

In search for her handsome Spanish pirate,
while an amorous nightingale
clamoured it's distress at the top of it's voice.

Hugo Wolf

*From Italienisches Liederbuch (Italian
Songbook)*

'Auch Kleine Dinge'

Even little things can delight us,
Even little things can be precious.
Think how we gladly adorn ourselves with
pearls;
They are heavily paid for, and yet are small.
Think how small is the olive's fruit,
And is nevertheless sought for its virtue.
Think only on the rose, how small she is,
And yet, smells so sweet, as you know.

'Wer reif dich denn?'

Who called you, then? Who sent for you?
Who bade you to come if it is such a burden
for you?
Go to the sweetheart who pleases you more,
Go there, where your thoughts are.
Go where your brooding is, and your mind!
I will gladly excuse you from coming to me.
Go to the sweetheart who pleases you more!
Who called you, then? Who sent for you?

'Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zufangen'

You think that, with a tiny string, you can catch
me,
With one glance, you can make me fall in
love?
I've caught others already who soared higher;
You mustn't trust me when you see me laugh.
I've caught others already, believe you me.
I am in love - but just not with you!

'Ich hab in Penna'

I have a lover living in Penna,

Another one in the Maremma plain,
One in the lovely harbor of Ancona,
And for the fourth I must go to Viterbo;
Another one lives in Casentino,
The next lives in the same place as I,
And yet another one have I in Magione,
Four in La Fratta, ten in Castiglione!

Stour Valley Arts & Music

Fifty-sixth
season
2006-7

8.00 pm
Friday
2. March
2007

Constable Hall
East Bergholt

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The Countess of
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SVAM is a member of Making Music
and a Registered Charity (No 276640)

Elisabeth Watts *Soprano* Paul Plummer *Piano*

Programme

*The programme below is Elisabeth Watts' repertoire
for the various stages of the Cardiff Singer of the
World 2007 competition, and SVAM was delighted to
be given the chance to present this to our audience.*

Prelim main prize

Jules Massenet (1842-1912)
'Je suis encor' from *Manon*

W. A. Mozart (1756-1912)
'Deh vieni' from *The Marriage of Figaro*

G. F. Handel (1685-1759)
'Credete al mio dolore' from *Alcina*

Karol Szymanowski (1882-1937)
'Taniec' from *Songs for a Fairytale Princess*

Prelim song prize:

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen
Im Abendrot

Sergei Rachmaninov (1873-1943)
Zdes khorosho
Oni otvechali

Samuel Barber (1910-1981)
Sure on this shining night

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)
C

Fetes galantes

INTERVAL

Programme *Second Half*

Final Song prize

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

Ständchen

Breit' über mein Haupt

Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

L'ombre des arbres

Fantoches

Elizabeth Maconchy (1907-1994)

Sun, moon and stars

The Hill

Hugo Wolf (1860-1903)

Four songs from the *Italian Songbook*:

‘Auch kleine Dinge’

‘Wer rief dich denn?’

‘Du denkst mit einem Fädchen mich zufangen’

‘Ich hab’ in Penna’

Final Main prize

G. F. Handel (1685-1759)

‘Amor è qual vento’ from *Orlando*

Giacomo Puccini (1858-1924)

‘O mio babbino caro’ from *Gianni*

Schicchi

Hector Berlioz (1803-69)

‘Je vais le voir’ from *Béatrice et Bénédict*

Translations of songs in foreign languages have been provided wherever possible.

Elizabeth will introduce the arias

Translations of songs:

Franz Schubert:

Liebe schwärmt auf allen Wegen

Passion throngs all lanes and byways,

Constancy hides in redoubt;

Passion tracks your footsteps always,

Constancy must be sought out.

Im Abendrot – In Twilight

We've gone through joy and crisis

Together, hand in hand,

And now we rest from wandering

Above the silent land.

The valleys slope around us,

The air is growing dark,

And dreamily, into the haze,

There still ascends two larks.

Come here, and let them Flutter,

The time for sleep is soon.

We would not want to lose our way

In this great solitude.

O vast and silent peace!

So deep in twilight ruddiness,

We are so wander-weary -

Could this perchance be death?

Sergei Rachmaninov

Zdes khorosho – How Peaceful

How peaceful it is here

Look! far away

the river blazes like fire

The meadows are carpets of colour

The clouds are radiant white

There's no one here

Silence reigns

I am alone with the Lord,

the flowers, the old pine tree

And you, my dream of delight

Oni otvechali – They Answered

They asked: "How can we glide in flying barks,

Like white seagulls over the waves,

So that the guards won't reach us?"

"Keep on rowing!" they answered.

They asked: "How can one forget forever,

That this merciless world is full of poverty, troubles,

Full of menaces and sorrows?"

"Fall asleep!" they answered.

They asked: "How can we attract beautiful women

without love-potions, so that they fall into our arms

Having heard our words of passion?"

"Be in love!" they answered.

Francis Poulenc

C

Fêtes Galantes

Richard Strauss

Ständchen – Serenade

Open up, open, but softly my dear,

So as to wake no one from sleep.

The brook hardly murmurs, the wind hardly shakes

A leaf on bush or hedge.

So, softly, my maiden, so that nothing stirs,

Just lay your hand softly on the door! atch.

With steps as soft as the footsteps of elves,

Soft enough to hop over the flowers,

Fly lightly out into the moonlit night,

To steal to me in the garden.

The flowers are sleeping along the rippling brook,

Fragrant in sleep, only love is awake.

Sit, here it darkens mysteriously

Beneath the lindens,

The nightingale over our heads

Shall dream of our kisses,

And the rose, when it wakes in the morning,

Shall glow from the wondrous passions of the night.

Breit über mein Haupt dein schwarzes Haar

Spread over my head your black hair,

and incline to me your face, so that into my

soul, so brightly and clearly,

will stream your eye's light.

I do not want the splendour of the sun above,

nor the glittering crown of stars;

I want only the night of your locks

and the radiance of your gaze.

Claude Debussy

L'ombres des arbres

The shadow of the trees in the misty river fades and dies like smoke;

while above, among the real branches,

the doves are lamenting.

Oh traveller, how well this pale landscape mirrored you pallid self!

And how sadly, in the high foliage, your

hopes were weeping,

your hopes that are drowned

Fantoches – Puppets

Scaramouche and Pulchinella

met for a mischievous prank,

They made rude gestures under the moon.

Meanwhile, the excellent Dr Bolonais

slowly gathered some simples

among the brown grass.

Then his daughter, a pretty minx

Under the bushes, slyly

Slid half-naked,