

WIGMORE HALL

Monday 19 October 1.00pm

Ashley Riches bass-baritone
Sholto Kynoch piano

Antonín Dvořák (1841-1904)

Cigánské Melodien (Gypsy Songs) Op. 55 (1880)
(Adolf Heyduk after traditional folk poems)

I

Má píseň zas mi láskou zní,
Když starý den umírá,
A chudý mech kdy na s'at svu'j
Si tajně perle sbírá.

Má píseň v kraj tak toužně zní,
Když světem noha bloudí;
Jen rodné pusty dálnou
Zpe'v volně z n'ader proudí.

Má píseň hlucně láskou zní,
Když bour'e be'z'í plání;
Když te's'ím se, z'e bídy prost
Dlí bratr v umírání.

II

Aj! Kterak trojhranec mu'j
Pr'erozkos'ně zvoní,
Jak cigána píseň,
Když se k smrti kloní!

Když se k smrti kloní,
Trojhran mu vyzvání.
Konec písni, tanci,
Lásce, be'dování.

III

A les je tichý kolem kol,
Jen srdce mír ten ruší,
A černý kour', jenz' spe'chá v dol,
Mé slze v lících, mé slze suší.

I

My song rings with love to me again,
when the old day dies,
and when the poor moss
secretly gathers its pearls.

My song so longingly rings into the countryside,
when I wander through the world;
only through my native plains
does my voice flow freely from my heart.

My song resounds loudly with love,
when the storms rush over the plains;
when I am glad that, freed from misery,
my brother dies.

II

Hey! How my triangle
rings out with passion,
like a gypsy's song,
when death draws near!

When death draws near,
the triangle calls to him.
End of song, dance,
love, lament.

III

And the wood is silent all around,
only my heart disturbs that peace,
and like the black smoke flowing in the valley
my tears flow on my cheek and dry there.

Však nemusí jich usušit,
Necht' v jiné tvář e bije.
Kdo v smutku mu° z'ě zazpívat,
Ten nezhyne, ten z'ije, ten z'ije!

IV

Když mne stará matka zpívat učívala,
Podivno, z'ě často slzívala.
A teď také pláč e m sneď dé líce muc'ím,
Když cigánské de'ti hrát a zpívat učím!

V

Struna naladěna, hochu, toč se v kole dnes,
Snad dnes pře'vysoko,
Zejtra zase dole!
Pozejtr'í u Nilu za posvátným stolem;
Struna již, struna nala de'na,
Hochu, toč se kolem!

VI

S'íroké rukávy a s'íroké gate'
Volnc'jš'í cigánu než'li dolman v zlate'.
Dolman a to zlato bujná prsa svírá;
Pod ním volná píseň násilně umírá.
A kdo raduješ se, tvá kdy píseň
v kve'te',
Pr'ej si, aby zas'lo zlato v celém sve'te'!

VII

Dejte klec jestr'ábu ze zlata ryzého;
Nezme'ní on za ni hnízda trne'ného.
Komoní bujnému, jenž se pustou z'ene,
Zr'ídka kdy př'ipnete uzdy a tr'eme.
A tak i cigánu příroda cos dala:
K volnosti ho ve'čným poutem,
K volnosti ho upoutala.

They need not dry;
let other faces feel them.
For whoever can sing in sorrow
will not die but live and live on!

IV

When my old mother taught me to sing,
it's strange, that often she cried.
And now I also torment my swarthy face
when I teach little gypsies to play and sing!

V

The strings are tuned, lad, spin in a circle,
perhaps today reaching the heights,
tomorrow coming down again!
The day after we could be at the Nile's altar;
the strings are tuned already,
so dance, lad, dance!

VI

Wide sleeves and wide trousers
are a better fit for a gypsy than a vest of gold.
That vest of gold oppresses an exuberant heart;
beneath it the song of freedom violently dies.
And you who rejoice when your song is
in bloom,
pray that gold could vanish from the world!

VII

Give a hawk a cage of pure gold;
he will not exchange it for his thorny nest.
To the wild horse galloping over the plain,
you seldom hitch a bridle or stirrup.
And so to the gypsy did nature a gift bequeath:
an eternal bond to freedom,
an eternity in freedom's bonds.

Translations by Daphne Rusbridge.

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Francis Poulenc (1899-1963)

Chansons villageoises (1942)

(Maurice Fombeure)

Unfortunately we are unable to reproduce the original texts for the below songs on this occasion.

Chanson du clair tamis - Song of the fine sieve

Where the verger has gone
among the poppies
where the verger has gone
the churchwarden too will go

Our lord and master is dead
pretty eyes have killed him
let us bewail his happy lot
in earth and interred
and the cross of Lorraine
on his gilded doublet

They have laid him in the grass
his great sword beneath him
a bird in the branches
cried: 'Cuckoo'

It's Sunday tomorrow
it's the day of our fair

To the sound of the clarinet
and the cornet in the bass
coarse wine accordion
the oldest are the drunkest

Grandmother with specs askew
on her twenty-year-old legs
let the springtime come my sweet
let the springtime come

Where the frog has gone
in amongst the buttercups
where the frog has gone
the beetle will go too.

Les gars qui vont à la fête - The lads who're off to the fair

The lads who're off to the fair
have stuck flowers in their hats

They're off to booze
and taste new wine

To fire rifles
to suck sweets
the lads who're off to the fair
have stuck flowers in their hats

They've shaved their faces down to the skin
they've scraped beneath the skin

And put on new smocks
and detachable collars of celluloid
the lads who're off to the fair
have stuck flowers in their hats

They'll dance with the girls
at Julian the fiddler's

Polkas and quadrilles
and the skater's dance

Cornet and clarinet
move the machos
the lads who're off to the fair
have stuck flowers in their hats

When they've drunk they argue
and beat each other up

And go to tumble girls
in the ditch beneath the elms
the lads who're off to the fair
have stuck flowers in their hats

They drink again and fight again
till the dawn chorus is heard

The next day some are found
sleeping in the ditch
the lads who're off to the fair
have stuck flowers in their hats.

C'est le joli printemps - It's the sweet springtime

It's the sweet springtime
that lures the lasses out
it's the sweet springtime
that brings the fine weather

I'm off to the fountain
it's the sweet springtime
to find the girl who loves me
the girl I love so much

It's in the month of April
that lasting vows are made
it's the sweet springtime
that lures the lasses out

The lass and her lover
to dance the quadrille
it's the sweet springtime
that brings the fine weather

So make the most of it
young lads and young lasses
it's the sweet springtime
that brings the fine weather

For the sweet springtime
is over in a trice
for the sweet springtime
does not last for long.

Le mendiant - The beggar

Jean Martin picked up his sack
good health to travellers all
Jean Martin picked up his sack
and his dogwood staff

Off to the monastery he went to beg
good health to travellers all
away with you the friar said
we do not care for tramps

And off to the town he went to beg
good health to travellers all
grocers and publicans
who eat meat soup
and warm your feet
then sleep with your wives
by the evening fire

You've driven away Jean Martin
good health to travellers all
they found him lying on the ice
Jean Martin passed away

May friars and fat men shake with fear
good health to travellers all
Tremble ah! accursed tribe
devoid of all compassion

One day O tribe be on your guard
the Jean Martins will all rise up
with their dogwood staffs

They'll stab you in the gut
then rape your women
and put on your shoes

Jean Martin pick up your sack
and your dogwood staff.

Chanson de la fille frivole - Song of the flighty girl

Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind veer round and blow
my ducks are swimming on the pond
lovely springtime moon

Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind veer round and blow
beneath the burgeoning orchards
lovely springtime moon

Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind veer round and blow
and in the singing bushes
lovely springtime moon

Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind veer round and blow
I'm off to find my lovers
beneath the springtime moon

Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind veer round and blow
old age comes too quickly
beneath the springtime moon

Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind veer round and blow
leave cares and torments till later
beneath the springtime moon

Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind veer round and blow
cure me of them now today
lovely springtime moon

Ah said the flighty girl
let the wind veer round and blow

kiss me very tenderly
beneath the springtime moon.

Le retour du sergent - The return of the sergeant

The sergeant returns from the war
feet swollen nose sniffing
the sergeant returns from the war
along the astonished bushes

He's won the Saint George Cross
feet swollen nose sniffing
he's won the Saint George Cross
gratuity beneath his cap

He fills his pipe of red clay
feet swollen nose sniffing
he fills his pipe of red clay
then suddenly begins to cry

He sees again all his dead mates
feet swollen nose sniffing
he sees again all his dead mates
who have rotted in the fields

They shall not see their village again
feet swollen nose sniffing
they shall not see their village again
nor the smoke of peaceful blue

Their sweethearts struggle on or snuff it
feet swollen nose sniffing
put to flight as in a dream
their mates have ravished them

And the sergeant sheds a tear
feet swollen nose sniffing
and the sergeant sheds a tear
by the astonished bushes.

Translation by Richard Stokes from *A French Song Companion* (Johnson/Stokes) published by OUP.
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Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

Chants populaires (1910)

(traditional)

Chanson espagnole

Adios men homino, adios,
Ja qui te marchas pr'a guerra
Non t'olvides d'aprendina
Qui che qued'aca n'a terra.
La, la, la!

Castella nos de Castilla
Trata ben os gallegos:
Cando van, ven como rosas,
Cando ven como negros.
La, la, la!

Chanson française

Janeta ount anirem gardar,
Qu'ajam boun tems un'oura? Lan la!
Aval, aval, al prat
 barrat;
La de tan belas oumbas!
Lou pastour quita soun mantel,
Per far siere Janetan. Lan la!
Janeta a talamen jougat,
Que se ies oublidada. Lan la!

Chanson italienne

M'affaccio la finestra e vedo l'onde,
Vedo le mie miserie che sò granne!
Chiamo l'amòre mio, nun m'arrisponde!

Chanson hébraïque

Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Zi weiss tu, var wemen du steihst?

'Lifnei Melech Malchei hamlochim',
Tatunju.

Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Wosze westu bai – lhm bet'n?

'Bonej, chajet, M'sunei',
Tatunju.

Spanish song

Farewell, my man, farewell,
since you have been taken to the war,
there remains for me, alas,
neither fun nor games on earth.
La, la, la!

Castille takes our boys,
to make its cause triumph.
Going away as sweet as roses,
they return as hard as coals.
La, la, la!

French song

Jenny, where shall we go to tend the flock,
and enjoy ourselves for an hour? Hey ho!
Down yonder, down yonder, in the
 gated meadow,
there are so many lovely shadows there!
The shepherd takes off his cloak
and makes Jenny sit down. Hey ho!
Jenny had such a time of it,
that she quite forgot herself. Hey ho!

Italian song

Leaning from my window, I see the waves,
I see my overwhelming grief!
I cry my love aloud, no one replies!

Hebrew song

Mayerke, my son,
O Mayerke, my son,
before whom stand you there?

'Before the King of Kings and only King,
father mine.'

Mayerke, my son,
O Mayerke, my son,
and what do you ask of Him?

'Children, long life and my daily bread,
father mine.'

Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oif wos darfs tu Bonei?

‘Bonim eiskim baitorah’,
Tatunju.

Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oif wos darfs tu chajei?

‘Kol chai joiducho’,
Tatunju.

Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oif wo darfs tu M’sunei?

‘W’ochalto w’sowoto uweirachto’,
Tatunju.

Mayerke, my son,
O Mayerke, my son,
tell me, why children?

‘To children one teaches the Torah,
father mine.’

Mayerke, my son,
O Mayerke, my son,
tell me, why long life?

‘He who lives, sings glory to the Lord,
father mine.’

Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oi Mejerke, main Suhn,
Oif wo darfs tu M’sunei?

‘Take this bread, feed yourself and bless it,
father mine.’

Translations of *Chanson française*, *Chanson italienne* and *Chanson hébraïque* by Richard Stokes.
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Charles Ives (1874-1954)

In the Alley (1896)
(*Charles Ives*)

Charlie Rutlage (?after c.1925)
(*John A. Lomax*)

The Side Show (adapted 1921)
(*Charles Ives*)

On the Counter (1920)
(*Charles Ives*)

The Circus Band (adapted ?c.1899 or ?c.1920-21)
(*Charles Ives*)

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