

Gotham Early Music Scene (GEMS) presents



Thursday September 8, 2022 1:15 pm  
St Malachy's Church – The Actors' Chapel in New York City  
Live Streamed to [midtownconcerts.org](http://midtownconcerts.org) and [YouTube](https://www.youtube.com)

## Filigree *Florid Spirit*

*Christina Kay ~ soprano    Kim Leeds ~ mezzo-soprano*

*Dani Zanuttini-Frank ~ lute & theorbo*

Amor Jesu dulcissime	<i>Carlo G</i> Manuscript (c. 1610–1620)
Cantate Domino	<i>Carlo G</i> Manuscript
Venite, sitientes ad aquas	Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)
Flow my tears	John Dowland (1563–1626)
Sospira, respire	Barbara Strozzi (1619–1677)
Ego flos campi	<i>Carlo G</i> Manuscript
I baci	Barbara Strozzi
Occhi che sete di voi pomposi	Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583–1643)
Ahi, che quest'occhi miei	Giovanni Palestrina (c. 1525–1594)
Dunque dovrò del puro servir mio	Girolamo Frescobaldi
Maledetto sia l'aspetto	Claudio Monteverdi
Quel sguardo sdegnosetto	
Sicut sponsus matria	<i>Carlo G</i> Manuscript
O come sei gentile	Claudio Monteverdi
If ye love me	Thomas Tallis (1505–1585)

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Gotham Early Music Scene, 340 Riverside Drive, Suite 1A, New York, NY 10025 (212) 866-0468

Steven Marquardt, Midtown Concerts Manager    Toby Tadman-Little, Program Editor    Paul Arents, House Manager

Live stream video crew: Gene Murrow, Murat Eyuboglu, Dennis Cembalo

Christina Britton Conroy, Announcer and Make-up Artist

John Thiessen, Executive Director



[www.gemsny.org](http://www.gemsny.org)

## About the Program

Singers of the Renaissance and Baroque would frequently embellish in performance as a way of enlivening melody and poetry. In this concert, Filigree delves into ornamentation and improvisation through the lens of the recently rediscovered [\*Carlo G Manuscript\*](#) — a treasure trove of highly ornamented early Baroque solos and duets — infusing works by Monteverdi, Frescobaldi, and Strozzi with the same stylistic fervor.

## About the Ensemble

Co-founded by Christina Kay and Kim Leeds, **Filigree** is a New-England based ensemble that enriches modern historical performance by pushing the boundaries of improvised ornamentation, rhetorical drama, and creative programming to reshape the modern concert experience. In addition to enlivening music from past eras, **Filigree** blurs the lines of old music and new by commissioning contemporary works that embrace the creative ethos of past eras. Similar to jazz, we take more liberties with the written music on the page, making every performance a unique, exciting and joyful experience.

[www.filigreemusic.org](http://www.filigreemusic.org)

## About the Artists

Soprano **Christina Kay** enjoys a versatile career that spans concert, opera, and choral repertoire. She made her Carnegie Hall debut in 2019 as soprano soloist in Handel's *Messiah* with MasterWork Chorus and Orchestra. In New York City, she performs with period ensembles ARTEK and The American Classical Orchestra, and has also appeared with Brooklyn Baroque, Ensemble Leonarda, and Gotham Early Music. Christina is particularly interested in ornamentation and improvisation of late Renaissance and early Baroque repertoire, and loves writing and performing her own ornamented arrangements of popular 16<sup>th</sup> and 17<sup>th</sup>-century madrigals. [www.christinakaysoprano.com](http://www.christinakaysoprano.com)

Mezzo-soprano **Kim Leeds** engages audiences in her exploration of life's essence through music. As a soloist, she has appeared with the Bach Akademie Charlotte, Les Délices, American Bach Soloists Academy, Bach Society of St. Louis, Tafelmusik Baroque, the Oregon Bach Festival Discovery Series, True Concord, and Blue Heron. As a choral artist, Kim has worked with Helmuth Rilling in the Weimar Bach Academy and toured with the Junges Stuttgart Bach Ensemble. In the United States, she has performed with the Oregon Bach Festival, Handel and Haydn Society, Seraphic Fire, Clarion choir, and numerous GRAMMY® winning ensembles including the Crossing and Apollo's Fire. [www.kimleeds.com](http://www.kimleeds.com)

**Dani Zanuttini-Frank** is a student at Yale University where he is pursuing a Masters in guitar performance. He studies classical guitar with Ben Verdery and performs frequently as a soloist and chamber musician. Dani is also an avid performer and teacher of early music; he is the assistant director of the Yale Collegium Musicum and accompanies every Baroque opera he can. Recent appearances include the Amherst Early Music Festival and the Yale Baroque Opera Project. Dani is an active jazz performer as well, appearing around the New Haven area. He recently completed his B.A. in Music at Yale, writing a thesis on the induction of meter. His favorite musical artists are Bill Frisell, Randy Newman, and The Beatles.

**NEXT WEEK: Sarah Pillow, Ronn McFarlane & Sorab Wadia**  
*Shakespeare's 'Songs'*

## Texts and Translations

### **Amor Jesu dulcissime**

Amor Jesu dulcissime,  
Quando cor nostrum visitas,  
Pellis mentis calliginem,  
Et nos reple dulcedine.

### **Cantate Domino**

Cantate Domino canticum novum  
laus eius in ecclesia sanctorum  
Laetetur Israel in eo qui fecit eum  
Et filiae Sion exultent in rege suo.

### **Venite, sitientes ad aquas**

Venite, venite sitientes ad aquas Domini,  
properate emite sine argento mel et lac.  
Venite, bibite vinum quod misuit  
vobis ineffabilem sapientiam.  
Comedite, bibite amici divinum mel et lac.  
Quia meliora sunt ubera  
Dei vino consolationis mundi.

### **Flow my tears**

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!  
Exiled for ever, let me mourn;  
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,  
There let me live forlorn.

Down vain lights, shine you no more!  
No nights are dark enough for those  
That in despair their lost fortunes deplore.  
Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,  
Since pity is fled;  
And tears and sighs and groans my weary days  
Of all joys have deprived.

From the highest spire of contentment  
My fortune is thrown;  
And fear and grief and pain for my deserts  
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,  
Learn to contemn light  
Happy, happy they that in hell  
Feel not the world's despite.

### **Sospira respira**

Sospira,  
Respira,  
Amato,  
Sprezzato,  
Mio core,

### **Jesus, sweet love**

Jesus, sweet love,  
When you visit our heart,  
You fill with sweetness,  
Us and the darkness of our skins, our minds.

### **Sing to the Lord**

Sing to the Lord a new song,  
His praise be among the congregation of saints.  
Let Israel be glad in Him who made Him,  
And let the daughters of Zion rejoice in its King.

### **O come, O come to the waters**

O come, O come to the waters,  
all you who thirst for the Lord.  
Make haste to get this milk and honey  
That no silver can buy.  
Come, let us drink the wine  
Which imparts to you ineffable wisdom.  
Eat, drink, friend, of this divine honey and milk.  
Because God's love is better than wine  
which consoles the world.

### **Sigh, breathe**

Sigh,  
breathe,  
loved,  
disdained,  
my heart,

Traditore,  
Chi t'ingannò?  
Chi ti fidò?  
No, no, pene non più!  
È sprezzata d'amor la servitù.  
Chi mi tiene?  
Catene,  
desiri,  
sospiri,  
contenti,  
tormenti.  
Chi m'inganna?  
Una tiranna.

### **Ego flos campi**

Ego flos campi et liliū convallium.  
Sicut liliū inter spinas,  
Sic dilectus meus inter filios,  
Et fructus eius dulcis gutturi meo.

### **I baci**

Oh dolci, oh cari, oh desiati baci!  
Unite l'alme vanno  
sul labro ad incontrarsi.  
Col bacio l'alme fanno  
nel cor gran colpi darsi.

Vezzosette si accordano;  
vipерette si mordano.  
Ma sono i lor dolcissimi furori  
grand union dei cori.  
Oh dolci, oh cari, oh desiati baci!  
Bacia, mia bocca, e taci!

### **Occhi che sete di voi pomposi**

Occhi che sète di voi pomposi,  
ver' me pietosi voi vi fingete,  
e mi giurate che non fu vero,  
che Amor arciero con feritate  
da' vostri sguardi l'armi prendesse:  
occhietti ladri chi vi credesse!

O falsi sguardi, falso dolore,  
ma del mio core veraci dardi,  
in van fingevi a' miei martiri  
versar sospiri, e ti dovevi  
che fuor del petto l'alma vivesse:  
occhietti ladri chi vi credesse!

### **Ahi che quest'occhi**

Ahi, che quest'occhi miei ch'erano lieti  
Son diventati fonti di dolore,  
Che versan giorno e notte amaro umore.

traitor,  
who deceived you?  
Who believed in you?  
No, no, no more pains!  
Love disdains servitude.  
Who detains me?  
Chains,  
desires,  
sighs,  
contentments,  
torments.  
Who deceives me?  
A tyrant.

### **I am the flower**

I am the flower of the meadow and the lily of the valley,  
Like a lily among thorns,  
So is my beloved among boys,  
And his fruit is sweet to my throat.

### **The kisses**

Oh sweet, enticing, oh adored kisses:  
souls unite  
to meet upon lips.  
With a kiss souls  
wound hearts deeply.

Wantonly they merge,  
like vipers they bite each other,  
but in their sweetest fury  
is a deep union of hearts.  
Oh sweet, enticing, oh adored kisses,  
kiss my mouth, and be silent.

### **O eyes, so self-conceited**

O eyes, so self-conceited,  
you pretend to pity me,  
and you swear that it was not true  
that Love the archer cruelly  
took his weapons from your glances:  
bewitching eyes, who would believe you?

O false glances, false sorrow,  
but real arrows to my heart,  
in vain you pretended to sigh  
for my sufferings, and grieved  
that the soul dwelt outside of the breast:  
bewitching eyes, who would believe you?

### **Ah, these eyes of mine**

Ah, that these eyes of mine which were happy  
Have become fountains of pain,  
That pour out day and night bitter humors.

Ahi, che questo mio cor che fu felice  
è ora oppresso di sì gran martire,  
ch'eleggerei per minor mal morire.

**Dunque dovrò del puro servir mio**  
Dunque dovrò del puro servir mio Crudel'  
hor riportar tormenti, e pene:  
O tradite speranze, ò van desio,  
Che sepolta nel duol l'alma mi tiene.

Te Amor, te solo  
Hora incolpar degg'io,  
Che m'invola tiranno  
Ogni mio bene.

**Maledetto sia l'aspetto**  
Maledetto sia l'aspetto  
Che m'arde tristo me!  
Poich'io sento rio tormento  
Poich'io moro ne ristoro  
Ha mia fè sol per te.  
Maledetto sia l'aspetto  
Che m'arde tristo me!

Maledetta la saetta  
Ch'impiego ne morro;  
Così vuole il mio sole  
Così brama chi disama  
Quanto può - che farò?  
Maledetta la saetta  
Ch'impiego ne morro.

Donna ria morte mia  
Vuol così chi ferì.  
Prende gioco del mio foco;  
Vuol ch'io peni, che mi sveni;  
Morrò quì, fiero dì;  
Donna ria morte mia  
Vuol così chi ferì.

**Quel sguardo sdegnosetto**  
Quel sguardo sdegnosetto  
lucente e minaccioso,  
quel dardo velenoso  
vola a ferirmi il petto,  
Bellezze ond'io tutt'ardo  
e son da me diviso  
piagatemi col sguardo,  
Sanatemi col riso.

Armatevi, pupille  
d'asprissimo rigore,  
versatemi su'l core  
un nembo di faville.  
Ma 'labro non sia tardo  
a rattivarmi ucciso.

Ah, that this my heart that was happy  
is now oppressed by so great suffering,  
that I would choose death as a lesser evil.

**Must my pure servitude**  
Must my pure servitude, unmerciful one,  
Now be the recipient of pains and torments:  
O hopes deceived, O groundless desire,  
Immured in pain by my soul.

You alone, Love, bear the blame,  
Purloining, like a tyrant, all my possessions from me.  
I put the blame on you, who have made fun of  
The ruthless fire inflaming my heart.

**Cursed be the looks**  
Cursed be the looks  
that have set my heart on fire.  
Alas! unhappy me, for I suffer  
cruel torment and will surely die,  
nor can any but you ease my suffering.  
Cursed be the looks  
that have set my heart on fire.

Cursed be the arrow  
that has wounded me, of which I'll die.  
She wills it so, my sun,  
she wills it, who despises me with all her might.  
What shall I do?  
Cursed be the arrow  
that has wounded me, of which I'll die.

The pitiless lady, death to me,  
who dealt this blow would have it so.  
She makes light of my ardor,  
wishes me to suffer pain and death.  
Here I'll die this grievous day.  
The pitiless lady, death to me,  
who dealt this blow would have it so.

**That haughty little glance**  
That haughty little glance,  
bright and menacing,  
that poisonous dart  
is flying to strike my breast.  
O beauties for which I burn,  
by which I am severed from myself:  
wound me with your glance,  
but heal me with your laughter.

Arm yourself, O eyes,  
with sternest rigor;  
pour upon my heart  
a cloud of sparks.  
But let lips not be slow  
to revive when I am slain.

Feriscami quel sguardo,  
ma sanimi quel riso.

Begl'occhi a l'armi, a l'armi!  
Io vi preparo il seno.  
Gioite di piagarmi  
in fin ch'io venga meno!  
E se da vostri dardi  
io resterò conquiso,  
feriscano quei sguardi,  
ma sanami quel riso.

### **Sicut sponsus matris**

Sicut sponsus matris fuit  
custos integerrime virginitatis.  
Ita Thomas dubitans et palpans  
factus est testis vere resurrectionis.

Palpavit autem et exclamavit  
Dominus meus et deus meus.  
Dicit ei Jesus: Quia vidisti me  
Thoma credidisti  
Sed magis letificat quod sequitur  
Beati qui non viderunt et crediderunt.  
Alleluia.

### **O come sei gentile**

O come sei gentile,  
caro augellino! O quanto  
è il mio stato amoroso al tuo simile!  
Tu prigion, io prigion; tu canti, io canto;  
tu canti per colei  
che t'ha legato, ed io canto per lei.  
Ma in questo è differente  
la mia sorte dolente:  
che giova pur a te l'esser canoro;  
vivi cantando, ed io cantando moro.

### **If ye love me**

If ye love me,  
keep my commandments,  
and I will pray the Father,  
and he shall give you another comforter,  
that he may bide with you forever,  
e'en the spirit of truth.

Let the glance strike me;  
but let the laughter heal me.

O fair eyes: to arms, to arms!  
I am preparing my bosom as your target.  
Rejoice in wounding me,  
even until I faint!  
And if I remain vanquished  
by your darts,  
let your glances strike me –  
but let your laughter heal me.

### **Just like the mother's**

Just like the mother's groom  
was a most virtuous guardian of her virginity,  
So Thomas, doubting and touching,  
became a witness to the true resurrection.

He touched indeed and shouted:  
My Lord and my God.  
Jesus said to him: you believed,  
Thomas, for you saw.  
But even more joyful is what follows:  
Blessed are those who believed without seeing.  
Hallelujah.

### **Oh, how gentle you are**

Oh, how gentle you are,  
dear little bird! Oh, how  
my being in love resembles your state!  
You are a captive, I am a captive; you sing, I sing;  
you sing for the one  
who has bound you to herself,  
and I sing for her.  
But there is a difference  
concerning my dreary fate:  
It is worth your while to be a songster;  
you live singing, and I die singing.