



Saturday 29 May 2010

7.30pm

St. Cecilia's Hall

Emma Kirkby · soprano

Marcia Hadjimarkos · fortepiano

**Programme of works by MOZART, DUSSEK,
MARIE-ANTOINETTE, HAYDN, and SCHUBERT**



The Sybert Summer Concert Series

Amour, fuis loin de moi

Marie-Antoinette (1755-1793)
(Anonymous)

Amour fuis loin de moi, tu causes seul ma
peine,
Je déteste ta loy, je veux briser ta chaîne.
Contente-toi de vœux que l'on offre à
Cythère,
Et laisse vivre heureux le reste de la terre.

Tu m'as lancé tes traits, j'ai brûlé pour
Julie,
J'adorais tes bienfaits, je lui donnai ma
vie.
L'air de sincérité de ses yeux la tendresse
De ma crédulité surprirent la faiblesse.

Silvandre est son vainqueur, elle a pris
d'autres charmes.
Elle fait ma douleur, elle rit de mes
peines,
Hélas, mon faible cœur, regrettant
l'infidelle,
Trouve encore son bonheur à soupirer
pour elle.

Love, go from me

Love, go from me, you alone cause
my suffering,
I detest your laws, I want to break
your chains.
Content yourself with the promises
made to Cythera
And let the rest of the world live happily.

You shot your arrows my way and I
fell in love with Julie,
I adored what you did to me, and I
gave her my life.
Her sincere air and the tenderness
of her eyes
Surprised my weak credulity.

Silvandre has won her, she has
chosen another's charms,
She makes me sad, she laughs at
my pain.
Alas, my weak heart misses the
unfaithful girl
And still finds happiness in sighing
for her.

Fidelity

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)
(Anne Hunter)

While hollow burst the rushing winds,
And heavy beats the show'r,
This anxious, aching bosom finds
No comfort in its pow'r.
No, no.

For ah, my love, it little knows
What thy hard fate may be,
What bitter storm of fortune blows,
What tempests trouble thee.

A wayward fate hath spun the thread
On which our days depend,
And darkling in the checker'd shade,
She draws it to an end.

But whatsoe'er may be our doom,
The lot is cast for me,
For in the world or in the tomb,
My heart is fix'd on thee.

The Wanderer

(Anne Hunter)

To wander alone when the moon, faintly beaming
With glimmering lustre, darts thro' the dark shade,
Where owls seek for covert, and nightbirds complaining
Add sound to the horror that darkens the glade.

'Tis not for the happy; come, daughter of sorrow,
'Tis here thy sad thoughts are embalm'd in thy tears,
Where, I lost in the past, disregarding tomorrow,
There's nothing for hopes and nothing for fears.

Arianna a Naxos

(Anonymous)

Teseo mio ben, dove sei? Dove sei tu?
Vicino d'averti mi pareva,
ma un lusinghiero sogno fallace m'ingannò.
Già sorge in ciel la rosea Aurora,
e l'erbe e i fior colora Febo
uscendo dal mar col crine aurato.
Sposo, sposo adorato, dove guidasti il piè
Forse le fere ad inseguir
ti chiama il tuo nobile ardor.
Ah vieni, ah vieni, o caro,
ed offrirò più grata preda ai tuoi lacci.
Il cor d'Arianna amante, che t'adora
costante,
stringi, stringi con nodo più tenace,
e più bella la face splenda del nostro
amor.
Soffrir non posso d'esser da te divisa un sol
istante.
Ah di vederti, o caro, già mi strugge il
desio;
ti sospira il mio cor, vieni, vieni idol mio.

Dove sei, mio bel tesoro, chi t'invola a
questo cor?
Se non vieni, io già mi moro,
né resisto al mio dolor.
Se pietade avete, oh Dei, secondate i
voti miei,
a me torni il caro ben.
Dove sei? Teseo!

Ma, a chi parlo? Gli accenti Eco ripete sol.
Teseo non m'ode, Teseo non mi risponde,
e portano le voci e l'aure e l'onde.
Poco da me lontano esser egli dovria.
Salgasi quello che più d'ogni altro
s'alza alpestre scoglio; ivi lo scoprirò.
Che miro? Oh stelle, misera me,
quest'è l'argivo legno!
Greci son quelli!
Teseo! Ei sulla prora!
Ah m'ingannassi almen ...
no, no, non m'inganno.
Ei fugge, ei qui mi lascia in abbandono.
Più speranza non v'è, tradita io sono.

Teseo, Teseo, m'ascolta, Teseo!
Ma oimè! vaneggio!
I flutti e il vento lo involano per
sempre agli occhi miei.
Ah siete ingiusti, o Dei,
se l'empio non punite! Ingrato!
Perchè ti trassi dalla morte
dunque tu dovevi tradirmi!
E le promesse, e i giuramenti tuoi?
Spergiuro, infido! hai cor di lasciarmi.
A chi mi volgo, da chi pietà sperar?
Già più non reggo,
il piè vacilla, e in così amaro istante
sento mancarmi in sen
l'alma tremante.

A che morir vorrei in sì fatal momento,
ma al mio crudel tormento
mi serba ingiusto il ciel.
Misera abbandonata non ho chi mi
consola.
Chi tanto amai s'invola barbaro ed
infedel.

Ariadne at Naxos

Theseus, my love! Where are you?
I thought you were beside me,
But it was only a sweet, false dream.
The rosy dawn rises in the sky
Pheobus tinges grass and flowers
As he rises, golden, from the sea.
Dear husband! Where are you?
Perhaps the chase has called,
Tempting your brave spirit!
Oh, come, my love
And find a sweeter prey for your snares.
Ariadne's loving heart, constant and
adoring,
Binds with ever tighter bonds
And our radiant flame burns brightly with
our love.
I cannot be separated from you for a single
moment
Ah! I am seized, my love, with the desire to
see you
My heart sighs for you. Come, my beloved
idol!

Where are you my sweet treasure? Who tore
you from my breast?
If you do not come, I shall die,
I cannot bear such grief.
If you are merciful, oh gods, hear my prayer,
And send my beloved back to me.
Where are you? Theseus!

But, to whom do I speak? Echo alone
repeats my words.
Theseus neither hears nor responds
Winds and waves silence my voice.
He cannot be far away from me.
If I climb that cliff that rises above the rest,
I shall see him from there.
What is this? Alas! Woe is me!
That is the Argive ship!
Those men are Greeks!
Theseus! He is at the prow!
Oh, I may be mistaken...
No! There is no mistake.
He flees, and leaves me behind, abandoned.
All hope is gone, I am betrayed.

Theseus! Hear me!
But alas, I shall go mad!
He is swallowed by wave and wind
Forever before my very eyes.
Oh! Gods, you are unjust
If you do not punish the traitor! Ungrateful
man!
Why ever did I bother to save your life?
For you to betray me?
And your promises? Your vows?
Faithless one! Deceiver! Have you the heart
to leave me?
To whom shall I turn?
From whom seek compassion?
I cannot stand, my knees tremble
And the bitterness of this wretched moment
Makes my heart quiver in my breast.

Oh! Would that death might come in this
dreadful hour
But heaven cruelly decrees
My continued suffering.
Poor abandoned one, with no one to console
her,
My beloved has fled, cruel and disloyal.

The Lady's Looking Glass

[Anonymous]

Trust not too much to that enchanting
face
Beauty's a charm, but soon that charm
will pass.

INTERVAL

Sonata in E flat Major, Hob. XVI 49

Joseph Haydn

- (i) Allegro
- (ii) Adagio e cantabile
- (iii) Finale (Tempo di Minuet)

Gretchen auf Spinnrad, D 118

Franz Schubert (1797-1828)
(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Meine Ruh' ist hin,
Mein Herz ist schwer,
Ich finde sie nimmer
Und nimmermehr.

Wo ich ihn nicht hab
Ist mir das Grab,
Die ganze Welt
Ist mir vergällt.

Mein armer Kopf
Ist mir verrückt,
Mein armer Sinn
Ist mir zerstückt.

Meine Ruh' ist hin, etc.

Nach ihm nur schau ich
Zum Fenster hinaus,
Nach ihm nur geh ich
Aus dem Haus.

Sein hoher Gang,
Sein' edle Gestalt,
Seine Mundes Lächeln,
Seiner Augen Gewalt,

Und seiner Rede
Zauberfluß,
Sein Händedruck,
Und ach, sein Kuß!

Meine Ruh' ist hin, (etc.)

Mein Busen drängt sich
Nach ihm hin.
Ach, dürft ich fassen
Und halten ihn,

Und küssen ihn,
So wie ich wollt,
An seinen Küssen
Vergehen sollt!

Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel

My peace of mind is gone, my heart is
heavy.
I'll never get it back, never get it back !

Any place without him is the grave to
me,
The whole world is soured to me.

My poor head is crazed
My poor mind is shattered.

My peace of mind is gone, my heart is
heavy, etc.

If I look out the window, it's only for him,
If I go outside, it's only in hopes of seeing
him.

His fine gait, his noble figure
The smile on his lips, the power in his
eyes

And the magical flow of his speech
And the magical flow of his words,
The pressure of his hands, and oh, his
kiss !

My peace of mind is gone, my heart is
heavy, etc.

My heart yearns for him,
Oh, if I could embrace him and hold him

And kiss him as I would like to,
If I could die kissing him !

My peace of mind is gone, my heart is
heavy, etc.

Der Blinde Knabe, D 833
(J. N Craigher)

O sagt, ihr Lieben, mir einmal,
Welch Ding ist's, Licht genannt?
Was sind des Sehens Freuden all',
Die niemals ich gekannt?

Die Sonne, die so hell ihr seht,
Mir Armen scheint sie nie;
Ihr sagt, sie auf- und niedergeht,
Ich weiß nicht, wann noch wie.

Ich mach' mir selbst so Tag und Nacht,
Dieweil ich schlaf' und spiel',
Mein inn'res Leben schön mir lacht,
Ich hab' der Freuden viel.

Zwar kenn' ich nicht, was euch erfreut,
Doch drückt mich keine Schuld,
Drum freu' ich mich in meinem Leid
Und trag' es mit Geduld.

Ich bin so glücklich, bin so reich
Mit dem, was Gott mir gab,
Bin wie ein König froh, obgleich
Ein armer, blinder Knab'.

The blind boy

O say! what is that thing call'd light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel its warmth, but how can he be,
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make,
When e'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

Sehnsucht, D 123
(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!
Allein und abgetrennt
Von aller Freude,
Seh' ich ans Firmament
Nach jener Seite.

Ach! der mich liebt und kennt,
Ist in der Weite.
Es schwindelt mir, es brennt
Mein Eingeweide.
Nur wer die Sehnsucht kennt
Weiss, was ich leide!

Only one who knows longing

Only a person accustomed to longing
knows what I suffer!
Alone and cut off from all joy,
I look up into the firmament in that
direction yonder.

Ah, the man who loves and knows me is
far away.
I'm reeling, I'm on fire inside.
Only a person accustomed to longing
knows what I suffer!

Ungarische Melodie, D 817

Hungarian Melody

Meeres Stille, D 216

(Johann Wolfgang von Goethe)

Tiefe Stille herrscht im Wasser,
Ohne Regung ruht das Meer,
Und bekümmert sieht der Schiffer
Glatte Fläche rings umher.

Keine Luft von Keiner Seite!
Todesstille fürchterlich!
In der ungeheuren Weite
Reget keine Welle sich.

An Emma, D 113c

(Friedrich von Schiller)

Weit in nebelgrauer Ferne
Liegt mir das vergangne Glück,
Nur an einem schönen Sterne
Weilt mit Liebe noch der Blick.
Aber, wie des Sternes Pracht,
Ist es nur ein Schein der Nacht.

Deckte dir der lange Schlummer,
Dir der Tod die Augen zu,
Dich besäße doch mein Kummer,
Meinem Herzen lebtest du.
Aber ach! du lebst im Licht,
Meiner Liebe lebst du nicht.

Kann der Liebe süß Verlangen,
Emma, kann's vergänglich sein?
Was dahin ist und vergangen,
Emma, kann's die Liebe sein?
Ihrer Flamme Himmelsglut,
Stirbt sie wie ein irdisch Gut?

Deep stillness reigns upon the waters

Deep stillness reigns upon the waters;
motionless, the sea rests,
and the sailor gazes about with alarm
at the smooth surface all around him.

No breeze from any side!
It is fearfully, deathly still!
In the enormous expanse no wave stirs.

To Emma

Far in the misty grey distance
lies my former happiness;
only on one fair star
does my glance linger with love.
But, like the splendor of a star,
it is only the glimmer of the night.

Even when a long sleep covered you
and death closed your eyes,
my woe still kept you alive,
and you lived in my heart.
But alas! you live in light,
and you live no longer for my love.

The sweet yearning of love,
Emma, can it be ephemeral?
What is gone and past,
Emma, can it really be Love?
The heavenly, glowing flame,
does it die like an earthly good?

Der Einsame, D 800

(Carl Lappe)

Wann meine Grillen schwirren,
Bei Nacht, am spät erwärmten Herd,
Dann sitz ich mit vergnügtem Sinn
Vertraulich zu der Flamme hin,
So leicht, so unbeschwert.

Ein trautes, stilles Stündchen
Bleibt man noch gern am Feuer wach,
Man schürt, wann sich die Lohe senkt,
Die Funken auf und sinnt und denkt:
Nun abermal ein Tag!

Was Liebes oder Leides
Sein Lauf für uns dahergebracht,
Es geht noch einmal durch den Sinn;
Allein das Böse wirft man hin,
Es störe nicht die Nacht.

Zu einem frohen Traume
Bereitet man gemacht sich zu,
Wann sorgenlos ein holdes Bild
Mit sanfter Lust die Seele füllt,
Ergibt man sich der Ruh.

O wie ich mir gefalle
In meiner stillen Ländlichkeit!
Was in dem Schwarm der lauten Welt
Das irre Herz gefesselt hält,
Gibt nicht Zufriedenheit.

Zirpt immer, liebe Heimchen
In meiner Klausen eng und klein.
Ich dulde euch gern: ihr stört mich nicht
Wann euer Lied das Schweigen bricht
Bin ich nicht ganz allein.

The hermit

When my crickets sing at night by my late-
burning hearth,
then I sit with pleasure, cosily by the fire,
so light-hearted and untroubled.

For one dear, quiet little hour
one enjoys remaining alert by the fire:
one stokes it when it sinks to embers,
making sparks fly; and one feels and
thinks:
another day has past!

What love or sorrow
has brought us in the course of the day -
this passes through our mind;
one discards the bad alone,
so that it will not disturb the night.

For pleasant dreams
one prepares oneself,
and when, carefree, a sweet image
fills one's soul with gentle pleasure,
one submits to sleep.

Oh, how I love
my quiet rusticity!
In the tumult of the loud world
the restless heart would be held captive
and never find contentment.

Chirp on and on, dear cricket,
in my narrow and small hermitage.
I tolerate you gladly: you do not disturb me
when your song breaks the silence,
for then I am no longer so entirely alone.

Originally, **Emma Kirkby** had no expectations of becoming a professional singer. As a classics student at Oxford and then a schoolteacher she sang for pleasure in choirs and small groups, always feeling most at home in Renaissance and Baroque repertoire. She joined the Taverner Choir in 1971 and in 1973 began her long association with the Consort of Musicke. Emma took part in the early Decca Florilegium recordings with both the Consort of Musicke and the Academy of Ancient Music, at a time when most college-trained sopranos were not seeking a sound appropriate for early instruments. She therefore had to find her own approach, with enormous help from Jessica Cash in London, and from the directors, fellow singers and instrumentalists with whom she has worked over the years. Emma feels privileged to have been able to build long term relationships with chamber groups and orchestras, in particular London Baroque, the Freiburger Barockorchester, L'Orfeo (of Linz) and the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, and now with some of the younger groups – the Palladian Ensemble and Florilegium.

To date, she has made well over a hundred recordings of all kinds, from sequences of Hildegard of Bingen to madrigals of the Italian and English Renaissance, cantatas and oratorios of the Baroque, works of Mozart, Haydn and J. C. Bach. Recent recordings include: *Handel – Opera Arias and Overtures 2* for Hyperion, Bach wedding cantatas for Decca, Bach Cantatas 82a and 199 for Carus; and four projects for BIS: with London Baroque, one of Handel motets and one of Christmas music by Scarlatti, Bach and others; with the Royal Academy Baroque Orchestra the first recording of the newly-rediscovered *Gloria* by Handel; and with the Romantic Chamber group of London, *Chanson d'amour* – songs by the American composer Amy Beach, who died in 1944.

Most recent of all: an anthology, *Classical Kirkby*, devised and performed with Anthony Rooley, also on the BIS label, 1999; Cantatas by Cataldo Amodei, also for BIS, 2004; with Fretwork, consort songs by William Byrd, for Harmonia Mundi USA, 2005; Scarlatti *Stabat Mater* with Daniel Taylor, for ATMA, 2006; *Honey from the Hive*, songs of John Dowland, with Anthony Rooley, for BIS, 2006; and *Musique and Sweet Poetrie*, also for BIS, 2007 – lute songs from Europe with Jakob Lindberg.

In 1999 Emma was voted Artist of the Year by Classic FM Radio listeners; in November 2000 she received the Order of the British Empire, and in June 2007 was delighted to be included in the Queen's Birthday Honours List for appointment as a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire. BBC Music Magazine, April 2007, in a recent survey of critics to find "the greatest sopranos", placed Emma at number 10. While such things are inevitably parochial, partial, controversial, and outdated as soon as they appear, she is pleased at the recognition this implies for an approach to singing that values ensemble, clarity and stillness alongside the more usual factors of volume and display.

Despite all the recording activity, Emma still prefers live concerts, especially the pleasure of repeating programmes with colleagues; every occasion, every venue and every audience will combine to create something new from this wonderful repertoire.

A native of the U.S., **Marcia Hadjimarkos** earned degrees in piano performance and French literature from the University of Iowa. She then turned to the early keyboard instruments she loves, studying with Richard Burnett at the Finchcocks Collection, and Jos Van Immerseel at the Paris Conservatoire National Supérieur. Now based in Burgundy, she performs and records on a wide range of early keyboards including the earliest Florentine piano, the clavichord, and grand and square pianos of the pre-classical, classical and romantic eras.

Her recordings of Haydn Sonatas (Zig-Zag Territoires), Character Pieces, Rondos and Fantasies by C.P.E. Bach (Zig-Zag Territoires) and Sonatas and Rondos by Mozart (Avie) have met with international success, and have been the object of enthusiastic reviews and broadcasts (Diapason d'Or, 5 stars in Goldberg, Musica and Fonoforum, rave reviews in Fanfare, Téléràma, Le Monde de la Musique...). Her performances in venues such as the Roque d'Antheron Piano Festival, the Folle Journée de Nantes, the Accademia Cristofori, the Mozart Museum in Prague, and the Rencontres Internationales harmoniques in Lausanne have been unanimously praised, as was her perusal of the complete Haydn Sonatas in a series of 8 recitals given on a variety of early keyboard instruments in Cluny, France.

Marcia enjoys the solo keyboard repertoire as well as four-hand keyboard music, chamber works and lieder. She edited J.L. Dussek's *Les Souffrances de la Reine de France* and a song by Marie-Antoinette for Drake Mabry Publishing, and contributed to Goldberg Magazine as a writer and translator from 2000 to 2008. Other activities include teaching, translating, and devising and performing programmes that combine words, such as the Mozart family letters, and music.

The keyboard instrument used in tonight's concert is a Viennese-action fortepiano inscribed "Ioh. Fried. Kuhlbörs Orgel und Instrumentenmacher in Breslau No. 69". It is typical in most respects to the product as built in Vienna itself. The compass is five and a third octaves, from FF - a''', the instrument being double strung from FF - g, and triple strung above that to the top of the compass. It has a knee lever to lift the damper pedals, and possibly originally (or early on) had a moderator stop which is no longer extant. The instrument forms part of the Rodger Mirrey Collection, gifted to the University in 2005, and was restored to playing condition prior to its arrival in Edinburgh.

Dr Darryl Martin, Curator, EUCHMI

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