

emv:

2023/24 CONCERT SEASON

LUMINESCENCE

PROFETI DELLA QUINTA

Directed by Elam Rotem

Thursday, November 9, 2023 @ 7:30pm

Christ Church Cathedral



This concert is generously supported by Birgit Westergaard and Norman Gladstone



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Early Music Vancouver's mission is to engage, enrich, and educate through music. In alignment with this mission, the Board of Directors, management and staff of Early Music Vancouver are committed to Diversity, Equity and Inclusion. This extends to the consideration of who is in the audience, whose music is heard, who performs that music, and how we operate as a leading performing arts organization. We make these commitments in recognition that discrimination and exclusion in all their forms are realities in our society, and we endeavour to use the power of music to promote understanding and change.

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THE ARTISTS

Profeti della Quinta

DIRECTED BY

Elam Rotem

Doron Schleifer

COUNTERTENOR

Andrea Gavagnin

COUNTERTENOR

Lior Leibovici

TENOR

Loic Paulin

TENOR

Ori Harmelin

THEORBO

Elam Rotem

DIRECTOR,
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PROGRAMME

[THIS PROGRAMME WILL BE PERFORMED WITHOUT AN INTERVAL]

Salomone Rossi (ca. 1570-ca. 1630)

Lamnatséah 'al hagitit, Psalm 8

Elohím hashivénu, Psalm 80:4, 8, 20

Shir hama'alót, ashrey kol yere Adonái, Psalm 128

Hashkivénu, Abendgebet

Ori Harmelin (b. 1981)

Variations on 'La Monica'

Salomone Rossi

Cor mio, deh non languire

Udite, lacrimosi spirti d'averno

Mizmór letodá, Psalm 100

Haleluyáh, Haleli nafshi 'et 'adonái, Psalm 146

Luzzascho Luzzaschi (1545-1607)

Io veggio pur pietate

Morir non puo'l mio core

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Lamento della ninfa

Ori Harmelin

Passacaglia

Claudio Monteverdi

Lamento d'Arianna

Zefiro torna e'l bel tempo rimena

There will be a post-concert talk and Q & A with Elam Rotem,
hosted by Suzie LeBlanc, c.m.

emv:

Instruments from the EMV collection of historical instruments used in this concert:

Single-manual Italian Harpsichord after Aelpidio Gregori (1726 or 1736)
by Craig Tomlinson of West Vancouver

PROFETI DELLA QUINTA

Ensemble Profeti Della Quinta focuses on the vocal repertoire of the 16th and early 17th centuries. They create vivid and expressive performances for audiences today while considering period performance practices. From its core of five male singers, the ensemble collaborates regularly with instrumentalists and guest singers. Their programmes range from explorations of the Italian madrigal to seldom-heard Jewish sacred music and more. In 2011 the ensemble won the York Early Music Young Artists Competition and has since performed in Europe, Israel, North America, China and Japan. They have released 10 albums on the Pan Classics, tiroler landes museen, Glossa, and LINN labels. Originally from the Galilee region of Israel, the group is now based in Basel, Switzerland, where they regularly collaborate with the Schola Cantorum.

Elam Rotem, MUSIC DIRECTOR

Elam Rotem, Profeti's founder and musical director, is also the founder of earlymusicsources.com, an essential resource for early music manuscripts and scholarship.

Rotem was born in 1984 in Sdot Yam, Israel. During his studies at Kibbutz Kabri High School, he set up a vocal quintet with fellow scholars. This ensemble went on to become Profeti della Quinta

which now performs regularly throughout Europe, North America, Israel and further abroad. Rotem studied for a Bachelor's degree in harpsichord at the Jerusalem Academy of Music and Dance and studied for advanced degrees in basso continuo, improvisation and composition at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis. He went



on to complete his PhD in 2016 through Schola Cantorum Basiliensis in a joint programme with the University of Würzburg, Germany. Rotem specializes in the musical style of the 16th and 17th centuries in Italy, and his ensemble, Profeti Della Quinta, is known worldwide for their performances of the music of Jewish composer Salomone Rossi, who was the first composer to use the Western-Christian musical language to compose Hebrew prayers and psalms (*The Songs of Solomon*, 1623). ■



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PROGRAMME NOTES

BY ELAM ROTEM

Our programme brings together the music of two colleagues: the famous Claudio Monteverdi and the Jewish Salomone Rossi. They worked together as composers and performers at the Gonzaga court in Mantua at the beginning of the 17th century.

In most cities in Europe, Jewish people were rarely taking part in the arts. In Mantua, however, the situation was special: many Jewish people were professional dancers, actors, and musicians, and they took regular part in events organized by the city court. Salomone Rossi was a distinct figure in this regard, and being so appreciated by the court, he was one of only two Jews in Mantova that were exempt from wearing the obligatory Jewish identification badge. Thanks to his reputation, he managed to publish no less than 14 books of music; four books of instrumental music, nine books of Italian secular music (within which we find six books of madrigals, and one book each of *canzonette*, *balletti*, and *madrigaletti*), and the exceptional publication of sacred music in Hebrew (*Hashirim asher liShlomo/The songs of Salomon*, Venice 1622/3).

It was thanks to his many Jewish musician colleagues that Rossi was able to try and revolutionize the music of the synagogue. The same musicians that sang in the palace were available to him in the Synagogue, and so, he could use the “Western” musical standards when setting and then performing Jewish liturgical texts. Rossi and his supporters wished to spread this new tradition outside of Mantua and did so by printing (for the first time in music history) Rossi’s Jewish liturgical polyphony. But since in other Jewish communities there were no professional Jewish musicians, this music only lived as long as the community in Mantua lived. Sadly, in the war and plague of the late 1620s, the Jewish Ghetto of Mantova was destroyed and the community dispersed. It is most likely that Rossi died around that time, and with him and with the Jewish community of Mantua, also his revolutionary music in Hebrew.

But Rossi’s Jewish music is not the only innovative aspect of his works. For example, in his first book of madrigals (1600) he added a chitarrone tablature as an accompaniment part. Apart from being the earliest printed chitarrone intabulation, when performed with only singer (as in *Cor mio, deh non languire* in our programme) the music sounds very similar to the monodic music of the famous Giulio Caccini, who claimed to be the inventor of such a style. Rossi’s instrumental music, with its trio structure (two upper parts, typically violins, and basso continuo, typically a chitarrone or two), set the standards for dozens of instrumental music publications in the 17th century.

In the court of the Gonzaga, Rossi must have often worked closely with Monteverdi. Both composed a great number

of madrigals, using lyrics by the same poets, in which they explored the expression of poetry in music. Both progressed with time and musical taste, and pioneered the “new” musical style with basso continuo. The two collaborated as composers on different occasions in the court, and Rossi’s sister, known as “Madama Europa”, was a singer who performed in Monteverdi’s opera *L’Arianna* and probably in other works of his as well. Moreover, there is a great musical resemblance between the instrumental sinfonias found in Monteverdi’s *Orfeo* and Rossi’s published sinfonias from the same period. It might be that Rossi composed some of the instrumental music and was not credited, or that the two shared many of the ideas of how such music should be composed. Regardless of the compositional aspect, it is almost certain that Rossi took part in the performances of Monteverdi’s productions.

Monteverdi’s music, rightfully so, is famous for being especially expressive and theatrical. In our programme this is clearly demonstrated in the two laments: the *Lamento della ninfa* and the *Lamento d’Arianna*. The first is a standalone act of an abandoned nymph accompanied by three shepherds who both set the scene and comment on her situation (“*miserella!*” – “oh poor one!”). The lament of Arianna, on the other hand, is the only surviving part from the lost opera by Monteverdi *Arianna* (1608). The lament, originally written for one soprano and accompaniment, was arranged by Monteverdi himself for five voices and basso continuo (6th book of madrigals, 1614). In this piece, the contrasts in Arianna’s emotions – sometimes calling Theseus with love (“*O Teseo, O Teseo mio!*”) and sometimes cursing him in rage – are expressed in the music in an unapologetic way.

In addition to the music of Rossi and Monteverdi, we include two madrigals by Luzzascho Luzzaschi, an extremely important composer from the generation just before who worked in Ferrara. Apart from writing especially refined music, Luzzaschi, being a student of Rore and teacher of many (among them the famous Gesualdo) played an important role in the development of the madrigal genre.

With this programme we invite you to enter the diverse musical soundscape of early 17th-century Mantua: passionate madrigals alongside sacred Jewish prayers. One can easily imagine the Jewish musicians starting the day with a prayer in the synagogue, and later on going to sing and play in the palace. ■

re: Naissance

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SALOMONE ROSSI

Lamnatséah 'al hagítit

PSALM 8

Lamnatséach 'al hagítit mizmór ledavíd.
Adonái adonéinu ma adír shimkhá bekhól ha'árets
ashér tená hodekhá 'al hashamáyim.
Mipi 'olelim veyonekím yisáda 'oz lemá'an
tsorerékhalehashbít 'oyév umitnakém.
Ki er'é shamékha ma'asé etsbe'otékha yaréach
vekhokhvim ashér konánta.
Ma enósh ki tizkerénu uvén
adám ki tifkedénu.
Vatechaseréhu me'át me'elohím vekhavód
vehadár te'ateréhu.
Tamshiléhu bema'aséi yadékha kol
sháta tachat ragláv.
Tsoné va'alafím kulám vegám bahamót sadái.
Tsipór shamáyim udgéi hayám
'ovér orchót yamím.
Adonái adonéinu ma adír
shimkhá bekhól ha'árets.

For the chief musician on the gitit a psalm of David.
Lord, our Lord, how mighty is Your name throughout the earth,
for You placed Your glory over the heavens.
From the mouth of babes and sucklings You ordained the strength,
because of Your enemies, to stop the adversary and the avenger.
When I see Your heavens, the work of Your fingers,
the moon and the stars that You established.
What is man that You should remember him,
and a mortal that You should care for him.
You placed him a little below the angels,
with honour and esteem did You adorn him.
You made him rule over the works of Your hands,
everything You set under his feet.
Sheep and oxen, all these, as well as beasts of the field.
Birds of the skies and fish of the sea,
whatever crosses the paths of the seas.
Lord, our Lord,
how mighty is Your name throughout the earth.

Elohim hashivénu

PSALM 80:4, 8, 20

Elohim hashivénu veba'ér panékha venivashé'a.
Elohim tseva'ót hashivenu
veba'ér panékha venivashé'a.
Adonái 'elohim tseva'ót hashivenu
veba'ér panékha venivashé'a.

God restore us, brighten Your face and we shall be saved.
God of hosts restore us,
brighten Your face and we shall be saved.
Lord God of hosts restore us,
brighten Your face and we shall be saved.

Shir hama'alót, ashrey kol yeré Adonái

PSALM 128

Shir hamma'alót,
'Ashrei kol yeré 'adonái haholékha bidrakháv.
Yegía' kappékha ki tokhél;
'ashrékha vetóv lakh.
'Eshtekhá kegéfen poriyá beyarketéi veitékha;
banékha kishtiléi zeitím savív leshulhanékha.
Hinné khi khen yevórakh gáver yeré 'adonái.
Yevarekhekhá 'adonái mitsiyón,
ur'é betúv yerushaláyim kol yeméi hayékha.
Ur'é vanim levanékha; shalom 'al yisra'él.

A song of ascents.
Blessed are all who fear the Lord,
who walk in obedience to him.
You will eat the fruit of your labor;
Blessings and prosperity will be yours.
Your wife will be like a fruitful vine within your house;
Your children will be like olive shoots around your table.
This will be the blessing for the man who fears the Lord.
May the Lord bless you from Zion;
May you see the prosperity of Jerusalem
all the days of your life.
May you live to see your children's children; Peace be on Israel.

Hashkivénu ABENDGEBET

Hashkivénu 'adonái 'elohéinu leshalóm
veha'amidénu malkénu lechayím
ulshalóm ufrós 'aléinu sukát shelomákh.
Vehagén ba'adénu vetakenénu be'etsá tová
milefanékha vehoshi'énu lemá'an shemékha.
Vehasér me'aléinu oyév déver vechérev vera'áv
veyagón va'anachá ushvór satán
milefanéinu ume'acharéinu.
Ushmór tseténu uvo'énu me'atá ve'ád 'olám
ufrós 'aléinu sukát shelomákh.
Barúkh atá 'adonái haporés sukát shalom
'aléinu ve'ál kol 'amó yisra'él
ve'ál yerushaláyim.

Make us lie down, Lord our God, in peace.
Make us rise, our king, for life and for peace.
Spread over us the shelter of Your peace.
Protect us. Correct us with good advice on Your behalf.
Save us for the sake of Your name.
Rid us of enemies, plagues, swords, famine,
despair and sighs. Crush Satan
before us and behind us.
Guard our going out and our coming in from now and for ever.
Spread over us the shelter of Your peace.
Blessed are You, Lord, who spread the shelter of peace
over us and over all His people Israel
and over Jerusalem.

— + + + —

ORI HARMELIN

Variations on 'La Monica'

[INSTRUMENTAL]

— + + + —

SALOMONE ROSSI

Cor mio, deh non languire

TEXT: GIOVANNI BATTISTA GUARINI (1538-1612)

Cor mio, deh, non languire,
Che fai teco languir l'anima mia.
Odi i caldi sospiri: a te gl'invia
La pietate e'l desire.
S'io ti potessi dar morend'aita,
Morrei per darti vita.
Ma vive, ohimè, ch'ingiustamente more
Chi vivo tien ne l'altrui petto il core.

My heart, oh, do not languish,
For you make my soul languish with you.
Hear my hot sighs: they are sent to you
By pity and desire.
If I could give you help by dying,
I would die to give you life.
But, alas, lives the one, who unjustly dies
For keeping his heart alive in another's breast.

Udite, lacrimosi spirti d'averno

TEXT: GUARINI (FROM IL PASTOR FIDO, III 6)

Udite, lacrimosi
Spirti d'Averno, udite
Nova sorte di pene e di tormento.
Mirate crudo affetto
In sembiante pietoso:
La mia donna crudel più de l'inferno.
Perchè una sola morte
Non può far satia la sua ingorda voglia.
E la mia vita è quasi
Una perpetua morte:
Mi comanda ch'io viva,
Perchè la vita mia
Di mille mort'il dì ricetta sia.

Hear, watery
Spirits of Avernus, hear
A new fate of pain and of suffering.
Behold a cruel affection
In a merciful face:
'Tis my lady, more cruel than Hell.
For a single death
Cannot satisfy her gluttonous desire.
And My life resembles
A perpetual death:
She commands me to live,
In order for my life
To be a harbour for a thousand deaths per day.

Mizmór letodá

PSALM 100

Mizmór letodá.
Harí'u ladonái, kol ha'árets.
'Ivdú 'et 'adonái besimhá,
bó'u lefanáv birnaná.
De'ú ki 'adonái hu 'elohím,
hu 'asánu veló 'anáħnu,
'ammó vetsón mar'itó.
Bó'u she'aráv betodá, ħatsetotáv bithillá,
hodu lo, barekhú shemó.
Ki tov 'adonái, le'olám ħasdó
ve'ad dor vadór 'emunató.

A psalm for giving grateful praise.
Shout for joy to the Lord, all the earth.
Worship the Lord with gladness;
come before him with joyful songs.
Know that the Lord is God.
It is he who made us, and we are his;
we are his people, the sheep of his pasture.
Enter his gates with thanksgiving, and his courts with praise;
give thanks to him and praise his name.
For the Lord is good and his love endures forever;
his faithfulness continues through all generations.

Haleluyáh, Halelì nafshì 'et 'adonái

PSALM 146

Haleluyáh: Halelì nafshì 'et 'adonái.
'Ahalelá 'adonái beħayyái;
'azammerá lelohái be'odi.
'Al tivteħú vindivim,
beven 'adám she 'éin lo teshu'á.
Tetsé ruħó, yashúv le'admató;
Bayyóm hahú 'avedú e'shtonotáv.
'Ashréi she'él ya'akón be'ezró;
Sivró 'al 'adonái 'eloháv.
'Osé shamáyim va'árets,
'et hayyám ve'et kol 'asher bam;
Hashomér 'emét le'olám.
'Osé mishpát la'ashukim, notén léħem lare'evim;
'adonái mattir 'asurim.
'Adonái pokéaħ 'ivrim, 'adonái zokéf kefufum;
'adonái 'ohév tsaddikim.
'Adonái shomér 'et gerim,
yatóm ve'almaná ye'odéd
vedérekħ resha'im ye'avvét.
Yimlokh 'adonái le'olám,
'eloháyikh tsiyyón ledór vadór:
Haleluyáh.

Praise the Lord. Praise the Lord, my soul.
I will praise the Lord all my life;
I will sing praise to my God as long as I live.
Do not put your trust in princes,
in human beings, who cannot save.
When their spirit departs, they return to the ground;
on that very day their plans come to nothing.
Blessed are those whose help is the God of Jacob,
whose hope is in the Lord their God.
He is the Maker of heaven and earth,
the sea, and everything in them, he remains faithful forever.
The Lord upholds the cause of the oppressed.
The Lord gives food to the hungry.
The Lord sets prisoners free.
The Lord gives sight to the blind,
The Lord lifts up those who are bowed down,
The Lord loves the righteous.
The Lord watches over the foreigner
and sustains the fatherless and the widow.
He frustrates the ways of the wicked.
The Lord reigns forever, your God, O Zion, for all generations.
Praise the Lord.

— + + + —



LUZZASCHO LUZZASCHI

lo veggio pur pietate

TEXT: BATTISTA GUARINI (1538-1612)

Iv veggio pur pietate ancor che tardi
Nell'indurato core,
Ma tarde non fur mai gratie d'Amore.
O dolci meraviglie! Il foco mio
Non fu mai sì cocente
Com'hor nel refrigerio, nè vidd'io,
Voi di tanta bellezza e sì lucente
Com'hora che pietà v'accende ed orna.
O leggiadra pietate,
Ch'in me cresce desir, in voi beltate!

I see indeed pity, although lately come,
in the hardened heart,
but never too late were the favors of Love.
O sweet marvels! My fire burned never so hot
as now in this cool relief, nor did I see,
my dear beautiful light,
you graced with such beauty and so shining
as now that pity warms and adorns you.
O lovely pity,
which increases desire in me and beauty in you.

Morir non puo'l mio core

TEXT: BENEDETTO PANNINI

Morir non puo'l mio core,
E ucciderlo vorrei poi che vi piace.
Ma trar non si può fuore
Dal petto vostro ove gran tempo giace,
Et uccidendol io come desio,
So che morreste voi, morendo anch'io.

My heart cannot die,
and I would like to kill it, as would please you.
But it cannot be extracted
from your breast, where it has long lain,
and killing it, as I desire,
I know that you would die if I, too, were to die.

— + + + —

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CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI

Lamento della ninfa

OTTAVIO RINNUCINI (1562-1621)

Lamento della ninfa

Non havea Febo ancora
recato al mondo il dí,
ch'una donzella fuora
del proprio albergo uscí.

Sul pallidetto volto
scorgeasi il suo dolor,
spesso gli veniva sciolto
un gran sospir dal cor.

Sí calpestando fiori
errava hor qua, hor là,
i suoi perduti amori
cosí piangendo va:

"Amor", dicea, il ciel
mirando, il piè fermo,
"dove, dov'è la fè
ch'el traditor giurò?"

Miserella.

"Fa' che ritorni il mio
amor com'ei pur fu,
o tu m'ancidi, ch'io
non mi tormenti più."

Miserella, ah più no, no,
tanto gel soffrir non può.

"Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri
se non lontan da me,
no, no che i martiri
più non darammi affè.

Perché di lui mi struggo,
tutt'orgoglioso sta,
che si, che si se'l fuggo
ancor mi pregherà?

Se ciglio ha più sereno
colei, che'l mio non è,
già non rinchiude in seno,
Amor, sí bella fè.

Ne mai sí dolci baci
da quella bocca havrai,
ne più soavi, ah taci,
taci, che troppo il sai."

Sí tra sdegnosi pianti
spargea le voci al ciel;
cosí ne' cori amanti
mesce amor fiamma, e gel.

The nymph's Lament

The Sun had not brought
The day to the world yet,
When a maiden
Went out of her dwelling.

On her pale face
Grief could be seen,
Often from her heart
A deep sigh was drawn.

Thus, treading upon flowers,
She wandered, now here, now there,
And lamented her lost loves
Like this:

- O Love - she said,
Gazing at the sky, as she stood -
Where's the fidelity
That the deceiver promised? -

Poor her!

- Make my love come back
As he used to be
Or kill me, so that
I will not suffer anymore. -

Poor her! She cannot bear
All this coldness!

- I don't want him to sigh any longer
But if he's far from me.
No! He will not make me suffer
Anymore, I swear!

He's proud
Because I languish for him.
Perhaps if I fly away from him
He will come to pray to me again.

If her eyes are more serene
Than mine,
O Love, she does not hold in her heart
A fidelity so pure as mine.

And you will not receive from those lips
Kisses as sweet as mine,
Nor softer. Oh, don't speak!
Don't speak! you know better than that! -

So amidst disdainful tears,
She spread her crying to the sky;
Thus, in the lovers' hearts
Love mixes fire and ice.

— + + + —

ORI HARMELIN

Passacaglia

[INSTRUMENTAL]

— + + + —

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI

Lamento d'Arianna

TEXT: TAVIO RINUCCINI (1562-1621)

Lamento d'Arianna

Lasciatemi morire.

E chi volete voi che mi conforte
in così dura sorte, in così gran martire?
Lasciatemi morire.

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
si che mio ti vo' dir che mio pur sei,
benchè t'involi, ahi crudo,
a gl'occhi miei.
Volgiti Teseo mio,
volgiti Teseo, o Dio,
volgiti indietro a rimirar colei
che lasciato ha per te la Patria e'l regno,
e in queste arene ancora,
cibo di fere dispietate e crude
lascierà l'ossa ignude.
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
se tu sapessi, o Dio,
se tu sapessi, oimè,
come s'affanna
la povera Arianna;
Forse, forse pentito
rivolgeresti ancor la prora al lito.
Ma con l'aure serene
tu te ne vai felice, ed io qui piango.
A te prepara Atene
liete pompe superbe, ed io rimango,
cibo di fere in solitarie arene.
Te l'uno e l'altro tuo vecchio parente
stringeran lieti, ed io più non vedrovvi,
o Madre, o Padre mio.

Dove, dov' è la fede
che tanto mi giuravi?
Così nell' alta fede
tu mi ripon degl' Avi?
Son queste le corone
onde m'adorn' il crine?
Questi gli scettri sono,
queste le gemme e gl'ori?
Lasciarmi in abbandono
a fera che mi strazi e mi divori?
Ah Teseo, ah Teseo mio,
lascierai tu morire

Arianna's Lament

Let me die.
And who do you think can comfort me
in such a harsh fate, in such great suffering?
Let me die.

Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus,
yes, I still call you mine for mine you are,
although you flee, cruel one,
far from my eyes.
Turn back, my Theseus,
turn back, Theseus, o God,
turn back to see again the one,
who for you has left her fatherland and kingdom,
and who, staying on these shores,
is a prey to cruel and pitiless beasts,
leaving her bones denuded.
Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus,
if you knew, oh God,
if you only knew
how much poor Arianna suffers,
perhaps, overcome with remorse,
you would return your prow shorewards again.
But with the serene winds
you sail on happily, while I remain here weeping.
Athens prepares to greet you
with joyful and superb feasts and I remain,
a prey to wild beasts on these solitary shores.
You will be happily embraced
by your old parents
and I will never see you again,
oh mother, oh my father.

Where is the faith you
swore me so much?
Is this how you place me
on my ancestors throne?
Are these the crowns
with which you adorn my hair?
Are these the sceptres,
the diamonds and the gold?
To leave me abandoned
for the beasts to tear up and devour?
Ah Theseus, ah my Theseus,
would you let me die,

invan piangendo, invan gridando aita
la misera Arianna
ch'a te fidossi e ti diè gloria e vita?

Ahi, che non pur rispondi,
ahi, che più d'aspe è sordo a miei lamenti!
O nemi, o turbi, o venti
sommergetelo voi dentr'a quell'onde!
Correte orche e balene,
e delle membra immonde
empiete le voragini profonde!
Che parlo, ahi, che vaneggio?
Misera, oimè, che chieggiò?
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
non son, non son quell' io,
non son quell' io che i ferì detti sciolse;
parlò l'affanno mio,
parlò il dolore,
parlò la lingua sì, ma non già il core.

weeping in vain, crying in vain for help,
the wretched Arianna,
who trusted you and gave you glory and life?

Ah, that you do not even reply,
Ah, that you are deaf to my laments!
Oh clouds, oh storms, oh winds,
submerge him in those waves!
hurry, whales and orcas,
and fill up the profound gulfs
with these unworldly limbs!
What am I saying? ah, what am I raving about?
Wretched me, what am I asking?
Oh Theseus, oh my Theseus,
It is not, it is not I,
It is not I who hurled these curses;
my anguish spoke,
the pain spoke,
my tongue spoke, but not my heart.

Zefiro torna e'l bel tempo rimena

PETRARCA

Zefiro torna, e 'l bel tempo rimena,
E i fiori e l'erbe, sua dolce famiglia,
E garrir Progne et pianger Filomena,
E primavera candida e vermiglia.

Ridono i prati, e 'l ciel si rasserena;
Giove s'allegra di mirar sua figlia;
L'aria e l'acqua e la terra è d'amor piena;
Ogni animal d'amar si riconsiglia.

Ma per me, lasso, tornano i più gravi
Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
Quella ch'al ciel se ne portò le chiavi;

E cantar augelletti, e fiorir piagge,
E 'n belle donne oneste atti soavi -
Sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

Zephyr returns and with him fair weather,
and the flowers and grass, his sweet family,
and Procne's warbling and Philomel's plangent song,
and spring in all its white and crimson display.

The meadows laugh, the sky is serene;
Jove delights in watching his daughter;
air and sea and earth are full of love;
every animal turns again to love.

Yet for me, alas, return those heaviest
of sighs, drawn from the depths of my heart
by her who has taken its keys to heaven;

and despite birdsong and fields of flowers
and the honest, gentle acts of fair maidens -
I am but a desert, and savage desperate beasts.

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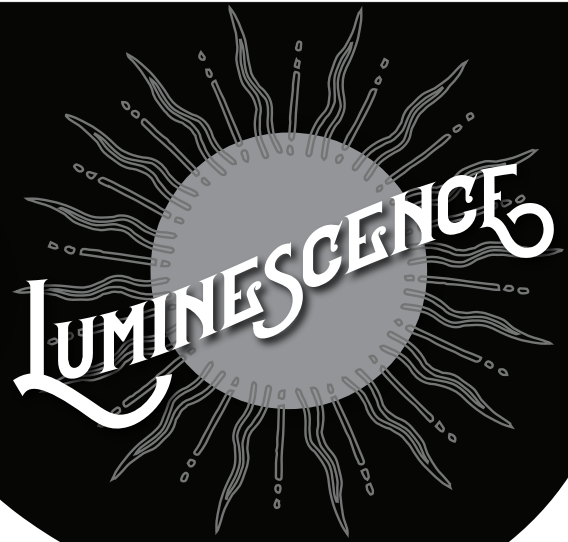
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