

Gotham Early Music Scene (GEMS) presents



Thursday November 17, 2022 1:15 pm
St Malachy's Church – The Actors' Chapel in New York City
Live Streamed to midtownconcerts.org and [YouTube](https://www.youtube.com)

Ensemble L'Aureate

Yes, Yes and Yes! 17th-Century Cantatas of Love and Passion

Eric Brenner ~ countertenor Dongsok Shin ~ virginal

Christa Patton ~ Baroque harp

Si ch'io voglio Sperare	Marc'Antonio Pasqualini (1614–1691)
Passacaglia <i>Chigi Manuscripts, Biblioteca Apostolica Vaticano</i>	Anonymous
O tormento mortal role of Aristeo in <i>Orfeo</i> (premiered Paris, 1647)	Luigi Rossi (1597–1653)
Corrente <i>Chigi Manuscripts</i>	Anonymous
Si ch'io voglio morire	Marc'Antonio Pasqualini
Sonata di basso per cimbaldo & arpa o leuto from <i>Elementorum musicae praxis</i> (Naples, 1683)	Gregorio Strozzi (1615–1687)
Durezze e ligature from <i>Ricercate, ...durezza, ligature, ...libro primo</i> (Naples, 1603)	Giovanni Maria Trabaci (1575–1647)
À Dio Tebro, à Dio colli aria for Sposa in the opera <i>Il Sant'Alessio</i> (premiered Rome, 1632)	Stefano Landi (1587–1639)
Canzona Quinta detta la Tromboncina <i>Il primo libro delle canzoni ad una, due, tre, e quattro voci...</i> <i>per sonare ogni sorte de stromenti</i> (Rome, 1628)	Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583–1643)
Si ch'io voglio Languire	Marc'Antonio Pasqualini

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www.gemsny.org

About the Program

A superstar of 17th-century Rome, castrato Marc'Antonio Pasqualini premiered works by Luigi Rossi, Stefano Landi, and Marco Marazzoli, and composed nearly two hundred and fifty of his own cantatas, rarely performed today. Ensemble L'Aureate recreates the rarified sounds of palatial 17th-century Rome featuring Marc'Antonio Pasqualini's three cantatas that begin with the text, "Si ch'io voglio..!" Baroque harpist, Christa Patton is joined by countertenor, Eric Brenner and keyboardist, Dongsok Shin.

About the Artists

Ensemble L' Aureate strives to amplify storytelling through the marriage of music and literature. Whether sung, recited, or set to music L'Aureate is dedicated to the musical enhancement of the spoken word.

Eric Brenner, countertenor, has been hailed for his “penetrating eloquence”, “astonishing solo singing” (*New York Times*), and “auto-tuned Mr. Roboto majesty” (*Stage Mage*). A fervent proponent of very old and very new music, Mr. Brenner’s current engagements include: Tolomeo in Handel’s *Giulio Cesare* with Opera Roanoke; Volpino in Haydn’s *Lo Speziale* with Rochester Lyric Opera; Doodle in Stefan Weisman’s and David Cote’s *Scarlet Ibis* with American Opera Projects; Riccardo in Scarlatti’s *Il Trionfo dell’Onore* at Symphony Space; Giuliano (cover) in Cavalli’s *Eliogabalo* with Gotham Chamber Opera; The Poet in Virko Baley’s *Holodomor* (New York City and Ukraine); Beast in Hannah Lash’s *Blood Rose*, with New York City Opera’s VOX program; D.A.V.E. in Kamala Sankaram’s *Miranda*; countertenor soloist in Orff’s *Carmina Burana* and Bernstein’s *The Lark* at Avery Fisher Hall; soprano and alto soloist in Handel’s *Messiah* at Alice Tully Hall, Trinity Wall Street Church, St. Thomas Church, and the Cathedral of St. John’s in Albuquerque, New Mexico. Eric also sang soprano for three seasons with the Grammy Award winning ensemble Chanticleer, is co-composer with Matt Shloss of music for Rob Reese’s *Yabweb’s Follies* and is hard at work on his second novel and his first play.

Christa Patton, historical harpist and early wind specialist, has performed throughout the Americas, Europe, and Japan with many of today’s premier early music ensembles including Piffaro the Renaissance Band, Early Music New York, Boston Camerata, The King’s Noyse, Folger Consort, Newberry Consort, Apollo’s Fire, Parthenia, ARTEK and Chatham Baroque. As a Baroque harpist specializing in 17th-century opera, Christa has performed with New York City Opera, Wolf Trap Opera, Opera Atelier and the Opera Theater of Saint Louis. She has served on the faculty of Rutgers University and the Graduate Center at CUNY. She is the Artistic and Musical director of the Baroque Opera Workshop at Queens College specializing in the works of early 17th-century composers. Christa can be heard playing historical harps and a multitude of wind instruments on recordings including *Istampitta* [Lyrachord] *Chacona* [Dorian], *Nobile Donna* [ATMA], *Los Ministriles in the New World*, and *Back before Bach* [Navona].

Much in demand as a soloist and continuo player, **Dongsok Shin** has been a member of REBEL since 1997 and has appeared with early music groups all over the United States, including the Carmel Bach Festival, American Classical Orchestra, ARTEK, Concert Royal, Early Music New York, and Pro Music Rara. He has toured throughout the Americas and Europe and has been heard on numerous radio broadcasts. Dongsok has also accompanied Renée Fleming, Rufus Müller, Rachel Brown, Jed Wentz, Marion Verbruggen, and Barthold Kuijken in recital, while also performing with the Mark Morris Dance Group, New York Philharmonic, Orchestra of St. Luke’s and the Orpheus Chamber Orchestra. He has recorded for ATMA, Bridge, Dorian/Sono Luminus, Hänssler, Helicon, Lyrichord, and Newport Classic. Alongside performing, he tunes and maintains harpsichords in the New York area and is well known as a recording engineer, as well as a producer and editor of many early music recordings.

NEXT PROGRAM (December 1): The Chivalrous Crickets
Bright Morning Stars

Texts and Translations

Sì, ch'io voglio sperare!

Parlo a voi, fantasme fiere,
che portate lusinghiere
e speranza e timore
al mio cor saldo all'amore:
sì, ch'io voglio sperare!

Io mi protesto, Amore,
di portare nel core,
per veder il mio bene,
morto sempre il timor, viva la speme.
E se pur mai credesse,
ad onta del volere,
la speranza partir forse da me,
io mi protesto a te
non prestarvi l'assenso,
perché nutre conforme
all'eterno mio amor sperare immenso;
sì che viva sarà
col desio la speranza
e mai non morirà!
Ma se morir volesse,
se gli vieti il morire,
se gli nieghi la tomba
e, a pro del mio desire,
vaglia per alimento il mio penare:
Sì ch'io voglio sperare!

Bel desio, nel cor mio
non dar loco a van timore:
ha per meta un amatore
di saldissima speranza
guiderdon a sua costanza,
tregua dolce al sospirare.
Sì, ch'io voglio sperare!

O tormento mortal, peggio di morte,
ch'io, quanto adorator tanto infelice,
habbia a veder la mia bella Euridice
al mio rival Orfeo fatta Consorte!
O tormento mortal, peggio di morte!
E qual tormento avanza il mio tormento?

(Canzonetta)

“Non pianga, non sospiri
chi gelosia non ha.
S'altri guai l' inferno dà,
ah, che la giù, ah, non vi son martire!”

Ah! Ch'io mi moro!
Deh, gran madre d'Amor, tu che ben vedi
il mio affetto, il mio duol, come comporti
che Orfeo, che pur del Sole,
a te nemico, è prole,
ad Aristeo, ch'è figlio
di Bacco à te sì grato,
nell' amorse gare, oggi prevaglia?

Oh how I wish to hope!
I'm speaking to you, fierce spirits,
that bring flattery,
hope, and fear
to my faithful loving heart:
Oh how I wish to hope!

I swear,
to keep Love in my heart
that I may see my sweetheart,
ever death to fear, life to Hope.
And if indeed one believed
in the shame of desire,
Hope perhaps leaving me,
I would complain to you
not to lend yourself to absence
because nourished by Hope
my love is as boundless as eternity.
Indeed, with desire
Hope will live
and never die!
But may it [Hope] wish to die,
if you forbid it to die,
if you deny it the grave
then well fares my desire,
my pains bring me sustenance:
Oh how I wish to hope!

Beautiful desire, in my heart
don't give way to vain fear:
have in part a lover
of unwavering hope
rewarded for his constancy
sighing of sweet accord.
Oh how I wish to hope!

Oh mortal torment, worse than death,
that I should adore so much and be so unhappy:
I needs must see my fair Eurydice
become the wife of my rival Orpheus!
Oh mortal torment, worse than death!
What torment exceeds my torment?

(Canzonetta)

“he neither weeps nor sighs
who is not jealous.
If Hell has other woes,
ah, down there, ah there are no martyrs!”

Ah! I am dying!
Pray, great mother of Love, you who can see
my love and my woe, how can you tolerate it
that Orpheus, who is the offspring of the Sun,
your enemy,
prevail over Aristeus, the son
of Bacchus, who is so dear to you,
in the amorous contest today?

Ad Aristeo che tante
sovra gli altari tuoi vittime uccide?
Deh, per pietà, deh, porgi
opportune rimedio alle mie pene!

Sì, ch'io voglio morire!

Né sia chi mi conforte,
ch'alle mie pene immense,
al mio grave martire,
altro rimedio alfin non v'è che morte:
sì, ch'io voglio morire!
E poiché il mio bel sole
più non dispensa a questi lumi i rai,
privo di luce omai,
ch'altri trionfi del suo bel splendore
cieco non vuo' soffrire:
sì, ch'io voglio morire!

Straziatemi, uccidetemi,
tormenti laceratemi,
martiri trafigetemi
con strazi orribili,
pene in soffribili,
la tomba apritemi,
ch'io più non posso
un sì gran duolo
soffrire un giorno solo,
un momento nudrire:
sì ch'io voglio morire!

A Dio, Tebro, a Dio, colli,

o patria, a dio.
E voi, di questo albergo
mura dilette, a dio,
ché pur siete dilette,
quantunque entr'a voi solo
sia nota la cagion del mio duolo.
Bramai viver in voi, ma il ciel non volle,
onde m'accingo omai per far partita,
ché qui, senza il mio ben,
senza il mio core,
aspra pena è la vita.

Ma dove à me sia duce il mio dolore?
Dove, l'amor, se l'uno e l'altro è cieco?
Ah, dove poss'io teco
trarre una volta, Alessio, i dì giocondi?
Dove, ah dove sei, dove t'ascondi?
A te rivolgo il piede.
Non sprezzar le mie fiamme e l'amor mio,
se poca è la beltà, molta è la fede.
A me, crudele, o dio,
tu così mal rispondi?
Dove, ah, dove sei, dove t'ascondi?
Forse desii cangiasti,
o volubile amante?
O, qual fronda incostante,
nuova beltà ti piacque, e la bramasti?
E forse per tuo vanto ora a lei narri
la mia fiamma schernita,

Over Aristeus, who upon your altars
has slain so many offerings?
Pray, for pity's sake, I pray you, grant
the appropriate remedy for my sufferings!

Oh, how I wish to die!
Be there none that could comfort me
that for my boundless pain,
my deep sufferings,
There is no other remedy in the end but death:
Oh, how I wish to die!
And since my beautiful Sun
no longer shines its rays upon these eyes,
ever deprived of light,
and other triumphs of his beautiful splendor
blind, I do not wish to suffer:
Oh, how I wish to die!

Tear me, kill me,
torments rend me,
sufferings stab me
with horrible shafts,
insufferable pains,
open the tomb,
for to nourish
such grievous pain
I can no longer
suffer even one more day:
Oh, how I wish to die!

Farewell Tiber, farewell hills,
oh homeland, Farewell forever.
And you, dear walls
of this dwelling, farewell,
for you are indeed beloved
albeit that among you
let the cause of my pain be known.
I have loved to live within you, but the heavens do not wish it,
from whence I prepare at long last to make my departure,
for here, without my love,
without my heart,
life is bitter pain.

But where is the captain of my pain?
Where is love if both are blind?
Ah! where can I be with you
as we were long ago in happier days?
Where, ah! where are you, where have you hidden yourself?
I turn my steps to you.
Do not despise my love and my ardor,
if there is little beauty, there is much faith.
To me! Cruelty, oh God,
is this how you respond?
Where, Ah! where are you, where have you hidden yourself?
Perhaps you desire a change,
oh changeable lover?
Oh, what inconstant blossom,
what new beauty pleases you?
And perhaps you boast now to her
of my scorned ardor,

la mia fede tradita,
i miei dolor profondi?
Dove, deh, dove sei, dove t'ascondi?

Sì ch'io voglio languire!

Così caro è quel tormento
ch'al cor sento
e l'ardor che mi disface
sì mi piace
che non cerco rimedio al mio martire.

Amo l'ombre d'un volto
dalle tenebre sue reso sì adorno
ch'ha la notte alle gote, agli'occhi il giorno.
È notte sì, ma bella, anzi che suole
prender vaghezza da quell'ombra il Sole.
Ombre, a me sola orgogliosette e altere,
dan splendori alle stelle
di loro assai più belle
e col suo fosco illustrano ben spesso
ad onta de' suoi lume cielo istesso.
Ma poi, ver me severe,
or nubilose,
or minacciose
mostransi a chi l'adora,
e la lor crudeltà più m'innamora.

Cieco dio, Dunque in me sola
vibra pur tutti'i tuoi strali:
cor che goda de' suoi mali
la fierezza lo consola.
La frequenza de' sospiri
non pensar ch'il cor m'annoie:
più di tutte l'altræ gioie
stimo un sol de' miei martiri,

ché per cagion sì bella in sì bel foco,
struggersi mille volte, oh Dio, ch'è poco!
Di'pur, dunque, o mio core,
con generoso ardire:

Sì ch'io voglio languire!...

"T'amai gran tempo"

Stefano Landi (1587-1639)

T'amai gran tempo e sospirai mercede.
Tu m'hai tradito ogn'hor, priva di fede.
Hor v'è con novi Amanti à far tue prove,
Ch'io son già stufo e m'ho provvisto altrove.
Hor vanne mò Ch'io non ti vuò:
Ch'io son già stufo e m'ho provvisto altrove.
Che già di là, [di là] dal Po passato è 'l Merlo . . .
Corri, corri a vederlo!

my betrayed faith,
my profound pain?
Where, Ah! where are you, where have you hidden yourself?

Oh how I wish to languish!

So dear is that torment
that I feel in my heart,
and the burning that mars me
so pleases me,
that I search not for a remedy to my suffering.

I love the shadows of a face
so adorned by its darkness
that it has night in the cheeks and day in the eyes.
It is night indeed but, so beautiful that the sun
is enhanced by the loveliness of those shadows.
Shadows to me alone proud and haughty,
give splendor to the stars
and are even more beautiful,
and with their gloom often outshine
Heaven itself.
But then, toward me truly severe
now cloudy,
now menacing,
showing themselves to he who adores them,
and their cruelty makes me more in love.

Blind God, therefore in me
quiver all your arrows:
The heart enjoys their pain
and the fierceness consoles it.

Think not that my heart is bothered by
the frequency of sighs:
I cherish a single one of my pains
more than any other joy.

That I am destroyed a thousand times
for such a beautiful cause, oh God, it is too little!
For indeed, therefore, oh my heart,
with generous fire...

Yes, how I wish to languish!

from *Secondo libro d'Arie musicali*, 1627

I loved you so long, and sighed for your favors,
But you, faithless, betrayed me constantly.
Now go see what you can do with new lovers,
For I'm fed up and have found what I need elsewhere.
Now go away since I don't want you:
For I'm fed up and have found what I need elsewhere.
Because over there, across the Po the blackbird has flown ...
Hurry, hurry, and see him.

Mille volte io piangeva, e tù ridevi.
Mille volte io rideva, e tù piangevi.
Così cortese, i più felici Amanti
Schernisti cruda in giochi, in risi, in pianti.
Hor grida mò, Ch'io sordo stò,
Ch'io son già stufo ...

Ti fui fedele allhor che fui gradito.
E qui lasciar ti vuò, se m'hai tradito.
Hor vanne a porre a nuovi amanti il vischio,
Ch'io son già sciolto, e più non sento il fischio,
Hor crepa mò, ch'io non ti vuò,
Ch'io son già stufo ...

A thousand times I cried, and you just laughed.
A thousand times I laughed, and you wept.
You mocked the happiest lovers
With cruel jokes, laughter, and tears,
You can shout now; I'm deaf to you,
Since I'm fed up ...

I was faithful to you while you wanted me.
And here I leave you, since you betrayed me.
Now go set your traps for new lovers,
Since I am free, and no longer hear the whistle.
Now drop dead, Since I don't want you,
Since I'm fed up, ...

Di là dal Po: across the Po river. The singer is in Emilia, across the Po is Lombardy.
Il Merlò: the blackbird, or figuratively, the fool, the cuckold.
Il fischiò: the whistle of the ferry that crosses the Po.