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## Capriole: Music of Claudio Monteverdi

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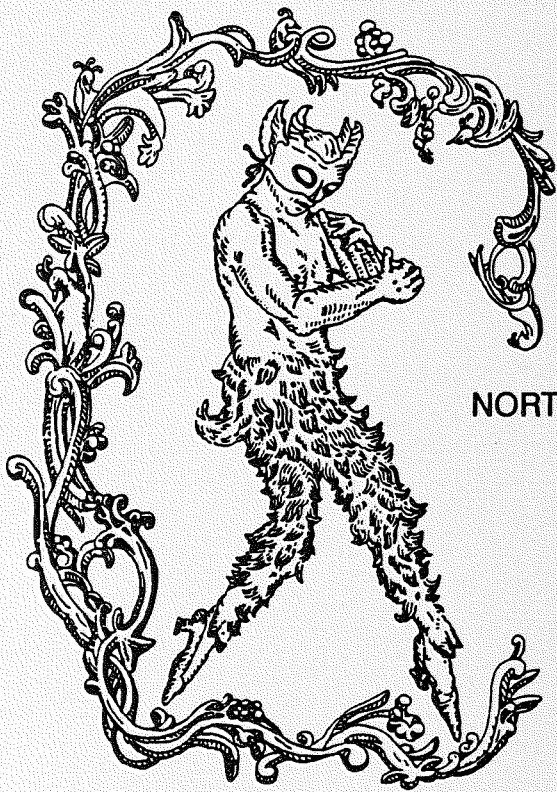
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# CAPRIOLE

**MUSIC OF CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI**  
(1567-1643)



**NORTH COURT RECITAL HALL**  
**OCTOBER 25, 1989**  
**8:15 P.M.**

*Department of Music*

*University of Richmond, Virginia 23173 • (804) 289-8277*

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# Music of Claudio Monteverdi

## Ecco Mormorar l'onde

Ecco mormorar l'onde  
E tremolar le fronde  
A l'aura mattutina  
e gli arborselli.  
E sovra i verdi rami  
Cantar i vagh'augelli soavemente  
E rider l'Oriente.  
Ecco gia l'alba appare  
E si specchia nel mare  
E rasserena il cielo  
E imperla il dolce gielo  
E gl'alti monti indora.  
O bella e vagha aurora!  
L'aura e tua messagiera e tu de l'aura  
Ch'ogn'arso cor ristaura.

The brook murmurs  
and the leaves  
and the young trees tremble  
at the morning breeze.  
And above the green branches  
the pretty birds sing sweetly  
and the East smiles.  
Lo dawn appears already  
and is reflected in the sea  
and the sky is clear & calm  
and adorns the sweet with pearls  
and gilds the high mountains.  
O beautiful charming dawn!  
The breeze is your messenger,  
and you tell of the breeze  
that restores every burnt heart.

## O come sei gentile

O come sei gentile, caro augellino!  
O come e'l mio stato amoroso al tuo simile.  
Io prigion; tu prigion.  
Tu canti; io canto.  
Tu canti per colei che t'ha legato,  
Et io canto per lei.  
Ma in questo e differente  
La mia sorte dolente:  
Che giova pur a te l'esser canoro  
Vivi cantando et io cantando moro.

How pretty you are, sweet little bird!  
O how like yours is my state of love.  
I am a prisoner; you are a prisoner.  
You sing; I sing.  
You sing for her who bound you,  
And I sing for her as well.  
But here lies the difference  
in my mournful state:  
Your sweet voice is your fortune,  
and you singing live, while I singing die.

## Perche t'en fuggi

Perche t'en fuggi, o Fillide?  
Deh, Fillide ascoltami  
E quei bell'occhi voltami.

Gia belva non son io  
Ne serpe squallido:  
Aminta son io, se ben son magro  
e pallido.

Queste mie calde lagrime  
Che da quest'occhi ogn'hor si veggon piovere  
Han forza di commovere  
ogni piu duro cor,  
spietato e rigido;  
Ma'l tuo non, gia ch'e piu d'un ghiaccio frigido.

Why do you flee, o Phyllis?  
O Phyllis, hear me  
and turn your fair eyes towards me.

For I am not a ferocious beast,  
Nor a murky serpent:  
I am Amintas, even though I am pale  
and thin.

These my hot tears  
that stream from my eyes unceasingly  
have the power to move  
the hardest of hearts,  
the most pitiless and unbending;  
But not yours, for it is colder than ice.

Mentre spargendo indarno a l'aura  
pianti e lamenti,  
indarno il cor distruggesi  
Filli piu ratta fuggesi  
Ne i sospir che dal cor  
si dolenti escono,  
non voci o prieghi  
I pie fugaci arrestano.

### **Non partir ritrossetta**

Non partir ritrossetta  
troppo lieve e incostante.  
Senti me, non fuggir, aspetta!  
Odi il pregar del tuo fedel amante.  
Tu non senti i lamenti.  
Ah, tu fuggi! Io rimango.  
Ah, tu ridi e io piango.

L'alma vola disciolta;  
teco parte il mio core.  
Ferma il pie, non fuggir, ascolta!  
Torna a gioir almen d'un che si more.  
Tu non miri i martiri.  
Tu non odi, ah! Io ti chiamo.  
Tu mi sprezzzi, ah! Io ti bramo.

Tu crudel piu mi offendi  
quanto piu sei fugace.  
Gia dal sen l'alma fuggi; attendi!  
Se il mio languir a te cotanto piace  
O non ridi.  
Tu mi sprezzzi, ah! Io t'adoro.  
Tu mi lasci, ah, e io moro.

### **Eccomi pronta**

Eccomi pronta ai baci!  
Baciami, Ergasto mio,  
ma bacia in guisa  
che coi denti mordaci  
nota non resta nel mio volto incisa  
perche altri non m'additi in essa poi  
legga le mie vergogne e i baci tuoi.  
Ahi! tu mordi e non baci!  
Tu mi segnasti, ah!  
Poss'io morir se piu ti bacio mai!

While vainly scattering  
groans and laments to the wind,  
vainly my heart destroys itself.  
Phyllis most swiftly takes flight  
and neither the sighs from the heart  
so painfully wrung,  
nor cries nor prayers  
can stay her fleeing feet.

Don't go away, capricious one,  
so lighthearted & inconstant.  
Listen to me, don't flee, wait!  
Hear the prayer of your faithful lover.  
You do not listen to my laments.  
Ah, you flee! I alone remain.  
Ah, you laugh and I weep.

The soul flies free;  
My heart leaves with you.  
Stop, don't flee, listen!  
At least return to enjoy seeing me die.  
You don't see my sufferings.  
You don't hear, alas! I am calling you.  
You despise me, alas! I long for you.

Cruel one, the more you flee  
the more you wound me.  
Already my spirit is departing. Wait!  
If my languishing is so pleasing to you,  
don't laugh.  
Alas, you despise me! I adore you.  
Alas, you are leaving me and I shall die.

Here I am ready to be kissed!  
Kiss me, Ergasto, but kiss me so  
that your biting teeth do not leave  
behind any marks on my face,  
so that noone may point at me  
and trace from them  
your kisses and my shame.  
Oh you are biting and not kissing!  
You have marked me!  
May I die before I ever kiss you again!

## Al lume delle stelle

Al lume delle stelle Tirsi sott'un alloro  
Si dolea lagrimando in questi accenti:  
O celesti facelle di lei ch'amo e adoro  
rassomigliate voi gli occhi lucenti.  
Luci care e serene  
sento gli affanni, ohime, sento le penel!  
Luci serene e liete  
sento le fiamme lor mentre splendete.

Under a laurel by the light of the stars  
Thrysis complained, crying:  
O heavenly lights you resemble the  
bright eyes of she who I love and adore.  
Beloved, bright eyes  
I feel the pangs, alas, I feel the pains!  
Bright happy eyes  
I feel the flames whenever you shine.

## Intermission

### Alle danze

Alle danze, alle gioie, ai diletti  
Che c'infiama mano il cor d'Amore  
Al Soave conforto de petti.  
Alle danze, alle gioie, ai diletti.

To the dance, to joy, to the delights  
that inflame the heart with love  
To the sweet comfort of the breast  
To the dance, to joy, to the delights!

Alle gemme, alle perle, a bei fiori  
Che v'adornino il crin e'l seno  
a bei fregi di mille colori.  
Alle gemme, alle perle, a bei fiori.

To the pearls, gems & beautiful flowers  
which adorn the hair and breast  
with lines of a thousand colors.  
To the pearls, gems & beautiful flowers!

Alle tazze, ai cristalli, alle argenti,  
Che v'invitano a trar la sete  
A bei pomi di minio ridenti.  
Alle tazze, ai cristalli, alle argenti.

To the cup, crystal, & silver  
which invite us to quench our thirst  
with beautiful red apples  
To the cup, crystal, & silver!

### Bel Pastor

"Bel Pastor dal cui bel guardo  
spira foco ond'io tutt'ardo, m'ami tu?"  
"Sì, cor mio" — "Com'io desio?"  
"Sì, cor mio" — "Dimmi quanto".  
"Tanto, tanto" — "Quanto?"  
"O tanto, tanto" — "Come che?"  
"Come te, Pastorella tutta bella."

"Fair shepherd whose ardent glances have set  
my heart on fire, do you love me?"  
"Yes my heart" — "As I wish it?"  
"Yes my heart." — "Tell me how much."  
"So much" — "How much?"  
"O very much". — "How do you love me?"  
"Just as you are, beautiful shepherdess."

"Questi vezzi, e questo dire  
non fan pago il mio desire.  
Se tu m'ami, o mio bel foco,  
dimmi ancor, ma fuor di gioco.  
Come che?"... "Come te,...."

"These playful words can hardly  
appease my longing.  
If you love me, my fair fire,  
Tell me again but not in jest.  
How do you love me?"... "As you are, ..."

"Vie piu lieta udito havrei  
t'amo par de gl'occhi miei."  
"Come rei del mio cordoglio  
questi lumi amar non voglio;  
di mirar non satii ancora  
la belta che se m'accora."  
"Come che?" "Come te, Pastorella..."

"I would be happier if I heard you say:  
I love you as much as my eyes."  
"I will not love my eyes, since they are  
guilty of my pain;  
for they can never feast enough on the sight of  
your beauty which afflicts me."  
"How do you love me?" "As you are..."

"Fa sentirmi altre parole se pur vuoi  
ch'io mi console. M'ami tu?  
"Si cor mio""Come la vita?"  
"No ch'afflitto e sbigottito d'odio e sdegno  
non d'Amore fatt'albergo di dolore  
per due luci, anzi due stelle troppo crude,  
troppo belle.  
"Come che?" "Come te..."

"Non mi dir piu come; dimmi, 'io t'amo."  
"Io t'amo"—"Come me?"  
"Ho ch'io stesso'odio me stesso."  
"Deh se m'ami dimmi e spesso."  
"Si cor mio"—"Com'io desio?"  
"Si cor mio"—"dimmi quanto."  
"Tanto, tanto"—"Quanto, quanto"—"O tanto"  
"Come che"—"Come te, Pastorella.."

## Parlo misero

Parlo, misero, o taccio?  
S'io taccio, che soccorso havra il morire?  
S'io parlo, che perdon havra l'ardire?

Taci, che ben s'intende  
Chiusa fiamma tal hor da chi l'accenda  
Da chi l'accende parla in me la pietade.  
Parla in lei la beltade,  
E dice quel bel volto al duro core,  
Chi puo mirarmi e non languir d'amore?

## Taci Armellin

Taci, Armellin, deh, taci!  
Non mi sturbar!  
Hor ch'innanzi al mio bene  
son per dirle il mio duol  
e le mie pene.

Taci, Armellin, deh taci!  
Non mi latrar  
Che vo'provar furarle anco due baci.

Ah! tu non voi tacer, animaletto!  
Cerbero traditor, dispetto setto

"Let me hear other words if you wish  
to comfort me. Do you love me?"  
"Yes, my heart"—"As life itself?"  
"No, for I am unhappy & troubled by scorn &  
d disdain, not by Love  
but by two eyes, nay two stars, too cruel,  
too lovely."  
"How do you love me?" "As you are"

"Don't tell me how any longer; say 'I love "  
you". "I love you"—"As yourself"  
"No, for I hate myself"  
"Fie, if you love me, tell me often."  
"Yes my heart"—"As I wish?"  
"Yes my heart"—"Tell me how much"  
"So much"—"How much"—"O so much"  
"How?"—"As you are, fair shepherdess."

Should I speak, wretched, or be silent?  
If I am silent, what help will there be for  
my death?  
If I speak, who will pardon my boldness?  
Be silent, for it is thus well understood that  
a hidden flame is burning and asks for mercy.

Beauty speaks in her  
& her beautiful face says to the hard hearted:  
Who can look at me and not languish with  
love?

Be quiet, Armellin, oh hush!  
Don't disturb me!  
Now that I am in the presence of my beloved  
to tell her of my sorrow  
and my pain.

Be quiet, Armellin, oh hush!  
Don't bark at me who wishes  
to try to steal two more kisses.

Ah! you will not be quiet, little animal!  
Cerberus, traitor, spiteful little animal!

## Tirsi e Clori

Tirsi:

Per monti e per valli, Bellissima Clori  
Gia coronato a balli le Ninfe e Pastori  
Gia lieta festosa ha tutto ingombrato  
la schiera amorosa il seno del prato.

Clori:

Dolcissimo Tirsi, gia vanno ad unirsi.  
Gia tiene legata l'amante l'amata.  
Gia movon concorde il suono a le corde.  
Noi soli negletti qui stiamo soletti.

Tirsi:

Su Clori mio core, andianne a quel loco  
ch'invitano al gioco le Grazie ed Amore.  
Gia Tirsi distende la mano e ti prende  
che teco sol vole menar le carole.

Clori:

Si Tirsi mia vita ch'a te solo unita  
vo girne danzando vo girne cantando  
Pastor benche degno non faccia disegno  
di mover le piante con Clori sua Amante.

Tirsi e Clori:

Gia Clori gentile noi siam ne la schiera.  
Con dolce maniera seguiam il lor stille.  
Balliamo ed intanto spieghiamo col canto  
con dolci bei modi del ballo le lodi.

Gagliarda: 3/2

Balliamo ch'el gregge al suon de l'avena  
che i passi corregge il ballo ne mena,  
E ballano e saltano snelli i capri e i agnelli.

Tordiglione: 3/2

Balliam che nel Cielo con lucido velo  
al suon de le sfere hor lente leggiere  
con lumi e facelle su danzan le stelle.

Gagliarda: 3/2

Balliam che d'intorno nel torbido giorno  
al suono de' venti le nubi correnti,  
se ben fosche adre, pur danzan leggiadre.

Balletto: 4/4

Balliamo che l'onde al vento che spira  
le move el'aggira le spinge e confonde  
Si come lor siede se movon il piede  
e Ballan le linfe quai garuli ninfe.

From the mountains and valleys, fairest Clori,  
Nymphs and Shepherds hurry to the dance  
Now, merry & festive the amorous band  
has invaded the center of the meadow.

Sweetest Thrysis, they come to be united.  
The lover now holds the beloved entwined.  
Now they are tuning the winds and the strings.  
Only we, neglected, are standing here alone.

Come, Cloris, my love, let us go to that place  
where the Graces and Love invite us to join  
Now Tirsi holds out his hand to take you  
since only with you will he take part.

Yes, Thyrasis, my love, joined with you alone  
will I go dancing and singing.  
Let no Shepherd, be he ever so worthy,  
Be so bold as to dance with your Cloris.

Now, gentle Cloris, we are amidst the throng.  
Let us follow their ways with good style.  
Let us dance while expounding in song  
the praises of the dance with sweet, fair tones.

Let us dance so that the flocks join the dance  
to the sound of the pipe that leads their steps,  
& the goats & lambs dance and skip nimbly.

Let us dance so that in the sky, brightly veiled,  
the stars dance to the sound of the spheres.  
now, slowly, now nimbly, with lamps &  
torches.

Let us dance, that around us in the murky day  
the scudding clouds, though dull and gloomy,  
are set lightly dancing to the sound of the  
winds.

Let's dance like waves when the wind blows  
& moves & turns them, heaves & stirs them,  
so that after their fashion move their feet;  
& the waters are set to dancing like chattering  
nymphs.



Balletto: 3/2

Balliam che i vezzosi bei fior ruggiadosi  
Se l'aura si scuote con urti e con ruote  
fan vaga sembianza anch'essi di danza.

Let us dance that the beautiful dewy flowers,  
Shaken by the gentle breeze, twisted and hustled,  
Look as if they too are dancing.

Balletto: 4/4

Balliamo e giriamo, corriamo e saltiamo  
Qual cosa piu degna il ballo n'insegna.

Let us dance and whirl, run and leap;  
Whatever is most worthy, the dance teaches.

Costumes desinged and made by Janea Whitacre and Noel Perry. Choreography derived by Gayle Johnson from Fabritio Caroso's *Nobilta di Dame*, published in Venice 1600.

### Program Notes

Musicians, poets & philosophers in northern Italy at the end of the sixteenth century decided that their music did not move the emotions of the audience as that of the ancient Greeks was reported to have done. They believed that music's primary aim was to present the text so clearly and so emotively that the listener would feel those same emotions. It is this ideal, most fully realized through the genius of Claudio Monteverdi, that formed the basis of music for the next 150 years.

Born in Cremona in 1567, Monteverdi's creative output spans the birth and formation of this new ideal. His madrigal, *Ecco mormorar l'onde*, is an early madrigal for five voices written in 1603 which describes a murmuring stream and warbling birds as they awaken at sunrise. Written in the polyphonic tradition where each voice is singing the same words but at slightly different times, Monteverdi presents a vivid picture of a sunrise by gradually increasing pitch and rhythmic intensity. In contrast, *Bel Pastor* is a dialogue between a shepherd and shepherdess, sung by a soprano and tenor in the new declamatory style that eventually led to opera. The trio *Perche t'en fugge* is a dramatic scene where the sentiments of one shepherd are sung by three voices, thus incorporating the polyphonic madrigal tradition as well as using the new declamatory style. Always Monteverdi infuses his music with a dramatic intensity that defied the prevalent rules of composition, creating highly explosive, emotive and daring

### CAPRIOLE

Claron McFadden, soprano  
Marieke van der Meer, soprano  
Derek Lee Ragin, countertenor  
Jeffrey Thomas, tenor  
James Weaver, bass-baritone  
Diana Freedman, dancer

Chris Hendrix, Giulio Cesare Monteverdi & dancer  
Brent Wissick, baroque 'cello  
Tim Burris, theorbo  
Gayle Johnson, harpsichord & director



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in part by a grant from  
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