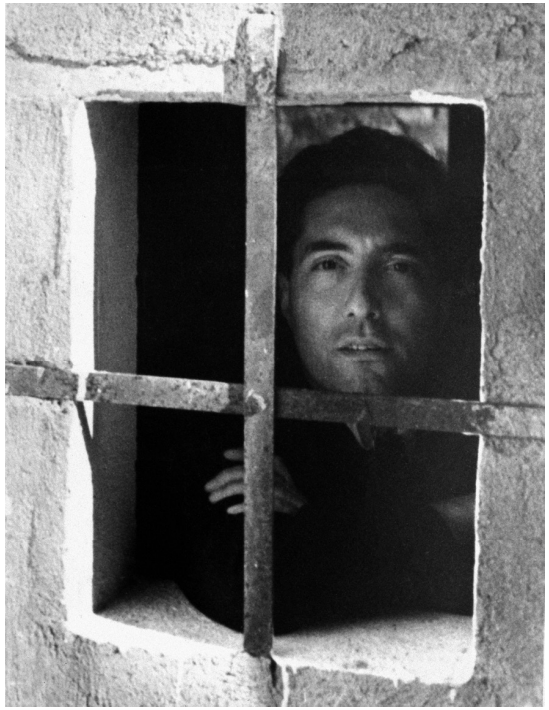
MUSICA ITALIANA

CHANDOS
SUPER AUDIO CD

DALLAPICCOLA
IL PRIGIONIERO

ANNA MARIA CHIURI MEZZO-SOPRANO
STEPHAN RÜGAMER TENOR
MICHAEL NAGY BARITONE

DANISH NATIONAL CONCERT CHOIR
DANISH NATIONAL SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
GIANANDREA NOSEDA DR



Boosey & Hawkes Collection / ArenaPAL

Luigi Dallapiccola, around the time of composing 'Il prigioniero'

Luigi Dallapiccola (1904 – 1975)

Il prigioniero (1944 – 48)* — 43:10

A Prologue and One Act
Libretto by Luigi Dallapiccola
after 'La Torture par l'espérance'
by Count Villiers de L'Isle-Adam (1838 – 1889)
and 'La Légende d'Ulenspiegel et de Lamme Goedzak'
by Charles De Coster (1827 – 1879)

Time: Second Half of the Sixteenth Century

Prologo

1	La madre: 'Ti rivedrò, mio figlio!' –	6:16
2	[Primo Intermezzo Corale] –	1:18

Atto Unico
Scena Prima

3	Il prigioniero: 'Ero solo. Tutt'era buio' –	5:51

Scena Seconda

4	Il prigioniero: 'Solo. Son solo un'altra volta' –	13:28

Scena Terza

5		Il prigioniero: 'Signore, aiutami a camminare' –	1:14
6		[Ricercare primo, super 'Signore, aiutami a camminare'] –	1:56
7		[Ricercare secondo, super 'Fratello'] –	3:18
8		[Ricercare terzo, super 'Roelandt'] –	3:18
9		[Secondo Intermezzo Corale] –	1:26

Scena Quarta (ultima)

10		Il prigioniero: 'Alleluja!'	5:02

Prima Serie dei Cori di Michelangelo Buonarroti il Giovane (1933) **9:09**

(First Series of the Choruses of Michelangelo Buonarroti the Younger)
for Mixed Voices, without Accompaniment
A mio padre e a mia madre

11	a	Il Coro delle Malmaritate. Moderatamente mosso – Molto meno – Tranquillo –	4:34
12	b	Il Coro dei Malammogliati. Vigoroso e un poco ciarlatanesco – Molto meno mosso e pesante – Subito più mosso – Gagliardamente, ma un poco sostenuto – Molto ritmato – Tempo del principio	4:32

13 **Estate** (1932) **3:17**
(Summer)
Frammento di Alceo
(Fragment by Alcaeus)
for Men's Chorus

Largamente; molto sostenuto – Leggermente mosso; con soavità –
Più sostenuto e deciso – Rallentando a poco a poco –
Tempo del principio

TT 55:46

Anna Maria Chiuri mezzo-soprano (La madre)*
Michael Nagy baritone (Il prigioniero)*
Stephan Rügamer tenor (Il carceriere • Il grande inquisitore)*
Adam Riis tenor (Primo sacerdote)*
Steffen Bruun bass (Secondo sacerdote)*
Danish National Concert Choir
Poul Emborg chorus master
Danish National Symphony Orchestra*
Christina Åstrand leader
Gianandrea Noseda

Tony Hitchcock
Gianandrea Noseda

Danish National Symphony Orchestra, with its Chief Conductor, Fabio Luisi

Danish National Concert Choir

Bart Van Reyn director

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soprano I
Christine Nonbo Andersen
Jihye Kim
Malene Nordtorp
Lise Bech Bendix
Nina Fischer
Magdalena Kozyra
Anna Carina Sundstedt
Anne Christine Berggreen
Louise Pape

soprano II
Klaudia Kidon
Astrid Kastensson Navarro-Alonso
Philippa Cold
Julie Borgwardt-Stampe
Hanna Kappelin
Pernille Manly Larsen
Louise Odgaard
Iben Silberg
Anna Maria Wierød
Nina Smidt-Brewer
Hetna Regitze

alto I
Hanna-Maria Strand
Anna Caroline Olesen
Mette Bjærang Pedersen
Lone Selchau
Hanne Struck-Schøning
Rebecca Forsberg Svendsen
Line Andersen
Mariann Amdisen
Anna-Kajsa Holmberg
Fanny Kempe

alto II
Linnéa Lomholt
Tobias Nilsson
Susanne Balle
Kristine Gether
Aleksandra Vagner Pedersen
Rose-Ann Selmer
Elenor Wiman
Eva Wöllinger-Bengtson
Hedwig Rummel
Lucie Szabova

tenor I
Emil Lykke
Adam Riis
Adriano Gaglianello
Jakob Knudsen Pedersen
Jens Rademacher
Morten Schønberg Sørensen
Kristoffer Appel
Tomas Medici
Benjamin Nellemose

tenor II
Gabriel Sin
John Andert
Jens Olav Heckmann
Jacob Heide Madsen
Otte Ottesen
Palle Skovlund
Thomas Zimmermann
Stephen Yeseta
Anders Grunth

bass I
Jakob Soelberg Miskow
Johan Bogren
Tore Asbjørn Hansen
Piet Larsen
Hans Lawaetz
Lauritz Jakob Thomsen
Danny Purtell
Martin Palsmar
Claus Kofod

bass II
Steffen Bruun
Johan Karlström
Daniel Åberg
Jørgen Ditlevsen
Paul Frederiksen
Mikkel Tuxen
Stefan Cushion
Johan Dornwald
Uffe Henriksen
Ove Mynderup

Danish National Symphony Orchestra

Gianandrea Noseda conductor

violin I
Christina Åstrand
Soo-Jin Hong
Elna Carr
Jan Rohard
Anders Fog-Nielsen
Helle Hanskov Palm
Sarah McClelland
Tine Rudloff
Sabine Bretschneider-Jochumsen
Patricia Andersen
Anja Zelianodjevo
Madara Petersone
Erik-Theodor Danciu
Christine Bernsted
Maj Kullberg
Kern Westerberg

violin II
Teresa La Cour
Kirstine Schneider
Monika Malmquist Egholm
Bodil Kuhlmann
Julie Meile
Marianne Bindel
Morten Dulong
Anne Marie Kjærulff
Andrea Alsted
Stanislav Zakrjevski
Christian Ellegaard
Ida Balslev
Aleksander Kølbel
Rebecka Freij
Peter Andreas Nielsen

viola
Marthe Grimsrud Husum
Katrine Bundgaard
Claus Myrup
Gunnar Lychou
Carina Andersson
Kristian Fogh
Astrid Christensen
Anne Soren
Stine Hasbirk
Katarzyna Bugala
Alexander Butz
Magda Stevensson

cello
Henrik Dam Thomsen
Soo-Kyung Hong
Johan Krarup
Vanja Louro
Birgitte Øland
Richard Krug
Chul-Geun Park
Christoffer Bergström
Nina Dolgintseva
Frederik Waage

double-bass
Pedro Vares de Azevedo
Joel Gonzalez
Einars Everss
Michael Dabelsteen
Henrik Schou Kristensen
Ditlev Damkjær
Gerrit H. Mylius
Mads Kristensen

flute
Ulla Miilmann
Anna Nykvist
Russell Itani

oboe
Eva Steinaa
Ulrich Ortmann
Sven Buller

clarinet
Johnny Teyssier
August Lange Finkas
Klaus Tönshoff
Søren Elbo

bassoon
Sebastian Stevensson
Dorte Bennike
Aksel Kaae Trige

horn
Lasse Mauritzen
Dominika Piwkowska
Oskar Lejonklo
Jakob Arnholtz

saxophone
Jeanette Balland
Maret Petersen

trumpet
Michael Frank Møller
László Molnár
Karl Husum
Andreas Jul Nielsen
Ketil Christensen

trombone
Kasper Thaarup
Tobias Larsen
Lukas Winther Andersen
Thomas Dahlkvist

tuba
Thomas Røisland

harp
Zachary James Hatcher
Berit Spælling

piano
Per Salo
Rikke Sandberg

organ
David Bendix Nielsen

timpani
René Mathiesen

percussion
Jakob Weber Egholm
Mads Hebsgaard Andersen
Patric Raab
Alejandro Fernandez
Klaes Breiner Nielsen

Anna Maria Chiuri

Dallapiccola:
Il prigioniero / Choral Works

Choral works

Luigi Dallapiccola (1904–1975) was just twenty and a student in Florence when, in 1924, Schoenberg paid a visit to conduct the Italian première of *Pierrot lunaire*. The young man was captivated, but it took him almost two decades, to the point when *Il prigioniero* was on his immediate horizon, to find a way to engage thoroughly with Schoenberg. There was even a long road to travel before he was starting to write works that satisfied him, one of the first being *Estate* (Summer), a paean to Mediterranean summer heat and plenitude, which he composed in 1932 for men's chorus. As the piece starts, fourths in the harmony might suggest by their clang the bursting sun; homophony of this kind alternates with other textures, and the setting ends with a return of the opening music. Alcaeus (c. 625 / 20 – c. 580 BC), author of the original Greek text, lived on Lesbos and was an associate of Sappho's. In 1943, shortly before starting work on *Il prigioniero*, Dallapiccola returned to his lyrics in *Sex Carmina Alcaei*.

More immediately, in 1933, *Estate* was followed by two choruses for mixed voices to poems by Michelangelo Buonarroti the Younger (1568–1646), great-nephew of his more famous namesake. For this 'first series', followed by two more over the next few years, Dallapiccola chose words intended for music: lyrics which the poet had written for interludes in a play by his friend Niccolò Arrighetti (1586–1639). The harmony now is suaver, retracing the modal progressions of the Italian Renaissance madrigal, the imitative polyphony of which is also embraced. Ildebrando Pizzetti's *Due canzoni corali*, of 1913, similarly in six parts, may have shown Dallapiccola the way here, on course towards his first opera, *Volo di notte* (after Antoine de Saint-Exupéry's novel *Vol de nuit* [Night Flight]).

Il prigioniero

In June 1939, just a couple of months after having completed *Volo di notte*, Dallapiccola was visiting Paris with his wife. As they were browsing through the bookstalls along the Seine, she picked up a copy of the *Nouveaux Contes cruels* by Villiers de L'Isle-Adam (1838–1889) and found a story, 'La Torture par l'espérance' (Torture by Hope), which she thought her husband might make into a second operatic work. The tale is that of a prisoner of

the Spanish Inquisition, who, finding his cell door open, creeps out, his hope of freedom increasing to a point of ecstasy when he finds himself outside and in a garden under the stars – only to be embraced there by the Inquisitor.

Dallapiccola could not attend to this right away. He was already embarked on another work on the theme of imprisonment, *Canti di prigionia* for chorus with pianos, harps, and percussion, and there were further projects pressing on him. But, in the last week of 1943, he made the commitment of writing a libretto (as he had written one for *Volo di notte*), and in the next month he began setting it. Still, though, the process was slow. Again, other works intervened, and not until May 1948 was the score finished. The opera received its première, as a radio broadcast, on 1 December 1949, and its first stage production at Florence in May the following year.

More than a decade had thus passed between the inception of the work and its arrival on stage, a period during which Dallapiccola made an important shift in the foundations of his music. From having been an interested observer of Schoenberg and Webern, he became a close student of their music, the serial techniques of which he began to absorb in *Sex Carmina Alcaei* and other settings of Ancient Greek verse in Italian translation. *Il prigioniero* has a full-chromatic sound right from the start, where the pre-performance silence is shattered by a motif of three chords that, between them, project all twelve notes. At the same time, very typically, connections with other ways of hearing are not forgotten. Each of these chords has octave-doubled fourths at the top and a dissonance with those fourths in the bass; each of them can be interpreted as belonging to an octatonic scale (of alternating major and minor seconds). This is music not so different from Dallapiccola's of earlier times. It has the sound of metal and stone, of the prison, but its ring is also that of the bell of liberation. 'My prison – my fortress', wrote Kafka, and it may be that by imprisoning himself in serialism Dallapiccola was, perhaps knowingly, creating a stronghold within which he could act with deliberation and even freedom.

The three chords of the opening resound through the whole opera, but what is not so often repeated is their *tutti* clangour; on the contrary, this is generally a score of great fineness and economy, in which sometimes only a few instruments maintain the continuity, create shadowy or luminous atmospheres, and place the voices in relief. There are just three main characters: the Prisoner, his Mother (a personage introduced by Dallapiccola and present only in the Prologue and First Scene), and the Jailer, ultimately identified as the Grand Inquisitor. There are also three main twelve-note rows, which Dallapiccola named 'Prayer', 'Hope', and 'Freedom', and out of which come

the vocal lines, which, he considered, the use of twelve notes rather than seven could make the more expressive.

In the original story, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam does not indicate the period, except indirectly in naming the Inquisitor as Pedro de Arbués, who held that office in 1484–85, under Torquemada. This was a time when the Spanish Inquisition, newly instituted, concerned itself particularly with Jews, and Villiers makes his protagonist accordingly a rabbi. Dallapiccola, however, must have felt such a situation to be totally insupportable in 1943, when Europe was experiencing an anti-Semitic programme on so much more terrible a scale. That could explain his updating the action by almost a century, from the Spain of Ferdinand and Isabella to that of Philip II, whom the Mother, in her solo prologue, names as the villain. Possibly the composer was motivated, too, by the connection he could make with another opera featuring a Grand Inquisitor: Verdi's *Don Carlos* (though *Il trovatore* may offer still closer parallels).

Ending the Prologue, the Mother's *ballata*, or ballad, is dramatically enforced in a 'choral intermezzo', setting ironically relevant psalm verses. There follows the First Scene, for the Prisoner and his Mother, in which the topics of prayer and hope are introduced. The Prisoner is encouraged to hope by the gentle address he customarily receives from the Jailer: 'Fratello' (brother), which the Prisoner sings to a three-note phrase that will give the opera another of its abiding themes. The context here is twelve-note but consonant, as the orchestra touches in two minor chords; so once again we meet an emblem of the middle ground, between the tonal and the atonal, that Dallapiccola found so productive.

The Mother leaves at the approach of the Jailer, who enters singing 'Fratello' his own way, though in this Second Scene, which is again a two-hander, he will later adopt the Prisoner's. As Villiers has it, the inquisitor offers the hope of divine forgiveness tomorrow, when the prisoner will meet his end at the stake. Dallapiccola, in a work excluding religious sentiments, needs a promise that is of this world, not the next, and has the Jailer tell of the revolt against Philip II in the king's domain of the Netherlands. Those initiating chords return as the Jailer comes to the ringing of Roeland, the great bell of Ghent, before going on, in an aria in three stanzas, to the victories of the 'Beggars' (rebel Dutch nobility). Material for this report comes from what was the composer's second literary source, the picaresque novel *La Légende et les aventures héroïques, joyeuses et glorieuses d'Ulenspiegel et de Lamme Goedzak au pays de Flandres et ailleurs* by the Belgian writer Charles De Coster (1827–1879). As the action remains where Villiers placed it, in Saragossa, a puzzle arises as to why the

Prisoner should identify with the cause of the Flemings, about which he is evidently well informed. However, this lack of precision – together with, of course, the generalised naming of the characters – helps make *Il prigioniero* a drama of archetypes, powerful beyond any particulars of place and time, and inviting spectators to bring to its metaphor their own experience. When the work was new, audiences would probably have recalled the clandestine anti-fascist movements of the recent war.

In his Third Scene Dallapiccola stays close to the story of Villiers, even including the episode of the two priests who, arguing a point of doctrine, fail to notice the protagonist as he moves along what he thinks will be his escape route. Otherwise this is necessarily a solo scene, punctuated by the beginnings of orchestral 'ricercares', as Dallapiccola calls them – canonic inventions, that is. The first of these is based on the opening line sung by the Prisoner in the scene, 'Signore, aiutami a camminare', set to the 'Prayer' row, the second on his 'Fratello' motif from the First Scene; then these two ricercares overlap. After the priests' discourse, the third ricercare comes forward, on the chords now associated with the bell Roeland. Following this, all three ricercares are combined. The chords from the work's beginning return as the Prisoner reaches the end of the passageway, and then, in the percussion, we seem to be hearing Roeland itself at the climax, which folds into a second intermezzo for unseen chorus.

The last scene is short. The Prisoner, having attained the garden, exults in his freedom, and the chorus remains in the background through a sequence notable for its evocative delicacy, ready to bring vocal urgency to a quick new climax. Suddenly broken off, this gives way to the reappearance of the Jailer, now as the Grand Inquisitor, offering his terrible greeting. The Prisoner recognises that he has been subjected to a torture worse than all the rest, that of hope, and a chamber choir enters with a quotation from the first of the composer's *Canti della prigionia*, the words of which come from a prayer attributed to Mary Queen of Scots. Applying his customary gentleness, worse than ferocity, the Grand Inquisitor leads the Prisoner back.

We may feel, however, that the Prisoner has indeed made his escape, for he has slid out from the vocal-orchestral apparatus that is proceeding through its soft descent. He no longer sings but speaks. 'Freedom', he says. And then again, with an audible question mark: 'Freedom?' The opera is by this point vanishing behind him as he stays, to confront the audience.

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Having graduated from the Conservatorio di Musica Arrigo Boito in Parma and perfected her

technique under Maestro Franco Corelli, **Anna Maria Chiuri** is one of the most sought-after and appreciated mezzo-sopranos in the Italian, German, and French repertoire. A regular guest at major European opera houses, she recently performed in Puccini's *Il trittico* at Teatro alla Scala in Milan under Riccardo Chailly and at Teatro del Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, and sang Herodias in a new production of *Salome* at the Salzburger Festspiele under Franz Welser-Möst, Ulrica (*Un ballo in maschera*) at National Centre for the Performing Arts in Beijing, and Amneris (*Aida*) at Arena di Verona. She will soon sing Una Donna (*Dittico Contemporaneo – Intolleranza 1960*) and Herodias at Teatro alla Scala and Salzburger Festspiele, appear in performances of *Aida* at Teatro di San Carlo in Naples and *Don Carlo* at the New National Theater in Tokyo, and appear as Barbara (*Violanta*) at Teatro Regio di Torino. She has performed Beethoven's Ninth Symphony at the prestigious Mostly Mozart Festival at Lincoln Center in New York and at Teatro Regio di Torino, Verdi's *Messa da Requiem* at the Rudolfinum in Prague and in Washington D.C., Bruckner's Te Deum at Maggio Musicale Fiorentino under Zubin Mehta, Mendelssohn's *Ein Sommernachtstraum* at Teatro Regio di Parma under Yuri Temirkanov, Berlioz's *Les Troyens* at Teatro Massimo Bellini in Catania, and Mozart's Requiem in Florence under Zubin Mehta. Anna Maria Chiuri has recorded works by Sammartini, Bellini, Saint-Saëns, and Arvo Pärt, among others, and appears in several complete operatic performances on DVD.

A baritone with Hungarian roots, who was born in Stuttgart, **Michael Nagy** began his musical career with the Stuttgarter Hymnus-Chorknaben. He studied singing, lied interpretation, and conducting with Rudolf Piernay, Irwin Gage, and Klaus Arp in Mannheim and Saarbrücken and attended master-classes given by Charles Spencer, Cornelius Reid, and Rudolf Piernay, whom he still consults. He built up a repertoire of important roles while engaged in his early years at Komische Oper Berlin and Oper Frankfurt, to which he regularly returns. He also gives guest performances on major stages in Vienna, Munich, Hamburg, Berlin, Geneva, and Zurich, continuing to broaden his repertoire of baritone roles. Having recently made his role debuts as Don Alfonso (*Cosi fan tutte*) at Opernhaus Zürich and as Amfortas (*Parsifal*) at Bayerische Staatsoper, under Kirill Petrenko, he returned to both houses during the 2019/20 season. He is also in high demand around the globe as a concert and oratorio singer, having appeared with such renowned orchestras as the Berliner Philharmoniker, Concertgebouworkest Amsterdam, Symphonieorchester des Bayerischen Rundfunks, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, NHK Symphony Orchestra, Tokyo,

Orchestre de Paris, Gewandhausorchester Leipzig, Konzerthausorchester Berlin, New Japan Philharmonic Orchestra, Tokyo, and Sydney Symphony Orchestra. He has performed at numerous festivals, for instance the Schleswig-Holstein Musik Festival, Rheingau Musik Festival, Salzburger Festspiele, Tanglewood Music Festival, Grafenegg Festival, and Quincena Musical de San Sebastián. Song recitals and chamber music are a particular concern of Michael Nagy, who regularly gives recitals accompanied by Gerold Huber or Susanna Klovsky. He most recently appeared in Munich, Cologne, Bonn, and Essen, and is soon to sing in Barcelona, London, and Zürich.

Having received his musical education mainly at the Hochschule für Musik in Lübeck, **Stephan Rügamer** completed his studies with Professor James Wagner and Professor Günter Binge. At Theater Lübeck from 1996 to 1998 he sang such roles of the lyric tenor's repertoire as Don Ottavio (*Don Giovanni*), Belmonte (*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*), Alfredo (*La traviata*), and Alfred (*Die Fledermaus*). Since 1999 he has been engaged by Daniel Barenboim as a regular member of Staatsoper Berlin, where he has sung David (*Die Meistersinger von Nürnberg*), Froh (*Das Rheingold*), Steuermann (*Der fliegende Holländer*), Chevalier (*Der ferne Klang*), Boris (*Kát'a Kabanová*), and Shuysky (*Boris Godunov*). Under Daniel Barenboim he also sang his first Erik (*Der fliegende Holländer*) during a visit by the company to Teatro Real in Madrid in 2003, repeating the role in Berlin in 2013 under Daniel Harding. He has appeared as a guest artist in Frankfurt and Essen as well as Dresden, Hamburg, Munich, and Stuttgart. He has performed at Opéra national de Lyon, and sung Matteo (*Arabella*) at Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris, Boris and Walther von der Vogelweide (*Tannhäuser*) at Teatro Real, Madrid, the latter under Jesús López Cobos, Marquis (Prokofiev's *The Gambler*), Elisa Bornelius (Rimsky-Korsakov's *The Tsar's Bride*), and Loge (*Das Rheingold*) at Teatro alla Scala in Milan, the last a role he has also performed at the White Nights Festival in St Petersburg under Valery Gergiev. Additionally he has sung Eisenstein (*Die Fledermaus*) with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra under Zubin Mehta, Captain (*Wozzeck*) at Opéra national de Paris, and Captain and Loge at Grand Théâtre de Genève. Stephan Rügamer has appeared in concert all over the world under conductors such as Pierre Boulez, Neeme Järvi, Fabio Luisi, Ingo Metzmacher, Kent Nagano, and Helmut Rilling.

The **Danish National Concert Choir** is the large-scale symphonic chorus of DR – Denmark's national public-service broadcaster. It was established in 1932 as a permanent musical partner of the Danish National Symphony Orchestra, the two ensembles having since

appeared together in many hundreds of concerts. The Choir consists of seventy-five professional singers, including, at its core, the eighteen voices of the Danish National Vocal Ensemble. Large-scale symphonic works for choir and orchestra, both sacred and secular, form the heart of the Choir's repertoire, in music from the eighteenth century to the present day. But the Choir also regularly performs *a cappella*: works by Francis Poulenc, Richard Strauss, and Henryk Górecki, as well as Serge Rachmaninoff's famous Vespers, among others, make up the programme of its recent and forthcoming concerts. New music is also a significant part of its work – most recently, the Choir gave the Danish premiere of the St Luke Passion by Sir James MacMillan, directed by the composer, in a critically acclaimed performance in Copenhagen, performing it also in Brussels. The Choir has won international acclaim through more than forty recordings on labels including Chandos – its 2015 recording of Olivier Messiaen's virtuosic *Trois Petites Liturgies de la Présence Divine* winning a Diapason d'Or de l'Année. It has also undertaken more than fifty concert tours in Europe, the USA, and Australia, visiting festivals such as Festival Présences in Paris, Klarafestival in Brussels, Schleswig-Holstein Musik Festival, and the BBC Proms. Since 2016, the Director of the Danish National Concert Choir has been the Belgian conductor Bart Van Reyn, a dynamic and dedicated leader who has taken the Choir to new heights of achievement and who also works with ensembles such as the BBC Singers, Vlaams Radiokoor, and SWR Vokalensemble Stuttgart.

Founded in 1925 as part of the Danish Broadcasting Corporation, the **Danish National Symphony Orchestra** is today one of the leading symphony orchestras in Europe, performing with the world's most eminent conductors and soloists. Since 2016, succeeding the late Spanish maestro Rafael Frühbeck de Burgos, its Chief Conductor has been Fabio Luisi. Former Principal Conductors and Principal Guest Conductors have included Herbert Blomstedt (Conductor Laureate), Thomas Dausgaard, Gerd Albrecht, Leif Segerstam, Dmitri Kitajenko, and Yuri Temirkanov. The Orchestra has performed with Anne Sophie Mutter, Leonidas Kavakos, Renée Fleming, Yo-Yo Ma, Leif Ove Andsnes, Lang Lang, Anna Netrebko, Nigel Kennedy, Daniel Barenboim, Elisabeth Leonskaja, Vladimir Ashkenazy, Yehudi Menuhin, and Itzhak Pearlman, among others. It has toured extensively in the USA, South America, China, and most countries in Europe, and, a visitor to the BBC Proms, has performed at such prestigious venues as the Royal Albert Hall, Carnegie Hall, Berliner Philharmonie, Kölner Philharmonie, Concertgebouw Amsterdam, and

Wiener Musikverein. The Orchestra performs everything from classical works by Beethoven and Brahms through romantic tone poems and modern masterpieces to new creations by the composers of tomorrow. At the same time, it has a special feeling for Danish music, from masters such as Carl Nielsen and Niels W. Gade to young composing talents of today. Each year more than 100,000 music lovers experience the magic of live symphonic music with the Danish National Symphony Orchestra, both in the spectacular hall of DR Koncerthuset, designed by Jean Nouvel, and on its annual tour abroad. Its popular Thursday Concerts are enjoyed not only by concert audiences but also by many Danes on radio and television, and millions tune in when the concerts are broadcast internationally.

One of the world's most sought-after conductors, **Gianandrea Noseda** became the seventh Music Director of the National Symphony Orchestra at the start of the 2017/18 season, his contract extended in September 2018 through the end of the 2024/25 season. In addition to his subscription weeks with the Orchestra at its home at the Kennedy Center in Washington, D.C., in 2019 he led it in critically acclaimed concerts at Carnegie Hall and Lincoln Center in New York. During the 2019/20 season he and the Orchestra undertook their first international tour to Japan and China and recorded the complete Beethoven Symphonies for release on the Orchestra's new label. Noseda also serves as Principal Guest Conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra and Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, and Artistic Director of the Stresa Festival. At the start of the 2021/22 season, he will become General Music Director of Opernhaus Zürich, where he will lead his first *Ring* cycle. From 2007 to 2018, he served as Music Director of Teatro Regio di Torino.

He has conducted orchestras such as the Berliner Philharmoniker, Münchner Philharmoniker, Wiener Philharmoniker, Wiener Symphoniker, Orchestre de Paris, Orchestre national de France, Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra, Orchestra dell'Accademia Nazionale di Santa Cecilia, Danish National Symphony Orchestra, New York Philharmonic, Chicago Symphony Orchestra, Cleveland Orchestra, Philadelphia Orchestra, Met Orchestra, and NHK Symphony Orchestra, Tokyo, and at such leading opera houses and festivals as Teatro alla Scala, Milan, The Royal Opera, Covent Garden, Salzburger Festspiele, and Opernhaus Zürich. He has amassed a discography of more than sixty recordings for Chandos and other labels. Dedicated to the next generations of musicians, he has worked with leading youth orchestras and is founding Music Director of the Tsinandali Festival and its Pan-Caucasian Youth Orchestra, which completed its first

season in September 2019. A native of Milan, Gianandrea Noseda is Commendatore al Merito della Repubblica Italiana. He was voted Conductor of the Year by *Musical America* in 2015 and named Conductor of the Year at the International Opera Awards in 2016.

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Gianandrea Noseda

Michael Nagy

Simon Pauly

Stephan Rügamer

Dallapiccola:
Il prigioniero / Chorwerke

Chorwerke
Als zwanzigjähriger Student in Florenz erlebte Luigi Dallapiccola (1904 – 1975) dort den eigens zur italienischen Erstaufführung von *Pierrot lunaire* angereisten Schönberg. Der junge Mann war fasziniert, aber es dauerte fast zwei Jahrzehnte, bis er – *Il prigioniero* vor Augen – einen Weg fand, auf dem er sich gründlich mit Schönberg auseinandersetzen konnte. Er tat sich ohnehin schwer, die eigenen Ansprüche zu erfüllen, aber eines der ersten ihn selbst überzeugenden Werke war *Estate*, ein Lobgesang auf die prallende Hitze des mittelmeerischen Sommers, den er 1932 für Männerchor komponierte. Zu Beginn des Stücks könnte die klirrende Quartenharmonik die brennende Sonne suggerieren; derartige Homophonie steht im Wechsel mit anderen Texturen, und das Stück schließt mit einer Rückkehr zum musikalischen Anfang. Alkaios (ca. 625 / 20 – ca. 580 v. Chr.), der Autor des altgriechischen Urtextes, lebte auf Lesbos und war ein Zeitgenosse von Sappho. 1943, kurz bevor er die Arbeit an *Il prigioniero* aufnahm, kehrte Dallapiccola in *Sex Carmina Alcaei* zur Lyrik des Griechen zurück.

Zunächst aber, 1933, folgten auf *Estate* zwei Chorgesänge für gemischte Stimmen zu Versen von Michelangelo Buonarroti dem Jüngeren (1568 – 1646), dem Großneffen des gleichnamigen Renaissance-Künstlers. Für diese "erste Serie" (gefolgt von zwei weiteren in den nächsten Jahren) wählte Dallapiccola zur Vertonung gedachte Texte, die der Dichter für Zwischenstücke in einem Drama seines Freundes Niccolò Arrighetti (1586 – 1639) verfasst hatte. Hier nun gibt sich die Harmonie gewandter und zeichnet die modalen Fortschreitungen des italienischen Renaissance-Madrigals nach, das auch in seiner imitativen Polyphonie nachwirkt. Ildebrando Pizzetti könnte mit seinen ähnlich für sechs Stimmen gesetzten *Due canzoni corali* von 1913 Dallapiccola wichtige Anstöße gegeben und ihn dann weiter zu seiner ersten Oper, *Volo di notte* (nach Antoine de Saint-Exupérys Roman *Vol de nuit* [Nachtflug]), geführt haben.

Il prigioniero
Im Juni 1939, nur wenige Monate nach der Vollendung von *Volo di notte*, besuchte Dallapiccola mit seiner Frau Paris. Beim Durchstöbern der Bücherstände entlang der Seine stieß sie auf die *Nouveaux Contes*

cruels von Auguste de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam (1838 – 1889) und darin die Erzählung "La Torture par l'espérance" (Folter durch Hoffnung), von der sie sich eine zweite Oper ihres Mannes versprach. Die Geschichte handelt von einem Gefangenen der spanischen Inquisition, der entdeckt, dass die Tür seiner Zelle nicht fest geschlossen ist, und entkommt. In seiner bis zur Ekstase gesteigerten Freude an der unverhofften Freiheit erreicht er den Garten, wo ihn der Großinquisator unter dem Sternenhimmel wieder gefangen nimmt.

Dallapiccola konnte sich nicht sofort damit befassen. Er hatte bereits eine weitere Arbeit zum Thema Gefangenschaft (*Canti di prigionia* für Chor mit Klavieren, Harfen und Schlagzeug) in Angriff genommen, und er stand unter dem Druck weiterer Projekte. In der letzten Dezemberwoche 1943 verpflichtete er sich jedoch, so wie für *Volo di notte* ein weiteres Libretto zu schreiben, und im Januar begann er mit der Vertonung. Allerdings kam er nur langsam voran. Andere Werke hielten ihn auf, und erst im Mai 1948 vollendete er die Partitur. Die Oper wurde am 1. Dezember 1949 in einer Hörfunkproduktion uraufgeführt und erlebte im Mai des folgenden Jahres in Florenz ihre erste Inszenierung.

Somit lag mehr als ein Jahrzehnt zwischen dem ersten Federstrich und dem Bühnendebüt – eine Zeit, in der Dallapiccola als Komponist eine wichtige Positionsveränderung vollzog: Der interessierte Beobachter von Schönberg und Webern entwickelte sich zu einem engen Schüler ihrer Musik, deren serielle Kompositionstechniken er in *Sex Carmina Alcaei* und anderen Vertonungen altgriechischer Lyrik in italienischer Übersetzung zu absorbieren begann. *Il prigioniero* hat von Anfang an einen vollchromatischen Klang, bei dem die Stille vor der Aufführung durch ein Motiv aus drei Akkorden erschüttert wird, die unter sich alle zwölf Noten beinhalten. Typischerweise werden gleichzeitig Verbindungen zu anderen Hörweisen nicht vergessen. Jeder dieser Akkorde besitzt hohe oktavverdoppelte Quarten und eine Dissonanz mit diesen Quarten im Bass; jeder kann im Rahmen einer oktatonischen Skala (abwechselnde Dur- und Moll-Sekunden) verstanden werden. Diese Musik unterscheidet sich kaum von Dallapiccolas früherem Schaffen. Hier hört man Metall und Stein, das Gefängnis, aber auch die Freiheitsglocke. "Meine Gefängniszelle – meine Festung", schrieb Kafka, und womöglich schuf Dallapiccola durch die selbstauferlegte Gefangenschaft im Serialismus vielleicht wissentlich eine Festung, in der er überlegt und sogar frei agieren konnte.

Die drei Eröffnungsakkorde durchziehen die gesamte Oper, was hingegen nicht so oft wiederholt wird, ist ihr Tutti-Klang; ganz im Gegenteil ist dies im Allgemeinen eine Partitur von großer Feinheit und Sparsamkeit,

in der manchmal nur wenige Instrumente die Kontinuität aufrechterhalten, schattige oder lichte Gepräge erzeugen und die Stimmen erhaben herausarbeiten. Nur drei Hauptfiguren treten auf: der Gefangene, seine Mutter (eine von Dallapiccola eingeführte Person, der wir lediglich im Prolog und in der ersten Szene begegnen) und der Kerkermeister, der sich am Ende als Großinquisitor erweist. Die Musik findet vor allem in drei Zwölftonreihen Ausdruck, die Dallapiccola als "Gebet", "Hoffnung" und "Freiheit" bezeichnete und aus denen die Gesangslinien hervorgehen, die seiner Ansicht nach mit zwölf statt sieben Noten größere Wirkung erzielen könnten.

In der zugrundeliegenden Erzählung gibt Villiers de L'Isle-Adam den Handlungszeitraum nicht direkt an, spricht jedoch von dem Inquisitor Pedro de Arbués, der dieses Amt in den Jahren 1484/85 unter Torquemada bekleidete. Zu jener Zeit verfolgte die neu eingerichtete Spanische Inquisition mit besonderer Vehemenz die Juden im Lande, sodass Villiers bei seinem Protagonisten verständlicherweise an einen Rabbiner dachte. Doch 1943, als in Europa ein systematischer Antisemitismus von so viel schrecklicherem Ausmaß betrieben wurde, muss Dallapiccola wohl eine solche Ausgangslage als völlig unvertretbar empfunden haben. So erklärt sich vielleicht, dass er die Handlung um fast ein Jahrhundert verlagerte, vom Spanien des Herrscherpaars Ferdinand und Isabella in die Zeit von Philipp II., den die Mutter in ihrem Soloprolog als Übeltäter bezeichnet. Möglicherweise ließ sich der Komponist auch durch die Verbindung motivieren, die er zu einer anderen Oper mit einem Großinquisitor herstellen konnte: Verdis *Don Carlos* (obwohl *Il trovatore* vielleicht noch engere Parallelen bietet).

Am Ende des Prologs wird die *Ballata* (Ballade) der Mutter in einem "Chorintermezzo" mit ironisch relevanten Psalmversen dramatisch verstärkt. Es folgt die erste Szene für den Gefangenen und seine Mutter, in der die Themen Gebet und Hoffnung vorgestellt werden. Hoffnung beflügelt den Gefangenen, weil er üblicherweise vom Kerkermeister "Fratello" (Bruder) genannt wird, und er singt die sanfte Anrede zu einer Drei-Noten-Phrase, die der Oper ein weiteres ihrer nachhaltigen Themen gibt. Der Kontext hier ist zwölftönig aber konsonant, da das Orchester zwei Moll-Akkorde einfügt; so begegnen wir erneut einem Emblem des Mittelgrundes zwischen tonal und atonal, der für Dallapiccola so ergiebig war.

Die Mutter geht, als sich der Kerkermeister nähert, der "Fratello" auf seine eigene Weise singt, obwohl er in dieser zweiten Szene (erneut ein Zweipersonenstück) später die Phrase des Gefangenen übernehmen wird. Bei Villiers bietet der Inquisitor die Hoffnung auf göttliche Vergebung am Tag darauf, wenn der

Gefangene auf dem Scheiterhaufen endet. In einem Werk, das religiöse Gefühle ausschließt, braucht Dallapiccola ein Versprechen, das von dieser Welt ist, nicht von der nächsten, sodass er den Kerkermeister über einen Aufstand gegen Philipp II. in Flandern erzählen lässt. Die Anfangsakkorde kehren zurück, als der Kerkermeister vom Läuten der großen Rolandsglocke in Gent berichtet, bevor er in einer dreistrophigen Arie zu den Siegen der Geusen (der aufständischen Adligen, die sich als "Bettler" bezeichnen) übergeht. Das Material für diesen Bericht stammt aus der zweiten literarischen Quelle des Komponisten, dem pikaresken Roman *La Légende et les aventures héroïques, joyeuses et glorieuses d'Ulenspiegel et de Lamme Goedzak au pays de Flandres et ailleurs* (Die Geschichte von Ulenspiegel und Lamme Goedzak und ihren heldenmäßigen, fröhlichen und glorreichen Abenteuern im Lande Flandern und anderwärts) des belgischen Schriftstellers Charles De Coster (1827–1879). Da die Handlung weiter dort abläuft wie bei Villiers, in Saragossa, fragt man sich, warum der Gefangene mit der Sache der Flamen, über die er augenscheinlich gut informiert ist, sympathisieren sollte. Andererseits trägt dieser Mangel an Präzision – natürlich im Verbund mit der verallgemeinerten Benennung der Figuren – jedoch dazu bei, *Il prigioniero* zu einem Archetypendrama zu machen, das alle Spezifika von Ort und Zeit machtvoll überwindet und die Zuschauer dazu einlädt, ihre eigenen Erfahrungen in die Metapher einzubringen. In der ersten Zeit nach dem Erscheinen des Werkes hätte sich das Publikum wahrscheinlich an die antifaschistischen Untergrundbewegungen des jüngsten Krieges erinnert.

In seiner dritten Szene hält sich Dallapiccola eng an die Erzählung von Villiers und bezieht selbst die beiden Priester ein, die in ein theologisches Gespräch vertieft den Gefangenen auf seiner Flucht ins Freie nicht bemerken. Im Übrigen ist dies zwangsläufig eine Soloszene, unterbrochen von den Anfängen orchestraler "Ricercari", wie Dallapiccola sie nennt, also kanonischen Inventionen. Das erste basiert auf der Eröffnungslinie, "Signore, aiutami a camminare", die der Gefangene in der Szene gesungen hat, gesetzt zu der "Gebet"-Reihe, während das zweite auf seinem "Fratello"-Motiv aus der ersten Szene beruht; dann überlappen sich diese beiden Ricercari. Nach dem Diskurs der Priester tritt das dritte Ricercar zu den Akkorden hervor, die jetzt mit der Rolandsglocke assoziiert werden. Anschließend werden alle drei Ricercari kombiniert. Die Anfangsakkorde des Werkes kehren zurück, als der Gefangene das Ende seines Fluchtwegs erreicht, und nun scheinen wir auf dem Höhepunkt im Schlagzeug die Rolandsglocke selbst zu hören, und die Musik mündet in ein zweites Intermezzo für unsichtbaren Chor.

Die letzte Szene ist kurz. Der Gefangene hat den Garten erreicht und bejubelt seine Freiheit; unterdessen hält sich der Chor in einer Sequenz von bemerkenswert evokativer Empfindsamkeit aus dem Hintergrund bereit, einem schnellen neuen Höhepunkt vokale Dringlichkeit zu verleihen. Jäh bricht diese Stimmung ab, als der Großinquisitor den Gefangenen in falscher Brüderlichkeit in die Arme schließt. Der Gefangene erkennt in ihm den Kerkermeister wieder und begreift sich als Opfer der schlimmsten Folterung: durch die Qual der Hoffnung. Ein Kammerchor tritt mit einem Zitat aus Dallapiccolas erstem *Canto della prigionia* auf, dessen Text einem der schottischen Königin Maria Stuart zugeschriebenen Gebet entstammt. In der von ihm gewohnten Sanftmut, die infamer ist als Grausamkeit, führt der Großinquisitor den Gefangenen ab.

Wir mögen aber auch das Gefühl haben, dass dem Gefangenen die Flucht gelungen ist, denn aus dem Vokal- / Orchester-Apparat, der seinen sanften Abstieg fortsetzt, hat er sich befreit. Er singt nicht mehr, sondern spricht. "Freiheit", sagt er – und wiederholt dann, mit einem hörbaren Fragezeichen: "Freiheit?" Zu diesem Zeitpunkt schwindet die Oper hinter ihm, während er bleibt, um das Publikum zu konfrontieren.

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Übersetzung: Andreas Klatt

Dallapiccola:
Il prigioniero / Œuvres chorales

Œuvres chorales
Luigi Dallapiccola (1904 – 1975) avait à peine vingt ans et était étudiant à Florence quand, en 1924, Schoenberg y séjourna pour y diriger la création en Italie de *Pierrot lunaire*. Le jeune homme fut fasciné, mais il lui fallut presque deux décennies, lorsqu'*Il prigioniero* se profilait à son proche horizon, pour trouver un moyen de rentrer réellement en contact avec le compositeur. Et une longue route lui restait à parcourir avant de commencer à écrire des œuvres qui le satisfassent, l'une des premières étant *Estate* (Été), un hymne à la chaleur et à la plénitude de l'été méditerranéen qu'il composa en 1932 pour chœur d'hommes. Au début de la pièce, des quartes dans l'harmonie pourraient suggérer, par le fracas de leur sonorité, le soleil éclatant; ce genre d'homophonie alterne avec d'autres textures, et la mise en musique se termine par un retour de l'épisode initial. Alcée (c. 625 / 20 – c. 580 av. J.-C.), auteur du texte grec original, vivait sur l'île de Lesbos et était contemporain et très proche de la poétesse Sapphô. En 1943, juste avant de commencer *Il prigioniero*, Dallapiccola retourna à ses textes dans *Sex Carmina Alcaei*.

Peu de temps après *Estate*, en 1933, Dallapiccola écrivit deux chœurs pour voix mixtes, mettant en musique des poèmes de Michelangelo Buonarroti le Jeune (1568 – 1646), petit-neveu de son célèbre homonyme. Pour cette "première série" et les deux autres composées dans les années qui suivirent, Dallapiccola choisit des textes conçus par le poète avec une intention musicale puisqu'ils devaient servir d'interludes dans une pièce de son ami Niccolò Arrighetti (1586 – 1639). L'harmonie est ici plus délicate, s'inscrivant dans la ligne des progressions modales du madrigal de la Renaissance italienne dont la polyphonie imitative est aussi illustrée. *Due canzoni corali* d'Ildebrando Pizzetti, datant de 1913 et aussi à six voix, pourrait avoir orienté Dallapiccola lorsqu'il entreprit de composer son premier opéra, *Volo di notte* (d'après le roman *Vol de nuit* d'Antoine de Saint-Exupéry).

Il prigioniero
En juin 1939, quelques mois à peine après avoir terminé *Volo di notte*, Dallapiccola était en visite à Paris avec son épouse. Ils flânaient le long de la Seine, jetant un coup d'œil aux éventaires des bouquinistes, quand elle prit en main un exemplaire des *Nouveaux Contes cruels* de Villiers de L'Isle-Adam (1838 – 1889).

Elle y trouva une histoire, "La Torture par l'espérance", qui, pensait-elle, pourrait inspirer son époux pour l'intrigue d'un second opéra. Au cœur de l'intrigue se trouve un prisonnier, sous l'Inquisition espagnole, qui apercevant la porte de sa cellule ouverte, la quitte discrètement, son espoir de liberté s'intensifiant jusqu'à l'extase quand il se retrouve dehors dans un jardin, sous un ciel étoilé – mais l'Inquisiteur l'y attend.

Dallapiccola ne put se pencher tout de suite sur ce récit, car il avait déjà entrepris une autre œuvre sur le thème de l'emprisonnement, *Canti di prigionia* pour chœur, avec pianos, harpes et percussions, et d'autres projets l'attendaient aussi. Mais au cours de la dernière semaine de 1943, il décida de se mettre à écrire un livret qui s'en inspirait (comme il l'avait fait pour *Volo di notte*), et le mois suivant, il en commença la mise en musique. Mais il ne progressait que lentement, car une fois encore, d'autres œuvres vinrent interrompre son travail, et la partition ne fut donc achevée qu'en mai 1948. L'opéra fut créé à la radio le 1er décembre 1949, et sur scène, à Florence, en mai 1950.

Plus d'une décennie s'écoula donc entre la mise sur le métier de l'œuvre et son arrivée sur la scène, une période au cours de laquelle Dallapiccola modifia significativement les fondements de sa musique. Lui qui avait observé Schoenberg et Webern avec intérêt, se mit à analyser en profondeur leur musique, s'imprégnant de leurs techniques sérielles pour *Sex Carmina Alcaei* et d'autres mises en musique de poèmes en grec ancien transposés en italien. *Il prigioniero* adopte dès le début un style pleinement chromatique, le silence qui précède la représentation étant rompu par un motif de trois accords qui, entre eux, projettent les douze notes. Mais à la fois, très typiquement, le compositeur ne néglige pas certaines connexions avec d'autres modes de perception. Ces accords comportent chacun des quartes doublées d'octaves dans l'aigu et une dissonance avec ces quartes dans les graves; chacun peut être considéré comme appartenant à une gamme octatonique (de secondes majeures et mineures alternées). Cette musique n'est pas tellement différente de celle qu'écrivit Dallapiccola plus tôt. Elle a le son du métal et de la pierre, de la prison, mais elle tinte aussi comme la cloche de la libération. "Ma prison – ma forteresse", écrivit Kafka, et il se peut qu'en s'emprisonnant dans le sérialisme, Dallapiccola créa, consciemment peut-être, une forteresse dans laquelle il pouvait agir délibérément et même en toute liberté.

Les trois accords initiaux résonnent tout au long de l'opéra, mais leur *tutti* fracassant est moins souvent répété; au contraire, cette partition se caractérise dans l'ensemble par beaucoup de finesse et d'économie, et parfois seuls quelques instruments assurent la

continuité, créent les atmosphères, sombres ou lumineuses, et mettent les voix en relief. Il n'y a que trois protagonistes: le Prisonnier, sa Mère (un personnage introduit par Dallapiccola et présent seulement dans le prologue et dans la première scène) et le Geôlier, identifié au stade ultime comme le Grand Inquisiteur. Il y a aussi trois grandes séries dodécaphoniques que Dallapiccola appela "Prière", "Espoir" et "Liberté", d'où sont issues les lignes vocales rendues plus expressives, selon lui, par le recours à douze notes plutôt qu'à sept.

Dans le récit original, Villiers de L'Isle-Adam ne donne aucune indication quant à l'époque où se déroule l'action, sauf indirectement en donnant à l'Inquisiteur le nom de Pedro de Arbués qui occupa cette fonction en 1484–1485, sous Torquemada. C'était la période où l'Inquisition espagnole, nouvellement instituée, se préoccupait particulièrement des Juifs, et donc, Villiers fait de son protagoniste un rabbin. Dallapiccola dut toutefois ressentir cette situation comme insupportable quand il commença à écrire le livret en 1943, du fait que l'Europe était alors victime d'un programme antisémite sur une échelle infiniment plus terrible. Peut-être est-ce pour cette raison qu'il postposa l'action d'environ un siècle, de l'Espagne de Ferdinand et Isabelle à celle de Philippe II, que la Mère, dans son prologue en solo, traite de scélérat. Il est possible que le compositeur fut motivé aussi par la connexion qu'il pouvait établir avec un autre opéra mettant en vedette un Grand Inquisiteur: *Don Carlos* de Verdi (bien que des parallèles plus évidents encore s'offrent à nous dans *Il trovatore*).

Et terminant le prologue, la *ballata* ou ballade de la Mère s'impose dramatiquement dans un "intermezzo choral", une mise en musique ironique de psaumes s'y appropriant. La première scène suit alors, avec le Prisonnier et sa Mère, dans laquelle il est question de prière et d'espoir. La manière agréable dont le Geôlier s'adresse au Prisonnier habituellement l'encourage à espérer. "Fratello" (frère), lui dit-il, ce que le Prisonnier chante sur trois notes qui confèreront à l'opéra un autre de ses thèmes mémorables. Le contexte ici est dodécaphonique, mais consonnant, l'orchestre intervenant par deux accords mineurs; une fois de plus donc, nous sommes en terrain mixte, entre le tonal et l'atonal, ce que Dallapiccola trouvait si productif.

La Mère quitte quand entre le Geôlier en chantant "Fratello" à sa manière, bien que dans cette deuxième scène, qui ne réunit de nouveau que deux des protagonistes, il adopte plus tard le ton du Prisonnier. Comme Villiers le note, l'inquisiteur laisse entrevoir l'espoir du pardon divin le lendemain, quand le prisonnier périra au bûcher. Dallapiccola, dans une œuvre excluant tout sentiment religieux, a besoin d'une promesse qui soit de ce monde, non

pas d'un monde futur, et il donne la parole au Geôlier qui évoque la révolte contre Philippe II, chez lui, aux Pays-Bas. Les accords du début résonnent de nouveau lorsque le Geôlier parle de la grande cloche de Gand, Roeland, qui sonne, puis une aria de trois strophes suit, relatant les victoires des "Gueux" (la noblesse rebelle des Pays-Bas). Le matériau de cette partie provient de ce qui fut la seconde source littéraire du compositeur, le roman picaresque *La Légende et les aventures héroïques, joyeuses et glorieuses d'Ulenspiegel et de Lamme Goedzak au pays de Flandres et ailleurs* par l'auteur belge Charles De Coster (1827–1879). L'action se poursuit dans le lieu choisi par Villiers, Saragosse, mais une énigme surgit quant à la raison pour laquelle le Prisonnier s'identifie avec la cause des Flamands, dont il est de toute évidence bien informé. Toutefois, ce manque de précision – s'ajoutant bien sûr à la manière peu précise, elle aussi, de dénommer les différents personnages – contribuent à faire d'*Il prigioniero* un drame d'archétypes, d'une force supérieure à tout aspect de lieu ou de temps, et invitant les spectateurs à apporter à cette métaphore leur propre expérience. Quand l'œuvre vit le jour, le public songea sans doute aux mouvements antifascistes de la récente guerre.

Dans la troisième scène, Dallapiccola reste proche du récit de Villiers, reprenant même l'épisode des deux moines qui, discutant d'un point de doctrine, ne voient pas le protagoniste s'échapper et avancer sur ce qu'il pense être la voie de la liberté. Ceci est nécessairement une scène solo, ponctuée par les débuts des "ricercares" orchestraux, comme Dallapiccola les nomment – des inventions canoniques en quelque sorte. Le premier d'entre eux est fondé sur la ligne introductrice chantée par le Prisonnier dans la scène, "Signore, aiutami a camminare", mise en musique par la série de la "Prière", et le deuxième, sur le motif "Fratello" de la première scène; puis ces deux ricercares se superposent. Après la discussion des moines, le troisième ricercare se fait entendre, sur les accords maintenant associés à la cloche Roeland. Ensuite les trois ricercares sont combinés. Les accords du début de l'œuvre sont repris une fois encore alors que le Prisonnier atteint le bout du couloir, puis il nous semble entendre, aux percussions, Roeland elle-même en un climax qui se transforme en un second intermezzo pour chœur, qui reste invisible.

La dernière scène est brève. Le Prisonnier, arrivé au jardin, savoure sa liberté, et le chœur reste en toile de fond tout au long d'un épisode remarquable par sa délicatesse expressive, prêt à contribuer à un rapide nouveau climax. Une brusque interruption survient et le Geôlier réapparaît, maintenant en tant que Grand Inquisiteur, lui adressant son terrible salut. Le Prisonnier se rend compte qu'il a été victime

de la pire des tortures, celle de l'espoir, et un chœur de chambre fait son entrée avec une citation du premier des *Canti della prigionia* du compositeur, dont les mots viennent d'une prière attribuée à Marie Stuart, reine d'Écosse. Avec sa douceur habituelle, qui est pire que de la férocité, le Grand Inquisiteur reconduit le Prisonnier.

On sent toutefois que le Prisonnier s'est réellement échappé, car il n'est plus dans l'ensemble vocal et orchestral, qui poursuit sa lente descente. Il ne chante plus, mais parle. "Liberté", dit-il. Puis une fois encore, posant clairement une question: "Liberté?" L'opéra maintenant semble s'évanouir en toile de fond tandis que lui reste sur place, pour faire face à l'auditoire.

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Traduction: Marie-Françoise de Meeûs

Danish National Concert Choir, with its Director, Bart Van Reyn

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Gianandrea Noseda

Il prigioniero

Prologo

Si alza subito la tela, dietro cui appare un velario nero.

Davanti al velario appare la Madre, vestita di nero. Soltanto il suo volto bianchissimo, illuminato spietatamente, risulterà visibile.

La madre

1 Ti rivedrò, mio figlio!
Ti rivedrò...
Ma una voce nel cuor mi sussurra:
"Questa è l'ultima volta!"

Ti rivedrò, mio figlio!
Da più mesi mi struggo
ne la brama di te,
e l'affanno per te,
e l'accorato amor di te, mio figlio,
mio solo bene!
Il mio sogno... il mio sogno...
Tutte le notti m'opprime...
sempre uguale...
A poco a poco s'aprono le nebbie
del sonno.
(*quasi senza fiato*)
Ecco: agli occhi m'appare
un antro quasi buio,
interminabile.
Lontano, in fondo, una figura,
un'ombra,
uno spettro..., – non so –,
avanza su di me

The Prisoner

Prologue

The screen rises suddenly, behind which appears a black curtain.

In front of the curtain the Mother appears, dressed in black. Only her face, white as a sheet, ruthlessly illuminated, will be visible.

The Mother

I shall see you again, my son!
I shall see you again...
However, a voice whispers in my heart:
'This is the last time!'

I shall see you again, my son!
For months I have been consumed
by yearning for you
and my grief for you
and my earnest love for you, my son,
my only treasure!
That dream... that dream...
Every night torments me...
it is the same, always...
Gradually rises the haze
of my sleep.
(*almost without breath*)
And then my eyes perceive
a cave, almost black,
endless.
At its furthest point, far away, a shape,
a shadow,
a ghost... – I know not –,
advances upon me

lentissimo, pauroso.
Tento di volger gli occhi...
tento
di non vedere...
Ma c'è qualcosa assai
di me più forte
che tien le mie pupille aperte e fisse.

[**Ballata**]
Velo! Lo riconosco!
(Porta un farsetto nero.
Il toson d'oro al collo brilla sinistro.)
Avanza.
Le sue labbra di ferro
non san che sia il sorriso;
sembra un rintocco funebre
il suo pesante passo.
Gli balena negli occhi il riflesso dei roghi
che a volte alimentò
col proprio fiato. Tace.

Non sugli uomini impera,
ma sopra un cimitero
il Re che turba il mondo
col suo fantasticare.
È lui, Filippo, il Gufo, figlio dell'Avvoltoio,
poggia la fronte pallida
a una vetrata.
Infine solleva il braccio destro in alto,
mormorando:
"Dio Signore è del cielo;
Io son Re sulla terra."

very slowly, terrifying.
I try to avert my eyes...
I try
not to see...
But something much
stronger than I
holds my pupils open and focused.

[**Ballad**]
I see him! I recognise him!
(He wears a black doublet.
At his collar the Golden Fleece shines sinisterly.)
He is moving forward.
His iron lips
know not what a smile is;
his heavy step
seems to strike a funereal knell.
In his eyes flashes the reflection of the blazes
he sometimes stoked
with his own breath. He is silent.

He rules, not men,
but a cemetery
the King who dismays the world
with his fantasies.
'Tis he, Philip, the Owl, son of a Vulture,
leaning his pale forehead
against a glass wall.
Finally he lifts his right arm high,
whispering:
'God is the Lord of the heavens;
I am King upon Earth.'

Son risalite intanto
le nebbie del mio sonno.
(*raccontando*)
A poco a poco il Gufo
muta i suoi lineamenti:
svaniti gli occhi, quasi per magia,
(*con ribrezzo*)
son restate le occhiaie
bianche e vuote...
Si scavano le guance
ed i capelli cadono...
Ad un tratto non è più Re Filippo
che mi fissa:
(*gridato*)
è la Morte!
Sgomenta, caccio un grido:
"Mio figlio! Mio figlio!"

2 [**Primo Intermezzo Corale**]
Coro interno
Fiat misericordia tua, Domine, super nos.
Quemadmodum speravimus in Te.
Sacerdotes tui induantur justitiam.
Et sancti tui exultent.

(*Si apre lentamente il velario nero.*)

Atto Unico
Scena Prima
Un'orribile cella nei sotterranei dell'Official di Saragozza: un giaciglio di paglia, un cavalletto, un fornello, una brocca. In fondo, una porta di ferro. È il crepuscolo: la cella è quasi buia. Sul giaciglio sta il Prigioniero: accanto a lui la Madre.

Meanwhile, again rises
the haze of my sleep.
(*recounting*)
Slowly the Owl
changes its features:
his eyes have vanished, as if by magic,
(*with disgust*)
the sockets remain
white and empty...
The cheeks are hollowed
and the hair falls away...
Suddenly it is no longer King Philip
staring at me:
(*shouting*)
it is Death!
In dismay I scream:
'My son! My son!'

[**First Choral Intermezzo**]
Chorus from inside
May your mercy, God, be upon us.
As we set our hopes in you.
May your priests be clad in justice.
And your saints exult.

(*Slowly the black curtain opens.*)

Single Act
First Scene
A horrible cell in the basement of the Office of the Inquisition in Saragossa: a straw bed, a three-legged stand, a stove, a jug. In the background, an iron door. It is dusk: the cell is quite dark. On the bed sits the Prisoner: next to him the Mother.

Il prigioniero (*come continuando una narrazione*)
3 Ero solo. Tutt'era buio.
Buio era in questa cella.
Buio era nel mio cuore.
No, non sapevo ancora
di poter soffrir tanto
e non morire...

La madre (*con angoscia, ma repressa*)
Figlio... figliolo...

Il prigioniero
Temevo il sonno,
quasi per timore
dovesse esser eterno;
temea la veglia, anch'essa
piena d'ombre e di visioni...

La madre
Mio figlio...

Il prigioniero
...quando il Carceriere pronunciò
finalmente una parola:
(*cantato*)
"Fratello". Dolcissima parola
che mi diede ancor fiducia nella vita.

La madre (*fra sé; mormorando*)
...che ti diede ancor fiducia nella vita?

Il prigioniero
Come dire
di dove venga la speranza!

The Prisoner (*as if continuing a narrative*)
I was alone. Everything was dark.
There was darkness in this cell.
Darkness was in my heart.
No, I had never before known
it would be possible to suffer so much
without dying...

The Mother (*with anguish, but repressed*)
Son... dear son...

The Prisoner
I feared sleep,
almost dreading
it should be eternal;
I also feared wakefulness, it, too,
full of shadows and visions...

The Mother
My son...

The Prisoner
...but then the Jailer finally
uttered a word:
(*singing*)
'Brother'. Sweetest word
giving me back my trust in life.

The Mother (*to herself; murmuring*)
...giving you back your trust in life?

The Prisoner
How to tell
where hope might come from?

Come s'insinui nel nostro cuore?
(*soave*)
"Fratello". Dolcissima parola
che mi ridiede il senso della luce.

La madre
...che ti ridiede il senso della luce?

Il prigioniero
Dopo torture che non so narrare,
dopo che corda e morsa e cavalletto
tutto il mio corpo avevano piagato...

La madre
Figlio, figliolo mio!...

Il prigioniero
...udivo alfine una parola amica:
(*soave*)
"Fratello". Dolcissima parola...
Da quella sera ho ripreso
a pregare...

E prego sempre, quando cade
il giorno:
Signore, aiutami
a camminare,
così lunga è la via che mi pare
di non poterla finire.
Signore, aiutami a salire.

La madre (*fra sé*)
Che mi ricordano
queste parole?

How it may penetrate our hearts?
(*sweetly*)
'Brother'. Sweetest word
giving me back the feel of light.

The Mother
...giving you back the feel of light?

The Prisoner
After indescribable torture,
after rope and vice and rack
had broken my whole body...

The Mother
Son, my dear son!...

The Prisoner
...at last I heard a friendly word:
(*sweetly*)
'Brother'. Sweetest word...
From that night onward I started once more
to pray...

And I am always praying, at the end
of the day:
Lord, help me
walk,
the road is so long that I think
I may not reach the end.
Lord, help me climb it.

The Mother (*to herself*)
Of what do they remind me,
those words?

Mi fan pensare ad
un tempo lontano:
Così pregavi quand'eri bambino...
Triste è riandare
al tempo tuo felice...

(*abbraccia il prigioniero*)

Figlio! figliolo!
che più ci è rimasto di allora?

(*Si scuote.*)
(*senza muoversi*)

Il prigioniero
È il Carceriere.

(*Si apre la porta nel fondo.*)

La madre
È questo, dimmi, proprio
l'ultimo nostro addio?

(*Il prigioniero non risponde e resta immobile.*)
(*La madre esce.*)

Scena Seconda
Il prigioniero
4 Solo. Son solo un'altra volta.
Solo coi miei pensieri. O madre mia!

(*Il Carceriere appare improvvisamente nel vano della porta, tenendo in mano una lampada accesa.*)

They make me think of
a time long ago:
That was your prayer when you were a child...
How sad it is to hearken back
to your happy days...

(*embraces the Prisoner*)

Son! My dear son!
what is left to us from that time?

(*She rouses herself.*)
(*without moving*)

The Prisoner
It is the Jailer.

(*The door in the background opens.*)

The Mother
Tell me, is this really
our last farewell?

(*The Prisoner does not respond and stands motionless.*)
(*The Mother exits.*)

Second Scene
The Prisoner
Alone. I am alone again.
Alone with my thoughts. Oh mother!

(*The Jailer suddenly appears in the doorway, holding in one hand a lighted lamp.*)

(*Avanza di qualche passo.*)

Il carceriere
Fratello...

Il prigioniero
Questa voce..., quest'unica parola
nel silenzio e nel buio...

Il carceriere
Fratello... spera...

(*Avanza ancora lentamente, ma si trova sempre alquanto lontano dal prigioniero.*)

Il prigioniero
Udire infine
una parola umana
là dove tutto tace...

Il carceriere
Spera, fratello, spera ardentemente;
devi sperare sino a spasimarne:
devi sperare ad ogni ora del giorno;
vivere devi
per poter sperare.

(*Avanza ancora di qualche passo... è ormai vicino al prigioniero.*)

Fratello...
(*Avanza ancora di un passo.*)
(*all'orecchio del prigioniero*)
Nelle Fiandre

(*He takes a few steps forward.*)

The Jailer
Brother...

The Prisoner
This voice..., this word alone
amidst the silence and darkness...

The Jailer
Brother... hope...

(*He draws slowly nearer, but stands always at some distance from the Prisoner.*)

The Prisoner
Finally to hear
a human word
where everything is silent...

The Jailer
Hope, brother, hope passionately;
you must hope until you ache:
you must hope every hour of the day;
you must live
so that you can hope.

(*He takes another few steps forward... he now stands next to the Prisoner.*)

Brother...
(*He takes yet another step.*)
(*into the Prisoner's ear*)
Flanders

(*Si guarda intorno.*)
divampa la rivolta...

Il prigioniero
Ah!...

Il carceriere
Nelle strade di Gand tumultia il popolo.

Il prigioniero (*scuotendosi*)
Ah!...

Il carceriere
Carlo strappò la lingua
di sua madre il dì che tolse
la fiera campana a Gand,
che forte parlava alle Fiandre,
Roelandt, l'orgoglio di tutta una terra.

Il prigioniero
Roelandt, com'eri solenne nell'aria
mentre il tuo motto scandivi pacata:
"Quando rintocco vuol dir
che c'è incendio;
quando rintocco il paese è in rivolta..."

Il carceriere
Roelandt ancora
risonare udrai!
Giorno di gioia alfin
per tanti cuori oppressi...
Fratello, sappi a quei rintocchi
che il Sant'Uffizio
e Filippo tramontano!

(*He glances around.*)
is alight with rebellion...

The Prisoner
Ah!...

The Jailer
In the streets of Ghent the people are in tumult.

The Prisoner (*startled*)
Ah!...

The Jailer
Charles ripped out the tongue
of its mother the day he took away
the proud bell in Ghent,
which loudly spoke to Flanders:
Roeland, the pride of a whole country.

The Prisoner
Roeland, how solemn in the air
was your word, serenely spoken:
'When I ring it means
that there is a fire;
when I ring the country is in turmoil...'

The Jailer
Roeland once more
you will hear ring!
A happy day at last
to many oppressed hearts...
Brother, those rings will tell you
that the Inquisition
and Philip are on the wane!

Il prigioniero
Ah! Ridilla ancora
la parola attesa!

Il carceriere
Flessinga è conquistata dai Pezzenti;
sta per cadere Veere;
a Gorcum si combatte...

Il prigioniero
Combattono i Pezzenti!

[**Aria** (**in tre strofe**)]
Il carceriere
Sull'Oceano, sulla Schelda,
con il sole, con la pioggia,
con la grandine e la neve,
sui vascelli – lieti in volto –
i Pezzenti passano.
Con le vele aperte ai venti,
bianchi cigni
che svolazzano,
cigni della libertà!

Il prigioniero
Cigni della libertà!

Il carceriere
Tre colori ha lo stendardo
che accompagna i prodi in mare:
bianco è per la libertà,
è l'azzurro per la gloria,
arancione è per il Principe.

The Prisoner
Ah! Say it again,
that longed for word!

The Jailer
Flushing was taken by the Beggars;
Veere is about to fall;
they do battle in Gorkum...

The Prisoner
The Beggars fight!

[**Aria** (**in three strophes**)]
The Jailer
Upon the Ocean, on the Schelde,
under the sun, under the rain,
in the hail and the snow,
on their ships – with happy faces –
do the Beggars sail.
With their sails to the wind,
white swans
flitting,
swans of freedom!

The Prisoner
Swans of freedom!

The Jailer
Three colours has the banner
accompanying those brave men on the sea:
white for liberty,
and azure for glory,
orange is for the Prince.

Con le vele aperte ai venti
i Pezzenti passano,
cigni della libertà. Ah!

Il prigioniero
...della libertà!

Il carceriere
Volano sul fiume rapidi,
sembran nubi
al vento nordico;
con la prora fendon l'onde,
mentre in alto, dalle stelle,
ai Pezzenti Iddio sorride.
Dio dei liberi,
ci aiuta!
Sono i cigni candidi,
cigni della libertà! Ah!

Il prigioniero
...della libertà!

Il carceriere
Il grido di vendetta
scoppia in Fiandra:
vibrano i cuori
(*gridato*)
come corde tese...

Il prigioniero (*quasi fra sé*)
Filippo, sanguinario, dove sei?
D'Alba feroce, dove ti nascondi?

With their sails to the wind,
do the Beggars go,
swans of freedom. Ah!

The Prisoner
...of freedom!

The Jailer
They fly fast over the river,
they look like clouds
in the Northern wind;
their prow cleaves the waves,
while from high, from the stars,
God smiles upon the Beggars.
God of the free,
help us!
They are pure white swans,
swans of freedom! Ah!

The Prisoner
...of freedom!

The Jailer
The cry for vengeance
bursts out in Flanders:
hearts vibrate
(*shouted*)
like taut strings...

The Prisoner (*as if to himself*)
Bloodthirsty Philip, where are you?
Ferocious Alba, where are you hiding?

Il carceriere
Dopo la strage riprende la vita...
(*sussurrato*)
Non odi intorno voci di fanciulli?
Torna, sole, sulle città liberate!
Campane, spandete nell'aria
il vostro rintocco
di gioia...
Sorridono i volti ed i cuori...

(*Il prigioniero che ha prestato sempre maggiore attenzione alle parole del carceriere, dalla precedente espressione di ferocia è passato a una espressione di gioia serena: tenta di riprendere la frase del carceriere, ma la gola gli si chiude e scoppia in singhiozzi.*)

Il prigioniero
Ah! Fratello, grazie a te,
che m'hai fatto sperare!

(*Alza le braccia, giungendo le mani e, in tale atteggiamento rimane immobile, come assorto in una visione.*)

Il carceriere (*silenziosamente si avvicina al prigioniero*)
Fratello...
(*sussurrato*)
C'è chi veglia su te.
La libertà tanto agognata
forse ti è vicina.
Abbi fede, fratello.
Dormi... e spera!

The Jailer
After the massacre life resumes...
(*whispered*)
Can you not hear around voices of children?
Shine back, sun, over free cities!
Bells, spread in the air
your peals
of joy...
Faces and hearts smile...

(*The Prisoner, who has been paying increasing attention to the words of the Jailer, from the preceding expression of fierceness has moved to one of serene joy: he tries to repeat the phrase of the Jailer, but his throat tightens and he succumbs to sobs.*)

The Prisoner
Ah! Brother, thank you,
for giving me hope!

(*He raises his arms, stretching out his hands, and he remains motionless in this attitude, as if absorbed in a vision.*)

The Jailer (*silently moves over to the Prisoner*)
Brother...
(*whispered*)
Someone watches over you.
The freedom you yearn for
is perhaps nearing.
Have faith, brother.
Sleep... and hope!

(*Raccatta la lampada e si appresta a uscire.*)
(*Il carceriere si sofferma presso la porta... Esce.*)
(*Il prigioniero si stende sul suo giaciglio.*)
(*Da uno spiraglio, fra la porta e il muro, filtra dall'esterno un raggio di luce: il riflesso della lampada del carceriere.*)
(*Un altro raggio di luce, più debole. Il prigioniero si scuote.*)

Il prigioniero (*quasi senza fiato*)
No, no... vaneggio.
Questa debolezza estrema
mi causò tant'altre volte
visioni allucinanti.
Quel riflesso...
mai prima d'ora l'avevo notato.
Quel riflesso... La lampada...
Ho udito i passi che s'allontanavano...
Mai prima d'ora li avevo notati.
(*con voce tremola*)
La lampada...
(*parlato*)
Nel buio, all'improvviso, piombava
questa cella le altre sere.
M'ha detto:
"Abbi fede, fratello.
Dormi. Spera."
(*come prendendo una decisione... Striscia cautamente verso la porta.*)
M'ha detto:
"C'è chi veglia su te."

(*He retrieves the lamp and prepares to leave.*)
(*The Jailer stops to pause near the door... Exits.*)
(*The Prisoner lies down on his bed.*)
(*Through a chink, between the door and the wall, filters a ray of light: a glimmer of the Jailer's lamp.*)
(*Another ray of light, weaker. The Prisoner shivers.*)

The Prisoner (*almost without breath*)
No, no... I am delirious.
This extreme weakness of mine
gave me so many more times
blinding visions.
That glare...
I had never noticed it before.
That glare... The lamp...
I heard steps moving away...
I had never noticed them before.
(*with trembling voice*)
The lamp...
(*spoken*)
This cell would suddenly plunge
into darkness on all other evenings.
He told me:
'Have faith, brother.
Sleep. Hope.'
(*as if taking a decision... He creeps carefully towards the door.*)
He said:
'Someone watches over you.'

(*Tocca la porta, che cede subito alla pressione.*)
(*soffocato*)
Ah! Ma allora, questo...
non è un sogno!
"Spera!" m'ha detto... "Spera!"

(*Si precipita fuori della porta.*)

Cala la tela
(*Cambiamento di scena*)

Si alza lentamente la tela.

Scena Terza
Il sotterraneo dell'Official di Saragozza, illuminato appena qua e là da lampade bluastre. [*Scenario girevole*]
(*Il sotterraneo, lunghissimo e di cui non si vede la fine, dovrà far pensare a quello che la madre, nel Prologo, racconta di aver veduto in sogno.*)
(*Il prigioniero striscia lungo una parete del sotterraneo... s'inginocchia.*)

Il prigioniero
5 Signore, aiutami a camminare.
Così lunga è la via che mi pare
di non poterla finire.
Signore, aiutami a salire.

6 [**Ricercare primo, super "Signore, aiutami a camminare"**]
(*Il prigioniero si alza e riprende a strisciare lungo la parete.*)

(*He touches the door, which yields immediately to the pressure.*)
(*with stifled voice*)
Ah! But then, this...
is not a dream!
'Hope!' he said... 'Hope!'

(*He rushes out through the door.*)

The screen falls.
(*Change of scene*)

The screen rises slowly.

Third Scene
The basement of the Office of the Inquisition in Saragossa, lit just here and there by blue-tinged lamps. [*Revolving stage*]
(*The long basement, the end of which cannot be seen, should make one think of that which the Mother, in the Prologue, recounted having seen in a dream.*)
(*The Prisoner creeps along one wall of the basement... He kneels.*)

The Prisoner
Lord, help me walk.
The way is so long that I think
I may not reach the end.
Lord, help me climb it.

[**First Ricercare, on 'Lord, help me walk'**]
(*The Prisoner rises and resumes creeping along the wall.*)

Il prigioniero (*parlato*)
Buio. Silenzio. Come fra le tombe.
(*Passa rapido e silenzioso un fra redemptor, che tiene in mano uno strumento di tortura. Svolta e scompare.*)
(*quai soffocato dal terrore!*)
Chi viene?
(*Si rannicchia in un angolo buio.*)
(*fra sé ; immobilizzato dallo spavento*)
Che angoscia, Iddio!
Sulle carni straziate
risento il morso
di quelle tenaglie...
risento il ferro... il fuoco...
(*S'inginocchia.*)
Signore, aiutami a camminare...

(*Tenta di alzarsi.*)

7 [**Ricercare secondo, super "Fratello"**]

Il prigioniero (*quasi senza fiato*)
Non reggo.
Sorpreso qui, la notte,
evitar non potrei
nuovi, atroci supplizi.
Che fare?
Ritornare nella mia cella scura
ad aspettare ancora
e sempre invano!

The Prisoner (*spoken*)
Darkness. Silence. As if among tombs.
(*A Brother Redeemer passes rapidly and silently, holding in one hand an instrument of torture. He turns and disappears.*)
(*almost choking with terror!*)
Who is coming?
(*He crouches in a dark corner.*)
(*to himself; petrified with fear*)
What anguish, God!
On my tortured flesh
I feel again the bite
of those pincers...
I feel again the iron... the fire...
(*He kneels.*)
Lord, help me walk...

(*He tries to rise.*)

[**Second Ricercare, on 'Brother'**]

The Prisoner (*almost without breath*)
I cannot take the strain.
Were I caught here, at night,
I could not avoid
new, terrible tortures.
What to do?
Go back to my dark cell
to wait once more
and still in vain!

"Vieni fuori!" una voce
disse a Lazaro un giorno:
e dalla fossa umida e buia
Lazaro apparve.
(*Fa qualche passo... Si ferma.*)
Odo una simile voce
a me intorno:
dal buio mi chiama alla luce...
m'incanta, mi vuole
a sé dall'ombra
con magica parola...

(*Appaiono improvvisamente Due Sacerdoti. Il prigioniero si rannicchia di nuovo, ma non lontano dal riflesso di una lampada.*)

Il prigioniero
Ahimè!

Primo sacerdote (*come continuando una conversazione*)
La Comunione sub utraque specie...

Secondo sacerdote (*parlato*)
Silenzio...
M'era sembrato d'udire...

Primo sacerdote (*calmissimo*)
Che cosa!

Secondo sacerdote
Come il sospiro di qualcun...
che viva...

'Come out!' a voice
said to Lazarus once:
and from the damp and dark tomb
Lazarus appeared.
(*He takes a few steps... He stops.*)
I hear a similar voice
around me:
calling me from darkness to light...
enchanting me, wanting me
near, from the shadow
with a magic word...

(*Suddenly two Priests appear. The Prisoner crouches again, but not far from the sheen of a lamp.*)

The Prisoner
Alas!

First Priest (*as if continuing a conversation*)
Communion under either form...

Second Priest (*speaking*)
Hark...
I thought I heard...

First Priest (*in utter calm*)
What!

Second Priest
Almost a sigh from someone...
alive...

Primo sacerdote (*sempre calmissimo*)
E chi potrebbe vivere qui intorno?
I carcerati dormon nelle celle:
li attende all'alba assai
più lungo sonno.

Secondo sacerdote (*con fervore*)
Voglia il Cielo toccare i loro cuori
in quest'ultima notte...

Primo sacerdote (*fissa a lungo il punto in cui il prigioniero è rannicchiato; come riprendendo la conversazione dell'inizio*)
La Comunione sub utraque specie...

(*Si dispongono a uscire.*)
(*Escono.*)

Secondo sacerdote (*già fuori di scena*)
Negano la reale Presenza...

8 [**Ricercare terzo, super "Roelandt"**]

Il prigioniero (*con terrore*)
Quegli occhi mi guardavano!
Occhi tremendi...
ancor vi vedo impressi
su quest'umido muro...

(*con voce tremola*)

No... no... son le pupille
che ritengono ancora quello
sguardo incancellabile.

First Priest (*ever calm*)
But who could live around here?
The prisoners sleep in their cells:
at dawn awaits them
a much longer sleep.

Second Priest (*with fervour*)
May Heaven touch their hearts
in this, their last night...

First Priest (*stares towards the point at which the Prisoner is hiding; as though resuming the conversation from the beginning*)
Communion under either form...

(*They make ready to leave.*)
(*They exit.*)

Second Priest (*already off-stage*)
They deny the real Presence...

[**Third Ricercare, on 'Roeland'**]

The Prisoner (*terrified*)
Those eyes were looking at me!
Terrible eyes...
I still see you imprinted
on this damp wall...

(*with trembling voice*)

No... no... it is my eyes
still keeping that
irremovable look.

M'hanno veduto
quei terribili occhi?
(*Riprende stancamente il cammino.*)
Così lunga è la via che mi pare...
(*Striscia lungo la parete.*)
(*Si ferma.*)
(*quasi parlato*)
Sulle mie mani passa
un soffio d'aria... una fredda carezza...
donde viene?
La porta non dev'essere lontana...
(*sempre strisciando lungo la parete*)
(*Si alza e accelera il passo... Si ferma.*)
Signore, aiutami a salire...
(*Accelera ancora il passo.*)
(*gridando*)
La porta! La porta! Sono al fine!
(*Si ferma improvvisamente.*)
La campana di Gand!
(*vacillando*)
La gran campana!
Roelandt, la fiera! Filippo! Filippo!
(*Accelera il passo:... è vicinissimo... alla... porta...*)
I giorni del tuo regno son contati!

Did they see me
those terrible eyes?
(*He wearily resumes his course.*)
The road is so long that I feel...
(*He creeps along the wall.*)
(*He stops.*)
(*half-spoken*)
On my hands I felt
a breath of air... a cold caress...
where does it come from?
The door cannot be far away...
(*always creeping along the wall*)
(*He straightens himself and hastens his step... He stops.*)
Lord, help me climb...
(*He picks up his pace.*)
(*shouting*)
The door! The door! I have reached the end!
(*He stops suddenly.*)
The bell of Ghent!
(*hesitating*)
The great bell!
Roeland, the proud! Philip! Philip!
(*He hastens his step:... he is... almost... at... the... door...*)
The days of your kingdom are numbered!

9 [**Secondo Intermezzo Corale**]
Coro
Domine, labia mea aperies
et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam.

[**Second Choral Intermezzo**]
Chorus
Lord, open my lips
and my mouth will announce your praise.

Scena Quarta (**ultima**)
Un vasto giardino, sotto il cielo stellato. Un grande cedro nel mezzo della scena. In distanza, nello sfondo, le montagne. Aria di primavera.

Il prigioniero (*precipitandosi in scena*)
10 Alleluja!
(*Appena ora si guarda intorno, stupito.*)
(*quasi senza fiato*)
(*A poco a poco raggiungere il parlato.*)
Quest'aria... questa luce... La libertà!

Il coro interno
Domine... Domine...

Il prigioniero (*cantato; con devozione*)
Non ho sperato invano,
non ho sperato invano...

Il coro interno
Domine, labia mea aperies...

Il prigioniero (*estatico*)
Le stelle! Il cielo! questa è la salvezza...
Fuggir per la campagna...
Con le prime luci
dell'alba sarò sui monti...
Il profumo dei cedri... La libertà...

Il coro interno
Et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam...

Il prigioniero (*con immenso fervore*)
Alleluja!

Fourth Scene (**last**)
A large garden, under a starry sky. A large cedar in the middle of the stage. Distantly, in the background, the mountains. Spring is in the air.

The Prisoner (*rushing onto the stage*)
Halleluiah!
(*Just now he looks around, astonished.*)
(*almost breathless*)
(*Little by little he regains his speech.*)
This air... this light... Freedom!

Chorus from inside
Lord... Lord...

The Prisoner (*sung; with devotion*)
I did not hope in vain,
I did not hope in vain...

Chorus from inside
Lord, open my lips...

The Prisoner (*ecstatically*)
The stars! The sky! this is salvation...
Escaping into the countryside...
At the first light
of dawn I shall be on the mountains...
The smell of cedars... Freedom...

Chorus from inside
And my mouth will announce your praise...

The Prisoner (*with immense fervour*)
Halleluiah!

(*Il prigioniero si avvicina al grande cedro e, al colmo dell'estasi, allarga le braccia, in un impeto di amore per tutta l'umanità. Due braccia enormi, quasi nascoste tra i rami più bassi, lentamente si muovono e ricambiano la stretta: il prigioniero si trova fra le braccia del Grande Inquisitore.*)

Il grande inquisitore (**Il carceriere**)
(*soavissimo*)
Fratello...

Il prigioniero (*riconoscendo la voce del carceriere emette un suono inarticolato e resta soffocato dallo spavento*)
Ah!

Il grande inquisitore (*con l'accento della più sincera pietà e tenendo sempre abbracciato il prigioniero*)
Alla vigilia della tua salvezza
perché mai
ci volevi abbandonare?

(*Apre le braccia.*)

Il prigioniero (*come colpito da improvvisa rivelazione muove rapidamente verso il proscenio*)
S'è fatta luce! Vedo! Vedo!
La speranza... l'ultima tortura...
(*come ripiegandosi su se stesso*)

(*The Prisoner moves towards the great cedar and, in the height of ecstasy, spreads his arms, in a surge of love for all humanity. Two enormous arms, almost hidden among all the lowest branches, slowly move to reciprocate the grasp: the Prisoner finds himself in the arms of the Grand Inquisitor.*)

The Grand Inquisitor (**The Jailer**)
(*with utmost sweetness*)
Brother...

The Prisoner (*recognising the voice of the Jailer, utters an inarticulate sound and stands suffocated by fear*)
Ah!

The Grand Inquisitor (*with a note of the most sincere piety and always retaining the Prisoner in his embrace*)
On the eve of your salvation
why ever
did you want to abandon us?

(*He opens his arms.*)

The Prisoner (*as though stunned by a sudden revelation, moves quickly to the front of the stage*)
There is light! I see! I see!
Hope... the final torture...
(*as if folding in on himself*)

Di quanto mai sofferte,
la più atroce...
(*Dal fondo della scena s'alza un bagliore: il prigioniero si volge.*)
Il rogo! Ah!

(*Ride come un pazzo.*)

Il grande inquisitore
Coraggio...

Coro da camera (*dietro la scena; collocato dalla parte opposta a quella del grande coro*)
Languendo, gemendo et genuflectendo...

Il grande inquisitore (*con estrema dolcezza prende per mano il prigioniero e muove con lui qualche passo*)
Vieni...

(*Si ferma.*)

Il coro interno
Domine, labia mea aperies...

Il prigioniero (*con incoscienza; sussurrato*)
La libertà...

(*Guarda in alto.*)

Coro da camera
O Domine Deus!
Languendo, gemendo et genuflectendo...

Of all the pains suffered,
the most atrocious...
(*From the back of the stage a glowing light begins to rise: the Prisoner turns.*)
The stake! Ah!

(*He laughs like a madman.*)

The Grand Inquisitor
Courage...

Chamber Choir (*behind the scene; located on the opposite side to that of the full Chorus*)
Languishing, groaning, and kneeling...

The Grand Inquisitor (*with utmost gentleness taking the Prisoner by the hand and moving with him a few steps*)
Come...

(*He stops.*)

Chorus from inside
Lord, open my lips...

The Prisoner (*unconsciously; whispering*)
Freedom...

(*He looks up.*)

Chamber Choir
O God, my Lord!
Languishing, groaning, and kneeling...

Il grande inquisitore
Fratello... andiamo...

(*Riprende per mano il prigioniero e con lui si avvia verso il fondo della scena.*)

Il coro interno
Et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam...

Il prigioniero (*con incoscienza; sussurrato. Ma questa volta con tono nettamente interrogativo*)
La libertà?

Cala la tela.

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The Grand Inquisitor
Brother... let us go...

(*Again he takes the Prisoner by the hand and with him moves towards the back of the stage.*)

Chorus from inside
And my mouth will announce your praise...

The Prisoner (*unconsciously; whispering. But this time in a distinctly questioning tone*)
Freedom?

The screen falls.

English translation by Emanuela Guastella
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Prima Serie dei Cori di Michelangelo Buonarroti il Giovane

11 **a. Il Coro delle Malmaritate**
All'altrui spese, donzelle, imparate,
All'altrui spese imparate, donzelle,
Per non aver a dir piangendo poi:
Triste, malmaritate!
Quant'era me' per noi!
Chiuderci per le celle,
Scavezzarci le chiome,
Mutarci abito e nome,
Vestir nero, bigio o bianco,
Arrandellarci 'l fianco

First Series of the Choruses of Michelangelo Buonarroti the Younger

a. Chorus of the Ill-married Women
From the errors of others, young girls, learn,
Learn from the errors of others, young girls,
So that, afterwards, you will not tearfully say:
Unhappy, ill-married!
How much better would it have been for us!
If we had shut ourselves in a monastery cell,
Shaved our hair,
Changed our attire and name,
Dressed in black, grey, or white,
Belted our sides tight

Di cordigli e di cuoi
Quant'era me' per noi!
Quant'era me' per noi
Levarci a' mattutini,
Dar mano a' lumicini
Prima che canti il gallo!
Cacciarci in un Bigallo,
Entrare in un Rosano,
Metterci in un Majano,
Al Portico, al Boldrone
Darci, o'in Pian di Mugnone
Farci vestire a Lapo,
O ver ficcare il capo
'N un Monticel di buoi.
Quant'era me' per noi!
Però imparate e pensateci ben ben ben ben prima,
Ch'e' non vi s'abbia a dir poi: lima, lima.

12 **b. Il Coro dei Malammogliati**
Chi imparar vuole a tòr moglie
Mastri esperti eccoci qui;
E diciam che chi la toglie
Dato aver vedrà in duo dì
'N una diavolo infernale,
'N una zucca senza sale.

Me ne stetti al detto altrui:
Un buon uom mi disse: "Fa";
Oh minchion, minchion ch'io fui!
Inciampai (e ben mi sta)
'N una diavola infernale,
'N una zucca senza sale.

With ropes and leather
It would have been much better for me!
How much better would it have been for me
To get up at matins,
Light tapers
Before the cock crows!
To get into Bigallo,
To enter Rosano,
To get set into Majano,
To go to the Portico, to Boldrone,
Or to the Plain of Mugnone,
Dress as Lapo,
Or else lower our heads
Under the yoke like oxen.
How much better it would have been for us!
So learn; think hard upon it, well, well, well, well before,
So you would not have to say after: eat yourself away.

b. Chorus of the Ill-married Men
He who would learn how to get a wife,
Expert masters, here we are;
And we say that whoever takes her
Will see in two days
A hellish devil,
Whose head has no wisdom.

I listened to what others said:
A good man told me: 'Go ahead';
Oh what a pillock, a pillock was I!
I came across (it serves me right)
A hellish devil,
Whose head has no wisdom.

Ohimé! Ché per bellezza
Ch'era tutta frondi e fior
Colsi poi frutti d'asprezza,
M'incontrai, ebbro d'amor,
'N una diavola infernale,
'N una zucca senza sale.

Zie, sorelle, madri e nonne
Lo staranno a inzipillar,
E dieci altre mone Cionne
Per finirlo d'affogar
'N una diavola infernale,
'N una zucca senza sale.

Michelangelo Buonarroti il Giovane
(1568 – 1646)

Alas! Despite her beauty
She was all fronds and flowers
But her fruits were sour,
Drunk with love, I had stumbled upon
A hellish devil,
Whose head has no wisdom.

Aunts, sisters, mothers, and grandmothers
Will be urging him on,
And ten more worthless women
Will finish him off
A hellish devil,
Whose head has no wisdom.

Translation by Emanuela Guastella

13 Estate

Di vin bagna le fauci; chè il suo giro compie il sidere;
greve è l'afa: sitibonde le cose son per l'alido.
Dalle frondi soave la cicala echeggia; e il cantico
penetrante fitto versa dall'ali, quando fiammeo
piomba il raggio del sol sopra la terra, e tutto brucia.
Mette fiori il cardo. Più lascive son le femmine,
e spossati gli uomini: e gambe e teste fiacca Sirio.

Alcaeus of Mytilene (c. 625 / 20 – c. 580 BC)
Italian translation: Ettore Romagnoli (1871 – 1938)

Summer

Drench your mouth with wine as the weather does its turn;
the heat is heavy, harsh and dry, making things thirsty.
From the branches come the sweet echoes of cicadas, and their thick,
sharp song pours from their wings, when the flaming
ray of the sun hits the ground, and all is ablaze.
Thistles bloom. Women are more lascivious,
and men exhausted: and Sirius wears out legs and heads.

Alcaeus of Mytilene (c. 625 / 20 – c. 580 BC)
Translation by Emanuela Guastella

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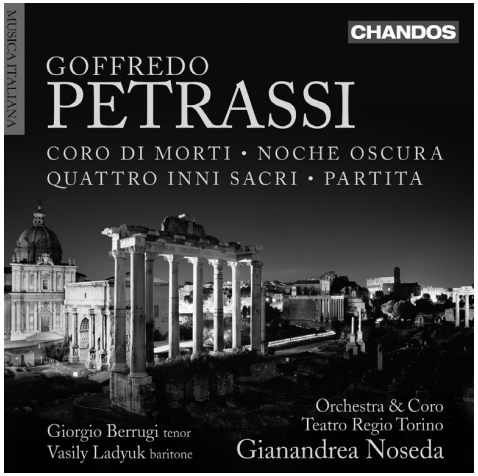

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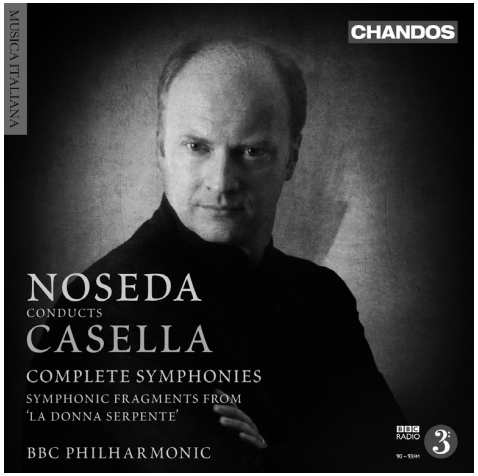

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LUIGI DALLAPICCOLA (1904–1975)

1-10	**IL PRIGIONIERO** (1944–48)* A PROLOGUE AND ONE ACT LIBRETTO BY LUIGI DALLAPICCOLA	43:10
11-12	**PRIMA SERIE DEI CORI DI MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI IL GIOVANE** (1933) (FIRST SERIES OF THE CHORUSES OF MICHELANGELO BUONARROTI THE YOUNGER) FOR MIXED VOICES, WITHOUT ACCOMPANIMENT	9:09
13	**ESTATE** (1932) (SUMMER) FOR MEN'S CHORUS	3:17
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