

23 JUL

Terça / Tuesday

23:00 Castelo de Marvão, Cisterna / Marvão Castle, Cistern

ESPECIAL NOITE DENTRO com o apoio da Embaixada da Alemanha em Lisboa

LATE NIGHT SPECIAL with the support of The Germany Embassy in Lisbon

Ingeborg Danz, Alto

Peter Stein, Violino

“... like one thing leading to another...”

John Paul Corigliano (n. 1938)

Three Irish Folksong Settings for Voice and Flute

Arrangement for Contralto and Violin - Peter Stein 2021

The Salley Gardens (P. Colum)

The Foggy Dew (Anonymous)

She Moved Through The Fair (W. B. Yeats)

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

Ten Blake Songs for Soprano and Oboe (1957)

Arrangement for Contralto and Violin - Peter Stein 2014

Peter Knell (n. 1970)

Griffiths Songs for Contralto and Violin (2004)

Composed for Ingeborg Danz and Peter Sein

The Skater

Parallel Motion

Metamorphosis

“...Como uma coisa a levar a outra...”

Ensaiai juntos, viajar juntos, atuar juntos – Muitas vezes se diz que fazer parte de um grupo de música de câmara profissional é mais íntimo do que um casamento. Portanto, algo mais íntimo do que um casal casado a tocar música de câmara é difícil de imaginar.

Ingeborg Danz (contralto) e Peter Stein (violinista) são um casal que se envolve regularmente em projetos conjuntos, como o concerto que dão no FIMM. No

ambiente íntimo da cisterna do Castelo, apresentam-nos poesia inglesa musicada por compositores ingleses e americanos.

O lema do concerto "...como uma coisa a levar a outra..." é retirado de um poema de Thomas Gardner e musicado por Peter Knell. O pensamento do casal levou-os a criar um programa de concerto que combina canções dedicadas ao casal (uma coisa) com canções adaptadas para contralto e violino (a outra).

As Three Irish Folksong Settings de John Paul Corigliano (nascido em 1938) foram originalmente concebidas para voz e flauta, enquanto as Ten Blake Songs de Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) foram pensadas para Soprano ou Tenor e Oboé. Stein ele mesmo as arranjou para contralto e violino.

Na obra de Corigliano, Danz cantará essencialmente melodias folclóricas irlandesas inalteradas, enquanto o violino fornece suporte harmónico, enfeites musicais e complexidade.

No ano anterior à sua morte, Vaughan Williams musicou nove das Songs of Innocence and Experience de William Blake. O décimo poema provém do caderno do poeta. Blake contrasta a inocência da infância com o pecado inato bíblico dos seres humanos. Blake, que também era pintor, complementou os poemas com gravuras coloridas à mão, que tinham como objetivo ajudar o leitor/ouvinte a entender o poema.

As Griffiths Songs de Peter Knell, sobre poemas de Jane Griffiths, são compostas especificamente para contralto e violino e dedicadas a Danz e Stein.

Os três poemas refletem sobre duas coisas contrastantes em cada um. Em The Skater, Griffiths justapõe "a azáfama da multidão" com "a quietude da natureza". O poema Parallel Motion confronta verticalidade com horizontalidade: "o movimento vertical da descida gradual do peso de um relógio de pêndulo a marcar as horas num apartamento" versus "o movimento horizontal do rio serpenteando pela cidade". No poema final, Metamorphosis, a poeta e o compositor retratam em palavras e música a tensão entre relacionamento e intimidade.

Danz e Stein, que também criaram um programa que explora o poder inspirador das relações na música e nas artes, serão os nossos guias, como casal e como músicos, nesta jornada íntima do Lied inglês.

"... Like one thing leading to another..."

Rehearsing together, travelling together, performing together – One often hears that being part of a professional chamber music ensemble is more intimate than a marriage.

Hence, something more intimate than a married couple performing chamber music is hard to imagine.

Ingeborg Danz (alto) and Peter Stein (violinist) is such a couple that engages in regular joint projects, like the concert they give at FIMM. In the intimate setting of the Castle's cistern, they introduce us to English poetry set to music by English and American composers.

The concert tagline "...like one thing leading to another..." is taken from a poem by Thomas Gardner and set to music by Peter Knell. The couple's train of thought led them to creating a concert program that combines songs dedicated to the couple (one thing) with songs adapted for alto and violin (the other).

The Three Irish Folksong Settings by John Paul Corigliano (born 1938) were originally conceived for voice and flute, while the Ten Blake Songs by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958) were thought for Soprano or Tenor and Oboe. Stein himself arranged them for alto and violin.

In Corigliano's work, Danz will sing essentially unaltered Irish folk tunes while the violin provides harmonic support, musical embellishment and complexity.

The year before his death, Vaughan Williams set nine of the Songs of Innocence and Experience by William Blake to music. The tenth poem comes from the poet's notebook. Blake contrasts the innocence of childhood with the biblical innate sinfulness of human beings. Blake, who was also a painter, complemented the poems with hand-coloured engravings, which were meant to help the reader/listener understand the poem.

The Griffiths Songs by Peter Knell on poems by Jane Griffiths are specifically composed for alto and violin and dedicated to Danz and Stein.

The three poems reflect on two contrasting things each. In The Skater Griffiths juxtaposes "the bustle of the crowd" versus "the stillness of nature". The poem Parallel Motion confronts verticality with horizontality: "the vertical motion of the gradual descent of the weight of a grandfather clock ticking in an apartment" versus "the horizontal motion of the river snaking through the town". In the final poem, Metamorphosis the poet and the composer depict in words and music the tension between relationship and intimacy.

Danz and Stein, who also created a program that explores the inspirational power of relationships in music and the arts, will be our guides, as a couple and as musicians on this intimate journey of the English *Lied*.

[Bart de Vries](#)

John Paul Corigliano – Three Irish Folksong Settings (1988)

1. The Salley Gardens (William Blake Yeats)

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.
In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

2. The Foggy Dew (Anonymous)

A-down the hill I went at morn, a lovely maid I spied.
Her hair was bright as the dew that wets sweet Anner's verdant side.
"Now where go ye, sweet maid?" said I. She raised her eyes of blue
And smiled and said, "The boy I'll wed I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"

Go hide your bloom, ye roses red and droop ye lilies rare,
For you must pale for very shame before a maid so fair!
Says I, "Dear maid, will ye be my bride?" Beneath her eyes of blue
She smiled and said, "The boy I'll wed I'm to meet in the foggy dew!"

A-down the hill I went at mom, a-singing I did go.
A-down the hill I went at mom, she answered soft and low.
"Yes, I will be your own dear bride and I know that you'll be true."
Then sighed in my arms, and all her charms, they were hidden in the foggy dew.

3. She Moved Thro'The Fair (Padraic Colum)

My young love said to me, "My mother won't mind,
And my father won't slight you for your lack of kine."
And she stepped away from me and this she did say,
"It will not be long love, 'till our wedding day:"

She stepp'd away from me and she went thro' the fair,
And fondly I watched her move here and move there,
And then she went homeward with one star awake,
As the swan in the evening moves over the lake.

Last night she came to me, she came softly in.
So softly she came that her feet made no din,
And she laid her hand on me and this she did say,
"It will not be long love, 'til our wedding day."

Ralph Vaughan Williams – Ten Blake Songs (1957)

1. Infant Joy (Innocence)

"I have no name: I am but two days old."
What shall I call thee?
"I happy am, Joy is my name."
Sweet joy befall thee!
Pretty Joy! Sweet Joy, but two days old.
Sweet Joy I call thee:
Thou dost smile, I sing the while,
Sweet joy befall thee!

2. A Poison Tree (Experience)

I was angry with my friend:
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.
And I water'd it in fears,
Night and morning with my tears;
And I sunnèd it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night,
Till it bore an apple bright;

And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole
When the night had veil'd the pole:
In the morning glad I see
My foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

3. The Piper (Innocence)

Piping down the valleys wild,
Piping songs of pleasant glee,
On a cloud I saw a child,
And he laughing said to me:

"Pipe a song about a lamb."
So I piped with merry cheer.
"Piper, pipe that song again."
So I piped: he wept to hear.

"Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe;
Sing thy songs of happy cheer."
So I sang the same again,
While he wept with joy to hear.

"Piper, sit thee down and write
In a book, that all may read."
So he vanished from my sight;
And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,
And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

4. London (Experience)

I wander thro' each charter'd street,
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow,
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.
In every cry of every Man,
In every Infants cry of fear,

In every voice, in every ban,
The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweeper's cry
Every blackning Church appals,
And the hapless Soldier's sigh
Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I hear
How the youthful Harlot's curse
Blasts the new-born Infant's tear
And blights with plagues the Marriage hearse.

5. The Lamb (Innocence)

Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Gave thee life, and bid thee feed,
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little Lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,
Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:
He is callèd by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild:
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are callèd by His name.
Little Lamb, God bless thee!
Little Lamb, God bless thee!

6. The Shepherd (Innocence)

How sweet is the Shepherds sweet lot,
From the morn to the evening he strays:
He shall follow his sheep all the day
And his tongue shall be filled with praise.

For he hears the lambs innocent call,
And he hears the ewes tender reply,
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

7. Ah, Sunflower! (Experience)

Ah, Sunflower! weary of time,
Who countest the steps of the sun;
Seeking after that sweet golden clime,
Where the traveller's journey is done:
Where the Youth pined away with desire,
And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,
Arise from their graves, and aspire
Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

8. Cruelty has a human heart (Experience)

Cruelty has a human heart,
And Jealousy a human face,
Terror the human form divine,
And Secrecy the human dress.
The human dress is forged iron,
The human form a fiery forge,
The human face a furnace seal'd,
The human heart its hungry gorge.

9. The Divine Image (Innocence)

To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
All pray in their distress;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.
For Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
Is God, our Father dear,
And Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love
Is man, His child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew;
Where Mercy, Love and Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.

10. Eternity

He who binds to himself a Joy
Doth the wingèd life destroy;
But he who kisses the Joy as it flies
Lives in Eternity's sunrise.

The look of love alarms,
Because it's fill'd with fire;
But the look of soft deceit
Shall win the lover's hire.

Soft deceit and idleness,
These are Beauty's sweetest dress.

Peter Knell – Griffiths Songs (2004)