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I FAGIOLINI Richard Hollingworth – Director/Organ

& BRECON BAROQUE Rachel Podger – Director/Violin

Thursday 14 December, 7pm
Djanogly Recital Hall

ANGELS AND DEMONS

Cantata BWV 61 Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland

J.S Bach

Beatus vir

Claudio Monteverdi

Rimanti in pace

Monteverdi

Pifa Symphony from *Messiah*

G.F Handel

La Tarantella

Cristoforo Caresana

Xacara de Navidad

Juan Frances de Iribarren

Please ensure all mobile phones are switched off. Photographs and videos of the performance are not permitted.

There is a Sennheiser Infrared enhanced hearing system in the Djanogly Recital Hall, please ask for a headset from our front-of-house staff.

PROGRAMME NOTES

Christmas is a celebration that poses a Christian feast on top of a pre-existing non-Christian one. No surprise, then, that along the way elements of one have fed into the other. We celebrate the coming of the Christchild, but get into some Neapolitan politics along the way and finish with a Spanish piece more 'high-spirited than criminal'...

We begin with J.S. Bach who composed two Advent cantatas, both early works, with the same title – 'Now come, you saviour of the Heathen'. BWV 61 was written for Weimar for the 1st Sunday in Advent, 1714 and is based on the chorale of the same name by Martin Luther from nearly 200 years before, with extra text by Erdmann Neumeister. As with all of Bach's chorales, the main hymn tune is clearly heard in the start both in the vocal parts and the instrumental bassline, while one's ear is instead drawn to the highly energetic 'French' style instrumental writing.

The first recitative and aria go to the tenor: 'bless the pulpit and the altar' – he sings; 'Come, Jesus, to your church now'. Then Christ arrives, knocking – at the season of Advent - on the church's door, heard as pizzicato in the strings. A soprano begs to open her heart and to become Christ's dwelling place - and the short final chorus quotes not the Lutheran chorale we started with but the very familiar 'Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern' ('How brightly shines the morningstar) in its lovely final falling phrase. As always, Bach's wonderful counterpoint is at the service of elaborating the Lutheran melodies. As Luther said, 'Why should the devil have all the best tunes?'

In the Catholic church, the five psalms for the service of Vespers change according to the season or the saint being celebrated. The selection in Monteverdi's famous 1610 Vespers publication is only one such (for a Marian feast) but for Christmas day the five are almost entirely different and include 'Beatus Vir'. Monteverdi published two settings of this in his 1641 retrospective collection, 'Selva morale e spirituale' ('a moral and spiritual wood') a publication that gave choirmasters the option of picking the psalms or other elements they needed for different occasions. This famous setting uses a violin ritornello that he had previously used in a secular duet ('Chiome d'oro') and has an almost gospel-like call and response nature until its hypnotic triple-time section. It also has a wonderful Amen.

Continuing with Monteverdi, we offer the final madrigal from his third (of six) books of five-voice madrigals. Whereas his contemporaries used the final piece in a publication to add extra voices (an eight-part madrigal instead of five-part ones), Monteverdi seems 'simply' to have upped the quality of his final items. His third book of madrigals was published quite soon after his arrival at Mantua and 'Rimanti in pace' is unlike anything else he had written until then, slow motion throughout with extremely subtle harmonic colouring. It goes through an astonishing number of keys, but so subtly that every change feels logical and is one of the greatest works of the whole canon. Its slightly disappointing poem was by a priest who wrote love poetry under the pseudonym Livio Celiano, but his actual name was Angelo Grillo.

If you think of the most famous towns from the musical baroque, you think of Paris, Venice certainly, Leipzig, London maybe? But according to musicologist Dinko Fabris, the two most famous musical towns of the musical Baroque were Paris - and Naples. It's to Naples that we go for a dramatic Christmas cantata/pantomime – one of many written by Cristoforo Caresana, born in Venice just before Monteverdi's death but who by the age of 16 had moved to Naples to be in a theatre group. He was then appointed as maestro at the Capella Real – the Royal Chapel (Naples was under Spanish rule at the time).

Like other mini Christmas dramas by Caresana, it is described as ‘Per la Náscita del verbo’ – ‘for the birth of the word’ but it has a further title, ‘La Tarantella’, the tarantula. This is quite possibly an insult to Naples’ Spanish rulers, comparing them to a poisonous spider: Caresana did the same in other pieces. The tarantella is also a famous dance and is heard here in a rather hypnotic early form. Tradition maintained that if someone was bitten by a tarantula, locals would dance to this music outside the house until the patient recovered (or probably died). But here it accompanies the shepherds and angels as they run to Bethlehem.

Either side of this central dance, angels announce the news of Christ’s birth to those rather bemused shepherds along with a series of obligatory echo gags (presumably extremely funny in the 1670s). We meet the devil (also a metaphor for Spanish rule so much to be ridiculed) - and the whole piece is not in Latin but the vernacular Italian.

It was first performed in 1673 and once you’ve heard it, you’ll wonder why on earth it isn’t as famous as more usual Christmas choral fare. Talking of *Messiah*, Handel who’d lived for a few years in his youth in Rome, was clearly thinking of the sort of bagpiping shepherds that accompanied nativity celebrations there when he wrote the little Pifa (bagpipe) symphony about 20 minutes into *Messiah*.

We finish with another composer whose name you may find difficult to pronounce but whose melody you may well go away humming. Juan Francés de Iribarren was born 15 years later than Bach/Handel and was a choirboy in Madrid. He became organist at Salamanca Cathedral for 16 years, then maestro at Málaga Cathedral before his death in 1767. He wrote several xacaras, a lively dance used in stage productions but also hugely popular in vernacular church songs (villancicos). At the time they were often accompanied by castanets and one contemporary description calls them, ‘a gathering of ruffians and rogues, picaresque women; but more noisy and high-spirited than criminal’.

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TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland

Chorus

Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland,
Der Jungfrauen Kind erkannt,
Des sich wundert alle Welt,
Gott solch Geburt ihm bestellt.

Now come, saviour of the gentiles,
recognised as the child of the Virgin,
at whom all the world is amazed
that God decreed such a birth for him.

Recit (tenor)

Der Heiland ist gekommen,
Hat unser armes Fleisch und Blut
An sich genommen
Und nimmet uns zu Blutsverwandten an.
O allerhöchstes Gut,
Was hast du nicht an uns getan?
Was tust du nicht
Noch täglich an den Deinen?
Du kömmst und läßt dein Licht
Mit vollem Segen scheinen.

The saviour has come,
and has our humble flesh and blood
taken on himself
and accepts us as his blood relations
O highest goodness of all,
what have you not done for us?
What do you not do
still every day for your people?
You come and let your light
shine with full blessing.

Aria (tenor)

Komm, Jesu, komm zu deiner Kirche
Und gib ein selig neues Jahr!
Befördre deines Namens Ehre,
Erhalte die gesunde Lehre
Und segne Kanzel und Altar!

Come, Jesus, come to your church
and grant us a blessed new year!
Increase the honour of your name,
Preserve sound teaching
and bless pulpit and altar!

Recit (bass)

Siehe, ich stehe vor der Tür und klopfe an.
So jemand meine Stimme hören wird
und die Tür auf tun,
zu dem werde ich eingehen
und das Abendmahl mit ihm halten und er mit mir.

See, I stand before the door and knock.
If anyone will hear my voice
and open the door
I shall go in
and have supper with him and he with me.

Aria (soprano)

Öffne dich, mein ganzes Herze,
Jesus kömmt und ziehet ein.
Bin ich gleich nur Staub und Erde,
Will er mich doch nicht verschmähn,
Seine Lust an mir zu sehn,
Daß ich seine Wohnung werde
O wie selig werd ich sein!

Open, my whole heart
Jesus comes and enters within
Though I am only like dust and earth,
he does not want to scorn me
but to see his pleasure in me
so that I become his dwelling.
Oh how blessed I shall be!

Chorus

Amen! Amen!
Komm, du schöne Freudenkrone, bleib nicht lange!
Deiner wart ich mit Verlangen.

Come, beautiful crown of joy, do not delay!
I wait for you with longing.

Beatus vir

Beatus vir qui timet Dominum,
in mandatis eius volet nimis.
Potens in terra erit semen eius;
generatio rectorum benedicetur.
Gloria et divitiae in domo eius,
et iustitia eius manet in saeculum saeculi.
Exortum est in tenebris lumen rectis,
misericors, et miserator, et iustus.
Iucundus homo qui miseretur et commodat,
disponet sermones suos in iudicio:
quia in aeternum non commovebitur;
In memoria aeterna erit justus.
Ab auditione mala non timebit.
Paratum cor eius sperare in Domino.
Confirmatum est cor eius;
non commovebitur donec despiciat
inimicos suos.
Dispersit, dedit pauperibus.
Iustitia eius manet in saeculum saeculi.
Cornu eius exaltabitur in gloria.
Peccator videbit, et irascetur,
dentibus suis fremet et tabescet;
desiderium peccatorum peribit.
Gloria Patri, et Filio...

Blessed is the man that fears the Lord,
He shall delight greatly in his commandments.
His seed shall be mighty upon earth;
the generation of the upright shall be blessed.
Wealth and riches shall be in his house,
and his righteousness endures for ever.
Light has arisen in the darkness for the upright:
he is gracious, full of compassion and righteous.
Happy is the man who is compassionate and lends;
he will guide his words with discretion:
for the righteous man will never be moved;
he shall be in everlasting remembrance.
He shall not be afraid of evil tidings:
his heart is ready to trust in the Lord.
His heart is established,
he shall not be moved,
until he looks down his enemies.
He has distributed and given to the poor;
his righteousness endures for ever;
his horn shall be exalted with honour.
The wicked shall see it, and be angry;
he shall gnash his teeth, and waste away;
The desire of the wicked shall perish.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son...

Rimanti in pace Livio Celiano (Angelo Grillo)

“Rimanti in pace” a la dolente e bella
Fillida Tirsi sospirando disse
“Rimanti, io me ne vo’tal mi prescisse
legge empio fato aspra sort’e rubella.”

Ed ella ora da l’una e l’altra stella
stillando amaro umore, i lumi affisse
nei lumi del suo Tirsi e gli trafisse
Il cor di pietosissime quadrella.

Ond’ei, di morte la sua faccia impressa
Disse; ‘Ahi come n’andrò senz’il mio sole,
di martir in martir, di doglie in doglie?’

Ed ella, da singhiozzi e piant’oppressa
fievvolmente formò queste parole:
“Deh, cara anima mia, chi mi ti toglie?”

‘Remain in peace,’ said Thyrsis, sighing,
to the sorrowing and fair Phyllis;
‘remain - I shall go: that was prescribed to me
by law, cruel fate and bitter, perverse destiny!’

And she, now from one and the other eye
dripping bitter tears, fixed her eyes
on the eyes of her Thyrsis, and pierced
his heart with the most pitying arrows.

Whence he, with death imprinted on his face,
said: ‘Alas, how can I go without my sun,
from torment to torment, from pain to pain!’

And she, oppressed with sighs and tears,
faintly uttered these words:
‘Ah, my dear soul, who takes you from me?’

La Tarantella

CORO D’ANGELI

Pastori olà,
che si fà, che si fà?
Dal pigro sonno deh risvegliatevi!
Sù sù sù sù sù sù sù sù
e non si dorma più!
Sorgete dal riposo,
disserrate le luci!
Più prolisso letargo
il Ciel non vuole,
or che in grembo alla notte
è nato il Sole.
A riverire in fasce
l’eternità che nasce
il Ciel v’induce.
Torna al mondo oscurato
oggi la luce.

TRE PASTORI

PAS 1 Silvio
PAS 2 Ergasto
PAS 3 Mirtillo
PAS 1 Qual insolita gioia?
PAS 2 Qual soave armonia?
PAS 3 Qual celeste splendore?
PASTORI Gl’occhi m’abbaglia e mi rapisce il
core!
PAS 2 Odi gl’Inni beati
de’ citaristi alati,
che, con strisci di luce,
in terra piombano,

CHORUS OF ANGELS

Hey shepherds,
What are you doing?
Wake up from your lazy sleep!
Come on,
sleep no more!
Wake up from your rest,
open your eyes!
Heaven does not want you
to sleep any longer,
now that in the womb of the night
the Sun is born.
Heaven wants you to revere
eternity, which is born
and lies swaddled.
Today the light returns
to the dark world.

THREE SHEPHERDS

SHEP 1 Silvio
SHEP 2 Ergasto
SHEP 3 Mirtillo
SHEP 1 What is this unusual joy?
SHEP 2 What sweet harmony?
SHEP 3 What heavenly splendour?
SHEPHERDS It dazzles my eyes and ravishes my
heart!
SHEP 2 Hear the blessed hymns
of the winged harpists
that, with trails of light,
fall on the earth,

e con eco di gloria
in Ciel rimbombano.

PAS 1 Qual celato mistero
meraviglie sì belle in terra ordio?

ECO Dio!

PAS 3 E chi sei tu che, d'invisibil voce,
con interrotti accenti l'altrui gioie precorri?

ECO Corri!

PAS 2 Sì, correrò, ma dove
i passi volgerò del piè vagante?
In qual remote parti?

ECO Parti!

PAS 3 Chi a partir ne costringe
da questi rozzi alberghi?
Forse è voler divino?

ECO Divino!

PAS 1 L'opra dunque del Ciel
nota a me sia?

ECO Messia!

PAS 3 Quel Re tanto aspettato che su l'empirea
sede con diadema di stelle è coronato?

ECO Nato!

ANGELI E PASTORI

ANGELI È nato il Verbo già!
Pastori, che si fà?
Prendete la via!
Che tardasi più?
Che in braccio a Maria
n'aspetta Giesù.

Deh risvegliatevi!
Pastori, olà!
Che si fà?
Sù sù sù sù sù sù!
Deh non si dorma più!

PAS 3 Compagni, a tanto giubilo
noi quì staremo attoniti?

PAS 2 Nò nò! Con pive e flauti,
sampogne e cetre,
sciogliam la lingua al canto,
ai balli il piè,

PASTORI or ch'è nato il nostro Re;
et accordiamo ad armonia sì bella,

PAS 3 con suono pastoral,

PASTORI la tarantella.

TARANTELLA

Alle selve, alle valli, alle grotte,
adorate sì bella notte!
Alle paglie, alla capanna,
che ogni fiume già scorre manna!
Alle rupi, alle tane, alle selve,

and with echoing glory
resound in heaven.

SHEP 1 What hidden mystery
ordered such beautiful marvels on earth?

ECHO God! [ordio / Echo: Dio]

SHEP 3 And who are you who, with invisible voice,
foretells someone else's joys in fragmented words?

ECHO Run! [precorri / Corri]

SHEP 2 Yes, I shall run, but where
will the steps of my roaming feet take me?
To which remote land?

ECHO Go! [remote parti / Parti]

SHEP 3 Who forces me to depart
from these rough huts?
Perhaps a divine will?

ECHO Divine! [divino / Divino]

SHEP 1 So the heavenly deed
is known to me?

ECHO Messiah! [me sia / Messia]

SHEP 3 The longed-for King who in the empyreal see
is crowned with stars.

ECHO Born! [coronato / Nato]

ANGELS AND SHEPHERDS

ANGELS The Word is now born!
Shepherds, what are you doing?
Take to the road!
What are you waiting for?
In Mary's arms
Jesus waits for you.

Hey wake up!
Shepherds, come on!
What are you doing?
Up!
No more sleep!

SHEP 3 Friends, will we stay astonished
in the presence of such great joy?

SHEP 2 No, no! With pipes and flutes,
bagpipes and lyres,
let's free our tongues to the songs,
our feet to the dance,

SHEPHERDS now that our King is born.
And let's tune to such beautiful harmony,

SHEP 3 with bucolic sounds,

SHEPHERDS the tarantella!

TARANTELLA

To the woods, the valleys, the caves,
worship such a beautiful night!
To the straw, to the crib,
every river already flows with bounty!
To the rocks, to the burrows, to the woods,

mansuete son fatte le belve!
Ogni pianta nel bosco è fiorita
mentre torna nel mondo la vita!
Alle selve, alle valli, alle grotte,
vagheggiate, riverite,
adorate sì bella notte!

the wild beasts have been tamed!
Every tree in the woods is in blossom
with life returned to the world!
To the woods, the valleys, the caves,
yearn for, honour,
worship such a beautiful night!

ANG 1 Tarantola d'Abisso,
empio serpente,
or che è nato l'Agnello innocente
la tua forza si abatterà.
Piangi, piangi,
fremi, singhiozza, sospira
nel tuo regno d'oscurità.

ANG 1 Tarantula from the pit,
impious serpent,
now that the innocent Lamb is born
your strength will be vanquished.
Cry, cry,
tremble, sob, sigh
in your kingdom of darkness.

TUTTI Viva viva l'eternità!

ALL Hail to eternity!

ANG 2 Tarantola che in Cielo
il nido avesti,
ma per troppo volar cadesti
da quel trono di maestà.
Or che il Verbo dal Cielo è disceso
il tuo dente non ferirà.

ANG 2 Tarantula, who in heaven
had your nest,
but for flying too high fell
from your throne of majesty.
Now that the Word has come down from Heaven
your fangs will have no more bite.

TUTTI La superbia così v'è.

ALL So it goes with arrogance.

PAS 2 Tarantola ribelle fulminata,
or che in terra
la Luce è nata
nova fiamma ti struggerà.
Si raddoppiano a te le catene
or che ha l'uomo la libertà.

SHEP 2 Tarantula, rebel stricken down,
now that on earth
the Light is born,
a new fire will torment you.
Your chains are doubled
now that man has freedom.

TUTTI Chi pugna col Cielo mai vincerà!

ALL He who fights against Heaven will never win!

TRIO Or che al bosco fiorisce ogni pianta,

TRIO Now that every tree blossoms in the wood,

PAS 3 or che al prato ondeggia ogni stelo,

SHEP 3 now that every stem of grass waves in the lawn,

ANG 1 or che in cielo risplende ogni stella,

ANG 1 now that every star shines in the sky,

TUTTI replicate la tarantella!

ALL repeat the tarantella!

TUTTI Alle selve, alle valli, alle grotte,
adorate sì bella notte!

ALL To the woods, to the valleys, to the caves,
worship such a beautiful night!

PAS 3 Alle balze, alle sponde, ai ruscelli,
TUTTI scotono i zefiri gli arboscelli.

SHEP 3 To the cliffs, to the banks, to the streams,
ALL the zephyrs shake the tender plants.

PAS 3 Fa l'erbetto fiorire nel prato

SHEP 3 He makes the herbs blossom in the meadows,

TUTTI l'alto Monarca che in terra è nato.

ALL the high King who is born on earth.

TRIO Ai campi, alla riviera,

TRIO To the fields, to the shore,

TUTTI ride nel verno la primavera.

ALL spring is smiling in winter!

TUTTI Alle selve, alle valli, alle grotte
vagheggiate, riverite,
adorate sì bella notte!

ALL To the woods, to the valleys, to the caves,
yearn for, honour,
worship such a beautiful night!

PLUTO SOLO

Qual notte si adora
con risi nel mondo,
che l'orco profondo
con pianti addolora?
Qual notte si adora?

PLUTO SOLO

What night is worshipped
with mirth in the world
while it aggrieves
the ogre of the abyss?
What night is worshipped?

Qual violenza ignota
il mio valore opprime?
Ah non son io dell'empireo teatro
primogenita luce, inclita stella?
Dell'angeliche squadre,
e la più bella?
Caddi per non soffrire,
sovra l'etereo chiostro,
veder sedermi a lato
di fangosa materia
un uom formato.

Sfavillai sul vasto empiro,
di bellezze troppo altero.
Ma caduto or qui sospiro,
cieco re d'infausto impero,
fulminato gigante, angelo nero.
Pur se caddi, al cader mio
nome invitto in Ciel restò
che Lucifero lasciò
spopolato il regno a Dio.
Memorie disperate.
Non più mi flagellate
se novelli portenti
mi raddoppian tormenti.

Ridenti le stelle
minacciano eclissi.
Già trema Babelle,
son vinti gl'abissi.

Oh mia sventura,
oh mia vergogna estrema!
Lacerato il diadema
dal crin mi cade
e dalla man lo scettro.
E voi solo, crudeli,
delle perdite mie ridete, o Cieli!

CORO DI SPIRITI

Gran monarca d'Acheronte,
qual timor t'accresce il pianto?
Chi t'invola al dorso il manto
e il diadema alla tua fronte?

SPIR 1 Qual empio destino
il soglio t'abbatte?

PLUTO La destra di latte
d'un Dio ch'è bambino.

SPIR 2 Qual forza fatale
Lucifero ha domo?

PLUTO La spoglia mortale
d'un Dio ch'è fatt'uomo.

SPIR 1 Dov'è l'ardir?

PLUTO Son vinto.

What unknown power
oppresses my strength?
Alas! am I not of the Empyrean realm,
the firstborn light, the noblest star?
Of the angelic hosts,
and the most beautiful one?
I fell because I could not bear
to see, up in the ethereal stalls,
a man made of mud
sitting next to me

On the vast empyrean I shone
too proud of my beauty.
But now, fallen, I here moan/groan
blind king of an accursed empire,
a stricken giant, a black angel.
Even if I fell, at my falling
an unconquered name remained in heaven
because Lucifer left to God
a depopulated kingdom.
Memories of despair.
Do not scourge me any more
if new marvels
redouble my torments.

The stars smiling
threaten eclipses.
Babel trembles already,
the abyss is defeated.

Alas my misfortune,
Alas my extreme disgrace!
My ripped diadem
falls from my head,
and my sceptre from my hand.
Only you, cruel heavens
Laugh at my losses.

CHORUS OF SPIRITS

Great monarch of Acheron,
what fear increases your tears?
Who is stealing your mantle from your back,
And your diadem from your head?

SPIR 1 What impious fate
breaks down your throne?

PLUTO The milky hand
of the new born God.

SPIR 2 What fatal force
has tamed Lucifer?

PLUTO The mortal flesh
of God made man.

SPIR 1 Where is your boldness?

PLUTO I am conquered.

SPIR 2 La superbia?
PLUTO È caduta.
SPIR 1 Non sei re?
PLUTO Senza scettro.
SPIR 2 Sei guerrier!
PLUTO Ma senz'armi
SPIRITI Sorgi all'offesa!
PLUTO Ho catenato il piè.

CORO D'ANGELI

ANGELI Deh, flagellate o Furie il vostro re!
+PLUTO E- a tanta gioia [Pluto: tanto duolo]
intanto
ANGELI tocca a gl'angioli il riso,
PLUTO a Pluto il pianto.
ANGELI Meraviglie sì belle il mondo ammira.
ANG 1 Gode l'uom,
ANG 2 ride il Ciel.
PLUTO Pluto s'adira.

ANG 1 Tra lucidi orrori di notte serena
gioite, o Pastori,
PLUTO Che Pluto è in catena.
ANG 2 Voi, trombe stellate,
con giubilo eterno
vittorie cantate.
PLUTO Ch'è vinto l'Inferno.

CORO A 4

Per monti, per selve,
Pastori sù sù,
ché tardasi più!
Per valli, per grotte,
adorate sì bella notte.

Xacara de Navidad

Viendo que Jil hizo raya
en el portal ahora un año,
Bato, con Xacara nueva,
pretende rayar mas alto
Denle lugar que esta noche
quiere su rabel punteando
hacer que suba de punto
la inventiba en el aplauso
Vaya pastores de fiesta – ¡vaya!
Siga que pronto estamos – ¡siga!
Corra que es noche de gusto – ¡corra!
Vamos que el gozo es del caso – ¡vamos!
Vaya, siga, corra, vamos.
Cuidado con las respuestas.
Tu rabel irá guiando
para que con su sainete
las demos mas entonadas.

SPIR 2 Your pride?
PLUTO Has fallen.
SPIR 1 Are you not a king?
PLUTO Without a sceptre.
SPIR 2 You are a warrior!
PLUTO But with no weapons.
SPIRITI Rise to the offence!
PLUTO My foot is in chains.

CHORUS OF ANGELS

ANGELS O Furies, scourge your king!
+PLUTO And in such great joy [Pluto: grief] at the
same time
ANGELS the angels rejoice
PLUTO and Pluto mourns.
ANGELS The world admires such beautiful marvels.
ANG 1 Man is happy,
ANG 2 Heaven rejoices.
PLUTO Pluto is angry.

ANG 1 In the lightened darkness of a peaceful night
Rejoice, shepherds.
PLUTO For Pluto is in chains.
ANG 2 You, celestial trumpets,
With eternal jubilation
sing victory.
PLUTO For Hell is defeated.

CHORUS A 4

By mountains, through woods,
come on shepherds
tarry no more!
In vales and caves,
worship such a beautiful night.

Since Jil set the bar
at the nativity a year ago,
Bato, with a new song,
is attempting to outdo him.
Give him space, as this evening,
he wants his plucked fiddle
and inventive lyrics
to draw your applause.
Party fiends these shepherds are - let's go!
Keep going, soon we'll arrive! - keep going!
Run, this is a fun night - run!
Let's go, pleasure awaits - let's go!
Go, keep going, run, let's go.
Pay attention and don't interrupt.
Your fiddle will guide us
so that with its melody
we will sing perfectly in tune.

De Lucifer es la historia.
Ese es un cuento del diablo.
Fuego, que el tema echa chispas.
En fuego he de disfrazarlo
para que la nueva idea
haga un ruido extraordinario.
Oiga todo el Universo
la xacarilla que aquí entablo,
que ha de hazer eco si atienden
a que es de fuego el disparo.
Profundo es el pensamiento
y sera un abismo el caso.
Cual cohete de varilla
subio Luzifer volando,
pero errose y no dió fuego
con que vino a arder abaxo.
Es propio en quien sube mucho
caer con mayor porrazo.
Quedo Luzbel desde entonzes
chispas contra el hombre echando
y todo vueltas y giros
busca pie para abrasarlos.
Pero si le hurtan el cuerpo
seran vanos sus chispazos.
Eva en la plaza del mundo
estaba en coloquios arduos
y el fuego de culebrilla
la tiznó que la hizo un asco
De una mujer que habla mucho
no admiren que hierre tanto.
Ya en el castillo del mundo
las ymbenciones cesaron,
que Luzbel fue a los abismos
dando el ultimo bombazo.
Y assi de fin a la fiesta
la Xacarilla de Bato.

Of Lucifer is our song.
It's the story of the Devil.
Watch out, it's flaming hot.
In fire I must wreathe my song
so that my new idea
may make an extraordinary noise.
Let the whole universe hear
the little song that I'm playing,
if you listen hard it will resound
like a firearm's ricochet.
Deep is the meaning
as it's about Hell's abyss.
Like a firework
Lucifer flew up high,
but it seems his fuse didn't light properly
as he burned all the way back down.
It is right that those that reach too high
should fall back down the hardest.
Since then, Lucifer has been
flaming furious with mankind.
He goes spinning around
looking for a chance to roast us.
But if we keep out of his way
in vain will be his bolts of fire.
When the world was created
Eve couldn't stop nattering:
that's what made the serpent's fire
stain her with its dirty soot.
If a woman speaks too much
it's best not to listen.
Now, on our mortal coil,
our song is reaching its end,
for Lucifer has fallen into the abyss
landing with an almighty boom.
And so concludes this fiesta
and Bato's little son

I FAGIOLINI

Robert Hollingworth – organ/director
Elspeth Piggott, Ana Beard-Fernandez – soprano
Martha McLorinan – mezzo-soprano
Rory Carver, Matthew Long – tenor
Charles Gibbs – bass
Catherine Pierron - harpsichord
Eligio Quinteiro, Arngeir Hauksson – theorbo/guitar
Louise & Zands Duggan – percussion

I Fagiolini is internationally renowned for its genuinely innovative productions, which are as much online as live, including world premiere recordings, collaborative cross-art projects, education and short (multi-award-winning) music videos with Polyphonic Films.

I Fagiolini looks towards its 40th year in 2026 with inspirational and engaging programmes. Ranging from large-scale, world premiere, multi-choir masses by 17th-century composer Orazio Benevoli, to consort anniversary Britten, signature Monteverdi, and its trademark commissioning and collaborations - a brand new eight-album deal with CORO will share releases to mirror the group's touring programmes. I Fagiolini's three album releases in 23/24 will include the world premiere recording of Benevoli Missa Tu es Petrus in October, low-pitch Victora Tenebrae Responsaries for Easter and newly re-mastered multi-award-winning Striggio Mass in 40 Parts and Tallis Spem in Alium - a 40th-anniversary Monteverdi album in 2026 will complete the set.

Signature projects include the fully immersive The Full Monteverdi and Betrayal (dir. John La Bouchardière); Tallis in Wonderland (with live and recorded voice); Simunye, the South African collaboration; How Like An Angel with Australian contemporary circus company CIRCA for the 2012 Cultural Olympiad; and Leonardo - Shaping The Invisible, with Professor Martin Kemp and projections of Leonardo's art and designs.

I Fagiolini has created a host of new programmes for The VOCES8 Foundation's LIVE From London festivals: Re-Wilding The Waste Land with Tamsin Greig; Long, long ago - an alchemic mix of Charpentier, Howells & Dylan Thomas; and Angels & Demons which features Rachel Podger and Brecon Baroque alongside its singers in Bach, Monteverdi and a high-energy Neapolitan 17th century pantomime. Director Robert Hollingworth's podcast series Choral Chihuahua highlights issues and sector personalities and is now in its sixth season (with Nicholas Mulroy and Eamonn Dougan). The group is delighted to be Associate Ensemble at the University of York.

I Fagiolini is managed worldwide by Percius. www.percius.co.uk

BRECON BAROQUE

Rachel Podger – violin/director

Kinga Ujszászi – violin

Rachel Byrt – viola

Alex Rolton – cello

“Magnificent Brecon Baroque are masters of an impressive palette” (Diapason D’Or). The dynamic ensemble Brecon Baroque consists of an international line-up of world-class virtuosi in the period-instrument world. Together they specialise in one-to-a-part repertoire including Vivaldi, Biber, and Bach which “releases a freedom and buoyancy in the playing” (Financial Times) and spotlights each member alongside group director Rachel Podger.

The new season includes a residency at Kings Place as part of Rachel’s Artist in Focus year; continued tours of Vivaldi The Four Seasons to support its Vivaldi concerti box-set release on Channel Classics and the piece’s 300th anniversary; the album release and London premiere of Bach Goldberg Variations Reimagined arranged especially for Rachel and Brecon Baroque by Chad Kelly and due out in autumn 2023 on Channel Classics; a Christmas tour with I Fagiolini of Angels and Demons which has taken the group across the UK and a new Bach and programme including From Darkness to Light.

Brecon Baroque is managed worldwide by Percius. www.percius.co.uk