

# barbican

## Fatma Said and Joseph Middleton

Wed 22 May 7.30pm  
Milton Court Concert Hall

Classical Music  
Concert programme



# Important information



## When does the concert start and finish?

This concert begins at 7.30pm and finishes at about 9.20pm, with a 20-minute interval.



## I'm running late!

Latecomers will be admitted if there is a suitable break in the performance.



## Please...

Switch any watch alarms and mobile phones to silent during the performance.



## Please don't...

Take photos or recordings during the performance – save it for the curtain call.



## Use a hearing aid?

Please use our induction loop – just switch your hearing aid to T setting on entering the hall.



## Need a break?

You can leave at any time and be readmitted if there is a suitable break in the performance, or during the interval.



## Looking for refreshment?

Bars are located on Levels 1 and 2.



## Looking for the toilets?

The nearest toilets, including accessible toilets, are located on Levels G, 1 and 2.



## Carrying bags and coats?

Drop them off at our free cloak room on Level -1.

# Fatma Said and Joseph Middleton

Wed 22 May 7.30pm, Milton Court Concert Hall

**Fatma Said** soprano  
**Joseph Middleton** piano

**Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart** *Als Luise die Briefe ihres Liebhabers verbrannte*

*Abendempfindung*

*Der Zauberer*

**Franz Schubert** *Rastlose Liebe*

*Nachtviolen*

*Ganymed*

'Ständchen' from *Schwanengesang*

**Robert Schumann** 'Meine Rose' from *Sechs Gedichte von Nikolaus Lenau und Requiem*

'Mond meiner Seele Liebbling' from *Sieben Lieder*

'Liebeslied' from *Lieder und Gesänge, Vol 2*

'Singet nicht mit Trauertönen' from *Lieder und Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister*

'Widmung' from *Myrthen*

*Interval 20 minutes*

**Manuel de Falla** *Siete canciones populares*

1 El paño moruno

2 Seguidilla

3 Asturiana

4 Jota

5 Nana

6 Canción

7 Polo

*Tus Ojillos Negros*

**Fernando Obradors** 'Del cabello más sutil' from *Canciones clásicas españolas, Vol 1*

**Najib Hankash** *Aatini al Naya Wa ghanni*

Produced by the Barbican

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## From Leipzig to Lebanon and from Vienna to Andalucia, Fatma Said and Joseph Middleton explore love songs revealing the multifaceted secrets of the human heart.

Fatma Said and Joseph Middleton begin their concert with Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–91) and one of his most dramatic songs. *Als Luise die Briefe ihres Liebhabers verbrannte* ('When Louisa burnt her unfaithful lover's letters') sets a poem by Gabriele von Baumberg, once dubbed the 'Sappho of Vienna'. This portrait of an abandoned woman shares some musical language with *Don Giovanni*, appropriately enough, and makes up in intensity for what it lacks in length. By contrast *Abendempfindung* ('Evening Thoughts'), his longest solo song, offers profound empathy to a poem that bids a tranquil farewell to life and a beloved companion. Next, *Der Zauberer* ('The Magician') taps into Mozart's notoriously subversive sense of humour. A young woman warns her friends to beware of Damötas: he must be a magician, as he can inspire such strange feelings! Her mother arrives just in time ...

Franz Schubert (1797–1828) spent most of his short life in Vienna, composing at white heat; his output included more than 750 songs. *Rastlose Liebe* ('Restless Love', 1815) is a Goethe setting that almost foreshadows Wagner in its storminess and harmonic unpredictability. In *Nachtviolen* ('Dame's Violets') the violet is a symbol of fidelity; and the poet, Schubert's friend Johann Mayrhofer, seemingly did not mind him adjusting 'Sommerluft' (summer air) to 'Frühlingsluft' (spring air), reflecting the season when the violet blooms.

Goethe's *Ganymed* depicts the mythical youth who was carried by an eagle to be Zeus's cupbearer on Mount Olympus, transformed from mortal to immortal. Schubert's setting becomes a metaphor for this transmutation: by the end the music has wholly changed its state. Finally 'Ständchen'

(Serenade) is from *Schwanengesang*, Schubert's last song-cycle, written shortly before his death: in this plea to the beloved, major and minor harmonies interchange effortlessly, together with smiles and tears.

Robert Schumann (1810–56) composed lieder across the full span of his career, but the year 1840 was celebrated as his 'year of song', one in which he wrote obsessively in the genre (and also the one in which he finally got to marry his beloved, the pianist Clara Wieck). The *Sechs Gedichte von Nikolaus Lenau und Requiem*, however, was the last work that he composed in Dresden before moving to Düsseldorf in 1850. In 'Meine Rose' (My Rose) he responds with intimacy and sincerity to the poet's tenderness, reviving a rose with water and the beloved's spirit with his soul – implicitly Clara's, as the descending scalar theme he used perennially as 'her' theme appears softly in the background.

'Mond meiner Seele Lieblich' (Moon, my soul's beloved) sets a poem by the Russian-German poet Elisabeth Kulmann dedicated to her mother, to whom she was close after her father and six of her brothers had died, she herself dying in her teens. The protagonist seeks comfort from the moon as her beloved mother lies ill. 'Liebeslied', from Op 51, turns to Marianne von Willemer, who was immortalised by Goethe in his *Suleika*, but also was the true author of several poems in his *West-Eastern Divan*. This setting has the hallmarks of Schumann's finest love songs: an ecstatic, long-spun melody based on his Clara motif, a surging piano part and a touching sense of fragility. 'Singet nicht mit Trauertönen' (Do not sing in mournful tones) is a poem from Goethe's novel *Wilhelm Meisters Lehrjahre* (Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship), light-heartedly hinting at the pleasures of a night of love ahead. Finally the joyous 'Widmung' (Dedication) is from the cycle *Myrthen* – Schumann's wedding present to Clara, whose motto theme infuses the melody.

Tonight's Spanish group starts with Manuel de Falla (1876–1946), a composer inextricably associated with the country's fiery folk music. Nevertheless, he was also influenced by Debussy and Dukas while living in Paris before the First World War. His *Siete canciones populares* ('Seven Popular Songs') date from 1913–14; they are arrangements of existing folksongs from different regions. 'El paño moruno', laments damage to a valuable Moorish cloth; next, a fizzing 'Seguidilla' from Murcia. 'Asturiana' is a lament from the north; and the Aragonese 'Jota' alternates a lively 3/8 accompaniment with a slow-motion melody. The mesmerising Andalusian lullaby 'Nana' is a song Falla's mother sang to him in his infancy. 'Canción' lilts and lopes along, but finally 'Polo' is straight out of flamenco, evoking guitar-like idioms and rhythmic stamping. Finally, a stand-alone song, *Tus ojillos negros*, contemplates the beloved's enticing dark eyes.

Fernando Obradors (1897–1945), conductor of the Gran Canaria Philharmonic Orchestra and a professor at the conservatory in Las Palmas, is best known for four volumes of songs based on Spanish poetry and folk melodies, *Canciones clásicas españolas*. 'Del cabello más sutil' is a particularly beautiful sample, its surging piano part suggesting the beloved's long, alluring tresses.

Najib Hankash (1904–77), the actor, comedian and composer nicknamed 'the Wit of Lebanon', lived for some years in Brazil, where his music was influenced by South American dances, notably the tango. *Aatini al Naya Wa ghanni* is a perfect blend of Arabic and Latin styles. This 1964 setting of a poem by Khalil Gibran was written for Fairuz, Lebanon's most celebrated singer. 'Bring me the flute and sing,' Gibran writes, 'for song is the secret of eternity.' Maybe he is right.

© Jessica Duchon

# Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

## Als Luise die Briefe ihres Liebhabers verbrannte

Erzeugt von heisser Phantasie,  
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde  
Zur Welt gebracht! – geht zu Grunde!  
Ihr Kinder der Melancholie!

Ihr danket Flammen euer Sein:  
Ich geb' euch nun den Flammen wieder,  
Und all' die schwärmerischen Lieder;  
Denn ach! er sang nicht mir allein.

Ihr brennet nun, und bald, ihr Lieben,  
Ist keine Spur von euch mehr hier:  
Doch ach! der Mann, der euch geschrieben,  
Brennt lange noch vielleicht in mir..

Gabriele von Baumberg (1768–1839)

## Abendempfindung

Abend ist's, die Sonne ist verschwunden,  
Und der Mond strahlt Silberglanz;  
So entflieh'n des Lebens schönste Stunden,  
Flieh'n vorüber wie im Tanz!

Bald entflieht des Lebens bunte Szene,  
Und der Vorhang rollt herab.  
Aus ist unser Spiel! Des Freundes Träne  
Fliesset schon auf unser Grab.

Bald vielleicht mir weht, wie Westwind leise,  
Eine stille Ahnung zu –  
Schliess' ich dieses Lebens Pilgerreise,  
Fliege in das Land der Ruh'!

Werdet ihr dann an meinem Grabe weinen,  
Trauernd meine Asche seh'n,  
Dann, o Freunde, will ich euch erscheinen  
Und will Himmel auf euch weh'n.

Schenk' auch du ein Tränchen mir  
Und pflücke mir ein Veilchen auf mein Grab;  
Und mit deinem seelenvollen Blicke  
Sieh' dann sanft auf mich herab.

## When Louisa burnt her unfaithful lover's letters

Begotten by ardent fantasy,  
Born in a rapturous hour  
An emotional moment! Perish,  
Ye children of melancholy!

You owe your existence to flames,  
To flames I now return you  
And all those passionate songs;  
For ah! he did not sing for me alone.

Now you are burning, and soon, my dears,  
Not a trace of you will remain:  
But ah! the man who wrote you  
May smoulder long yet in my heart.

## Evening Thoughts

It is evening, the sun has vanished,  
And the moon sheds its silver light;  
So life's sweetest hours speed by,  
Flit by as in a dance!

Soon life's bright pageant will be over,  
And the curtain will fall.  
Our play is ended! Tears wept by a friend  
Flow already on our grave.

Soon perhaps, like a gentle zephyr,  
A silent presentiment will reach me,  
And I shall end this earthly pilgrimage,  
Fly to the land of rest.

If you then weep by my grave  
And gaze mourning on my ashes,  
Then, dear friends, I shall appear to you  
Bringing a breath of heaven.

May you too shed a tear for me  
And pluck a violet for my grave;  
And let your compassionate gaze  
Look tenderly down on me.

Weih mir eine Träne, und ach!  
Schäme dich nur nicht, sie mir zu weih'n,  
Oh, sie wird in meinem Diademe  
Dann die schönste Perle sein.

Joachim Heinrich Campe (1746–1818)

### Der Zauberer

Ihr Mädchen, flieht Damöten ja!  
Als ich zum erstenmal ihn sah,  
Da fühl't ich, so was fühl't ich nie,  
Mir ward, mir ward, ich weiss nicht wie,  
Ich seufzte, zitterte, und schien mich doch  
zu freu'n;  
Glaubt mir, er muss ein Zaub'rer sein!

Sah ich ihn an, so ward mir heiss,  
Bald ward ich rot, bald ward ich weiss,  
Zuletzt nahm er mich bei der Hand;  
Wer sagt mir, was ich da empfand?  
Ich sah, ich hörte nichts, sprach nichts als ja  
und nein;  
Glaubt mir, er muss ein Zaub'rer sein!

Er führte mich in dies Gesträuch,  
Ich wollt' ihm flieh'n und folgt' ihm gleich;  
Er setzte sich, ich setzte mich;  
Er sprach, nur Sylben stammelt' ich;  
Die Augen starrten ihm, die meinen wurden  
klein;  
Glaubt mir, er muss ein Zaub'rer sein!

Entbrannt drückt' er mich an sein Herz,  
Was fühl't ich! Welch ein süsser Schmerz!  
Ich schluchzt', ich atmete sehr schwer,  
Da kam zum Glück die Mutter her;  
Was würd', o Götter, sonst nach so viel  
Zauberei'n,  
Aus mir zuletzt geworden sein!

Christian Felix Weisse (1726–1804)

Consecrate a tear to me and ah!  
Be not ashamed to do so;  
In my diadem it shall become  
The fairest pearl of all.

### The Magician

Girls, keep well clear of Damötas!  
The first time I saw him,  
I felt – as I'd never felt before;  
It was like – was like – I know not what:  
I sighed, trembled and yet seemed  
overjoyed:  
Believe me, he must be a magician!

When I looked at him I went hot all over,  
Now blushing red, now turning pale,  
Finally he took me by the hand:  
Words cannot say how I felt then!  
I saw nothing, heard nothing, could only  
stammer Yes and No:  
Believe me, he must be a magician!

He led me into these bushes,  
I wanted to flee, but followed at once:  
He sat down, I sat down:  
He spoke – but I could only stammer;  
His eyes bulged, my own shrank:  
Believe me, he must be a magician!

He pressed me passionately to his heart.  
What a sensation! Such sweet agony!  
I sobbed, I could hardly breathe!  
Then, thank goodness, mother came along:  
Otherwise, O gods, after so much magic,  
What would have become of me!

Translations © Richard Stokes, author of  
*The Book of Lieder* (Faber)

# Franz Schubert

## Rastlose Liebe

Dem Schnee, dem Regen,  
Dem Wind entgegen,  
Im Dampf der Klüfte,  
Durch Nebeldüfte,  
Immer zu! Immer zu!  
Ohne Rast und Ruh!

Lieber durch Leiden  
Wollt' ich mich schlagen,  
Als so viel Freuden  
Des Lebens ertragen.  
Alle das Neigen  
Von Herzen zu Herzen,  
Ach, wie so eigen  
Schaffet es Schmerzen!

Wie soll ich flieh'n?  
Wälderwärts zieh'n?  
Alles vergebens!  
Krone des Lebens,  
Glück ohne Ruh,  
Liebe, bist du!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

## Nachtviolen

Nachtviolen, Nachtviolen,  
Dunkle Augen, seelenvolle,  
Selig ist es, sich versenken  
In dem samtnen Blau.

Grüne Blätter streben freudig,  
Euch zu hellen, euch zu schmücken;  
Doch ihr blicket ernst und schweigend  
In die laue Frühlingsluft.

Mit erhabnen Wehmutsstrahlen  
Trafet ihr mein treues Herz,  
Und nun blüht in stummen Nächten,  
Fort die heilige Verbindung.

Johann Mayrhofer (1787–1836)

## Restless Love

Into the snow, the rain,  
and the wind,  
through steamy ravines,  
through mists,  
onwards, ever onwards!  
Without respite!

I would sooner fight my way  
through suffering  
than endure so much  
of life's joy.  
This affection  
of one heart for another,  
ah, how strangely  
it creates pain!

How shall I flee?  
Into the forest?  
It is all in vain!  
Crown of life,  
happiness without peace –  
this, O love, is you!

## Dame's Violets

Dame's violets,  
dark, soulful eyes,  
it is blissful to immerse myself  
in your velvety blue.

Green leaves strive joyously  
to brighten you, to adorn you;  
but you gaze, solemn and silent,  
into the mild spring air.

With sublime shafts of melancholy  
you have pierced my faithful heart,  
and now, in silent nights,  
our sacred union blossoms.



## Ganymed

Wie im Morgenglanze  
Du rings mich anglühst,  
Frühling, Geliebter!  
Mit tausendfacher Liebeswonne  
Sich an mein Herze drängt  
Deiner ewigen Wärme  
Heilig Gefühl,  
Unendliche Schöne!  
Dass ich dich fassen möcht'  
In diesen Arm!

Ach, an deinem Busen  
Lieg' ich und schmachte,  
Und deine Blumen, dein Gras  
Drängen sich an mein Herz.  
Du kühlst den brennenden  
Durst meines Busens,  
Lieblicher Morgenwind!  
Ruft drein die Nachtigall  
Liebend mach mir aus dem Nebeltal.  
Ich komm', ich komme!  
Ach wohin, wohin?

Hinauf! strebt's hinauf!  
Es schweben die Wolken  
Abwärts, die Wolken  
Neigen sich der sehnenen Liebe.  
Mir! Mir!  
In euerm Schosse  
Aufwärts!  
Umfangend umfängen!  
Aufwärts an deinen Busen,  
Allliebender Vater!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

## Schwanengesang – 'Ständchen'

Leise flehen meine Lieder  
Durch die Nacht zu Dir;  
In den stillen Hain hernieder,  
Liebchen, komm' zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen  
In des Mondes Licht;  
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen  
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?  
Ach! sie flehen Dich,  
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen  
Flehen sie für mich.

## Ganymede

How your glow envelops me  
in the morning radiance,  
spring, my beloved!  
With love's thousandfold joy  
the hallowed sensation  
of your eternal warmth  
floods my heart,  
infinite beauty!  
O that I might clasp you  
in my arms!

Ah, on your breast  
I lie languishing,  
and your flowers, your grass  
press close to my heart.  
You cool the burning  
thirst within my breast,  
sweet morning breeze,  
as the nightingale calls  
tenderly to me from the misty valley.  
I come, I come!  
But whither? Ah, whither?

Upwards! Strive upwards!  
The clouds drift  
down, yielding  
to yearning love,  
to me, to me!  
In your lap,  
upwards,  
embracing and embraced!  
Upwards to your bosom,  
all-loving Father!

## Serenade

Softly my songs plead  
through the night to you;  
down into the silent grove,  
beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops whisper and rustle  
in the moonlight;  
my darling, do not fear  
that the hostile betrayer will overhear us.

Do you not hear the nightingales call?  
Ah, they are imploring you;  
with their sweet, plaintive songs  
they are imploring for me.

Sie versteh des Busens Sehnen,  
Kennen Liebesschmerz,  
Rühren mit den Silbertönen  
Jedes weiche Herz.

Lass auch Dir die Brust bewegen,  
Liebchen, höre mich!  
Bebend harr' ich Dir entgegen!  
Komm', beglücke mich!

Ludwig Rellstab (1799–1860)

They understand the heart's yearning,  
they know the pain of love;  
with their silvery notes  
they touch every tender heart.

Let your heart, too, be moved,  
beloved, hear me!  
Trembling, I await you!  
Come, make me happy!

Translations by Richard Wigmore; published by  
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Song Edition

## Robert Schumann

### Sechs Gedichte von Nikolaus Lenau und Requiem – 'Meine Rose'

Dem holden Lenzgeschmeide,  
Der Rose, meiner Freude,  
Die schon gebeugt und blasser  
Vom heissen Strahl der Sonnen,  
Reich ich den Becher Wasser  
Aus dunklem, tiefen Bronnen.

Du Rose meines Herzens!  
Vom stillen Strahl des Schmerzens  
Bist du gebeugt und blasser;  
Ich möchte dir zu Füßen,  
Wie dieser Blume Wasser,  
Still meine Seele giessen!  
Könnt ich dann auch nicht sehen  
Dich freudig auferstehen.

Nikolaus Lenau (1802–50)

### Sieben Lieder – 'Mond meiner Seele Liebling'

Mond, meiner Seele Liebling,  
Wie schaust du heut' so blass?  
Ist eines deiner Kinder,  
O Mond, vielleicht unpass?

Kam dein Gemahl, die Sonne,  
Vielleicht dir krank nach Haus?  
Und du trittst aus der Wohnung,  
Weinst deinen Schmerz hier aus?

### My Rose

To spring's fair jewel,  
To the rose, my delight,  
Already drooping and pale  
From the heat of the sun,  
I bring a beaker of water  
From the deep, dark well.

Rose of my heart!  
You droop and pale  
From the silent shaft of pain;  
I would silently pour out  
My soul at your feet,  
As I pour water for this flower!  
Even though I might not then  
See you happily revive.

### Moon, my soul's beloved

Moon, my soul's beloved,  
Why do you look so pale today?  
Is one of your children,  
O moon, perhaps unwell?

Did your consort, the sun,  
Perhaps come home ailing?  
And you have emerged from your home  
To weep out your sorrow here?

Ach, guter Mond, ein gleiches  
Geschick befiehl auch mich.  
Drin liegt mir krank die Mutter,  
Hat mich nur jetzt um sich!

So eben schloss ihr Schlummer  
Das Aug' ein Weilchen zu;  
Da wich, mein Herz zu stärken,  
Vom Ort ich ihrer Ruh.

Trost sei mir, Mond, dein Anblick,  
Ich leide nicht allein:  
Du bist der Welt Mitherrscher,  
Und kannst nicht stets dich freun!

Elisabeth Kulmann (1808–25)

### Lieder und Gesänge, Vol 2 – 'Liebeslied'

Dir zu eröffnen mein Herz verlangt mich;  
Hört' ich von deinem, darnach verlangt mich;  
Wie blickt so traurig die Welt mich an!  
In meinem Sinne wohnt mein Freund nur,  
Und sonst keiner und keine Feindesspur.  
Wie Sonnenaufgang ward mir ein Vorsatz!  
Mein Leben will ich nur zum Geschäfte  
Von seiner Liebe machen,  
Ich denke seiner, mir blutet das Herz,  
Kraft hab' ich keine als ihn zu lieben,  
So recht im Stillen; was soll das werden?  
Will ihn umarmen, und kann es nicht.

Marianne von Willemer (1784–1860)

### Lieder und Gesänge aus Wilhelm Meister – 'Singet nicht mit Trauertönen'

Singet nicht in Trauertönen  
Von der Einsamkeit der Nacht;  
Nein, sie ist, o holde Schönen,  
Zur Geselligkeit gemacht.

Könnt ihr euch des Tages freuen,  
Der nur Freuden unterbricht?  
Er ist gut, sich zu zerstreuen;  
Zu was anderm taugt er nicht.

Aber wenn in nächt'ger Stunde  
Süßer Lampe Dämmerung fließt  
Und vom Mund zum nahen Munde  
Scherz und Liebe sich ergießt,

Ah, good moon, a similar  
Fate has befallen me too.  
My mother lies ill indoors,  
With only me now to tend her!

Sleep has just closed  
Her eyes for a while;  
And I have left her asleep,  
Seeking strength for my heart.

May the sight of you, moon, comfort me,  
I do not suffer alone:  
You are one of the world's rulers,  
And cannot always be happy!

### Lovesong

I long to open my heart to you;  
When I heard of yours, I longed for it;  
How sadly the world gazes at me!  
My friend alone dwells in my mind,  
No one else and not a trace of the foe.  
A plan dawns on me like sunrise!  
Henceforth I'll devote all my life  
To his love,  
I think of him, my heart bleeds,  
I have no strength but to love him  
In silence; where will this lead?  
I long to embrace him and cannot.

### Do not sing in mournful tones

Do not sing in mournful tones  
Of the solitude of night;  
No, fair ladies, night is made  
For conviviality.

Can you take delight in day,  
Which only curtails pleasure?  
It may serve as a distraction;  
But is good for nothing else.

But when in hours of darkness  
The sweet lamp's twilight flows,  
And love as well as laughter  
Streams from almost touching lips,

Wenn der rasche, lose Knabe,  
Der sonst wild und feurig eilt,  
Oft bei einer kleinen Gabe  
Unter leichten Spielen weilt,

Wenn die Nachtigall Verliebten  
Liebevoll ein Liedchen singt,  
Das Gefangnen und Betrübten  
Nur wie Ach und Wehe klingt:

Mit wie leichtem Herzensregen  
Horchet ihr der Glocke nicht,  
Die mit zwölf bedächtgen Schlägen  
Ruh und Sicherheit verspricht.

Darum an dem langen Tage  
Merke dir es, liebe Brust:  
Jeder Tag hat seine Plage,  
Und die Nacht hat ihre Lust.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe

### Myrthen – 'Widmung'

Du meine Seele, du mein Herz,  
Du meine Wonn', o du mein Schmerz,  
Du meine Welt, in der ich lebe,  
Mein Himmel du, darein ich schwebe,  
O du mein Grab, in das hinab  
Ich ewig meinen Kummer gab!  
Du bist die Ruh, du bist der Frieden,  
Du bist vom Himmel mir beschieden.  
Dass du mich liebst, macht mich mir wert,  
Dein Blick hat mich vor mir verklärt,  
Du hebst mich liebend über mich,  
Mein guter Geist, mein bess'res Ich!

Friedrich Rückert (1788–1866)

**Interval: 20 minutes**

When impulsive, roguish Cupid,  
Used to wild and fiery haste,  
In return for some small gift,  
Often lingers, dallying,

When, full of love, the nightingale  
Sings a little song for lovers,  
Which to the imprisoned and sad  
Seems only to tell of grief and pain:

With what lightly pounding heart  
Do you then listen to the bell,  
That with twelve solemn strokes  
Pledges security and rest!

And so remember this, dear heart,  
Throughout the livelong day:  
Every day has its troubles,  
And every night its joys.

### Dedication

You my soul, you my heart,  
You my rapture, O you my pain,  
You my world in which I live,  
My heaven you, to which I aspire,  
O you my grave, into which  
My grief forever I've consigned!  
You are repose, you are peace,  
You are bestowed on me from heaven.  
Your love for me gives me my worth,  
Your eyes transfigure me in mine,  
You raise me lovingly above myself,  
My guardian angel, my better self!

Translations © Richard Stokes, author of  
*The Book of Lieder* (Faber)

# Manuel de Falla

## Siete canciones populares

### 1 'El paño moruno'

Al paño fino, en la tienda,  
una mancha le cayó.

Por menos precio se vende,  
porque perdió su valor.  
¡Ay!

Gregorio Martínez Sierra (1881–1947)

### 2 'Seguidilla murciana'

Cualquiera que el tejado  
tenga de vidrio,  
no debe tirar piedras  
al del vecino.  
Arrieros semos;  
¡puede que en el camino,  
nos encontremos!

Por tu mucha inconstancia,  
yo te comparo  
con peseta que corre  
de mano en mano;  
Que al fin se borra,  
y créndola falsa  
nadie la toma!

Anon

### 3 'Asturiana'

Por ver si me consolaba,  
arrimeme a un pino verde,  
Por verme llorar, lloraba.  
Y el pino como era verde,  
por verme llorar, lloraba!

Anon

### 4 'Jota'

Dicen que no nos queremos,  
porque no nos ven hablar.  
A tu corazón y al mío  
se lo pueden preguntar.

### The Moorish Cloth

On the delicate fabric in the shop  
there fell a stain.

It sells for less  
for it has lost its value  
Ay!

### Seguidilla from Murcia

People who live  
in glass houses  
shouldn't throw stones  
at their neighbour's.  
We are drovers;  
it may be  
we'll meet on the road!

For your many infidelities  
I shall compare you  
to a peseta passing  
from hand to hand,  
till finally it's worn down –  
and believing it false  
no-one will take it!

### Asturian Song

To see if it might console me  
I drew near a green pine.  
To see me weep, it wept.  
And the pine, since it was green,  
wept to see me weeping!

### Jota

They say we're not in love  
since they never see us talk;  
let them ask  
your heart and mine!

Ya me despido de tí,  
de tu casa y tu ventana.  
Y aunque no quiera tu madre.  
Adiós, niña, hasta mañana.

Anon

### 5 'Nana'

Duérmete, niño, duerme,  
duerme, mi alma,  
duérmete, lucerito,  
de la mañana.  
Naninta, nana.  
duérmete, lucerito  
de la mañana.

Anon

### 6 'Canción'

Por traidores, tus ojos,  
voy a enterrarlos.  
No sabes lo que cuesta  
'del aire'.  
Niña, el mirarlos  
'Madre, a la orilla'.

Dicen que no me quieres,  
ya me has querido.  
Váyase lo ganado,  
'del aire'.  
Por lo perdido,  
'Madre, a la orilla'.

Anon

### 7 'Polo'

¡Ay!  
Guardo una pena en mi pecho  
que a nadie se la diré.

¡Malhaya el amor, malhaya  
y quien me lo dió a entender!  
¡Ay!

Anon

I must leave you now,  
your house and your window,  
and though your mother disapprove,  
goodbye, sweet love, till tomorrow.

### Lullaby

Sleep, little one, sleep,  
sleep, my darling,  
sleep, my little  
morning star.  
Lullay, lullay,  
sleep, my little  
morning star.

### Song

Since your eyes are treacherous,  
I'm going to bury them;  
you know not what it costs,  
'del aire',  
dearest, to gaze into them.  
'Mother, a la orilla'.

They say you do not love me,  
but you loved me once.  
Make the best of it  
'del aire',  
and cut your losses,  
'Mother, a la orilla'.

### Polo

Ay!  
I have an ache in my heart  
of which I can tell no one.

A curse on love, and a curse  
on the one who made me feel it!  
Ay!

Translations by Jacqueline Cockburn; published  
in *The Spanish Song Companion* by Richard  
Stokes (Gollancz)

## Tus ojillos negros

Yo no sé qué tienen tus ojillos negros  
Que me dan pesares y me gusta verlos,  
Que me dan pesares y me gusta verlos.  
Son tan juguetones y tan zalameros,  
Sus miradas prontas llegan tan adentro,  
Que hay quien asegura que Dios los ha  
hecho  
Como para muestra de lo que es lo bueno,  
De lo que es la gloria, de lo que es el cielo.

Mas, por otra parte, ¡son tan embusteros!  
Dicen tantas cosas que desdicen luego,

Que hay quien asegura que Dios los ha  
hecho  
Como para muestra de lo que es tormento,  
De lo que es desdicha, de lo que es infierno.

Y es que hay en tus ojos como hay en los  
cielos,  
Noches muy oscuras, días muy serenos.  
Y hay en tus miradas maridaje eterno

De amorcillos locos y desdenes cuerdos,  
Y entre sus penumbras y sus centelleos  
Brillantes afanes y tus pensamientos,  
Como entre las sombras de la noche oscura  
Brillan los relámpagos con su vivo fuego.

Luces que parece que se están muriendo  
Y que de improviso resucitan luego.  
Sombras adorables, llenas de misterio  
Como tus amores, como mis deseos.  
Algo que da vida, mucho que da miedo.

Yo no sé qué tienen tus ojillos negros  
Que me dan pesares y ¡me gusta verlos!

Cristóbal de Castro (1874–1953)

## Your dark eyes

I do not know what it is about your dark eyes:  
they give me grief yet I love looking at them,  
they give me grief yet I love looking at them.  
They are so playful and so flattering,  
their swift glances are so penetrating,  
that there are those who say God made  
them  
as a testimony to what is good,  
to what is glory, to what is heaven.

But they are also so deceitful!  
They say so many things and then contradict  
them,  
that there are those who say God made  
them  
as a testimony to what is torment,  
to what is unhappiness, to what is hell.

In your eyes as in the heavens, there are  
very dark nights, very serene days.  
And in your glances there is an eternal  
marriage  
of mad flirtations and sensible disdain,  
and amid their half-lights and their sparkle  
shine your desires and your thoughts,  
just as, amid the darkness of a black night,  
lightning flashes shine with their bright flame.

Lights that seem to be dying  
and then suddenly revive,  
adorable shadows, full of mystery,  
like your loves, like my desires:  
something that bestows life, much that  
arouses fear.

I do not know what it is about your dark eyes:  
they give me grief yet I love looking at them!

© Charles Johnston

## Fernando Obradors

### Canciones Clásicas Españolas, Vol 1 – 'Del cabello más sutil'

Del cabello más sutil  
Que tienes en tu trenzado  
He de hacer una cadena  
Para traerte a mi lado.

Una alcarraza en tu casa,  
Chiquilla, quisiera ser,  
Para besarte en la boca,  
Cuando fueras a beber.

Traditional

### From the finest hair

From the finest hair  
in your tresses  
I wish to make a chain  
to draw you to my side.

In your house, young girl,  
I'd fain be a pitcher,  
to kiss your lips  
whenever you went to drink. Ah!

Translation by Richard Stokes; published in *The Spanish Song Companion* (Gollancz)

## Najib Hankash

### Aatini al Naya Wa Ghanni

Aatini al naya wa ghani  
falghina ssiro elkhouloud  
Wa anino elnanya yabka  
ba'ada ane yafna elwoujoud

Hal takhadhta alghaba mithli  
manzilan doun al-kousour  
Fatataba'ata alssawaqi  
watassalaqta elssoukhour  
Hal tahamamta bi'itirin  
wa tanachafta binour  
Wa charibta elfajra khamran

fi ki'oussin min athir

Khalil Gibran (1883–1931)

### Give me a flute and sing

Give me a flute and sing,  
for song is the secret of eternity,  
and the sound of the flute remains  
beyond the end of existence.

Have you, as I did, taken to the jungle,  
a house without boundaries?  
Have you followed the runnels,  
and climbed the rocks?  
Have you bathed in its fragrance,  
and dried yourself in its light?  
Have you tried drinking the dawn as your  
wine  
out of divine cups?

Translation © Parlophone Records





© James Bort

## Fatma Said

At the age of 14 Fatma Said embarked on a musical journey that would take her from her home in Cairo to the Academy of Milan's Teatro alla Scala, the BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artists scheme and ultimately to the world's leading concert and opera stages. As an exclusive Warner Recording Artist, she released her debut album *El Nour* in 2020 to much critical acclaim, winning *Gramophone*, *BBC Music Magazine* and *Opus Klassik* awards.

After studying singing in Cairo, Berlin and Milan, she became the first Egyptian soprano to perform at La Scala.

Highlights of this season include Artist-in-Residence at the Vienna Konzerthaus, where she presents four varied concerts; a European tour of *Dido and Aeneas* with Il Pomo d'Oro; a tour with Malcolm Martineau and Sabine

Meyer; her debut at the Barcelona Liceu for a gala performance celebrating Victoria de los Angeles's centenary; a return to Orchestre National de France and further concerts and recitals in London, Istanbul, Prague, Paris, Sofia, Dortmund and Amsterdam.

Recent highlights include her residency at the Berlin Konzerthaus last season, the release concert of her second album *Kaleidoscope*, a gala concert at the Grand Egyptian Museum in Cairo, and debuts at Carnegie Hall, New York, and the Celebrity Series in Boston.

She has appeared on the stages of Teatro San Carlo, Naples, Staatsoper Hamburg, Royal Opera House, Muscat, Wexford Opera, Leipzig Gewandhaus, Cologne Philharmonie, Berlin Konzerthaus, Salzburg Mozarteum, Vienna Konzerthaus and Düsseldorf Tonhalle, among others.

Her operatic roles include works by Gluck, Mozart, Puccini, Ravel, Rossini and Verdi.

Fatma Said is a strong advocate for causes that are close to her heart: In September 2021 she performed at Global Citizen Live – a worldwide 24-hour livestreamed charity event which saw artists from around the world campaign to end the hunger crisis, protect the planet and plan its recovery from the pandemic. She represented Egypt on Human Rights Day in 2014, 2017 and 2018 at the United Nations in Geneva. In 2016 she received an honorary award from Egypt's National Council for Women and in the same year became the first Egyptian opera singer ever to be awarded the state's Creativity Award, one of the country's highest accolades.

Fatma Said continues to work with Renate Faltin and has had distinguished professors and coaches, including Júlia Várady, Claar Ter Horst, Anita Keller, Wolfram Rieger and Tom Krause, all of whom have strongly influenced her musical development and helped hone her musical interpretation.



© Marco Borggreve

## Joseph Middleton

Pianist Joseph Middleton specialises in the art of song accompaniment and chamber music and has been internationally acclaimed within this field.

He enjoys fruitful partnerships with internationally established singers, including Sir Thomas Allen, Louise Alder, Mary Bevan, Ian Bostridge, Allan Clayton, Dame Sarah Connolly, Marianne Crebassa, Iestyn Davies, Fatma Said, Samuel Hasselhorn, Christiane Karg, Katarina Karnéus, Angelika Kirchschrager, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, John Mark Ainsley, Ann Murray, James Newby, Mark Padmore, Mauro Peter, Miah Persson, Carolyn Sampson and Roderick Williams. He collaborates with rising stars from the younger generation and regularly programmes his own series for BBC Radio 3.

Recent seasons have taken him to Wigmore Hall, Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, and

Royal Festival Hall, the Vienna Konzerthaus and Musikverein, Hamburg Elbphilharmonie, Barcelona's Palau de Música, Amsterdam Concertgebouw and Muziekgebouw, Cologne Philharmonie, Strasbourg, Frankfurt, Lille and Gothenburg opera houses, Berlin's Boulez Saal, Musée d'Orsay, Paris, Zurich Tonhalle, deSingel, Antwerp, Luxembourg Philharmonie, BOZAR Brussels, Tokyo's Oji Hall and New York's Alice Tully Hall.

He regularly appears at leading festivals, including the Aix-en-Provence, Aldeburgh, Edinburgh, Heidelberg Spring, Munich, Ravinia, Schwarzenberg Schubertiade, San Francisco, Toronto and Vancouver, as well as the BBC Proms. His fast-growing discography has won him a Diapason D'or, Edison Award and Prix Caecilia, as well as numerous *Gramophone* and *BBC Music Magazine* Award nominations.

This season he returns to Barcelona's Life Victoria Festival with Miah Persson and Dame Sarah Connolly, where he was last season's Artist-in-Residence. Further appearances with Dame Sarah Connolly include performances in Seville, Amsterdam and at Wigmore Hall. He joins Sir Simon Keenlyside in Cambridge; Louise Alder in Vienna and London; Fatma Said in Vienna, Dortmund, Amsterdam, as well as for tonight's concert; Carolyn Sampson in Amsterdam, Zeist and London; and Katharina Konradi at the Schwarzenberg Schubertiade and at Wigmore Hall, where he also partners Iestyn Davies, Nicky Spence, Mary Bevan, James Newby, Ashley Riches and Ruby Hughes.

Joseph Middleton is Director of Leeds Lieder, Musician-in-Residence at, and a Bye-Fellow of, Pembroke College, Cambridge, and a Professor and Fellow at his alma mater, the Royal Academy of Music. He was the recipient of the Royal Philharmonic Society's Young Artist of the Year Award in 2017.

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## Hildegard Transfigured with Voice Trio

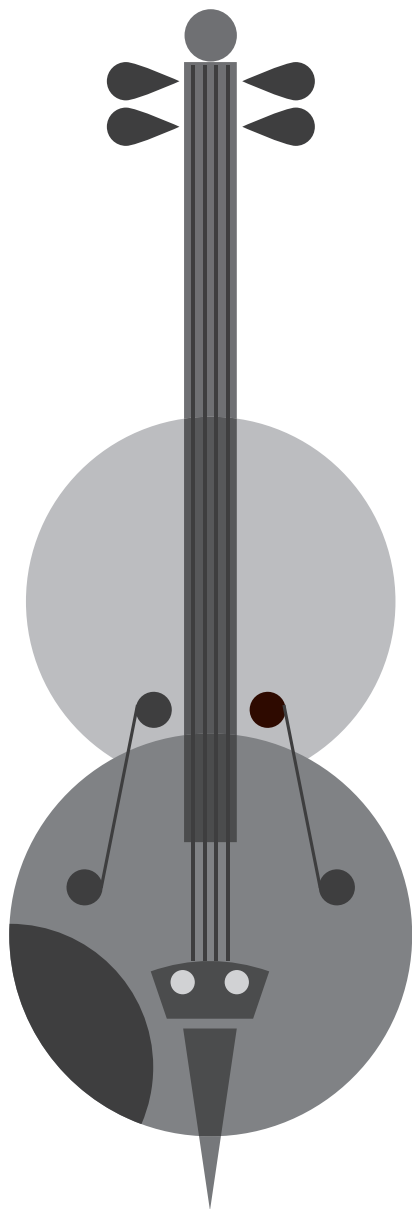
Tue 17 Sep, LSO St Luke's



© Jill Steinberg

## Huang Ruo's M Butterfly

Fri 25 Oct, Hall



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