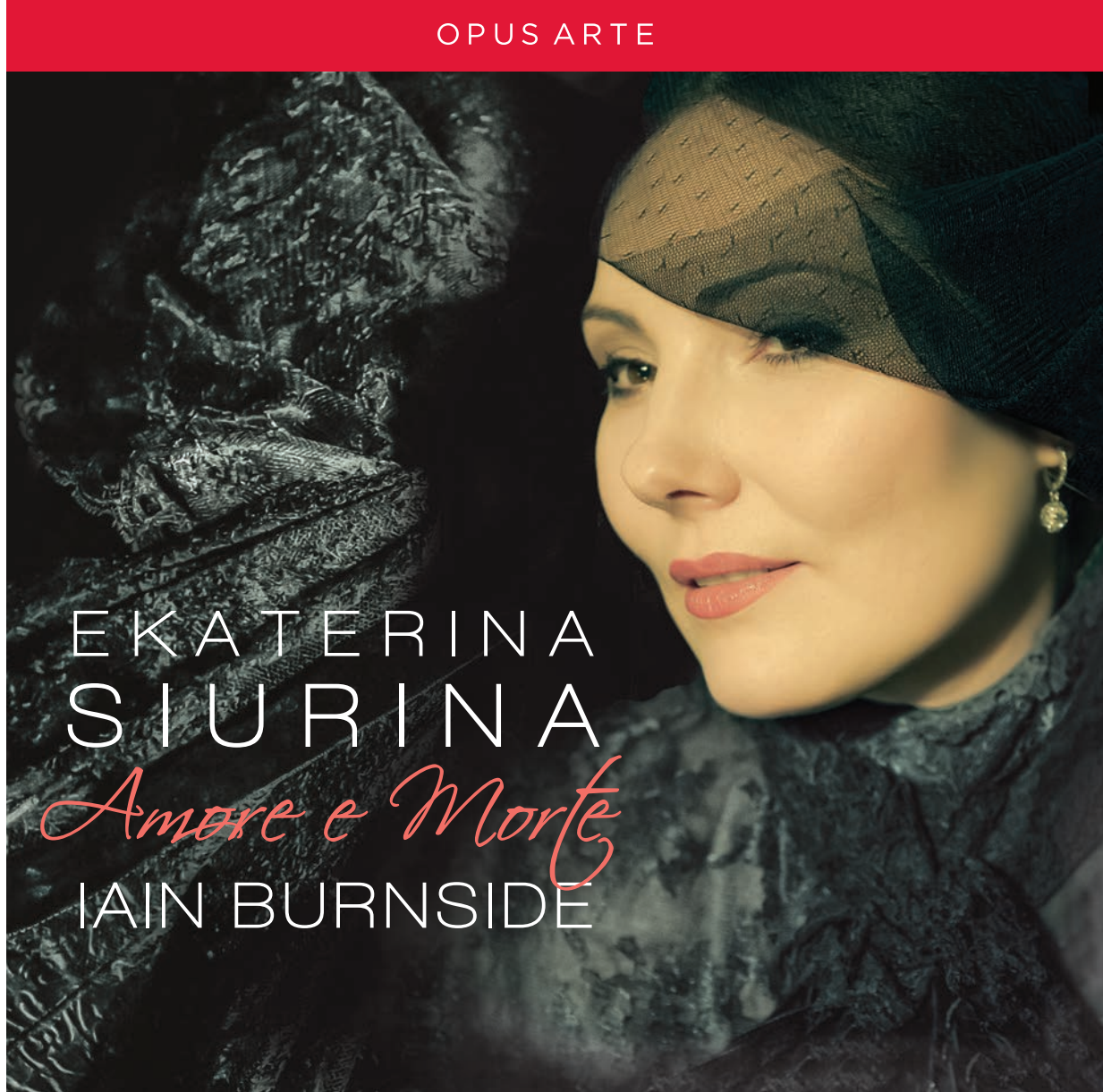


OPUS ARTE

EKATERINA  
SIURINA

*Amore e Morte*

IAIN BURNSIDE





## Amore e morte

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**Ekaterina Siurina** *soprano* · **Iain Burnside** *piano*

## **Ekaterina Siurina**

Born in Ekaterinburg, the Russian soprano completed her studies at the Russian Academy of Theatrical Arts in Moscow. In 1999 while still a student she made her professional debut as Gilda in *Rigoletto*, opposite renowned baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky. Ekaterina made her debuts at the Vienna State Opera as Olympia in *Les contes d'Hoffmann* and in the same year at Covent Garden. She made her Italian debut at La Scala in *Le nozze di Figaro* and later that year her debut at the MET, as Gilda. Since then her career has gone from strength to strength and she regularly sings in opera houses around the world, including the Bayerische Staatsoper, Deutsche Oper Berlin, Grand Théâtre de Genève, Teatro Real and the Bolshoi Theatre. Ekaterina's calling-card roles include Amina (*La sonnambula*), Elvira (*I Puritani*), Giulietta (*I Capuleti e Montecchi*), Pamina (*Die Zauberflöte*) and Adina (*L'elisir d'amore*). Ekaterina enjoys regularly developing new roles such as her debut in the role of Anne Trulove (*The Rake's Progress*) which she sang at the Opéra Bastille in 2012, conducted by Jeffrey Tate. Ekaterina is also well-known on the concert platform and has worked with many of today's pre-eminent conductors, including Yuri Temirkanov, Evelino Pidò, Daniel Oren, Philippe Jordan, Sir John Eliot Gardiner and Richard Bonyngé. Ekaterina's performances have been featured on DVD including *Idomeneo*, *Don Giovanni* from the Salzburg Festival, *Gianni Schicchi* from Covent Garden and *La clemenza di Tito* from Paris. Ekaterina has also recorded Rachmaninov songs, to be released on Delphian Records.

## **Ekaterina Siurina**

Née à Ekaterinbourg, la soprano russe fit ses études à l'Académie russe des arts du théâtre de Moscou. En 1999, alors qu'elle était encore étudiante, elle incarna pour son premier rôle professionnel Gilda dans *Rigoletto* aux côtés du célèbre baryton Dmitri Hvorostovski. Ekaterina fit sa première apparition au Wiener Staatsoper comme Olympia dans *Les Contes d'Hoffmann* ainsi qu'à Covent Garden la même année. Elle chanta pour la première fois en Italie à La Scala dans *Le Nozze di Figaro*, puis fit une première apparition au MET en Gilda. Depuis, la carrière d'Ekaterina n'a cessé de s'étoffer avec des apparitions dans les théâtres lyriques du monde entier tels que le Bayerische Staatsoper, le Deutsche Oper Berlin, le Grand Théâtre de Genève, Teatro Real de Madrid et le Théâtre Bolchoï de Moscou. Parmi les grands rôles d'Ekaterina figurent Amina (*La Sonnambula*), Elvira (*I Puritani*), Giulietta (*I Capuleti e Montecchi*), Pamina (*Die Zauberflöte*), et Adina (*L'elisir d'amore*). Ekaterina a régulièrement le plaisir d'incarner de nouveaux rôles comme celui d'Anne Truelove (*The Rake's Progress*) qu'elle a chanté pour la première fois à l'Opéra Bastille en 2012 sous la direction de Jeffrey Tate. Ekaterina est aussi connue pour ses interprétations dans les salles de concert et a travaillé avec nombre des plus grands chefs actuels dont Iouri Temirkanov, Evelino Pidò, Daniel Oren, Philippe Jordan, Sir John Eliot Gardiner et Richard Bonyngé. Des exécutions d'Ekaterina ont été publiées sur DVD dont *Idomeneo*, *Don Giovanni* au Festival de Salzbourg, *Gianni Schicchi* à Covent Garden et *La clemenza di Tito* à Paris. Ekaterina a également enregistré les mélodies de Rachmaninov dont la publication est prévue chez Delphian Records.

## **Ekaterina Siurina**

Die russische Sopranistin Ekaterina Siurina wurde in Jekaterinburg geboren und machte ihren Abschluss an der Russischen Akademie für Theaterkunst in Moskau. 1999 hatte sie, noch als Studentin, ihr professionelles Debüt in der Rolle der Gilda in *Rigoletto*, wobei sie mit Dmitri Hvorostovsky auf der Bühne stand. Ekaterina debütierte an der Wiener Staatsoper als Olympia (*Les Contes d'Hoffmann*) und im selben Jahr erschien sie zum ersten Mal an der Royal Opera, Covent Garden. Sie gab ihr italienisches Debüt an der Mailänder Scala in *Le nozze di Figaro* und hatte später im selben Jahr ihr Debüt an der Metropolitan Opera in der Rolle der Gilda. Seitdem ist Ekaterina in ihrer Karriere von Erfolg zu Erfolg geeilt, und sie singt in Opernhäusern auf der ganzen Welt wie der Bayerischen Staatsoper, der Deutschen Oper Berlin, dem Grand Théâtre de Genève, dem Teatro Real und dem Bolschoi-Theater. Zu ihren Lieblingsrollen gehören Amina (*La sonnambula*), Elvira (*I puritani*), Giulietta (*I Capuleti e Montecchi*), Pamina (*Die Zauberflöte*) und Adina (*L'elisir d'amore*). Ekaterina lernt gerne neue Rollen, wie zum Beispiel ihr Debüt als Anne Trulove (*The Rake's Progress*) an der Opéra Bastille 2012 unter der Leitung von Jeffrey Tate. Ekaterina ist ebenfalls auf der Konzertbühne bekannt und hat mit vielen der heute bedeutendsten Dirigenten zusammengearbeitet, darunter Juri Temirkanow, Evelino Pidò, Daniel Oren, Philippe Jordan, Sir John Eliot Gardiner und Richard Bonyngge. Zu Ekaterinas DVD-Erscheinungen gehören *Idomeneo*, *Don Giovanni* aus den Salzburger Festspielen, *Gianni Schicchi* an der Royal Opera und *La clemenza di Tito* in Paris. Ekaterina hat außerdem ein Rezitalalbum von Rachmaninoff-Liedern aufgenommen, das auf Delphian Records erscheinen wird.

## **Iain Burnside**

Interweaving roles as pianist and Sony Award-winning radio presenter with equal aplomb, Iain Burnside ('pretty much ideal', *BBC Music Magazine*) is also a master programmer with an instinct for the telling juxtaposition. His recordings straddle an exuberantly eclectic repertoire ranging from Schoenberg and Copland to Debussy and Judith Weir, with a special place reserved for the highways and byways of English Song – as acclaimed recordings of Britten, Finzi, Ireland, Butterworth, Parry and Vaughan Williams have all proved. In 2014 Delphian will release Burnside's complete Rachmaninov songs with seven outstanding Russian artists. He also enjoys a close association with Rosenblatt Recitals, both on stage and in the studio.

For Guildhall School of Music and Drama Burnside has written and devised a number of highly individual theatre pieces. *Lads in their Hundreds*, an exploration of war songs, played in London and at the Ludlow Weekend of English Song. *A Soldier and a Maker*, based on the life of Ivor Gurney, was premiered at the Barbican Centre, transferring to the Cheltenham Festival. *Journeying Boys*, developed in association with the Royal College of Music, will be performed in November 2013 in the Milton Court Theatre.

In demand as teacher and animateur, Burnside also works at the Jette Parker Young Artists Programme at the Royal Opera House, the National Opera Studio and the Royal Irish Academy of Music.



Iain Burnside

Photo: © TallWall Media

## The Music

All over Europe throughout the 19th century, Italian songs were performed in sophisticated salons as well as in humbler domestic environments, including many examples by the most successful opera composers of the day – such as the four anthologised here. In Bellini's *L'abbandono*, a romanza originally published in Milan in 1836 as *L'ultima veglia* (The final vigil), the singer expresses her longing for her lost lover, Daphnis. *Malinconia* sets a text by the romantic poet Ippolito Pindemonte, in which the singer expresses her devotion to the melancholy spirit of the Arcadian hills and fountains. The arietta *Ma rendi pur contento* borrows lines taken from the libretto *Ipermestra* by Metastasio, the famous 18th-century master of the genre, in which the singer asks love to make his lady happy, not him. The 'fervent wish' of the title of *Il fervido desiderio* is for the singer to see her beloved once again and to welcome him to her bosom, while in the arietta *Bella Nice* the singer asks the beloved to be remembered kindly after death.

Gaetano Donizetti's collection *Nuits d'Été à Pausilippe* (1836) celebrates balmy summer nights in the former village of Posilippo near Naples. The Neapolitan song *La conocchia* sets a folk text describing a girl spinning by the window to attract the attention of her lover as he passes by. In the arietta *A mezzanotte* from the same collection, the singer invites the beloved to come at midnight, when love will be an extra guest. To a text by Giovanni Antonio Luigi Redaelli, *Amore e morte* is from another Donizetti collection, *Soirées d'automne a l'Infrascata* (1837), dedicated to another season and another Neapolitan village; in the poem a dying man leaves a wilted flower to his beloved. From the same source, *Amor marinaro* is another Neapolitan song in which a sailor intends to build a palace fit for his beloved in the middle of the sea. *Eterno amore e fè* is a declaration of faith to the beloved, while in *La zingara*, the gypsy girl of Carlo Guaita's text describes her poverty, her dancing and her fortune-telling.

Verdi's *Perduta ho la pace* is a translation by Luigi Balestra of the same Goethe text Schubert famously set as *Gretchen am Spinnrade*; Verdi published it as one of *6 Romanze* in 1838. In the lightly ironic *Stornello* (1869), a lover suggests to her partner that they should no longer bother with each other. Published in *6 Romanze* (1845), *Lo spazzacamino* sets a text by the London-based S. Manfredo Maggioni in which a happy chimney sweep introduces himself to his customers. From the same collection, in *Ad una stella* (text by the poet and librettist Andrea Maffei) the singer expresses a desire to rise above the earth to the realm of the stars.

The model for Donizetti's collections was Rossini's *Les Soirées musicales*, whose 12 items were written in Paris in the period 1830–35; many of them set texts by Carlo Pepoli (1796–1881), an Italian nobleman best known for writing the libretto for Bellini's *I puritani*. In *La pastorella dell'Alpi* an Alpine shepherdess demonstrates her distinctive yodel. *La gita in gondola* is a love song sung while a gondolier rows two lovers across the lagoon. *La promessa* (to lines by Metastasio, from his libretto *Siroe, re di Persia*) is a declaration of eternal fidelity. *La fioraia fiorentina* comes from much later in Rossini's career, when he amused himself in retirement penning small items he collectively dubbed *Péchés de vieillesse* (Sins of Old Age); this particular song is a sad little portrait of a Florentine flower-girl, anxious to sell her wares to feed her mother.

**George Hall**

## La musique

Dans toute l'Europe au cours du XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle, les chansons italiennes étaient interprétées dans les salons raffinés ainsi que dans les demeures plus humbles, y compris nombre de celles écrites par les compositeurs d'opéra les plus célèbres de cette époque – comme les quatre grands maîtres présents sur ce disque. Dans *L'abbandono* de Bellini, une romance initialement publiée à Milan en 1836 sous le titre *L'ultima veglia* (la dernière veille), la chanteuse se languit de son amour perdu, Daphnis. *Malinconia* est une composition sur un texte d'un poète romantique, Ippolito Pindemonte, dans laquelle la chanteuse exprime son attachement à l'atmosphère mélancolique des collines et des sources d'Arcadie. L'ariette *Ma rendi pur contento* emprunte des vers au livret *Ipermestra* de Métastase, le célèbre maître du genre au XVIII<sup>e</sup> siècle, dans laquelle le chanteur implore que l'amour rende son amante heureuse, pas lui. Le désir ardent évoqué dans le titre de l'air *Il fervido desiderio* est celui de la chanteuse qui veut revoir son bien-aimé encore une fois et le tenir contre son sein, tandis que dans l'ariette *Bella Nice*, le chanteur demande à son aimée de garder un doux souvenir de lui après la mort.

Le recueil de Gaetano Donizetti *Nuits d'Été à Pausilippe* (1836) célèbre la douceur des nuits d'été dans l'ancien village de Pausilippe près de Naples. La chanson napolitaine *La conocchia* est composée sur un texte du folklore où une jeune fille file près de la fenêtre pour attirer l'attention de son amoureux qui passe dans la rue. Dans l'ariette *A mezzanotte* tirée du même recueil, la chanteuse invite son aimé à la rejoindre à minuit, où l'amour sera le troisième invité. Composée sur un texte de Giovanni Antonio Luigi Redaelli, la chanson *Amore e morte* est tirée d'un autre recueil de Donizetti, *Soirées d'automne à l'Infrascata* (1837), consacré à une saison différente et à un autre village napolitain ; dans le poème, un homme mourant laisse une fleur fanée à sa bien-aimée. Tirée de la même source, *Amor marinaro* est une autre chanson napolitaine dans laquelle un pêcheur tente de bâtir un palais digne de sa dulcinée au beau milieu de la mer. *Eterno amore e fè* est une déclaration de fidélité à l'être aimé tandis que dans *La zingara*, la gitane du poème de Carlo Guaita décrit sa misère, sa danse et ses dons divinatoires.

*Perduta ho la pace* de Verdi est une traduction que Luigi Balestra fit d'un texte de Goethe et sur lequel Schubert composa le célèbre *Gretchen am Spinnrade* ; Verdi publia cet air comme l'une des *Six Romances* en 1838. Dans *Stornello* (1869), chanson légèrement ironique, un amant suggère à son amante qu'ils ne devraient plus s'importuner l'un l'autre. Publiée dans *Six Romances* (1845), *Lo spazzacamino* est une composition sur un texte de l'auteur italien établi à Londres S. Manfredo Maggioni, dans lequel un joyeux ramoneur se présente à ses clients. Dans la chanson *Ad una stella* (sur un texte du poète et librettiste Andrea Maffei) tirée du même recueil, le chanteur exprime son désir de s'élever au-dessus de la terre vers le royaume des étoiles.

Dans son recueil, Donizetti s'inspira de Rossini et des *Soirées musicales* dont les douze pièces furent écrites à Paris entre 1830 et 1835 ; nombre d'entre elles sont composées sur des textes de Carlo Pepoli (1796–1881), aristocrate italien célèbre pour avoir écrit le livret d'*I puritani* de Bellini. Dans *La pastorella dell'Alpi*, une bergère des Alpes fait montre de son yodel très singulier. *La gita in gondola* est une chanson d'amour chantée tandis qu'un gondolier promène deux amoureux d'un bout à l'autre de la lagune. *La promessa* (composée sur des vers de Métastase, tirés de son livret *Siroe, re di Persia*) est une déclaration de fidélité éternelle. *La fioraia fiorentina* est une



composition plus tardive de Rossini lorsque, retraité, ce dernier s’amusait à écrire de petites pièces qu’il réunit sous le titre *Péchés de vieillesse* ; cette chanson est le petit portrait triste d’une fleuriste florentine impatiente de vendre ses marchandises pour subvenir aux besoins de sa mère.

## George Hall

### Die Musik

Im gesamten 19. Jahrhundert wurden in überall in Europa italienische Lieder sowohl in eleganten Salons als auch im bescheideneren häuslichen Umfeld aufgeführt, darunter viele Werke von den damals erfolgreichsten Opernkomponisten – wie die vier hier vertretenen. In Bellinis *L’abbandono*, einer Romanze, die 1836 in Mailand als *L’ultima veglia* (Die letzte durchwachte Nacht) veröffentlicht wurde, offenbart die Sängerin ihre Sehnsucht nach ihrem ehemaligen Geliebten Daphnis. *Malinconia* ist die Vertonung eines Textes des romantischen Dichters Ippolito Pindemonte, in der die Sängerin ihre Verbundenheit mit dem melancholischen Geist der arkadischen Berge und Quellen ausdrückt. Die Arietta *Ma rendi pur contento* entlehnt Zeilen aus dem Libretto *Ipermestra* von Metastasio, dem berühmten Meister des Genres aus dem 18. Jahrhundert, in denen der Sänger sich an die Liebe selbst wendet und sie darum bittet, seine Angebetete glücklich zu machen, nicht ihn selbst. Der „innige Wunsch“ aus dem Titel *Il fervido desiderio* besteht darin, dass die Sängerin ihren Geliebten noch einmal sehen und an ihre Brust drücken möchte. In der Arietta *Bella Nice* bittet die Sängerin darum, von ihrem Geliebten nach ihrem Tode in guter Erinnerung behalten zu werden.

In Gaetano Donizettis Sammlung *Nuits d’Été à Pausilippe* (1836) werden laue Sommernächte im einstigen Dorf Posilippo in der Nähe von Neapel besungen. Das neapolitanische Lied *La conocchia* ist die Vertonung eines traditionellen Textes, in dem ein Mädchen am Fenster sitzt und dort spinnst, um die Aufmerksamkeit ihres vorbeigehenden Liebsten auf sich zu ziehen. In der Arietta *A mezzanotte* aus der gleichen Sammlung lädt die Sängerin den Geliebten ein, um Mitternacht vorbeizukommen, wenn die Liebe ein zusätzlicher Gast ist. Der Text von *Amore e morte* stammt von Giovanni Antonio Luigi Redaelli; das Stück ist Teil einer weiteren Donizetti-Sammlung, *Soirées d’automne a l’Infrascata* (1837), die einer anderen Jahreszeit und einem anderen neapolitanischen Dorf gewidmet ist. In dem Gedicht hinterlässt ein sterbender Mann seiner Geliebten eine verwelkte Blume. Aus der gleichen Quelle stammt *Amor marinaro*, ein weiteres neapolitanisches Lied, in dem ein Seemann mitten auf dem Meer einen Palast errichten möchte, der seiner Geliebten würdig ist. *Eterno amore e fè* ist eine Treueerklärung an den Geliebten, während in *La zingara* das Zigeunermädchen aus Carlo Guaitas Text von ihrer Armut erzählt, ihrem Tanzen und ihrer Wahrsagerei.

Verdis *Perduta ho la pace* basiert auf einem Text von Luigi Balestra. Dieser ist eine Übersetzung des gleichen Goethe-Textes, den Schubert für seine berühmte Vertonung *Gretchen am Spinnrade* verwendete; Verdi veröffentlichte das Stück als eine seiner *6 Romanze* von 1838. Im leicht ironischen *Stornello* (1869) sagt eine Geliebte ihrem Partner, dass sie sich nicht länger miteinander abgeben sollten. *Lo spazzacamino* wurde in den *6 Romanze* von 1845 veröffentlicht und ist die Vertonung eines Textes des in London lebenden S. Manfredo Maggioni, in dem ein fröhlicher

Kaminkehrer sich seinen Kunden vorstellt. In *Ad una stella* aus der gleichen Sammlung (der Text stammt vom Dichter und Librettisten Andrea Maffei) drückt die Sängerin den Wunsch aus, sich über die Erde zu erheben und in das Reich der Sterne aufzusteigen.

Modell stand für Donizettis Sammlungen Rossinis *Les Soirées musicales*, dessen zwölf Stücke zwischen 1830 und 1835 in Paris geschrieben wurden; viele der vertonten Texte stammten von Carlo Pepoli (1796–1881), einem italienischen Edelmann, der am bekanntesten dafür ist, dass er das Libretto zu Bellinis *I puritani* schrieb. In *La pastorella dell'Alpi* demonstriert eine Schäferin aus den Alpen ihre charakteristische Jodelkunst. *La gita in gondola* ist ein Liebeslied, das gesungen wird, während ein Gondoliere zwei Liebende über die Lagune befördert. *La promessa* (zu Textzeilen von Metastasio aus seinem Libretto *Siroe, re di Persia*) ist eine Erklärung ewiger Treue. *La fioraia fiorentina* folgte viel später in Rossinis Karriere, als er sich im Rentenalter damit amüsierte, kleine Stücke zu schreiben, die er unter dem Titel *Péchés de vieillesse* (Alterssünden) zusammenfasste; dieses Lied ist ein trauriges kleines Porträt eines florentinischen Blumenmädchens, das versucht, seine Waren zu verkaufen, um seine Mutter zu ernähren.

## George Hall

### Rosenblatt Recitals

*Rosenblatt Recitals* is the only major operatic recital series in the world. Since its foundation by Ian Rosenblatt in 2000, it has presented over 130 concerts, featuring many of the leading opera singers of our times. It has also given debuts to many artists who have gone on to enjoy acclaimed international careers. *Rosenblatt Recitals* was conceived to celebrate the art of singing, and to give singers an opportunity to demonstrate their skills – to move, thrill and amaze – and also to explore rarely-heard repertoire or music not normally associated with them in their operatic careers.

Outside the formal presentation of lieder and song, and apart from the occasional 'celebrity concert', there was, until *Rosenblatt Recitals*, no permanent platform for the great opera singers of today to present their art directly to an audience, other than in costume and make-up on the operatic stage. *Rosenblatt Recitals* created such a platform, exploiting the immediacy and intimacy of renowned London concert halls.

In the course of the series, *Rosenblatt Recitals* has presented singers from all over the globe – from the majority of European countries, from China and Japan in the East to Finland and Russia in the North, from the African continent, and, of course, from the USA. Many recitalists have been or become world superstars, and some have now retired – but all of them, in their *Rosenblatt Recital*, whether in concert or in the studio, have given something unique and unrepeatably, and this essence is surely captured in these recordings, available for the first time on Opus Arte.

### 1 Stornello

Tu dici che non m'ami... anch'io non t'amo...  
Dici non vi vuoi ben, non te ne voglio.  
Dici ch'a un altro pesce hai teso l'amo.  
Anch'io in altro giardin la rosa coglio.

Anco di questo vo'che ci accordiamo:  
tu fai quel che ti pare, io quel che voglio.  
Son libero di me, padrone è ognuno.  
Servo di tutti e non servo a nessuno.

Costanza nell'amor è una follia;  
volubile io sono e me ne vanto.  
Non tremo più scontrandoti per via,  
né, quando sei lontan mi struggo in pianto.  
Come usignuol che uscì di prigionia  
tutta la notte e il dì folleggio e canto.

Anonymous

### 2 Perduta ho la pace

Perduta ho la pace,  
ho in cor mille guai;  
ah, no, più non spero  
trovarla più mai.

M'è buio di tomba  
ov'egli non è;  
senz'esso un deserto  
è il mondo per me.

Mio povero capo  
confuso travolto;  
oh misera, il senno,  
il senno m'è tolto!

Perduta ho la pace,  
ho in cor mille guai;  
ah, no, più non spero  
trovarla più mai.

S'io sto al finestrello,  
ho gl'occhi a lui solo;  
s'io sfuggo di casa,  
sol dietro a lui volo.

Oh, il bel portamento;  
oh, il vago suo viso!  
Qual forza è nei sguardi,  
che dolce sorriso!

E son le parole  
un magico rio;  
qual stringer di mano,  
qual bacio, mio Dio!

Perduta ho la pace,  
ho in cor mille guai;  
ah, no, più non spero  
trovarla più mai.

Anela congiungersi  
al suo il mio petto;  
potessi abbracciarlo,  
tenerlo a me stretto!

Baciarlo potessi,  
far pago il desir!  
Baciarlo! e potessi  
baciata morir.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe 1749–1832  
trans. Luigi Balestra 1808–1863

### Bantering song

You say you love me not... and nor do I love you...  
You say you care not for me. Nor I for you.  
You say your line for another is cast.  
I too gather the rose in another bower.

On this I believe we must agree:  
you act as you will, and I do so too.  
I'm my own master, we are both free.  
Ready to help, but not to be enslaved.

Constancy in love is madness;  
I am fickle, and proud of it.  
I no longer tremble on seeing you,  
or pine when you are absent.  
Like a nightingale set free,  
all night and day I frolic and sing.

### Peace I find no more

Peace I find no more,  
my heart is full of trouble;  
ah, no, I cannot hope  
to recover it again.

All is deathly dark  
where he is not;  
without him is the world  
a desert for me.

Doleful my head  
is confused, overwhelmed;  
wretched my mind,  
all torn and afflicted!

Peace I find no more,  
my heart is full of trouble;  
ah, no, I cannot hope  
to recover it again.

When I'm at the window,  
my eyes seek him alone;  
when I leave the house,  
it is only to follow him.

Oh, how fine his bearing;  
oh, how charming his face!  
Such depth in his glance,  
and sweetness in his smile!

As for his words,  
they flow with magic;  
and the touch of his hand,  
and his kisses, oh heavens!

Peace I find no more,  
my heart is full of trouble;  
ah, no, I cannot hope  
to recover it again.

My breast is yearning  
to be united with his;  
could I but embrace him,  
and hold him close to me!

Would that I might kiss him,  
fulfil my desire!  
And then with his kisses  
lie down and die.

### 3 L'abbandono

Solitario zeffiretto,  
a che movi i tuoi sospiri?  
Il sospiro a me sol lice,  
ché, dolente ed infelice,  
chiamo Dafne che non ode  
l'insoffribil mio martir.

Langue invan la mammoletta  
e la rosa e il gelsomino;  
lunge son da lui che adoro,  
non conosco alcun ristoro  
se non viene a consolarmi  
col bel guardo clestrino.

Ape industrie, che vagando  
sempre vai di fior in fiore,  
ascolta, ascolta.

Se lo scorgi ov'ei dimora,  
dì che rieda a chi l'adora,  
come riedi tu nel seno  
delle rose al primo albor.

Anonymous

### 4 Malinconia, ninfa gentile

Malinconia, ninfa gentile,  
la vita mia consacro a te;  
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile,  
a' piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli dei;  
m'udiron alfine, pago io vivrò,  
né mai quel fonte co' desir miei  
né mai quel monte trapasserò.

Ippolito Pindemonte 1753–1828

### 5 La conocchia

Quann'a lo bello mio voglio parlare,  
ca spisso me ne vene lu golio,  
a la fenesta me mett'a filare,  
quann'a lo bello mio voglio parlare

Quann'isso passa po' rompo lo filo,  
e co'una grazia me mett'a priare  
bello, peccarita, proite milo,  
isso lu piglia, ed io lo sto a guardare,  
e accossi me ne vao' mpilo mpilo  
ah jeme!

Folk song

### 6 Amore e morte

Odi di un uom che muore,  
odi l'estremo suon:  
questo appassito fiore  
ti lascio, Elvira, in don.

Quanto prezioso ei sia  
tu dei saperlo appien;  
nel dì che fosti mia  
te lo involai dal sen.

Simbolo allor d'affetto,  
or pegno di dolor;  
torni a posarti in petto  
questo appassito fior.

### Abandonment

Lonely breeze,  
why do you sigh?  
Sighs are meant for me alone  
for, grieving and unhappy,  
I call on Daphnis, who does not hear  
my unbearable torment.

The sweet-smelling violet,  
the rose and the jasmine languish in vain;  
I am far from him whom I adore,  
and I have no relief  
unless he comes and consoles me  
with his beautiful blue gaze.

Industrious bee, who always flit  
from flower to flower,  
listen, listen:

If you find him where he is,  
tell him to come back to the one who adores him,  
as you come back to the bosom of the roses  
at the first light of dawn.

### Melancholy, gentle nymph

Melancholy, gracious nymph,  
I devote my life to you;  
whoever disdains your pleasures  
is not born for true pleasures.

I asked the gods for springs and hills;  
they heard me at last, and I shall live content,  
I shall never desire to pass beyond  
that spring or that mountain.

### The distaff

When I want to speak to the one I love,  
because often I want to do that,  
I sit down spinning at my window  
when I want to speak to the one I love

When he passes by I break the thread a bit  
and with grace begin to ask  
handsome one, please get it back to me  
he bends down and I stand watching him  
and so is lit in me a fire (which will burn)  
forever!

### Love and death

Give ear to a dying man,  
give ear to his last breath:  
this wilting flower  
is my gift to you, Elvira.

And well you know  
how precious it is;  
the day that you were mine  
I stole it from your breast.

Once a symbol of affection,  
now a token of pain;  
may this withered flower  
lie close to your heart once more.

E avrai nel cor scolpito,  
se duro il cor non è,  
come ti fu rapito,  
come ritorna a te.  
*Giovanni Antonio Luigi Redaelli 1785–1815*

**7 A mezzanotte**  
Quando notte sarà oscura  
e le stelle in ciel vedrai,  
cheto, cheto mi verrai  
nel mio asilo a ritrovar.  
Nel silenzio della notte  
dentra' all'umile mio tetto,  
vieni pure, o mio diletto,  
la tua ninfa a consolar:  
canta pur la tua canzone  
ch'io t'attendo sul balcone.  
ah!

Ma non debbo a te soltanto  
aprir l'uscio a notte bruna:  
coprirebbe la luna  
vereconda in suo pudor.  
Noi due soli non saremo,  
verecondia nol consente,  
vuò che un terzo sia presente  
e quel terzo sia l'amor.  
Canta pur la tua canzone,  
ch'io t'attendo sul balcone,  
io t'attendo a mezzanotte,  
cheto cheto ne verrai,  
noi due soli non saremo,  
vuò che il terzo sia l'amor.  
ah!

*Anonymous*

**8 La pastorella dell'Alpi**  
Son bella pastorella,  
che scende ogni mattina  
ed offre un cestellino  
di fresche frutta e fior.

Chi viene al primo albore  
avrà vezzose rose  
e poma rugiadose,  
venite al mio giardin,  
ahu, ahu...

Chi del notturno orrore  
smarì la buona via,  
alla capanna mia  
ritroverà il cammin.

Venite o passeggero,  
la pastorella è qua,  
ma il fior del suo pensiero  
ad uno solo darà!  
Ahu, ahu...

*Conte Carlo Pepoli 1796–1881*

**9 La gita in gondola**  
Voli l'agile barchetta,  
voga, voga, o marinar,  
or ch'Elvira mia diletta  
a me in braccio sfida il mar.

Brilla in calma la laguna,  
una vela non appar,  
pallidetta è in ciel la luna,  
tutto invita a sospirar.

Thus, if your feelings haven't hardened,  
will you always be aware  
of how the bloom was taken,  
and how it returns to you.

**At midnight**  
When darkness comes  
and the stars shine in the night sky,  
silently will you come  
to visit me in my refuge.  
In the quiet of night  
make for my humble abode,  
pray come, my dear delight,  
your sweetheart to console:  
sing that song of yours –  
I'll be waiting on the balcony.  
Ah!

But you're not the only one  
for whom I'll open the darkling door:  
the moon may feel the need  
to hide her face for modesty.  
The two of us shall not be alone;  
decency instead requires  
that another be present there,  
that this third person be love.  
Sing that song of yours,  
I'll be waiting on the balcony,  
at midnight I'll expect you,  
silently will you come.  
The two of us shall not be alone,  
may the third person be love.  
Ah!

**The mountain shepherdess**  
I'm a comely shepherdess  
who heads downhill in the morning  
to offer folks a basketful  
of fresh fruit and flowers.

Whoever meets me at daybreak  
will have pretty roses  
and dewy apples,  
come to my garden,  
aha, aha...

Whoever in the dark of night  
gets horribly lost  
will find the right way  
by calling at my hut.

Come hither, wayfarer,  
the shepherdess is here,  
but to one man only  
will she offer her finest bloom!  
Aha, aha...

**The gondola ride**  
Fly agile vessel,  
keep on rowing, boatman please,  
now my sweetheart Elvira  
in my arms defies the sea.

Quietly glistens the lagoon,  
while above a cloudless sky  
reveals the pallor of the moon,  
encouraging a heartfelt sigh.

Voga, voga marinar...

Se ad un bacio amor t'invita,  
non temer, mio bel tesoro,  
Tu saprai che sia la vita  
sol nel bacio dell'amor.

Ma già un zeffiro sereno  
dolce ondeggia il mar,  
vieni, Elvira, a questo seno  
vieni, e apprendi a palpitar!

Voga, voga marinar ...

*Conte Carlo Pepoli*

**10 La promessa**  
Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare,  
no, nol credete, pupille care;  
nemmen per gioco... v'ingannerò.  
No, no! No, no!  
Nemmen per gioco v'ingannerò!  
Voi sole siete le mie faville,  
e voi sarete, care pupille,  
il mio bel foco sin ch'io vivrò, ecc.  
Ah!  
Ch'io mai vi possa lasciar d'amare, ecc.  
*Pietro Metastasio 1698–1782*

**11 La fioraia fiorentina**  
I più bei fior comprate,  
fanciulli, amanti e spose:  
son fresche le mie rose,  
non spiran che l'amor.

Ahimè! Soccorso implora  
mia madre, poveretta  
e da me sola aspetta  
del pan e non dell'or.

*Anonymous*

**12 Ma rendi pur contento**  
Ma rendi pur contento  
della mia bella il core,  
e ti perdono, amore,  
se lieto il mio non è.

Gli affanni suoi pavento  
più degli affanni miei,  
perché più vivo in lei  
di quel ch'io vivo in me.  
*Pietro Metastasio 1698–1782*

**13 Il fervido desiderio**  
Quando verrà quel di  
che riveder potrò  
quel che l'amante cor tanto desia?

Quando verrà quel di  
che in sen t'accoglierò,  
bella fiamma d'amor, anima mia?

*Anonymous*

**14 Bella Nice, che d'amore**  
Bella Nice, che d'amore  
desti il fremito e il desir,  
bella Nice, del mio core  
dolce speme e sol sospir,

Keep on rowing, boatman please...

If love a kiss from you elicits,  
do not fear, my dearest treasure,  
Life is what you will discover  
contained within a loving kiss.

See how a gentle breath of wind  
moves the surface of the sea,  
come, Elvira, and from my breast  
learn how a racing pulse should be!

Keep on rowing, boatman please...

**The promise**  
That I could ever cease to love you,  
no, do not think that, dearest eyes;  
not even in jest... could I deceive you.  
No, no! No, no!  
Not even in jest could I deceive you!  
You alone can set my heart aflame,  
and you will always be, dear eyes,  
the fire that warms me while life shall last, etc.  
Ah!  
That I could ever cease to love you, etc.

**The Florentine flower girl**  
Come and buy the finest flowers,  
young men, lovers and spouses:  
try the freshness of my roses,  
a true aid in love.

Alas, it's up to me to help  
my poor mother, who's alone  
and counts on me to take back home  
not gold, but just a loaf of bread.

**Only restore contentment**  
Only make happy  
the heart of my beautiful lady,  
and I will pardon you, love,  
if my own heart is not glad.

Her troubles I fear  
more than my own troubles,  
because I live more in her  
than I live in myself.

**The fervent desire**  
When will that day come  
when I may see again  
that which the loving heart so desires?

When will that day come  
when I welcome you to my bosom,  
beautiful flame of love, my own soul?

**Pretty Nice, whose loving art**  
Pretty Nice, whose loving art  
unleashes shudders of desire,  
pretty Nice, you have filled my heart  
with sweet hope and languid sighs.

Ah!l verrà, né si lontano,  
forse a me quel giorno è già,  
che di morte l'empia mano  
il mio stame troncherà.

Quando in grembo al feral nodo  
peso, ah!l misero, io sarò,  
deh, rammenta quanto fido  
questo cor ognor t'amò.

Sul mio cenere tacente  
se tu spargi allora un fior,  
bella Nice, men dolente  
dell'avel mi fia l'orror.

Non ti chiedo che di pianto  
venga l'urna mia a bagnar,  
se sperar potess'io tanto,  
vorrei subito spirar.

*Anonymous*

### 15 Lo spazzacaminò

Lo spazzacamin! Son d'aspetto brutto e nero,  
tingo ognun che mi vien presso;  
sono d'abiti mal messo,  
sempre scalzo intorno io vo.

Ah! di me chi sia piú lieto  
sulla terra dir non so.  
Spazzacamin! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin  
vi salva dal fuoco per pochi quattrin.  
Ah! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin!

Io mi levo innanzi al sole  
e di tutta la cittade  
col mio grido empio le strade  
e nemico alcun non ho.

Ah, di me chi sia piú lieto  
sulla terra dir non so.  
Spazzacamin! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin  
vi salva dal fuoco per pochi quattrin.  
Ah! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin!

Talor m'alzo sovra i tetti,  
talor vado per le sale;  
col mio nome i fanciulletti  
timorosi e quieti io fo.

Ah, di me chi sia piú lieto  
sulla terra dir non so.  
Spazzacamin! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin  
vi salva dal fuoco per pochi quattrin.  
Ah! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin!

*S. Manfredò Maggioni 1808-?1870*

### 16 Ad una stella

Bell'astro della terra,  
luce amorosa e bella,  
come desia quest'anima  
oppressa e prigioniera  
le sue catene infrangere,  
libera a te volar!

Oh, the time is surely coming,  
perhaps already close enough,  
when wretched death steals up on me  
my ardent candle flame to snuff.

When I'm reduced to dust and ashes  
and nothing more of me remains,  
remember how my heart was faithful  
in its constant love for you.

If you would lay just one flower  
on my silent resting place,  
then the very thought of dying  
seems less dreadful, lovely Nice.

I ask you but to shed a tear  
my poor funeral urn to moisten,  
if you would grant this one desire,  
then my demise I'd gladly hasten.

### The chimney sweep

The chimney sweep! I look ugly and black,  
I dirty anyone who comes near me;  
my clothes are ragged,  
and I go around barefoot.

Oh! There's no one on earth  
as happy as me.  
Chimney sweep! Ladies, gentlemen, the chimney  
sweep  
will save you from fires for just a few coins.  
Hey, good folk, the sweep is here!

I'm up before dawn  
and with my cry  
I fill the streets  
and have no enemies.

Oh! There's no one on earth  
as happy as me.  
Chimney sweep! Ladies, gentlemen, the chimney  
sweep  
will save you from fires for just a few coins.  
Hey, good folk, the sweep is here!

Sometimes I clamber onto the roof,  
sometimes I use the stairs;  
boys behave properly  
when they hear my name.

Oh! There's no one on earth  
as happy as me.  
Chimney sweep! Ladies, gentlemen, the chimney  
sweep  
will save you from fires for just a few coins.  
Hey, good folk, the sweep is here!

### To a star

Beautiful star above  
full of luminescent love,  
how this soul of mine,  
oppressed and imprisoned,  
would like to sever the chains,  
and fly up to you freely!

Gl'ignoti abitatori  
che mi nascondi, o stella,  
cogl'angeli s'abbracciano  
puri fraterni amori,  
fan d'armonie cogl'angeli  
la spera tua sonar.

Le colpe e i nostri affanni  
vi sono a lor segreti,  
inavvertiti e placidi  
scorrono i giorni e gli anni,  
nè mai pensier li novera,  
nè li richiama in duol.

Bell'astro della sera,  
gemma che il cielo allieti,  
come alzerà quest'anima  
oppressa e prigioniera  
dal suo terreno carcere  
al tuo bel raggio il vol!

*Andrea Maffei 1798-1885*

### 17 Amor marinaro

Me voglio fa 'na casa miez' 'o mare  
fravecata de penne de pavune,  
tralla la le la...

D'oro e d'argiento li scaline fare  
e de prete preziose li barcune,  
tralla la le la...

Quanno Nennella mia se va a facciare  
ognuno dice "mò sponta lu sole",  
tralla la le la...

*Anonymous*

### 18 Eterno amore e fè

Eterno amore e fè,  
ti giuro umile ai piè,  
ti giuro eterna fè,  
presente Iddio, ti giuro amor,  
ti giuro fè, presente Iddio.

Viver, morir per te  
è il solo ben che a me  
dal ciel desio.

*Anonymous*

### 19 La zingara

Fra l'erbe cosparse di rorido gelo,  
coverta del solo gran manto del cielo,  
mia madre esultando la vita me diè.

Fanciulla, sui greppi le capre emulai,  
per ville e cittadi, cresciuta, danzai,  
le dame lor palme distesero a me.

La ra la... Ah! la zingara.

Io loro predissi le cose note,  
ne feci dolenti, ne feci beate,  
segreti conobbi di sdegno, d'amor.

La ra la, etc.

Un giorno la mano mi porse un donzello;  
mai visto non fummi garzone piu bello:  
oh! s'ei nella destra leggessimi il cor!

*Carlo Guaita*

The unknown inhabitants  
whom you hide from me, oh star,  
can embrace the angels  
in pure fraternal affection,  
so that you resound  
with angelic harmony.

Nothing do they know  
of our misdeeds and troubles,  
in peaceful unawareness  
they pass the days and years,  
untouched by worries,  
unscathed by pain.

Beautiful evening star,  
jewel adorning the heavens,  
how this soul of mine,  
oppressed and imprisoned,  
will soar from its earthly chains  
towards your lovely luminescence!

### Mariner's love

I'd build me a house in the middle of the sea  
all decorated with peacocks and feathers,  
tra-la-la le-la...

The stairs with gold and silver would gleam  
and the balcony with gemstones glisten,  
tra-la-la le-la...

When my Nennella looks out of the window  
everyone says 'the sun's come out',  
tra-la-la le-la...

### Eternal love and troth

Eternal love and troth,  
I pledge humbly at your feet,  
I pledge eternal troth,  
In God's name I pledge love,  
And troth, in God's name.

To live and die for you  
Is all that I desire  
the heavens should bestow.

### The gypsy woman

On a grassy bank strewn with icy dew,  
with only the heavens as a coverlet,  
my mother rejoicing gave birth to me.

As a girl I copied the goats on the slopes,  
later dancing in villas and towns,  
for ladies who lay palm leaves before me.

La-ra-la... Ah! The gypsy woman.

I foresaw what came to be,  
some were pained, others happy,  
I knew secrets of scorn and love.

La-ra-la, etc.

One day a young man showed me his hand;  
I'd never seen such a handsome lad:  
Ah! If he were to read what I feel in my heart!

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Ailish Tynan

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Francesco Meli

Artistic Consultant **Iain Burnside**  
Executive Producer for Rosenblatt Recitals **Ian Rosenblatt**  
Executive Producer for Opus Arte **Ben Pateman**  
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**OPUS ARTE**  
Royal Opera House  
Enterprises  
Covent Garden  
London  
WC2E 9DD

tel: +44 (0)20 7240 1200  
email: [info@opusarte.co.uk](mailto:info@opusarte.co.uk)

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