

# Maria Mater Meretrix

**Start time:** 7.30pm

**Approximate end time:** 9.30pm, including a 20-minute interval

Please note all timings are approximate and subject to change.

## Programme

**Gustav Holst** 'Jesu Sweet' from Four Songs for voice and violin  
**Walther von der Vogelweide, arr Michi Wiancko** *Palästinalied*  
**George Crumb** 'God-music' from *Black Angels*  
**Guillaume Dufay, arr Michi Wiancko** *Ave maris stella*  
**Frank Martin** 'Ave Maria' from *Maria-Triptychon*  
**Tomás Luis Victoria, arr Michi Wiancko** *Ave Maria*  
**György Kurtág** 'Berceuse' from *Kafka-Fragmente*  
**Anon, arr Wolfgang Katschner** *Maria durch ein Dornwald ging*  
**Frank Martin** 'Magnificat' from *Maria-Triptychon*  
**Antonio Lotti, arr Michi Wiancko** *Crucifixus*  
**Lili Boulanger, arr Michi Wiancko** *Pie Jesu*

**Hildegard von Bingen** *O rubor sanguinis*  
**Joseph Haydn** 'Mulier, ecce filius tuus' from *Die sieben letzten Worte unseres Erlösers am Kreuze*  
**György Kurtág** 'Wiederum, wiederum' from *Kafka-Fragmente*  
**Frank Martin** 'Stabat Mater' from *Maria-Triptychon*  
**Hanns Eisler, arr Michi Wiancko** 'Lied der Kupplerin' from *Die Rundköpfe und die Spitzköpfe*  
**György Kurtág** 'Coitus als Bestrafung' (Canticulum Mariae Magdalene) from *Kafka-Fragmente*  
**PatKop** *Danse macabre*  
**Joseph Haydn** 'Il Terremoto' from *Die sieben letzten Worte unseres Erlösers am Kreuze*  
**Antonio Caldara** 'Per il mar der pianto mio' from *Maddalena ai piedi di Cristo*

**For the final concert of her Artist Spotlight series Patricia Kopatchinskaja, together with Anna Prohaska and Ensemble Resonanz, explores music celebrating the two Marys: the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalene.**

Few, if any, women have inspired as much art as the Virgin Mary. The figure of the Madonna, holding the baby Jesus, has been painted and sculpted by artists from Botticelli to Dali. Her story has been told and retold by writers over the centuries, inspiring metaphysical poets such as John Donne and modern novelists like Colm Tóibín. And then, of course, there's the wealth of music written about her, whether its oratorios or operas, Magnificats or Stabat maters.

Religious importance aside, it's not simply as image, name and icon that the Virgin Mary matters in wider western culture today. Over the past 2,000 years, she has become the archetypal mother – the *Mater* of this recital's title. She is the ultimate symbol of maternal love, suffering and sacrifice; in 2014, Pope Francis described her 'as the model of maternity for the Church'. If, like violinist Patricia Kopatchinskaja and soprano Anna Prohaska, you want to ask how composers have portrayed women across the centuries, then musical depictions of the Virgin Mary provide fertile ground.

Yet that's far from the whole story. Alongside this thread of caring devotion runs a counter-narrative, epitomised by another woman present at the crucifixion: Mary Magdalene. She was the closest disciple of Jesus, the first person to see him after his resurrection. A real-life historical woman, her identity has morphed through time, refracted by society's views. She has been cast as both saint and sinner. She is the *Meretrix* – the Latin word for sex worker – who opposes the *Mater*. 'The whole history of western civilisation is epitomised in the cult of Mary Magdalene,' writes *The Smithsonian* magazine. 'In one age after another her image was reinvented, from prostitute to sibyl to mystic to celibate nun to passive helpmeet to feminist icon to the matriarch of divinity's secret dynasty.'

A simple reading of tonight's programme reveals a rich seam of Marian music, full of variety even when it's focused on pieces featuring solo violin and soprano. Different historical periods, countries and styles collide in an energisingly eclectic programme. Yet the recital also asks bigger questions. What do the two archetypes – or stereotypes – embodied by the two Marys tell us about how women are viewed? How has western classical music responded to their stories? And what does it mean for two female musicians to perform works about them today? Questions to bear in mind, perhaps, rather than to answer definitively.

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At the heart of the programme, like an altarpiece in a Renaissance church, stands Frank Martin's *Maria-Triptychon*. Martin was one of the leading Swiss composers of the 20th century, but is often unfairly overlooked. He composed music of concentrated expressive power – and this is one of his finest works. In the preface to the published score, he describes how he wrote the 'Magnificat' first but soon realised it 'required a surrounding musical frame'. He added two other traditional Marian texts – the 'Ave Maria' and 'Stabat mater' – either side to create a triptych. Across three movements, Martin tells Mary's story. The distilled 'Ave Maria' is a prayer, said to quote the words of the Archangel Gabriel at the annunciation, when Mary learned she was to be a mother. The central 'Magnificat,' or the Cantic of Mary, is her hymn in praise of Christ – here an explosion of energy. Lastly, we hear the anguished astringence of the 'Stabat mater', and a mother's suffering as her son dies on the cross.

Other composers explore various elements of the Virgin Mary's story. From medieval pilgrim songs to George Crumb's 'God-music', Haydn's *Die sieben letzten Worte unseres Erlösers am Kreuze* ('Seven Last Words of our Saviour on the Cross') to Lili Boulanger's *Pie Jesu*, layers of meaning are built up with music from across the ages. We begin with Holst's 'Jesu Sweet' from Four Songs for voice and violin, in which Mary sings a haunting 'song of love longing'. Holst was reputedly inspired to write the piece after hearing a woman at church singing while playing the violin – one of the countless musical women only glimpsed in canonical retellings of music history, adding another layer of meaning to this programme.

Both Marys were present at the crucifixion, an event musically represented here by Lotti's eight-part setting. And if the mother of Jesus represented all that is chaste and pure, Mary Magdalene's reputation was soon subject to myth-making. In 591, the pope called her a 'sinful woman'; she became known, falsely, as a 'prostitute'. Unpicking the patriarchal attitudes surrounding her would require many more words, but here the music takes over. The sexual allure – and its price – of Mary Magdalene are explored in Kurtág's fleeting 'The sexual act as punishment: Cantic of Mary Magdalene', one of three settings from his extensive song-cycle *Kafka-Fragmente* in this programme, and in Hanns Eisler's 'Kuppelied', in which 'good girls are never sweet'. Yet it's in 'Per il mar del pianto mio' (By the sea of my tears) from Caldara's oratorio *Maddalena ai piedi di Cristo* that we hear Mary Magdalene's pain at the cross. 'You, Jesus, are my guiding star', she sings, 'before you I cast all my desires, my chains are at your feet.'

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## Performers

**Patricia Kopatchinskaja** violin

**Anna Prohaska** soprano

### Ensemble Resonanz

violin

**Barbara Bultmann**

**Gregor Dierck**

**Skaistė Dikšaitytė**

**Tom Glöckner**

**David-Maria Gramse**

**Corinna Guthmann**

**Christine Krapp**

**Benjamin Spillner**

**Swantje Tessmann**

viola

**Christian Marshall**

**Aline Saniter**

**David Schlage**

**Tim-Erik Winzer**

cello

**Jörn Kellermann**

**Saskia Ogilvie**

**Saerom Park**

double bass

**Benedict Ziervogel**

flute

**Christina Fassbender**

**Stephanie Disser**

oboe

**Risa Soejima**

**Gonzalo Mejia**

clarinet

**Marco Thomas**

**Sebastian Schneider**

bassoon

**Volker Tessmann**

**Florian Bensch**

horn

**Tomás Guerra Figueiredo**

**Florian Cason**

trumpet

**Valentin Erny**

**Robin Nikol**

tombone

**Bärbel Leo**

harp

**Gesine Dreyer**

piano

**Per Rundberg**

percussion

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### **Jesu Sweet**

Jesu Sweet, now will I sing  
To Thee a song of love longing;  
Do in my heart a quick well spring  
Thee to love above all thing.

Jesu Sweet, my dim heart's gleam  
Brighter than the sunnèbeam!  
As thou wert born in Bethlehem  
Make in me thy lovèdream.

Jesu Sweet, my dark heart's light  
Thou art day withouten night;  
Give me strength and eke might  
For to loven Thee aright.

Jesu Sweet, well may he be  
That in Thy bliss Thyself shall see:  
With lovè cords then draw Thou me  
That I may come and dwell with Thee.

### **Palästinalied**

Nû alrêrst lebe ich mir werde,  
Sît mîn sündic ouge siht  
Daz reine lant und ouch die erde,  
Der man sô vil êren giht.  
Mirst geschehen des ich ie bat,  
Ich bin komen an die stat,  
Da got mennischlîchen trat.

Schoeniu lant rîch unde hêre,  
Swaz ich der noch hân gesehen,  
So bist dûz ir aller êre.  
Waz ist wunders hie geschehen!  
Daz ein magt ein kint gebar,  
hêre über aller engel schar,  
Was daz niht ein wunder gar?

Hie liez er sich reine toufen,  
Daz der mensche reine sî.  
Da liez er sich hie verkoufen,  
Daz wir eigen wurden frî.  
Anders wæren wir verlorn.  
Wol dir, sper, kriuz unde dorn!  
Wê dir, heiden, daz dir zorn.

In diz lant hât er gesprochen  
Einen angeslîchen tac  
dâ diu wîtwe wirt gerochen  
Und der wise klagen mac  
Und der arme den gewalt  
Der dâ wirt an ime gestalt  
Wol ime dort, der hie vergalt!

Now, for the first time, my life has worth,  
Ever since my sinful eyes beheld  
The Holy Land and its earth  
That is so highly praised.  
What I prayed for has happened:  
I have come to the place  
Where God walked, as man.

Though many fair lands, rich and noble,  
I have seen before now,  
You are the very finest.  
How many miracles took place here!  
That a maiden bore a child,  
Lord over all the angels,  
Was that not a great miracle?

Here the pure one was baptized,  
That mankind might be purified.  
Here he let himself be betrayed  
So that we bondsmen would be free:  
Otherwise we should be lost.  
Oh blessed spear, cross and thorn!  
Woe to you, heathens: Heaven's wrath be upon you!

In this land he pronounced  
A dreadful day of judgement,  
When the widow shall be avenged,  
The orphan receive justice,  
The poor man too,  
For the violence done against him,  
And blessed shall he be who showed kindness!

### **Avis maris stella**

Ave, maris stella  
Dei mater alma  
atque semper virgo  
felix caeli porta.

Solve vincla reis  
profer lumen caecis.  
mala nostra pelle  
bona cuncta posce.

Virgo singularis  
inter omnes mitis,  
nos culpae solutos  
mites fac et castos.

Sit laus Deo Patri  
summo Christo decus.  
Spiritus Sancto  
honor tribus unus.  
Amen.

### **Ave Maria from *Maria-Triptychon***

Gegrüßet seist du, Hochbegnadete!  
Der Herr ist mit dir.  
Fürchte dich nicht, Maria!  
Du hast Gnade bei Gott gefunden.  
Siehe, du wirst schwanger werden  
und einen Sohn gebären,  
dessen Namen sollst du Jesus heißen.  
Der wird groß sein und ein Sohn des Höchsten  
genannt werden,  
und Gott der Herr wird ihm den Thron seines  
Vaters David geben,  
und er wird ein König sein über das Haus  
Jakob ewiglich,  
und seines Reiches wird kein Ende sein.

### **Berceuse**

Schlage deinen Mantel, hoher Traum, um das  
Kind.

### **Maria durch ein Dornwald ging**

Maria durch ein Dornwald ging.  
Kyrie eleison!  
Maria durch ein Dornwald ging,  
der hatte in sieben Jahren kein Laub getragen!  
Jesus und Maria.

Was trug Maria unter ihrem Herzen,  
Kyrie eleison!  
Ein kleines Kindlein ohne Schmerzen,  
das trug Maria unter ihrem Herzen.  
Jesus und Maria.

Da haben die Dornen Rosen getragen,  
Kyrie eleison!  
Als das Kindlein durch den Wald getragen,  
da haben die Dornen Rosen getragen!  
Jesus und Maria.

Wer hat erlöst die Welt allein?  
Kyrie eleison!  
Das hat getan das Christkindlein,  
das hat erlöst die Welt allein!  
Jesus und Maria.

Hail, star of the sea,  
nurturing mother of God  
and ever virgin:  
blessed gate of heaven.

Unbind the chains of sinners  
give light unto the blind.  
Drive evil away from us  
and entreat for us all good things.

Virgin above all others  
and meekest of all,  
make us free from sin,  
humble and pure.

Praise be to God the Father  
and glory to Christ the Son  
and to the Holy Spirit  
be equal honour, three in one.  
Amen.

Hail to you, oh highly favoured one!  
The Lord is with you.  
Fear not, Mary,  
For you have found grace with God.  
Behold, you shall conceive  
and bear a son,  
and you shall call him Jesus.  
He shall be great, and shall be called the Son  
of the Most High,  
and the Lord God shall give him the throne of  
his father David:  
and he shall reign in the house of Jacob for  
ever,  
and his kingdom shall have no end.

Wrap your cloak, exalted dream, around the  
child.

Mary walked through a thorny forest,  
Kyrie eleison!  
Mary walked through a thorny forest,  
where no leaves had grown for seven years!  
Jesus and Mary.

What did Mary carry beneath her heart,  
Kyrie eleison!  
A little child without any pain,  
that is what Mary carried beneath her heart.  
Jesus and Mary.

All at once, the thorns bore roses,  
Kyrie eleison!  
As the little child was carried through the wood,  
All at once, the thorns bore roses!  
Jesus and Mary.

Who alone redeemed the world?  
Kyrie eleison!  
It was the Christ child who did so,  
he alone redeemed the world!  
Jesus and Mary.

### **Magnificat from *Maria-Triptychon***

Meine Seele erhebt den Herrn,  
und mein Geist freuet sich Gottes meines Heilandes.  
Denn er hat die Niedrigkeit seiner Magd angesehen.  
Siehe, von nun an werden mich selig preisen alle  
Kindeskinder;  
denn er hat grosse Dinge an mir getan,  
der da mächtig ist und des Name heilig.  
Sein Name ist heilig,  
und seine Barmherzigkeit währet immer für  
und für bei denen die ihn fürchten.  
Er übet Gewalt mit seinem Arm  
und zerstreuet die hoffärtig sind in ihres Herzens  
Sinn.  
Er stösset die Gewaltigen vom Thron  
und erhebt die Niedrigen.  
Die Hungrigen füllet er mit Gütern  
und lässt die Reichen leer.  
Er denket der Barmherzigkeit  
und hilft seinem Diener Israel auf,  
wie er geredet hat unsern Vätern,  
Abraham und seinen Kindern ewiglich.

### **Pie Jesu**

Pie Jesu Domine,  
Dona eis requiem.  
Pie Jesu Domine,  
Dona eis sempiternam requiem.  
Amen.

### **O rubor sanguinis**

O rubor sanguinis,  
qui de excelso illo fluxisti,  
quod divinitas tetigit,  
tu flos es,  
quem hiems  
de flatu serpentis  
numquam laesit.

### **Wiederum Wiederum**

Wiederum, wiederum, weit verbannt, weit verbannt.  
Berge, Wüste, weites Land gilt es zu durchwandern.

### **Stabat Mater from *Maria-Triptychon***

Stabat Mater dolorosa  
Juxta crucem lacrymosa,  
Dum pendebat Filius.

Cujus animam gementem,  
Contristatam et dolentem,  
Pertransivit gladius.

O quam trista et afflicta  
Fuit illa benedicta  
Mater unigeniti.

Quae maerebat et dolebat  
Pia Mater dum videbat  
Nati poenas inclyti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret  
Matrem Christi si videret  
In tanto supplicio?

My soul magnifies the Lord  
and my spirit rejoices in God my Saviour  
For He has looked on his lowly handmaiden.  
Behold, from now on I shall be called blessed by all  
generations;  
for He has done great things unto me,  
He who is mighty, and whose name is holy.  
His name is holy,  
and His mercy lasts for ever  
for those who fear Him.  
He exercises strength with His arm  
and scatters those who are proud in their innermost  
thoughts.  
He unseats the mighty from their thrones  
and exalts the lowly.  
The hungry he fills with good things  
and leaves the rich empty-handed.  
He is mindful of his mercy,  
and upholds his servant Israel,  
As he promised our fathers,  
Abraham and his children for ever.

Gentle Lord Jesus,  
Grant them rest.  
Merciful Lord Jesus,  
Grant them eternal rest.  
Amen.

O blood-sated red  
flowing from a height  
that was touched by divinity:  
you are the flower  
that winter  
with its dragon's breath  
has never hurt.

Again and again, exiled far off, exiled far off.  
Mountains, desert, a vast stretch of land to be trekked through.

Sorrowful the mother stood  
By the doleful cross  
On which her son was hanging.

And her sighing soul, lamenting  
In compassionate anguish,  
Was pierced by a sword.

O how sad, how grief-afflicted  
Was that blessed saint,  
Mother of the Only-Begotten Son.

How she mourned and suffered,  
Gentle Mother, as she witnessed  
The torments of her glorious Son.

Can any man not weep,  
To see the Mother of Christ  
In such dreadful agony?

Quis non posset contristari  
Christi matrem contemplari  
Dolentem cum Filio.

Pro peccatis suae gentis  
Vidit Jesum in tormentis  
Et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem natum  
Moriendo desolatum.  
Dum emisit spiritum.

Eja, mater, fons amoris,  
Me sentire vim doloris  
Fac, ut tecum lugeam.

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum  
In amando Christum Deum,  
Ut sibi complaceam.  
Amen.

### Lied der Kupplerin

Ach, man sagt, des roten Mondes Anblick  
auf dem Wasser macht die Mädchen schwach,  
und man spricht von eines Mannes Schönheit,  
der ein Weib verfiel: dass ich nicht lach'!  
Wo ich Liebe sah und schwache Knie,  
war's beim Anblick von Marie!  
Und das ist sehr bemerkenswert.  
Gute Mädchen lieben nie  
einen Herrn, der nichts verzehrt,  
doch sie können innig lieben,  
wenn man ihnen was verehrt.  
und der Grund ist: Geld macht sinnlich,  
wie uns die Erfahrung lehrt.  
Und der Grund ist: Geld macht sinnlich,  
wie uns die Erfahrung lehrt.

Ach, was soll des roten Mondes Anblick  
auf dem Wasser, wenn der Zaster fehlt?  
Und was soll da eines Mannes oder Weibes Schönheit,  
wenn man knapp ist und es sich verhehlt?  
Wo ich Liebe sah und schwache Knie  
war's beim Anblick von Marie!  
Und das ist bemerkenswert:  
Wie soll er und wie soll sie  
sehnsuchtsvoll und unbeschwert  
Auf den leeren Magen lieben?  
Nein, mein Freund, das ist verkehrt!  
Frass macht warm und Geld macht sinnlich,  
Wie uns die Erfahrung lehrt.  
Frass macht warm und Geld macht sinnlich,  
Wie uns die Erfahrung lehrt.

### Coitus als Bestrafung

Canticum Mariae Magdaleneae  
Der Coitus als Bestrafung des Glückes des  
Beisammenseins.

### Lied der Kupplerin

Per il mar del pianto mio  
disprezzar saprò le pene.  
Se, Giesù, sei la mia stella  
a te humilio il mio desio,  
al tuo piè son mie catene.

Could anyone not feel pity,  
In contemplating Christ's Mother  
Suffering with her Son?

For the sins of his own nation  
She saw Jesus in torment,  
Being flogged with whips.

She saw her own sweet Son  
Dying abandoned and alone,  
As his spirit left his body.

O dear Mother, fount of love,  
Make me feel the pains of sorrow  
And watch alongside you.

Make my heart burn  
In the love of Christ the Lord,  
That I may be pleasing to him.  
Amen.

Oh, they say the sight of the red moon  
on the water makes young girls grow daft,  
and they talk of how a man's sheer beauty  
made a woman faint: Don't make me laugh!  
Though I did once see love go weak at the knee,  
when I came across Marie!  
Which is very strange – and why?  
Because good girls are never sweet  
on men who can't afford to eat,  
but they can truly love a guy  
who worships them to heaven high.  
The reason: money makes you sexy –  
the lesson of experience, say I.  
The reason: money makes you sexy –  
the lesson of experience, say I.

Oh, what good is the sight of the red moon  
on the water, when you have no dough?  
And what use is a man's or a woman's beauty  
When they're skint and trying to hide it so?  
Though I did once see love go weak at the knee,  
when I came across Marie!  
Which is strange: how could they bear to –  
How could he and how could she,  
Full of longing, without a care – to  
make love on an empty stomach?  
No, my friend, that makes no sense!  
Grub warms you, money makes you sexy:  
That's the lesson of experience.  
Grub warms you, money makes you sexy:  
That's the lesson of experience.

The Canticle of Mary Magdalene  
The sexual act as punishment for the  
happiness of being together.

This sea of tears  
will make me spurn my suffering,  
You, Jesus, are my guiding star,  
before You I cast all my desires,  
my chains are at Your feet.

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