

## CLAUDIO MARINO MORETTI

Pianoforte. Inizia gli studi musicali al Conservatorio di Brescia. Si diploma in pianoforte al Conservatorio di Milano con Antonio Ballista. Collabora per alcuni anni con Mino Bordignon ai Civici Cori e successivamente con Bruno Casoni al Teatro Regio di Torino. Fonda il Coro di voci bianche del Teatro Regio e del Conservatorio Giuseppe Verdi di Torino con il quale svolge un'intensa attività didattica e concertistica. Dal 2001 al 2008 è maestro del coro al Teatro Regio di Torino. Dal 2008 è maestro del coro al Teatro La Fenice di Venezia. Svolge attività di accompagnatore liederistico con cantanti tra i quali Markus Werba, Veronica Simeoni, Monica Bacelli, Mirko Guadagnini, Oksana Lazareva, Gloria Banditelli.

# MUSICA e APERITIVO

## Solisti del Coro del Teatro La Fenice

Mariateresa Bonera *mezzosoprano*

Lucia Raicevich *soprano*

Enrico Masiero *tenore*

Claudio Marino Moretti *pianoforte*

domenica 16 giugno 2019 ore 11.30

**Teatro La Fenice - Sale Apollinee**



MUSICA  
e APERITIVO



## **BENJAMIN BRITTEN**

*Folksong Arrangements: volume 1 British Isles*

The Salley Gardens  
Little Sir William  
The Bonny Earl o' Moray  
O can ye sew cushions?  
The trees they grow so high  
The Ash Grove  
Oliver Cromwell

**Mariateresa Bonera** *mezzosoprano*

*Folksong Arrangements: volume 3 British Isles*

The Plough Boy  
There's none to soothe  
Sweet Polly Oliver  
The Miller of Dee  
The Foggy, Foggy Dew  
O Waly, Waly  
Come you not from Newcastle?

**Lucia Raicevich** *soprano*

## **RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS**

*The House of Love. A Cycle of six Sonnets*

Love-Sight  
Silent Noon  
Love's Minstrels  
Heart's Haven  
Death in Love  
Love's Last Gift

**Enrico Masiero** *tenore*

## **LUCIA RAICEVICH**

Soprano. Si è diplomata a pieni voti in canto lirico, sotto la guida di Stella Silva, al Conservatorio Benedetto Marcello di Venezia, dove ha conseguito pure, sempre con il massimo dei voti, il diploma di secondo livello nel ramo solistico. Si è perfezionata poi in *masterclass* con Sherman Lowe, Rajna Kabaiwanska, Maurizio Arena. Si dedica ad attività concertistica in Italia e in Germania, spaziando dalla musica sacra a quella da camera e operistica. È risultata finalista al concorso internazionale Tito Gobbi a Bassano del Grappa. Ha debuttato nel ruolo di Costanza nell'*Isola disabitata* di Haydn al Teatro Toniolo di Mestre e nel ruolo di Leonora nel *Trovatore* di Verdi a Lignano Sabbiadoro. È artista stabile del Coro del Teatro La Fenice di Venezia. Ha cantato in qualità di solista in varie produzioni della Fenice, tra le quali *Il principe porcaro* di Nino Rota, il *Concerto spirituale* di Ghedini, la *Petite Messe Solennelle* di Rossini, *Il trovatore* di Verdi nel ruolo di Ines, la cantata *Rejoice in the Lamb* di Britten.

## **ENRICO MASIERO**

Tenore. Artista del Coro del Teatro La Fenice dal 1999, ha iniziato giovanissimo lo studio del pianoforte, per poi intraprendere lo studio del canto al Conservatorio Benedetto Marcello di Venezia. Ha svolto attività concertistica in gruppi da camera, cori lirici e in veste solistica. È stato impegnato per il Teatro La Fenice in parti da comprimario e in ruoli di fianco nelle produzioni di *The Little Sweep* di Benjamin Britten, *Don Pasquale* e *Marino Faliero* di Gaetano Donizetti, *Thaïs* di Jules Massenet, *La traviata* di Giuseppe Verdi. Nel 2016, per i concerti del ciclo Musica e Aperitivo, nelle Sale Apollinee del Teatro La Fenice, ha interpretato «Abraham and Isaac» op. 51 di Britten, insieme con il mezzosoprano Simona Forni.

*Al termine del concerto sarà offerto un aperitivo nella sala bar del Teatro*

## MARIATERESA BONERA

Mezzosoprano. Si è diplomata al Conservatorio Luca Marenzio di Brescia nel 2010 con Paola Romanò, continuando gli studi sotto la guida di Silvia Bianchera all'Accademia diocesana Santa Cecilia di Brescia. Attualmente frequenta il Biennio superiore di Canto rinascimentale barocco al Conservatorio Benedetto Marcello di Venezia con Cristina Miatello. Ha vinto il premio speciale Bruno Bettinelli al Concorso internazionale di canto lirico Pietro Mongini (Milano, 2012) e il primo premio al Concorso internazionale liederistico Giuseppina Cobelli (Brescia, 2013). Molte sono le collaborazioni in ambito concertistico che la vedono protagonista, tra le più importanti ricordiamo che nel 2012 ha partecipato al Festival internazionale Claude Debussy svoltosi a Brescia, interpretando anche un inedito scritto per l'occasione dal compositore bresciano Giancarlo Facchinetti, accompagnata al pianoforte da Gerardo Chimini. Nello stesso anno ha realizzato lo spettacolo *Incontri musicali del poeta Angelo Canossi* a Brescia e provincia accompagnata al pianoforte da Alberto Ranucci, nel quale ha cantato brani mai eseguiti prima di alcuni artisti bresciani del ventesimo secolo. Nel 2015 ha partecipato come solista al Concerto inaugurale della mostra dedicata a Bruno Bettinelli nel Museo del Novecento di Milano accompagnata al pianoforte da Andrea Perugini; ha eseguito in prima assoluta la cantata «O lampade di fuoco» di Giancarlo Facchinetti nel Concerto commemorativo in onore di Don Tulio Stefani all'Auditorium Scuola diocesana di Brescia. Da agosto 2017 è artista del Coro del Teatro La Fenice di Venezia.

## testi

### Folksong Arrangements: volume 1 *British Isles*

#### The Salley Gardens

Down by the Sally Gardens,  
my love and I did meet  
She passed the Sally Gardens,  
with little snow-white feet  
She bid me to take love easy,  
as the leaves grow on the tree  
But I being young and foolish,  
with her I did not agree

In a field by the river,  
my love and I did stand  
And on my leaning shoulder,  
she laid her snow-white hand  
She bid me to take life easy,  
as the grass grows on the weirs  
But I was young and foolish,  
and now I am full of tears.

#### Little Sir William

Easter day was a holiday  
Of all the days in the year,  
And all the little schoolfellows  
Went out to play  
But Sir William was not there.

Mamma went to the School Wife House  
And knocked at the ring,  
Saying, «Little Sir William  
if you are there,  
Pray let your mother in».

The School Wife open'd the door  
And said «He is not here today.

He is with the little schoolfellows  
Out on the green  
Playing some pretty play».

Mamma went to the Boyne water  
That is so wide and deep, saying,  
«Little Sir William if you are there,  
Oh pity your mother's weep».

«How can I pity your weep, mother  
And I so long in pain?  
For the little penknife  
Sticks close to my heart  
And the School Wife hath me slain.

Go home, go home my mother dear,  
And prepare my winding sheet,  
For tomorrow morning before eight o' clock,  
You with my body shall meet.

And lay my prayer book at my head,  
And my grammar at my feet,  
That all the little schoolfellows  
as they pass by  
May read them for my sake».

#### The Bonny Earl o' Moray

Ye Hielands and ye Lowlands,  
O where hae ye been?  
Thay hae slain the Earl o' Moray,  
And laid him on the green.

He was a braw gallant  
And he rade at the ring;  
And the bonnie Earl o' Moray  
He might have been a king.

O lang will his Lady  
Look frae the Castle Doune,  
Ere she see the Earl o' Moray  
Come soundin' thru' the toon...

O wae tae ye, Huntley,  
And wherefore did ye sae?

I bade ye bring him wi' you  
And forbade ye him to slay.

He was a braw gallant  
And he played at the glove;  
And the bonnie Earl o' Moray  
He was the Queen's love.

### O can ye sew cushions?

O can ye sew cushions  
and can ye sew sheets,  
And can ye sing ballulow  
when the bairn greets?  
And hie and baw, birdie,  
and hie and baw, lamb,  
And hee and baw, birdie,  
my bonnie wee lamb.

Hie-o, wie-o what will I do wi' ye?  
Black's the life that I lead wi' ye,  
Many o'you, little for to gi' ye,  
Hie-o, wie-o, what will I do wi' ye?

I've placed my cradle  
on yon hilly top,  
And aye as the wind blew  
my cradle did rock.  
O hush-a-by, babie,  
O baw lily loo,  
And hee and baw, birdie,  
my bonnie wee doo,

Hie-o, wie-o what will I do wi' ye?  
Black's the life that I lead wi' ye,  
Many o'you, little for to gi' ye,  
Hie-o, wie-o, what will I do wi' ye?

### The trees they grow so high

The trees they grow so high  
and the leaves they do grow green,  
And many a cold winter's night my love  
and I have seen.  
Of a cold winter's night, my love,  
you and I alone have been,  
Whilst my bonny boy is young, he's agowing.  
Growing, growing,  
Whilst my bonny boy is young,  
he's a growing.

O father, dearest father,  
you've done to me great wrong,  
You've tied me to a boy when you know  
he is too young.

O daughter, dearest daughter,  
if you wait a little while,  
A lady you shall be while he's growing.  
Growing, growing,  
A lady you shall be while he's growing.

I'll send your love to college  
all for a year or two  
And then in the meantime he will do for you;  
I'll buy him white ribbons,  
tie them round his bonney waist  
To let the ladies know that he's married.  
Married, married,  
To let the ladies know that he's married.

I went up to the college  
and I looked over the wall,  
Saw four and twenty gentlemen  
playing at bat and ball.  
I called to my true love, but they  
would not let him come,  
All because he was a young boy  
and growing.  
Growing, growing,  
All because he was a young boy  
and growing.  
At the age of sixteen, he was a married man  
And at the age of seventeen  
he was a father to a son,

with still tears showering and averted face,  
inexplicably fill'd with faint alarms:  
and oft from mine  
own spirit's hurtling harms  
I crave the refuge of her deep embrace,  
against all ills the fortified strong place  
and sweet reserve  
of sovereign counter-charms.  
And love, our light at night  
and shade at noon,  
lulls us to rest with songs, and turns away  
all shafts of shelterless tumultuous day.  
Like the moon's growth, his face gleams  
through his tune;  
and as soft waters warble to the moon,  
our answering spirits chime one roundelay.

### Death in Love

There came an image in life's retinue  
that had love's wings and bore his gonfalon:  
fair was the web,  
and nobly wrought thereon,  
o soul-sequestered face, thy form and hue!

Bewildering sounds,  
such as spring wakens to,  
shook in its folds;  
and through my heart its power  
sped trackless as the immemorable hour  
when birth's dark portal groaned  
and all was new.

But a veiled woman followed,  
and she caught  
the banner round its staff, to furl and cling,  
then plucked a feather  
from the bearer's wing,  
and held it to his lips that stirred it not,  
and said to me, «behold, there is no breath:  
I and this love are one, and i am death».

### Love's Last Gift

Love to his singer held a glistening leaf,  
and said: «the rose-tree and the apple-tree  
have fruits to vaunt  
or flowers to lure the bee;  
and golden shafts are in the feathered sheaf  
of the great harvest-marshal, the year's chief,  
victorious summer; aye, and 'neath warm sea  
strange secret grasses lurk inviolably  
between the filtering channels of sunk reef.  
All are my blooms;  
and all sweet blooms of love  
to thee I gave while spring  
and summer sang;  
but autumn stops to listen, with some pang  
from those worse things  
the wind is moaning of.  
Only this laurel dreads no winter days:  
take my last gift;  
thy heart hath sung my praise».

### Come you not from Newcastle?

Come you not from Newcastle?  
Come you not there away?  
Oh, met you not my true love,  
Riding on a bonny bay?  
Why should I not love my love?  
Why should not my love love me?  
Why should I not speed after him,  
Since love to all is free?

### The House of Live

#### Love-Sight

When do I see thee most, beloved one?  
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes  
before thy face, their altar, solemnize  
the worship of that love  
through thee made known?

Or when in the dusk hours (we two alone)  
close-kissed and eloquent of still replies  
thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,  
and my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! If I no more should see  
thysel, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,  
nor image of thine eyes in any spring,  
how then should sound  
upon life's darkening slope  
the ground-whirl of the perished  
leaves of hope,  
the wind of death's imperishable wing?

#### Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,  
the finger-points look through  
like rosy blooms:  
your eyes smile peace.  
The pasture gleams and glooms  
'neath billowing skies

that scatter and amass.  
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge  
where the cow-parsley skirts  
the hawthorn-hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.  
Deep in the sun-searched  
growths the dragon-fly  
hangs like a blue thread  
loosened from the sky:  
so this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts,  
for deathless dower,  
this close-companioned inarticulate hour  
when twofold silence was the song of love.

#### Love's Minstrels

One flame-winged brought  
a white-winged harp-player  
even where my lady and I lay all alone;  
saying: «behold, this minstrel is unknown;  
bid him depart, for I am minstrel here:  
only my strains are to love's dear ones dear».  
Then said I: «through thine hautboy's  
rapturous tone  
unto my lady still this harp makes moan,  
and still she deems the cadence  
deep and clear».  
Then said my lady: «thou are passion of love,  
and this love's worship:  
both he plights to me.  
Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea:  
but where wan water trembles in the grove  
and the wan moon is all the light thereof,  
this harp still makes my name its voluntary».

#### Heart's Haven

Sometimes she is a child within mine arms,  
cowering beneath dark wings  
that love must chase,

And at the age of eighteen  
the grass grew over him,  
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing.  
Growing, growing,  
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing.

And now my love is dead  
and in his grave doth lie,  
The green grass grows o'er him  
so very, very high.  
I'll sit and I'll mourn his fate  
until the day I die,  
And I'll watch o'er his child  
while he's growing.  
Growing, growing,  
And I'll watch o'er his child  
while he's growing.

#### The Ash Grove

Down yonder green valley  
where streamlets meander,  
When twilight is fading, I pensively rove,  
Or at the bright noontide in solitude wander  
Amid the dark shades of the lonely Ash grove.

'Twas there while the blackbird  
was joyfully singing,  
I first met my dear one, the joy of my heart;  
Around us for gladness  
the bluebells were ringing,  
Ah! then little thought  
I how soon we should part.

Still grows the bright sunshine  
o'er valley and mountain,  
Still warbles the blackbird  
his note from the tree;  
Still trembles the moonbeam  
on streamlet and fountain,  
But what are the beauties of nature to me.

With sorrow, deep sorrow,  
my bosom is laden,

All day I go mourning in search of my love.  
Ye echoes, O tell me,  
where is the sweet maiden?  
She sleeps 'neath the green turf  
down by the Ash grove.

#### Oliver Cromwell

Oliver Cromwell lay buried and dead,  
Hee-haw, buried and dead,  
There grew an old apple-tree over his head,  
Hee-haw, over his head.

The apples were ripe and ready to fall,  
Hee-haw, ready to fall,  
There came an old woman  
to gather them all,  
Hee-haw, gather them all.

Oliver rose and gave her a drop,  
Hee-haw, gave her a drop,  
Which made the old woman go hippety hop,  
Hee-haw, hippety hop.

The saddle and bridle, they lie on the shelf,  
Hee-haw, lie on the shelf,  
If you want any more  
your can sing it yourself,  
Hee-haw, sing it yourself.

## Folksong Arrangements: volume 3 *British Isles*

### The Plough Boy

A flaxen-headed cowboy,  
as simple as may be,  
And next a merry plough boy,  
I whistled o'er the lea;  
But now a saucy footman,  
I strut in worsted lace,  
And soon I'll be a butler,  
and whey my jolly face.  
When steward I'm promoted  
I'll snip the tradesmen's bill,  
My master's coffers empty,  
my pockets for to fill.  
When lolling in my chariot  
so great a man I'll be,  
You'll forget the little plough boy  
who whistled o'er the lea.  
I'll buy votes at elections,  
and when I've made the pelf,  
I'll stand poll for the parliament,  
and then vote in myself.  
Whatever's good for me, sir,  
I never will oppose:  
When all my ayes are sold off,  
why then I'll sell my noes.  
I'll joke, harangue and paragraph,  
with speeches charm the ear,  
And when I'm tired on my legs,  
then I'll sit down a peer.  
In court or city honour  
so great a man I'll be,  
You'll forget the little plough boy  
who whistled o'er the lea.

### There's none to soothe

There's none to soothe my soul to rest,  
There's none my load of grief to share,  
Or wake to joy this lonely breast,  
Or light the gloom of dark despair.

The voice of joy no more can cheer,  
The look of love no more can warm  
Since mute for aye's that voice so dear,  
And closed that eye alone could charm.

### Sweet Polly Oliver

As sweet Polly Oliver lay musing in bed,  
A sudden strange fancy came into her head.  
'Nor father nor mother  
shall make me false prove,  
I'll 'list as a soldier, and follow my love.'

So early next morning she softly arose  
And dressed herself up  
in her dead brother's clothes.  
She cut her hair close  
and she stained her face brown,  
And went for a soldier to fair London Town.

Then up spoke the sergeant one day at his drill.  
'Now who's good for nursing?  
A captain, he's ill.'  
'I'm ready,' said Polly.  
To nurse him she's gone,  
And finds it's her true love  
all wasted and wan.

The first week the doctor  
kept shaking his head,  
'No nursing, young fellow,  
can save him,' he said.  
But when Polly Oliver  
had nursed him back to life,  
He cried, 'You have cherished him  
as if you were his wife.'

Oh, then Polly Oliver, she burst into tears  
And told the good doctor  
her hopes and her fears,  
And very shortly after, for better or for worse,  
The captain took joyfully  
his pretty soldier nurse.

### The Miller of Dee

There was a jolly miller once  
lived on the river Dee;  
He worked and sung from morn till night,  
no lark more blithe than he.  
And this the burden of his song  
for ever used to be:  
'I care for nobody, no, not I,  
if nobody cares for me.  
'I love my mill, she is to me  
like parent, child and wife,  
I would not change my station  
for any other in life.  
Then push, push, push the bowl, my boys,  
and pass it round to me,  
The longer we sit here and drink,  
the merrier we shall be.'

So sang the jolly miller,  
who lived on the river Dee;  
He worked and sung from morn till night,  
no lark more blithe than he.  
And this the burden of his song  
for ever used to be:  
'I care for nobody, no not I,  
if nobody cares for me.'

### The Foggy, Foggy Dew

When I was a bachelor I lived all alone  
and worked at the weaver's trade  
And the only, only thing that I ever did  
wrong, was to woo a fair young maid.  
I wooed her in the winter time,  
and in the summer too...  
And the only, only thing I did that was wrong  
was to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside  
when I lay fast asleep,  
She laid her head upon my bed  
and she began to weep.  
She sighed, she cried, she damn'd near died,

she said: 'What shall I do?'  
So I hauled her into bed  
and I covered up her head,  
just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Oh, I am a bachelor and I live with my son,  
and we work at the weaver's trade.  
And ev'ry single time that I look into his eyes,  
he reminds me of the fair young maid.  
He reminds me of the winter time,  
and of the summer too,  
And of the many, many times  
that I held her in my arms,  
just to keep her from the foggy, foggy dew.

### O Waly, Waly

The water is wide, I cannot get o'er,  
And neither have I wings to fly.  
Give me a boat that will carry two,  
And both shall row, my love and I.

Oh, down in the meadows the other day  
A-gath'ring flowers both fine and gay,  
A-gath'ring flowers both red and blue,  
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak,  
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;  
But first he bended, and then he broke,  
And so did my false love to me.

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,  
She's loaded deep as deep can be,  
But not so deep as the love I'm in:  
I know not if I sink or swim.

Oh, love is handsome and love is fine,  
And love's a jewel while it is new,  
But when it is old, it groweth cold,  
And fades away like morning dew.