



# Crepuscolo

SONGS BY OTTORINO RESPIGHI

TIMOTHY FALLON  
AMMIEL BUSHAKEVITZ

## RESPIGHI, Ottorino (1879–1936)

|      |                                                                                   |       |
|------|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
|      | <b>Deità Silvana</b> , P 107 (1917) <i>Texts: Antonio Rubino</i>                  | 14'53 |
| [1]  | 1. I fauni                                                                        | 2'14  |
| [2]  | 2. Musica in orto                                                                 | 1'58  |
| [3]  | 3. Egle                                                                           | 3'03  |
| [4]  | 4. Acqua                                                                          | 2'54  |
| [5]  | 5. Crepuscolo                                                                     | 4'22  |
| [6]  | <b>In alto mare</b> , P 89 No. 1 (1909) <i>Text: Enrico Panzacchi</i>             | 1'00  |
| [7]  | <b>Contrasto</b> , P 66 (1906) <i>Text: Carlo Zangarini</i>                       | 2'06  |
| [8]  | <b>L'ultima ebbrezza</b> , P 8 (1896) <i>Text: Ada Negri</i>                      | 3'23  |
| [9]  | <b>Abbandono</b> , P 89 No. 2 (1909) <i>Text: Annie Vivanti</i>                   | 2'03  |
| [10] | <b>Stornellatrice</b> , P 69 (1906) <i>Text: Carlo Zangarini / Alberto Donini</i> | 1'40  |
|      | <b>Cinque canti all'antica</b> , P 71 (1906)                                      | 9'54  |
| [11] | 1. L'udir talvolta <i>Text: Giovanni Boccaccio</i>                                | 1'29  |
| [12] | 2. Ma come potrei <i>Text: Giovanni Boccaccio</i>                                 | 1'48  |
| [13] | 3. Ballata <i>Text: Giovanni Boccaccio</i>                                        | 1'36  |
| [14] | 4. Bella porta di rubini <i>Text: Andrea Falconieri</i>                           | 1'56  |
| [15] | 5. Canzone (nell'opera comica <i>Re Enzo</i> ) <i>Text: Enzo of Sardinia</i>      | 2'49  |

|    |                                                                                     |       |
|----|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------|
| 16 | <b>Storia breve</b> , P 52 (1904) <i>Text: Ada Negri</i>                            | 2'24  |
| 17 | <b>Nel giardino</b> , P 97 No. 6 (1912) <i>Text: Francesco Rocchi</i>               | 4'00  |
| 18 | <b>Pioggia</b> , P 90 No. 6 (1909) <i>Text: Vittoria Aganoor Pompilj</i>            | 2'19  |
| 19 | <b>Lagrima</b> , P 9 (1896) <i>Text: Ada Negri</i>                                  | 3'59  |
|    | <b>Quattro arie scozzesi</b> , P 143 (1924)                                         | 15'09 |
| 20 | 1. When the Kye Come Hame <i>Text: Trad. / James Hogg</i>                           | 5'14  |
| 21 | 2. Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town <i>Text: Thomas D'Urfey</i>                      | 3'30  |
| 22 | 3. My Heart's in the Highlands <i>Text: Robert Burns</i>                            | 3'57  |
| 23 | 4. The Piper of Dundee <i>Text: Trad.</i>                                           | 2'17  |
| 24 | <b>O falce di luna calante</b> , P 90 No. 1 (1909) <i>Text: Gabriele D'Annunzio</i> | 2'56  |
| 25 | <b>Notturmo</b> , P 11 (1896) <i>Text: Ada Negri</i>                                | 3'39  |
| 26 | <b>Nebbie</b> , P 64 (1906) <i>Text: Ada Negri</i>                                  | 2'51  |

TT: 74'04

**Timothy Fallon** *tenor*  
**Ammiel Bushakevitz** *piano*

**Instrumentarium:**

Grand Piano: Steinway D

## Crepuscolo: Songs by Ottorino Respighi

September 1927: Respighi and Schoenberg were drinking coffee together in Vienna. The occasion was the Konzerthaus première of Schoenberg's Third String Quartet. Respighi, fluent in German and numerous other languages, did not have much to say to the world's most talked-about composer. Respighi's own Konzerthaus première the next week, that of his *Trittico Botticelliano*, demonstrated a musical universe far from Schoenberg's. Just a few years later, in 1932, Respighi signed a manifesto committing to 'human content' in music, explicitly disavowing the dodecaphony of Schoenberg and his disciples.

'Human' is a term that aptly covers the broad, eclectic spectrum of Respighi's songs for voice and piano. A man of letters, a traveller from Brazil and the USA to Russia and Scotland, Respighi was above all part of a disappearing age: Romanticism. The sun had set on the Romantics with their love of nature, night and nostalgia. The First World War brought with it the cold reality of human struggle in its full misery and artists from Picasso to Joyce were confronting this brave new world. Yet Respighi, who had studied in Russia with Rimsky-Korsakov and in Berlin with Max Bruch, chose to remain in the world that he knew and loved. This is not to say that there is anything old-fashioned about Respighi's music. His song output attests to the variety of his musical experimentation, perhaps best described by words from his song *Pioggia* as a 'tumulto dei colori' (tumult of colours). The songs run the gamut of influence from the German Late Romanticism of Wagner and Mahler, his Russian teacher Rimsky-Korsakov, his Italian *bel canto* and *verismo* forebears and the French styles of Debussy and Ravel. His songs can be lyrically operatic, expressionist, impressionist, symbolist and pointillist. To put it another way: over the course of his lifetime, Respighi's musical style changed as often and rapidly as did the borders within Europe.

Born in 1879 into a family of musicians and sculptors in Bologna, a city buzzing with intellectual ardour, the young Ottorino was instilled with a respect for history and tradition, especially that of the Renaissance. His works reflect an admiration for bygone eras and composers such as Frescobaldi, Gallot, Monteverdi, Pergolesi and Rameau, all of whom he later honoured as a transcriber and editor. Respighi was an ‘early music specialist’ before the term existed. In an Italy where Verdi and Puccini reigned supreme and where instrumental music was marginalised, this was new, heady territory for the young composer.

His love of the *stile antico* and the Renaissance is manifest in the *Cinque canti all’antica*, pastiches that are subtly coloured by Respighi’s own musical language. A special nod is made to his birthplace of Bologna and its 13th-century Palazzo Re Enzo in the ‘Canzone (nell’opera comica *Re Enzo*)’. This neo-Renaissance style culminated in Respighi’s *Ancient Airs and Dances*, orchestral suites based on lute music of the 16th and 17th centuries.

Gregorian chant was also a passion of the composer. This is evident in much of Respighi’s song corpus, with vocal lines that avoid large leaps and reflect the idiom of the great *fin-de-siècle* French *mélodie* composers: Fauré, Debussy and Ravel. *Deità Silvine* (*Woodland Deities*) is a wonderful example of this, mirroring Debussy’s *Chansons de Bilitis* not only musically but also in its themes of forestal eroticism, pantheism and orgiastic exuberance. Respighi makes full use of his ability to conjure a kaleidoscopic range of rabbits from his hat, demonstrating a masterful command of writing for the voice. In fact, within the relatively rare genre of art song in the 20th-century Italian canon, *Deità Silvine* represents perhaps the most significant contribution to song-sets.

As a string player (violin and viola), Respighi is often praised as a master of orchestration. Respighi’s songs demonstrate not only his knowledge of vocal capabilities, but also a mastery of keyboard techniques and sonorities. His remarkable

pianistic writing is often overtly virtuosic, as can be heard in the improvisatory passages scattered throughout his *Quattro arie scozzesi* (*Four Scottish Songs*). Probably inspired by a visit to Scotland and especially to Huntingtower Castle, Respighi follows the examples of Haydn and Beethoven in setting Scottish folk songs. Unlike them, however, he allows himself complete freedom, once again demonstrating the eclecticism that defines his song oeuvre.

In any biographical sketch about Respighi, there comes a time when his so-called ‘Roman Trilogy’ is mentioned. This grand orchestral triptych, consisting of *Fountains of Rome* (1916), *Pines of Rome* (1924) and *Roman Festivals* (1928), has completely overshadowed his immense compositional output and offers a rather one-sided view of this versatile composer for whom the human voice was so important. In his elegant villa in Rome, which he shared with his wife Elsa (singer, composer and champion of her husband’s music who died in 1996 at the age of almost 102), Respighi had a formidable library which included atlases, encyclopedias and dictionaries of various languages. As a composer who wrote no fewer than twelve operas, *la parola cantata* (‘the sung word’) was immensely important to Respighi throughout his life. *L’ultima ebbrezza* (1896), the very first song that Respighi deemed publishable, was penned when he was a seventeen-year-old student in the Liceo Musicale di Bologna. A decade later, it was his song *Nebbie* that propelled Respighi to fame long before the Roman Trilogy.

Perhaps owing to his love of travel and languages, Respighi remained unaffiliated in a world brimming with political intrigue. His love for Rome, incarnated in the Roman Trilogy, resulted in a misassociation with Fascist nationalism that long sullied his reputation: just like Hitler revered Wagner’s *Meistersinger*, Mussolini admired Respighi’s Roman Trilogy. Respighi, ever the cosmopolitan, remained apolitical to the end and never dedicated any composition to Mussolini; nor was he ever commissioned to compose anything for the Duce (unlike Pizzetti, Casella

and Malipiero). Nothing in Respighi's actions, correspondence or music suggests any sympathy towards the Italian Fascists or their leader. On the contrary, he deliberately went against the Fascist régime by intervening to save his friend Toscanini, an early champion of his music. Toscanini had refused to conduct the Fascist anthem and famously said: 'If I were capable of killing a man, I would kill Mussolini.' Unsurprisingly, Mussolini ordered that the conductor be put under constant surveillance and that his passport be confiscated. It was only through the intervention of Respighi and others that Toscanini's passport was returned.

At his premature death at the age of 56 in 1936, Respighi left behind a world that was changing once more: he would not witness the atrocities that would soon tear his beloved Europe apart yet again. His final (unfinished) work was the opera *Lucrezia*, set in Rome in 509 B.C., which fittingly climaxes in the words 'Death to the tyrants... Freedom!' Respighi, even in his confrontation with reality, again finds refuge in antiquity. His plea for 'human' content in music is more than an artistic manifesto. It is a symbol of his attachment to a bygone epoch, the fading rays of an age expressed in his song *Crepuscolo (Twilight)*: 'Muore il giorno, e nell'alta ombra inquieta / trema e s'attrista un canto d'allegrezza.' The day dies, and in the long, wavering shadow a joyful song quivers and grows sad.

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**Timothy Fallon** is an American tenor who has been hailed by the *New York Times* as 'possessing an elegant sense of phrasing and luminous tone with his sure-handed control of timbre, from velvety *pianissimos* to bright confident high notes'. He devotes time to both operatic and concert stages around the world, where he has collaborated with internationally esteemed orchestras, musicians and conductors. He is the recipient of a 2021 Grammy Award as well as being the 2013 first prize

winner of the Wigmore Hall/Kohn Foundation International Song Competition with pianist Ammiel Bushakevitz. Beginning in the 2022–23 season, he is the house lyric tenor at the Vienna Volksoper in Austria. Mentored among others by the mezzo-soprano Marilyn Horne, Timothy Fallon is a graduate of the Westminster Choir College (Princeton, New Jersey) and the Juilliard School, New York.

Born in Jerusalem and raised in South Africa, **Ammiel Bushakevitz** specializes as a Lieder pianist and is a laureate of numerous international art song competitions. He has appeared at festivals including Salzburg, Bayreuth, Lucerne, Shanghai and Aix-en-Provence and at the Leeds International Piano Series. Bushakevitz is one of the last private students of the late Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau and is a graduate of the University of Music and Theatre ‘Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy’ in Leipzig and the Conservatoire de Paris. His mentors included Phillip Moll, Boris Berman and Alfred Brendel. Ammiel Bushakevitz is a member of the Société des Arts Sciences et Lettres of Paris, an honorary member of the International Richard Wagner Society and an Edison Fellow of the British Library, London. He is artistic director of the Association Internationale Les Voix d’Orphée in Paris.

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## Crepuscolo: Lieder von Ottorino Respighi

Wien, im September 1927: Respighi und Schönberg tranken miteinander Kaffee. Anlass war die Premiere von Schönbergs drittem Streichquartett im Konzerthaus. Respighi, der Deutsch und einige andere Sprachen fließend beherrschte, hatte dem Komponisten, über den die ganze Welt sprach, nicht viel zu sagen. Respighis eigene Konzerthaus-Premiere in der darauffolgenden Woche, die seines *Trittico Botticelliano*, demonstrierte ein gänzlich anderes musikalisches Universum, das dem Schönbergs kaum weiter entfernt sein konnte. 1932, nur wenige Jahre später, unterschrieb Respighi ein Manifest, dass für einen „menschlichen Inhalt“ in der Musik eintrat und sich von der Dodekaphonie Schönbergs und seiner Schüler explizit distanzierte.

„Menschlich“ ist ein Begriff, der das breite, vielseitige Spektrum von Respighis Liedern für Gesang und Klavier treffend beschreibt. Ein Mann der Briefe, ein Reisender von Brasilien und den USA bis nach Russland und Schottland – Respighi war vor allem Teil einer entschwindenden Epoche: der Romantik. Die Sonne war über den Romantikern mit ihrer Liebe zu Natur, Nacht und Nostalgie schon untergegangen. Der Erste Weltkrieg brachte die kalte Realität menschlichen Kampfes mit seinem ganzen Elend mit sich, und Künstler von Picasso bis Joyce setzten sich schonungslos mit dieser „schönen neuen Welt“ auseinander. Respighi jedoch, der in Russland bei Rimsky-Korsakov und in Berlin bei Max Bruch studiert hatte, entschied sich, der Welt, die er kannte und liebte, treu zu bleiben. Damit ist nicht gesagt, Respighis Musik sei altmodisch. Sein Liedwerk zeugt von der Vielfältigkeit seiner musikalischen Experimentierfreude, die sich vielleicht am besten beschreiben lässt durch Worte aus seinem Lied *Pioggia*: ein „tumulto dei colori“ (Tumult der Farben). Die Lieder umfassen ein ganzes Spektrum aus Einflüssen der deutschen Spätromantik Wagners und Mahlers, seines russischen Lehrers Rimsky-Korsakov,

seiner italienischen *belcanto*- und *verismo*-Vorgänger und der französischen Stile Debussys und Ravels. Seine Lieder können lyrisch opernhaft, expressionistisch, impressionistisch, symbolistisch und pointilistisch sein. Um es anders auszudrücken: Im Lauf seines Lebens veränderte sich Respighis musikalischer Stil ebenso oft und so rasch wie die Grenzen innerhalb Europas.

Ottorino Respighi wurde 1879 in Bologna geboren, einer Stadt voll intellektueller Leidenschaft. Er wuchs in einer Familie von Musikern und Bildhauern auf und bekam von Geburt an einen großen Respekt vor Geschichte und Tradition, insbesondere der Renaissance, vorgelebt. Seine Werke spiegeln eine Bewunderung für vergangene Epochen und Komponisten wie Frescobaldi, Gallot, Monteverdi, Pergolesi und Rameau wider, die er später durch Bearbeitungen und als Herausgeber ehrte. Respighi war ein Spezialist für „Alte Musik“, noch bevor dieser Ausdruck existierte. In einem Italien, in dem die Werke Verdis und Puccinis vorherrschten und Instrumentalmusik nur eine untergeordnete Rolle spielte, war dies neues, aufregendes Territorium für den jungen Komponisten.

Seine Liebe für den *stile antico* und die Renaissance ist greifbar in den *Cinque canti all'antica*, Pastiches, die eine subtile Färbung durch Respighis eigene musikalische Sprache erhalten haben. Im „Canzone (nell'opera comica *Re Enzo*)“ gibt es einen besonderen Wink zu seiner Geburtsstadt Bologna mit dem Palazzo Re Enzo, der im 13. Jahrhundert erbaut wurde. Dieser Neo-Renaissance-Stil kulminierte in Respighis *Antiche danze ed arie per liuto* (*Alte Tänze und Weisen für Laute*), drei Orchestersuiten, die auf Lautenmusik aus dem 16. und 17. Jahrhundert basieren.

Auch gregorianische Gesänge waren eine Leidenschaft des Komponisten. Dies zeigt sich häufig in Respighis Werken für Gesang in Form von einer vokalen Linienführung, die große Sprünge vermeidet und das Idiom der großen französischen Liedkomponisten des *fin-de-siècle* reflektiert: Fauré, Debussy und Ravel.

*Deità Silvine (Waldgöttinnen)* ist ein wunderbares Beispiel dafür, es erinnert nicht nur musikalisch an Debussys *Chansons de Bilitis*, sondern auch thematisch: Wald-Erotik, Pantheismus, orgiastischer Überschwang. Respighi schöpft seine Fähigkeit, eine kaleidoskopische Kaninchenschar aus seinem Hut zu zaubern, voll aus und demonstriert eine meisterhafte Beherrschung des Vokal-Genres. In der Tat repräsentiert *Deità Silvine* den vielleicht bedeutendsten italienischen Liederzyklus-Beitrag zum Genre des Kunstliedes, das im Italien des 20. Jahrhunderts relativ selten war.

Als Streicher (Violine und Viola) wird Respighi oft als Meister der Orchestrierung gepriesen. Seine Lieder zeugen nicht nur von seinem Wissen über die Möglichkeiten der Stimme, sondern auch von einer Meisterschaft der Klaviertechniken und -klänge. Seine bemerkenswerte pianistische Handschrift ist häufig offenkundig virtuos, wie in den improvisatorischen Passagen zu hören ist, mit denen seine *Quattro arie scozzesi (Vier schottischen Lieder)* durchsetzt sind. Vermutlich ließ Respighi sich durch eine Schottlandreise, besonders einen Besuch des Huntingtower Castle, inspirieren und folgt damit dem Beispiel Haydns und Beethovens, die ebenfalls schottische Volkslieder bearbeiteten. Im Gegensatz zu ihnen erlaubt Respighi sich jedoch vollkommene Freiheit und demonstriert damit wieder einmal den Eklektizismus, der seine Vokalwerke auszeichnet.

In jeder Kurzbiografie über Respighi wird irgendwann seine sogenannte „Römische Trilogie“ erwähnt. Dieser große Zyklus von drei symphonischen Dichtungen, bestehend aus *Fontane di Roma (Brunnen von Rom, 1916)*, *Pini di Roma (Pinien von Rom, 1924)* und *Feste Romane (Römische Feste, 1928)*, hat sein immenses kompositorisches Schaffen vollkommen überschattet und bietet einen recht einseitigen Blick auf diesen vielfältigen Komponisten, für den die menschliche Stimme so wichtig war. In seiner eleganten Villa in Rom, wo er mit seiner Ehefrau Elsa lebte (Sängerin, Komponistin und Verfechterin der Musik ihres Mannes, die

1996 im Alter von fast 102 Jahren starb), gab es eine beachtliche Bibliothek, die Atlanten, Enzyklopädien und Wörterbücher in vielen Sprachen umfasste. Für Respighi, der nicht weniger als zwölf Opern komponierte, war *la parola cantata* (das gesungene Wort) zeit seines Lebens ungemein wichtig. *L'ultima ebbrezza* (1896), das erste Lied, das Respighi als herausgebenswert beurteilte, entstand, als er siebenzehn Jahre alt war und am Liceo Musicale di Bologna studierte. Zehn Jahre später war es das Lied *Nebbie*, das Respighi berühmt machte, lange vor der Römischen Trilogie.

Vielleicht aufgrund seiner Liebe zu Sprachen und Reisen in andere Länder blieb Respighi parteilos in einer Welt, die vor politischen Intrigen brodelte. Seine Liebe zu Rom, verkörpert in der Römischen Trilogie, resultierte fälschlicherweise in einer Assoziation mit dem faschistischen Nationalismus, die seinen Ruf lange besudelte: So, wie Hitler Wagners *Meistersinger* verehrte, bewunderte Mussolini Respighis Römische Trilogie. Der ewige Kosmopolit Respighi blieb jedoch immer unpolitisch und widmete Mussolini kein einziges Werk; auch wurde er nie vom Duce mit einer Komposition beauftragt (im Gegensatz zu Pizzetti, Casella und Malipiero). Nichts in Respighis Handeln, Korrespondenz oder Musik weist auf Sympathie zu den italienischen Faschisten oder ihrem Anführer hin. Im Gegenteil, er wandte sich gegen das faschistische Regime, indem er sich einmischte, um seinem Freund Toscanini zu helfen, einem frühen Verfechter seiner Musik. Toscanini hatte sich geweigert, die faschistische Hymne zu dirigieren, und war berühmt geworden für die Worte „Wenn ich fähig wäre, einen Menschen zu töten, würde ich Mussolini töten“. Kein Wunder, dass Mussolini befahl, den Dirigenten unter ständige Beobachtung zu setzen und seinen Pass zu konfiszieren. Nur durch das Eingreifen Respighis und anderer erhielt Toscanini seinen Pass zurück.

Als Respighi 1936 im Alter von 56 Jahren starb, hinterließ er eine Welt, die sich wieder veränderte: Die Gräueltaten, die sein geliebtes Europa bald erneut ausein-

ander reißen sollten, würde er nicht mehr erleben. Sein letztes (unvollendetes) Werk war die Oper *Lucrezia*, die in Rom 509 v. Chr. spielt und sehr passend in den Worten „Tod den Tyrannen ... Freiheit!“ kulminiert. Respighi findet sogar in seiner Konfrontation mit der Realität Zuflucht in der Antike. Sein Plädoyer für „menschlichen“ Inhalt in der Musik ist mehr als ein künstlerisches Manifest. Es ist ein Symbol für seine Verbundenheit mit einer vergangenen Epoche, den verblassenden Strahlen eines Zeitalters, ausgedrückt in seinem Lied *Crepuscolo* (*Zwielicht*): „Muore il giorno, e nell’alta ombra inquieta / trema e s’attrista un canto d’allegrezza“. Der Tag stirbt, und im großen, unruhigen Schatten erschauert ein Lied vom Glück und wird traurig.

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**Timothy Fallon** ist ein amerikanischer Tenor, der laut *New York Times* „einen eleganten Sinn für Phrasierung und einen leuchtenden Stimmklang besitzt sowie ein sicheres Gespür für Timbre-Kontrolle, von samtigen Pianissimi bis zu strahlenden, souveränen hohen Tönen“. Er widmet seine Zeit sowohl Opern- als auch Konzertbühnen auf der ganzen Welt und hat mit international geschätzten Orchestern, Musikern und Dirigenten zusammengearbeitet. 2021 erhielt er einen Grammy, und 2013 gewann er zusammen mit dem Pianisten Ammiel Bushakevitz den ersten Preis beim internationalen Gesangswettbewerb der Wigmore Hall/Kohn Foundation. Ab der Spielzeit 2022/23 wird er lyrischer Tenor an der Wiener Volksoper sein. Timothy Fallon studierte am Westminster Choir College (Princeton, New Jersey) und an der Juilliard School (New York) u.a. bei Marilyn Horne.

Der in Jerusalem geborene und in Südafrika aufgewachsene **Ammiel Bushakevitz** hat sich auf Liedbegleitung spezialisiert und ist Preisträger zahlreicher internationaler Kunstliedwettbewerbe. Er konzertierte bei den Festspielen in Salzburg, Bayreuth, Luzern, Shanghai und Aix-en-Provence sowie bei der Leeds International Piano Series. Bushakevitz ist einer der letzten Privatschüler von Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau und Absolvent der Hochschule für Musik und Theater Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy in Leipzig und des Conservatoire de Paris. Zu seinen Mentoren gehören Phillip Moll, Boris Berman und Alfred Brendel. Er ist Mitglied der Société des Arts Sciences et Lettres von Paris, Ehrenmitglied der Internationalen Richard Wagner Gesellschaft und Edison Fellow der British Library, London. Darüber hinaus ist er Künstlerischer Leiter der Association Internationale Les Voix d'Orphée in Paris.

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## Crepuscolo : Chansons d'Ottorino Respighi

Septembre 1927: Respighi et Schoenberg buvaient un café ensemble à Vienne. C'était à l'occasion de la première au Konzerthaus du troisième quatuor à cordes de Schoenberg. Respighi, qui parlait couramment l'allemand et plusieurs autres langues, n'avait pas tellement de conversation avec le compositeur dont on parlait le plus au monde. La propre création de Respighi au Konzerthaus la semaine suivante, celle de son *Trittico Botticelliano*, présentait un univers musical très éloigné de celui de Schoenberg. Juste quelques années plus tard, Respighi signait un manifeste qui s'engageait pour un « contenu humain » en musique, désavouant explicitement la dodécaphonie de Schoenberg et de ses disciples.

« Humain » est un terme qui couvre avec justesse le vaste spectre éclectique des chansons pour voix et piano de Respighi. Homme de lettres, voyageur du Brésil et des États-Unis à la Russie et l'Écosse, Respighi faisait par-dessus tout partie d'un âge qui disparaissait : le romantisme. Le soleil s'était couché sur les romantiques avec leur amour de la nature, la nuit et la nostalgie. La Première Guerre mondiale apporta avec elle la froide réalité de la lutte humaine dans sa misère complète et des artistes, de Picasso à Joyce, confrontèrent ce brave nouveau monde. Respighi pourtant, qui avait étudié en Russie avec Rimsky-Korsakov et à Berlin avec Max Bruch, choisit de rester dans le monde qu'il connaissait et aimait. Cela ne veut pas dire qu'il y avait quelque chose de vieillot dans la musique de Respighi. Sa production de chansons atteste de la variété de son expérimentation musicale, décrite au mieux peut-être par des paroles de sa chanson *Pioggia* [*La Pluie*] comme un « tumulto dei colori » [tumulte de couleurs]. Les chansons parcourent la gamme des influences du romantisme allemand tardif de Wagner et Mahler, de son professeur russe Rimsky-Korsakov, du *bel canto* et *verismo* de ses prédécesseurs italiens et du style français de Debussy et Ravel. Ses chansons peuvent être d'un

lyrisme d'opéra, expressionnistes, impressionnistes, symbolistes et pointillistes. Autrement dit : au long de sa vie, le style musical de Respighi a changé aussi souvent et rapidement que l'ont fait les frontières européennes.

Né en 1879 dans une famille de musiciens et sculpteurs à Bologne, une ville bourdonnant d'activité intellectuelle, le jeune Ottorino était imbu de respect pour l'histoire et la tradition, surtout celle de la Renaissance. Ses œuvres reflètent une admiration pour des ères révolues et les compositeurs Frescobaldi, Gallot, Monteverdi, Pergolesi et Rameau qu'il honora plus tard par son travail de transcripateur et d'éditeur. Respighi était un « spécialiste de la musique ancienne » avant l'existence du terme. Dans l'Italie du règne suprême des Verdi et Puccini et où la musique instrumentale était marginalisée, le jeune compositeur se lançait dans un nouveau territoire grisant.

Son amour du *stile antico* et de la Renaissance est manifeste dans *Cinque canti all'antica*, pastiches subtilement colorés du langage musical propre à Respighi. Un hommage spécial est rendu à l'endroit de sa naissance à Bologne et son Palazzo Re Enzo du 13<sup>e</sup> siècle dans « Canzone (nell'opera comica *Re Enzo*) ». Ce style de néo-Renaissance atteint son sommet dans *Airs et Danses Anciens*, suite pour orchestre basée sur la musique de luth des 16<sup>e</sup> et 17<sup>e</sup> siècles.

Le compositeur se passionnait aussi pour le chant grégorien. Cela devient évident dans une grande partie du corpus vocal de Respighi où les lignes vocales évitent de grands sauts et reflètent l'idiome des illustres compositeurs français de mélodie de la fin du siècle : Fauré, Debussy et Ravel. *Deità Silvana (Divinités des bois)* en est un ravissant exemple, reflétant *Chansons de Bilitis* de Debussy non seulement musicalement mais aussi dans ses thèmes d'érotisme forestier, de panthéisme et d'exubérance orgiaque. Respighi utilise pleinement son habilité à conjurer une gamme kaléidoscopique de lapins hors de son chapeau, démontrant sa maîtrise de l'écriture pour la voix. En fait, dans le genre relativement rare de chanson artistique dans le canon italien du 20<sup>e</sup> siècle, *Deità Silvana* représente peut-



être la contribution la plus importante aux séries de chansons.

En tant que violoniste et altiste, Respighi est souvent louangé comme un maître de l'orchestration. Les chansons de Respighi démontrent non seulement sa connaissance des ressources vocales, mais aussi sa maîtrise des techniques et sonorités du piano. Sa remarquable écriture pianistique est souvent visiblement virtuose, comme on peut l'entendre dans les passages improvisés éparpillés à travers ses *Quattro arie scozzesi* (*Quatre chansons écossaises*). Probablement inspiré par une visite en Écosse et spécialement au Huntingtower Castle, Respighi suit les exemples de Haydn et Beethoven et arrange des chansons du folklore écossais. Contrairement à eux cependant, il se permet une liberté complète, démontrant encore une fois l'éclectisme qui définit ses chansons.

Dans toute esquisse biographique de Respighi, il vient un temps où il est fait mention de sa dite « Trilogie romaine ». Ce grand triptyque orchestral consistant en *Fontaines de Rome* (1916), *Pins de Rome* (1924) et *Festivals romains* (1928), a complètement éclipsé son immense production et offre une vue assez unilatérale de ce compositeur multifacette à qui la voix humaine importait tant. Dans son élégante villa à Rome qu'il partageait avec sa femme Elsa (chanteuse, compositeur et championne de la musique de son mari ; elle mourut en 1996 à l'âge de presque 102 ans), Respighi possédait une énorme bibliothèque renfermant atlas, encyclopédies et dictionnaires de diverses langues. En tant que compositeur qui écrivit pas moins de douze opéras, *la parola cantata* (le mot chanté) a été d'une importance immense pour Respighi tout au long de sa vie. *L'ultima ebbrezza* (*La dernière ivresse*) (1896), la toute première chanson que Respighi jugea punissable, fut écrite quand il était un étudiant de 17 ans au Liceo Musicale di Bologna. Dix ans plus tard, c'était sa chanson *Nebbie* (*Brouillard*) qui propella Respighi dans les domaines de la célébrité, bien avant la trilogie romaine.

Dû peut-être à son amour des voyages et des langues, Respighi resta sans affi-

liation dans un monde débordant d'intrigues politiques. Sa fascination pour Rome, incarnée dans son trilogie romaine, donna lieu à une confusion avec le nationalisme fasciste qui souilla longtemps sa réputation : tout comme Hitler révérait *Les Maîtres Chanteurs* de Wagner, Mussolini admirait la trilogie romaine de Respighi. Toujours cosmopolite, le compositeur resta apolitique toute sa vie et ne dédia jamais de pièce à Mussolini ; il ne reçut jamais non plus de commande de composition pour le Duce (contrairement à Pizzetti, Casella et Malipiero). Rien dans ses actes, correspondance ou musique ne suggère quelque sympathie pour les fascistes italiens ou leur chef. Au contraire, il s'opposa délibérément au régime fasciste en intervenant pour sauver son ami Toscanini, un premier champion de sa musique. Toscanini avait refusé de diriger l'hymne fasciste et avait dit la phrase célèbre « Si j'étais capable de tuer un homme, je tuerais Mussolini ». Pas surprenant que Mussolini ordonna que le chef d'orchestre fût mis sous surveillance constante et que son passeport fût confisqué. Ce n'est que grâce à l'intervention de Respighi et d'autres que le passeport de Toscanini lui fut retourné.

À son décès prématuré à l'âge de 56 ans en 1936, Respighi laissa un monde encore en changement : il ne devait pas prendre connaissance des atrocités qui devaient bientôt déchirer encore une fois son Europe bien-aimée. Sa dernière œuvre (inachevée) est l'opéra *Lucrezia*, situé à Rome en 509 av. J.-C, dont l'apogée tombe sur les paroles « Mort aux tyrans... Liberté ! » Même dans sa confrontation avec la réalité, Respighi trouve encore refuge dans l'antiquité. Son appel au contenu « humain » dans la musique est plus qu'un manifeste artistique. C'est un symbole de son attachement à une époque révolue, les rayons décolorés d'un âge exprimé dans sa chanson *Crepuscolo* (*Crépuscule*) : « Muore il giorno, e nell'alta ombra inquieta / trema e s'attrista un canto d'allegrezza. » (« Le jour s'éteint et, dans l'ombre longue et agitée, une chanson de bonheur tremble et s'attriste. »)

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Le ténor américain **Timothy Fallon** a été salué par le *New York Times* comme « possédant un sens élégant du phrasé et un son lumineux grâce à son contrôle assuré du timbre, des *pianissimi* veloutés aux brillantes notes aiguës parfaites ». Il se consacre à l'opéra et aux concerts partout au monde et il a collaboré avec des orchestres, musiciens et chefs d'orchestre de renommée internationale. Il est récipiendaire d'un Grammy Award en 2021 ainsi que le gagnant en 2013 du Concours international de Chant du Wigmore Hall / Fondation Kohn avec le pianiste Ammiel Bushakevitz. La saison 2022–23 marquera le début de son contrat de ténor lyrique au Volksoper à Vienne. Formé entre autre par Marilyn Horne, Timothy Fallon est un diplômé du Westminster Choir College (Princeton, New Jersey) et de l'École Juilliard à New York.

Né à Jérusalem et élevé en Afrique du Sud, **Ammiel Bushakevitz** s'est spécialisé comme pianiste de lieder et est lauréat de nombreux concours internationaux dédiés aux lieder. Il s'est produit aux festivals de Salzbourg, Bayreuth, Lucerne, Shanghai et Aix-en-Provence et au Leeds International Piano Series. Il est l'un des derniers élèves privés de Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau et est diplômé de la Hochschule für Musik und Theater Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy de Leipzig et du Conservatoire de Paris. Il a eu pour mentors Phillip Moll, Boris Berman et Alfred Brendel. Bushakevitz est membre de la Société des Arts Sciences et Lettres de Paris, membre honoraire de la Société Internationale Richard Wagner et Edison Fellow de la British Library de Londres, et directeur artistique de l'Association Internationale Les Voix d'Orphée à Paris.

[www.bushakevitz.com](http://www.bushakevitz.com)

## Deità Silwane

### 1. I fauni

S'odono al monte i saltellanti rivi  
Murmureggiare per le forre astruse,  
S'odono al bosco gomer cornamuse  
Con garrito di pifferi giulivi.  
E i fauni in corsa per dumeti e clivi,  
Erti le corna sulle fronti ottuse,  
Bevono per lor nari camuse  
Filtri sottili e zeffiri lascivi.  
E, mentre in fondo al gran coro alberato  
Piange d'amore per la vita bella  
La sampogna dell'arcade pastore,  
Contenta e paurosa dell'agguato,  
Fugge ogni ninfa più che fiera snella,  
Ardendo in bocca come ardente fiore.

### 2. Musica in horto

Uno squillo di cròtali clangenti  
Rompe in ritmo il silenzio dei roseti,  
Mentre in fondo agli aulenti orti segreti  
Gorgheggia un flauto liquidi lamenti.  
La melodia, con tintinnio d'argenti,  
Par che a vicenda s'attristi e s'allieti,  
Ora luce di tremanti inquieti,  
Or diffondendo lunghe ombre dolenti:  
Cròtali arguti e canne variotocche!,  
Una gioia di cantici inespresi  
Per voi par che dai chiusi orti rampolli,  
E in sommo dei rosai, che cingon molli  
Ghirlande al cuor degli intimi recessi,  
S'apron le rose come molli bocche!

## Woodland Deities

### 1. The Fauns

From the hills the sound of rushing streams  
Murmuring through deep and dark ravines,  
From the woods the sound of sighing bagpipes  
With the chirping of joyful pipes.  
And the fauns rush through thickets, across the slopes,  
Their horns pointing from rounded foreheads;  
They drink in, through their pug, snub noses,  
Love potions and lusty wafts of air.  
And, while deep in the great choir of trees  
The bagpipes of the Arcadian shepherd  
Weep for love of the beautiful life,  
Happy, yet fearful of ambush,  
All the nymphs flee, faster than deer,  
Their lips flushed like blazing flowers.

### 2. Music in the Garden

A blast of clashing cymbals  
Breaks with its rhythm the quiet of the rosariums,  
While deep in the fragrant secret gardens  
A flute warbles liquid laments.  
The melody, with a silvery chiming,  
Is sometimes saddened, sometimes full of joy,  
Now a nervous, shimmering light,  
Now casting long mournful shadows:  
Piercing cymbals and pipes of varied sounds!  
A joy of canticles unsung  
Pours out for you from the hidden gardens,  
And on the rose bushes, that form supple  
Garlands at the heart of intimate recesses,  
The roses open like tender mouths!

### **[3] 3. Egle**

Frondeggia il bosco d'uberi verzure,  
Volgendo i rii zaffiro e margherita:  
Per gli archi verdi un'anima romita  
Cinge pallidi fuochi a ridde oscure.  
E in te ristretta con le mani pure  
Come le pure fonti della vita,  
Di sole e d'ombre mobili vestita  
Tu danzi, Egle, con languide misure.  
E a te candida e bionda tra le ninfe,  
D'ilari ambagi descrivendo il verde,  
Sotto i segreti ombracoli del verde,  
Ove la più inquieta ombra s'attrista,  
Perle squillanti e liquido ametist  
Volge la gioia roca delle linfe.

### **[4] 4. Acqua**

Acqua, e tu ancora sul tuo flauto lene  
Intonami un tuo canto variolungo,  
Di cui le note abbian l'odor del fungo,  
Del musco e dell'esiguo capelvenere,  
Si che per tutte le sottili vene,  
Onde irrichi la fresca solitudine,  
Il tuo riscintillio rida e osblùdii  
Al gemmar delle musiche serene.  
Acqua, e, lung'h'essi i calami volubili  
Movendo in gioco le cerulee dita,  
Avvicenda più lunghe ombre alle luci,  
Tu che con modi labii deduci  
Sulla mia fronte intenta e sulla vita  
Del verde fuggitive ombre di nubi.

### **3. Aegle**

The forest is brimful with fertile verdure,  
The streams shimmer with sapphire and daisy:  
Through the green arches a solitary soul  
Circles pallid fires in mysterious dances.  
And poised and collected, with hands pure  
As the pure fountains of life,  
Clothed by the sun and fleeting shadows  
You dance, Aegle, at a languorous pace.  
And toward you, fair and blonde among nymphs,  
In merry windings tracing the greenery,  
Below the secretive canopy of leaves  
Where the most restless phantom grows sad,  
In shimmering pearl and liquid amethyst  
Flows the hoarse joy of the lymphs.

### **4. Water**

Water, once again on your gentle flute  
Play for me your long and varied song,  
Whose notes carry a scent of mushroom,  
Of moss and the slender maidenhair fern,  
So that through all the fine veins,  
Which refresh the crisp solitude,  
Your sparkle smiles and plays  
As the serene music flourishes.  
Water, along your banks the fickle reeds  
Playfully sway their blue fingers,  
Alternating long shadows with light,  
You who in fleeting ways observe  
On my intent forehead and on the  
Greenery the fleeting shadows of clouds.

## **5. Crepuscolo**

Nell'orto abbandonato ora l'edace  
Muschio contende all'ellere i recessi,  
E tra il coro snelleto dei cipressi  
S'addorme in grembo dell'antica pace  
Pan. Sul vasto marmoreo torace,  
Che i convolvoli infiorano d'amplessi,  
Un tempo forse con canti sommessi  
Piegò una ninfa il bel torso procace.  
Deità della terra, forza lieta!,  
Troppe pensiero è nella tua vecchiezza:  
Per sempre inaridita è la tua fonte.  
Muore il giorno, e nell'alta ombra inquieta  
Trema e s'attrista un canto d'allegrezza:  
Lunghe ombre azzurre scendono dal monte.

*Texts: Antonio Rubino (1880–1964)*

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## **6. In alto mare**

È sdruscito il navil, l'ira del flotto  
Tregua non da.  
Ecco l'ultima antenna il nembo ha rotto.  
Signor, pietà!  
  
Per le saette il ciel rimbomba, scisso  
Di qua e di là;  
Le sue gole muggiando apre l'abisso;  
Signor, pietà!  
  
Fugge dai cori l'ultima speranza,  
La morte è qua  
Non un'ombra di vela in lontananza;  
Signor, pietà!

*Text: Enrico Panzacchi (1840–1904)*

## **5. Twilight**

In the deserted garden the greedy moss  
Now competes with the ivy for the recesses,  
And within the slender choir of the cypresses,  
Pan falls asleep in the lap of age-old peace.  
Over his broad marble chest,  
Adorned by bindweed in flowered embraces,  
Once perhaps, with whispered songs,  
A nymph bowed her fair and seductive bosom.  
Gods of the earth, contented force!  
Too much thinking in your old age:  
Forever dried up is your well.  
The day dies, and in the long, wavering shadow  
A joyful song quivers and grows sad:  
Long azure shadows come down from the hills.

## **On the high seas**

It is damaged, the ship – the raging waves  
Do not let up.  
Now the last mast is broken by the storm  
Lord, mercy!  
  
The sky resounds from the lightning, is rent  
Now here, now there;  
Its howling throats open up an abyss;  
Lord, mercy!  
  
From all hearts the last hope flees,  
Death is here  
Not a shadow of a sail in the distance;  
Lord, mercy!

## **7** **Contrasto**

Piange lenta la luna  
Su rugiade gemmanti:  
Or lieto all'aria bruna  
Sia l'oblio de li amanti  
Però che dolce è il riso  
Tra il pianto de le cose!

Ben la luna compose  
A mestizia il viso.  
O amica, a quando a quando  
Giovà l'oblio: scordare  
Le altrui doglianze amare,  
Intorno andar cantando,  
Mentre piange la luna.

*Text: Carlo Zangarini (1874–1943)*

## **8** **L'ultima ebbrezza**

Un ultimo profumo inebriante  
Versa, magico fiore, intorno a me:  
Spandi un ultimo raggio a me dinante,  
Astro di luce che mortal non è!...  
O melodia sublime, indefinita,  
Un'ultima tua nota io voglio udir,  
Che m'echeggi nell'anima rapita  
Come ardente cadenza di sospir!...  
Un guardo ancor de li occhi tuoi possenti,  
Un sorriso, un accento, un bacio ancor!  
Dammi l'ultima ebbrezza che m'annienti  
Nel fremito supremo dell'amor!...

*Text: Ada Negri (1870–1945)*

## **Contrast**

The moon weeps slowly  
On shimmering dew:  
Now blessed in the darkness  
Shall the forgetfulness of lovers be  
Because laughter is sweet  
Among the tears of this world!

May the moon show us  
A melancholy face  
Oh friend: at times, at times  
Oblivion is useful: to forget  
The bitter sorrows of others.  
To go around singing,  
While the moon weeps.

## **The Last Intoxication**

One last intoxicating scent  
Release, magical flower, around me:  
Cast one last ray in front of me,  
Star of light that is not mortal!...  
O sublime, indefinite melody,  
One last note of yours I want to hear  
May it reverberate in my rapt soul  
Like an ardent cadence of sighs!...  
One more look from your powerful eyes,  
A smile, a word, one more kiss!  
Give me one last intoxication to defeat me  
In the supreme tremor of love!...

## **[9] Abbandono**

Io sono tanto stanca di lottare,  
Dammi la pace tu che solo il puoi.  
Io sono tanto stanca di pensare  
Dammi il sereno de' grand' occhi tuoi.  
Io sono tanto stanca di sognare  
Tu mi risveglia a giorno glorioso.  
Io sono tanto stanca di vagare  
Legami l'ale e chiamami al riposo.

*Text: Anna Emilia (Annie) Vivanti (1868–1942)*

## **[10] Stornellatrice**

Che mi giova cantar: “Fior di betulla:  
Vorrei tu fossi il sole ed io la stella,  
E andar pel cielo e non pensare a nulla!”  
Quando poi l'eco mi risponde: nulla?

Che mi vale cantar: “Fiore dei fiori:  
Tu sei l'amore mio dioggi e di ieri:  
Tu sei l'amore mio che mai non muori!”  
Quando poi l'eco mi risponde: muori?

*Text: Carlo Zangarini / Alberto Donini (1887–1961)*

## **Cinque canti all'antica**

### **[11] 1. L'udir talvolta**

L'udir talvolta nominare il loco  
Dove dimori, o talvolta vedere  
Chi di là venga, mi riaccende il fuoco  
Nel cor mancato per troppo dolore.  
E par ch'io senta alcun nascoso gioco  
Nell'anima legata dal piacere,  
E meco dico: quindi venissi io  
Onde quel viene, o dolce mio disio!...

## **Abandonment**

I am so weary of struggling,  
Bring me peace, you who alone are able.  
I am so weary of thinking  
Give me the serenity of your large eyes.  
I am so weary of dreaming  
Wake me up to a glorious day.  
I am so weary of wandering  
Lend me wings and call me to rest.

## **Balladeer**

What use is it to sing ‘O flower of birch:  
I wish you were the sun and I a star,  
Wandering across the sky, thinking of nothing!’  
When afterwards the echo answers: nothing?

What good is singing: ‘Flower of flowers:  
You are my love of today and yesterday:  
You are my love that will never die!’  
When the echo answers me: you die?

## **Five Songs in Ancient Style**

### **1. When at times**

Hearing at times the place mentioned  
Where you live, or at times seeing  
Someone coming from there, rekindles the fire  
In my heart, which perished from too much pain.  
And I seem to feel some hidden joy  
In my soul bound by pleasure,  
And to myself I say: if only I could go to  
Where he comes from, Oh my sweet desire!...



## **12 2. Ma come potrei**

Ma come potrei io mai soffrire  
Di partirmi da te che t'amo pur tanto,  
Che senza te mi par ognor morire?  
Essendo teco non so giammai quanto  
Più ben mi possa avere, o più disire.  
Ma sallo bene Amore in quanto pianto  
Istà la vita mia la notte e 'l giorno,  
Mentre non veggio questo viso adorno.

## **13 3. Ballata**

Non so qual io mi voglia,  
O viver o morir, per minor doglia  
Morir vorrei, che 'l viver m'è gravoso  
Veggendomi da voi esser lasciato;  
E morir non vorrei, che trapassato  
Più non vedrei il bel viso amoroso  
Per cui io piango invidioso  
Di chi l'ha fatto suo e me ne spoglia!

*Texts (Nos 1–3): Giovanni Boccaccio (1313–75)*

## **14 4. Bella porta di rubini**

Bella porta di rubini  
Ch'apri il varco ai dolci accenti,  
Se nei risi peregrini  
Scopri perle rilucenti,  
Tu d'amor dolce aura spiri,  
Refrigerio a miei martiri.  
Vezzasetta e fresca rosa,  
Umidetto e dolce labbro,  
Ch'hai la manna rugiadosa  
Sul bellissimo cinabro,  
Non parlar ma ridi e taci:  
Sien gli accenti nostri i baci.

## **2. But how could I**

But how could I ever endure  
Parting from you, whom I love so deeply  
That without you I feel like I am dying?  
Being with you – I know not what greater  
Fortune I could have, or desire.  
But Love knows this well since weeping  
Fills my life night and day,  
While I do not see your radiant face.

## **3. Ballad**

I know not what I most desire,  
To live or to die, to suffer less  
I should like to die, for life weighs on me  
As I see myself deserted by you;  
And I should not like to die, for once dead  
I would no longer see your fair, beloved face  
For which I weep with envy  
Of him who made it his and robbed me of it!

## **4. Beautiful Door of Rubies**

Beautiful door of rubies  
Which opens the way to sweet words,  
If in fleeting laughs  
You reveal shimmering pearls,  
You breathe a sweet air of love,  
Balsam for my sufferings.  
Most lovely and fresh rose,  
Moist and soft lips,  
With dewy manna  
On the beautiful vermillion,  
Speak not, but laugh and be silent:  
Let our words be kisses.

Occhietti amati che m'incendete,  
 Perché spietati omai più siete?  
 Splendan sereni di gioia pieni  
 Vostri splendori fiamme di cori.  
 Occhietti amati che m'incendete,  
 Perché spietati o mai più siete?  
 Bocca vermiglia ch'hai per confine,  
 O meraviglia, perle e rubini  
 Quando ridente, quando clemente,  
 Dirai: Ben mio ardo anch'io.

*Text: Andrea Falconieri (?1585–1656)*

## **5. Canzone** **(nell'opera comica *Re Enzo*)**

Amor mi fa sovente  
 Lo meo core penare,  
 Dammi pene e sospiri.  
 E son forte temente  
 Per lunga dimorare  
 Ciò che poria avveniri:  
 Non ch'aggia dubitanza  
 De la dolce speranza  
 Che 'n ver di me fallanza ne facesse,  
 Ma tenem' in dottanza  
 La lunga adimoranza  
 Di ciò e che venirne potesse!

Va, canzonetta mia,  
 E saluta Messere,  
 Dilli lo mal ch' i' aggio:  
 Quelli che m'à n' bailia  
 Sì distretto mi tene  
 Ch' eo viver non poraggio.  
 Salutami Toscana,  
 Quella ched à sovrana  
 In cui regna tutta cortesia,  
 E vanne in Puglia piana,

Beloved eyes, you set me afire,  
 Why are you still without mercy?  
 May they shine serene, full of joy,  
 Your splendours, the flames of hearts.  
 Beloved eyes, you set me on fire,  
 Why are you still without mercy?  
 Vermillion mouth, which for borders –  
 O wonder – has pearls and rubies,  
 When laughing, when merciful,  
 You will say: 'My beloved, I burn too'.

## **5. Canzone** **(from the comic opera *King Enzo*)**

Love often makes  
 My heart suffer,  
 Brings me pain and sighs.  
 And I greatly fear  
 To remain for long,  
 And what might happen:  
 Not that I had any doubt  
 Of the sweet hope  
 That in truth did not fail me,  
 But I did harbour doubts about  
 The long sojourn  
 Of what and who might come!

Go, my little song,  
 And greet my Lord,  
 Tell him of my suffering;  
 Those who have me at their mercy  
 Keep me in such misery  
 That I cannot live on.  
 Give my regards to Tuscany,  
 She who is sovereign,  
 And where all courtesy reigns,  
 And go to the plains of Puglia,

La magna Capitana,  
Là dove lo mio core è nott'e dia!

*Text: attributed to Enzo of Sardinia (1218–72)*

## **16 Storia breve**

Ella pareva un sogno di poeta;  
Vestia sempre di bianco, e avea nel viso  
La calma d'una sfinge d'Oriente:

Le cadea sino ai fianchi il crin di seta;  
Trillava un canto nel suo breve riso,  
Era di statua il bel corpo indolente.

Amò, non fu riamata. In fondo al core,  
Tranquilla in fronte, custodi la ria  
Fiamma di quell'amor senza parole.

Ma quel desio la consumò... Nell'ore  
D'un crepuscol d'Ottobre ella moria,  
Come verbena quando manca il sole.

*Text: Ada Negri*

## **17 Nel giardino**

Mormora nel giardino a piè del colle  
Una musica dolce, un'armonia  
Di note gravi ne la sera pia,  
Mentre l'effluvio de le pie corolle  
Sommessamente in lievi onde,  
In lievi onde si estolle,  
Balsamando di sé tutta la via.  
Muore nel cielo e palpita una stria  
Ultima d'oro; e su da l'erba molle  
I mille trilli tremano dal lago,  
Dove l'acqua specchiante  
Abbrivisce tacita al suono

The great Capitanate,  
There where my heart is night and day!

## **Brief Story**

She seemed a poet's dream;  
Always dressed in white, and over her face  
The calm of a sphinx from the East:

Her silken hair falling down to her waist;  
A song purring in her brief smile,  
Like a statue her beautiful, indolent body.

She loved, was not loved in return. Deep in her heart,  
While seeming calm, she guarded the evil  
Flame of that love without words.

But that desire consumed her... In the hour  
Of twilight one October she died,  
Like vervain when it lacks for sun.

## **In the Garden**

A murmur in the garden at the foot of the hill  
Of a sweet music, a harmony  
Of low notes in the calm evening,  
While the scent of the gentle flowers,  
Quietly in gentle waves,  
In gentle waves rises,  
Perfuming all life with its aroma.  
[The sun] dies in the sky and expends one last streak  
Of gold; and from the soft grass  
A thousand trills tremble onto the lake,  
Where the water, mirroring,  
Silently shivers at the sound,

Vanescente e vago di quella  
Triste musica di sera...  
Il giardino nel sonno illanguidisce  
Voluttuoso de la primavera.

*Text: Francesco Rocchi*

## **18 Pioggia**

Piovea: per le finestre spalancate  
A quella tregua di ostinati ardori  
Saliano dal giardin fresche folate  
D'erbe risorte e di risorti fiori.

S'acchettava il tumulto dei colori  
Sotto il vel delle goccioline implorate;  
E intorno ai pioppi, ai frassini, agli allori  
Beveano ingorde le zolle assetate.

Esser pianta, esser foglia, esser stelo  
E nell'angoscia dell'ardor (pensavo)  
Così largo ristoro aver dal cielo!

Sul davanza protesa io gli arboscelli,  
I fiori, l'erbe guardavo guardavo  
E mi battea la pioggia sui capelli.

*Text: Vittoria Aganoor Pompilj (1855–1910)*

## **19 Lagrime**

Tornai: la bocca tiepida  
Sovra la fronte t'ho posata al fine,  
Mentre la mano fervida  
Stringea le trecce del tuo folto crine!  
Ma la tua fronte più che neve gelida,  
Ma la tua fronte bianca come cera  
Mutato ha il bacio in un acuto spasimo,  
M'ha piena l'anima d'un angoscia fiera...!

Dwindling and vague, of that  
Sad music of the evening...  
The sleeping garden fades away,  
Voluptuous of the spring.

## **Rain**

It rained: through the wide-open windows  
As a respite from the persistent heat  
A fresh breeze entered from the garden  
Of refreshed grass and refreshed flowers

The tumult of colours calmed down  
Behind the veil of longed-for droplets;  
And by the poplars, the ashes and the laurels  
The parched clods of earth drank ravenously.

To be a plant, to be a leaf, to be a stem  
And in the anguish of the heat (I was thinking)  
To have such lavish relief from the sky!

Leaning out of the window, the saplings,  
The flowers, the grass I watched and watched  
And the rain beat upon my hair.

## **Tears**

I came back: my warm mouth  
I rested on your forehead at last,  
While my fervent hand  
Grasped the tresses of your thick hair!  
But your forehead colder than snow,  
But your forehead as white as wax  
Transformed the kiss into a sharp agony,  
It has filled my soul with a fierce anguish...!

Oh 'I lungo desiderio –  
Or di speranza più non si conforta:  
Quel bacio mio fu l'ultimo,  
Povera morta!

*Text: Ada Negri*

Oh the long-lasting desire  
Can no longer comfort itself with hope:  
That kiss of mine was the last one,  
Poor deceased one!

## Quattro arie scozzesi (Four Scottish Songs)

### 1. When the Kye Come Hame

Come, all ye jolly shepherds,  
That whistle through the glen,  
I'll tell ye o' a secret that courtiers dinna ken.  
What is the greatest bliss that the tongue o' man can name?  
'Tis to woo a bonnie lassie, when the kye come hame,  
When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame,  
Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,  
When the kye come hame.

'Tis not beneath the burghonnet  
Nor yet beneath the crown,  
'Tis not on couch of velvet  
Nor yet on bed of down;  
'Tis beneath the spreading birch  
In the dell without a name,  
Wi' a bonnie, bonnie lassie  
When the kye come hame.

Then the eye shines sae brightly  
The hale soul to beguile,  
There's love in ev'ry whisper and joy in ev'ry smile;  
O! Wha would choose a crown wi' its perils and its hame?  
And miss a bonnie lassie when the kye come hame.  
When the kye come hame, when the kye come hame,  
Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,  
When the kye come hame.

Awa' wi' fame and fortune:  
What comforts can they gi'e?  
And a' the arts that prey upon  
Man's life and liberty!  
Gi'e me the highest joy  
That the heart o' man can frame:  
My bonnie, bonnie lassie  
When the kye come hame.  
Tween the gloamin' and the mirk,  
When the kye come hame.

*Text: Trad. / James Hogg (1770–1835)*

## **[21] 2. Within a Mile of Edinburgh Town**

'Twas within a mile of Edinburgh town,  
In the rosy time of the year;  
Sweet flowers bloom'd and the grass was down,  
And each shepherd woo'd his dear –  
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and gay,  
Kiss'd sweet Jenny making hay;  
The lassie blush'd and frowning cried,  
'Na, na, it winna dae; I canna, canna, winna, winna, mauna buckle to!'

Jockie was a wag, that never wad wed,  
Though lang he had followed the lass,  
Contented she earned and ate her brown bread,  
And merrily turned up the grass –  
Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,  
Won her heart right merrily;  
Yet still she blush'd and frowning cried,  
'Na, na, it winna do; I canna, canna, winna, winna, mauna buckle to!'

But when he vow'd he wad make her his bride,  
Though his flocks and herds were not few,  
She gie'd him her hand and a kiss beside,  
And vow'd she'd forever be true –

Bonnie Jockie, blythe and free,  
Won her hearth right merrily;  
At kirk she no more frowning cried,  
'Na, na, it winna do; I canna, canna, winna, winna, mauna buckle to!'

*Text: Thomas D'Urfey (1653–1723)*

### **22 3. My Heart's in the Highlands**

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;  
A chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go!

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,  
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth!  
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,  
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains, high-cover'd wi' snow;  
Farewell to the straths and green vallies below;  
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods;  
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here,  
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;  
A chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,  
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go!

*Text: Robert Burns (1759–1796)*

### **23 4. The Piper of Dundee**

The piper came to our town,  
To our town, to our town  
The piper came to our town  
And he played so bonnielie.  
He play'd a spring, the laird to please,  
A spring brent new frae 'yont the seas;  
And then he gae his bags a wheeze  
And played anither key.

And wasna he a rouguy, a rouguy, a rouguy,  
 And wasna he a rougey, the piper o' Dundee?  
 He play'd 'The Welcome Owre the Main'  
 And 'Ye'se Be Fou and I'se be Fain'  
 And 'Auld Stuart's Back Again'  
 Wi' muckle mirth and glee.  
 He play'd 'The Kirk', he play'd 'The Queer'  
 'The Mullin Dhu' and 'Chevalier'  
 And 'Lang away, but welcome here'  
 Sae sweet, sae bonnielie  
 And wasna he a rouguy, a rouguy, a rouguy,  
 And wasna he a rougey, the piper o' Dundee?

It's some gat swords and some gat nane  
 And some were dancing mad their lane  
 And mony a vow o' weir was ta'en  
 That night at Amulrie.  
 There was Tillibardine, and Burleigh  
 And Struan, Keith, and Olgivie,  
 And brave Carnegie, wha' but he,  
 The piper o' Dundee.  
 And wasna he a rouguy, a rouguy, a rouguy,  
 And wasna he a rougey, the piper o' Dundee?

*Text: Trad.*

## **[24] O falce di luna calante**

O falce di luna calante  
 Che brilli su l'acque deserte,  
 O falce d'argento, qual mèsse di sogni  
 Ondeggia a 'l tuo mite chiarore qua giù!

Aneliti brevi di foglie,  
 Di fiori, di flutti da 'l bosco  
 Esalano a 'l mare: non canto, non grido,  
 Non suono pe 'l vasto silenzio va.

## **Oh Sickle of the Waning Moon**

Oh sickle of the waning moon  
 You, who shine on empty seas,  
 Oh silver sickle, what harvest of dreams  
 Ripples in your mild glow down here!

Brief flutterings of leaves,  
 Of flowers, of breezes from the woods  
 Pass to the sea: no song, no cry,  
 No sound travels through the vast silence.



Oppresso d'amor, di piacere,  
Il popol de' vivi s'addorme.  
O falce calante, qual mèsse di sogni  
Ondeggia a 'l tuo mite chiarore qua giù!

*Text: Gabriele D'Annunzio (1863–1938)*

## 25 Notturmo

Su' cespugli, vezzose,  
In un sopor beato  
Si chinan le rose;  
L'usignolo, celato  
Tra le foglie rugiadose,  
Gorgheggia innamorato.

O, che dolce mistero,  
Che fascino gentile  
Pe'l tiepido sentiero!...  
Vieni, a ninfa simile,  
Col passo tuo leggero  
Tra li aliti d'aprile;

E un bel nido fiorente,  
Una capanna bruna  
M'accoglierà silente.  
A la dolce fortuna,  
Col raggio più lucente,  
Sorriderà la luna!

*Text: Ada Negri*

## 26 Nebbie

Soffro. Lontan, lontano  
Le nebbie sonnolente  
Salgono dal tacente  
Piano.

Oppressed by love, by pleasure,  
The people of the living slumber.  
Oh waning sickle, what harvest of dreams  
Ripples in your mild glow down here!

## Nocturnal

On bushes, graceful,  
In blissful languor  
Roses bow down;  
The nightingale, hiding  
Among the dewy leaves,  
Warbles with love.

Oh, what sweet mystery,  
What delicate charm  
Along the warm path!...  
Come, like a nymph,  
With your light step  
Among the April breezes;

And a beautiful flourishing nest,  
A dark cabin  
Will welcome me in silence.  
Upon the sweet fortune,  
With its most luminous ray,  
The moon will smile!

## Mists

I suffer. Far, far away  
The sleepy mists  
Rise from the silent  
Plain.

Alto gracchiando, i corvi,  
Fidati all'ali nere,  
Traversan le brughiere  
Torvi.

Dell'aere ai morsi crudi  
Gli addolorati tronchi  
Offron, pregando, i bronchi  
Nudi.

Come ho freddo!... Son sola;  
Pel grigio ciel sospinto  
Un gemito d'estinto  
Vola;

E mi ripete: Vieni;  
È buia la vallata.  
O triste, o disamata  
Vieni! Vieni!

*Text: Ada Negri*

Cawing shrilly the crows,  
Trusting in their black wings,  
Cross the moorlands  
Menacing.

To the rough sting of the air  
The sorrowful tree trunks  
Offer, in prayer, their branches  
Naked.

How cold I am!... I am alone;  
Propelled through the grey sky  
A moan of the dead  
Flies;

And repeats to me: Come;  
The valley is dark.  
O sad, o unloved one  
Come! Come!

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*Timothy Fallon & Ammiel Bushakevitz*

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Associate producer: Michael Schetelich  
Recording engineer: Michael Krogmann  
Piano technician: Romina Tobar

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