

Merchant Taylors' School, Sunday 6th at 5.30pm

English Classical Players

Margareta Haverinen - *Mezzo-soprano*

Jonathan Brett - *Conductor*

Wren - Serenade for String Orchestra

I - Preludium: *Allegro molto*

II - *Andante espressivo*

III - Scherzo: *Allegro vivace*

IV - Marcia: *Tempo di marcia, molto ritmico*

Puccini - Crisantemi (Chrysanthemums)

Elegy for the Duke of Savoy

Respighi - Il tramonto (The sunset)

Lyric poem for mezzo-soprano and strings on a text by Shelley

Interval

Maria Antal - Unborn beauty (New commission)

Tchaikovsky - Serenade for String Orchestra

I - Pezzo in forma di Sonatina: *Andante non troppo - Allegro moderato*

II - Waltzer: *Moderato Tempo di Valse*

III - *Elegie: Larghetto elegiaco*

IV - Finale (Tema Russo): *Andante - Allegro con spirito*

Violin I

Gillian Findlay *(Guest Leader)*

Natalia Bonner

Chris Clad

Julian Tear

Susan Briscoe

Vladimir Naumov

Rosie Wainright

Lorna Geller

Violin II

Declan Daly

Bridget Davey

Greg Warren-Wilson

Gavin Davies

Jane Gomm

Linda McLaren

Viola

Stephen Shakeshaft

Rachel Byrt

Morgan Goff

Judy Manning

Cello

David Burrowes

Anita Strevens

Alexandra Mackenzie

Ben Rogerson

Double Bass

Mary Scully

Claire Whitson

Next concert March 27th

Please download the programme from www.watfordconcerts.com/programmes from March 20th.

Please also be sure to sign-up* for news updates for reminders about programmes and advance details about future plans

*Don't worry if you are not sure if you are signed-up, the mailing system will ignore duplicate addresses.

The sunset

There late was One within whose subtle being,
As light and wind within some delicate cloud
That fades amid the blue noon's burning sky,
Genius and death contended. None may know
The sweetness of the joy which made his breath
Fail, like the trances of the summer air,
When, with the lady of his love, who then
First knew the unreserve of mingled being,
He walked along the pathway of a field
Which to the east a hoar wood shadowed o'er,
But to the west was open to the sky.
There now the sun had sunk, but lines of gold
Hung on the ashen clouds, and on the points
Of the far level grass and nodding flowers
And the old dandelion's hoary beard,
And, mingled with the shades of twilight, lay
On the brown massy woods - and in the east
The broad and burning moon lingeringly rose
Between the black trunks of the crowded trees,
While the faint stars were gathering overhead.
"Is it not strange, Isabel," said the youth,
"I never saw the sun? We will walk here
To-morrow; thou shalt look on it with me."

That night the youth and lady mingled lay
In love and sleep - but when the morning came
The lady found her lover dead and cold.
Let none believe that God in mercy gave
That stroke. The lady died not, nor grew wild,
But year by year lived on - in truth I think
Her gentleness and patience and sad smiles,
And that she did not die, but lived to tend
Her aged father, were a kind of madness,
If madness 'tis to be unlike the world.
For but to see her were to read the tale
Woven by some subtlest bard, to make hard hearts
Dissolve away in wisdom-working grief;
Her eyes were black and lustreless and wan:
Her eyelashes were worn away with tears,
Her lips and cheeks were like things dead - so pale;
Her hands were thin, and through their wandering veins
And weak articulations might be seen
Day's ruddy light. The tomb of thy dead self
Which one vexed ghost inhabits, night and day,
Is all, lost child, that now remains of thee!

"Inheritor of more than earth can give,
Passionless calm and silence unimproved,
Where the dead find, oh, not sleep! but rest,
And are the uncomplaining things they seem,
Or live, a drop in the deep sea of Love;
Oh, that like thine, mine epitaph were - Peace!"
This was the only moan she ever made.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)

Il tramonto

Già v'ebbe un uomo, nel cui tenue spirto
(qual luce e vento in delicata nube
che ardente ciel di mezzo-giorno stempri)
la morte e il genio contendeano. Oh! quanta tenera gioia,
che gli fè il respiro venir meno
(così dell'aura estiva l'ansia talvolta)
quando la sua dama, che allor solo conobbe l'abbandono
pieno e il concorde palpitar di due creature che s'amano,
egli addusse pei sentieri d'un campo,
ad oriente da una foresta biancheggiante ombrato
ed a ponente scoperto al cielo!
Ora è sommerso il sole; ma linee d'oro
pendon sovra le cineree nubi,
sul verde piano sui tremanti fiori
sui grigi globi dell' antico smirnio,
e i neri boschi avvolgono,
del vespro mescolandosi alle ombre. Lenta sorge ad oriente
l'infocata luna tra i folti rami
delle piante cupe:
brillan sul capo languide le stelle.
E il giovine sussura: "Non è strano?
Io mai non vidi il sorgere del sole,
o Isabella. Domani a contemplarlo verremo insieme."

Il giovin e la dama giacquer tra il sonno e il dolce amor
congiunti ne la notte: al mattino
gelido e morto ella trovò l'amante.
Oh! nessun creda che, vibrando tal colpo,
fu il Signore misericorde.
Non morì la dama, né folle diventò:
anno per anno visse ancora.
Ma io penso che la queta sua pazienza, e i trepidi sorrisi,
e il non morir... ma vivere a custodia del vecchio padre
(se è follia dal mondo dissimigliare)
fossero follia. Era, null'altro che a vederla,
come leggere un canto da ingegnoso bardo
intessuto a piegar gelidi cuori in un dolor pensoso.
Neri gli occhi ma non fulgidi più;
consunte quasi le ciglia dalle lagrime;
le labbra e le gote parevan cose morte tanto eran bianche;
ed esili le mani e per le erranti vene e le giunture rossa
del giorno traspariva la luce.
La nuda tomba, che il tuo fral racchiude,
cui notte e giorno un'ombra tormentata abita,
è quanto di te resta, o cara creatura perduta!

"Ho tal retaggio, che la terra non dà:
calma e silenzio, senza peccato e senza passione.
Sia che i morti ritrovino (non mai il sonno!) ma il riposo,
imperturbati quali appaion,
o vivano, o d'amore nel mar profondo scendano;
oh! che il mio epitaffio, che il tuo sia: Pace!"
Questo dalle sue labbra l'unico lamento.

Translation by Roberto Ascoli

Margareta Haverinen

An "artist in residence" in Finland, Margareta has sung in numerous productions for the Finnish national opera, including the role of *Brünnhilde* in the critically acclaimed cycle of Wagner's *Ring* operas of Götz Friedrich and Gottfried Pilz, as well as the roles of Tosca, Amelia (*Ballo in Maschera*) and Salome. She has starred in several TV productions of contemporary opera such as *Pohjalaisia* (Maija) by Madetoja and the Savonlinna Opera festival production *Bluebeard's Castle* by Bartok (Judith). Her vocal repertory covers 60 works with orchestra from Beethoven to Luigi Nono. A violinist as well as singer, she is a former leader of a string quartet and nurtures a special love for chamber music; she recently joined members of the Vienna Philharmonic on the prestigious Amadèo Festival in Holland.

As well as working in Finland, Margareta has appeared on concert stages, festivals and in opera houses throughout the world with renowned conductors like Pappano, Inbal, Saraste, Janssons, Caetani, De Preist, Berglund, Klas, Swensen, Salonen, Mansurov, Segerstam, Vänskä among others. She has recorded for Finlandia, BIS and Ondine labels.

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