

Saturday 18 June | 2pm | Blythburgh Church

Karim Sulayman & Sean Shibe

Karim Sulayman tenor
Sean Shibe guitar

Henry Purcell (1659–1695)
'Music for a while', from Oedipus, King of Thebes, Z.583/2 (1690–95)
Text: John Dryden (1631–1700)

John Dowland (1563–1626)
Praeludium
Fantasy
Time stands still (1603)

16'

Giulio Caccini (1545–1618)
Dalla porta d'oriente, from La Nuove musiche e nuova maniera di scriverle (1614)
Text: Maria Menadori

Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)
La mia turca (1624)
Si dolce è'l tormento (1624)
Texts: Carlo Milanuzzi (c1590–c1647)

11'

Trad. Sephardic
La prima vez

Trad. Arab Andalusian
Lamma bada (instrumental interlude)

Sheik Sayed Darwish (1892–1923)
El helwa di ('That sweet one')

Fairuz (b. 1934) / **Joaquín Rodrigo**
(1901–1999)
Li Beirut, after Concierto de Aranjuez
(1939)

13'

Toru Takemitsu (1930–1996)
In the woods (1995): 1. Wainscot Pond, after a painting of Cornelia Foss

Jonathan Harvey (1939–2012)
Sufi Dance (1998)

7'

Benjamin Britten (1913–1976)
Songs from the Chinese, Op.58 (1957)
Texts: Chinese poets, trans. Arthur Waley (1889–1966)
The Big Chariot
The Old Lute
The Autumn Wind
The Herd-boy
Depression
Dance Song

12'

Tomás Méndez (1927–1995)
Cucurrucucú paloma ('Coo-coo dove', 1954) 4'
Text: Tomás Méndez

4'

There is no interval

Caccini: Dalla porta d'oriente*Text: Maria Menadori*

Dalla porta d'oriente
 Lampeggiando in ciel usciva
 E le nubi coloriva
 L'alba candida e lucente,
 E per l'aure rugiadose
 Aprìa gigli e spargea rose

Quand'al nostr' almo terreno
 Distendendo i dolci lampi
 Vide aprir su i nostri campi
 D'altra luce altro sereno;
 E portando altr'alba il giorno
 Dileguar la notte intorno.

Ch'a sgombrar l'oscuro velo
 Più soave e vezzosetta,
 Una vaga giovinetta
 Accendea le rose in cielo,
 E di fiamme porporine
 Feria l'aure matutine.

L'alba in ciel s'adira e vede
 Che le toglie il suo splendore
 Questa nova alba d'amore,
 E già volge in dietro il piede,
 E stillar d'amaro pianto
 Già comincia il roseo manto.

From the gateway to the East

From the gateway to the East,
 Dawn broke flashing into the sky
 And coloured the clouds,
 And in the dewy air
 Opened lilies
 And scattered roses –

When, as she spread its sweet lightning
 On our fertile ground,
 She saw the appearance, above our fields,
 Of a new brightness of a new order,
 And as the day brought a new dawn,
 The fading of night all around –

Since, clearing the veil of gloom,
 A graceful girl,
 More pleasant and pretty,
 Lit up roses in the sky
 And pierced the morning air
 With purple flames.

Dawn, in the sky, is enraged
 To see that this new dawn of love
 Is outshining her;
 She now starts to withdraw,
 And her rosy mantle
 Begins to drip with bitter tears.

Monteverdi: La mia Turca*Text: Carlo Milanuzzi*

La mia turca, che d'amor
 Non ha fè.
 Torce il piè.
 S'io le narro il mio dolor,
 Ond'al doppio mio martoro
 Languendo moro.

Poi ronrita se ne sta
 E non vol
 Che del sol
 Goda pur di sua beltá.
 Ond'al doppio mio martoro
 Languendo moro.

Prendi l'arco invitto Amor,
 per pietà
 in lei fa
 che non sia tanto rigor.
 ond'al doppio mio martoro,
 io più non moro.

My Turkish moll

My Turkish moll,
 Who has no faith in love,
 Turns on her heel;
 If I pour out to her my grief,
 I double my torment,
 And languish and die.

Then she shuts herself away
 And doesn't even want me
 To enjoy
 The sun of her beauty,
 I double my torment,
 And languish and die.

Take the invincible arrow,
 O Cupid,
 For pity's sake
 Make her not too stern,
 I double my torment,
 And languish and die.

Monteverdi: Si dolce è'l tormento*Text: Carlo Milanuzzi*

Si dolce è'l tormento
Ch'in seno mi sta,
Ch'io vivo contento
Per cruda beltà.
Nel ciel di bellezza
S'accreschi fierezza
Et manchi pietà:
Che sempre qual scoglio
All'onda d'orgoglio
Mia fede sarà.

La speme fallace
Rivolgam' il piè.
Diletto ne pace
Non scendano a me.
E l'empia ch'adoro
Mi nieghi ristoro
Di buona mercè:
Tra doglia infinita,
Tra speme tradita
Vivrà la mia fè.

Se fiamma d'amore
Già mai non sentì
Quel rigido core
Ch'il cor mi rapì,
Se nega pietate
La cruda beltate
Che l'alma invaghì:
Ben fia che dolente,
Pentita e languente
Sospirimi un dì.

So sweet is the torment

So sweet is the torment
Within my breast
That I live contented
By cruel beauty.
In a heaven of beauty
Let pride wax
And pity wane,
But still like a rock
In a sea of pride
My love shall remain.

Let flattering hope
Back away from me,
May joy and peace
Be denied me,
And let the harsh one I adore
Deny me the relief
Of a decent reward;
Through endless grief
And betrayed hope
My love shall survive.

If the flame of love
Was never felt
By that harsh girl
Who captured my heart.
If that cruel beauty
Who bewitched my soul
Denies me her kindness –
Grant that sorrowful,
Repentant and languishing,
She will one day sigh for me.

*Translations by Richard Stokes***La prima vez**

La prima vez ke te vidi
de tuz ojos me 'namori
d'akel momento te ami
fina la tomba te amare.

Aserkate mi kerida
salvadora de mi vida
descubrite i avlame
dekretos de la tu vida.

The first time

The first time I saw
your eyes I fell in love with you.
I loved you from that moment
and until the grave, I will love you.

Come close to me my dear one,
you have saved me.
Discover me and tell me
your life's secrets.

Darwish: El helwa di

That sweet one went to knead in the morning
And the cock cries 'kou kou kou kou' in the dawn
Let's go with the grace of God, oh workers!
May your morning be beautiful, oh master Ateya

Our morning is lovely, God permits it
And our pocket doesn't have a penny
But our mood is peaceful and serene
We put our hope in the hands of God

If we'll be patient
All will change for the better
Oh you, who has wealth
Even the poor man has a generous God

My hand is in yours, oh Salah's father
As long as you rely on God, you'll live in comfort
Leave it all to the powerful one
Let's go, time is running out

The sun has risen and the fortune belongs to God
Run to work, let God give you luck
Pick up your axe and the tools, let's go!

Fairuz: Li Beirut

To Beirut,
From my heart a greeting to Beirut;
And kisses to the sea and the houses,
To a rock shaped like the face of an old fisherman...

She is
From the spirit of the people, a wine;
From its sweat, bread and jasmine.
So how did its taste become
The taste of fire and smoke?

For Beirut,
A glory of ashes, for Beirut;
Of blood, of a child held in its palm...
My city has extinguished its lantern,
closed its door, became at night
alone, alone with the night...

You are mine... You are mine!
Oh, embrace me; you are mine...
My banner, and the stone of tomorrow,
And the waves of my travel.
The wounds of my people have blossomed,
The mothers' tears have blossomed...
You, Beirut, are mine,
You are mine!
Oh, embrace me...

Méndez: Cucurrucucú paloma

Text: Tomás Méndez

Dicen que por las noches
no más se le iba en puro llorar;
dicen que no comía,
no más se le iba en puro tomar.
Juran que el mismo cielo
se estremecía al oír su llanto,
cómo sufrió por ella,
y hasta en su muerte la fue llamando:
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay cantaba,
ay, ay, ay, ay, ay gemía,
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay cantaba,
de pasión mortal moría.

Que una paloma triste
muy de mañana le va a cantar
a la casita sola
con sus puertitas de par en par;
juran que esa paloma
no es otra cosa más que su alma,
que todavía espera
A que regrese la desdichada.
Cucurrucucú paloma,
cucurrucucú no llores.
Las piedras jamás, paloma,
¿qué van a saber de amores?
Cucurrucucú, cucurrucucú,
Cucurrucucú, cucurrucucú,
cucurrucucú, paloma, ya no le llores

Coo-coo dove

They say that at night
All he would do is cry;
They say he didn't eat,
All he would do is drink.
They swear that heaven itself
Shook upon hearing his weeping,
How he suffered for her,
And even in death he called her:
Ay ay ay ay, he sang,
Ay ay ay ay, he moaned,
Ay ay ay ay, he sang,
He died of incurable passion.

When a sad dove
Will sing to him very early in the morning
Alone in the house
With its little doors, two by two,
They swear that dove
Is none other than his soul,
Which is still waiting
For the wretched one to return.
Coo coo, dove,
Coo coo, don't cry.
Dove, will those stones
Ever know anything of love?
Coo coo, coo coo,
Coo coo, coo coo,
Coo coo, dove, don't cry anymore.