



EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

JOYCE DIDONATO & IL POMO D'ORO MY FAVOURITE THINGS

—
Joyce DiDonato Mezzo soprano

Il Pomo d'Oro

Zefira Valova Director / violin

23 Aug 6pm & 8.30pm

EDINBURGH ACADEMY JUNIOR SCHOOL

The performance lasts approx. 1hr 10mins with no interval.

Sung with English supertitles

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Salamone Rossi (1570–1630)

Sinfonia grave à cinque voci

Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)

‘Illustratevi o cieli’
from *Il ritorno d’Ulisse in patria*

Pietro Antonio Cesti (1623–69)

‘Intorno all’idol mio’ from *Orontea*

Claudio Monteverdi

Sinfonia from *L’incoronazione di Poppea*
‘Addio Roma’ from *L’incoronazione di Poppea*

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

Overture from *Ariodante*

Johann Adolph Hasse (1699–1783)

‘Morte col fiero aspetto’
from *Antonio e Cleopatra*

Georg Frideric Handel

‘Piangerò, la sorte mia’ from *Giulio Cesare*

Jean-Philippe Rameau (1683–1764)

Sarabande from *Zoroastre*
Air en rondeau from *Zoroastre*
Air très vif from *Zoroastre*

John Dowland (1563–1626)

Come again! Sweet love doth now invite

Jean-Philippe Rameau

Orage from *Les Indes galantes*

George Frideric Handel

‘Dopo notte’ from *Ariodante*

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‘Illustratevi o cieli’ from *Il ritorno d’Ulisse in patria*

Illustratevi o cieli,
rinfioratevi o prati!
Aure gioite!
Gli augelletti cantando,
i rivi mormorando
hor si rallegrino!
Quell’herbe verdeggianti,
quell’onde sussurranti
hor si consolino.
Già che sorta felice
dal cenere Trojan la mia Fenice.

Shine O skies,
flower again O meadows!
Be playful you breezes!
The singing birds,
the murmuring brooks
be merry again now!
Let the verdant grasslands,
the whispering waves
forget their sorrows.
My phoenix arises happy
from the Trojan ashes.

Giacomo Badoaro (1602–54)

Pietro Antonio Cesti (1623–69)

‘Intorno all’idol mio’ from *Orontea*

Intorno all’idol mio spirate pur, spirate,
aure, Aure soavi e grate,
e nelle guancie elette
baciato per me,
cortesi, cortesi aurette!

Around my idol, waft, O waft,
soft and kind winds,
and on his lovely cheeks
place a kiss for me,
gentle, gentle breezes!

Al mio ben, che riposa
su l’ali della quiete,
grati, grati sogni assistete
e il mio racchiuso ardore
svelate gli per me,
o larve, o larve d’amore!

To my love, who rests
on the wings of peace,
grant sweet dreams
and reveal to him
my secret ardour,
O spirits, spirits of love!

Giacinto Andrea Cicognini (1606–50)

Claudio Monteverdi

Sinfonia from *L'incoronazione di Poppea*

‘Addio Roma’ from *L'incoronazione di Poppea*

Addio Roma... Addio patria... amici addio!
Innocente da voi partir conviene.
Vado a patir l'esilio in pianti amari,
passerò disperata i sordi mari.

L'aria, che d'ora in ora
riceverà i miei fiati,
li porterà, per nome del cor mio,
a veder, a baciare le patrie mura.
Ed io, starò solinga,
alternando le mosse ai pianti, ai passi,
insegnando pietade ai tronchi e ai sassi.
Remigate oggi mai perverse genti!
Allontanatevi omai dagli amati lidi.
Ahi, sacrilego duolo,
tu m'interdici il pianto
quando lascio la patria,
ne' stillar una lacrima poss'io
mentre dico a' parenti e a Roma: addio.

Giovanni Francesco Busenello (1598 –1659)

Farewell, Rome... farewell homeland friends, farewell!
Though innocent, I must leave you.
An exile of sad tears awaits me,
sailing in desperation the unheeding sea.

The breeze, which from time to time
shall receive my breath,
will carry it, in the name of my heart,
to behold, to kiss my homeland's walls.
And I shall be alone,
alternately weeping and pacing back and forth,
teaching the trees and stones to be compassionate.
Use your oars today as never before, perverse people!
Transport me far from these dear shores.
Ah, sacrilegious grief,
proscribe my weeping
as I depart my homeland,
and let me shed no tear
as I say to my family and to Rome: farewell!

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759)

Overture from *Ariodante*

Johann Adolph Hasse (1699–1783)

‘Morte col fiero aspetto’ from *Antonio e Cleopatra*

Morte col fiero aspetto
orror per me non ha,
s'io posso in libertà morir
sul trono mio, dove regnai.

L'anima uscir dal petto
libera spera ognor.
Sin dalle fasce ancor
sì nobile desio
meco portai.

Francesco Ricciardi

The ferocious face of death
holds for me no terror,
if I may only die in freedom
upon the throne on which I reigned.

My soul hopes to escape
free from my breast.
Since early childhood
I have borne this noble wish
within me.

Georg Frideric Handel

‘Piangerò, la sorte mia’ from *Giulio Cesare*

Piangerò la sorte mia,
sì crudele e tanto ria,
finché vita in petto avrò.

I will lament my destiny,
so cruel and so unfortunate,
as long as my heart beats.

Ma poi morta, d’ogn’intorno
il tiranno e notte e giorno
fatta spettro agiterò.

But when I am dead, from all sides
my ghost will haunt the tyrant
both night and day.

Jean-Philippe Rameau (1683–1764)

Sarabande from *Zoroastre*

Air en rondeau from *Zoroastre*

Air très vif from *Zoroastre*

John Dowland (1563–1626)

Come again! Sweet love doth now invite

Come again! Sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces, that refrain
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

All the night my sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams;
My heart takes no delight
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
And mark the storms are me assigned.

Come again! That I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain.
For now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
In deadly pain and endless misery.

Out alas! My faith is ever true;
Yet will she never rue,
Nor yield me any grace.
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom tears nor truth may once invade.

All the day the sun that lends me shine
By frowns do cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay;
Her smiles my springs that makes my joys to grow;
Her frowns the winters of my woe.

Gentle Love, draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart;
For I, that do approve,
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts
Did tempt, while she for triumph laughs.

Anonymous

Jean-Philippe Rameau (1683–1764)

Orage from *Les Indes galantes*

Georg Frideric Handel

‘Dopo notte’ from *Ariodante*

Dopo notte, atra e funesta,
splende in ciel più vago il sole,
e di gioia empie la terra.

Mentre in orrida tempesta
il mio legno è quasi assorto,
giunge in porto, e ‘l lido afferra.

After a night, bleak and foreboding,
the sun shines bright in the heavens,
and the earth fills with joy.

For in the midst of a violent storm
my boat was almost sunk,
but it grasps the shore as it returns to port.

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