

Gotham Early Music Scene (GEMS) presents



Thursday February 9, 2023 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/)

Melissa Fogarty & Friends
Love on the Brink, c. 1700
Unrestrained Cantatas from the Court of Louis XIV

Melissa Fogarty ~ soprano Leah Gale Nelson ~ violin
Motomi Igarashi ~ viola da gamba Jennifer Griesbach ~ harpsichord

La Mort de Didon

(Cantates, Livre I, c. 1709)

Michel Pignolet de Montéclair (1667–1737)

from Sixième Ordre

François Couperin (1668–1733)

Les Langueurs Tendres (The Tender Weaknesses) ~
Les Baricades Mistérieuses (The Mysterious Barricades) ~
Le Moucheron (The Gnat)

Medée

(Cantates françaises, Livre I, c. 1710)

Louis-Nicolas Clérambault (1676–1749)

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About the Program

François Couperin, organist, music teacher to the children of Louis XIV, and composer, was appointed *organist du roi* in 1693. Couperin became the leading composer of his day in France, admired by his contemporaries, and considered the most important musical figure between Lully and Rameau. He wrote in his preface to the Concerts Royaux that they were written for weekly “petits Concerts du chambre” (little chamber concerts) for Louis XIV.

Michel Pignolet de Montéclair, bass player for the Paris Opera, and music teacher whose students included Couperin’s children, never held a court appointment though he was a highly respected composer and music theorist in Paris. Unique in operatic writing for his use of orchestral color, he composed twenty French and four Italian cantatas.

Louis-Nicolas Clérambault, organist, music teacher, and composer, was engaged as the supervisor of the private house concerts (*appartements*) for Louis XIV in the last years of his reign. Clérambault later became music master at the Maison Royale de Saint-Louis à St. Cyr, a religious school for well-born girls established by Madame de Maintenon, “second wife” of Louis XIV. Known today for his organ and sacred works, he was renowned in the eighteenth century for his cantatas, publishing twenty-five works in the genre, with the texts often provided by Louis XIV.

About the Artists

Hailed by *The New York Times* for her “delirious abandon” onstage, eclectic soprano **Melissa Fogarty’s** wide-ranging experience has led her to appear at diverse venues ranging from the New York City Opera to popular clubs including Le Poisson Rouge and City Winery. Known for her lively and elegant interpretations of Baroque music, highlights include King Arthur at New York City Opera, and *La serva padrona* and *Agar e Ismaele in esiliate* with Seattle Baroque. Her solo album *Despite and Still* is a critically acclaimed collection of songs by Samuel Barber, and she is a highlighted performer and commentator in the biopic *Samuel Barber: Absolute Beauty* (Zen Violence Films, 2017).

Leah Nelson, violin, specializes in music from the 17th to early 19th centuries. She has led ensembles for Chicago’s Music of the Baroque, Gotham Chamber Opera, Aspen Festival Opera, Chicago Opera Theater, and is Artist-in-Residence at New York’s Church of St. Luke in the Fields. She holds a Masters degree from Mannes College where she studied with David Nadien, and historical performance with Nancy Wilson and Arthur Haas. In 2011, her recording *Biber: The Sacred Mysteries* was released to critical acclaim, Oxford’s *Early Music* hailing it “an elegant and beautiful recording.” Leah teaches historical performance at Rutgers University.

Motomi Igarashi performs regularly on viola da gamba, double bass, violone and lirone. She has appeared mainly in New York, Washington, D.C., and Boston, playing with The American Classical Orchestra, Anima, ARTEK, Boston Baroque (as Principal Bass), the Dryden Ensemble, Lenape Ensemble, and the Orchestra of St. Luke’s. Motomi recently appeared as a lirone soloist on Brad Mehldau’s Grammy nominated jazz album *Jacob’s Ladder*. She graduated from The Juilliard School, studied viola da gamba in Europe, and lirone in the United States with Erin Headley.

Jennifer Griesbach studied harpsichord with Colin Tilney in Toronto and Davitt Moroney in Paris. She co-founded Teatro Bacchino in Berkeley, CA, and has performed in chamber music concerts and Baroque opera on both coasts. She collaborated with The Wooster Group on their reconstruction of Cavalli’s *La Didone* and has stage directed and assisted on opera productions in the United States and Europe. Jennifer is an organist and music director, recently retired from Grace Episcopal Church in Hastings-on-Hudson. She is a gestalt therapist in private practice in New York.

NEXT WEEK: Caroline Nicolas
The Expressive Violoncello

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

La Mort de Didon

Michel Pignolet de Montéclair

Je ne verrai donc plus Enée!

*S'ecria tristement Didon abandonnée,
"Il est donc vrai qu'il part? Il fuit loin de ces bords,
Dieux que j'étois credule! O Dieux qu'il est perfide!
L'inconstant plus leger que le vent qui le guide
Me quitte sans regrets, me trahit sans remords.*

AIR

O Toi Déesse de Cithère!

*Tendre Vénus, es tu la mère
De l'ingrat qui m'a su charmer?
Non, non, il ne sait pas aimer.
Helas! Pourquoi sait-il trop plaire?*

RECITATIVE

Infidèle pourquoi quittez vous ce rivage?

*Les plaisirs et les jeux y voloient sur vos pas!
Pourquoi vouloir régner dans de lointains climats
Quand ma main vous ofroit le Sceptre de Carthage?
Perfide amant, funeste jour!
Faut-il que je trouve un volage
Dans le frere du tendre Amour?*

VIVEMENT

Tirans de l'empire de l'Onde,

*Grondez, volez vent furieux
Elevez les flots jusqu'aux cieux!
Que tout l'Univers se confonde!
Tonez, vengez mes feux trabis!
Justes Dieux, vengez mon injure!
Tonez, embrasez un parjure
Dans le sein meme de Thetis!*

RECITATIVE

Non, aretez

*Grands Dieux! Gardez vous d'exaucer mon couroux légitime!
Laissez moi choisir ma victime:
Enée est dans mon coeur et je vais l'y percer."*

Sur un bucher fatal théâtre de sa rage

*Didon en ce moment se livre à la fureur.
Un fer, triste present que lui laisse un volage,
Un fer cruel lui perve enfin le coeur:*

Mourante elle tombe, et son ame

*Chérit encor l'Ingrat qu'elle n'a pu toucher;
Elle expire sur le bucher,
Le flambeau de l'Amour en alume la flame.*

AIR

Qu'il est dangereux

*De se rendre aux voeux
D'un objet volage!
Un sensible coeur
Risque son bonheur
Le jour qu'il s'engage.
Que les seuls plaisirs
Fixent nos desirs;
Evintons les peines!
Amour, si les jeux n'en forment les noeuds,
Je brise mes chaines.*

The Death of Dido

Michel Pignolet de Montéclair

"I will never see Aeneas again!"

Abandoned Dido sadly cried,
"It's true then, he's leaving? He flees these shores;
Gods, I was so naive! Oh Gods, he is a traitor!
The cheating liar, flightier than the wind that guides him
Leaves me without regret, betrays me without remorse.

AIR

Oh Goddess of Cythera!

Gentle Venus, are you the mother
of the scoundrel who charmed me?
No, no, he does not know how to love.
Alas! Why does he know, so well, how to please?

RECITATIVE

Traitor, why do you leave this shore?

Fun and games surround you!
Why do you want to rule in distant lands
when my hand offers you the scepter of Carthage?
Traacherous lover, fateful day!
Must I find a fickle heart
in the brother of tender Cupid?

VIVEMENT

Tyrants of the waves,

Roar, swirl furious winds
Raise the waves to the heavens!
So that all the universe is confounded!
Thunder, avenge my betrayed passion!
Just Gods avenge this abuse!
Thunder, burn a liar
even in the very breast of Thetis!

RECITATIVE

No, stop,

Great Gods! Do not heed my just wrath!
Let me choose my victim:
Aeneas is in my heart and there I will stab him."

On a fatal pyre, scene of her rage

Dido at this moment gives in to her fury.
A dagger, a sad gift left by her fickle lover,
A cruel dagger at last pierces her heart:

Dying she falls, and her soul

still cherishes the ingrate she could not move;
She dies upon the pyre,
the torch of love lights the flame.

AIR

How dangerous it is

to surrender to the wishes
of a capricious man!
A tender heart
risks its joy
the day it commits.
Let only pleasure
clinch our desires;
Let's avoid the pain!
Love, if the games don't tie the knot,
I break my chains.

Medée

Louis-Nicolas Clérambault

L'amante de Jason aux rives de Colchos
Avait forcé l'Enfer à prendre sa défense.
L'amour et la reconnaissance
Devait dans ses liens retenir ce héros,
Mais bientôt elle apprend qu'un nouvel hyménée
De son volage époux fait les plus doux souhaits.
"Dieux!" dit-elle,
"à quels maux m'avez vous condamnée
Si je perds Jason pour jamais.

LENTEMENT

Séduite par les soins de sa fausse tendresse

J'osai trahir et mon père et les dieux.
C'est par moi que, vainqueur des taureaux furieux,
Il revient triomphant dans le sein de la Grèce;
Et le perfide immole en ce funeste jour
Le devoir, la gloire et l'amour.

PRELUDE

Non, non, n'écoutez plus qu'un courroux légitime;
L'amour désespéré demande une victime!
J'aime, je suis trahie, et mon cœur est jaloux.
Venez, haine, fureur! L'amour me livre à vous.

AIR

Courons à la vengeance!

Dépit mortel, allumez mon courroux.
Que l'ingrat qui m'offense
Périsse sous vos coups.

Faisons tomber sur sa tête coupable
Les foudres menaçants de ma juste fureur.
La haine devient implacable
Quand l'amour l'allume en un cœur.
da capo "Courons..."

RECITATIVE

Que dis-je? Hélas! Mon cœur à moi même rebelle,
De son péril fatal commence à s'alarmer.
Prête à punir Jason, sa trahison cruelle
Contre lui ne peut m'animer.
Je ne vois plus dans l'infidèle
Que ce qui me le fit aimer.

AIR TENDRE

L'amour dans ses fers me ramène.

Malgré tout mon dépit il triomphe à son tour.
En vain un tendre cœur s'abandonne à la haine;
Il revient toujours à l'amour.

RECITATIVE

Mais quelle est mon erreur extrême?

Pour sauver un ingrat je me trahis moi même,
Tandis que le perfide aux pieds des immortels
Peut-être en ce moment s'unit à ce qui'il aime.
C'est trop souffrir des affronts si cruels!
Vengeons ma flamme malheureuse!
Livrons l'ingrat Jason à des maux éternels
En perdant ma rivale heureuse.

Medea

Louis-Nicolas Clérambault

Jason's lover on the shores of Colchis
had forced the powers of Hell to come to her defense.
Love and gratitude
should have restrained this hero,
but soon she learns of a new marriage
that fulfills the traitor's every wish.
"Gods!" she said,
"to what pains have you condemned me
if I lose Jason forever.

LENTEMENT

Seduced by his false tenderness

I've betrayed my father and the Gods.
It is because of me, the conqueror of the angry bulls
returns in triumph to the bosom of Greece;
This duplicitous louse, on this fatal day, sacrifices
duty, glory, and love.

PRELUDE

No, no, let's hear nothing but this just wrath;
Despairing love demands a victim!
I love, I am betrayed, and my heart is jealous.
Come, hate, fury! Love renders me up to you.

AIR

Run to revenge!

Deadly spite, ignite my wrath.
May the louse who offends me
perish by your blows.

Drop on his guilty head
the menacing wrath of my just fury.
Hate becomes unforgiving
when love ignites it in the heart.
da capo "Run..."

RECITATIVE

What am I saying? Alas! My heart is rebellious,
for his deadly peril sounds the alarm.
Ready to punish Jason for his cruel betrayal
I cannot move against him.
I do not see anything in the traitor
but that which made me love him.

AIR TENDRE

Love in its chains pulls me back

In the face of my spite, it triumphs in its turn.
In vain a tender heart abandons itself to hate;
it always comes back to love.

RECITATIVE

But what is my greatest mistake?

To save an ingrate I betray myself,
While the traitor at the feet of the Gods
perhaps at this instant is united with the one he loves.
It is too much to suffer such cruelty!
Avenge my wretched passion!
Deliver ungrateful Jason to eternal pain
by offering my happy rival.

EVOCATION

Cruelle fille des enfers,
Démon fatal, affreuse jalousie
Pour venger ma flamme trahie
Venez, sortez, vos gouffres sont ouverts.
Venez, venez, punissez ma rivale
Des maux affreux que j'ai soufferts.
Rendez sa peine à ma fureur égale,
Que son supplice étonne l'univers.
reprise "Cruelle..."

RECITATIVE

Le charme est fait, *les cruelles Furies*
Sortent du ténébreux séjour.
Le dieu brillant dont j'ai reçu le jour
Se trouble de leur barbarie.

PRELUDE – AIR

Volez, Demons, volez! *Servez ma colère fatale*
Brûles, ravages ce palais,
Que la flamme infernale
Détruise ces lieux pour jamais.

Portez dans tous les cœurs
le trouble et l'épouvante.
Redoublez l'horreur de vos feux.
Offrez dans ce désordre affreux
Aux regards de Jason ma rivale mourante!"
da capo "Volez..."

EVOCATION

Cruel daughter of hell
Lethal demon, ugly jealousy
to avenge my betrayed passion
Come, come out, your chasms are open
Come, come punish my rival
for the horrible pains I have suffered.
Make her pain equal to my fury,
Make his torture astonish the universe.
reprise "Cruel..."

RECITATIVE

The spell is cast, *the cruel Furies*
come out of the darkness.
The brilliant god from whom I received my life
is troubled by their savagery.

PRELUDE – AIR

Fly, Demons, fly! *Serve my fatal rage*
Burn, ravage this palace,
Let the infernal flame
destroy this place forever.

Bring to all hearts
trouble and terror.
Increase the horror of your fires.
Offer in this awful chaos,
to Jason's eyes, the sight of my dying rival!"
da capo "Fly..."

translations by Leah, Jennifer & Melissa

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