

28 JUL

Terça / Tuesday

19:30 Igreja de São Tiago / São Tiago Church

RECITAL

Juliane Banse, soprano

Niek Baar, violino

Ben Kim, piano

Francis Poulenc (1899–1963)

Sonata para Violino e Piano, FP 119

Allegro con fuoco

Intermezzo. Très lent et calme

Presto tragico

Franz Schubert (1797–1828)

Fantasia em Dó maior para Violino e Piano, D. 934

Andante molto

Allegretto

Andantino

Allegro vivace

— INTERVALO / INTERVAL —

Robert Schumann (1810–56)

Frauenliebe und Leben, Op. 42

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Süsser Freund, du blickst

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz getan

O Monstro e Outras Melodias Hipnóticas

Francis Poulenc (1899-1963) não gostava particularmente das cordas como instrumentos solistas. Deitou fora um esboço de quarteto de cordas e debateu-se

com as suas sonatas para violino (1942/43) e violoncelo (1948). Duas tentativas anteriores, nas décadas de 1910 e 1920, de compor uma sonata para violino tinham fracassado. Quando finalmente conseguiu, em grande parte graças à ajuda e à inspiração que recebeu da ilustre violinista francesa Ginette Neveu, referiu-se à sua Sonata para Violino e Piano, numa carta, como “o monstro”, devido a todos os esforços que nela investira. Enquanto as suas sonatas para sopros - para flauta, trompa e oboé - se tornaram obras fixas no repertório dos respectivos instrumentos, a sonata para violino ficou na sombra. Um comentário de um violinista no YouTube resume-o de forma sucinta: “COMO É QUE AINDA NÃO TOQUEI ISTO?” - maiúsculas do próprio violinista. Mas este grito de perplexidade revela também que a sonata para violino é uma peça fantástica. A paixão do primeiro andamento e a intensidade do terceiro conferem à sonata um peso que poderá reflectir a sombra da Segunda Guerra Mundial, mas essa sombra é regularmente dissipada pela agilidade e pela graça características de Poulenc. No entanto, a citação que Poulenc anotou no topo do segundo andamento revela o verdadeiro motivo para escrever a sonata. “La guitare fait pleurer les songes” - “A guitarra faz chorar os sonhos” - é o primeiro verso do poema Les Six Cordes, de Federico García Lorca, que inspirou esta triste e melancólica homenagem ao grande autor espanhol executado no início da Guerra Civil Espanhola. Em 1949, depois da morte prematura de Neveu num acidente de avião, Poulenc alterou o último andamento. Aproximadamente três minutos depois do início do andamento, a atmosfera muda abruptamente. Aquilo que os musicólogos vêem hoje como uma representação musical da queda de um avião seguida de uma marcha fúnebre é o testemunho de Poulenc à musa que inspirou a criação desta bela sonata.

A maior força de Poulenc era o seu talento para melodias belas, originais e memoráveis, um talento que partilhava com o seu predecessor e grande exemplo Franz Schubert (1797-1828). Na sua curta vida, este último escreveu nada menos do que 630 canções. Obra para violino e piano, a sua Fantasia em Dó maior pode não ser literalmente uma canção, mas é um conjunto de variações sobre uma das suas próprias canções, baseada no poema Sei mir gegrüsst, do poeta alemão Friedrich Rückert. Os três primeiros andamentos, escritos ao estilo de Paganini, estão cheios de bravura. Não admira que alguns violinistas considerem a Fantasia uma das peças mais difíceis de tocar. No andamento final, Schubert regressa ao lirismo da canção original. Concebida no último ano da sua vida, é geralmente considerada a sua melhor composição para violino.

Depois de todas estas melodias hipnóticas, talvez anseie pelo seu veículo supremo: a voz humana. E, falando de saudade, Frauenliebe und -leben, de Robert Schumann, ciclo de oito canções sobre poemas de Adelbert von Chamisso, está cheio dela. Os poemas, escritos da perspectiva de uma mulher, podem parecer bastante arcaicos ao intérprete ou ao público moderno. Cega de amor por um homem, na primeira canção, uma mulher angustia-se por saber se será digna, na segunda, do amor correspondido desse homem, na terceira; exalta liricamente o seu

casamento, na quarta; chora de alegria ao pensar que o seu bebê terá as feições do marido, na sexta; e entra em êxtase perante a intimidade de amamentar o filho, na sétima. Isto até o destino se abater sobre ela, na oitava canção, quando o marido morre. O mundo fica vazio. Ele era o seu mundo. Ela recolhe-se, voltada para dentro e solitária. Mas, como defende a soprano Carolyn Sampson no *The Guardian*, embora os aspectos mais sombrios e debilitantes da vida tradicional de uma mulher possam ter ficado de fora, a alegria, a excitação e a emoção de outros episódios são absolutamente reais. Além disso, com cantores masculinos a juntarem-se ao coro de intérpretes, o ciclo acompanhou os tempos. Se o cantor masculino moderno é profundamente empático com a mulher, ou homossexual, parece irrelevante. Isso mostra que o ciclo exprime sentimentos universais. Mas, em última análise, como diz Sampson, “o trabalho de um cantor é usar a sua imaginação e empatia para compreender motivações e tornar cada personagem credível”. Algo que Juliane Banse certamente fará hoje. Mas preste também atenção ao pianista e escute como a melodia assombrosa da primeira canção regressa no poslúdio pianístico da última, encerrando o ciclo, a vida da mulher e este concerto.

Se apreciou *Frauenliebe und -leben*, não perca a interpretação de Juliane Banse do ciclo de canções *Dichterliebe*, de Schumann, no dia 30 de Julho, às 16:00, na Igreja de São Tiago.

The Monster and Other Mesmerizing Melodies

Francis Poulenc (1899 - 1963) had a dislike for the strings as solo instruments. He threw out a draft of a string quartet and struggled with his violin (1942/43) and cello (1948) sonatas. Two earlier attempts in the 1910s and 1920s to compose a violin sonata failed. When he finally succeeded, not least due to the help and inspiration he got from the illustrious French violinist Ginette Neveu, he referred to his Sonata for Violin and Piano in a letter as “the monster” because of all the efforts that he had put into it. While his wind sonatas (for flute, horn and oboe) went on to become fixtures in the repertoire of their respective instruments, the violin sonata remained under the radar. A comment from a violinist on YouTube sums it up succinctly: “HOW HAVEN’T I PLAYED THIS YET” (capitalization from the violinist). But this cry of discombobulation also reveals that the violin sonata is a fantastic piece. The passion of the first, and the intensity of the third movement, give the sonata the weight that might reflect the darkness of the Second World War, but the gloom is regularly lifted by trademark Poulenc nimbleness and grace. However, the quotation that Poulenc scribbled at the top of the second movement reveals the true motive to write the sonata. “La guitare fait pleurer les songes” (The guitar makes dreams weep) is the first phrase from Federico García Lorca’s poem *Les Six Cordes* (The Six Strings) that inspired this sad and melancholy tribute to the great Spanish author who was executed at the beginning of the Spanish Civil War. In 1949, after the untimely death

of Neveu in a plane crash, Poulenc adjusted the last movement. Approximately three minutes into the movement, the atmosphere abruptly shifts. What musicologists now see as a musical depiction of an crashing plane followed by a funeral march, is Poulenc's testimony to the muse that inspired the creation of this beautiful sonata.

Poulenc's greatest strength was his talent for beautiful, original and catchy melodies, a talent he shared with his predecessor and great example Franz Schubert (1797 – 1828). In his short life, the latter wrote no less than 630 songs. A work for violin and piano, his *Fantasie in C major* may not literally be a song but the piece is a set of variations over one of his own songs on the poem *Sei mir gegrüsst* by the German poet Friedrich Rückert. The first three movements, written in the style of Paganini, are full of bravura. No wonder some violinists consider the *Fantasie* one of the most difficult pieces to play. In the final movement, Schubert returns to the lyricism of the original song. Conceived in the last year of his life, it is generally seen as his best composition for the violin.

After all these mesmerizing melodies, you may well yearn for its ultimate conveyor, the human voice. Speaking of yearning – Robert Schumann's *Frauenliebe und -leben*, a cycle of eight songs on poems by Adelbert von Chamisso, is full of it. The poems, written from the perspective of a woman, may, for the modern interpreter or audience, come across as rather archaic. Blinded by the love for a man (first song), a woman agonizes over her worthiness (song 2) for the man's reciprocal love (song 3), she waxes lyrically about her wedding (song 4), sheds tears of joy at the thought of her baby having the looks of her husband (song 6), and is in raptures over the intimacy of breast feeding her child (song 7). That is, until fate strikes (in song 8) when her husband passes away. The world is empty. He was her world. She became withdrawn, inward-looking and solitary. But as the soprano Carolyn Sampson argues in *The Guardian*, the dreary and debilitating bits of a traditional woman's life may be left out, the joy, excitement, and emotion of other episodes are all too real. Moreover, with male singers joining the chorus of interpreters, the cycle has moved on with the times. Whether the modern male singer is deeply empathetic with the woman, or gay, seems irrelevant. It shows that the cycle renders universal feelings. But ultimately, it is, as Sampson says, "a singer's job to use their imagination and empathy to understand motivations and make each character believable." Something that Juliane Banse will certainly do today. But do pay attention to the pianist too, and listen to how the haunting melody of the first song returns in the piano's postlude to the last song, wrapping up the cycle, the woman's life and this concert.

If you enjoyed *Frauenliebe und -leben*, make sure not to miss Juliane Banse's interpretation of Schumann's song cycle *Dichterliebe* on 30 July at 16h00 in the Igreja de São Tiago.

[Bart de Vries](#)

FRAUENLIEBE und -LEBEN, lyrics

Poems by Adelberg von Chamisso, English translation by Daniel Platt, reprinted with the permission from the LiederNet Archive

Seit ich ihn gesehen

Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein;
Wo ich hin nur blicke,
Seh' ich ihn allein;
Wie im wachen Traume
Schwebt sein Bild mir vor,
Taucht aus tiefstem Dunkel,
Heller nur empor.

Sonst ist licht- und farblos
Alles um mich her,
Nach der Schwestern Spiele
Nicht begehrt' ich mehr,
Möchte lieber weinen,
Still im Kämmerlein;
Seit ich ihn gesehen,
Glaub' ich blind zu sein.

Er, der Herrlichste von allen

Er, der Herrlichste von allen,
Wie so milde, wie so gut!
Holde Lippen, klares Auge,
Heller Sinn und fester Muth.

So wie dort in blauer Tiefe,
Hell und herrlich, jener Stern,
Also er an meinem Himmel,
Hell und herrlich, hehr und fern.

Wandle, wandle deine Bahnen;
Nur betrachten deinen Schein,
Nur in Demuth ihn betrachten,
Selig nur und traurig sein!

Höre nicht mein stilles Beten,
Deinem Glücke nur geweiht;
Darfst mich niedre Magd nicht kennen,
Hoher Stern der Herrlichkeit!

Nur die Würdigste von allen
Darf beglücken deine Wahl,
Und ich will die Hohe segnen,
Viele tausend Mal.

Will mich freuen dann und weinen,
Selig, selig bin ich dann,
Sollte mir das Herz auch brechen,
Brich, o Herz, was liegt daran.

Since I saw him

Since I saw him
I believe myself to be blind,
where I but cast my gaze,
I see him alone.
as in waking dreams
his image floats before me,
dipped from deepest darkness,
brighter in ascent.

All else dark and colorless
everywhere around me,
for the games of my sisters
I no longer yearn,
I would rather weep,
silently in my little chamber,
since I saw him,
I believe myself to be blind.

He, the most glorious of all

He, the most glorious of all,
O how mild, so good!
lovely lips, clear eyes,
bright mind and steadfast courage.

Just as yonder in the blue depths,
bright and glorious, that star,
so he is in my heavens,
bright and glorious, lofty and distant.

Meander, meander thy paths,
but to observe thy gleam,
but to observe in meekness,
but to be blissful and sad!

Hear not my silent prayer,
consecrated only to thy happiness,
thou may'st not know me, lowly maid,
lofty star of glory!

Only the worthiest of all
may make happy thy choice,
and I will bless her, the lofty one,
many thousand times.

I will rejoice then and weep,
blissful, blissful I'll be then;
if my heart should also break,
break, O heart, what of it?

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben

Ich kann's nicht fassen, nicht glauben,
Es hat ein Traum mich berückt;
Wie hätt' er doch unter allen
Mich Arme erhöht und beglückt?

Mir war's, er habe gesprochen:
Ich bin auf ewig dein --
Mir war's -- ich träume noch immer,
Es kann ja nimmer so sein.

O laß im Traume mich sterben,
Gewieget an seiner Brust,
Den seligen Tod mich schlürfen
In Thränen unendlicher Lust.

Du Ring an meinem Finger

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

Ich hatt' ihn ausgeträumet,
Der Kindheit friedlich schönen Traum,
Ich fand allein mich, verloren
Im öden, unendlichen Raum.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Da hast du mich erst belehrt,
Hast meinem Blick erschlossen
Des Lebens unendlichen, tiefen Wert.

Ich will ihm dienen, ihm leben,
Ihm angehören ganz,
Hin selber mich geben und finden
Verklärt mich in seinem Glanz.

Du Ring an meinem Finger,
Mein goldenes Ringelein,
Ich drücke dich fromm an die Lippen,
Dich fromm an das Herze mein.

I can't grasp it, nor believe it

I can't grasp it, nor believe it,
a dream has bewitched me,
how should he, among all the others,
lift up and make happy poor me?

It seemed to me, as if he spoke,
"I am thine eternally",
It seemed - I dream on and on,
It could never be so.

O let me die in this dream,
cradled on his breast,
let the most blessed death drink me up
in tears of infinite bliss.

Thou ring on my finger

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon my lips
piously upon my heart.

I had dreamt it,
the tranquil, lovely dream of childhood,
I found myself alone and lost
in barren, infinite space.

Thou ring on my finger,
thou hast taught me for the first time,
hast opened my gaze unto
the endless, deep value of life.

I want to serve him, live for him,
belong to him entire,
Give myself and find myself
transfigured in his radiance.

Thou ring on my finger,
my little golden ring,
I press thee piously upon lips,
piously upon my heart.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Freundlich mich schmücken,
Dient der Glücklichen heute mir.
Windet geschäftig
Mir um die Stirne
Noch der blühenden Myrte Zier.

Als ich befriedigt,
Freudigen Herzens,
Sonst dem Geliebten im Arme lag,
Immer noch rief er,
Sehnsucht im Herzen,
Ungeduldig den heutigen Tag.

Helft mir, ihr Schwestern,
Helft mir verscheuchen
Eine thörichte Bangigkeit;
Daß ich mit klarem
Aug' ihn empfangen,
Ihn, die Quelle der Freudigkeit.

Bist, mein Geliebter,
Du mir erschienen,
Giebst du mir, Sonne, deinen Schein?
Laß mich in Andacht,
Laß mich in Demuth,
Laß mich verneigen dem Herren mein.

Streuet ihm, Schwestern,
Streuet ihm Blumen,
bringet ihm knospende Rosen dar.
Aber euch, Schwestern,
Grüß' ich mit Wehmuth,
Freudig scheidend aus eurer Schaar.

Help me, ye sisters

Help me, ye sisters,
friendly, adorn me,
serve me, today's fortunate one,
busily wind
about my brow
the adornment of blooming myrtle.

Otherwise, gratified,
of joyful heart,
I would have lain in the arms of the beloved,
so he called ever out,
yearning in his heart,
impatient for the present day.

Help me, ye sisters,
help me to banish
a foolish anxiety,
so that I may with clear
eyes receive him,
him, the source of joyfulness.

Dost, my beloved,
thou appear to me,
givest thou, sun, thy shine to me?
Let me with devotion,
let me in meekness,
let me curtsy before my lord.

Strew him, sisters,
strew him with flowers,
bring him budding roses,
but ye, sisters,
I greet with melancholy,
joyfully departing from your midst.

Süßer Freund, du blickest

Süßer Freund, du blickest
Mich verwundert an,
Kannst es nicht begreifen,
Wie ich weinen kann;
Laß der feuchten Perlen
Ungewohnte Zier
Freudig hell erzittern
In dem Auge mir.

Wie so bang mein Busen,
Wie so wonnevoll!
Wüßt' ich nur mit Worten,
Wie ich's sagen soll;
Komm und birg dein Antlitz
Hier an meiner Brust,
Will in's Ohr dir flüstern
Alle meine Lust.

Weißt du nun die Thränen,
Die ich weinen kann?
Sollst du nicht sie sehen,
Du geliebter Mann;
Bleib' an meinem Herzen,
Fühle dessen Schlag,
Daß ich fest und fester
Nur dich drücken mag.

Hier an meinem Bette
Hat die Wiege Raum,
Wo sie still verberge
Meinen holden Traum;
Kommen wird der Morgen,
Wo der Traum erwacht,
Und daraus dein Bildniß
Mir entgegen lacht.

Sweet friend, thou gazest

Sweet friend, thou gazest
upon me in wonderment,
thou canst not grasp it,
why I can weep;
Let the moist pearls'
unaccustomed adornment
tremble, joyful-bright,
in my eyes.

How anxious my bosom,
how rapturous!
If I only knew, with words,
how I should say it;
come and bury thy visage
here in my breast,
I want to whisper in thy ear
all my happiness.

Knowest thou the tears,
that I can weep?
Shouldst thou not see them,
thou beloved man?
Stay by my heart,
feel its beat,
that I may, fast and faster,
hold thee.

Here, at my bed,
the cradle shall have room,
where it silently conceals
my lovely dream;
the morning will come
where the dream awakes,
and from there thy image
shall smile at me.

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

Das Glück ist die Liebe, die Lieb' ist das Glück,
Ich hab' es gesagt und nehm's nicht zurück.

Hab' überschwenglich mich geschätzt
Bin übergücklich aber jetzt.

Nur die da säugt, nur die da liebt
Das Kind, dem sie die Nahrung giebt;

Nur eine Mutter weiß allein,
Was lieben heißt und glücklich sein.

O, wie bedaur' ich doch den Mann,
Der Mutterglück nicht fühlen kann!

Du lieber, lieber Engel, du,
Du schauest mich an und lächelst dazu!

An meinem Herzen, an meiner Brust,
Du meine Wonne, du meine Lust!

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan

Nun hast du mir den ersten Schmerz gethan,
Der aber traf.
Du schläfst, du harter, unbarmherz'ger Mann,
Den Todesschlaf.

Es blicket die Verlass'ne vor sich hin,
Die Welt ist leer.
Geliebet hab' ich und gelebt, ich bin
Nicht lebend mehr.

Ich zieh' mich in mein Inn'res still zurück,
Der Schleier fällt,
Da hab' ich dich und mein verlornes Glück,
Du meine Welt!

At my heart, at my breast

At my heart, at my breast,
thou my rapture, my happiness!

The joy is the love, the love is the joy,
I have said it, and won't take it back.

I've thought myself rapturous,
but now I'm happy beyond that.

Only she that suckles, only she that loves
the child, to whom she gives nourishment;

Only a mother knows alone
what it is to love and be happy.

O how I pity then the man
who cannot feel a mother's joy!

Thou lookst at me and smiles,
Thou dear, dear angel thou

At my heart, at my breast,
thou my rapture, my happiness!

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain

Now thou hast given me, for the first time, pain,
how it struck me.
Thou sleepest, thou hard, merciless man,
the sleep of death.

The abandoned one gazes straight ahead,
the world is void.
I have loved and lived, I am
no longer living.

I withdraw silently into myself,
the veil falls,
there I have thee and my lost happiness,
O thou my world!