
CONCERTS AT THE UNIVERSITY

Spring - Summer 2017

Friday 3 March 2017

1.10pm

Playfair Library Hall, Old College

Anne Desler · mezzo-soprano

John Kitchen · harpsichord

Love Lost and Found

Programme of works by CARISSIMI, STROZZI, CACCINI,
MOULINIÉ, MERULA, ROSSI, MONTEVERDI, VIVALDI,
CIMA, FALCONIERI and MILANUZZI



THE UNIVERSITY of EDINBURGH
Edinburgh College of Art

Bel tempo per me se n'andò
Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)

Soccorrete, luci avari
Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

Amor, ch'attendi
Giulio Caccini (1551-1618)

Amarilli, mia bella
Giulio Caccini

O, che gioia ne sento, mio bene
Etienne Moulinié (1599-1669)

Capriccio cromatico
Tarquinio Merula (c1595-1665)

Gelosia
Luigi Rossi (1597-1653)

Quando io volsi l'altra sera
Tarquinio Merula

Eri già tutta mia
Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Piango, gemo
Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)

Canzon quarta: La Pace
Giovanni Paolo Cima (c1570-1630)

Pupille arciera
Andrea Falconieri (1585-1656)

Non voglio amare
Carlo Milanuzzi (1590-1647)

Su la cetra amorosa
Tarquinio Merula

Today's programme tells an age-old story: Falling in love, falling out of love and falling in love again. Whilst we have no record that 17th-century musicians drafted individual songs into the service of forming storylines, two of the composers whose works feature on the programme, Giulio Caccini and Claudio Monteverdi, were influential figures in the inception of what was going to become the most important narrative musical genre – opera. The beginnings of opera are rooted in the *seconda pratica* (second practice), a compositional style Caccini claimed to have invented in the foreword to his collection *Le nuove musiche*, published in 1601, which includes 'Amor ch'attendi' and 'Amarilli, mia bella'. These new vocal pieces, called 'monodies' in modern usage, consists of a vocal part supported by a single bass line upon which one or more musicians improvise the basso continuo accompaniment. In terms of performance practice, the aesthetic ideal of Caccini and his contemporaries was to 'speak through music', intensifying the expression both by means of ornamentation and a 'noble negligence' with regard to rhythm, which we might call *rubato* today.

Early 17th-century monodies come in different shapes and sizes. The *aria* is a strophic song. Some, such as 'Amor, ch'attendi', 'Quando io volsi l'altra sera' and 'Pupille arciera' are simple and straight-forward; others, including 'Soccorrete, luci avari', 'Gelosia, and 'Eri già tutta mia', are much more complex, consisting of several sections in different tempi or even meters. The *madrigale* can contain text repetitions, but is a through-composed piece; one of the most famous examples is 'Amarilli, mia bella'. Other monodies were composed over repeated bass lines. Tarquinio Merula's extraordinary 'Su la cetra amorosa' utilises the syncopated *ciacona* bass, a notoriously seductive dance imported from Brazil. In contrast, 'Piango, gemo' exemplifies the 17th-century tradition of the lament over a descending tetrachord, a succession of four notes, which are often filled in with chromatic passing tones. This bass line's scope for expressive dissonance ensured its longevity and popularity with composers such as Antonio Vivaldi and George Frideric Handel still in the 18th century.

The 17th-century keyboard repertoire is no less rich, expressive and varied, ranging from relatively straightforward pieces like Giovanni Paolo Cima's *Canzon quarta: La Pace* to Merula's *Capriccio cromatico*, which is similarly extravagant and experimental as his *ciacona*, 'Su la cetra amorosa'. Merula, who lived and worked in Cremona, left a small legacy of keyboard music, including this piece which inhabits the well-established genre of Italian chromatic keyboard works. These often begin with a short rising or falling chromatic scale, but here Merula daringly extends his opening figure to an octave and a note. He proceeds to introduce various figurations, maintaining the chromatic flavour throughout. Cima was a Milanese organist who, like Merula, wrote (and no doubt improvised) keyboard music in the forms of the day. This short *canzon* follows the rhythms of the typical French model (the word is derived from *chanson*) and is dance-like, wearing its counterpoint lightly. The central, more chordal, section in triple time forms a pleasing contrast.

Bel tempo per me se n'andò

Giacomo Carissimi

Bel tempo per me se n'andò
Da che la beltà,
Mostrando pietà,
Il core d'amar allettò.

Good times are over for me
Since that beautiful lady,
By signalling her interest in me,
Enticed my heart to fall in love.

Io vivea così contento,
Sciolto il sen, libero il piè,
Che le noie, ed il tormento
Per timor fuggian da me.

I lived so contentedly,
So light was my heart, so free my foot
That vexation and torment
Fled from me in fright.

Sereni i giorni, le notte tranquille
Erano a mie pupille,
E fra giocosi canti
Ridevo io sol
Quando piangean gli amanti.
Ma che prò, lasso, che prò?

My days were serene,
Tranquil my nights
And, singing merry songs,
I only laughed
When lovers were crying.
But what good is that now, alas?

Bel tempo per me se n'andò
Da che la beltà,
Mostrando pietà,
Il core d'amar allettò.

Good times are over for me
Since that beautiful lady,
By signalling her interest in me,
Enticed my heart to fall in love.

Di seguir bellezze vane,
Allacciato in servitù,
Io fuggia, ch'a menti sani
Libertà vale un Però.

Pursuing vain beauties,
Tethered in chains, I avoided
At all cost – if you're sane, your freedom
Is worth all the gold in the world.

Così le gioie dell'alma, del core
Non turbava alcun timore.
E fra giocosi canti
Ridevo io sol
Quando piangean gli amanti.
Ma che prò, lasso, che prò?

And thus the joys of my heart and mind
Were not disturbed by trepidations.
And, singing merry songs
I only laughed
When lovers were crying.
But what good is that now, alas?

Bel tempo per me se n'andò
Da che la beltà,
Mostrando pietà,
Il core d'amar allettò.

Good times are over for me
Since that beautiful lady,
By signalling her interest in me,
Enticed my heart to fall in love.

Soccorrete, luci avari

Barbara Strozzi

Soccorrete, luci avari,
Un che muore
Di dolore
Con un vostro sguardo
almeno.
Si può fare
Del guardare
Carità, che costi meno?

Come to the aid, miserly eyes,
Of one who is dying
Of sorrow,
If only with a glance.

You can be charitable
Just by looking –
What could cost you less?

Proferite, labbra care,
Sole, sole
Due parole
A chi muor cortesi almeno.
Si può fare
Del parlare
Cortesia, che importi
meno?

Speak, dear lips,
Only, only
Two courteous words at least
To one who is dying.
You can show courtesy
Just by speaking –
What could be less
important?

Soddisfate, se vi pare,
Un costante,
Fido amante
Con un vostro bacio
almeno.
Si può fare
Del baciare
Guiderdon, che vaglia
meno?

Satisfy, if you please,
A constant,
Faithful lover
With just one kiss.

You can reward him
Just by kissing –
What could be cheaper?

Amor, ch'attendi

Giulio Caccini

Amor, ch'attendi?
Amor, che fai?
Sù, che non prendi
Gli strali omai!
Amor, vendetta!
Amor, saetta
Quel cor, che altero
Sdegna il tuo impero.

'Amor possente,
Amor cortese',
Dirà la gente,
'Pur arse e prese
Quella crudele,
Che di querele,
Vaga e di pianti
Schernia gli amanti.'

Dall'alto cielo
Fulmina Giove,
L'arcier di Delo
Saette piove,
Ma lo stral d'oro
S'orni d'alloro,
Che di possanza
Ogn'altro avanza.

Cupid, what are you waiting for?
Cupid, what are you doing?
Come on, take up
Your arrows!
Cupid, to vengeance!
Cupid, shoot
At that heart, which haughtily
Scorns your reign.

'Mighty Cupid,
Gallant Cupid',
People will say,
'Yet enflamed and conquered
That cruel woman,
Who quarrelsome,
Pretty and with false tears
Spurned all lovers.'

From the sky above
Jupiter throws his bolts,
The Archer of Delos, Apollo,
Rains down his arrows,
But Cupid's golden arrow
Must be crowned with laurels
For it is more powerful
Than all the others.

Amarilli, mia bella

Giulio Caccini

Amarilli, mia bella,
Non credi, o del mio cor
Dolce desio,
D'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur,
E se timor t'assale,
Dubitar non ti vale -
Aprimi il petto,
E vedrai scritto in core:
'Amarilli è il mio amore.'

Amarilli, my beauty,
Do you, oh my heart's
Sweet desire, not believe
That you are my love?
Do believe it,
And if fear assails you,
You still must not doubt it -
Open up my breast
And you will see written on my heart:
'Amarilli is my love.'

O, che gioia ne sento, mio bene

Etienne Moulinié

O, che gioia io sento, mio bene,
Che lo strale d'Amor t'ha ferito!
O soavi mie' affanni, mie pene,
O tormento mio caro gradito!
Hora sì, che son lieto, e contento!
O che gioia io sento!

Hora sì, che felice mi chiamo,
Ch'amor punse il tuo cor sì crudele,
Disperato morir più non bramo,
Più non spargo lamenti, o querele.
Ogni noia è sparita, ogni stento!
O che gioia io sento!

O what joy I feel, my dearest,
That Cupid's arrow has wounded you!
O how sweet are my anguish, my pain,
O how welcome my torments!
Yes, now I am happy and contented!
O what joy I feel!

Yes, now I can call myself happy
That Cupid has pierced your cruel heart!
I no longer wish to die,
And no longer lament and sigh.
All vexation, all misery has disappeared!
O what joy I feel!

Gelosia

Luigi Rossi

Gelosia, che poco a poco
Nel mio cor serpendo vai,
Non entrar dov'arde il foco,
Vero amor non gela mai.

Da me, che brami?
Forse vuoi tu,
Ch'io più non ami?

Furia dell'alma mia,
Non mi tormentar più!
Lasciami, gelosia!

Ma, crudel, tu pur pian piano
Del mio cor stai sulle porte.
Fuggi, fuggi, oimè, lontano!
Del tuo gelo è Amor più forte.

Da me, che spero?
Godendo io sto
Dei miei pensieri.

Furia dell'alma mia,
Non più rigor, no, no!
Lasciami, gelosia!

Jealousy, which little by little
Worms its way into my heart,
Do not enter where the fire burns -
True love never cools.

What do you want of me?
Perhaps you want me
To love no more?

Fury of my soul,
Stop tormenting me!
Leave me alone, jealousy!

But, cruel, you sneakily make your
way
To the gates of my heart.
Get away from me, alas!
Love is stronger than your coldness.

What do you want of me?
I am enjoying
My innermost thoughts.

Fury of my mind,
Stop your cruel attack!
Leave me alone, jealousy!

Quando io volsi l'altra sera

Tarquinio Merula

Quando io volsi l'altra sera
Restar teco in sino a dì,
Mi facesti la brusca cera,
Ne volesti dir di sì,
Con scusarti ch'a quattro hore
Aspettavi un gran signore.

Hoggi poi m'e stato detto,
Da persona che lo sa,
Che tu sola andasti a letto,
Doppo ch'io parti di là,
E dormisti con tuoi guai,
Quel signor non venne mai.

Hor io penso molto bene
La cagion qual si di ciò,
Dirò forse com'avieni
Quel signor se lo scordo
E volendo a te venire,
Hebbe sonno e andò a dormire.

Quando siamo tra noi soli
Tu fai più difficoltà
Che non hebber gli spagnoli
Nell'impresa di Breda.
Non v'e teco altro rimedio
Che pigliarti per assedio.

Io che son poco soldato
Alla fin ti lascerò
S'ho da star sempre in steccato
In Venetia andar men' vò
Ove almeno a tutte l'hore
Non s'aspetta quel signore.

When I came by the other evening
To stay with you all night,
You gave me the cold shoulder
And did not want to let me stay,
Making excuses that at ten
You expected an important gentleman.

Now, I've been told
By someone who knows
That you went to bed alone
After I left your house,
And slept with only your troubles -
That gentleman never came.

Thinking about it carefully,
I think I know the reason
And I'll tell you what happened:
That gentleman forgot
And, when he wanted to visit you,
He got tired and went to bed instead.

When we are alone together
You make more difficulties
Than the Spaniards had
In the quest for Breda.
With you, the only way is
To conquer you by siege.

But since I'm not much of a soldier
I'll leave you in the end;
If I just have to hang around all the time,
I'd rather go to Venice
Where at least people aren't waiting
For that gentleman all the time.

Eri già tutta mia

Claudio Monteverdi

Eri già tutta mia,
Mia quell'alma e quel core,
Che da me ti desvia
Nuovo laccio d'amore.
O bellezza, o valore,
O mirabil costanza,
Dove sei tu?
Eri già tutta mia,
Hor non sei più,
Ah, che mia non sei più!

You used to be all mine,
Mine your heart and soul,
When you were led astray
By a new chain of love.
O beauty, o valour,
O miraculous constancy,
Where have you gone?
You used to be all mine,
And now you are mine no longer,
Ah, you are mine no longer!

Sol per me gli occhi belli
Rivolgevi ridenti,
Per me d'oro i capelli
Si spiegavan ai venti.
O fugaci contenti,
O fermezza d'un core,
Dove sei tu?
Eri già tutta mia,
Hor non sei più,
Ah, che mia non sei più!

For me alone your pretty eyes sparkled
When you were laughing,
For me your golden hair
Fluttered in the wind.
O flighty contentedness,
O loyalty of heart,
Where have you gone?
You used to be all mine,
And now you are mine no longer,
Ah, you are mine no longer!

Il gioir del mio viso,
Ah, che più non rimiri,
Il mio canto, il mio riso
È converso in martiri.
O dispersi sospiri,
O sparita pietade,
Dove sei tu?
Eri già tutta mia,
Hor non sei più,
Ah, che mia non sei più!

My joyful smiles –
Ah, they are gone;
My song, my laughter –
They have turned into torment.
O heaving sighs,
O vanished pity,
Where have you gone?
You used to be all mine,
And now you are mine no longer,
Ah, you are mine no longer!

Piango, gemo

Antonio Vivaldi

Piango, gemo, sospiro, e peno.
O, la piaga rinchiusa è nel cor.

I weep, I groan, I sigh, I suffer.
Ah, my heart is wounded deeply.

Solo spero per pace del seno
Che m'uccida un più fiero dolor.

For my peace of mind all I hope is that
An even fiercer agony may kill me.

Piango, gemo, sospiro, e peno.
O, la piaga rinchiusa è nel cor.

I weep, I groan, I sigh, I suffer.
Ah, my heart is wounded deeply.

Pupille arciere

Andrea Falconieri

Pupille arciere,
Pupille nere,
Reggio albergo d'Amore,
Voi quelle siete
Che traffigete,
Che saettate il core.

Arrow-shooting eyes,
Black eyes,
Cupid's royal residence,
It is you
Who stab,
Who pierce my heart.

Io per voi sento
Grave tormento,
Crudelissimi lumi.
Pur v'amo e intanto
D'amaro pianto
Verso fontane e fiumi.

You cause me
Intense torment,
Most cruel eyes.
Yet I love you
And my bitter tears
Flow like fountains and rivers.

O luci amati,
Luci beati,
Chiedo mercede anch'io.
Datemi aita,
Datemi vita,
Non più tormenti, o Dio.

O beloved eyes,
Blessed eyes,
I too beg for mercy.
Give me help,
Give me life,
Not torment anymore, oh God.

Non voglio amare

Carlo Milanuzzi

Non voglio amare
Per non penare
Ch'Amor seguendo
Al duol sen và,
L'alma dolente
Di pene amare.
Non vò più amare,
Nò, nò, nò, nò.

I don't want to love
For I don't want to suffer,
Because he who follows Cupid
Ends up hurt,
With a soul suffering
From bitter pain.
I no longer want to love,
No, no, no, no.

Chi vive amando
Muore penando
S'è cieco Amore
Come ch'egli è.
Il mio dolore
Non può mirare
Non vò più amare,
Nò, nò, nò, nò.

He who lives loving
Dies suffering
For Cupid is blind –
That's how he is.
He cannot see
My sorrow.
I no longer want to love,
No, no, no, no.

Fuggir vogl'io
Quest'empio e rio
S'Amor è crudo,
Come ch'egli è.
Fanciullo ignudo,
Che mi può dare?
Non vò più amare,
Nò, nò, nò, nò.

I want to flee
That treacherous, wicked Cupid,
For Cupid is cruel –
That's how he is.
A naked boy,
What can he give me?
I no longer want to love,
No, no, no, no.

Su la cetra amorosa

Tarquino Merula

Su la cetra amorosa
In dolce e lieto stile
Io non pensava mai
Mai più cantar.
Ch'anima tormentosa
In suon funesto e homile
Dovea pianger mai sempre
E sospirar.

To the sounds of the amorous lyre,
Sweetly and happily,
I thought I would
Never sing again.
For my tormented soul
Should have wept forever,
Dolefully and humbly,
And sighed.

Pur da nuova cagion
Chiamato son
D'Amor al canto,
Al cant'e al son.
Io, ch'amante infelice
Ceneri freddi appena
Dal rogo riportai
D'infausto amor,
Sento, che più non lice
Con rocha e stanca lena

However, for a new reason
I Cupid has called
Upon me to sing,
To sing and play.
I, an unhappy lover,
Mourning over ashes,
Hardly even cool,
From the pyre of hapless love,
I feel that I can no longer
With a hoarse and tired voice

Narrar le fiamme antich'e
'l vecchio ardor.

Talk of old flames
And bygone ardour.

Hora che nuovo sol
M'accende e vuol
Ch'io di lui canti sol,
Questa lacera spoglia
D'un cor trafitto et arso,
Miserabil arcanzo dei martir,
Invece che l'accoglia
Povero avello e scarso,
Amor tiranno anche
Pur vuol ferir.

Now a new sun
Sets me alight and wants me
To sing of her alone;
And these mangled remains
Of a pierced and burnt heart,
A miserable receptacle of torments,
Should be buried in
A pitiful pauper's grave,
But Cupid, that tyrant, wants to
Injure them still more.

Eccomi fatto egual
Scuopo al fatal
Dispietato e mortal.
Io non intesi mai
Che si tragga di tomba
Nemico estinto
A fargli guerra più,

And thus I am yet made
A target for that fatal,
Unmerciful and deadly archer.
Never before have I heard
That you would drag from his tomb
A slain enemy
To continue to wage war against
him,
And yet Cupid

E pur Amor homai

Sona guerriera tromba
Pur contro chi d'Amor
Già morto fù.
Ecco, a battaglia
Me rappella, ahimè,
D'amor, d'honor, di fè.

Ei potea pur lasciarmi
Sepolt'infra cipressi,
O nel sasso d'Elisa,
Argente e dur,
E con più gloria l'armi
Volger contro quei stessi cori
Ch'al regno suo
Rubelli fur,
E in pace me lasciar
Dopo il penar,
Morto almen riposar.

Pur se di nuovo vuoi
Ch'io porti il cor piagato
Di tua quadrella,
O dispietato Arcier,
S'ancor da lacci tuoi
Mi vuoi esser legato,
E vuoi ch'io avvampi
Del tuo fuoco, o fier,
Deh, meco almen fa sì
Ch'arda colei che mi ferì.

E se tu vuoi ch'io canti
Nove fiamme, altri ardori,
E divina beltà scesa del ciel,
Fa sì ch'anch'io mi vanti
D'esser tra casti allori,
Degno di non morir
Sempre di gel;
Ch'i più canori augei
Io emulerei,
Sì dolce canterei.

Sounds the war trumpet
Against someone who had already
Fallen by his hand.
And thus he calls me
To battle, alas,
To the battle of love, honour and faith.

Yet he could have left me
Buried under cypresses,
Or in the rock of the Elysian mountain,
Chilly and hard;
And he could have reaped greater glory
From turning his arms against hearts
That rebelled
Against his reign,
And leave me in peace
After my suffering,
Let a dead man rest.

But if you want me
To expose my heart once more
To your bow,
O merciless Archer,
If you want me to be bound
By your chains again,
And if you want me to burn
In your fire again, proud god,
Ah, then at least make her,
Who injured me, burn too.

And if you want me to sing of
New flames, other passions,
And a divine beauty come from heaven,
Make it so that I, too, can boast
Of being crowned by chaste laurels,
Worthy of not always
Freezing to death –
Then I would imitate
The most mellifluous songbirds,
So sweetly would I sing.

Dr **Anne Desler** is a performer-scholar specialising in 18th-century Italian opera. She has published articles and book chapters on star singers' artistic profiles and their influence on dramatic and musical performance practice as well as on music historiography. Current research projects include monographs on the star castrati Farinelli and Nicolini.

As a singer, Anne has appeared in baroque opera productions and concerts in the US and Europe with Europa Galante, The Los Angeles Baroque Orchestra and Modo Antiquo, among others, in venues such as the Opéra de Paris, Sala Verdi (Milano), Teatro Massimo (Palermo), Philharmonie Köln (Cologne) and the Getty Centre (Los Angeles). Her rendition of the title role in the first complete recording of Vivaldi's *Orlando furioso* earned international critical acclaim.

Anne holds a DMA (Doctor of Musical Arts) in Historical Performance Practice from the University of Southern California and a PhD in Musicology from the University of Glasgow. She taught both music and drama at Rose Bruford College of Theatre and Performance and the University of Hull before joining the University of Edinburgh in 2014. Anne is Director of Performance for the Reid School of Music.

After 27 years as a Senior Lecturer in Music in the University of Edinburgh, **John Kitchen** has retired from teaching, and is an Honorary Fellow in the Reid School of Music. He continues as University Organist, as Director of the Edinburgh University Singers, and he will continue to be involved with the Russell Collection of Early Keyboard Instruments at St Cecilia's Hall in Edinburgh when it reopens soon. John is also Director of Music of Old Saint Paul's Episcopal Church and Edinburgh City Organist with duties at the Usher Hall.

He gives many solo recitals both in the UK and further afield, and also plays regularly with several ensembles, covering a wide range of musical styles. In addition, he is much in demand as a continuo player, accompanist, lecturer, writer, adjudicator and reviewer. John has recorded extensively for Priory and for the Edinburgh-based label, Delphian Records.

FORTHCOMING CONCERTS:

Tuesday 7 March

1.10pm

Methodist Church, Nicolson Square

The Edinburgh Quartet

HAYDN String Quartet Op.77 No.2 and works by

University of Edinburgh composition students

ANDREW BLAIR and ANDREW CARVEL

Admission Free

Friday 10 March

1.10pm

Reid Concert Hall, Bristo Square

Kevin Duggan (organ)

FRESCOBALDI Toccata sesta

BUXTEHUDE Præludium in G minor *manualiter*

J.S. BACH Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr BWV 664

and works by TALLIS, GIBBONS, ZACH, KUCHAR and SAWA

Admission Free

Tuesday 14 March

1.10pm

Methodist Church, Nicolson Square

Michael Foyle (violin)

Raphael Lang (cello)

Hannah Harnest (piano)

MOZART Piano Trio in B flat major KV 502

WEINBERG Piano Trio Op.24

Admission Free