

## THE ARTISTS

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**Constantinople**  
&  
**Suzie LeBlanc**

**Kiya Tabassian**

SETAR, SHOURANGIZ, LEADER

**Michel Angers**

BAROQUE GUITAR & THEORBO

**Pierre-Yves Martel**

VIOLA DA GAMBA

**David Greenberg**

BAROQUE VIOLIN

**Patrick Graham**

PERCUSSION

&

**Suzie LeBlanc**

SOPRANO

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Pre-concert chat at 6:45  
with host Matthew White:

**Kiya Tabassian**



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## PROGRAMME

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Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643):

**Il ballo delle ingrate** (Excerpt)

**Si dolce è il tormento**

Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger (c. 1580-1651) / Marco Uccellini (c. 1603-1680):

**Bergamasca**

Salomone Rossi (c. 1570-1630):

**Sinfonia**

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677):

**L'Eraclito amoroso**

Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger / Andrea Falconieri (c. 1585-1656):

**Capona / Ciaconna**

Tarquinio Merula (1595-1665):

**Sentirete una canzonetta**

## INTERVAL

Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger:

**Toccata Arpeggiata**

Tarquinio Merula:

**Hor ch'è tempo di dormire**

Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger:

**Kapsberger**

Stefano Landi (1587-1639):

**Amarilli deh! vieni**

Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger:

**Colasione**

Stefano Landi:

**A che più l'arco tendere**

Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger:

**Passacaglia**

Barbara Strozzi:

**Amor dormiglione**

## PROGRAMME NOTES

“For the flames of lovers, I know that all the oceans are not enough.”  
Sebastiano Baldini, *Cantate Sino Alla Morte de Barbara Strozzi*

A thousand and one questions affect our relationship to the world. Excessive consumerism, spiritual unrest, clinging to identity, diminishing exchanges, emergence of new divisions, blurring of borders... In this apparent disorder, can the origins of another era be unveiled?

As musician-inventors and musician-travellers, we endlessly replay our utopias, with Babel as a backdrop. The territory to explore is infinite: cultures and memories whose lines we like to shift so that they finally converge. We also make migration and the mixing of cultures our territory. Perhaps it is our early exile that led us to return to the source, to follow the traces of our predecessors, to tirelessly search for creative allies. This awareness of belonging to several space-times is as basic to us as respiration, as inspiration.

– Kiya Tabassian, artistic director

### VENICE: WHERE EAST MEETS WEST

For several centuries, and despite numerous armed conflicts, Venice maintained strong diplomatic and commercial ties with the Ottoman Empire, and particularly with its capital, Constantinople (now known as Istanbul). Bearing witness to this are the paintings by many great artists, from Carpaccio

to the 18th-century *vedutisti*, that show people in turbans and oriental clothes strolling through the public spaces of La Serenissima. Mutual rivalry and fascination continually wove links between the disparate civilizations of Venice and Constantinople.

Moreover, 17th-century Venice was *the* most musically vital city in Italy. This vitality was expressed mainly in an unprecedented boom in opera – the world’s first public theatres exclusively for opera opened here – but also in the development of autonomous and virtuosic instrumental music. These two trends were key elements of the new Baroque aesthetic. It is not surprising, then, that **Claudio Monteverdi** came to La Serenissima; he was hired in 1612 as *maestro di cappella* of Saint Mark’s basilica. He, and his work, came to exercise considerable influence. Using the new style of accompanied monody supported by basso continuo with unrivalled suppleness and fidelity, setting Italian texts to music in dramatic forms such as the opera and light forms such as the *canzonetta*, he succeeded in his lifelong quest: to find ways to express human emotions.

His worthy heir, trained by the Venetian opera master Francesco Cavalli, was **Barbara Strozzi**. She was the daughter, natural or adopted, of the poet Giulio Strozzi. Her father provided her with an excellent education, and numerous wealthy patrons encouraged her both as a singer and as a composer. Her work ranges from polyphonic madrigals to duets and cantatas for solo voice in which aria and recitative are clearly distinguished. The Roman **Stefano Landi** worked for a while in Padua, and for the rest of his life remained under the influence of the Venetian school. He mostly pursued his career in the Eternal City, working for the Borghese and Barberini families. Most of his music was vocal, both sacred and secular, and of high quality.



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Artistic Director Matthew White SEASON

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**Tarquinio Merula**, born in the Duchy of Parma, occupied posts as *maestro di cappella* in Cremona, Bergamo, and Venice, and spent time in Warsaw, but the plasticity and variety of his compositional style clearly identify him as belonging to the Venetian school.

For melody instruments, and particularly the violin, the ideal was to preserve the specific character of the instrument while, at the same time, sounding as much as possible like the human voice. At the beginning of the 17th century, music was being written for these instruments in such creative profusion that the terms *sonata*, *canzona*, *sinfonia*, and *toccata* had not yet acquired their current precise meanings and often became interchangeable. **Salomone Rossi**, a Jewish violinist and composer, worked in Mantua where he enjoyed the esteem of his patron, the Duke of Gonzaga. Rossi wrote in all the genres of his day, and though his vocal music remained essentially polyphonic, he innovated in developing the basics of the trio sonata and a new, expressive style of writing for the violin.

**Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger** was born in La Serenissima – his father was a German military official – and became one of the greatest lutenists of his time. He published his first book of pieces in Venice before moving to Rome, where he acquired a reputation as a virtuoso on the bass lutes – the various forms of lute, such as the archlute, theorbo, and

*chitarrone*, with added long bass strings. These low-register strings are not strung over the fingerboard, and thus not used to sound various pitches by pressing down on them with the fingers of the left hand. Rather, when plucked, they vibrate at full length.

Many instrumental pieces of the time, and especially dances such as chaconnes, passacaglias, and bergamasks, used melodies or bass lines with a standardized and recurring chord progression over which composers spun figures and variations of their own invention. Initially, in fact, these figures were mainly improvised, as in today's jazz; and so, today, performers can combine tunes by different composers into a single piece, mixing, as here, Kapsberger with Andrea Falconieri and with Marco Uccellini.

It was at this time that coffee, which some travellers had already tasted in Cairo, Mecca, or Constantinople, came to Europe. The new beverage quickly became hugely popular, and the coffee trade began to acquire commercial importance. For quite some time, it was the fashion among the new European coffee fanciers to dress like Turks so as to further enhance the exotic pleasure of their favourite brew! The first coffee houses, like those common throughout the Near East and decorated in Turkish style, opened in Venice. They soon spread, to London, Paris, and Vienna, bringing to Europe a new, thoroughly modern, kind of sociability.

The several modes of cultural exchange that brought Ottomans and Europeans closer together did not include music; whether in its notation, modes, vocal technique, or poetic form, the East-West dichotomy was clear. Nonetheless, some characteristic intervals and vocal ornaments, as well as the military rhythms of the Janissaries and various percussion instruments, made their way into Western compositions. These components gave more or less exotic flavours to the numberless *Turqueries* performed on European stages for more than a century, from the *Bourgeois gentilhomme* of Molière and Lully to *The Abduction from the Seraglio* of Mozart.

It is also likely that, like coffee fanciers in their elegant Turkish garb, musicians of the day could not resist the temptation to include elements from the Near East to give original colours and flavours to their playing, or even to play with colleagues from the eastern Mediterranean... The addition of percussion, and of Persian plucked-string instruments, as well as the possibility of playing semi-improvised instrumental preludes and ritornellos, is very much in keeping with the great freedom musicians enjoy in realizing a basso continuo accompaniment. And Venetian music from the early Baroque admirably suits the musicians of the ensemble Constantinople.

Claudio Monteverdi:

### Il ballo delle ingrato

(excerpt)

#### Si dolce è il tormento

Si dolce è il tormento  
che in seno mi sta,  
ch'io vivo contento  
per cruda beltà.  
Nel ciel di bellezza  
s'accresca fierezza  
e manchi pietà :  
che sempre qual scoglio  
all'onda d'orgoglio  
mia fede sarà.

La speme fallace  
rivolgam' il piè,  
diletto ne pace  
non scendano a me.  
E l'empia ch'adoro  
mi nieghi ristoro  
di buona mercè.  
Tra doglia infinita  
tra speme tradita  
vivrà la mia fé.

Per foco e per gelo  
riposo non hò.  
Nel porto del Cielo  
riposo haverò.  
Se colpo mortale  
con rigido strale  
Il cor m'impiegò,  
cangiando mia sorte  
Col dardo di morte  
il cor sanerò.

Se fiamma d'amore  
Già mai non sentì  
Quel rigido core  
Ch'il cor mi rapì.  
Se nega pietate  
La cruda beltate  
Che l'alma invaghì  
Ben fia che dolente,  
Pentita e languente  
Sospirimi un dì.

So sweet is the torment  
that lies in my heart,  
that I live happily  
because of its cruel beauty.  
May beauty's fury  
grow wide in the sky  
without compassion;  
for my devotion shall hold  
like a rock against  
pride's unrelenting wave.

False hope,  
keep me wandering!  
let no peace  
nor pleasure befall me!  
Evil woman, whom I adore,  
deny me the rest  
that compassion would give;  
amidst infinite pain,  
amidst broken hopes  
shall survive my devotion.

There is no rest for me  
in the warmth or the cold.  
Only in heaven  
shall I find rest.  
If the deadly strike  
of an arrow injured my heart,  
I shall heal still,  
and change my destiny,  
death's very heart  
with the same arrow.

If the frigid heart  
that stole mine  
never has felt  
love's ardour;  
if the cruel beauty  
that charmed my soul  
denies me compassion,  
may she die one day  
by me pained,  
repenting, languishing.

Please turn page quietly, and only after the music has ended.

Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger / Marco Uccellini:  
**Bergamasca**

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Salomone Rossi:  
**Sinfonia**

Barbara Strozzi:  
**L'Eraclito amoroso**

Udite Amanti la cagione, oh Dio,  
ch' à lagrimar mi porta  
nell'adorato e bello idolo mio,  
che sì fido credei, là fede è morta.

Vaghezza hò sol di piangere,  
mi pasco sol di lagrime,  
il duolo è mia delizia  
e son miei gioie i gemiti.

Ogni martir aggradami,  
ogni dolor diletta mi.  
I singulti mi sanano,  
i sospir mi consolano.  
Ma se là fede negami  
quell'incostante e perfido,  
almen fede serbatemi  
sino alla morte, ô lagrime!

Ogni tristezza assalgami,  
ogni cordoglio eternisi.  
Tanto ogni male affliggami  
che m'uccida e sotterrimi.

Listen Lovers, oh God, to the reason  
which leads me to cry.  
In my beautiful and adored Love,  
which I believed faithful, trust is dead.

I just want to cry  
I nourish myself solely with tears  
pain is my delight  
and groans are my joys.

Every martyr is pleased with me  
each suffering entertains me.  
The sobs heal me  
sighs comfort me.  
But if fidelity rejects me  
this inconstant and treacherous one  
at least be on my side  
unto death, O tears.

Any sorrow grieves me  
each pain draws on.  
Every misfortune distresses me so much  
that it kills me and buries me.

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Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger / Andrea Falconieri:  
**Capona / Ciaconna**

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Tarquinio Merula (1595-1665):  
**Sentirete una canzonetta**

Sentirete una canzonetta  
Sopra a bel bocchin  
Del mio vago e dispietato Amor  
Ch'ogn'hor nel cor mi tormenta e fa  
Sospirare per sua gran beltà

Listen to a fine song  
About the pretty little mouth  
Of my beautiful, pitiless sweetheart,  
Who constantly torments my heart  
And makes me sigh for her great beauty.

Sentirete un soave canto  
Sopra al bel nasin  
Del mio vago, e dispietato Amor  
Ch'ogn'hor nel cor mi tormenta e fa  
Sospirare per sua gran beltà

Listen to a sweet song  
About the pretty little nose  
Of my beautiful, pitiless sweetheart,  
Who constantly torments my heart  
And makes me sigh for her great beauty.

Sentirete la doglia acerba  
Che mi fa morir  
Per il vago, e dolce caro ben  
Ch'ogn'hor nel cor mi tormenta e fa  
Sospirare per sua gran beltà

Listen to the bitter pain  
That makes me die  
For my beautiful beloved, so sweet and precious,  
Who constantly torments my heart  
And makes me sigh for her great beauty.

Sentirete d'amor la piaga  
Che mi fa languir  
Per un ciglio dispietato, e fer  
Ch'ogn'hor d'ardor mi tormenta e fa  
Sospiare ma non ha pietà.

Listen to love's wound  
Which makes me pine  
For a pitiless, cruel brow,  
Which constantly torments my heart with ardour  
And makes me sigh, but shows no compassion.

Sentirete per chioma d'oro  
Che son gionto al fin  
Belle trecchie ma spietate sì  
Ch'ogn'hor il cor m'allanciate ohimè  
Che ne godo ma no so perchè.

Listen to the golden hair  
- That I may reach the end -  
Fine tresses, but so pitiless,  
Which so constantly, alas, ensnare my heart,  
That I am happy, yet I know not why.

INTERVAL

EARLY MUSIC VANCOUVER  
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EARLY MUSIC VANCOUVER  
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EMV is a not-for-profit Society incorporated in BC and, like all such Societies, our success is driven by the active participation of our members.

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- Invitation to attend selected dress rehearsals
- Signed copy of selected season posters

Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger:  
**Toccata Arpeggiata**

Tarquinio Merula:  
**Hor ch'è tempo di dormire**

Hor ch'è tempo di dormire  
Dormi dormi figlio e non vagire,  
Perchè, tempo ancor verrà  
Che vagir bisognerà.

Deh ben mio deh cor mio Fa,  
Fa la ninna ninna na.

Chiudi, quei lumi divini  
Come fan gl'altri bambini,  
Perchè tosto oscuro velo  
Priverà di lume il cielo.

Deh ben mio ...

Over prendi questo latte  
Dalle mie mammelle intatte  
Perchè ministro crudele  
Ti prepara aceto e fiele.

Deh ben mio ...

Amor mio sia questo petto  
Hor per te morbido letto  
Pria che rendi ad alta voce  
L'alma al Padre su la croce.

Deh ben mio del ...

Posa hor queste membra belle  
Vezzosome e tenerelle  
Perchè poi ferri e catene  
Gli daran acerbe pene.

Deh ben mio ...

Queste mani e questi piedi  
Ch'or con gusto e gaudio vedi  
Ahimè com'in varij modi  
Passeran acuti chiodi.

Questa faccia gratiosa  
Rubiconda hor più di rosa  
Sputi e schiaffi sporcheranno  
Con tormento e grand'a ano.

Ah con quanto tuo dolore  
Sola speme del mio core  
Questo capo e questi crini  
Passeran acuti spini.

Ah ch'in questo divin petto  
Amor mio dolce diletto  
Vi farà piaga mortale  
Empia lancia e disleale.

Now it is time to slumber,  
Sleep, my son, and do not cry,  
For the time will come  
For weeping.

Oh my love, oh my sweet,  
Sing ninna ninna na.

Close those heavenly eyes,  
As other children do,  
For soon the sky  
Will be veiled in darkness.  
Oh my love, oh my sweet ...

Suck this milk  
At my immaculate breast,  
For the cruel minister  
Is preparing vinegar and gall for you.  
Oh my love, oh my sweet ...

Now sleep, my love,  
On this soft breast,  
Before aloud commending your soul  
To your Father on the cross.  
Oh my love, oh my sweet ...

Now rest these fine limbs,  
So charming, so delicate,  
For irons and chains  
Will inflict on them harsh pains.  
Oh my love, oh my sweet ...

These hands, these feet  
We now contemplate  
With pleasure and joy  
Will, alas, be pierced by sharp nails.

This pretty face,  
Ruddier than a rose,  
Will be sullied by spit and cuffs,  
With torture and great suffering.

Oh, with what pain,  
Only hope of my heart,  
Will this head and this hair  
Be pierced by sharp thorns.

Oh, to think that in this heavenly breast,  
My sweet, my precious,  
Traucherous, villainous spears  
Will cause mortal wounds.

Dormi dunque figliol mio  
Dormi pur redentor mio  
Perchè poi con lieto viso  
Ci vedrem in Paradiso.

Hor che dorme la mia vita  
Del mio cor gioia compita  
Taccia ognun con puro zelo  
Taccian sin la terra e'l Cielo.

E fra tanto io che farò  
Il mio ben contemplerò  
ne starò col capo chino  
Sin che dorme il mio Bambino.

So sleep, my son,  
So sleep, my Saviour,  
For then, with joyful countenances,  
We shall meet again in Paradise.

Now you are sleeping, my life,  
Joy of my heart,  
Let all be hushed with pure devotion,  
Let heaven and earth fall silent.

And, meanwhile, what shall I do?  
I shall watch o'er my love  
And remain with bowed head  
So long as my child sleeps.

**Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger:  
Kapsberger**

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**Stefano Landi (1587-1639):  
Amarilli deh! vieni**

Amarilli, deh! vieni,  
Non ti prego e non t'invito  
Perché gl'occhi tuoi sereni  
Son conforto al cor ferito:  
Questo priego è troppo altero,  
A ragion me ne dispero.

Vieni almen per trarre un hora,  
Tutta lieta e diletta;  
Qui vermiglia esce l'Aurora,  
Qui la terra e rugiadosa,  
Qui trascorre onda d'argento,  
Qui d'Amor mormora il vento.

Mirerai rive selvagge,  
Chiusi boschi, aperti prati,  
Spechi ombrosi, apriche piaggie,  
Valli incolte, e colli arati;  
Che dirò di tanti fi ori,  
Fior che dan cotanti odori.

Nessun speri esser felice,  
Per lo stral d'Amore ardente;  
La medesima genitrice,  
In amor visse dolente.  
E mirossi il suo conforto  
Da cinghial trafi tto e morto.

Amaryllis, oh come!  
I neither beg you nor invite you  
so that your serene eyes  
will be a comfort to my wounded heart:  
this prayer is too proud.  
I am right to despair of its success.

Come at least to spend an hour,  
quite joyous and delightful;  
here Aurora rises all scarlet,  
here the earth is wet with dew,  
here there passes a silvery wave,  
here the wind speaks of Love.

You will see wild banks,  
endosed woods, open meadows,  
shady grottoes, sunlit seashores,  
uncultivated valleys and furrowed hills.  
What shall I say of all these flowers,  
each exhaling its own perfume?

Let no-one hope to gain happiness  
from the burning arrow of Cupid:  
even his mother  
lived suffering through love,  
and looked on her solace  
gored by a boar and expiring.

**Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger:  
Colasione**

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Please turn page quietly, and only after the music has ended.

Stefano Landi:  
**A che più l'arco tendere**

A che più l'arco tendere  
O non mai saggio Amor?  
Di me che più vuoi prendere,  
Non sei tu sazio ancor?  
Mira che folte fioccano  
Le nev'in su'l mio crin,  
E che miei giorni toccano  
Homai l'ultimo fin.

Dunque ò gentil degnatemi,  
Che tutto altier n'andrò;  
Vostro a nome chiamatemi,  
Ma vostr'amante, no.  
Gli amanti arsi sospiranvi  
Chiedendo alta mercè:  
Gli occhi miei solo miranvi,  
E basta alla lor fè.

Deh! Perché non rinovasi  
Mia giovenil età,  
Hoggi che al mondo trovasi  
I fior della beltà?  
Quale può maga porgere  
Aita ai miei desir?  
Ond'io vegga risorgere  
Mio giorno in su'l finir.

Che parlo? Chi rispondermi?  
Ah! Che non scerno il ver!  
Sommergemi, confondemi  
Tempesta di pensier;  
Condannomi, perdonomi  
Fra speme e fra timor;  
Ma pur tutto abandonomi  
Nelle tue mani Amor.

Why do you still draw your bow,  
Cupid, still so badly behaved?  
What more do you want of me,  
are you not satisfied yet?  
See how thick the snow  
Falls on my hair,  
And how soon my days  
Will come to an end.

So, my dear, grant me this,  
And I shall be filled with pride ;  
Call me yours in name,  
But not your lover.  
Ardent lovers sigh for you,  
Begging for pity :  
My eyes merely look at you,  
Ant that suffices them.

Ah! Why can it not return,  
the time of my youth,  
now that there exists in the world  
the flower of beauty?  
What sorceress can offer  
her aid for my desire,  
so that I may see resurrected  
my days as they end?

What am I saying? Who answers me?  
Ah! But I do not realise the truth!  
I am overwhelmed and confounded  
by the tempest of my thoughts;  
I condemn, I pardon myself,  
between hope and fear.  
But now I place myself completely  
in your hands, Cupid.

## EARLY MUSIC VANCOUVER

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Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger:  
**Passacaglia**

Barbara Strozzi:  
**Amor dormiglione**

Amor, non dormir più!  
Su, su, svegliati omai,  
che mentre dormi tù  
dormon le Gioie mie, vegliano i guai.  
Non esser, non esser, Amor, dappoco!  
Strali, strali, foco,  
strali, strali, sù, sù,  
foco, foco, sù, sù!

Oh pigro oh tardo  
tù non hai senso !  
Amor melenso  
Amor codardo!  
Ahi quale io resto  
che nel mio ardore  
tù dorma Amore  
mancava questo!

Cupid, stop sleeping !  
Come on, wake up now !  
Because while you are sleeping,  
my delights sleep and my misfortunes stay awake.  
Cupid, do not be of such little worth !  
Arrow arrows, fire !  
Arrows, arrows, come on !  
Fire, fire, come on !

Oh you idle laggard  
you have no sense !  
Foolish Cupid,  
cowardly Cupid,  
alas, thus I stay  
with my ardor.  
That you may sleep, Cupid,  
It was only missing that !

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If you have some of this experience and if you would relish a leadership role in building something truly great in our community, please get in touch with us by emailing us your resume and a short note outlining what you feel you can contribute and why taking up the challenge of helping shape EMV interests you.



Dirk Hals: "Merry Company"

All enquiries can be emailed to [staff@earlymusic.bc.ca](mailto:staff@earlymusic.bc.ca). We look forward to hearing from you!

## THE MUSICIANS

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### Suzie LeBlanc

Suzie LeBlanc began her singing career by replacing Emma Kirkby in the Consort of Musicke and from there, continued to specialize in baroque with the ensembles Tragicomedia, Teatro Lirico, Concerto Palatino, Fretwork and The Purcell Quartet, researching and recording a substantial amount of unpublished material. Her thirst and curiosity for new vistas

then led her toward the repertoire of French mélodies, lieder, contemporary music and traditional music of her native Acadia.

Suzie has recorded for ATMA, Hyperion, Chandos, Harmonia Mundi, Teldec, Analekta, Pasacaille and Das Alte Werk.

Her recordings have received prestigious awards, notably a Grammy award for Lully's *Thésée*; two Opus awards – best World Music recording for “*Tempi con Variazioni*”, and best contemporary music CD for her Messiaen cd; and ECMA's Best Classical Album in 2014 for her album “*I am in need of music*” on poems by Elizabeth Bishop. This CD was also a finalist for the Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia Masterworks Award.

Her engagements for the 2017/2018 season include songs from Shakespeare plays with the Seattle Baroque Orchestra, lieder recitals with pianist Simon Docking, a tour of Québec with her recent Acadian Christmas album “*La Veillée*” and concerts with Ensemble Constantinople.

Suzie teaches at McGill University and is the founder and co-artistic director of Le Nouvel Opéra. This fall, Le Nouvel Opéra is presenting and recording *Nicandro e Fileno*, an opera by Paolo Lorenzani in collaboration with Les Boréades de Montréal.

Appointed to the Order of Canada in 2015, she has earned four honorary doctorates and a career grant from the Conseil des arts et des lettres du Québec.

For more information, please visit [www.suzieleblanc.com](http://www.suzieleblanc.com)



## Constantinople

Constantinople is a musical ensemble that chose the journey as its foundation – geographical journeys, but also historical, cultural and inner. It also seeks inspiration from all sources, and aims for distant horizons.

Inspired by the ancient city illuminating East and West, the ensemble was conceived as a forum for encounters and cross-fertilization by Kiya Tabassian, in 1998 in Montreal. Since then, as seasoned travellers, they have explored a wide range of musical avenues: from mediaeval manuscripts to contemporary aesthetics, from Mediterranean Europe to Eastern traditions and New World Baroque.

In its research and creations, Constantinople joins forces with other leading figures on the international scene. The common denominator that Constantinople brings into play when merging different musical styles is their modal expression, but also their decidedly contemporary – and thus unifying – language.

Constantinople is regularly invited to international festivals, where it is acclaimed by the public, music professionals and critics alike. It has performed on many of the world's major stages, including the Salle Pleyel (France), Festival d'Aix-en-Provence (France), the World Sacred Music Festival of Fez (Morocco), the Festival d'Île de France (Paris), the Onassis Centre (Athens), the Cervantino Festival (Mexico), the Festival de Lanaudière (Quebec), and the Philharmonie (Berlin, Germany).

Alongside its tours in Europe, Middle East and America, Constantinople presents every year a concert season in Montreal, featuring new works. Most of its productions have been recorded and broadcast by CBC/Radio-Canada, and some have been relayed to European audiences via the European Broadcasting Union. Constantinople has 16 albums to its credit on labels Analekta, Atma, World Village, Buda Musique et MaCase. The ensemble is supported by the Conseil des Arts et des Lettres of Quebec, the Canada Council for the Arts, and the Conseil des Arts de Montréal.

Over the course of the decade, the ensemble has created over 40 works and travelled to nearly 130 cities in 25 countries.

## BRING EMV HOME!



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For more information  
please contact Jonathan Evans, Production Manager,  
Early Music Vancouver:

specialprojects@earlymusic.bc.ca  
or 604.732.1610, extension 2004

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### Special thanks to the following for hosting our guest musicians:

Sarah Ballantyne; Gillian Chetty; Spencer Corrigan; Jill Davidson; Liz & Keith Hamel; Maria & David Harris; Martha Hazevoet; Delma Hemming; Michiko Higgins-Kato; Ying Huang; Sharon Kahn; Judy Killam; Tony & Margie Knox; Evan and Janice Kreider; Lise Kreps; Bill Linwood; Paul Luchkow & Glenys Webster; Marlene LeGates & Al Dreher; Christi Meyers; Jeannine Paquette-Lau & Chuen-Ping Lau; Hannelore Pinder; Monique Prudhomme & Robert MacDonald; Tim Rendell; Ruth Shell; Kimberly & Stuart Smith; Nick & Olivia Swindale; Craig Tomlinson & Carol Tsuyuki; John Tulip; Alex Waterhouse-Hayward; Valerie Weeks & Barry Honda; Dr. Ellen Weibe & Allan Oas; Marc White & Joey Schibild; Matthew White & Cassie Webster; Jane & Michael Woolnough; James Young.