

The
Morgan
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Boston Early Music Festival

present

Trennung: Songs of Separation

Carolyn Sampson, *soprano*

Kristian Bezuidenhout, *fortepiano*

Sunday, April 3, 2022, 3 pm

Program

Montan und Lalage

August Bernhard Valentin Herbing (1735-1766)
Text by Christian Fürchtegott Gellert (1715-1769)

Das Lied der Trennung, K. 519

Wolfgang Amadé Mozart (1756-1791)
Text by Klamer Eberhard Karl Schmidt (1746-1824)

An das Clavier

Jean Christian Michael Wolff (1707-1789)
Text by Henriette Ernestine von Hagen (1760-1794)

Sonata in E minor, Wq 59/1

Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach (1714-1788)

Presto

Adagio

Andantino

Das Clavier

Friedrich Gottlob Fleischer (1722-1806)
Text by Friedrich Wilhelm Zachariä (1726-1777)

An Chloe, K. 524

Mozart
Text by Johann Georg Jacobi (1740-1814)

Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen
Liebhabers verbrannte, K. 520

Mozart
Text by Gabriele von Baumberg (1766-1839)

Abendempfindung, K. 523

Mozart
Text by Joachim Heinrich Campe (1746-1818)

Sonata in G minor, Hob. XVI:44

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

Moderato

Allegretto

Die Verlassene, Hob. XXVIa:5

Haydn
Text by Lorenz Leopold Haschka (1749-1827)

Antwort auf die Frage eines Mädchens,
Hob. XXVIa:46

Haydn
Text by Anonymous

Das Leben ist ein Traum, Hob. XXVIa:21

Haydn
Text by Johann Wilhelm Ludwig Gleim (1719-1803)

Arianna a Naxos, Hob. XXVIb:2

Haydn
Text by Anonymous

Five-octave Viennese fortepiano, by R. J. Regier, Freeport, Maine, 1998,
patterned after instruments by Anton Walter, ca. 1785–1795.

Program subject to change.

*The program will be performed without an intermission.
Please turn off all electronic devices. Photography and recording are not allowed.*

Texts and Translations

Montan und Lalage — Herbing

*Montan und Lalagen trieb
Lieb und Not aufs Meer.*

*Nie, nie liebte sich ein Paar so rein, so treu,
so sehr, als diese zärtlichen.
Sie schwuren oft, ihr Leben,
zum Zeichen ihrer Glut, mit freuden hinzugeben.*

*Ich weiss nicht,
hat die See den Schwur mit angehört?
Genung! Es kommt ein Sturm, der ihre Ruhe stört.
Die Wellen fangen an, sich so erhöht zu türmen,
Als wollten sie die Welt, und nicht ein Schiff
bestürmen.*

*Montan und Lalage, ganz aus sich selbst gesetzt,
Umfangen in der Angst,
sich noch zu guterletzt
Und wollen noch umarmt, bei ihrem jähen Sterben
Eins an des andern Brust, aus Zärtlichkeit
verderben.*

*Du meines Glückes Rest, und auch sein Innbegriff!
So seufzt noch Lalage. Darauf zerreist das Schiff.
Und mitten in dem Sturm, und mitten im zerspalten,
Muss noch ein schmales Brett, dies arme Paar
erhalten.*

*Der Seesturm lagert sich.
Sie schwimmen durch das Meer:
Doch, für ein kleines Boot war
diese Last zu schwer.*

*O! Schrie Montan bestürzt:
O! das Brett wird untersinken,
Und beide müssen wir, wenn eins nicht weicht,
ertrinken,
Wir müssen beid' ertrinken, wenn eins nicht weicht,
O das Brett wird untersinken!
O, wir müssen beid' ertrinken.*

*O! Probe voller Angst!
Wer? Wer? Wer soll nun in die See?
Das Leben liebt Montan, auch liebt es Lalage.
Noch ist für beide nicht die Rettung zu vermuten,
Wenn eines leben soll, muss eines in die Fluten.*

*Wer? Wer? Wer überwindet sich?
Montan gewiss. Doch nein.*

Montan and Lalage — Herbing

Montan and Lalage were swept away
by love and distress at sea.

Never before had a couple loved so purely, so truly
and so ardently as these two dears.
They had repeatedly sworn to willingly
give up their lives as proof of their burning love.

I do not know:
did the sea somehow hear these proclamations?
Enough! There comes a storm that disrupts their
peace. The waves begin to rise to mighty heights,
as if to besiege the entire world and not just the ship.

Montan and Lalage, beside themselves with fear,
held each other in an embrace:
for in the case of an untimely death,
at least they would meet their horrible fate in the
tenderness of each other's arms.

Oh, you the quintessence of my hope!
So lamented Lalage. Thereupon the ship was torn to
pieces. And amidst the storm, and the splintering,
only a narrow plank supports the loving couple.

The sea-storm slowly settles down,
they paddle through the ocean:
but, for a boat so small,
this load was far too great.

“Oh!” shouted the dismayed Montan:
“Oh, the plank will sink
and, unless one of us gives way, both of us will
drown.
We will both drown, unless one of us gives way.
Oh the plank will sink!
Oh both of us will surely drown.”

Oh! Fearful trial!
Who? Who? Who shall be forced into the sea?
Montan was a lover of life, as was Lalage.
Still, neither one could have predicted the only solution:
if one should live, the other must contend with the tide.

Who? Who? Who would surrender their life?
Certainly Montan. But no.

*Ich, ich, rief hier Lalage, ich will dein Eretter sein.
Doch, dass du ewig weisst,
Dass dich mein Tod erhalten,
So stosse mich ins Meer.*

“I, I,” cried Lalage, “I will be your savior.
That you forever remember
that my death has ensured your survival.
So, cast me into the sea.”

*Montan, nicht zu erkalten, stösst auch das
zärtlichste,
Das treuste Herz hinab.*

Montan, to escape death, pushed this most
tender
and loyal of hearts off the edge!

*Doch, doch, edle Lalage, zu edel für dies Grab!
Die See kennt deinen wert,
Und lässt es dir gelingen,
Und weiss dich ohne Brett
Gesund ans Land zu bringen.*

But, noble Lalage, too noble for such a death!
The sea knows your worth,
and will let you succeed,
and knows, without a plank,
to bring you safely back to shore.

*Hier, trifft nun Lalage den Freund erettet an.
Er fleht und bittet sie, er bittet sie.*

Here, Lalage encounters her rescued lover.
He begs and pleads with her.

*O! spricht sie: Geh, Montan!
Ich habe dich geliebt,
dich durch das Meer geleitet
Das Leben dir geschenkt,
Du mir den Tod bereitet.
Verlasse mich nunmehr,
Weil mich ein Herz betrübt,
Das in der Ruhe zwar,
Doch in gefahr nicht liebt.
Sei stets beglückt, Montan!
Dich werd ich niemals hassen!
Bestrafen will ich dich!*

“Oh!” says she: “Away, Montan!
I did love you,
led you through the sea
and gave you the gift of life,
and you prepared death for me.
Now, take your leave,
for I am saddened by a heart
that loves when all is well,
but not in times of peril.
Fare thee well, Montan!
Although I cannot bring myself to hate you!
You must be made to pay!”

Drauf, hat sie ihn verlassen.

Whereupon, she left him.

—Christian Fürchtegott Gellert

—Translation by Christel Thielmann,
Kristian Bezuidenhout, and Paul O’Dette

Das Lied der Trennung — Mozart

*Die Engel Gottes weinen,
Wo Liebende sich trennen!
Wie werd’ ich leben können,
O Mädchen, ohne dich?
Ein Fremdling allen Freuden,
Leb’ ich fortan dem Leiden!
Und du? Vielleicht auf ewig
Vergisst Luisa/sie mich!*

Song of Parting — Mozart

The angels of God weep
when lovers part!
How shall I be able to live,
O maid, without you?
A stranger to all joy,
I shall live, henceforth to suffer!
And you? Perhaps
Luisa will forget me for ever!

*Im Wachen und im Traume,
Werd ich Luise nennen;
Den Namen zu bekennen,
Sei Gottesdienst für mich;
Ihn nennen und ihn loben
Werd ich vor Gott noch droben.
Und du? Vielleicht auf ewig
Vergisst Luisa/sie mich!*

In waking and in dreaming
I will call Luisa’s name!
Confessing that name
is my sacrament!
Before God above
I will still invoke and praise her!
And you? Perhaps
Luisa will forget me for ever!

*Ich kann sie nicht vergessen!
Der kleinste Blick der Sonne
Gemahnt an jene Wonne
Der schönsten Augen mich!
Aus jedem Sterne leuchtet
Ein Blick, der Liebe beichtet!
Und du? Vielleicht auf ewig
Vergisst Luisa/sie mich!*

*Vergessen raubt in Stunden,
Was Liebe jahrlang spendet.
Wie eine Hand sich wendet,
So wenden Herzen sich.
Wenn neue Huldigungen
Mein Bild bei ihr verdrungen,
O Gott! Vielleicht auf ewig
Vergisst Luisa mich!*

*Ach denk an unser Scheiden!
Dies tränenlose Schweigen,
Dies Auf- und Niedersteigen
Des Herzens drücke dich
Wie schweres Geist-Erscheinen,
Wirst du wen anders meinen,
Wirst du mich einst vergessen,
Vergessen Gott und dich.*

*Ach denk an unser Scheiden!
Dies Denkmal, unter Küssen
Auf meinen Mund gebissen,
Das richte mich und dich!
Dies Denkmal auf dem Munde,
Komm ich zur Geisterstunde,
Mich warnend anzuzeigen
Vergisst Luisa/sie mich.*

—Klamer Eberhard Karl Schmidt

An das Clavier — Wolff

*Erleichtre meine Sorgen,
Sanfttröstendes Clavier!
Der Hoffnung lichter Morgen
Verhüllet sich vor mir.
Lass deine treue Saiten
Mein Herz zur Ruhe leiten,
Dem ein geheimer Gram
Längst alle Ruh benahm.*

*In kummervollen Tagen,
Hast du mich oft erquickt.
Noch muss ich Fesseln tragen:
Noch bin ich unbeglückt.
Hilf mir mein Leid versüssen.
Die Welt soll es nicht wissen;
Dir klag' ich es nur dir:
Du seufzest ja mit mir.*

I cannot forget her!
The merest sight of the sun
reminds me of the bliss
those fairest of eyes bestowed on me!
Every star gleams
With a look that speaks of love!
And you? Perhaps
Luisa will forget me for ever!

Forgetting steals away in hours
what love took years to give.
As easily as turning a hand
a heart may change.
If new wooers
have supplanted me,
O God! Perhaps
Luisa will forget me for ever!

Ah, think of our leave-taking!
Without a word, without a tear,
my spirits now high, now low,
may this oppress
and haunt you,
if you ever love another,
if you ever forget me,
may I forget God, and you.

Ah, think of our parting!
Let the kisses
imprinted on my mouth
be our memorial!
And let these kisses,
as I approach the ghostly hour,
be a warning and a reminder
that Luisa has forgotten me.

—Translation by Richard Stokes

Ode to the Clavichord — Wolff

Assuager of my cares,
softly consoling clavichord!
The bright morning of hope
veils itself before me.
Let your faithful strings
calm my heart,
which a secret sorrow
has for a long time deprived of all tranquillity.

In troubled days
you have often refreshed me.
Yet I must still endure my fetters;
I have not yet been made happy.
Help me sweeten my suffering.
The world shall not know it;
I lament it to you, only you:
indeed, you sigh with me.

*Auf weichgedämpften Chorden
Ertönet dein Gesang
Voll rührender Accorden,
Im holden Lautenklang.
Gieb meiner Trauerlieder
Den stillen Nächten wieder
Sing, bis Aurora scheint,
Und bis ich ausgeweint.*

—Henriette Ernestine von Hagen

On softly muted strings
your song resounds
full of touching chords,
in lovely lute-like sounds.
Return my laments
to the silent nights;
sing, until dawn appears
and until I can cry no more.

—Translation by Annette Richards

Das Clavier — Fleischer

*Du Echo meiner Klagen,
Mein treues Saitenspiel,
Nun kömmt nach trüben Tagen
Die Nacht, der sorgen Ziel.
Gehorcht mir, sanfte Saiten,
Und helft mein Leid bestreiten –
Doch nein, lass mir mein Leid
Und meine Zärtlichkeit.*

*Wenn ich untröstbar scheine,
Lieb ich doch meinen Schmerz;
Und wenn ich einsam weine,
Weint doch ein liebend' Herz.
Die zeit nur ist verloren,
Die ich mit goldnen Toren
Bei Spiel und Wein und Pracht
So fühllos durchgelacht.*

*Ihr holden Saiten, klinget
In sanfter Harmonie!
Fliehet, was die Oper singet,
Und folgt der Phantasie.
Seid sanft, wie meine Liebe,
Besinget ihre Triebe
Und zeigt durch eure Macht,
Dass sie euch siegend macht.*

—Friedrich Wilhelm Zachariä

The Clavichord — Fleischer

O echo of my laments,
my faithful stringed instrument,
now after dismal days comes
the night, the goal of sorrows.
Obey me, gentle strings,
and help combat my suffering;
but no, leave me my pain,
and my tenderness.

If I appear to be inconsolable,
nonetheless I love my pain;
and if I cry alone,
nonetheless it is a loving heart that cries.
Only that time is lost
that I wasted unfeelingly
with idle fools
in games, wine, and glamor.

Sound, you fair strings,
in gentle harmony!
Flee, from what is sung at the opera
but instead pursue fantasy.
Be gentle, like my love,
sing about its desires
and show through your powers
that love makes you victorious.

—Translation by Annette Richards and Reinhild

Steingröver

An Chloe — Mozart

*Wenn die Lieb' aus deinen blauen,
Hellen, offenen Augen sieht,
Und vor Lust, hineinzuschauen,
Mir's im Herzen klopft und glüht;
Und ich halte dich und küsse
Deine Rosenwangen warm,
Liebes Mädchen, und ich schliesse
Zitternd dich in meinen Arm,*

*Mädchen, Mädchen, und ich drücke
Dich an meinen Busen fest,
Der im letzten Augenblicke
Sterbend nur dich von sich lässt;
Den berauschten Blick umschattet*

To Chloe — Mozart

When love looks out of your blue,
bright and open eyes,
and the joy of gazing into them
causes my heart to throb and glow,
And I hold you and kiss
your rosy cheeks warm,
sweet girl, and clasp
you trembling in my arms,

Sweet girl, sweet girl, and press
you firmly to my breast,
where until my dying moment
I shall hold you tight—
My ecstatic gaze is blurred

*Eine düst're Wolke mir;
Und ich sitze dann ermattet,
Aber selig neben dir.*

—Johann Georg Jacobi

by a somber cloud;
and I sit then exhausted,
but blissful, by your side.

—Translation by Richard Stokes

**Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen
Liebhabsers verbrannte — Mozart**

*Erzeugt von heisser Phantasie,
In einer schwärmerischen Stunde
Zur Welt gebrachte! – 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

Louise's lover's letters — Mozart

Begotten by ardent fantasy,
born in 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 smolder long yet in my heart.

—Translation by Richard Stokes

Abendempfindung — Mozart

*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.*

Evening thoughts — Mozart

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,
O sie wird in meinem Diademe
Dann die schönste Perle sein.*

—Joachim Heinrich Campe

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

—Translation by Richard Stokes

Die Verlassene — Haydn

*Hör auf, mein armes Herz, so bang zu schlagen!
Er spottet deiner Leiden, deiner Klagen!
Er schloss durch Leichtsinn sich das Tor der Reue,
Der Ungetreue!*

*Weil ich, o Falscher, dich so sehr geliebet,
Hast du dies Bubenstück an mir verübet.
Und doch kann ich, obschon er mich verlassen,
Nicht ganz ihn hassen.*

*Weh mir! O schonet ihn, ihr Rächerinnen!
Kehrt wider mich eu'r grimmiges Beginnen!
Dies Herz, das noch den Frevler kann vertreten,
Müsst ihr erst töten!*

—Lorenz Leopold Haschka

The Forsaken Maid — Haydn

Cease, my heart, your fearful beating!
He laughs at your sorrow, your lamenting!
He thoughtlessly closed the door of remorse,
the faithless one!

It is because I, O false one, loved you so much,
that you played on me this knavish trick.
And yet I cannot, though he has left me,
hate him with all my heart.

Alas! O spare him, you avenging spirits!
Turn on me your fierce deeds!
You must first kill this heart
that can still plead for the offender!

—Translation by Richard Stokes

Antwort auf die Frage eines Mädchens — Haydn

*Denkst du auch so innig meiner,
Wie ich liebend denke deiner?
Wohl, trautes Mädchen, denk ich dein,
Wohl, jener süßen Wonnestunden,
Die, ach! zu schnell mir hingeschwunden,
Wenn heiss dein Herz an meinem schlug.
Vergessen sollt ich deine Liebe,
Vernichten die so schönen Triebe,
Die ich für dich, die ich für dich im Herzen trug?*

*Nein, nein! Ewig, ewig denk ich dein!
Ich denke dein im Todesschlummer,
Wenn tot dies Herz von stillem Kummer,
Verloschen dieser Augen Licht.
Dann spriest aus meines Herzens Mitte
Ein Blümchen noch in voller Blüte;
Dies Blümchen heisst, dies
Blümchen heisst: Vergissmeinnicht.*

—Anonymous

Answer to a Maiden's Question — Haydn

Do you think of me as tenderly
as I lovingly think of you?
Indeed, dear maiden, I think of you,
of those sweet hours of bliss
that, alas, have vanished so swiftly from me,
when your heart beat ardently against mine.
Should I forget your love
and banish those beautiful desires
that I bore for you in my heart?

No, no! I shall think of you forever!
I shall think of you in the sleep of death,
when my heart has died from silent sorrow
and the light of my eyes has gone out.
Then from the center of my heart
a little flower will shoot, still in full bloom;
this flower is called:
forget-me-not.

—Translation by Richard Wigmore

Das Leben ist ein Traum — Haydn

*Das Leben ist ein Traum!
Wir schlüpfen in die Welt und schweben
Mit jungem Zahn
Und frischem Gaum*

Life Is a Dream — Haydn

Life is a dream!
We slip into the world and float
With young teeth
and fresh palate

*Auf ihrem Wahn
Und ihrem Schaum,
Bis wir nicht mehr an Erde kleben:
Und dann, was ist's, was ist das Leben?
Das Leben ist ein Traum!*

*Das Leben ist ein Traum:
Wir lieben, uns're Herzen schlagen,
Und Herz an Herz
Gefüget kaum,
Ist Lieb' und Scherz
Ein leerer Schaum,
Ist hingeschwunden, weggetragen!
Was ist das Leben? hör ich fragen:
Das Leben ist ein Traum!*

—Johann Wilhelm Ludwig Gleim

on its illusions
and froth,
till we can cling to earth no more:
and then—what is this life?
Life is a dream!

Life is a dream:
we love, our hearts throb,
and hardly has heart
joined heart,
when love and jest,
turn to empty bubbles,
vanish and are borne away!
What, I hear you ask, is life?
Life is a dream!

—Translation by Richard Stokes

Arianna a Naxos — Haydn

Recitativo

*Teseo mio ben, dove sei tu?
Vicino d'averti mi pareo
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 adorato, dove guidasti il piè?
Forse le fere ad inseguir
ti chiama il tuo nobile ardor.
Ah vieni, O caro ed offrirò
più grata preda a tuoi lacci.
Il cor d'Arianna amante, che t'adora costante,
stringi con nodo più tenace
e più bella la face splenda del nostro amor.
Soffrir non posso d'esser
da te diviso un sol momento.
Ah di vederti, O caro, già mi stringe il desio.
Ti sospira il mio cuor. Vieni, idol mio.*

Aria

*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, O Dei,
Secondate i voti miei;
A me torni il caro ben.
Dove sei? Teseo!*

Recitativo

*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*

Arianna at Naxos — Haydn

Recitative

Theseus my beloved where are you?
I seem to have you near me,
but a flattering treacherous dream deceives me.
Already rose-colored Dawn is rising in the sky
and Phoebus colors the grass and flowers
rising from the sea with his golden hair.
Adored husband, where have your footsteps led you?
Perhaps your noble ardor
calls you to pursue wild beasts.
Ah come, my dearest, and I shall offer
a more pleasing prey to your snares.
Arianna's loving heart, which adores you faithfully,
clasps the splendid light of our love
with a firmer knot.
I cannot bear to be apart
from you for a single moment.
Ah beloved, I am consumed with longing to see you.
My heart sighs for you. Come, my idol.

Aria

Where are you, my treasure?
Who stole you from this heart?
If you do not come, already I die,
nor resist my grief.
If you have pity, O Gods,
fulfill my desires;
return my dear beloved to me.
Where are you? Theseus!

Recitative

But to whom am I speaking?
Only echo repeats my words.
Theseus does not hear me,
Theseus does not answer me,
and my voice is carried by the wind and the waves.
He must not be far from me.
Let me climb the highest of these steep rocks:

*alpestro scoglio: ivi lo scoprìrò.
Che miro? O stelle! Misera me!
Quest'è l'argivo legno, Greci son quelli.
Teseo! Ei sulla prora!
Ah, m'inganassi 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.*

Aria

*Ah! 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 infidel.*

—Anonymous

I shall discover him thus.
What do I see? O heavens! Miserable me!
That is the wooden argosy, those men are Greeks.
Theseus! He is on the prow!
O may I at least be mistaken...
no, no, I am not mistaken.
He flees, he leaves me abandoned here.
There is no longer any hope for me, I am betrayed.
Theseus, listen to me Theseus!
But alas! I am raving.
The waves and wind are stealing him from my eyes for ever.
Ah, you are unjust, O Gods, if you do not punish the infidel!
Ungrateful man! Why did I snatch you away from death?
So you had to betray me?
And your promises and your oaths?
Perjurer! Infidel!
Have you the heart to leave me?
To whom can I turn?
From whom can I hope for pity?
I can already bear no more:
my step falters, and in so bitter a moment
I feel my trembling soul weaken.

Aria

Ah, how I should like to die
in so fatal a moment,
but the heavens unjustly keep me
in my cruel torment.
Wretched and abandoned
I have no one to console me.
He whom I loved so much has fled,
barbarous and unfaithful.

—Translation by Misha Donat

Translations of Mozart and *Das Leben ist ein Traum* by Richard Stokes from *The Book of Lieder* published by Faber & Faber, with thanks to George Bird, co-author of *The Fischer-Dieskau Book of Lieder* published by Victor Gollancz Ltd.

Program Notes

One of three virtually forgotten composers in tonight's program, August Bernhard Valentin Herbing began his short career as assistant organist of Magdeburg Cathedral, graduating to principal organist in 1764. In his lifetime he achieved modest fame with his collections of humorous songs (*Musikalische Belustigungen*) and his *Musikalischer Versuch*—"Musical Essay in fables and tales by Professor Gellert." This consists of nine settings for voice and keyboard of verses by the famous Saxon poet Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, who took as his model the morality tales of La Fontaine. Each of Herbing's settings is in effect a miniature opera for one singer, with the keyboard-as-orchestra providing the scenery and stage action—a foretaste here of the ballads of Johann Zumstegg and the young Schubert.

Montan und Lalage is a story of everlasting love with a nasty, admonitory twist. Mingling recitative, song (with the vocal line often pitched perilously high), and keyboard interludes, Herbing vividly depicts the storm and shipwreck (cue for torrential scales and seething arpeggios), Lalage's anguished sighs and Montan's fears. Then, in a sequence of tense, shifting harmonies, he paints the terrible dilemma as to which of the lovers should sacrifice themselves.

Lalage proves the braver and the truer, and plunges into the ocean. But the waves will not let such a noble soul perish, and guide her safely to the shore in a florid arioso, with octave plunges to illustrate "Grab" ('grave'). In a lilting yet chromatically troubled aria, Lalage spells out the moral to Montan: that she cannot love a man who "loves when all is well, but not in times of peril." She then abandons him in a few bars of stark recitative.

Wolfgang Amadé Mozart's songs form a sideshow to his main concerns of opera and large-scale instrumental works. Most are simple strophic settings (i.e., with the same music for each verse) of rococo poetry that now seems coy or faded. Yet even in this self-effacing domestic medium, Mozart remained a consummate craftsman. While most of the songs are closer to the Italian *canzonetta* or the operatic aria than to the Lied as we know it from Schubert onwards, even the slightest are touched by Mozart's feel for graceful, balanced melody that cunningly avoids the banal or obvious. In a few of his later songs, including *Abendempfindung*, we find a true interpenetration of music and poetry that looks ahead to Schubert.

Das Lied der Trennung is at once parodistic in intent—the lover luxuriating *ad nauseam* in the pain of separation—and deeply touching: a typical Mozart paradox embodied most powerfully and disconcertingly in the music of *Così fan tutte*. It begins as a straightforward strophic design, but breaks away for a dramatic, even melodramatic, development in distant keys before a reprise of the original tune. Mining the discreetly risqué vein popular at the time, *An Chloe* is a small masterpiece of understated wit. After the erotic climax (the poem's "somber cloud"), Mozart delicately depicts the lover's post-coital lassitude, with repeated sighs on "ermattet" ('exhausted').

The unsnappily titled *Als Luise die Briefe ihres ungetreuen Liebhabers verbrannte* seems to send up the girl's overwrought emotions in a parody of a Mozart operatic *scena*, with a hint of Baroque pastiche in the suspensions and the angular dotted figures in the keyboard bass. The song might be heard as a domestic counterpart to Dorabella's melodramatic outburst "Smania implacabili" in *Così fan tutte*.

In *Abendempfindung* Mozart transcends the mawkish album verses in music at once serene and elegiac, intensified by remote, poetic modulations. The structure (with a suggestion of sonata form) is unified by a simple keyboard cadence—an echo of the vocal line in the first verse—that recurs in different keys throughout the song. Here, more than in any of Mozart's Lieder, Schubert is already glimpsed on the horizon.

Another eighteenth-century composer who now features barely as a footnote in musical history, Christian Michael Wolff was born in Stettin (now Szczecin in Poland) and made his career there as organist in St. Mary's Church. His reputation as a composer rested mainly on a set of sonatas for violin or flute, organ preludes, and a collection of "Odes and Songs to be sung with Keyboard and Harp." The most impressive, and extended, of these is *An das Clavier*, an original combination of song and keyboard fantasia that mines the fashionable vein of *Empfindsamkeit*, the cult of

“heightened sensibility” practiced by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach and other North German composers in reaction to the rational, empirical strain in Enlightenment thinking. The poem’s subject—a glorying in solitude and melancholy, with the keyboard (i.e., the intimate clavichord) as confidant—was a commonplace of the day. But from it Wolff creates music both dramatic and touching, with expressively varied keyboard figuration, plangent chromatic lines (a hallmark of *Empfindsamkeit*), and an arresting plunge to a remote key (A-flat after C major) after the words “Verhüllet sich vor mir.”

In his lifetime Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, second son of Johann Sebastian, presented something of a contradictory figure: harpsichordist to the flute-loving Frederick the Great who was perfectly capable of turning out *galant* trifles, yet in the works written for his own pleasure quickly acquired a reputation for “*bizarrierie*”; and, from 1768, Kantor in Hamburg who produced ephemeral odes and cantatas to order while allowing his genius free rein in some of the century’s most original symphonies and keyboard works.

Emanuel Bach’s most personal music represents the pinnacle of *Empfindsamkeit*. Dated 1784, the Sonata in E minor, Wq 59/1 (Wotquenne was to C. P. E. Bach what Köchel was to Mozart) comes from the six sets of sonatas, rondos, and fantasias for fortepiano titled “Sonaten für Kenner und Liebhaber” (i.e., for connoisseurs and amateurs, in the literal sense of the word) which Bach published during the last decade of his life. A shrewd business operator, he reported that the sonatas “sold like hot cakes.”

Typically, the three brief movements of the E-minor sonata constantly foil expectations. In the opening *Presto* the determined march gait is frequently undermined by quizzical pauses and sudden changes of topic and texture. At the end the music trails off whimsically into a fantasy-cum-cadenza. This leads without a break into the soulful, improvisatory *Adagio* (a taste here of Bach’s own improvisations). Instead of the expected show of brilliance, the finale is a gently ruminative *Andantino* in E major, whose surface grace is ruffled by oddly shaped phrases and deflections to remote keys. True to form, the sonata ends enigmatically in mid-phrase.

Like Herbing and Wolff, Friedrich Gottlob Fleischer is an all but forgotten figure today. In his lifetime, spent mainly in his native Braunschweig (Brunswick), he was dubbed “one of the greatest keyboard players of the Bach school.” He must have encountered Sebastian Bach and his sons while studying in Leipzig in 1746–1747, though there is no evidence that he had lessons with them. His sets of *Oden und Lieder*, published between 1745 and 1757, became widely popular in North Germany. In *Das Clavier* the keyboard is again the poet’s confidant and solace. Doubled throughout by the keyboard’s right hand (in the eighteenth century, singer and player were often the same person), the vocal line is both florid and chromatically tense, perfectly reflecting the melancholy sentiments of the poem.

Joseph Haydn composed prolifically for the keyboard throughout his long career. While his sixty-odd solo sonatas give a less complete picture of his artistic development than the symphonies and string quartets, they, more than Mozart’s slighter body of sonatas, chart and epitomize the evolution of the Classical sonata: from the slender works written by Joseph Haydn for young female pupils in the 1750s, through the more individual sonatas of the late 1760s and early 1770s, to the magnificent works inspired by the new, sonorous Broadwood instruments Haydn encountered in London.

Dating from around 1770—and thus contemporary with the string quartets of Opuses 9 and 17—the two-movement Sonata in G minor, Hob. XVI:44, is the earliest work Haydn designated “sonata” rather than “divertimento.” This was a period when he produced a whole raft of highly charged works in the minor mode: string quartets, sonatas, and so-called *Sturm und Drang* (“Storm and Stress”) symphonies such as the *Trauer*, No. 44, and the “Farewell,” No. 45. Yet whereas the symphonies are predominantly agitated, this G-minor sonata is pensive and inward-looking. In it Haydn recreates the rhapsodic, quasi-improvisatory spirit of C. P. E. Bach’s *Empfindsamkeit* in terms of his own more tightly structured, “goal-oriented” style.

Unified by the main theme’s initial triplet upbeat, the opening *Moderato* rises to a magnificent, richly textured contrapuntal climax in the development, high in the keyboard. In the recapitulation that follows immediately, the main theme is sounded an octave lower than before, with an effect of

deepening melancholy. The *Allegretto* finale, a delicately ornamental G-minor minuet with a G-major trio, sublimates *galant* gestures into pure pathos. Haydn expressively embellishes the repeat of the G-minor section, and then introduces a truncated version of the trio (itself a variant of the G-minor theme) as a coda.

The German Lieder Haydn published in 1781 and 1784 rarely feature in recital programs today. Yet despite their often-arch texts, the best of them have a grace, wit, and depth of feeling that go beyond mere rococo charm. This was a time when Joseph II was vigorously promoting German-language culture at the expense of French and Italian. In response to the growing popularity of German songs in Viennese salons, Haydn composed two sets of twelve, announcing his intention of singing them himself “in the best houses” (his pleasing tenor voice was far above the average *voix de compositeur*).

One of the finest songs in Haydn’s 1781 collection is the plaintive *Die Verlassene*, a quasi-operatic *scena* for an abandoned heroine. From the 1784 set, *Das Leben ist ein Traum* also evokes *opera seria*: in the broad, stately vocal line, the almost orchestrally conceived climax at “Bis wir nicht mehr an Erde kleben,” and the dramatic pauses near the end, where Haydn reinforces the question “Was ist’s?” with a shift from major to minor.

Some time in the late 1790s, after his second triumphant London visit, Haydn wrote three charmingly innocent songs to anonymous poems. Of these, *Antwort auf die Frage eines Mädchens* is an eloquent avowal of everlasting love.

“I am delighted that my favorite Arianna is well received at the Schottenhof, but I do recommend Fräulein Pepperl to articulate the words clearly, especially the passage ‘chi tanto amai’.” So wrote Haydn in March 1790 to his friend and confidante Maria Anna von Genzinger, wife of Prince Nikolaus Esterházy’s doctor. While it is unlikely that Haydn intended his recently composed dramatic cantata primarily for “Pepperl,” Maria Anna’s teenaged daughter, its keyboard, rather than orchestral, accompaniment, limited vocal range (spanning only a twelfth), and modest virtuosity suggest that it was aimed at the cultured amateur rather than the professional.

Arianna a Naxos quickly became one of Haydn’s best-loved works. In 1791 it was a hit at his London concerts, performed, improbably to us, by the castrato Gasparo Pacchierotti; and when Lord Nelson and his retinue visited the Esterházy’s Eisenstadt palace in 1800, the company was treated to a less than immaculately tuned rendering by “Mylady Hammelton.” Haydn wrote to his English publisher John Bland that he intended to orchestrate the cantata, but he never got around to it.

The myth of the Cretan princess Ariadne’s desertion by Theseus on the island of Naxos has attracted composers from Monteverdi to Richard Strauss. In some sources (and in Strauss’s opera), Bacchus turns up in the nick of time to rescue her. In others she dies, half-crazed with grief, and the anonymous text set by Haydn implies such a tragic outcome. The cantata opens with a slow, reflective recitative depicting Ariadne’s voluptuous awakening, the dawn, and her mingled languor and impatience for Theseus’s return. In a *Largo* aria (“Dove sei, mio bel tesoro?”) that opens with a wonderfully sensuous phrase reminiscent of the Countess’s “Dove sono?” from *Figaro*, she begs the gods to bring him back to her. Haydn suggests Ariadne’s underlying anxiety in an increasingly faltering vocal line, with sudden shifts from major to minor.

The aria breaks off for the second recitative (“Ma, a chi parlo?”). Ariadne climbs the cliff, duly illustrated by the piano; then, after the numb realization of her abandonment (“Ei qui mi lascia”), she comes close to collapse in a poignant, “tottering” arioso (“Già più non reggo”). The daughter of Minos briefly recovers her regal dignity in the slightly formal opening of the final aria (“Ah! che morir vorrei”). But her anguish and outrage erupt in the closing F-minor *Presto*, with its yearning repetitions of the key phrase “Chi tanto amai,” cited by Haydn in his letter to Frau von Genzinger.

—© Richard Wigmore 2019, 2021

About the Artists

Equally at home on the concert and opera stages, **Carolyn Sampson** has enjoyed notable successes in the UK as well as throughout Europe and the United States.

On the opera stage her roles have included the title role in *Semele* and Pamina in *The Magic Flute* for English National Opera, various roles in Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* for Glyndebourne Festival Opera (released on DVD), and both Anne Truelove in *The Rake's Progress* and Mélisande in *Pelléas et Mélisande* in Sir David McVicar's productions for Scottish Opera. Internationally she has appeared at Opéra de Paris, Opéra de Lille, Opéra de Montpellier, and Opéra National du Rhin. She also sang the title role in Lully's *Psyché* for the Boston Early Music Festival, which was released on CD and was subsequently nominated for a Grammy in 2008.

Carolyn's numerous concert engagements in the UK and Europe have included regular appearances at the BBC Proms, and with orchestras including the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra, The English Concert, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Scottish Chamber Orchestra, Bergen Philharmonic, Freiburger Barockorchester, Leipzig Gewandhausorchester, Orchestra dell'Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, Rotterdam Philharmonic, Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks, and Vienna Symphony Orchestra.

In the U.S., Carolyn has featured as soloist with the Boston, Cincinnati, Detroit, Minnesota, and Philadelphia Orchestras, and is a regular guest at the Mostly Mozart Festival. In October 2013 she made her Carnegie Hall recital début to a sold-out audience in the Weill Recital Hall.

A consummate recitalist, Carolyn Sampson appears regularly at the Wigmore Hall where she was a "featured artist" in the 2014–2015 season. She has given recitals at the Oxford and Leeds Lieder, Saintes, and Aldeburgh Festivals, in Barcelona and Freiburg, at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, Oper Frankfurt, Pierre Boulez Saal Berlin, and Vienna Konzerthaus, and on a recital tour of Japan.

Alongside her longstanding relationship with the BIS label she has released multiple award-winning discs for Decca, Harmonia Mundi, and Hyperion, receiving accolades including the Choc de l'Année Classica, *Gramophone* magazine Editor's Choice, *BBC Music Magazine's* "Record of the Month", an ECHO Award, and a Diapason d'Or. Her recording with Ex Cathedra for Hyperion, *A French Baroque Diva*, won the recital award in the 2015 Gramophone Awards. Carolyn was nominated for Artist of the Year in the 2017 Gramophone Awards, and recordings with Masaaki Suzuki and Bach Collegium Japan won Gramophone Choral Awards in 2017 and 2020. She recently released two discs on the BIS label: her first solo orchestra CD, Canteloube's *Chants d'Auvergne* with Tapiola Sinfonietta and Pascal Rophé, and *Trennung: Songs of Separation* with Kristian Bezuidenhout.

Kristian Bezuidenhout is one of today's most notable and exciting keyboard artists, equally at home on the fortepiano, harpsichord, and modern piano.

Kristian is an Artistic Director of the Freiburger Barockorchester and Principal Guest Director with The English Concert. He is a regular guest with leading ensembles including Les Arts Florissants, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Koninklijk Concertgebouworkest, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, and the Leipzig Gewandhausorchester, and has guest-directed (from the keyboard) the Orchestra of the Eighteenth Century, Tafelmusik, Collegium Vocale, Juilliard415, Kammerakademie Potsdam, and Dunedin Consort (*St. Matthew Passion*).

He has performed with celebrated artists including John Eliot Gardiner, Philippe Herreweghe, Frans Brüggen, Trevor Pinnock, Giovanni Antonini, Jean-Guihen Queyras, Isabelle Faust, Alina Ibragimova, Carolyn Sampson, Anne Sofie von Otter, Mark Padmore, and Matthias Goerne.

Kristian's rich and award-winning discography on Harmonia Mundi includes the complete keyboard music of Mozart. Recent releases include *Winterreise* with Mark Padmore, Bach sonatas for violin and harpsichord with Isabelle Faust, Haydn piano sonatas, and Beethoven Concerti with Freiburger Barockorchester.

The 2021–2022 season sees Kristian perform with Les Siècles and François-Xavier Roth, Orquesta Nacional de España, Stuttgarter Kammerorchester, and Kammerorchester Basel as well as continuing his collaboration with Freiburger Barockorchester. In addition to many solo recitals, he continues his partnerships with Mark Padmore and Carolyn Sampson and rejoins Anne Sofie von Otter for a unique presentation of Schubert's *Winterreise* under the direction of Christof Loy at Theater Basel.

Boston Early Music Festival

The Boston Early Music Festival (BEMF) is universally recognized as a leader in the field of early music. Since its founding in 1980 by leading practitioners of historical performance in the United States and abroad, BEMF has promoted early music through a variety of diverse programs and activities, including an annual concert series that brings early music's brightest stars to the Boston and New York concert stages, and the biennial weeklong Festival and Exhibition, recognized as "the world's leading festival of early music" (*The Times*, London). Through its programs BEMF has earned its place as North America's premier presenting organization for music of the Medieval, Renaissance, and Baroque periods and has secured Boston's reputation as "America's early music capital" (*Boston Globe*).

International Baroque Opera

One of BEMF's main goals is to unearth and present lesser-known Baroque operas performed by the world's leading musicians armed with the latest information on period singing, orchestral performance, scenic design, costuming, dance, and staging. BEMF operas reproduce the Baroque's stunning palette of sound by bringing together today's leading operatic superstars and a wealth of instrumental talent from across the globe to one stage for historic presentations, all zestfully led from the pit by the BEMF Artistic Directors Paul O'Dette and Stephen Stubbs, and creatively reimaged for the stage by BEMF Opera Director Gilbert Blin.

The twenty-first biennial Boston Early Music Festival in June 2021 took place virtually, and featured a video presentation of André Campra's extraordinary *Le Carnaval de Venise* from the June 2017 Festival. The twenty-second Festival, in June 2023, titled *A Celebration of Women*, will have as its centerpiece Henry Desmarest's 1694 opera *Circé* from a libretto by Louise-Geneviève Gillot de Saintonge, which will feature the Boston Early Music Festival Dance Company, a troupe of dancers under the guidance of BEMF Dance Director Melinda Sullivan.

BEMF introduced its Chamber Opera Series during its annual concert season in November 2008, with a performance of John Blow's *Venus and Adonis* and Marc-Antoine Charpentier's *Actéon*. The series focuses on the wealth of chamber operas composed during the Baroque period, while providing an increasing number of local opera aficionados the opportunity to attend one of BEMF's superb offerings. Subsequent annual productions include George Frideric Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, Henry Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, combined performances of Charpentier's *La Descente d'Orphée aux Enfers* and *La Couronne de Fleurs*, Monteverdi's *Orfeo*, a double bill of Pergolesi's *La serva padrona* and *Livietta e Tracollo*, a production titled "Versailles" featuring *Les Plaisirs de Versailles* by Charpentier, *Les Fontaines de Versailles* by Michel-Richard de Lalande, and divertissements from *Atys* by Lully, Francesca Caccini's *Alcina*, the first opera written by a woman, and most recently a combination of Telemann's *Pimpinone* and *Ino*. *Acis and Galatea* was revived and presented on a four-city North American Tour in early 2011, which included a performance at the American Handel Festival in Seattle, and in 2014, BEMF's second North American Tour featured the Charpentier double bill from 2011.

BEMF has a well-established and highly successful project to record some of its groundbreaking work in the field of Baroque opera. The first three recordings in this series were all nominated for the Grammy Award for Best Opera Recording, in 2005, 2007, and 2008: the 2003 Festival centerpiece *Ariadne*, by Johann Georg Conradi; Jean-Baptiste Lully's *Thésée*; and the 2007 Festival opera, Lully's *Psyché*, which was hailed by *BBC Music Magazine* as "superbly realized...magnificent." In addition, the BEMF recordings of Lully's *Thésée* and *Psyché* received Gramophone Award Nominations in the Baroque Vocal category in 2008 and 2009, respectively. BEMF's next three recordings on the German CPO label were drawn from its Chamber Opera Series: Charpentier's *Actéon*, Blow's *Venus and Adonis*, and a release of Charpentier's *La Descente d'Orphée aux Enfers* and *La Couronne de Fleurs*, which won the 2015 Grammy Award for Best Opera Recording and the 2015 Echo Klassik Opera Recording of the Year (17th/18th Century Opera). Agostino Steffani's *Niobe, Regina di Tebe*, featuring Philippe Jaroussky and Karina Gauvin, which was released in January 2015 on the Erato/Warner Classics label in conjunction with a seven-city, four-country European

concert tour of the opera, has been nominated for a Grammy Award, was named *Gramophone's* Recording of the Month for March 2015, is the 2015 Echo Klassik World Premiere Recording of the Year, and has received a 2015 Diapason d'Or de l'Année and a 2015 Preis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik. Handel's *Acis and Galatea* was released in November 2015. In 2017, while maintaining the focus on Baroque opera, BEMF expanded the recording project to include other select Baroque vocal works: a new Steffani disc, *Duets of Love and Passion*, was released in September 2017 in conjunction with a six-city North American tour, and a recording of Johann Sebastiani's *St. Matthew Passion* was released in March 2018. Four Baroque opera releases followed in 2019 and 2020: a disc of Charpentier's chamber operas *Les Plaisirs de Versailles* and *Les Arts Florissants* was released at the June 2019 Festival, and has been nominated for a Grammy Award; the 2013 Festival opera, Handel's *Almira*, was released in late 2019, and received a Diapason d'Or. Lalande's chamber opera *Les Fontaines de Versailles* was featured on a September 2020 release of the composer's works; Christoph Graupner's opera *Antiochus und Stratonica* was released in December 2020.

Celebrated Concerts

Some of the most thrilling musical moments at the biennial Festival occur during one of the dozen or more concerts presented around the clock, which always include the acclaimed Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra led by Orchestra Director Robert Mealy, and which often feature unique, once-in-a-lifetime collaborations and programs by the spectacular array of talent assembled for the Festival week's events. In 1989, BEMF established an annual concert series bringing early music's leading soloists and ensembles to the Boston concert stage to meet the growing demand for regular world-class performances of early music's beloved classics and newly discovered works. BEMF then expanded its concert series in 2006, when it extended its performances to New York City's Gilder Lehrman Hall at the Morgan Library & Museum, providing "a shot in the arm for New York's relatively modest early-music scene" (*New York Times*).

World-famous Exhibition

The nerve center of the biennial Festival, the Exhibition is the largest event of its kind in the United States, showcasing nearly one hundred early instrument makers, music publishers, service organizations, schools and universities, and associated colleagues. In 2013, Mozart's own violin and viola were displayed at the Exhibition, in their first-ever visit to the United States. Every other June, hundreds of professional musicians, students, and enthusiasts come from around the world to purchase instruments, restock their libraries, learn about recent musicological developments, and renew old friendships. For four days, they visit the Exhibition booths to browse, discover, and purchase, and attend the dozens of symposia, masterclasses, and demonstration recitals, all of which encourage a deeper appreciation of early music, and strengthen relationships between musicians, participants, and audiences.

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Aaron Blake, *tenor*
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A Man for All Seasons
Director: Fred Zinnemann
(1966, 120 minutes)
Friday, April 29, 2022, 6 PM

1913 Massacre
Directors: Ken Ross and Louis V. Galdieri
(2013, 66 min)
Thursday, May 12, 2022, 6 PM

Symposium

Capturing Holbein: The Artist in Context
Friday, May 6, 2022, 2 PM

The concert program is made possible by assistance from Cynthia Hazen Polsky and Leon B. Polsky, the Joan and Alan Ades-Taub Family Foundation, the Esther Simon Charitable Trust, Miles Morgan, the Witherspoon Fund of the New York Community Trust, the Theodore H. Barth Foundation, and the following endowed funds: the Cynthia Hazen Polsky and Leon B. Polsky Fund for Concerts and Lectures; and the Celia Ascher Endowment Fund.

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