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Capriole

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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Capriole

Music from
Tasso's
Gerusalemme Liberata

Friday, September 28,
Univeristy of Richmond
North Court Recital Hall,
8:15 p.m.

Saturday, September 29,
Chrysler Museum Theatre,
Norfolk,
8:15 p.m.

Tuesday, Ocotber 2,
Williamsburg Regional Library
Arts Center Theatre,
8:15 p.m.

Capriole is the
Emsemble in
residence at the
College of William & Mary

Capriole
Musis from Tasso's
Gerusalemme Liberta

Sonata 15 (1629) Dario Castello
(1621-1644)

Combattimento Claudio
di Tancredi e Monteverdi
Clorinda (1624) (1567-1643)

Intermission

ARMIDE (1686) Jean-Baptiste Lully
(1632-1687)

I. Ouverture

II. Act I, scene ii, Armide & Hidraot
scene iii, Hidraot & Choir
scene iv, Choir & dancers

III. Act II, scene ii, Armide & Hidraot
scene iii, Renaud
scene iv, Armide, Renaud
asleep
Act III, scene i, Armide

IV. Act V, scene i, Armide & Renaud
scene ii, the Pleasures &
choir

V. Act V, scene v, Armide

Capriole

Judith Malafrente
mezzo-soprano:
Clorinda, Armide
Jeffrey Thomas, tenor:
narrator, Renaud
James Weaver, bass-
baritone: Tancredi,
Hidraot
Paige Whitley-Bauguess,
solo dancer
Diana Freedman, dancer
Ed Whitacre, dancer and
narrator
Claire Fontijn,
baroque flute
Herbert Watson, baroque
flute
Lisa Rautenberg, baroque
violin
Kevin Bushee, baroque
violin
Melissa Graybeal, baroque
viola
Anne Laud, baroque viola
Brent Wissick, baroque
cello
Steven Lehning, viola da
gamba and violone
Douglas Freundlich,
theorbo
Gayle Johnson,
harpsichord, director

Christopher

Wren Singers

Soprano: Wanda Flinn
Wendi Gerth, soloist
Mary Halnon
Lori Manganelli
Alto: Kristin Anderson
Britt Argow
Suzanne Stephan
Meg Thomas, soloist
Tenor: Matt Albert
Andy Ryder
Paul Legrady
Bass: Peter Colohan
Malcolm Gaines, director
Larry Lewis



Continuing in the tradition of Virgil and Homer, Torquato Tasso (1544-1595) created a heroic world filled with people of either rare virtue or gross baseness. Completed in 1575, his epic poem *Gerusalemme Liberata* is based on the story of the First Crusade

led by Godfrey of Boulogne in 1099. The principal battle is an inner one, the conflict between love and duty, between individual pleasure and authority. This conflict is epitomized in the two stories that are the basis for Lully's *Armide* (1686) and Monteverdi's *Combattimento* (1624).

Armide, a pagan sorceress, is enlisted to draw the cream of the Christian knights away from battle. Through a combination of sorcery and feminine charms, she succeeds until the famed Rinaldo frees her captives. She prepares to wreak vengeance on him, but falls in love instead and wafts him off to a beautiful enchanted island where they devote themselves to pleasure. Finally, two Christian knights find their way to Rinaldo and persuade him to abandon those delights and return to his duty in battle. *Armide*, heart-broken, destroys the palace of pleasure she had built for them, and follows Rinaldo to seek revenge. At this point Lully's opera ends with the conflagration of the palace, yet Tasso continues the story. *Armide* joins the Egyptian army massed against the Christians who with Rinaldo's aid have now taken Jerusalem. In revenge *Armide* promises her hand to anyone who kills Rinaldo and in the last battle of the war, finds herself in a position to shoot a fatal arrow at Rinaldo yet cannot do so. After the battle, she withdraws in shame to die but is found by Rinaldo who stays her hand just as she prepares to kill herself and he promises to be her knight and slave if she will become a Christian.

Lully's libretto was adapted from Tasso's poem by the famous French playwright, Quinault. Every element, music, dance, scenery, etc., was subordinate to the dramatic unity of the libretto. Lully aptly portrays the drama called for in each scene. Act II, scene iii where Rinaldo is enchanted to sleep by a spirit in the waters is consid-

ered one of the two finest nature scenes in all of French baroque opera; (the other is the Sleep scene from Lully's *Atys*). Act II, scene v where *Armide* comes to kill Rinaldo and falls in love instead dramatically portrays *Armide*'s hesitation and confusion through pauses and sudden contrasts; it was described by a contemporary critic, Titon du Tillet, as "the greatest piece in all our opera". Lully's elegant music captures the lyrical beauty of Tasso's poetry describing the pleasures of the isle in Act V, i & ii. These scenes are based on a simple pascaglia bass pattern of four notes descending by step. Over this Lully generates three songs, a tri-partite chorus and one of the most famous dances in French baroque opera.

The story of *Tancredi & Clorinda* is a tragedy caused by mistaken identity. *Clorinda*, a pagan female warrior, was really the daughter of a Christian Ethiopian King; she had been saved from death by a nurse who had not yet baptized the girl. The night of the story, the nurse has a dream in which she is told that *Clorinda* will die that night and that she must be baptized, according to the nurse's original promise. *Clorinda*, envious of the glory acquired by the other knights, decides to go out with another knight in the middle of the night and burn the Christian siege tower. As they return and the door of the fort mistakenly closes her out, only *Tancredi*, one of the most pure of the Christian knights, sees and follows her. He engages her in mortal combat, exulting when he sees that she is far more wounded than he. Little does he know that his opponent is the same fair creature he had once seen from afar and loved. After he has delivered the fatal blow, *Clorinda* asks to be baptized. Only when *Tancredi* takes off her helmet does he realize the tragedy of his victory. *Clorinda* dies baptized and in peace. *Tancredi* carries her body back to the Christian camp for burial and bitterly laments her death, nearly dying of grief. Only when the Christians require his skill in a major attack does he pull himself together to fight.

Tasso describes the brutal battle in vivid blow by blow realism. To match that, Monteverdi invented a new technique for performing and named it the *stile concitato*, or agitated style. The instrumentalists imitate the thrust of sword and lance with

Continued on page 12

Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda

Tancredi, che Clorinda un homo stima
vol ne l'armi provarla al paragone.
Va girando colei l'alpestre cima
ver altra porta ove d'entrar dispone.
Segue egli impetuoso; onde assai prima
che giunga in guiva avvien che d'armi suone
ch'ella si volge e grida: 'O tu, che porte
correndo si?' Rispose: 'E guerra e morte.'

'Guerra e mort' havrai Disse; 'Io non rifiuto
darlati, se la cerchi e ferma attende.'
Ne vol Tancredi, ch'ebbe a piè veduto
il nemico, usar cavallo, e scende.
E impugna l'un l'altro il ferro acuto,
Ed aguzza l'orgoglio e l'ira accende;
e vansi incontro, a passi tardi e lenti,
Quai due tori gelosi e d'ira ardenti.
(Sinfonia)

Notte, che nel profondo oscuro seno
chiudeste e nell'oblio atto si grande,
degnò d'un chiaro sol, degno d'un pieno
theatro opre sarian si memorande.
Piaciati ch'indi il tragga e'n bel sereno
alle future età lo spieghi e mande.
Viva la fama lor e tra lor gloria
splenda dal fosco tuo l'alta memoria.

Non schivar, non parar, non pur ritrarsi
voglion costor nè qui destrezza ha parte.
Non danno i colpi hor finti hor pieni hor scarsi;
toglie l'ombra e'l furor l'uso dell'arte.
Odi le spade, orribilmente urtarsi
a mezzo il ferro; e'l piè d'orma non parte:
sempre il piè fermo e la man sempre in moto;
nè scende taglio invan, nè punta a voto.

L'onta irrita lo sdegno alla vendetta
e la vendetta poi l'onta rinova;
onde sempre al ferir affretta
stimol novo s'aggiunge piaga nova.
D'hor in hor più si mesce e più restretta
si fa la pugna: e spada opar non giova;
dansi con pomi e infeloniti e crudi
cozzan con gli elmi insieme e con gli scudi.

Tancredi, who thinks Clorinda is a man
wishes to put her to the test as a warrior.
She crosses the steep hill towards the other
gate, where she plans to enter.
He follows impetuously so that
well before reaching herthe clash of his armor
makes her turn and cry: 'What bringest thou in
such haste?' He replies: 'War & death!'

'War & death thou shalt have' says she;
'I shall not refuse to give you what you seek'.
Tancredi, who had seen that his adversary was
on foot, does not want to avail himself of his
horse, so he dismounts. They both draw
swords, sharpen their pride and fan their fury,
and advance upon each other with slow and
heavy steps like two jealous bulls burning with
rage. (Sinfonia)

Night which in deep dark womb
enfolded in oblivion an action so great,
worthy of a bright sun, worthy of a full theatre,
deeds that will remain memorable,
allow me to bring it thence into the open air,
display and give it to future ages.
Long live their fame, and amidst their glory
let shine from thy gloom the proud memory.

They neither shrink back nor parry they do not
even wish to withdraw; here dexterity plays no
part. They do not strike blows now feigned
now heavy now light; darkness and rage
prevent the use of art. Hear the swords,
horribly clash together in the middle of the
blade: their feet move but stay firm, and their
hands always moving. No blow falls in vain,
no stab fails to find its mark.

Spite incites scorn to revenge
and then revenge renews spite.
Wherefore always wounding, always in haste,
a fresh goad adds itself, a sore new-opened.
From now on they fight harder and do battle at
such close quarters that their swords are of no
avail. They use hilts both harsh & wicked &
butt each other with helmets and with shields.

Tre volte il cavalier la donna stringe
con le robuste braccia; e altrettante
poi da quei nodi tenaci ella si scinge,
nodi di fier nemico e non d'amante.
Tornano al ferro e l'un e l'altro il tinge
di molto sangue: e stanco ed anelante
e questi e quegli al fin pur si ritira,
e dopo lungo faticar respira.

L'un l'altro guarda, e del suo corpo esangue
sul spondo della spada appoggia il peso.
Già de l'ultima stella il raggio langue
sul primo albor ch'è in oriente acceso.
Vede Tancredi in maggior copia il sangue
del suo nemico, e se non tanto offeso.
Ne gode e insuperbisce. O, nostra folle
mente ch'ogni aura di fortuna estolle.

Misero, di che gode? O, quanto mesti
siano i trionfi e infelice il vanto!
Gli occhi tuoi pagheran, s'in vita resti,
di quel sangue ogni stilla un mar di pianto.
così tacendo e rimirando questi
sanguinosi guerrier cessaro al quanto.
Ruppe il silenzio al fin Tancredi e disse
perchè il suo nome l'un l'altro scoprisse:

'Nostra sventura è benchè qui s'impieghi
tanto valor, dove silenzio il copra.
Ma poi che sorte rea vien che ci nieghi
e lode e testimon degni de l'opra,
Pregoti, se fra l'armi han loco i prieghi
che'l tuo nome e'l tuo stato e me tu scopra,
acciò ch'io sappia o vinto o vincitore
chi la mia morte o la mia vita honore.'

Rispose la feroce: 'Indarno chiedi
quel ch'ho per uso di non par palese.
Ma chiunque mi sia: tu inanzi vedi
un di quei duo che la gran torre accese.'
Arse di sdegno a quel parlar Tancredi:
'E in mal punto il dicesti,
il tuo dir e'l tacer di par m'alletta,
barbaro discortese alla vendetta.'

Torna l'ira ne i cori e li trasporta,
benchè deboli in guerra a fiera pugna.
U' l'arte in bando ù già la forza è morta
ove invece d'entrambi il furor pugna.

Thrice the knight holds the woman tightly with
his powerful arms, & as many times then from
these tenacious embraces she frees herself,
embraces of a proud enemy, not of a lover.
They return to their swords and stain each
other's blades with much blood. Tired and
breathless, both at last withdraw and
after the long and hard struggle take breath.

Each looks at the other, with body drained on
the hilt of the sword sustained.
Already the light of the last star languishes in
the early dawn aflame in the east:
Tancredi sees in greater flood the blood of his
enemy and himself not so badly wounded.
He rejoices in it and is proud. O, our foolish
mind which every breeze of fortune raises up!

Wretch, why do you rejoice?
O, let the triumphs be as sad and unhappy the
boast! Your eyes will shed (if you remain alive)
for every drop of blood a sea of tears.
Thus silent and gazing at each other these
bloody warriors rested for a while.
At last Tancredi broke the silence and said (so
that each might know the other's name):

'Hard is our fortune (although such bravery is
employed here, where silence covers it) but
since ill luck comes to deny us
both praise and witness worthy of the deed,
I pray thee, if prayers have any place in battle,
that thy name and condition thou reveal to me,
that I may know, vanquished or victor,
who honours my death or my life.'

She answers proudly: 'In vain you seek
that which I by habit do not make manifest,
but whoever I may be, you see before you
one of the two who set fire to the great tower.'
Burning with indignation at this answer,
Tancredi: 'You speak inopportunistly; your words
and your silence equally lure me (rude discour-
tesy) to revenge'.

Rage returns to their hearts and transports them
although weak in war, to proud battle.
Cunning is banished, strength already dead,
where - instead of both - rage fights.

O che sanguingna e spaziosa porta
fa l'una e l'altra spada ovunque giugna,
nell'armi e nelle carni! E se la vita
non esce, sdegno tienla al petto unita.

Ma ecco homai l'hora fatal è giunta,
ch'l viver di Clorinda al suo fin deve.
Spinge egli ferro nel bel sen di punta
che vi s'immerge, e'l sangue avido beve;
e la veste, che d'or vago trapunta
le mamelle stringea tenere e lieve'
l'empie d,'un caldo fiume. Ella già sente
morirsi, e'l piè le manca egro e languente.

Segue egli la vittoria, e la trafitta
vergine minacciando in calza e preme.
Ella mentre cadea, la voce afflitta
movendo, disse le parole estreme
Parole ch'a lei nove spirito addita
spirito di fe', di carità, di speme;
virtù che Dio l'infonde, e se rubella
in vita fu, la vol in morte ancella.

'Amico, hai vinto: Io ti perdon, perdona
tu ancora; Al corpo, no, che nulla pava,
all'alma si: Deh per lei prega, e dona
batesmo a me, ch'ogni mia colpa lave.'
In queste voci languide risuona
un non so che di flebile e soave
ch'al cor gli scende, e ogni sdegno amorza,
e gli occhi a lagrimar l'invoglia e sforza.

Poco quindi lontan nel sen d'un monte
scatura mormorando un picciol rivo.
Egli v'accorse e l'elmo empì nel fonte,
e tornò mesto al grande ufficio e pio.
Tremar senti la man mentre la fronte
non conosciuta ancor, sciolse, e scoprio.
La vide, e la conobbe; e restò senza
e voce e moto. Ahi vista! Ahi conoscenza!

Non morì già che sua virtù accolse
tutte in quel punto e in guardia il cor le mise;
e premendo il suo affanno, a darsi volse
vita con l'acque a chi col fero uccise.
Mentre egli il suon de sacri detti sciolse,
colei di gioia trasmutossi e rise;
e in atto di morir lieta e vivace dir pareo:
'S'apre il ciel, io vado in pace.'

O what a bloody and gaping wound does
each sword make wherever it pierces the armor
and the flesh, and if life does not go,
disdain holds it united to the heart.

But lo, now the fatal hour has come
in which Clorinda's life must end.
He thrusts into her bosom the point of his blade
so that it is immersed and greedily drinks blood,
& the vest which, prettily embroidered with
gold, clung lightly and tenderly to her breasts,
it fills with a warm river. She already feels
herself dying, her feet give way, weak and tired.

He follows up the victory and the wounded
virgin, menacingly, he presses close.
She, while she falls, with afflicted voice
speaks her last words, words which a new spirit
pointed out to her. Spirit of faith, of charity, of
hope, a virtue which God infused in her. And if
she were a rebel in her lifetime, in death He
wished her a handmaiden.

'Friend, thou hast won, I thee pardon;
pardon me too - not this body which fears
nothing but my soul. Oh, pray for it, and give
me baptism, which washes away my sin.'
In these slow words there sounded
something tearful and sweet so that it goes to his
heart and extinguishes all disdain,
and makes tears come to his eyes.

A little way off, in the heart of a hillside,
there rose murmuring a small stream. He ran up
to it & filled his helmet in the fountain & turned
sadly to the great and solemn task.
He felt a trembling in his hand as he freed the
visage not yet known. He uncovered it, and
discovered. He saw her & recognized her, and
remained speechless and motionless. Alas,
sight! Alas, knowledge!

He did not die already, for he gathered all his
strength together in that moment of time and set
his heart to guard them, and bridling his grief
turned to give life with water, to her whom he
killed with his sword. While the sound of the
sacred words enfolded her, she was transformed
by joy, and laughed; and in the act of dying,
happy and joyful, she seemed to say:
'Heaven opens, I go in peace.'

Armide

Lii: Hidraot, Armide

H: Armide, quele sang qui m'unit avec vous
Me rend sensible aux soins que l'on prend pour
vous plaire: Que votre triomphe m'est doux!
Que j'aime à voir briller le beau jour qui l'éclaire!
Je n'aurois plus de vœux à faire,
Si vous choisissiez un Espoux.
Je vois de près la Mort qui me menace,
Et bientôt l'age qui me glace
Va m'accabler de son pesant fardeau.
C'est le dernier bien où j'aspire
Que de voir vostre Himen promettre à cet Empire
Des Roys formez d'un sang si beau.
Sans me plaindre du sort je cesseray de vivre
Si ce doux espoir peut me suivre
Dans l'affreuse nuit du Tombeau.

A: La chine de l'Hymen m'estonne:
Je crains ses plus aimables nœuds:
Ah! qu'un cœur devient malheureux
Quand la liberté l'abandonne.

AIR H: Pour vous, quand il vous plaist, tout l'enfer
est armé; /Vous estes plus scavante en mon art
que moy-meme,
De grands Roys à vos pieds mettent leur Diademe:
Qui vous void un moment est pour jamais charmé:
Pouvez-vous mieux gouter vostre bonheur
extrême /Qu'avec un Espoux que l'on ayme,
Et qui soit digne d'estre aymé

A: Contre mes ennemis à mon gré je déchaine
Le noir Empire des Enfers,
L'Amour met des Roys dans mes fers,
Je suis de mille Amants Maistresse souveraine,
Mais je fais mon plus grand bonheur
D'estre maistresse de mon cœur.

AIR: H: Bornez-vous vos desirs à la gloire cruelle
Des maux que fait vostre beauté.
Ne ferez vous jamais vostre félicité.
Du bonheur d'un Amant fidel.

A: Si je doy m'engager un jour
Au moins vous devez croire
Qu'il faudra que ce soit la Gloire
Qui livre mon coeur à l'amour.
Pour devenir mon maistre ce n'est point assez
d'estre Roy. /Ce sera la valeur qui me fera
connoistre /Celuy qui merite ma foy.
La Vainqueur de Renaud, si quelqu'un le peut
estre, /Sera digne de moy.

Liii: Hidraot & Chœur

Armide est encor plus aimable
Qu'elle n'est redoutable,
Que son triomphe est glorieux!
Ses charmes les plus forts sont ceux de ses beaux
yeux. /Elle n'a pas besoin d'employer l'art terrible
Qui scait quand il luy plaist faire armer les Enfers:
Sa beauté trouve tout possible,
Nos plus fiers Ennemis gemissent dans ses fers.
Armide est encor plus aimable...

Lii: Hidraot, Armide

H: Armide, the blood tie which unites us
makes me happy at your victory.
How sweet is your triumph!
How I love this beautiful day which celebrates it!
I would have no further wishes
if you were to choose a husband.
I feel menacing Death near
And advancing age which chills me
weighs me down with its burden.
My last wish is to see
your marriage promise this empire
Kings from such promising ancestry.
Then without complaint I would die
if this sweet hope could follow me
into the dreadful night of the Tomb.

A: The chains of Hymen amaze me:
I fear his pleasant bonds.
Ah! how unhappy the heart becomes
when liberty abandons it.

AIR: H: All of Hades arms itself for you when you
desire it. You are wiser in the use of magic than I.
Great Kings place their crowns at your feet.
Whoever sees you for a moment
is forever charmed.
How could you better enjoy your good fortune
than with a husband that you love
and who is worthy of being loved.

A: At my will I release the black empire of Hades
against my enemies.
Love has placed Kings in my chains.
I am sovereign mistress of a thousand Lovers
yet I find greatest happiness in being
mistress of my own heart.

AIR: H: If you limit your desires to cruel glory
of the mischief which your beauty creates,
you will never find happiness
with a faithful Lover.

A: If I ever do fall in love,
rest assured that
it will be Glory that
delivers my heart to Love.
To become my master is it not enough to be King
Only valour will make me know
he who merits my troth.
Renaud's conqueror, if there be such a man,
would be worthy of me.

Liii: Hidraot & Choir

Armide is even more lovable
that she is formidable.
How glorious is her triumph!
Her most strong charms are her beautiful eyes.
She who knows how to arm Hades
has no need to use terrible skill.
Her beauty makes everything possible.
Our proudest enemies groan in her chains
Armide is even more lovable...

Liv: Chœur

Suivons Armide & chantons sa Victoire
Tout l'univers retentit de sa gloire.
Nos Ennemis affoiblis et troublez
N'estendront plus le progrez de leurs armes:
Ah! quel bonheur! Nos desirs sont comblez
Sans nous couter ny de sang ny de larmes.
Suivons Armide...

L'ardent amour qui la fuit en tous lieux
S'attache aux cœurs qu'elle veut qu'il enflame.
Il est content de regner dans ses yeux,
Et n'ose encor passer jusqu'en son ame.
Suivons Armide...

Que la douceur d'un triomphe est extreme
Quant on n'en doit tout l'honneur qu'à soi meme.
Nous n'avons point fait armer nos soldats:
Sans leur secours Armide est triomphante.
Tout son pouvoir est dans ses doux appas:
Rien n'est si fort que sa beauté charmante.
Que la douceur...
La Belle Armide a sceu vaincre aisement
De fiers Guerriers plus craints que le Tonnerre
Et ses regards ont en moins d'un moment
Donne des Loix aux Vainqueurs de la Terre.
Que la douceur...

Act II, ii: Hidraot & Armide

H: Arrestons-nous icy, c'est dans ce lieu fatal
Que la fureur qui nous anime
Ordonne à l'Empire infernal
De conduire nostre victime.
A: Que l'Enfer aujourd'huy tarde à suivre mes lois.
H: Pour achever le charme il faut unir nos voix.
DUET: Esprits de haine et de rage,
Demons, obeissez-nous.
Livre a nostre couroux l'Ennemy qui nous outrage.
Sous une agreable image: Enchantez ce fier
courage par les charmes plus doux.
Dans le piege fatal nostre Ennemy s'engage
Nos soldats sont cachez dans le prochain Boccage
Il faut que sur Renaud ils viennent fondre tous.
Cette victime est mon partage:
Laissez-moy l'immoler, laissez-moy l'avantage
De voir ce cœur superbe expirer de mes coups.

II,iii: Renaud seul

Plus j'observe ces lieux, & plus je les admire.
Ce fleuve coule lentement,
Et s'éloigne à regret d'un sejour si charmant.
Les plus aimables fleurs & le plus doux zephire
Parfument l'air qu'on y respire.
Non je ne puis quitter des rivages si beaux.
Un son harmonieux se melle au bruit des eaux.
Les Oyseaux enchantez se taisent pour l'entendre.
Des charmes du sommeil j'ay peine à me
deffendre. /Ce gazon, cet ombrage frais,
Tout m'invite au repos sous ce feuillage espais.

Liv: Choir

Let's follow Armide & sing her Victory!
All the world resounds with her glory!
Our enemies, weakened and troubled,
can no longer make progress in arms.
Ah! what happiness. Our wishes have been gratified
without costing us either blood or tears.
Let's follow Armide...

Ardent Love who flees her
takes hold in the hearts she wishes to inflame.
He is content to reign in her eyes
and dares not enter her heart.
Let's follow Armide...

The sweetness of triumph is extreme
when one owes the honor only to oneself.
We have not even armed our soldiers.
Without their help Armide was triumphant.
All her power is in her soft allurements.
Nothing is as powerful as her charming beauty.
The sweetness of triumph...
Beautiful Armide knew how to conquer easily
the proud warriors more feared than thunder
And her glances in an instant
Laid down the law to the Conquerers of the Earth.
The sweetness of triumph...

Act II,ii: Armide & Hidraot

H: Let's stop here, for this is the fatal place
that the rage which emboldens us
has ordered the infernal empire
to bring our victim.
A: How slow Hades is to follow my laws today.
H: In order to succeed we must unite our voices.
DUET: Spirits of hate and rage,
Demons, obey us.
Deliver to our wrath the Enemy who outraged us
By a pleasant image,
Enchant the proud hero with the sweetest charms.
Our Enemy is entangled in this fatal trap.
Our soldiers are hidden in the nearby grove;
They have come to destroy him completely.
A: This victim is all mine.
Let me slay him; give me the opportunity
to see this proud heart die from my blows.

II, iii: Renaud alone

The more I observe this place, the more I admire it.
This river flows slowly
and removes itself sadly from so charming a place.
The most pleasant flowers and sweetest zephyrs
perfume the air that blows here.
No, I cannot leave these beautiful shores.
A harmonious sound blends with the noise of the
waters. The birds, enchanted, are silent in order to
listen to it. I can hardly forbid the charms of sleep.
This grass, this fresh shade,
all invite me to rest under this dense foilage.

II, v: Armide, Renaud endormy

A: Enfin il est en ma puissance,
Ce fatal Enemy, ce superbe Vainqueur.
Le charme du sommeil le livre à ma vengeance.
Je vais percer son invincible cœur.
Par luy tous mes captifs sont sortis d'esclavage:
Qu'il éprouve toute ma rage.
Quel trouble me saisit? Qui me fait hesiter?
Qu'est-ce qu'en sa saveur la pitié me veut dire?
Frapons... Ciel! qui peut m'arrester?
Achevons... je fremis! Vangeons-nous... je soupire!
Est-ce ainsi que je doy me vanger aujour'huy?
Ma colere s'éteint quand j'approche de luy.
Plus je le voy, plus ma vengeance est vaine:
Mon bras tremblant se refuse à ma haine.
Ah! quelle cruauté de luy ravit le jour!
A ce jeune Héros tout cede sur la Terre.
Qui croiroit qu'il fust né seulement pour la Guerre?
Il semble estre fait pour l'amour.
Ne puis-je me vanger à moins qu'il ne perisse?
Hé, ne suffit-il pas que l'amour le punisse:
Puisqu'il n'a put trouver mes yeux assez charmants,
Qu'il m'aime au moins par mes enchantements.
Que s'il se peut, je le hâsse.
Venez, venez secorder mes desirs,
Demons, transformerz-vous en d'aimables zephirs:
Je cede a ce vainqueur, la pitié me surmonte,
Cachez ma foiblesse & ma honte
Dans les plus reculez deserts.
Volez, conduisez-nous au bout de l'Univers.

III, i: Armide

Ah! si la liberté me doit estre ravie
Est-ce à toy d'estre mon Vainqueur?
Trop funeste Enemy du bonheur de ma vie
Faut-il que malgré moy tu regne dans mon cœur?
Le desir de ta mort fut ma plus chere envie.
Comment as-tu changé ma colere en languueur?
En vain de mille Amants je me voyois suivie,
Aucun n'a flechy ma rigueur.
Se peut-il Renaud tienne Armide asservie?

Act V, i: Armide, Renaud

R: Armide, vous m'allez quitter?
A: J'ay besoin des Enfers, je vay les consulter
Mon art veut de la solitude:
L'amour que j'ay pour vous cause l'inquietude
Dont mon cœur se sent agiter.
R: Armide, vous m'allez quitter?
A: Voyez en quels lieux je vous laisse.
R: Puis-je rien voir que vos appas?
A: Les Plaisirs vous suivront sans cesse.
R: En est-il où vous n'estes pas?
A: Un noir pressentiment me trouble & me
tourmente / Il m'annonce un malheur que je
veux prevenir: Et plus nostre bonheur
m'enchanté, / Plus je crains de le voir finir.
R: D'une vaine terreur pouvez-vous estre atteinte,
Vous qui faites trembler le tenebreux sejour?
A: Vous m'apprenez à connoître l'Amour
L'Amour m'apprend à connoistre la crainte.

II, v: Armide, Renaud asleep

A: Finally he is in my power,
This fatal Enemy, this proud Conquerer.
The charm of sleep delivers him to my revenge.
I will pierce his invincible heart.
He liberated all my captives from their chains:
May he feel my rage.
What confusion seizes me? What makes me
hesitate?
What is it that compassion wishes to tell me?
Strike... Heavens! who can stop me?
Kill... I tremble! Revenge... I sigh!
Is this how I am revenged today?
My anger is extinguished when I approach him.
The more I see him, the more my revenge is in vain
Ah! how cruel to end his days!
Everything on earth yields to this young Hero.
Who would believe that he was born solely for
War? He seems to be made for Love.
Can't I be revenged without killing him?
Is it not enough that love punish him?
Though he did not find my eyes charming enough,
my magic at least will make him love me.
If it's possible, I will scorn him.
Come, assist my desires,
Demons, transform yourself into pleasant zephyrs.
I yield to this conquerer, compassion overwhelms
me. Hide my weakness and my shame
in the most remote deserts.
Fly, carry us to the end of the world.

III, i: Armide

Ah! if my liberty must be taken from me,
are you to be my Conquerer?
Fatal enemy of the happiness of my life,
do you reign in my heart in spite of me?
The wish for your death was my most cherished
desire. How did you change my anger into languor
In vain a thousand Lovers pursued me
yet none could bend my determination.
How can Renaud hold Armide enslaved?

Act V, i: Armide, Renaud

R: Armide, you're leaving me?
A: I need to consult the infernal spirits.
My magic requires solitude.
My love for you causes me anxiety
which agitates my heart.
R: Armide, you're leaving me?
A: See what a beautiful place I leave you in.
R: How can I see anything but your charms?
A: Pleasures will follow you ceaselessly.
R: Are there pleasures when you are gone?
A: A dark foreboding confuses and torments me;
It tells me of a disaster that I wish to foresee;
the more our happiness enchants me,
the more I fear it might end.
R: How can you be overcome by a vain terror,
you who makes Hades tremble?
A: You have taught me to know Love;
Love has taught me to know fear.

Vous brulliez pour la Gloire avant que de m'aimer,
Vous la cherchiez part tout d'une ardeur sans
esgale: La Gloire est une Rivale
qui doit toujours m'allarmer.

R: Que j'estois insensé de croire
Qu'un vain laurier donné par la victoire,
De tous les biens fût le plus précieux!
Tout l'Esclat dont brille la Gloire
vaut-il un regard de vos yeux?
Est-il un bien si charmant & si rare
Que celui dont l'Amour veut combler mon espoir.

A: La severe Raison & le Devoir barbare
Sur les Héros n'ont que trop de pouvoir.

R: J'en suis plus amoureux plus la raison m'esclaire:
Vous aimer, belle Armide, est mon premier devoir,
Je fais ma gloire de vous plaire,
Et tout mon bonheur de vous voir.

A: Que sous d'aimables loix mon ame est asservie!

R: Qu'il m'est doux de vous voir partager ma
langueur.

A: Qu'il m'est doux d'enchaîner un si fameux
Vainqueur!

R: Que mes fers sont dignes d'envie!

DUET: Aimons-nous, tout nous y convie

Ah! si vous aviez la rigueur

De m'oster votre cœur

Vous m'osteriez la vie.

Non, je perdray plutôt le jour

Que d'esteindre ma flâme.

Non, rien ne peut changer mon ame.

Non, je perdray plutôt le jour

Que de me dégager d'un si charmant amour.

A: Tesmoins de nostre amour extrême

Vous, qui suivez mes loix dans ce séjour heureux

Jusques à mon retour par d'agréables jeux

Occupez le Heros que j'aime.

Passacaille: Chœur

Les Plaisirs ont choisi pour azile

Ce séjour agreable et tranquille;

Que ces lieux sont charmants

Pour les heureux Amants!

C'est l'amour qui retient dans ses chaines

Mille oyseaux qu'en nos bois nuit et jour on entend.

Si l'amour ne causoit que des peines,

Les oyseaux amoureux ne chanteroient pas tant.

Jeunes Cœurs, tous vous est favorable.

Profitez d'un bonheur peu durable.

Dans l'hyver de nos ans l'amour ne regne plus

Les beaux jours que l'on perd sont pour jamais

perdus.

Les Plaisirs...

Act V, v: Armide seul

Le perfide Renaud me fuit

Tout perfide qu'il est, mon lâche cœur le suit.

Il me laisse mourante. Il veut que je perisse.

A regret je revoy la clarté qui me luit;

L'horreur de l'éternelle Nuit cede à l'horreur de mon
suplice.

AIR: You were inflamed with Glory before you
loved me; you sought her everywhere full of a
passion without equal.

Glory is a Rival which will always alarm me.

R: How foolish I was to believe

that a laurel given for victory
was the most precious boon.

Is all the pomp of Glory

worth a single look from your eyes?

Is there an estate so charming

as that with which Love fills my hopes?

A: Stern Reason and cruel Duty

have too much power over Heroes.

R: The more Reason enlightens, the more I am in

love. To love you, Armide, is my primary duty.

I will make my glory in pleasing you,

and all my happiness in seeing you.

A: What pleasant laws have enslaved me!

R: How sweet to see you share my lanquor!

A: How sweet to enchain a conquerer so famous!

R: My chains are worthy of envy!

DUET: Let us love, everything leads us to it .

Ah! If you ever were so cruel

to leave me,

I would die.

No, I would sooner die

than extinguish my flame.

No, nothing can change my love.

No, I would sooner die than

leave such a charming love.

A: (To the Pleasures) Witnesses of our love,

you who follow my laws in this happy place,

entertain the Hero that I love

until I return to these pleasant pastimes.

Passacaglia: Choir & dancers

The Pleasures have chosen

this pleasant place as a refuge.

How charming it is

for happy Lovers!

Love holds in his chains a thousand birds

that sing in our woods day & night.

If love caused only trouble,

then the amorous birds would not sing so much.

Young hearts, everything is favorable for you.

Enjoy fleeting happiness.

In the winter of our years love no longer reigns;

The beautiful days that are lost are lost forever.

The Pleasures have chosen this pleasant place...

Act V, v: Armide alone

Traitorous Renaud flees me,

Traitor though he is, my cowardly heart follows

him. He leaves me to die. He wants me to perish.

With regret I see once more with clarity.

The horror of eternal Night yields to the horror of
my anguish.

Upcoming concerts

The Origins of Bel Canto
The Artistry of Derek Lee Ragin & James Weaver

**Friday, February 1, University of Richmond North Court Recital Hall,
8:15 p.m.**

Saturday, February 2, Williamsburg Regional Library Arts Center Theatre, 8:15 p.m.

**Sunday, February 3, Chrysler Museum Theatre, Norfolk,
3:00 p.m.**

Odes to Joy & Sorrow
Music of Henry Purcell & John Blow

**Friday, April 26, University of Richmond North Court Recital Hall,
8:15 p.m.**

**Saturday, April 27, Chrysler Museum Theatre, Norfolk,
8:15 p.m.**

**Sunday, April 28, Williamsburg Regional Library Arts Center Theatre,
3:00 p.m.**

**These concerts are made possible in parts by grants from
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the Norfolk Commission for the Arts and Humanities**

rapidly reiterated chords and arpeggios. At its premiere, the instrumentalists refused to believe Monteverdi's instructions and declared it not possible to do what he asked. He prevailed and with this piece opened up a new horizon of string colors. His declamatory style is well matched to Tasso's lofty prosody. Perhaps most notable is the cry of anguish when Tancredi realizes who he has just killed. There is tone painting, such as the galloping of Tancredi's horse as he pursues Clorinda in the beginning; the descending line as he dismounts from his steed; the panting of the warriors as they pause briefly to rest, portrayed in the strings; the melodic line which ascends as Tancredi climbs the hill to gather the baptismal water and then sinks

as he returns to perform the solemn task. In the midst of the battle scene the narrator pauses to say that, though the night hides this heroic fight, it is worthy of the acclaim of generations to come; here both the poetry and the music take off in flights of heroic rapture. As the grace of God comes down and instills Clorinda with the desire to be baptized, Monteverdi creates a halo effect by using the strings without the continuo, another revolutionary technique which he invented for this piece and which was used throughout the baroque period particularly to accompany the words of Christ in oratorios. Monteverdi ends the story with Clorinda's last words thus eerily accompanied.

-Notes by Gayle Johnson

Mezzo-soprano Judith Malafronte is pursuing a varied career path that embraces many different musical styles from the eleventh to the twentieth centuries. Her recent operatic engagements include the roles of Dido and Sorceress in the Mark Morris Dance Company's production of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*; *Andronico* in Handel's *Tamerlano* with the Handel Festival Orchestra in D.C.; the title role in Handel's *Ariodante* at Spoleto Festival; *Penelope* in Monteverdi's *Il Ritorno d'Ulisse* for Milwaukee Skylight Opera; and the title role of Rossini's *Italiana* in Algeria. She has appeared with numerous orchestras and oratorio societies, including *Musica Sacra* of New York and Chicago's *Music of the Baroque*. She has collaborated several times with the Dave Brubeck Quartet, singing Brubeck's *Mass to Hope*. Her chamber music experience includes frequent appearances with the Newberry Consort and the Boston Museum Trio among others. She has won several international vocal competitions, most notably in s-Hertogenbosch, Holland and Cento, Italy in 1983, and can be heard in recordings on the CBS, Musical Heritage, RCA and Harmonia Mundi USA labels.

Last season tenor Jeffrey Thomas premiered *The Auden Poems*, a song cycle by Ned Rorem at the Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival, the Ravinia Festival and at the Saratoga Performing Arts Center. His international appearances stretched from Japan to Austria with engagements by the New Japan Philharmonic, Vienna Symphony, *Festwoche der Alten Musik* in Innsbruck, and *Teatro Degollado* in Guadalupe, Mexico. He was the featured soloist at the Berkeley Festival in Monteverdi's *Vespers* and Handel's *Resurrezione*; and at the E. Nakamichi Baroque Festival in Los Angeles in Mozart's *Il Re Pastore*. His upcoming season includes Faure's *Requiem* at the Lincoln Center with *Musica Sacra*; Haydn's *Harmoniemesse* with Boston Symphony Orchestra conducted by Roger Norrington; a US tour of works by Monteverdi with Andrew Parrot and the Taverner Players; Handel's *L'Allegro* and Brahms *Lieblieder Waltzes* with the Mark Morris Dance Company. Recordings soon to be released include: Handel's *Susanna*, *La Resurrezione*, and the *Messiah* with Nicholas McGegan and the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra for Harmonia Mundi USA. *Music of Monteverdi* with

Andrew Parrot and the Taverner Players will be released in the spring of 1991 on EMI. The Smithsonian recording of Bach's *St. John Passion* was released last February on the Smithsonian label. He continues to be music director for the American Bach Soloists which is currently recording Bach cantatas for the Wild Boar label.

Bass-baritone James Weaver most recent appearances include Handel's *Joshua* with Chicago's *Basically Bach*; Monteverdi's *Vespers* at the Berkeley Festival and Bach's *St. John's Passion* with the San Francisco Bach Society; an ongoing series of concerts and recordings of Bach cantatas with the American Bach Soloists; and Elgar *Coronation Ode* and Mozart *Coronation Mass* with Virginia Choral Society. His first recording, performing the role of Christ in Bach's *St. John's Passion* with the Smithsonian Chamber Players, was released in February. The coming season offers Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* and *St. John Passion* with the Smithsonian Chamber Players; a concert tour and recording of seventeenth-century English secular music with the Baltimore Consort; Bach's *B Minor Mass* with the San Francisco Bach Society; and continuing concerts and recordings with the American Bach Soloists.

Baroque dancer Paige Whitley-Bauguess is considered one of the finest baroque dancers in North America and has appeared with The New York Baroque Dance Company at the Boston Early Music Festival, the Mostly Mozart Festival in Lincoln Center, and the E. Nakamichi Baroque Festival in Los Angeles. She is Director of Dance and Solotist with The Carolina Consort in Winston-Salem and Director of the Pre-Professional Dance Program at the North Carolina School for the Arts. Her performances have been praised by the critics; "compelling" (the New York Times); "masterly captured the poise of early ballet" and "conveyed the restraint and suavity that was the courtly style" (Triad Style). She reconstructed the choreographies for the grand pas-sacaglia scenes in this performance.

Gayle Johnson, Artistic Director of Capriole, is a scholar-performer who specializes in seventeenth-century Italian music. She has conducted cross-disciplinary studies of Renaissance and Baroque dance, Italian poetry, and the relationship between music and the graphic arts. Ms. Johnson studied harpsichord with John Gibbons and holds degrees from Oberlin College and Conservatory.





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