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BBC RADIO 3 NEW GENERATION ARTISTS BATTLE CRY

Helen Charlston mezzo-soprano
Toby Carr lute

Henry Purcell Bonduca's Song 'Oh lead me to some peaceful gloom'

Barbara Strozzi L'eraclito Amoroso

Robert de Visée Prelude

John Eccles Restless in thought, disturbed in mind

Henry Purcell Dido's Lament

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Henry Purcell An Evening Hymn

Since winning the 2018 London Handel Singing Competition, **Helen Charlston** has crafted a place for herself at the forefront of the classical music scene in the UK and abroad. She is a BBC New Generation Artist, and avid recitalist, winning the Loveday Song Prize at the 2021 Kathleen Ferrier Awards. Passionate about new music, Helen commissioned The Isolation Songbook, a set of 15 new songs written between April and July 2020, as well as Battle Cry heard today, both with the help of City Music Foundation. She is a 2021/22 Laureate of Les Art Florissants Young Artist Programme, Jardin des Voix.

Lutenist and guitarist **Toby Carr** is known as a versatile and engaging artist. Toby was introduced to the lute while studying the classical guitar at Trinity Laban, leading to a postgraduate degree at the Guildhall School of Music & Drama, where he has since been welcomed back as a professor. He now has a busy performing career on a variety of plucked instruments as a soloist, continuo player, accompanist and chamber musician. The challenge of presenting old music to new audiences in exciting and engaging ways takes up most of his professional life, and as such Toby has performed with most of the principal period instrument ensembles in the UK.

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Purcell: O Lead Me to Some Peaceful Gloom

O lead me to some peaceful gloom,
 Where none but sighing lovers come,
 Where the shrill trumpets never sound,
 But one eternal hush goes round.
 There let me soothe my pleasing pain,
 And never think of war again.
 What glory can a lover have,
 To conquer, yet be still a slave?

Strozzi: L'eraclito Amorofo

Udite amanti la cagione, oh Dio,
 ch' a lagrimar mi porta:
 nell'adorato e bello idolo mio,
 che si fido credei, la fede è morta.

Vaghezza ho sol di piangere,
 mi pasco sol di lagrime,
 il duolo è mia delizia
 e son miei gioie i gemiti.
 Ogni martire aggradami,
 ogni dolor diletta mi,
 i singulti mi sanano,
 i sospir mi consolano.

Ma se la fede negami
 quell'incostante e perfido,
 almen fede serbatemi
 sino alla morte, o lagrimel
 Ogni tristezza assalgami,
 ogni cordoglio eternisi,
 tanto ogni male affliggami
 che m'uccida e sotterrirmi.

Eccles: Restless in thought, disturbed in mind

Restless in thought, disturbed in mind,
 Short sleeps, deep sighs, ah! much I fear
 The inevitable time assigned by fate
 To love's approaching near.
 When the dear object present is,
 My fluttering soul is all on fire,
 His sight's a heaven of happiness
 And, if he stays, no, no, I can't retire.
 Tell me, someone in love well read,
 If these be symptoms of that pain;
 Alas, I fear my heart is fled,
 Enslaved to love, and love in vain.

Purcell: Dido's Lament

Thy hand, Belinda, darkness shades me,
 On thy bosom let me rest,
 More I would, but Death invades me;
 Death is now a welcome guest.
 When I am laid, am laid in earth,
 May my wrongs create
 No trouble, no trouble in thy breast;
 Remember me, remember me, but ah! forget
 my fate.
 Remember me, but ah! forget my fate.

Owain Park: Battle Cry**Boudicca**

Among the foundations near here
 a story of fire and battle
 has escaped like fragrance.

Her teeth are fired in the ashes of London.
 Romans displace her. Fine oils and wines
 bathe her fragile neck. The Thames delivers
 her.

Lost names seep away into stolen lands.
 Her life is in shards. The Iceni Queen
 knows a woman cannot speak out and live.

As for me, I cannot even utter her name:
 Boudicca, Boadicea? Guttural fragments
 cradling versions of history she never chose.

Listen you lovers, to the cause,
 oh God, of my weeping:
 in my handsome and adored idol,
 whom I believed to be faithful, faith is dead.

I have pleasure only in weeping,
 I nourish myself only with tears.
 Grief is my delight
 and moans are my joys.
 Every anguish gives me pleasure,
 every pain delights me,
 sobs heal me,
 sighs console me.

But if that inconstant traitor
 denys me constancy,
 at least let my devotion serve me
 until death, o tears.
 Every sadness soothes me,
 every sorrow sustains itself,
 every ill afflicts me
 so much that it slays and buries me.

Philomela in the forest

The falcon sings to me all day.
 His feathers are limp and brown.
 Turn tail, little falcon, fly far away,
 and leave me on my own.

You'll be hooded, silenced!
 In this place
 I was wounded, like bark drained
 for its sap, then bound
 in poison ivy.

Unspeakable! I cannot even cry out
 for my mother.
 There in the canopy:
 are those her hands
 enfolding me?

The falcon sings to me all day.
 His feathers are limp and brown.
 Turn tail, little falcon, fly far away,
 and leave me on my own.

The falcon sings to me all day.
 His feathers are limp and brown.
 Turn tail, little falcon, fly far away,
 and leave me on my own.

A singer's ode to Sappho

Oh Sappho! My voice
 is hoarse tonight,
 like torn papyrus.

It maims the words
 gathering in the temple
 to your name.

Are you there, Sappho?
 Hear my voice when I call.
 I pray, dwell in me:

Make my voice your lyre,
 take my cries.
 In the honeyed night,

your face, Lady,
 will I seek: singing until,
 in gilded sandals,

the dawn steps into birdsong.

Marietta

Glück, das mir verblieb,
Rück zu mir, mein treues Lieb.

Your eye catches beyond me,
Betraying bliss seared,
Charred with lament.
A dried flower joyed in the summer,
And now the seasons, resenting, succeed:
The wild fires sorrow, follow the same snow again.

How frightened you are!
You drift away as your fingers float to my neck,
Feeling smooth skin, the memento of another.
Understand that resemblance is nothing.
I resemble her only as a woman resembles a woman;
When we are irrevocable,
As unlike as tears.

But this is only a song to you.
A heightened story that means more than it is.

I am a woman – of course I know this song.
Women do not reside in the world.
Death's whorl is her dwelling place.
To descend is her debt,
The song the net,
Capturing warm grief to settle on your cold flesh
And prove what you feel is true.
In the world we inhabit
The true love is not doomed to die.
How unkind
And how final
This mournful melody which makes no
Promise of the future for either the dead or the living.

The dead breathe stale air to sing.
Jealous? Why would I be jealous of the dead?

Strozzi: La Travagliata

Soccorrete, luci avare,
un che muore di dolore;
con un vostro sguardo almeno!
Si può fare del guardare
carità che costi meno?

Proferite, labra care,
sole sole due parole
a chi muor cortesi almeno!
Si può fare del parlare
cortesia che importi meno?

Sodisfate, se vi pare,
un costante fido amante
con un vostro bacio almeno!
Si può dare del baciare
guiderdon che vaglia meno?

Monteverdi: Lamento d'Arianna

Lasciatemi morire
E chi violete voi che mi conforte
in così dura sorte,
in così gran martire?
Lasciatemi morire

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
Si che mio ti vo'dir, che mio pur sei,
benché t'involi, ahi crudo! a gli occhi miei.
Volgiti, Teseo mio,
volgiti, Teseo, oh Dio!
volgiti indietro a rimirar colei
che lasciato ha per te la patria e il regno,
e in queste arene ancora,
cibo di fere dispietate e crude,
lascierà l'ossa ingude.
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
se tu sapessi, oh Dio!
se tu sapessi, ohimè! come s'affanna
la povera Arianna.

Help, you greedy eyes,
one who is dying of grief,
with just one glance of yours!
Is there any act of charity
which costs less?

Utter, dear lips,
just two little courteous words
to one who is dying!
Is there any token of caring
that costs less than two words?

Satisfy, if you would be so kind,
a constant and faithful lover
with just one kiss!
Is there any recompense
which costs less?

Let me die.
And who do you think can comfort me
in thus harsh fate,
in thus great suffering?
Let me die.

Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus,
yes, I still call you mine for mine you are,
although you flee, cruel one, far from my eyes.
Turn back, my Theseus,
turn back, Theseus, o God,
turn back to see again the one,
who for you has left her fatherland and kingdom,
and who, staying on these shores,
a prey to cruel and pitiless beasts,
will leave her bones denuded.
Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus,
if you knew, oh God,
if you only knew
how much poor Arianna

forse, forse pentito
rivolgeresti ancor la prora al lito.
Ma con l'aure serene
tu te ne vai felice, ed io qui piango;
a te prepara Atene
liete pompe superbe, ed io rimango
chibo di fere in solitarie arene;
te l'uno e l'altro tuo vecchio parente
stringeran lieti, ed io
più non vedrovvi, o madre, o padre mio

Dove, dove è la fede
che tanto mi giuravi?
Così ne l'alta sede
tu mi ripon de gli avi?
Son queste le corone
onde m'adorni il crine?
Questi gli scettri sono,
queste le gemme e gli ori:
lasciarmi in abbandono
a fera che mi strazi e mi divori?
Ah Teseo, ah Teseo mio,
lascerei tu morire,
in van piangendo, in van gridando aita,
la misera Arianna
che a te fidossi, e ti diè gloria e vita?

Ahi, che pur non risponde!
Ahi, che più d'aspe è sorde a'miei lamentil
O nemi, o turbi, o venti,
sommergetelo voi dentr'a quell'onde!
Correte, orche e balene,
e de le membra immonde
empiete le voragini profonde!
Che parlo, ah! che vaneggio?
Misera, ohimè! che chieggio?
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
non son quell'io
che i feri detti sciolse;
parlò l'affanno mio, parlò il dolore;
parlò la lingua sì, ma non già 'l core.

Misera! ancor do loco
a la tradita speme, e non si spegne,
fra tanto scherno ancor, d'amore il foco?
Spegni to, Morte, omai le fiamme indegne.
O madre, o padre, o de l'antico regno
superbi alberghi, ov'ebbi d'or la cuna,
o servi, o fifi amici (ahi Fato indegno!),
mirate ove m'ha scorto empia fortuna!
Mirate di che dual m'han fatto erede
l'amor mio, la mia fede, e l'altrui inganno.
Così va chi troppo ama e troppo crede

Purcell: An Evening Hymn

Now that the Sun hath veil'd his Light,
And bid the World good Night;
To the soft Bed, my Body I dispose,
But where shall my Soul repose?
Dear God, even in Thy Arms, and can there be
Any so sweet Security!
Then to thy Rest, O my Soul! And singing, praise
The Mercy that prolongs thy Days.
Hallelujah!

is frightened, perhaps, overcome with remorse,
you would return your prow shorewards again.
But with the serene winds
you sail on happily, while I remain here weeping.
Athens prepares to greet you
with joyful and superb feasts and I remain,
a prey to wild beasts on these solitary shores.
You will be happily embraced by
your old parents and I will not see you again,
oh mother, oh my father.

Where is the faith you
swore me so much?
Is this how you place me
on my antecessors throne?
Are these the crowns
with which you adorn my hair?
Are these the sceptres,
the diamonds and the gold?
To leave me abandoned
for the beast to tear up and devour?
Ah Theseus, ah my Theseus,
would you let me die,
weeping in vain, crying for aid
the wretched Arianna,
who trusted you and gave you glory and life?

Ah, that you do not even reply!
Ah, that you are deaf to my laments!
Oh clouds, oh storms, oh winds,
submerge him in those waves.
Fly, whales and orcs,
and fill up the profound gulfs
with these unworldly limbs!
What am I saying? Ah, what am I raving about?
Wretched that I am, what am I asking?
Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus,
that is, that is not I,
that it is not I who hurled these curses,
my anguish spoke, the pain spoke,
it was my tongue but not my heart.

Wretched that I am, still I give place
to a hope betrayed, and despite so much scorn
the fire of love is not put out.
For that put out now, death, the unworthy flames.
Oh mother, oh father, oh superb dwellings of the ancient kingdom,
where my golden cradle stood!
Oh servants, oh faithful friends – Ah, unjust fate! –
See where a cruel fortune has led me,
see what pain has been given to me as a heritage
for my love, my faith and for his betraying me.
That is the fate of one who loves too much and believes too much.

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