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UNIVERSITY OF RICHMOND



Capriole
Sacred & Secular Music
of Seventeenth-Century Rome



Friday, February 9, 1990
North Court Recital Hall
8:15 p.m.

Department of Music

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

Capriole
Sacred & Secular Music
of Seventeenth-Century Rome

Friday, February 9, 1990
North Court Recital Hall
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Sacred & Secular Music of Seventeenth-Century Rome

Navicella	Carlo Caprioli (1620-1695)
Troppo e cruda la mia sorte	Agostino Steffani (1654-1728)
Al bel lume d'un bel volto	Luigi Rossi (1597-1653)
Si, si,si,no,no,no	Alessandro Stradella (1644-1682)
Sponsa Canticorum	Giacomo Carissimi (1605-1674)

Intermission

Scenes from *ORONTEA*

- I,i: Orontea: *Superbo amore*
- I,v: Orontea: *Ardo o non ardo*
- I,vi: Gelone: *Chi non beve*
- I,vii: Corindo, Gelone: *Com'e dolce*
- I,viii: Silandra, Corindo, Gelone: *Com'e dolce*
- II, vii: Silandra: *Addio, Corindo*
- II, viii: Corindo, Silandra: *Vengo, cor mio*
- II, ix: Corindo: *O cielo*
- II, xvii: Orontea: *Intorno all' idol mio*
- III,vii: Gelone: *Dal pittore schernita*
- III, finale: Quartet: *Castissimi amori*

Antonio Cesti
(1623-1669)



Capriole

CAPRIOLE

Claron McFadden, soprano, Silandra
 Marieke van der Meer, soprano, Orontea
 Derek Lee Ragin, countertenor, Corindo
 James Weaver, bass baritone, Gelone

Jennifer Edenborn, baroque violin
 M. Alexandra Eddy, baroque violin
 Herb Watson, baroque recorder
 Dale Taylor, baroque recorder

Ed Whitacre, narrator
 Ulysses Kirksey, baroque 'cello
 Tim Burris, theorbo
 Gayle Johnson, harpsichord, director

Navicella

Navicella ch'a bel volto
presti fede e lasci il lido
Non t'alletti in mar infido
bel sentier d'acque a'argento.

Non sai tu come repente
cangia t'e volubil onda
e che spesso aura gioconda
fassi horror d'austro fremente?

Se a turbar l'instabil campo
vien dal ciel procella oscura
e coi venti il mar congiura
qual ti fia sicurao scampo?

Ahi che fai? rivolgi in porto
hor che puoi l'amate vele
Se tributo al mar crudele
trar non vuoi tuo legno absorto.

Lasso me, ch'al tuo periglio
sa por mente il pensier mio
qui sommerso in cieco oblio
e per te si bel consiglio.

Troppo e cruda

Troppo e cruda la mia sorte
Le mie stelle troppo dure
Poiche a colpi di sventure
mi dan morte senza morte.

Passo i giorni e gl'anni intanto
fra dolori, affanni e stenti
Sol con cibo de tormenti
e con l'acqua del mio pianto.
Dio lo sa poi quanto cresca il duolo;
il mal s'avvanza in veder le miei speranze
tanto poche e tanto corte.

Al bel lume d'un bel volto

Al bel lume d'un bel volto
questo cor il volo affretta
Amorosa Farfalletta
per restar in quel sepolto.
Ma se ben tanto presuma
trova ardor che nol consuma.

Carlo Caprioli

Little boat that puts faith in a good wind
and leaves the shore,
don't be flattered by the treacherous sea
beautiful path of water of silver.

Do you not know how sudden it changes
and that the waves are fickle
and that often the jocund gentle breeze
becomes the horrible, fuming south wind?

If the dark storm comes from the sky
to disturb the unstable space
and the sea conspires with the wind,
where would you find certain safety?

Alas, what are you doing? Return to port
now that you have friendly winds,
if you do not wish to drag your ship down
absorbed as tribute by a cruel sea.

Woe is me, my thoughts know that,
to your peril,
what is for you such good counsel
here sinks in blind oblivion.

Agostino Steffani

My fate is too cruel,
my stars too harsh,
because blows of misfortune
make me die without dying.

I pass the days and years meanwhile
among sorrows, anguish, & toil,
with only the food of torments
and the water of my tears.
God knows how much my sorrow grows;
Evil advances in sight of my hopes
too few and too short.

Luigi Rossi

Into the beautiful light of a beautiful face
this heart hastens its flight.
like an amorous butterfly
to be buried in that tomb.
But though it presumes so much,
it finds that its ardor is not consumed.

Si, si, si, no, no, no

"Si, si, si."

"No, no, no."

"Si, quella sei tu

Che il mio cor sempre adoro."

"No, quella ch'adori non son io, misera."

"Quall' influo, quali stelle
mi conturbano la calma di qual mar
senza procelle si gradito,
o mia bell'Alma?"

"Parsi fuggi senza fede
che non meriti pietà.
ne piu troverai mercede
ove annide crudelta."

"Se tu sei il mio bene come partir potro?"
"L'origin di miei pene fuggir ben io sapro."
"Et io ti seguero."
"E io ti sprezzero."
"Io vo sempre adorarti"
"et io sempre abborirti"
"e perche non lasciami"
"e perche tu tradirmi"
"Deh, mia bella crudele"
"Ah, ribello infedele"
"Cosi dunque il cor mi radi?"
"Mi son note le tue frodi"
"Non e vero" "Non e vero?"

Sponsa Canticorum

Sponsus:

Filiae Ierusalem, surgite,
ite in montem mirrhæ
Ubi me quaerit, ubi suspirat
ubi languet sponsa mea pulcherrima.
Vos liliū et rosas et mella portate
et sponsam formosam languentem stipate.
In Libanum ite et sponsam fulcite.

Fillae Ierusalem:

Vox dilecti sonuit in auribus meis.
Surgamus, eamus et descendamus
in hortum nostrum ut flores colligamus
et festinantes ibimus in montem mirrhæ
ubi soror nostra suspirat, ubi languet,
ubi quaerit dilectum suum.

Sponsus:

Laboravit dilecta mea in desiderio
cordis sui et quaesivit me.
Circuivit vicos et plateas
et ego habitavi in illa.
Sed quia abscondi faciem meam
posuit dolorem in corde suo.

Alessandro Stradella

"Yes, yes, yes."

"No, no, no."

"Yes, you are the one that my heart
will always adore."

"No, she whom you adore is not me."

"What fate, what stars
disturb the calm of this sea
so pleasing, without tempests,
o my beautiful Soul?"

"Leave, flee, faithless one
who does not want pity.
You will no longer find mercy
where cruelty nestles."

"If you are my love, how can I leave?"
"I know how to flee the source of my pain."
"And I will follow you."
"And I will detest you."
"I will always adore you"
"and I will always abhor you."
"Why do you leave me?"
"Because you betrayed me."
"Alas, my beautiful cruel one"
"Ah, unfaithful rebel."
"You will thus cancel my heart?"
"I have observed your deceptions."
"It's not true". "Not true?"

Giacomo Carissimi

Bridegroom:

Daughters of Jerusalem, arise
go to the mountains of myrrh
where my beautiful bride seeks me, where
she sighs, where she languishes.
Carry lilies, roses & mead
and attend my beautiful, languishing bride.
Go to Lebanon and support her.

Daughters of Jerusalem:

The chosen voice sounds in my ears.
Let us arise and go down to our garden
where we will collect flowers
and we will make haste to the mountains
of myrrh where our sister sighs, where
she languishes & seeks her chosen one.

My chosen one was working in the desire
of her heart and she sought me.
She was going round the village & street
where I was living.
But because my face was hidden
it put sorrow in her heart.

Prima filla Iersuaalem:

Audivi dilectam tuam gementem et dolentem: We heard your bride lamenting & grieving:

"Ubi est absconditus pulcher dilectus meus, "Where is my handsome one hidden?

ubi est sponsus meus, quo fugit? Where is my bridegroom, where has he

Oculi mei facti sunt quasi fontes lachrimarum. flown? My eyes are as fountains of tears.

Cupio flere; diligo lachrimas; I desire to weep; I esteem the tears;

desidero suspiria, crucior amore, I long for sighs; tormented by love.

nolo consolari donec dilectus meus I will not be consoled until my chosen one

in pulchritudine decoris sui in his comely beauty

benignus occurat mihi." hastens to meet me."

Veni, ergo, noli tardare, Come, therefore, do not delay

et dolentem consolare. and console her sorrow.

Fillae Ierusalem:

Veni, gaudium amantium

Come, beloved delight

Veni, iucunditas cordium, noli tardare come, delightful heart, do not delay

and console her sorrow.

et dolentem consolare.

Secunda Fillae Ierusalem:

Ecce ad te clamat.

Behold, she is calling to you.

Ecce ad te suspirat dilecta tua.

Behold, your chosen one sighs for you.

Ostende illi faciem tuam Show your countenance to her

ut videat lumen oculorum tuorum. so that she can see the light of your eyes.

Veni, ergo, noli tardare Come, therefore, and do not delay

and console her sorrow.

et dolentem consolare.

Fillae Ierusalem :

Veni, gaudium amantium...

Come, beloved, delight...

Tertia Fillae Ierusalem:

O quam amarum est a te dilecte separari, O how bitter it is to be separated from you

cui sponsa in charitate cor suum dolentem. whose bride keeps sorrow in her heart.

Veni, ergo, noli tardare, Come, therefore, and do not delay

and console her sorrow.

et dolentem consolare.

Fillae Ierusalem:

Veni, gaudium amantium...

Come, beloved delight...

Sponsus & Fillae Ierusalem:

Quis cognoscat me (te) et non diligit me (te)? Who can know me(you) and not love me?

Quis elongetur a me et non requirat me (te)? Who can be away from me& not seek me?

Si fugero? Quis non currat post te? If I flee? Who would not run after you?

Si faciem meam avertero? If I hide my face?

Quis non desiderat vultum tuum aspicere? Who would not desire to behold yourface?

Si latuero? Quis te non quaerat? If I were hidden? Who would not seek you?

Si locutus fuero? Quis non respiret? If I were promised? Who would not breathe

freely again?

Sponsus:

Ite ergo cum floribus Go therefore with flowers

ad sponsam meam languentem et dicite illi: to my languishing bride and say to her:

"Consolare, dulce melos modulare. "Be comforted, sing a sweet melody.

Ecce venit dilectus tuus saliens in montibus Behold your chosen one comes leaping in

deliciis affluens, transiliens colles" the mountains, delight overflowing,

Sponsus & Fillae Ierusalem: leaping across the hills."

Eamus, ascendamus in montem festinantes Let us go, let us climb the mountain

flores et mala portantes quickly, carrying flowers

et dicamus sorori nostrae: and say to our sister:

"Ecce venit dilectus, ex millibus electus "Behold your chosen one, chosen from

per colles, per montes accurrit festinus thousands, runs quickly through the hills &

ad campos, ad fontes te amor divinus invitat." mountains.to the meadow, to the fountain

Surgamus, eamus in montem, eamus. divine love invites you."

Let us arise and go to the mountains.

Orontea

I, I : Orontea sola
Superbo Amore al Mondo imperi
Ma nel mio core Regnar non spero.
Un nume infante, d'alma regnante
Non trionfera.
Miei spirti reali, miei spirti immortali!
Liberta, liberta!

Un cieco, un nudo, folle, tiranno
Spietato e crudo Pieno d'inganno.
Non mi tormenta; non mi spaventa
con sue ferita.
Miei spirti reali...

I, v. Orontea
Ardo, lasso, o non ardo?
Qual insolito fuoco
Mi tormenta e diletta a poco a poco?
Così dunque Orontea,
nemica inesorabile d'amore
d'un oggetto straniero
schiavo il suo core? Ah, non è vero!
Ma la pietà ch'io sento, ma l'incognito affetto
Che spinge a mio dispetto ad adorarlo il pie
È amore o che cos'è?

I, vi: Gelone:
Chi non beve vita breve godera.
Il buon vino ch'è divino viver fa.

Quanti seguendo Amor vivono afflitti.
Quanti immersi nel giuoco impoveriscono.
Quanti filosofando illanguidiscono.
E quanti in guerra al fin cadon trafitti?

Faccia ogn'un quel che gli par,
Ami, giochi, filosofi o guerreggi,
Ch'io sapro con miglior leggi
Giorno e notte trionfar.

Faccia ogn'un quel che gli par
Un brillante liquor solo m'alletta;
Bacco e la dama mia;
Bacco e il mio Marte,
La mia filosofia, la mia bassetta.

I, vii: Corindo, Gelone:
Corindo: Com'è dolce il vezzaggio
Amorosa beltà che cortese ti dà
Quanto il cor sa bramar
E se dolce e quel piacer
Quant'è più dolce nel suo sen goder.
Gelone: Quant'è dolce il rimirar
dalla botte uscir fuor Marzimino liquor
Che può l'alma bear
E se dolce e quel veder
Quant'è più dolce inebriarsi e ber.

Antonio Cesti

Proud Love, ruler of the world,
Do not hope to reign in my heart.
An infant god will not triumph
over the heart of a queen,
My royal & immortal spirit
Liberty!

A blind and nude god, madman, tyrant,
Pitiless & cruel, full of deceit.
He will not torment me; he will not
scare me with his wounds.
My royal & immortal spirit...

Am I in love, alas, or not?
What unusual fire both torments me
& delights me little by little?
Thus Orontea
the inexorable enemy of Love
enslaves her heart to a foreigner? Fara
Ah, it can't be true!
But the pity I feel, the unknown feeling
that drives me, to my scorn,
to worship his feet is love or what else?

He who doesn't drink enjoys a short life.
Good wine that is divine gives one life.

How many who follow Love are afflicted?
How many by gambling lose fortunes?
How many wither while philosophizing?
& how many in war fall pierced?

Let each do what pleases him;
Lovers, gamblers, philosophers, warriors,
I know how to triumph day & night
with better laws.

Let each do what pleases him:
Only a sparkling liquor entices me.
Bacchus is my lady;
Bacchus is my Mars,
my philosophy, my game of bassett.

How sweet the caress!
Amorous beauty which courteously gives
me as much as my heart desires.
And if this pleasure is sweet, how much
sweeter it is to take pleasure on her breast.
How sweet it is to see
Marzimino wine flow from the bottle
which makes the soul happy
And if it is sweet to see it,
How much sweeter it is to drink it.

I,viii: Silandra, Corindo, Gelone:

Come dolce m'invaghi!
Il bell'oro d'un crin
Come un guardo divin
i miei spiriti rapi.
E se dolce e' il suo ferir
Quant e piu dolce nel suo sen gioir.

How sweet to be in love!
The beautiful golden hair
Like a divine look
has stolen my spirit
And if the wound is sweet, how much
sweeter is it to take pleasure on his
breast.

Gelone: Come dolce...

Silandra: Taci, importuno

Gel: Taccio perche di ber non son digiuno.

How sweet...

Be quiet, you nuisance!

Only because I am empty of drink.

**Corindo: Spunta in ciel l'alba novella
Ed io torno ad inchinar
Te, dell'alba del ciel, alba piu bella.**

A new dawn appears in the sky
& I return to bow to you
more beautiful than the dawn in the sky.

**Silandra: Sorge il sol nell'alta mole
Ed io vengo a riverir
Nel sol del tuo bel volto, un piu bel sole.**

The sun rises to its zenith
& I come to honor a more beautiful sun
in the sun of your face.

**Corindo: Silandra, Io non ho core
Amor me lo rubo
E nel tuo seno i furti tuoi celo.**

Silandra, I no longer have a heart;
Love stole it from me
and placed it in your breast.

**Silandra: Corindo, io non ho vita
Amor morte mi die,
E vuol che viva la mia morte in te.**

Corindo, I no longer have life;
Love killed me
and wishes that my death lives in you.

**Duet: Mio ristoro, mio desio, mio tesoro,
tutto mio, quanto cara e tua belta.
Per te questo core al cielo d'amore
beato sen va.**

My relief, my desire, my treasure,
all mine, how dear is your beauty.
For you this heart goes blessed to
the heaven of love.

**Gelone: Via, via, non piu, non piu:
Dalla villa vicina
Torna improvvisamente la regina.**

Away, away, no more!
The Queen has returned unexpectedly
from her nearby villa.

Silandra: Maledetto ritorno

Odious return!

Corindo: Sventurata ragguaglio.

Unfortunate report!

Sil: Mi ritiro alle stanze

I retire to the chambers.

Cor: Io parto pien di duolo.

I leave full of sorrow.

Gel: Alla cantina io volo.

To the tavern I fly!

II,viii: Silandra

Addio, Corindo

Rivolto ad altra sfera della fiamma primiera.

Non si rammenta piu l'egro cor mio.

Good bye, Corindo.

I turn from my first flame to another.

My infirm heart no longer remembers you

**Vieni, Alidoro, consola chi si more
E temprando il mio ardore
Godi in grembo a Silandra i di sereni
Vieni, vieni, mia vita vieni.**

Come, Alidoro, console she who dies;
ease my pain and enjoy
serene days in the bosom of Silandra.
Come, my life, come.

II,ix: Corindo, Slandra:

Cor: Vengo cor mio, mia speranza, mia sol,
vita e desio.

Sil: Chi ti chiama? Che chiedi?

Cor: Non m'attendevi tu?

Sil: Ne per pensiero.

Cor: Chi dunque attendi qui?

Sil: Una nuova belta che m'invaghi.

Cor: So che scherzi, o Silandra;

Ma con gli scherzi ancor pena mi dai.

Sil: Io non scherzo, Corindo

E se troppo stai qui te n'avvendrai.

Cor: Dunque, non m'ami piu?

Sil: Io piu non t'amo.

Cor: Che me ti tolse, O Dei?

Sil: Un che sembra piu bello a gli occhi miei.

Cor: Così cangiasti affetti, alma rubella?

Sil: Taci, per variar natura e bella.

Cor: O Silandra incostante!

Sil: O Corindo arrogante!

Cor: Ritornami il cor mio

Sil: Chi te'l contende?

Cor: Tu, che gia me'l rubasti in sen l'ascondi.

Sil: In petto, Si!

Fuori, dal mio petto, cor di Corindo!

Ritorno al tuo signore.

II,x: Corindo sola:

O cielo a che son giunto?

Così tosto il mio bene cangia pensieri e voglie

Così tosto discioglie il bel nodo d'Amore

E a mille pene mi condanna in un punta?

O femmine bugiarde,

Così tradir sapete un amator costante?

Così la fe rompete?

Mille volte giurata a un fido amante

Che si consuma ed arde?

II,xvii: Orontea:

Intorna all'idol mio, spirate, pur
aure soavi e grati

E nelle guance elette baciato per me,
cortesi aurette.

Al mio ben che riposa su l'ali della quiete

Grati sogni assistete

E'l mio racchiuso ardore svelateli per me,
larve d'amore.

Ohime, non son piu mia!

Se mi sprezza Alidoro
sara la vita mia preda di morte.

Questo diadema d'oro ch'io ti pongo sul crine

Questo scettro real nacque per te.

Tu sei l'anima mia; tu sei mio re.

I come, my heart, my hope, my sun, life
and desire.

Who called you? What do you want?

Weren't you waiting for me?

Not even in my wildest thoughts.

Who are you waiting for?

A new beauty who has bewitched me.

I know that you are joking, Silandra,

but these jokes give me such pain.

I'm not joking, Corindo. And if you

stay here much longer, you will see him.

Thus you don't love me anymore?

I don't love you any more.

Who took you away from me, o gods?

One who seems more handsome to me.

Can you change your feelings, rebel?

Be quiet; nature is beautiful in its changes.

O inconstant Silandra!

O arrogant Corindo!

Return my heart to me.

Who prevents you?

You who stole it & hid it in your breast.

In my breast, yes!

Out of my breast, heart of Corindo!

Return to your master.

O heaven, what has happened to me?

So quickly she changed her desires.

So quickly she untied the knot of Love &

condemns me to a thousand pains

O deceitful women

thus you betray a constant lover?

Thus break the faith

a thousand times sworn to a faithful lover

who wastes away and burns?

Blow around my idol
sweet pleasing breezes

& kiss him for me on his cheeks,
courteous breezes.

Bring pleasing dreams on the wings of

quiet to my love who is sleeping.

And reveal for me my enclosed ardor,
phantoms of love.

Alas, I am not myself.

If Alidoro despises me,
my life will be prey to death.

This golden crown that I place on your

head; This royal scepter appears for you.

You are my life; you are my king.

O Dio, che vide mai piu bella maesta,
piu bel regnante?
Divino e quel sembiante;
Innamorano il ciel quei chiusi rai.

Ma nel mio cor sepolto non vo'tener
lo stral che mi ferì.
Una regina amante non vuol penar,
non vuol morir cosi.

Leggi, leggi, o mio caro,
in negri note i miei sinceri amori
In brevi accenti immensita d'ardori.

Dormi, dormi ben mio, per te veglia Orontea.
Mia vita, addio.

III,vii: Gelone

Dal pittore schernita in pena acerba e ria
Piange Silandra e dell'error pentita
Al suo Corindo ambasciador m'invia.
Amanti udite me:
A pianger notte e di voi siete pazzi, affe.
Io non vo far cosi.
Se pianger per chi ride io vi vedro
Al pianto d'una botte io ridero.

Balordo e chi non sa
che rider mai non puo
Chi servo altrui si fa.
Io non vo pianti, ohibo.
Se punger il mio petto io sentiro,
Amor con dolce umore io smorzero.

Finale: Orontea, Silandra, Corindo, Gelone:

Silandra, di Corindo io ti fo moglie.
Sil: Corindo, a te mi dono.
Cor: Tuo servo e tuo marito, o bella, io sono.
E a te real Signore, Dono gli spirti
riverente e'l core.

Castissimi amori, vibrare gli ardori
Beate due cori.

Fuggite tormenti;
sparite lamenti.
Per te, mio respir, per te, caro bene
Fur dolci le pene, fu gioia il martir.

O God, have you ever seen such beautiful
majesty?
This face is divine. These eyes
would make the heavens fall in love.

But I don't want to keep buried in my
heart the arrow which wounded me.
A queen in love doesn't want to suffer
nor die like this.

Read here, my love
in black & white, of my sincere love
In few words, the vastness of my passion.

Sleep, my love. Orontea watches over
you. My life, good bye.

Despised by the painter Silandra cries in
bitter pain and repenting her mistake,
sends me as ambassador to her Corindo.
Lovers, listen to me:
You are fools to cry night & day.
In faith, I don't wish to do that.
If I see you crying
I pour myself a few tears from a bottle.

He is a fool who doesn't know
how to laugh and
who submits himself to others.
I don't want tears, for shame!
If I feel a prick in my breast,
I will quench Love with a good liquor.

Silandra, I give you in marriage to Corindo.
Corindo, I am yours
Your servant, and your husband.
To you, royal Sire, I give my reverent
spirit and heart.

Most pure love, you excite the passion
of blessed hearts.

Flee, torments.
Vanish, laments.
For you, my breath, for you my dear
the woes were sweet, the torments, joys.

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Support.

Program Notes

Tonight's concert presents Italian music from the mid-seventeenth century, written by the generation of composers following Claudio Monteverdi. Whereas Monteverdi brought out emotional intensity and contrast, this music emphasizes tunefulness and balance. The first half presents secular and sacred cantatas, vocal chamber music, and the second half presents scenes from one of the most popular operas of the time. Cantatas were sometimes a short dramatic scene with dialogue among the characters, for example Stradella's *Si, si, si, no, no, no* and Carissimi's *Sponsa Canticorum*. You will hear in these an alternation between an almost spoken recitative which carries the action forward and the aria which develops one or two feelings created by the actions of the recitative. Sometimes cantatas were more lyric and presented an emotional state, such as Steffani's *Troppe e cruda*, or developed a poetic metaphor, as does Rossi's *Al Bel Lume*. This vocal chamber music functioned as a medium to try out ideas that later appeared in operas, particularly its forms. The Da Capo form, for example, whose opening section is repeated at the end, ABA, begins to appear at this time in response to the seventeenth-century sense of symmetry.

There is little stylistic differentiation between the secular cantatas and the sacred ones called oratorio, so called because they were first performed at non-liturgical services in a building called oratorio. Before they developed into the larger form we are more familiar with today, they had derived from the *laude*, a religious poem in the form of a dialogue between God and the Soul, or Heaven and Hell, etc. They were set to a non-liturgical text that is a paraphrase from the Bible. This one is from the Song of Solomon and finishes with the metaphor of Christ as the Bridegroom or *Sponsus* and the Soul or the Church as the Bride or *Sponsa*.

Before 1640, short dramatic scenes had been presented in ducal courts throughout Italy; this tradition developed, on one hand, into cantatas and on the other, into opera. The first public opera was presented in Venice in 1640 and Cesti's *Orontea* was first produced there in 1649. It was then the most frequently produced opera for the next forty years. The plot has a delightful blend of drama and humor, where no sooner has Orontea proclaimed that she is above falling in love than she sees Alidoro and immediately falls for him. Silandra loves Corindo until she, too, sees Alidoro; he returns her love only until Orontea proclaims that Alidoro will be her Consort. When the going becomes too serious, there is the comic servant Gelone who espouses the joys of wine over the torments of love.

Notes and translations of texts by Gayle Johnson



Capriole

Soprano Claron McFadden, a prize winner in the 1988 Den Bosch competition in Holland, made her debut with the Amsterdam Opera in 1989 as Zerbinetta in Richard Strauss' *Ariadne auf Naxos*. Ms. McFadden performs many different styles of music and sings opera, oratorio and concert works from the baroque to the twentieth century. She has worked with conductors Gunther Schuller and Steve Reich on works by Milhaud, Poulenc, Ligeti, Shostakovich, Orff & Villa-Lobos. A graduate of the Eastman School of Music, her many operatic roles include Queen of the Night in Mozart's *Die Zauberflöte*; *Le Fer* and *le Rossignol* in Ravel's *L'Enfant & Les Sortilèges*; Adele in "*Die Fledermaus*." She appears regularly as soloist with some of the best known early music specialists in Europe, including Ton Koopman and William Christie. She can be heard as Galatea on the soon to be released recording of Handel's *Acis and Galatea* with the King's Consort.

Soprano Marleke van der Meer specializes in music of the French baroque period, including its dance and gesture. Recent appearances include Rameau's *Pygmalion* under the direction of Sigiswald Kuijken and a solo recital of Schumann's *Liederkreis* accompanied by Robert Hill. She studied with Herman Woltman at Holland's Royal Conservatory in The Hague and received her soloist's diploma there in 1988.

First prize winner in the 1986 Munich International Competition as well as the recipient of two other major awards, countertenor Derek Raglin is in great demand as a recitalist and as soloist with orchestras and opera companies in Europe and the United States. Highlights of his last season included the premiere of Leonard Bernstein's *Missa Brevis*; the title role of Handel's *Rodrigo* with the Karlsruhe Opera House in West Germany; his Metropolitan Opera debut in Handel's *Giulio Cesare*; J.S. Bach's *B Minor Mass* at Avery Fisher Hall; and Gluck's *Orfeo* in Stuttgart with John Eliot Gardiner.

Bass-baritone James Weaver's most recent engagements include the American Bach Soloists, the Houston Oratorio Society, the Washington Bach Consort, and the Smithsonian Chamber Players with whom he made his recording debut last spring as a soloist in Bach's *St. John Passion*. Future engagements include performances of Handel's *Joshua* with the Chicago based Basically Bach group, an all Monteverdi program with the Smithsonian chamber ensemble, and a series of recordings of Bach Cantatas in San Francisco with the newly formed American Bach Soloists.

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 Margaret Irwin-

Theorbo player Tim Burris has performed throughout Holland, France and Italy as a soloist and in various ensembles. He studied with renown lutenist Toyohiko Satoh from 1983 - 88. He recently worked with Rene Celemencic in Sienna, Italy to recreate the Florentine Intermedi written for the 1689 Medici wedding. In 1988 he received a soloist's diploma from Holland's Royal Conservatory in The Hague and currently has a graduate fellowship in performance practice at Duke University.

A native of Richmond, Ulysses Kirksey was recently appointed conductor of the Petersburg Symphony. He has performed on the baroque 'cello with Capriole since 1987 and with the Company of Colonial Performers at Colonial Williamsburg since 1986. He received a Masters in Music from the Manhattan School of Music where he studied 'cello with Jascha Bernstein; chamber music with Lillian Fuchs; and conducting with Anton Coppola.

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