



Saturday 14 January 2012 7.30pm
Barbican Hall

Haydn The Seasons

Gabrieli Consort & Players

Paul McCreesh *conductor*

Christiane Karg *soprano*

Allan Clayton *tenor*

Christopher Purves *baritone*

*There will be one interval of 20 minutes between
'Summer' and 'Autumn'.*

Part of the Barbican's Classical 11–12
English-language Oratorios series..

English-Language Oratorios

Haydn's *The Seasons*

Continuing the Barbican's series of English-language oratorios, Paul McCreesh and the Gabrieli Consort & Players launch their 30th anniversary year with a performance of *The Seasons*, Haydn's culminating masterpiece. The Barbican's six-month series, with a seasonal *Messiah* at its heart, presents some of Britain's best-loved choral music performed by some of the UK's finest orchestras, soloists and conductors.

Since Handel first forged the English-language oratorio out of elements of French classical drama, Italian opera, German Protestant oratorios and English anthems, it has held an enduring appeal to composers. Notable for often putting the chorus, rather than the soloists, at centre stage, the art form has been championed not only by English composers Elgar, Britten and Tippett, but also by Mendelssohn and Haydn, turning it into one of the richest strands of all choral music.

Opening the series back in October last year, the LSO and Sir Colin Davis gave two performances of Britten's *War Requiem*, a haunting oratorio which tunes into the poetry and the pity of war as articulated by Wilfred Owen. In November 2011, The Sixteen and Harry Christophers returned to perform one of Handel's finest oratorio works, *Saul*, with soloists including Christopher Purves, Sarah Connolly and Sophie Bevan while Gerald Finley joined the BBC Symphony Orchestra for a performance of Walton's opulent *Belshazzar's Feast* in

December 2011. Possibly the most famous of all oratorios, Handel's *Messiah* has become a Christmas institution and on 14 December 2011, the Academy of Ancient Music performed the work with Sarah Fox, Anna Stephany, Andrew Kennedy and Stephan Loges, with Richard Egarr conducting.

Following *The Seasons* into spring 2012, the Britten Sinfonia performs Mendelssohn's biblical epic *Elijah*, a thrilling fusion of Baroque oratorio and 19th-century high drama, alongside a superb cast of soloists including Simon Keenlyside, Lucy Crowe and Andrew Kennedy. Michael Tippett's *A Child of our Time* arose from the horrors of the Second World War and its message that we must acknowledge our own dark qualities and not project them onto the Other is still urgent and powerful. The BBC Symphony Orchestra and BBC Symphony Chorus are joined by Sir Andrew Davis for what promises to be a moving performance. The finale of the series comes in the form of Elgar's choral masterpiece *The Dream of Gerontius*, where an all-British cast of soloists including Sarah Connolly together with the City of Birmingham Symphony Orchestra follow the journey of a dying man's soul to judgement before God.

To enjoy as many concerts as possible, we are offering a 10% discount when you book tickets to all three remaining concerts in the series. Tickets are available to book online and over the phone.

English-language Oratorios coming up this spring...

Wed 7 Mar 7.30pm Mendelssohn *Elijah*

Fri 23 Mar 7.30pm Tippett *A Child of our Time*

Sat 14 Apr 7.30pm Elgar *The Dream of Gerontius*

Haydn's *The Seasons*: a new translation

by Paul McCreesh

Both *The Creation* and *The Seasons* were pan-European successes without parallel in their times. *The Creation* was the first score to be published simultaneously in two languages (English and German) and *The Seasons* appeared in not two but three (English, German and French). No doubt part of the popularity of the works derived from the opportunity for audiences to hear these great oratorios in the vernacular, and there soon followed other translations in Italian, Swedish and Russian. Since the majority of the Gabrieli Consort & Players' audiences are English, we decided to perform *The Seasons* in English, the language of James Thomson's great poem.

Van Swieten was in many ways an excellent librettist for Haydn, reducing Thomson's somewhat rambling poetry into concise scenes which clearly stimulated Haydn's imagination, in spite of the elderly composer's propensity to complain. For 'Winter', van Swieten also added a

couple of lighter songs from other sources. He was, however, anything but adept when it came to the English language, not least because he insisted on back-translating his own German translation of the original poem. If his *Creation* text is extremely uncomfortable, his *Seasons* English text is, frankly, appalling. With this in mind, and following our acclaimed new translation of *The Creation*, I have substantially re-worked the text. The aim is clearly to serve Haydn's sublime music with a more worthy text; I hope this new version is more singable, more communicative and more comprehensible than the original. Likewise, small changes have been made in the recitative lines which, while following Haydn's harmonies and melodic lines, now obey the laws of English recitative-setting in a way that the published versions never did.

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Franz Joseph Haydn (1732–1809)

The Seasons (1798–1801)

Libretto by Baron Gottfried van Swieten

Translated by Paul McCreesh

After the phenomenal success of *The Creation*, premiered in Vienna in the spring of 1798, the librettist, Baron Gottfried van Swieten, lost no time in proposing another oratorio text to Haydn, again with a British source: his own drastically abridged adaptation of James Thomson's pastoral epic *The Seasons*, which, since its publication in 1730, had rapidly become one of the most popular of all 18th-century poems. Jettisoning most of Thomson's abstract moralising, van Swieten shifted the scene to Haydn's native Burgenland, complete with wine harvest, inserted a couple of popular German poems to jolly up 'Winter' (the spinning song, and Hannah's tale of seduction outwitted), and in a spirit of unsullied Enlightenment optimism omitted tragic details such as the wanderer frozen to death in a snowstorm.

The lordly, self-opinionated Baron was certainly no poet. Time and again he dulled and flattened Thomson's brilliant and original imagery, compounding the problem further with the English 'back-translation' of his German text (to maximise sales *The Seasons* was actually issued in German, English and French – the first-ever trilingual publication!). But, working closely with the composer, he was often shrewd in his choice of which details to omit and which to include. In many ways the finished libretto was right up Haydn's street: akin to *The Creation* in its benign Deism, its celebration of an idyllic, divinely ordered world, yet embracing an even wider range, from the stag hunt, wine harvest and spinning song, to paeans of praise to the Almighty.

Haydn, though, worked on *The Seasons* with increasing reluctance, protesting that he was too weary and that the libretto was banal and prosaic by comparison with *The Creation*. Although the Baron bullied and cajoled him into finishing the oratorio, it has suffered from just about the

worst press any composer has given his own music. Haydn repeatedly grumbled that he'd rather be at work on the more exalted subject of *The Last Judgement* (a project that, tantalisingly, he was never to realise). Still smarting at superior critics' attacks on *The Creation's* animal imitations, he derided the croaking frogs and chirping crickets in 'Summer', so delightful to us, as *französicher Quark* ('Frenchified trash') – ie, the kind of tone-painting found in the *opéras comiques* of Auber and other French composers. When he came to set the words 'O Fleiss, o edler Fleiss' in 'Autumn', he muttered that while he had been an industrious man all his life, he would never have dreamt of setting 'industry' to music; and he summed up the relative merits of the two oratorios by remarking mordantly that while the solo voices in *The Creation* were those of angels, in *The Seasons* 'only [the peasant] Simon speaks'.

Yet for all Haydn's strictures, van Swieten's text gave him plenty to fire his imagination; and he responded with music of unquenchable vitality and freshness of observation. First heard in the Palais Schwarzenberg in Vienna on 24 April 1801 'with the same unanimous approval as *The Creation*' (Haydn's words), *The Seasons* is a joyous evocation of the world in which the composer, a master-wheelwright's son, had grown up. Though God is invoked directly in the fugal choruses that close 'Spring' and 'Winter', *The Seasons* is the least solemn, most hedonistic of oratorios. Essentially a series of lovingly painted frescoes, it epitomises Haydn's final creative period in its juxtaposition and fusion of the popular and the sublime, pastoral innocence and the most sophisticated orchestral and harmonic language. Indeed, like *Die Zauberflöte*, Mozart's great celebration of Enlightenment values, *The Seasons* effortlessly incorporates a diverse array of styles, from Viennese

Singspiel (in, for instance, the ‘Autumn’ love duet and Hannah’s saucy tale in ‘Winter’) to the exhilarating fugal choruses that reflect Haydn’s encounter with Handel’s music in London.

Each of the four ‘cantatas’ that make up *The Seasons* opens with an orchestral tone-poem. The splendid G minor introduction ‘depicts the passage from winter to spring’: the former evoked in blustery, densely contrapuntal music, trombones to the fore; the latter in airy exchanges between violins and wind. In the recapitulation Haydn omits this ‘Spring’ music and sweeps directly into the recitative for the peasants: Simon (bass), Lucas (tenor) and Simon’s daughter Hannah (soprano). Tonal resolution comes with the gracefully lilting G major chorus, ‘Come, gentle Spring’, with its musette drones, and its opposition of women’s and men’s voices – a technique Haydn used in several other choruses.

In the jaunty ploughman’s song that follows, Haydn resisted van Swieten’s attempts to get him to include a tune from a popular German opera and instead had Simon whistle the famous melody from his ‘Surprise’ Symphony. The upshot was one of the oratorio’s instant hits, spiced by delicious scoring for piccolo (the only time Haydn ever used the instrument), oboes, bassoons and horns. Two extended solo–choral complexes make up the second half of ‘Spring’. The Prayer ‘Heav’n be gracious’ begins with a serene, hymnic melody, akin to those in the Adagio of Symphony No. 98 and the ‘Agnus Dei’ settings of the late Masses, and ends with a fervent fugue that virtually quotes the ‘Quam olim Abrahae’ section from Mozart’s Requiem – the first of several, surely conscious, Mozartian reminiscences in *The Seasons*. The popular and the sublime are directly juxtaposed in the last number

of ‘Spring’. This opens in A major with a ‘Song of Joy’ in quasi-folk vein, enlivened by charming illustrative touches. After working its way to D major, the music seems to peter out. Then, following a pause, Haydn introduces a series of massive fanfares in the remote key of B flat. After a lyrical solo trio, dramatically interrupted by more choral cries, ‘Spring’ closes with a majestic, intricately worked fugue that, as so often in Haydn’s fugal choruses, becomes more symphonic and less strictly contrapuntal as it proceeds.

‘Summer’ falls into two large, virtually continuous sections. The first moves from the atmospheric orchestral portrayal of ‘the meek-eyed morn’ (Haydn originally scored this for divided violas, cellos and basses, eventually adding violins for safety reasons), via the oboe-as-cockerel and a bucolic aria with horn obbligato for Simon (a foretaste here of Beethoven’s ‘Pastoral’ Symphony), to an exhilarating chorus in praise of the sun. This opens with a sunrise, as overwhelming in its way as the very different sunrise in *The Creation*, and closes, after another lyrical interlude for the solo trio, in a riot of fugal laughter.

In the second part of ‘Summer’, drought and torpor, graphically evoked in Lucas’s recitative and cavatina, find relief in Hannah’s enchanting woodland scene: first in a pictorial recitative, then in a two-section aria, beginning as a languorous duet for soprano and oboe and ending with ecstatic coloratura flourishes. The scene darkens in a baleful recitative, punctured by distant thunder. Then, with forked lightning on the flute, the tempest erupts. In this, the first great Romantic picture-in-sound of the warring elements, Haydn creates a musical counterpart to the cataclysmic storms that Turner would depict a quarter of a century later. After a fugue on a drooping chromatic subject – traditional symbol of lamentation and death –

the tempest recedes amid desultory lightning flashes; and normal rustic life resumes in the final trio and chorus, opening with Haydn's 'Frenchified trash' (bellowing cattle, croaking frogs and the like) and closing with an enchanting chorus of villagers that transmutes the storm's tremolandos into drowsy murmurs.

Following the minuet-like introduction to 'Autumn', the trio and chorus in praise of industry is Haydn's supreme triumph over an originally prosaic text: a noble, powerfully organised movement initiated by Simon alone, with chuckling woodwind commentaries, and culminating in a choral fugue that climaxes in a stunning harmonic 'purple patch'. The tension then relaxes with the love duet that contains a soulful central Adagio before ending, like the Adam and Eve duet in *The Creation*, as a sprightly *contredanse*.

The hunting scenes that follow are portrayed with relish by Haydn, who had been an enthusiastic huntsman in his younger days. After the bird shoot, recounted in a Baroque-style bass aria with burbling bassoon obbligato, and the hare-coursing, comes the most spectacular of all hunting choruses, based on traditional hunting calls and tracing an audacious tonal journey from D major to E flat. Yet Haydn manages to cap even this thrilling genre scene in the increasingly riotous wine harvest, memorably described by the German critic Karl Schumann as 'a feast of Bacchus in the Burgenland, painted by a musical Bruegel'. The composer rejected van Swieten's idea of various dance bands playing simultaneously, *à la Don Giovanni*. Instead, an increasingly unruly German dance, complete with pipe, drums, bagpipes and skirling fiddles, spills over into a glorious 'drunken fugue' where the singers are so far gone that they can only blurt out fragments of the fugue subject.

At the furthest extreme from this C major revelry is the depiction of 'freezing fogs and mists' that opens 'Winter', a piece of near-Impressionistic tone-painting to set alongside 'Chaos' from *The Creation*. The season's grim aspects are further explored in Hannah's Cavatina and the first part of the tenor aria, with its vivid portrayal of the wanderer's mounting anxiety in the frozen landscape. But, in contrast to Thomson's doomed traveller, van Swieten's wanderer finds refuge in a tavern in which the assembled villagers cheerfully pursue their winter tasks: a cue for a picturesque spinning scene that foreshadows both Schubert's *Gretchen am Spinnrade* – not least in its pungent, sudden shifts of key – and the spinning chorus in Wagner's *Der fliegende Holländer*. Next, Hannah entertains the company with a quasi-folk tale in which country girl outsmarts philandering aristocrat, to words taken from a German translation of a romance by Mme Favart. The chorus chip in after each verse, finally erupting in peals of laughter as the girl escapes on the young lord's horse. Though more sophisticated in its structure and orchestral accompaniment (artfully varied from verse to verse), Hannah's song is cut from the same demotic cloth as Papageno's 'Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen' in *Die Zauberflöte*.

There are further Mozartian resonances in the profound closing numbers of 'Winter'. In the valedictory bass aria 'Consider then, misguided man', where the declining year becomes an allegory for old age, Haydn poignantly recalls the slow movement of Mozart's Symphony No. 40. At the end of the fast section – more like an agitated accompanied recitative than song – the music dissolves in insubstantial woodwind chords, in response to the line 'They all are vanished, as a dream'. 'Only virtue lasts', asserts Simon in his new role of philosopher, a notion taken up and expanded in the final trio and chorus. There are Masonic overtones here, too. Indeed the antiphonal question-and-answer passages for the two choirs, and several melodic phrases, echo the dialogue between Tamino and the Speaker in the Act 1 finale of *Die Zauberflöte*. In the last of his annotations, van Swieten proposed that Haydn crown the oratorio with an eight-part choral fugue. Again Haydn ignored the suggestion. Instead he celebrates the certainty of salvation in a magnificently rugged four-part fugue that builds inexorably to a resplendent homophonic climax, replete with proto-Wagnerian brass fanfares, at the vision of 'the glorious heav'nly realm'.

Programme note © Richard Wigmore

SPRING

1 Introduction and Accompagnato

Simon

See Winter, stern and gloomy flees
To furthest reaches of the North.
And foll'wing, at his beck,
His blust'ry ruffians quit the vales,
With dreadful groans and howling.

Lucas

From tow'ring crags the melting snow
In flooding torrents swiftly flows.

Hannah

And lo! from southern shores
Breathe softest zephyrs, warm and mild
Sweet messengers of spring!

2 Chorus

Come, gentle Spring!
Thou gift of Heav'n come!
From frozen wint'ry grave, bid drowsy nature rise!

Women

The smiling spring is almost here
The linden blossom soon will cheer
And all will burst to life again.

Men

Take heed! Do not rejoice so soon,
For creeping mists and freezing fogs abound,
And winter oft returns to spread o'er shoots and buds,
Its deadly and icy frost.
Come gentle Spring!
Thou gift of Heaven come!
Descend upon our verdant plains.
O come, gentle Spring,
Make haste, do not delay!

3a Recitative

Simon

From Aries shines the bright'ning sun, o'er all the world below.
Now cold and dampness yield to kindly breezes warm and mild.
The frozen earth breathes free once more, and radiant is the
firmament above.

3b Aria

Simon

With eagerness the countryman sets forth to till the soil
Through furrows long he whistling strides, and tunes a cheerful lay.
With measured gait and careful step he scatters wide the seed,
And prays the faithful soil will bear, in time, the golden corn.

4a Recitative

Lucas

The countryman hath paid his dues;
No care or labour has he spared,
And bounteous nature will his diligence reward.
And thus to heaven he offers his humble pray'rs

4b Chorus

Lucas and Chorus

Heav'n be gracious, heav'n be bounteous.
Open thou, and pour thy blessings o'er all our fertile plains below.

Lucas

Let glist'ning dewes revive our pastures!

Simon

Let showers of rain refresh our meadows

Hannah

Let softest breezes warm the air, and let the sun shine purest rays!

Hannah, Lucas, Simon

For these abundant gifts we pray, and for thy bounty thanks
be giv'n.

5a Recitative and Accompagnato

Hannah

Our fervent pray'rs are heard,
A warming breeze arises
And fills the sky with downy billows.
They rise aloft, they tumble down
And pour their riches o'er the earth,
The pride and joy of nature fair.

5b Duet and Chorus

Hannah

Oh such charming sights delight us, in the country fair.
Come ye maidens, let us wander through the leafy vales.

Lucas

Oh such charming sights delight us, in the country fair.
Come ye fellows, let us wander, 'midst the meadows green.

Hannah

See the lilies, see the roses, see the flowers all!

Lucas

See the farmland, see the bowers, see the fertile pastures all!

Hannah

See the dry land, see the waters, see the glitt'ring sky!

Lucas

All is stirring, all is moving, hark how joyous nature wakes!

Hannah

See the cheerful lambs are gambolling.

Lucas

See the shoals of fish are swimming.

Hannah

See the swarms of bees are buzzing.

Lucas

See the flocks of birds are flutt'ring.

Chorus

All is stirring, all is moving, hark how joyous nature wakes!
Oh such pleasure, oh such wonder, fills our joyful hearts.
Sweetest yearnings, gentlest longings soon arise within our breast.

Simon

Every pleasure, every passion is the mighty Creator's will.

Chorus

Let us honour, let us worship, let us laud him. Let us praise his name.
Let our voices hymn his glory and resound on high!

5c Chorus and Solos

Chorus

Wonderful, bountiful, infinite God.

Hannah, Lucas, Simon

With thine abundant blessings, mankind hast thou revived.
With flowing streams of kindness, mankind hast thou refreshed.

Chorus

Hymns of praise we sing to thee.
Wonderful, bountiful, infinite God.

SUMMER

6a Introduction and Accompagnato

Lucas

In darkness shrouded, steals the dawn, in pearly mantle.
With falt'ring footsteps, in retreat the weary night retires.
To gloomy caverns ferocious vultures now repair;
Their ghastly shriekings no longer pierce the trembling heart.

Simon

The well-reposed countryman by shrill and lively sound awak'd,
To daily labour and worthy toil is called.

6b Aria and Recitative

Simon

The wakeful herdsman gathers up his cheerful flock of bleating sheep.
Through rolling hills and meadows green, slowly he drives them on.
To eastern skies he lifts his gaze, as steadfast on his crook he leans,
And waits to see the glimm'ring rays, welcome sight of breaking day.

Hannah

The rosy dawn breaks forth at last.
Like wisps of smoke the clouds disappear.
The heav'ns are cloth'd in azure serene,
The hills are bath'd in fiery gold.

7 Chorus and Solos

Behold the sun!

He creeps, he climbs, he stalks, he strides, he glows, he gleams,

He shines in glorious might, enflam'd and in majesty!

Hail, O glorious sun! thou source of light and life, all hail!

O thou, the eye and soul of all, and image of our God, we offer thanks to thee.

How shall we tell of such great raptures which by thy bounty now arise?

How shall we count the num'rous blessings which by thy gentle grace are given?

The raptures, how shall we tell? The blessings, how shall we count?

Hannah

All hail to thee for endless joy!

Lucas

All hail to thee for boundless cheer!

Simon

All hail to thee for glowing health!

All

Though all thy pow'r and strength to thee by God is giv'n.

Chorus

Hail, O glorious Sun! thou source of light and life, all hail

Rejoice, uplift your voices, sing praise to nature fair.

8a Recitative**Simon**

The village lads and lasses haste to the meadows,

A colourful throng spreads over the fields.

The swathes of ripen'd corn bow down before the sunburnt reapers.

The sickles flash, the corn-stalks fall!

But soon the crop is gather'd and tightly bound in golden sheaves.

8b Recitative**Lucas**

At noon the sun ascends with fiercest blaze

And pours through clear and cloudless skies,

A torrent of fire on the meadows below.

Whilst o'er the arid pastureland, above the haze,

Appears a flood of dazzling brightness.

8c Cavatina**Lucas**

Exhausted nature, fainting sinks

Wilted blossoms, scorched meadows, parched sources

Witness all the raging heat

And weary, languish man and beast, outstretched upon the ground.

9a Accompagnato**Hannah**

How welcome now ye shady groves!

Where lofty boughs of ancient oaks give cool, refreshing shade.

And rustling leaves of slend' rest ash, in whispering murmurs sound

Through banks of downy mosses a bubbling brooklet purls,

And merrily buzz from plant to bush a host of coloured insects.

The herbs breathe forth their sweetest scent, on wings of zephyrs borne

And from a neighb'ring thicket tunes the youthful shepherd's reed.

9b Aria**Hannah**

How refreshing to the senses, how reviving to the heart.

Life through every vein is flowing, joys in every nerve awake, enlivening the soul.

The spirit soars aloft with pleasure and delight,

And gentle pow'rs sublime assail the cheerful breast.

10a Recitative and Accompagnato**Simon**

Behold, arising through the sultry air,

Along a distant mountain reach,

A pallid cloud of mist and vapour

Now forced aloft, it grows apace

And covers all the firmament in thickest darkness.

Lucas

Hark, from the vale a muffled rumble foretells th'impending storm.

See, brooding with fate, the blackened billows slowly creep

And, threat'ning, hover o'er the plain

Hannah

With fearful anguish, all nature holds its breath.

No beast, no leaf is stirred, and deathly silence reigns.

10b Chorus

Ah the storm approaches near!
 Ah the tempest raves o'erhead!
 Heav'n protect us!
 Hark, how the thunder rolls!
 Hark, how the whirlwinds roar!
 Away, away! Where shall we fly?
 Flashes of lightning break over the skies,
 Their sharp jagged forks are bursting the billows,
 And torrents drown us below.
 Where is shelter? Heaven help us!
 Dreadful roars the storm, the arch of heaven is aflame.
 Help us wretches! Save us!
 Crashing, smashing, smack and crack
 With brutal rage and savageness.
 Alas! Heaven help us!
 The earth, convulsed, is shaken, e'en to the oceans deep.

10c Chorus and Solos**Lucas**

The gloomy stormclouds soon disperse
 And silenced is the tempest's rage

Hannah

Before th'approaching eventide,
 The sun peeps out once more,
 And bathed by those glorious beams,
 As brightest pearls, the meadows shine.

Simon

And so to long-awaited stalls,
 Well-sated and refresh'd the cattle now return.

Lucas

In trees, the quail sings to her mate.

Hannah

From grasses cheerful crickets chirp.

Simon

From marshes loudly croaks the frog.

Hannah, Lucas, Simon

The eve'tide curfew tolls.
 And o'er us winks the brightest star
 And calls us all to sweet repose.

Chorus

Lads and lasses, women come!
 Sweetest slumber now awaits.
 A spotless heart and healthy frame
 Our daily labours shall attest.
 We come, we follow thee
 The eve'tide curfew long has toll'd.
 For o'er us winks the brightest star,
 And calls us all to sweet repose.

Interval: 20 minutes**AUTUMN****11 Introduction, Accompanato and Recitative****Hannah**

That which Springtime promis'd adorn'd in blossom fair,
 That which Summer ripen'd with streams of sunshine clear,
 Is now in Autumn gathered, to cheer the farmer's breast.

Lucas

Th'abundant harvest home he brings, on wagons heavy laden.
 And scarcely can his barns enclose the crops his fields have yielded.

Simon

Now all around he casts his eye, and measures all his plenteous
 produce there;
 And gladness warms his heart.

12 Chorus and Solos**Simon**

Thus nature rewards our toil!
 She smiles and cheers our work.
 She guides us with encouragement
 And lends a willing hand.
 She governs us with strength and pow'r

Hannah, Lucas

From thee, oh toil, comes every good.
 The cottage where we dwell,
 The clothing which we wear,
 The dishes which we eat,
 Are all thy gifts, and thy reward.
 O toil, oh noble toil, from thee comes every good.

Hannah

From thee comes worthiness, thou temp' rest slothfulness and vice.

Lucas

By thee the heart of man is cleans'd and purified.

Simon

Through thee comes strength and will that duty and honour fill
 our daily lives.

Chorus

O toil, O noble toil, from thee comes every good.

13a Recitative**Hannah**

See now a bunch of eager lads rush to the hazel tree.
 On all the branches swinging hang a merry little tribe.
 And from the swaying boughs, there falls a hailstorm of ripen'd
 fruit.

Simon

The farmhand fetches a ladder and to the topmost branch he
 swiftly climbs aloft
 Now, hidden by the leaves, he spies his sweetheart down below.
 As slowly she approaches he flings the nuts before her, in lover's
 jest.

Lucas

In the orchard, stand round every tree pretty maidens, big and
 small
 As ruddy, fresh and wholesome as the fruits they gather.

13b Duet**Lucas**

Fine ladies of the town, come here!
 Admire a charming and simple country lass!
 She needs no rings nor powder'd face –
 Behold my Hannah, behold!

The bloom of health glows on her rosy cheeks,
 Her smiling eyes beam happiness.
 And how her lips speak from her heart
 When love she swears to me.

Hannah

Ye mincing dandies stay away!
 Your airs and graces count for naught,
 And foppish preenings truly are in vain!
 All this we simply cannot bear.
 No gold nor gaudy dress can dazzle us
 An honest heart is all we ask.
 And all my happiness is sure
 If faithful my Lucas remains.

Lucas

Summer fruits will fall,
 Autumn leaves will fade,
 Days and years will pass
 But ne'er my love for thee.

Hannah

Greener grow the leaves,
 Sweeter taste the fruits,
 Brighter shine the days
 With love and constancy.

Hannah, Lucas

Oh how pure, oh how sweet is joyous passion!
 Both our hearts by love united.
 Only death this bond can break.
 Dearest Hannah, Sweetest Lucas
 Oh the bliss of love's sweet rapture,
 Is for man the highest pleasure
 'Tis the crowning joy of life.

14a Recitative**Simon**

On ravaged hills there now appears a host of uninvited guests,
 Who, seeking crops for nourishment, pursue their daily bread.
 These little thieves would not concern the countryman, who can let
 them be.
 But soon he suffers grievous losses which he can ill afford;
 All help which he can muster is a welcome benefit
 So gladly he invites his lord who gladly hunts with horse and
 hound.

14b Aria**Simon**

See there on yonder open field, there prowls a dog deep in the grass.
 He sniffs the scent upon the ground and follows it relentlessly.
 Now seized by eagerness he runs; he hears his master's voice no more.
 He races, pursuing his prey, then stops at once, and freezes, motionless as stone.
 Then to escape th'approaching foe, the bird in terror swift takes wing
 But even flight affords no aid; a flash! A bang!
 He is struck by the shot which hurls him down from the sky to earth.

15a Accompagnato**Lucas**

A tightening circle of hunters forces the hares to quit their forms.
 From ev'ry side they're cornered, with nowhere to escape.
 How soon they fall; and laid in rows are now displayed as hunter's spoil.

15b Chorus

Hark, hear the sounds of the chase which in the forests resound.
 Hark, hear the sounds of the chase re-echo through the woods.
 The thrilling roar of the hunting horn, the hounds with their barking and baying
 The stag from terror swift takes flight and, chasing him, hounds and the huntsmen too.
 He flees; oh see how he leaps, oh see how he bounds!
 Look there, as out of the coppice he bursts
 And skims over fields to the thickets beyond.
 For he has outwitted the hounds –
 They stray and wander o'er the meads.
 The hounds have lost the scent, they ramble here and there.
 Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho!
 The blaring horn and huntsmen's voice assemble the pack again
 Ho ho ho! Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho!
 With ardour redoubled, gaily charge along o'er the plains the united throng
 Tally-ho, tally-ho, tally-ho!
 Surrounded by his enemies his spirit and his vigour fail.
 Exhausted, drops the noble stag.
 Proclaiming that the end is near the jubilant horns give out their call,
 As glorious huntsmen triumphant sing, Blow Mort!

16a Recitative**Hannah**

On vines the grapes are glistening in purple bunches, sweet and juicy.
 The sight reminds the vintner that it will soon be time to harvest.

Simon

Already tubs and vats are set below the hills,
 And from the hut streams many a happy worker to the pleasant task ahead.

Hannah

See how the slopes up yonder with swarms of folk are teaming
 Hear how the merry voices from every side resound.

Lucas

Their work is eas'd by laughing and joking, from early morn to evening,
 And then the foaming wine, newly pressed, turns mirth to wild abandon.

16b Chorus

Drink up, drink up, the wine is here!
 The barrels overflow
 Our hearts with joy are filled.
 So drink up, drink up, drink up!
 Let cheerful songs resound.

Now let us celebrate!
 Let us drink now! Raise your glasses!
 Let us celebrate!
 Let us sing now, raise your voices!
 Let us celebrate!

Drink up, drink up, drink up! All hail to the wine!
 Let's sing to the land that brings it forth –
 Hey ho hey! All hail to the wine!
 Let's sing to the vats that keep it stored –
 Hey ho hey! All hail to the wine!
 Let's sing to the jug from which it's poured –
 Hey ho hey! All hail to the wine!
 Come, good fellows, fill the tankards.
 Drain the glasses, let us celebrate!
 Hey ho hey! All hail to the wine!

Now the pipers are piping and cheerfully tuning,
 And the drummers are beating,
 The fiddlers are scraping,
 And the groaning musettes are a-snoring.
 The bagpipe is droning and droning and droning!
 Little children are skipping
 And the youngsters are jumping and prancing and leaping
 And the maids are a-flying to the arms of their lovers
 In a fine country reel.

Dance and trip it, hop and skip it
 Come fellows, come!
 Dance and trip it, Hey there, Ho!
 Let's fill the cups!
 Hop and Skip it, Hey there, Ho!
 Let's drain the cups!

Hey there, let us celebrate! Let cheerful songs resound.
 Shout, be noisy! Jump and gambol, laugh, be merry,
 Now let us bring the final cup and let us sing in chorus full
 In praise of the cheering, noble wine.

All hail to our wine, the noble wine, which frightens all cares away!
 Its praise be sung both far and wide, rejoicing then ten-thousand-
 fold
 Hey there! Let us celebrate! Let cheerful songs resound! Hey! Ho!

WINTER

17a Introduction and Accompagnato

Simon

The blust'ry winds soon fade away
 And freezing fogs and mists abound;
 Enshrouding mountains in their grasp
 And hov'ring over endless plains.
 For e'en the midday sun is now eclipsed by wint'ry gloom.

Hannah

From Lapland's dismal caverns
 With stealth comes stormy winter,
 And by his threat'ning steps
 All nature, stupefied, is stilled.

17b Cavatina

Hannah

Light and life are enfeebled
 Warmth and joy have sadly vanish'd
 Mournful gloomy daylight
 Follows endless unrelenting darkness.

18a Recitative and Accompagnato

Lucas

The lake lies lock'd in frosty grip.
 The babbling brook is silenced by ice.
 The cataract, once plunging from the tow'ring ledge,
 In deathly stillness roars no more.
 In brittle woodlands naught is heard
 The fields are cloth'd and valleys fill'd
 With monstrous banks of feath'ry snow.
 And all the earth is now a grave
 Where nature's splendours lie entomb'd.
 Across the frozen wilderness of endless icy savageness
 A deathly pallor covers all.

18b Aria

Lucas

The wand'rer stands perplexed, in great anxiety;
 He knows not where his falt'ring steps to turn.
 In vain he strives to find his way
 But neither path nor track appears
 And wading through the drifting snow
 He finds himself still more astray
 Too soon his courage fails;
 His heart is gripped by fear.
 He knows the day will soon be gone
 And weariness and cold turn all his limbs to lead.
 Then suddenly ahead of him appears a bright and flick'ring light.
 With hope again restor'd, and joyful beating heart
 In haste he runs to reach the house,
 From ice and snow, he hopes to find relief.

19a Recitative and Accompagnato

Lucas

And drawing near the welcome sight
 Into his ears, benumbed by howling winds,
 Comes the sound of cheerful voices

Hannah

Behind the door, he finds a warm and merry gathering
Of many friends and neighbours in gentle work and chatter,
Whiling away the evening hours.

Simon

Now, all around the kitchen range
Old men are talking of their young days;
And likewise all the young men gather
With willow wands their nets and traps repairing.
The mothers work at the distaff
And their daughters spin at the wheel
And all the work is cheer'd with simple songs and melody.

19b Aria and Chorus**Chorus**

Whirring, whirring, whirring!
Set the wheel a-purring!

Hannah

Little wheel, please turn for me
Thread as fine as you will see
For my smock a-spinning

Weaver, weave it soft and fine
Worthy of this breast of mine
For the fair a-spinning!

Fair without and pure within
Fine and comely, free from sin
All the lads a-winning

Pure within and fair without
Prayerful, zealous and devout
All the lads a-winning.

20a Recitative**Lucas**

Now the flax has all been spun
The wheels no longer turn
The folk draw round,
With lads and lasses altogether
They wait to hear th' amusing tale which Hannah oft recounts.

20b Chorus**Hannah**

A noble squire of great renown once loved a pretty maid
And spying her alone one day, jumped off his horse and said:
'My pretty lass, you've won my heart! Come kiss your handsome
lord.'
She cried with fear and trembling, 'ah?' 'Ah yes, with all my heart!'

Chorus

Ha ha ha ha! But why not say 'no'?

Hannah

'Be not alarmed my pretty lass, just give yourself to me!
And doubt not that I will always prove a true love unto thee.
You'll be my lady!
Here! My ring, my purse, and watch so fine,
And if you still want more from me, then speak – it shall be thine!'

Chorus

Ha ha ha ha! Indeed that sounds quite fine.

Hannah

'Kind sir,' quoth she, 'I pray, beware my brothers, lest they see;
For should they spread the tale about, what would become of me?
Were they not working over there, to thee I might yet yield ...
Creep through that hedge and let me know if they're in yonder
field?'

Chorus

Ha ha ha ha, and so what next I pray?

Hannah

The thorns and briars held him so fast as he were in a vice
Meanwhile the maid sprang on his steed and vanished in a trice.
'Farewell to thee, my gentle swain,' cried she in cheerful scorn
'Next time you try to pluck a rose, you'll not forget the thorn!'

Chorus

Ha ha ha ha, well done fine lass.

21a Recitative**Simon**

And from the east there blows an icy blast of piercing cold,
 Harsh and cutting to the bone.
 It gathers up the mists and takes the breath from man and beast.
 By this ferocious tyrant Winter's battle has been won.
 Now speechless in her fear, the whole of nature lies aghast.

21b Aria and Accompagnato**Simon**

Consider then, misguided man, the picture of thy life unfolds.
 The spring of life, short-liv'd, is gone,
 The summer spirit long passed by,
 And then advance the autumn years
 while pallid winter ever nears
 And points to thee an open grave.
 Where now those schemes of high endeavour?
 Those lofty hopes and plans?
 The search for earthly glory and vain desire of fame?
 Where are they now, those days of plenty, and wanton luxury?
 And where those happy evenings of endless revelry?
 Where are they now? Where?
 They all are vanished, as a dream.
 Only virtue lasts!
 Alone she lasts, and leads us on, unchangeable, through passing
 days and years.
 In sorrow and in gladness to reach life's highest destiny.

22 Double Chorus and Solos

Then shines the great and glorious morn
 When God th'almighty gathers us, and calls to life again renew'd
 From pain and death forever free!
 The gates of heaven fling open wide, the holy mount appears.
 There stands the house of God, where peace and freedom dwell.

Choir 1

But who may pass between these gates?

Hannah, Lucas, Simon

The man whose life was incorrupt.

Choir 2

And who may climb the holy mount?

Hannah, Lucas, Simon

The man whose lips spoke only truth.

Choir 1

And who may make that house his dwelling?

Hannah, Lucas, Simon

The man who helped the poor and weak.

Choir 2

And who in peace and joy shall prosper?

Hannah, Lucas, Simon

The man who saved the innocent.

Choir 1

For lo the glorious morn is near,

Choir 2

Behold, the morning light!

Choirs 1 and 2

The gates of heaven fling open wide, the holy mount appears
 Forever gone, forever past, are days of endless suff'ring and
 wint'ry storms of life.
 For spring eternal reigns and boundless joy and blessedness are
 virtue's true reward.

Hannah, Lucas, Simon

May we enjoy that true reward. Let us labour, let us struggle.

Choirs 1 and 2

Let us labour, let us struggle, and enjoy that true reward.

Chorus

Direct us in thy ways, O God, and make us strong and brave.

Choir 1

Then shall we sing,

Choir 2

And shall ascend

Choirs 1 and 2

Into the glorious heav'nly realm.
 Amen.

About tonight's performers

Ben Wright



Paul McCreesh *conductor*

Paul McCreesh has established a reputation of the highest level in both the period-instrument and modern orchestral fields and is recognised for his authoritative and innovative performances on the concert platform and in the opera house. Together with the Gabrieli Consort & Players, of which he is the founder and Artistic Director, he has performed across the world and built a large and distinguished discography.

As guest conductor he works regularly with many of Europe's orchestras and increasingly on large-scale choral projects. This season these include the work we hear tonight with the Schleswig-Holstein Festival Academy Orchestra and Choir, and also with the Gulbenkian Orchestra and Choir; Mendelssohn's

Elijah (which he performed at last year's BBC Proms) with the Bergen Philharmonic; Brahms's *Ein deutsches Requiem* with the RTÉ National Symphony Orchestra, Dublin; and Mozart's 'Great' Mass in C minor with the Iceland Symphony Orchestra. He also makes his debuts with the Orchestre National de Lyon, Saint Paul Chamber Orchestra and the Malaysian and Hong Kong Philharmonic orchestras.

He has established a strong reputation in the field of opera. He has conducted Handel's *Il trionfo del Tempo e del Disinganno* and *Tamerlano* at the Teatro Real, Madrid; *Orphée et Eurydice* and *Jephtha* for Welsh National Opera; and works by Mozart and Handel for the Royal Danish Opera and Komische Oper Berlin.

Paul McCreesh has been Director of Brinkburn Music in Northumberland for many years and in 2006 was appointed Artistic Director of the Wratislavia Cantans Festival in Poland. He is passionate about working with young musicians and works regularly with Chetham's School of Music in Manchester and many international youth orchestras and choirs.



Steven Haberland

Christiane Karg *soprano*

Christiane Karg first came to international attention when she made her debut at the 2006 Salzburg Festival. In 2009 she was named Young Performer of the Year by *Opernwelt* magazine and the following year won an *ECHO Klassik* award for her first Lieder CD.

She was born in Feuchtwangen, Bavaria, and studied at the Salzburg Mozarteum with Heiner Hopfner and later with Wolfgang Holzmair. She joined Frankfurt Opera in 2008, where she now sings roles such as Susanna, Musetta, Pamina and Servilia.

She has also appeared with the Bavarian State Opera, Komische Oper Berlin, the Theater an der Wien and, last season, with Glyndebourne on Tour. This season she has made her role debut as Anne Trulove (*The*

Rake's Progress) with Opéra de Lille, taken the title-role in *La Calisto* and will sing Kristina (*The Makropoulos Case*) and Zdenka (*Arabella*). Other future engagements include appearances at the Glyndebourne and Salzburg festivals.

Christiane Karg is equally in demand in the concert hall, working with conductors such as Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Daniel Harding, Jérémie Rhorer, Emmanuel Krivine and Jonathan Cohen. This season she sings Mozart's Requiem under Manfred Honeck in Copenhagen, Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 2 with the Bavarian Radio Symphony Orchestra, Mahler's Eighth Symphony under Josep Pons in Madrid, Mozart arias under Marek Janowski in Geneva and in Grieg's *Peer Gynt* under Thomas Hengelbrock for the opening of this year's Schleswig-Holstein Festival.

Also active as a Lieder singer, Christiane Karg has appeared at many prestigious venues around the world, including the Vienna Musikverein, Salzburg Mozarteum, Essen Philharmonie, the Wigmore Hall and at the Schubertiade Schwarzenberg, Richard Strauss and Rheingau festivals.



Jack Liebeck

Allan Clayton *tenor*

Allan Clayton was a chorister at Worcester Cathedral before becoming a choral scholar at St John's College, Cambridge, and undertaking postgraduate studies at the Royal Academy of Music. He was a BBC Radio 3 New Generation Artist (2007–9) and was awarded a Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship in 2008, as well as receiving the John Christie Award following his debut in the title-role of Britten's *Albert Herring* at the Glyndebourne Festival.

His operatic appearances have ranged from Purcell's *King Arthur* and Rameau's *Dardanus* via Mozart (*Die Zauberflöte*, *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* and *La finta giardiniera*) and Britten (*Albert Herring*, *The Turn of the Screw*, *Peter Grimes* and *Death in Venice*) to Judith Weir's *A Night at the Chinese Opera* and

Jonathan Dove's *Pinocchio*. Recently he sang Ferrando (*Così fan tutte*) for Glyndebourne Festival, Camille (*The Merry Widow*) for Opera North and Castor (Rameau's *Castor and Pollux*) and Lysander (Britten's *A Midsummer Night's Dream*) at English National Opera.

Recent concert performances have included his *Carmina burana* with BBC National Orchestra of Wales, his debut with the New York Philharmonic in *Elijah*, *Messiah* with the Boston Handel and Haydn Society and Cassio (*Otello*) in a concert performance and recording with the London Symphony Orchestra. Other recordings include Handel's *Joshua* and *Messiah*.

Allan Clayton has appeared at many leading festivals, including Cheltenham, City of London, Derry, Aldeburgh, Perth International Arts Festival, Australia, and the BBC Proms.

He has given recitals with, among others, pianists Paul Lewis, Graham Johnson, Simon Lepper and James Baillieu.



Christopher Purves *baritone*

Christopher Purves studied at King's College, Cambridge, before performing and recording with the rock 'n' roll group Harvey and the Wallbangers.

In concert he has recently appeared with Le Concert d'Astrée in a European tour of Handel's *Messiah*, with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and in Handel's *Acis, Galatea et Polifemo* with Les Arts Florissants and *Acis and Galatea* with the Gabrieli Consort at the Wigmore Hall. He has also recently performed Mahler's *Das klagende Lied* with the London Philharmonic Orchestra and at the BBC Proms, and Britten's *The Rape of Lucretia* at the Aldeburgh Festival and in Amsterdam and Luxembourg. In recital he has performed Schubert's *Schwanengesang* in Leeds and

Cambridge. Highlights of this season include Mahler's Eighth Symphony at the Casa da Música in Porto, Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* with the Rotterdam Philharmonic and Purcell's *The Fairy Queen* with Le Concert Spirituel.

His operatic appearances include the title-role in *Wozzeck* and Beckmesser (*The Mastersingers of Nuremberg*) for Welsh National Opera, Nono's *Al gran sole carico d'amore* for the Salzburg Festival and the title-role in *Falstaff* at Glyndebourne. He recently sang Nick Shadow (*The Rake's Progress*) for Opéra de Lille and made his debut with Houston Opera as Balstrode (*Peter Grimes*), a role he will reprise at La Scala, Milan, next year; during the past season his roles have also included Mr Redburn (*Billy Budd*) for the Netherlands Opera and Mephistopheles (*The Damnation of Faust*) for English National Opera.

Gabrieli Consort & Players

Founded by Paul McCreesh in 1982, Gabrieli Consort & Players is a world-renowned interpreter of choral and instrumental repertoire spanning from the Renaissance to the present day. Its performances encompass major works from the oratorio tradition, virtuosic *a cappella* programmes and reconstructions

of music for historical events. The ensemble's recording of Haydn's *The Creation* won a 2008 Gramophone Award and its recent recording *A Spotless Rose* was nominated for a Grammy.

Gabrieli Consort & Players is a regular visitor to the world's leading concert halls and appears frequently at major venues in London and at Christ Church, Spitalfields. Recent highlights have included Mendelssohn's *Elijah* at the BBC Proms, Berlioz's *Grande messe des morts* at the Wratislavia Cantans Festival; Handel's *Messiah* on a tour of Spain; and a UK tour of a programme featuring Byrd's Great Service and two new, specially commissioned pieces by Jonathan Dove.

The ensemble is increasingly committed to working with young musicians and has relationships with Chetham's School of Music, North East Youth Chorale and the Taplow and Ulster youth choirs. In 2010 the Gabrieli Young Singers' Scheme was launched, giving young singers the opportunity to train and perform with professional musicians and, in particular, to prepare for major performances of oratorios.

Gabrieli Consort & Players

Soprano

Alicia Carroll
Julie Cooper
Susan Gilmour Bailey
Susan Hemington
Jones
Alexandra Kidgell
Amy Moore
Robyn Parton
Ruth Provost
Rachel Redmond
Emily Rowley Jones

Alto

Lucy Ballard
Ruth Gibbins
Martha McLorinan
Sian Menna
Kim Porter
David Clegg
Daniel Collins
Timothy Travers-Brown

Tenor

Robin Bailey
John McMunn
Nicholas Madden
Tom Raskin
Richard Rowntree
George Pooley

Bass

Eamonn Dougan
Jimmy Holliday
Charles Pott
Richard Savage
Christopher Sheldrake
William Townend

Violin 1

Catherine Martin
leader
Hannah Tibell
Sarah Bealby-Wright
Persephone Gibbs
Tuomo Suni
Stephen Freeman
Benjamin Samson
Rachel Rowntree

Violin 2

Oliver Webber
Ruth Slater
Annette Keimel
Julia Black
Ann Monnington
Laura Cochrane

Viola

Rachel Byrt
Marina Ascherson
Emma Alter
Mark Braithwaite

Cello

Jonathan Byers
Christopher Suckling
Anna Holmes
Julien Barre

Double Bass

Judith Evans
Timothy Amherst

Flute

Katy Bircher
Brinley Yare

Oboe

Alexandra Bellamy
Leo Duarte

Clarinet

Katherine Spencer
Sarah Thurlow

Bassoon

Alastair Mitchell
Rebecca Stockwell

Contrabassoon

Damian Brasington

Horn

Richard Bayliss
Helen Shillito
Gavin Edwards
Richard Lewis

Trumpet

Robert Vanryne
Neil Brough

Trombone

Philip Dale
Tom Lees
Adrian France

Fortepiano

Benjamin Bayl

Timpani

Adam Dennis

After the concert **Paul McCreesh** will be signing copies of his new release, Berlioz' *Grand Messe des Morts* on the Ground Floor foyer.

Programme produced by Harriet Smith; printed by Vertec Printing Services; advertising by Cabbell (tel. 020 8971 8450)

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