thus die in silence.  
 Oh, have some pity on me,  
 My heart's sweet treasure,  
 That before dying I may say: 'I die!'

XII

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

O you, far too fortunate you are,  
 For you can gaze on my sun  
 And exchange glances and words with it:  
 Alas, if only I could collect your excess  
 To sate my heart's eyes.

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.

Vie, lovers, in speed,  
 To see with me that portent  
 Which graces the world and makes it beautiful.  
 Sweet and bitter view, wherein  
 A virtue is found of such strength  
 That life becomes now short, now immortal.

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.

Dry your beautiful eyes,  
 Alas, my heart, weep not  
 Even though I part from you.  
 Alas, I must weep alone and wretched,  
 For as I leave you, my pain kills me.

XV

Tu m'uccidi, o crudele,  
 D'amor empia omicida,  
 E vuoi ch'io taccia e 'l mio  
 morir non grida?  
 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.  
 Ah! nol coprite no, ché l'alma, avezza  
 A viver di dolcezza,  
 Spera, mirando, aita  
 Da quel bel sen che le  
 dà 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.

XVII – *Prima parte*

Poi che l' avida 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.

XVIII – *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.

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**WEDNESDAY 29.07 – 12:00**

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

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## 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)

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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 whirr 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,  
 yellow 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 veterans,  
My heart gives you love.

**HOLLYWOOD SONGBOOK**

*Hölderlin-Fragmente*

AN DIE HOFFNUNG

O Hoffnung! Holde gütiggeschäftige!  
Die du das Haus der Trauernden  
nicht verschmäht,  
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 schauernde Herz.

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.

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  
Frau daselbst  
Auf seidnen Boden,  
Zur Märzzeit, wenn gleich ist  
Tag und Nacht,  
Und über langsamen Stegen,  
Von goldenen Träumen schwer  
Einwiegende Lüfte ziehn.

Tekst: *Friedrich Hölderlin*

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 schrecklichern 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 gärenden Geschlecht 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  
 hellen 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  
 Gleeffuly 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*

## ERINNERUNG

O heilig Herz der Völker, o Vaterland!  
 Alldulndend, 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, ungestalte Rebe! daß du  
 Schwankend den Boden und wild  
 umirrest.

All my love was for you; let me then  
 follow my heart,  
 Call you mother, and address you in  
 uncontrived song –  
 You, among all of our cities  
 Most sweetly of those I saw.  
 Like a bird from the woods soaring  
 about the hills  
 Swings over the elegant bridge vault o'er  
 the glistening stream  
 So strongly resounding  
 With the rumble of carts and men.  
 I was just wandering by, gripped by  
 the magical view,  
 And deep into the mountains  
 All was bathed in that delicate light.  
 You gave the fugitive pause from the heat  
 in your shade  
 And all your shores were watching  
 him as he passed  
 While from the swirling waters echoed  
 the beautiful scene.  
 Shrubs were spilling their blooms  
 down to the torrent below  
 Where against the hillside or by the river's  
 edge,  
 Still your welcoming lanes with their  
 scent-laden gardens doze.

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.

But some beautiful 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.

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

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.

Tekst: *Friedrich Hölderlin*

#### VOM SPRENGEN DES GARTENS

O Sprengen des Gartens, das Grün  
zu 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.

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.

Tekst: *Bertold Brecht*

#### ZU POTSDAM UNTER DEN EICHEN

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

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.

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

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!"

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

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

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

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!"

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!  
 Das simple Leben lebe, wer da mag  
 Ich habe - unter uns - genug davon  
 Kein Vögelchen, von hier bis Babylon  
 Verträge diese Kost nur einen Tag  
 Was hilft da Freiheit, es ist nicht bequem -  
 Nur wer im Wohlstand lebt,  
 lebt angenehm!

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

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.

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

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.

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."

I've heard them praising single-  
 minded spirits  
 Whose empty stomachs show they  
 live for knowledge  
 In rat infested shacks awash with ullaage.  
 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 Hallifax  
 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 Spießler 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  
 Glücksproblem  
 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)

Bills Ballhaus in Bilbao  
Bilbao, Bilbao  
War das schönste auf dem  
ganzen Kontinent  
Dort gab's für einen Dollar Krach  
und Wonne  
Krach und Wonne, Krach und Wonne  
Und was die Welt ihr Eigen nennt!  
Aber wenn Sie da hereingekommen wären  
Ich weiß ja nicht, ob Ihnen so  
was grad gefällt  
Ach, Brandyaschen waren, wo man saß  
Auf dem Tanzboden wuchs das Gras  
Und der grüne Mond schien  
durch das Dach!  
'Ne Musik gab's da - da wurde was  
geboden für sein Geld!  
Geh, Joe, mach die Musik von  
damals nach!

Alter Bilbaomond  
Da wo noch die Liebe lohnt!  
Alter Bilbaomond  
Er war Brasil gewohnt!  
Alter Bilbaomond  
Das hab' ich oft betont!  
Alter Bilbaomond  
Mich hat er nie geschont!  
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!

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

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.

Bill's beer hall in Bilbao,  
Bilbao, Bilbao  
Came a day the end of May in 1908  
Four guys from Bristol came  
with sacks of coal dust  
Sacks of coal dust, sacks of coal dust  
And the time they showed us all was  
really great  
But if you had been around to see the fun  
Well I don't know you might not like  
what you'd've seen

Ach, Brandyaschen waren,  
 wo man saß  
 Auf dem Tanzboden wuchs das Gras  
 Und der grüne Mond schien  
 durch das Dach  
 Und vier Herren konnten Sie mit  
 ihren Browning schießen hör'n  
 Sind Sie ein Held? Na, dann machen  
 Sie's mal nach!

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!

Bills Ballhaus in Bilbao  
 Bilbao, Bilbao  
 Heute ist es renoviert ,so auf dezent  
 Mit Palme und mit Eiscrème,  
 ganz gewöhnlich  
 Ganz gewöhnlich, ganz 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!

The brandy bottles smashing  
 through the air  
 And the chairs flying everywhere  
 Through the roof the moon's  
 still shining green  
 And those fog eyes all going crazy  
 with their pistols blazing high  
 "Think you can stop 'em ?  
 Go ahead and try!

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

Bill's beer hall in Bilbao,  
 Bilbao, Bilbao,  
 Now they've cleaned it up and made it  
 middle class  
 With potted palms and asprees  
 Very bourgeois, very bourgeois  
 Just another place to put your ass  
 But if you could come around to see the fun  
 Well, I don't know, you might not find it  
 such a strain  
 Ha, they've cleaned up all the booze and  
 broken glass  
 On parquet floors you can't grow grass  
 They've shut the green moon out  
 because of rain  
 And the music makes you cringe now  
 when you think of what you paid  
 Hey Joe, play that ol' song they always played

That ol' Bilbao  
 Down where we used to go  
 That ol' Bilbao  
 Casting its golden glow  
 That ol' Bilbao moon  
 Love never laid me low  
 That ol' Bilbao  
 Why does it haunt me so ?  
 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  
 So long ago

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.

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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.

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

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

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.

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

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

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

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.

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

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.

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**WEDNESDAY 29.07 – 20:00**

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

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

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## 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

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**NELSON GOERNER** piano

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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.

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**THURSDAY 30.07 – 12:00**

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

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## 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 pèlerinage), S.163 ± 9 MIN

Valse oubliée, S.215/2 ± 6 MIN

Rhapsody espagnole, S.254 ± 15 MIN

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NELSON GOERNER piano



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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. *Funérailles* 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.

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**THURSDAY 30.07 – 20:00**

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

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**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

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

CORALINE GROEN violin

LEONIE BOT violin

FREDERIK BOITS viola

MARTINA FORNI viola

CLEMENT PEIGNÉ cello

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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.

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**FRIDAY 31.07 – 12:00**

Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

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**BACH IN TIME**

± 45 MIN

**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

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## 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

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**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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# COLLEGIUM VOCALE GENT

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Collegium Vocale Gent

Philippe Herreweghe

LPH033 -6 CD

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**FRIDAY 31.07 – 20:00**

## Chiesa San Francesco – Asciano

Concert under the patronage of Mr. De Proost,  
General Representative of the Government of Flanders in Italy  
With the support of Mr and Mrs Joosse, MWH Foundation

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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 Rinuccin*

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*



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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.

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## COLLEGIUM VOCALE GENT

DOROTHEE MIELDS soprano

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.

**VOLGENDO IL CIEL  
PER L'IMMORTAL SENTIERO**

I. 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:)*

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 così 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'elle.

*(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 sì bel di nemi 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 uscío '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 respire,  
ch'i' pur fui vostro; et se di voi son privo,  
via men d'ogni sventura altra mi dole.

Di speranza m'empie 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*

Altri canti di Marte, e di sua schiera  
Gli arditi assalti, e l'honorate imprese,  
Le sanguigne vittorie, e le contese,  
I trionfi di morte horrida, e fera.

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 traffitta  
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.

Alas, the fair countenance, alas the gentle glance!  
Alas, the proud and grateful bearing!  
Alas, the speech, for you made humble  
Every harsh nature and lent spirit to the cowardly!  
And alas, the sweet laughter whence  
came the dart  
From which I crave no other boon than death!  
Queenly soul, most worthy of empire,  
If only you had not come down to us so tardily.

For all you, her attributes, I must burn  
and in you breathe,  
Since I too was yours; and if deprived of you  
I suffer as from no other ill.

You filled me with hope and with desire  
When I departed from the greatest  
joy of my life;  
But the wind carried our words away.

*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

Sfoga con le stelle  
 un infermo d'amore  
 sotto notturno cielo il suo dolore.  
 E dicea fisso in loro:  
 "O imagini belle de l'idol mio ch'adoro,  
 sì com'a me mostrate  
 mentre così splendete  
 la sua rara beltate,  
 così mostraste a lei  
 i vivi ardori miei,  
 la fareste col vostr'auero semblante  
 pietosa sì come me fate amante."

A lovesick man was  
 venting to the stars  
 his grief, under the night sky.  
 And staring at them he said:  
 "O beautiful images  
 of my idol whom I adore,  
 just as you are showing me  
 her rare beauty  
 while you sparkle so well,  
 so also demonstrate to her  
 my living ardour:  
 by your golden appearance you'd make her  
 compassionate, just as you make me loving."

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!

Love, what must I do  
 If it's no use for me to love with pure faith?  
 I don't want to serve like this  
 Complaining night and day about one  
 who doesn't believe in it.

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

And if she can't see  
 The amorous thoughts in human eyes,  
 Therefore a faithful lover  
 Must in his sorrow languish in vain.

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?

Agreed then that sometimes  
 The heart can be written on a sleeve,  
 Yet why doesn't it help me  
 The discovery of internal evil on an afflicted face?

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

Most unjust King,  
 Why does true faith not make itself known?  
 Why do you allow tongues  
 And looks and sighs to die if you see it  
 and know it?

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

O how sweet and sure  
 Love would be if the heart were to open!  
 A pitiless lady  
 Would certainly not suffer from someone  
 else's death.

E dunque sotto il ciel  
 non v'è d'alma fedel segno verace?  
 Ah fato, ah pena, ah duol!  
 Or credami chi vuol, ch'io mi dò pace.

And so under the heavens  
 Is there no true sign of a faithful soul?  
 Ah fate, ah pain, ah sorrow,  
 Now believe me who will, for I grant  
 myself peace.

NON HAVEA FEBO ANCORA /  
LAMENTO DELLA NIMFA

Non havea Febo ancora  
recato al mondo il dí,  
ch'una donzella fuora  
del proprio albergo uscí.

Sul pallidetto volto  
scorgeasi il suo dolor,  
spesso gli veniva 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 entrains 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 piú soavi, ah taci,  
taci, che troppo il sai.”

*Si tra sdegnosi*

Sí tra sdegnosi pianti  
spargea le voci al ciel;  
cosí 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 dí moro e mille nasco;  
tanto da la salute mia son lunge.

she suffer so much ice)  
Not ever such sweet kisses  
will he have from that mouth,  
not softer, ah quiet,  
quiet, he knows it only too well.  
(The poor girl)

Thus with indignant complaints,  
the voice rose up to the sky; thus,  
in loving hearts, love mingles  
flame and ice.

*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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Jan Van den Borre *coordinazione artistica*  
Jens Van Durme *coordinazione artistica*  
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### IN COLLABORAZIONE CON LE AMMINISTRAZIONI COMUNALI DI ASCIANO

#### I NOSTRI MIGLIORI RINGRAZIAMENTI

Al comune di Asciano  
Al Signor Fabrizio Nucci, Sindaco  
Alla Signora Lucia Angelini, Vice Sindaco  
A Don Luca Bonari – Parrocchia di Asciano  
Alla Pro Loco di Asciano  
Al Signor Luca Barbagli, presidente  
Al Signor Simone Crosti  
E alla sua squadra

#### RINGRAZIAMO

Coeur Catering  
Ristorante AmorDivino  
La Mencia  
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La Pace  
La Moscadella

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August Bourgeus – Marrone Bulté  
Arend Cocquyt – Wim De Bruyne  
Bente De Graeve – Robin Goossens  
Alexander Maertens – Iskander Moens  
Liesbeth Standaert – Seb Tips  
Laia Van den Borre – Maia Van den  
Borre – Noah Van den Borre  
Roberto Neri Rigoberto & team / squadra

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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

Noteer nu alvast de Festivaldata voor  
volgend jaar: van zondag 25 juli tot en  
met vrijdag 30 juli 2021

Notez déjà les dates du festival pour  
l'année prochaine: du dimanche 25 juillet  
au vendredi 30 juillet 2021



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