

CAMERATA 1800



CAMERATA 1800 GOES SCOTTISH

MET WENDY ROOBOL, SOPRAAN

Arnhem, Koepelkerk, Jansplein 60 · zaterdag 22 jan. 2011 · 20:15 uur

Amsterdam, Engelse Kerk, Begijnhof 48 · zondag 23 jan. 2011 · 15:15 uur

Haydn - Beethoven - John Gunn

Toegang € 14,50 / € 12,50 (CJP/Pas65) / € 7 (kinderen o.b.)
Te boeken via info@camerata1800.nl of telefoon 0294-270147

CAMERATA 1800

Barbara Erdner
Frank Wakelkamp
Ursula Dutschler

viol
cello
fortepiano

www.camerata1800.nl

Camerata 1800 goes Scottish met Wendy Roobol, sopraan "Golden Tears of Love"

een kamer-opera-pasticcio
door Camerata 1800

Gebruikte werken in volgorde van "opkomst":

Ignace Pleyel (1757-1831):

uit III Grandes Sonates (zonder opusnummer):

pianotrio nr. 1 in C en 3 in D

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809):

Scottish Songs, Hob. XXX1a

Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827):

Schottische Lieder, op. 108

John Gunn (1765-1824):

40 Favorite Scotch Airs for Violin, Flute or Cello

Act 1: Love is in the Air

Pleyel – Pianotrio nr. 3 in D

deel 1: *Allegro*

*

Haydn – By the stream so cool and clear

De jongedame:

By the stream so cool and clear

and thro' the caves where breezes languish,

soothing still my tender anguish,

hoping still to find my lover,

I have wander'd far and near.

O where shall I the youth discover!

Sleeps he in your breezy shade,

ye rocks with moss and ivy waving,

on some bank where wild waves laving,

murmur thro' the twisted willow?

On that bank, o where I laid,

how soft should be my lover's pillow!

Haydn – I love my love in secret

De jongedame:

My Sandy gied to me a ring,

Was a' beset wi' diamonds fine.

But I gied him a better thing,

I gied my heart in pledge o' his ring.

My Sandy o, my Sandy o,

my bonny, bonny Sandy o,

Tho' the love that I owe

to thee I dare na show,

Yet I love my love in secret, my Sandy o!

*My Sandy brak a piece o' gow'd,
while down his cheeks the saut tears row'd.
He took a hauf and gied it me
and I'll keep it til the hour I die.*

My Sandy o...

*

Beethoven – Red gleams the sun

De jongeman:

Red gleams the sun on yon hill tap

the dew sits on the gowan;

deep murmurs thro' her glens the Spey,

around Kinrara rowan.

Where art thou, fairest, kindest lass?

Alas! wert thou but near me,

thy gentle soul, thy melting eye

would ever, ever cheer me.

The lav' rock sings among the clouds,

the lambs they sport so cheery,

and I sit weeping by the birk;

o where art thou, my dearie!

Aft may I meet the morning dew;

lang greet till I be weary,

thou canna, winna, gentle maid,

thou canna be my dearie!

Gunn – My bonny Jean

De jongeman:

My bonny Jean where hast thou been

I've been seeking the from morn to e'en

Thy bonny face's so full of grace

the lik is not in Aberdeen

What I would give to tell the truth

for one sweet kiss of my dear

for all the pleasures on the earth

there's nothing with thee can compare

Thy cherry cheek and coal black hair

a brisker lass was never seen

There's none with the that can compare

in Edinburgh or Aberdeen

*

Beethoven – O Mary, at thy window be

De jongeman:

O Mary, at thy window be,

it is wish'd, the trysted hour.

Those smiles and glances let me see,

that make the miser's treasure poor.

How blyth'ly would I bide the stoure,

a weary slave from sun to sun;

could I, the rich reward secure,
the lovely Mary Morrison!

Yestreen when to the trembling string,
the dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
to thee my fancy took its wing,
I sat, but neither heard nor saw;
though this was fair and that was braw,
and you the toast of a' the town,
I sigh'd and said amang them a':
Ye are na Mary Morrison.

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
who for thy sake wou'd gladly die?
Or canst thou break the heart of his,
whose only fault is loving thee?
If love for love thou wilt not gi'e,
at least be pity to me shown;
a thought ungentle canna be
the thought of Mary Morrison!

*

Beethoven – Oh! thou art the lad of my heart

De jongedame:
Oh! thou art the lad of my heart, Willy!
There's love and there's life and glee,
there's a cheer in thy voice and thy bounding step,
and there's bliss in thy blythesome e'e.
But oh, how my heart was tried, Willy,
for little I thought to see
that lad who won the lasses all
would ever be won by me.

A down this path we came, Willy,
't was just at this hour of eve;
and will he or will he not, I thought,
my fluttering heart relieve?
So oft he paused, as we saunter'd on,
't was fear – and hope – and fear.
But there at the wood, as we parting stood,
't was rapture his vows to hear!

Ah vows so soft – thy vows, Willy!
who would not, like me, be proud! –
Sweet lark! with thy soaring echoing song
come down from thy rosy cloud.
Come down to thy nest, and tell thy mate
thou hast seen a maid, whose heart of love
is merry and light as thine own.

Haydn – I'm o'er young to marry yet

De jongedame:
I am mammy's ae bearn,

wi' unco folk I weary, sir,
and running wi' a man awa,
I'm fley'd it make me irie, sir
I'm o'er young to marry yet;
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin
to take me frae my mammy yet

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind
blaws thro' the leafless timmer, sir,
but if you come this gate again,
I'll aulder begin simmer, sir.
I'm o'er young...

*

Pleyel – Pianotrio nr. 1 in C

deel 2: Chanson Ecossoise con Variazione
(Allegro moderato)

Gunn – I'll never leave thee

De jongeman:
Why should thy cheek be pale,
shaded with sorrow's veil?
Why should'st thou grieve me?
I will never, never leave thee.
'Mid my deepest sadness,
'mid my gayest gladness,
I am thine, believe me;
I will never, never leave thee.

Life's storms may rudely blow,
laying hope and pleasure low:
I'd ne'er deceive thee;
I could never, never leave thee.
Ne'er till my cheek grow pale,
and my heart pulses fail,
and my last breath grieve thee,
can I ever, ever leave thee!

*

Haydn – How can I be sad on my wedding day?

De jongedame:
How shall I be sad when a husband I hae,
that has better sense than any of thae,
so weak, silly fellows that study like fools
to sink their ain joy and make their wives snools!
The man who is prudent ne'er light lies his wife,
or with dull reproaches encourages strife;
he praises her virtues and ne'er will abuse
her for a small failing, but find an excuse.

Pleyel – Pianotrio nr. 3 in D

deel 3: Danse Ecossoise (Rondo Allegro)

Beethoven – Music, love and wine

*O let me music hear, night and day!
Let the voice and let the Lyre
dissolve my heart, my spirits fire.
Music and I ask no more, night and day!*

*Love, music, wine agree, true, true, true!
Round then, round the glass, the glee
and Ellen in our toast shall be!
Music, wine and love agree, true, true, true!*

*Music may gladden wine, what say you?
Tendrils of the laughing vine
around the myrtle well may twine.
Both may grace the lyre divine, what say you?*

*What if we all agree, What say you?
I will list the lyre with thee,
and he shall dream of love like me.
Brighter then the wine will be, What say you?
Love, Music...*

pauze

Act 2: Love forsaken

Beethoven – Sunset

*De jongedame:
The sun upon the Weirdlaw hill
in Ettrick's vale is sinking sweet;
the westland wind is hush and still,
the lake lies sleeping at my feet.
Yet not the landscape to mine eye
bears those bright hues that once it bore,
tho' evening, with her richest dye,
flames o'er the hills on Ettrick's shore.*

*With listless look along the plain,
I see Tweed's silver current glide
and coldly mark the holy fane
of Melrose rise in ruin'd pride.
The quiet lake, the balmy air,
the hill, the stream, the tower, the tree –
are they still such as once they were,
or is the dreary change in me?*

*Alas, the warp'd and broken board,
how can it bear the painter's dye!
The harp of strain'd and tuneless chord,*

*how to the minstrel's skill reply?
To aching eyes each landscape lowers,
to feverish pulse each gale blows chill:
and Araby's or Eden's bowers
were barren as this moorland hill.*

*

Beethoven – Jeanies Distress

*De jongedame:
By William late offended,
– I blamed him, I allow –
and then my anger ended
and he is angry now.
And I in turn am chided
for what I ne'er design'd;
and tho' by love misguided,
am call'd myself unkind.*

*O William, dost thou love me?
Oh! sure I need not fear;
how, dearest, would it move thee
to see this falling tear!
Too heedless, thoughtless lover,
from what thyself must feel,
why canst thou not discover
what Jeanie must conceal?*

*

Beethoven – The sweetest lad

*De jongedame:
The sweetest lad was Jamie,
the sweetest, the dearest,
and well did Jamie love me,
and no a fault has he.
Yet one he had, it spoke his praise,
he knew not woman's wish to tease.
He knew not all our silly ways,
alas! the woe to me.*

*For though I loved my Jamie,
sincerely and dearly,
yet often when he wooed me,
I held my head on high;
and huffed and tossed with saucy air,
and danced with Donald at the fair,
and placed his ribbon in my hair –
and Jamie! – passed him by.*

*So when the war-pipes sounded,
dear Jamie – he left me,
and now some other maiden
will Jamie turn to woo.
My heart will break – and well it may,
for who would word of pity say*

*to her who threw her heart away,
so faithful and so true!*

*Oh! knew he how I loved him,
sincerely and dearly,
how would I fly to meet him!
Oh! happy were the day!
Some kind, kind friend. oh, come between,
and tell him of my alter'd mien!
That Jeanie has not Jeanie been
since Jamie went away.*

*

Beethoven – Oh! had my fate been join'd

De jongeman:

*Oh! had my fate been join'd with thine,
as once this pledge appear'd a token;
these follies had not then be mine,
for then, my peace had not been broken!
To thee these early faults I owe,
to thee the wise and old reproving;
they know my sins, but do not know
't was thine to break the bands of loving.*

*

Haydn – Had awa frae me, Donald

De jongedame:

*First when you courted, I must own,
I frankly favour'd you, Donald.
Apparent worth, and fair renown,
made me believe you true, Donald,
lik virtue then seem'd to adorn
the man esteem'd by me, Donald.
But now the mask is fallen, I scorn
to ware thought on thee, Donald.*

*And now, for ever had awa,
had awa frae me, Donald.
Gae seek a heart that's like thy ain,
and come nae mair to me, Donald;
for I'll reserve myself
for ane that's liker me, Donald.
If sic a ane I canna find,
I'll never love man nor thee, Donald!*

*

Beethoven – Come fill my good fellow

De jongeman:

*Come fill, fill my good fellow,
fill high, high, my good fellow,
and let's be merry and mellow,
and let us have one bottle more!
When warm the heart is flowing,
and bright the fancy glowing –*

*oh shame on the dolt would be going,
nor tarry for one bottle more!*

*My Heart, let me but lighten,
and Life, let me but brighten,
and Care, let me but frighten –
he'll fly us one bottle more!
By day, tho' he confound me,
when friends at night have found me,
there's paradise around me –
but let me have one bottle more!*

Come fill...

Gunn – My apron, dearie [My sheep I've forsaken]

De jongeman:

*My sheep I've forsaken, and left my sheep hook,
And all the gay haunts of my youth I've forsook,
No more for Amynta fresh garlands I wove,
For ambition, I said, wou'd soon cure me of love.
O what had my youth, with ambition to do!
Why left I Amynta! why broke I my vow!
O give me my sheep, And my sheep hook restore,
And I'll wander from love and Amynta no more.'*

Haydn – Will ye go to Flanders

*Will ye go to Flanders, my Maly o?
And see the chief commanders, my Maly o?
You'll see the bullets fly,
and the soldiers how they die,
and the ladies loudly cry, my Maly o!*

Act 3: The bitter taste

Beethoven – Sir Johnie Cope

*Sir Johnie Cope trode the north right far,
yet ne'er a rebel he came naur
until he landed at Dunbar,
right early in a morning.*

*On the morrow when he did rise
he look'd between him and the skies.
He saw them wi' their naked thighs
which fear'd him in the morning,
Hey Johnie Cope are you waking yet,
or are ye sleeping I would wit
or haste ye get up, for the drums do beat,
o fye Cope rise in the morning!*

*

Haydn – Mary's Dream

*The moon had climb'd the highest hill,
which rises o'er the source of Dee,
and from the eastern summit shed
her silverlight on tow'r and tree.
When Mary went to sleep,
her thoughts on Sandy far at sea,
when soft and low a voice was heard:
"O Mary, weep no more for me!*

*"Three stormy nights and stormy days
we toss'd upon the raging main;
and long we strove our bark to save,
but all our striving was in vain.
Ev'n then, when horror chill'd my blood,
my heart was fill'd with love for thee.
The storm is past, and I at rest,
so, Mary, weep no more for me!"*

*"O maiden dear, thyself prepare,
we soon shall meet upon that shore,
where love is free from doubt and care
and thou and I shall part no more."
Loud crow'd the cock, the shadow fled.
No more of Sandy could she see,
but soft the passing spirit said:
"Sweet Mary, weep no more for me!"*

*

Beethoven – O cruel was my father

*"O cruel was my father that shut the door on me
and cruel was my mother that such a thing could see
and cruel is the wintry wind that chills my heart with
cold.
But crueller than all, the lad that left my heart for
gold!
Hush, hush, my little baby, and warm thee in my
breast.
Ah, little thinks thy father how sadly we're distrest,
for cruel as he is, did he know but how we fare,
he'd shield me in his arms from this bitter, piercing
air."*

*"Cold, cold my dearest jewel! thy little life is gone!
O let my tears revive thee, so warm that trickle down!
My tears that gush so warm, oh they freeze before they
fall.
Ah, wretched mother, wretched thou'rt now bereft of
all!"
Then down she sunk despairing upon the drifted snow,
and, wrung, with killing anguish, lamented loud her
woe:
She kiss'd her baby's pale lips and laid it by her side;*

*then cast her eyes to heaven, then bow'd her head and
died.*

Beethoven – When mortals all to rest retire

*When mortals all to rest retire,
o Moon! thou hear'st my whisp'ring lyre:
to thee I wake the mournful lay.
For sure thou lookst as if thy ray
would comfort, if it could, convey,
and happier songs inspire.
And I will happier be:
My heart, though late, shall wisdom learn,
from love's delusions free.
My spirit shall indignant burn
and I with maiden pride will spurn
his strange inconstancy.*

*Roll on ye hours! and back restore
the peaceful thoughts I knew before,
when smil'd the arts, when charm'd the muse,
when morn for me had beauteous hues,
and evening could her calm diffuse
my ardent bosom o'er.
But Love! thou fiend of pain!
I feel the tears of anguish start –
how hard my peace to gain!
O fiend and tyrant as thou art!
that wring'st from my unwilling heart
the sighs that I disdain.*

Haydn – Up in the morning early

*Cauld blows the wind frae east to west,
the drift is driving sairly;
sae loud and shrill's I hear the blast,
I'm sure it's winter fairly.*

*Up in the morning's nae for me,
up in the morning early;
when a'the hills are cover'd wi' snaw,
I'm sure it is winter fairly.*

*The birds sit chittering in the thorn,
a'day they fare but sparely;
and lang's frae e'en to morn',
I'm sure it's winter fairly.
Up in the morning...*

© 2010 Stichting Camerata 1800



De Nederlandse sopraan **Wendy Roobol** studeerde zang bij Sasja Hunnego en Rita Dams. In mei 2004 studeerde zij af aan het Koninklijk Conservatorium te Den Haag. Tijdens haar Masterstudie aan De Nieuwe Opera Academie (DNOA), die zij succesvol afsloot in juni 2006, specialiseerde zij zich in opera en werd zij o.a. gecoacht door Alexander Oliver. Wendy's huidige coach is Jard van Nes. Masterclasses volgde Wendy onder meer bij Elly Ameling, Rudolf Jansen, François Leroux, Kenneth Montogommery, Ann Murray, Patricia Mc Mahon, Mark Tucker, Michael Chance en Jill Feldman.

In november 2009 was Wendy laureaat bij het Presentatieconcert van de Stichting Nationale Vocalistenpresentatie.

Wendy's repertoire strekt zich uit van vroege barok tot moderne muziek in zowel het opera- als het oratoriumgenre.

Zo zong zij de afgelopen jaren operarollen als Belinda & 1st Witch (Dido and Aeneas), Susanna (Le Nozze di Figaro), Helena (A Midsummernights' Dream), Oberto (Alcina), Lucinda (Don Chisciotte in Sierra Morena) en Geraldine (A Hand of Bridge). Bijzondere faam verkreeg Wendy met diverse hoofdrollen in de cyclus Purcell on Stage van Barokopera Amsterdam in regies van David Prins. Zowel King Arthur als A Tempest maakten een zeer succesvolle tournee langs de Nederlandse en Franse theaters en concertzalen.

Als concertzangeres was ze Wendy te horen in grote oratoria van Bach, Händel, Haydn, Mozart, Mendelssohn, Rossini en Vivaldi. Ze werkte met ensembles als het Residentieorkest, het Promenadeorkest, RBO Symfonia, Concerto Rotterdam en het Nederlands Bach Ensemble. Ze soleerde onder dirigenten als Jaap van Zweden, Reinbert de Leeuw, Richard Egarr, Jos van Veldhoven, Lucas Vis, Daan Manneke, Maria van Nieukerken, Gilles Michels, Krijn Koetsveld en Ed Spanjaard.

Verder zong zij diverse malen in de 4e symfonie van Mahler, Das Himmlische Leben.

Wendy verleende haar medewerking aan diverse CD- en radio-opnames. Ze zong de rol van Papagena en Tweede Dame in een Nederlandse versie van Die Zauberflöte van Mozart (Briljant Classics). Ook is zij te beluisteren op een live concertregistratie van het Metropole Orkest o.l.v. Vince Mendoza met filmmuziek van Ennio Morricone, waarop ze de titelsong uit de film Once Upon a Time in the West zingt. Deze opname werd onlangs op CD uitgebracht.

Kamermuziek neemt een speciale plek in binnen Wendy's carrière. Ze vormt een duo met luitiste Elly van Munster en met pianiste Eke Simons. Met alt/mezzo Carina Vinke brengt ze programma's met operaduetten en aria's in een theatrale context en ze is de vaste zangeres van het Barokensemble Connection 1700.

Camerata 1800 schildert de muzikale sfeer van de periode rond 1800 met originele instrumenten of kopieën daarvan, zodat de retoriek, dramatiek en kleurenrijkdom volledig tot hun recht komen. De spelers dagen elkaar uit en geven elkaar de ruimte in hun afwisselend solistische en ondersteunende rollen. Naast de werken van de grote en bekende meesters zoals Mozart, Haydn en Beethoven speelt Camerata 1800 uitstekende, zelden uitgevoerde composities om haar publiek mee te verrassen. Ook nodigt het ensemble graag gastmusici uit om zijn klankenpalet en repertoire uit te breiden.

Barbara Erdner, viool werd geboren in Salzburg, Oostenrijk in 1970. Zij studeerde viool aan de Hochschule Mozarteum Salzburg, waar zij cum laude afstudeerde als uitvoerend en docerend musicus. Verder volgde zij cursussen bij Ivry Gitlis, Shmuel Ashkenazy en Enrico Gatti. Barbara Erdner ontving een studiebeurs om zich te specialiseren in de barokviool. Dit deed zij bij Lucy van Dael aan het Sweelinck Conservatorium te Amsterdam.

Als uitvoerend musicus speelt zij in ensembles zoals het Amsterdam Baroque Orchestra, New Dutch Academy, Freiburger Barockorkest, Les Talens Lyriques, Utrechts Barok Consort, Anima Eterna Brugge, Armonico Tributo Austriae, Capella Leopoldina Wenen, Northern Consort en Concerto d'Amsterdam.

Bij Capella Maria Barbara (NL), Camerata Argentea (A), the Netherlands Bach Orchestra en Progetto Semiserio Wenen is Barbara Erdner regelmatig concertmeester en met het Leids Barok Ensemble heeft zij solistisch opgetreden. Zij is medeoprichtster van meerdere kamermuziek ensembles: La Compagnie Baroque, Le Cercle Musical, Connection 1700, L'Amable Accord en Spirit of Musicke Salzburg.

Frank Wakelkamp, cello studeerde "moderne" cello aan het Utrechts Conservatorium, waar hij les had van Dmitri Ferschtman en Maarten Mostert. Masterclasses volgde hij bij Frans Brüggen, Heinrich Schiff en Christophe Coin. Bij Viola de Hoog studeerde hij af als Uitvoerend Musicus barokcello.

Als orkestmusicus werkte hij met Anima Eterna, Concerto d'Amsterdam, Currende, Les Musiciens du Louvre, Al Ayre Español. Dirigenten waren Jos van Immerseel, Eduardo Lopez Banzo, Erik van Nevel, Ton Koopman, Klaas Stok. Met het Holland Boys Choir nam hij de 200 religieuze cantates van J.S. Bach op als continuo-cello en bespeler van de violoncello piccolo. Hierna nam hij een solo-CD op met cellosonates van de Amsterdamse barokcomponist Jacob Klein, die is uitgebracht bij Muziekgroep Nederland (CV 125). Hiervoor verrichte hij ook musicologisch onderzoek naar de voorheen onbekende Klein. Binnenkort neemt hij de cellosonates van Vivaldi op. Kamermuziek speelt Frank Wakelkamp onder andere met La Récolte en The Great Charm, maar hij treedt ook op als solist. Met Trio Eroica won hij in 1996 het concours Musica Antiqua in Brugge met bijzondere lof van de Jury en de Radioprijs van BRTN 3.

In juni 2002 debuteerde hij op de viola da gamba en in 2005 startte hij met de eerste Urtext-uitgave van onder meer de cellosonates van Boccherini op editionwakelkamp.com. In 2007 gaf hij een lezing en een masterclass aan het Utrechts Conservatorium; in 2009 en 2010 geeft hij minors barokcello aan de Fontys Hogeschool.

Ursula Dutschler, fortepiano is afkomstig uit Zwitserland. Zij studeerde klavecimbel bij Jörg Ewald Dähler in Bern en bij Kenneth Gilbert in Salzburg. Later volgde een studie op de fortepiano bij Malcolm Bilson aan de Cornell University in de Verenigde Staten. Zij won prijzen op internationale concoursen zoals die in Parijs (1989, voor klavecimbel) en in Boston (1991, voor pianoforte).

Zowel op klavecimbel als ook op fortepiano treedt Ursula Dutschler regelmatig op als soliste en in diverse kamermuziek combinaties. Naast haar concertpraktijk is zij gastdocente fortepiano aan het Koninklijk Conservatorium Den Haag. Ursula Dutschler gaf samen met Malcolm Bilson en Bart van Oort in juli 08 de masterclass voor fortepiano aan de Roosevelt Academy in Middelburg.

Bij het label Claves nam ze naast vele kamermuzikale uitvoeringen vier solo CD's op met klavecimbel met werken van Scarlatti, Byrd, Balbastre en Bach. Tevens maakt zij deel uit van het collectief met Malcolm Bilson dat de complete Beethoven sonates opnam op pianoforte. Verder zijn bij Brilliant Classics 2 CD's verschenen met sonates van Haydn en de complete werken voor piano vierhandig en twee piano's van Mozart met Bart van Oort.

5 en 6 maart zijn er weer concerten in onze eigen serie! Zie hiervoor de flyer of de website.

www.camerata1800.nl - contact: 0294-270147 - info@camerata1800.nl

Wilt u op de hoogte blijven van onze concerten? Geeft u dan uw emailadres aan ons door!