

CAL PERFORMANCES
AT HOME

Streaming Premiere – Thursday, June 3, 2021, 7pm

La Capella Reial de Catalunya
Le Concert des Nations
Jordi Savall, *director*

Filmed exclusively for Cal Performances
at the Romanesque Church of Sant Vicenç in Cardona, Catalonia, Spain
on March 8, 2021.

Soloists of

LA CAPELLA REIAL DE CATALUNYA

Monica Piccinini, *soprano I*

María Cristina Kiehr, *soprano II*

Alessandro Giangrande, *countertenor*

Raffaele Giordani, *tenor I*

Lluís Vilamajó, *tenor II*

Furio Zanasi, *baritone*

Salvo Vitale, *bass*

LE CONCERT DES NATIONS

Manfredo Kraemer, *violin I*

Guadalupe del Moral, *violin II*

Jordi Savall, *alto & bass viol*

Imke David, *bass viol & lirone*

Balázs Máté, *bass violin*

Xavier Puertas, *violone*

Andrew Lawrence-King, *arpa doppia*

Josep Maria Martí, *theorbo & guitar*

Luca Guglielmi, *harpsichord*

Jordi Savall, *director*



CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI

(1567–1643)

Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi

Libro Ottavo (1638)

SINFONIA A CINQUE

(From *Tempro la cetra*, SV 117,
Settimo libro de madrigali, 1619)

ALTRI CANTI DI MARTE

(Canto Amoro, SV 155)

Altri canti di Marte

Due belli occhi

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[SINFONIA DA GUERRA]:

SEGUE LA LOTTA

(From *Il Ritorno di Ulisse in Patria*, SV 325, 1640)

GIRA IL NEMICO

(Canto Guerriero, SV 148)

Gira il nemico

Nol lasciamo accostar

Armi false non son

Vuol degl'occhi

Non è più tempo

Cor mio, non val fuggir

Raffaele Giordani and Lluís Vilamajó, *tenors* & Salvo Vitale, *bass*

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BALLO:

VOLGENDO IL CIEL – MOVETE AL MIO BEL SUON

(Canto Guerriero, SV 154)

Introduzione al ballo: Volgendo il ciel

Ballo: Movete al mio bel suon

Ciaccona (Andrea Falconieri, 1585–1656)

Seconda parte del ballo: Ei l'armi cinse e su destrier alato

Raffaele Giordani, *tenor*

ALTRI CANTI D'AMOR

(Canto Guerriero, SV 146)

Sinfonia

Altri canti d'Amor

Tu cui tessuta han di Cesare alloro

Che mentre guerre canta e guerre sona

Salvo Vitale, *bass*

COMBATTIMENTO DI TANCREDI E CLORINDA

(Canto Guerriero, SV 153)

NARRATOR: Furio Zanasi

CLORINDA: Maria Cristina Kiehr

TANCREDI: Lluís Vilamajó

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SINFONIA A CINQUE

(From *L'Orfeo*, SV 318, 1607, Atto II)

LAMENTO DELLA NINFA

(Canto Amoro, SV 163)

Non havea Febo ancora

Lamento della ninfa: Amor, dov'è la fe'

Si tra sdegnosi pianti

NYMPH: Monica Piccinini

Raffaele Giordani, Lluís Vilamajó, *tenors* & Salvo Vitale, *bass*

• • •

SINFONIA A SEI

(*Cantate Domino*, SV 293, 1620)

HOR CHE'L CIEL, E LA TERRA

(Canto Guerriero, SV 147)

Hor che'l ciel e la terra

Così sol d'una chiara fonte viva

*With the support of the Departament de Cultura of the Generalitat de Catalunya
and the Direction Régionale des Affaires Culturelles Occitanie.*

*All participants (singers, musicians, technician, director, and staff) provided a negative COVID-19 test
before the production's start. All technical staff wore protective masks during rehearsals and the concert.*

The *Cal Performances at Home* Spring 2021 season
is dedicated to Gail and Dan Rubinfeld, leading supporters of Cal Performances
and the well-being of our artists for almost 30 years.

*Note: following its premiere, the video recording of this concert
will be available on demand through September 1, 2021.*

Among the eight books of madrigals published by Monteverdi between 1587 and 1638, the last collection occupies a very special place. This collection—printed when the art of the madrigal, generally in five voices, which had indisputably reigned during at least one century over Italy and also north of the Alps, had finally relinquished its prominent position to lighter genres such as duets and cantatas—seems to be a farewell to the past; with its innovative phrasing grounded in philosophical views, it clears the way for a musical language focusing on the emotions that was to put its stamp on musical creation for a very long time.

It pays a final tribute to the magnificence of Italian literature, while already reflecting through sumptuous and imposing compositions the musical taste of the Viennese Imperial court.

This eighth book is dedicated to the Emperor, even if, given its troubled genesis, we still cannot be sure to which Emperor exactly. Monteverdi intended at first to dedicate his madrigal collection to Emperor Ferdinand the Second, leader of the Catholic league during the Thirty Years' War. When the monarch died in 1637, while the work was still in press, his son succeeded him as Ferdinand the Third. Consequently, Monteverdi changed his previous dedication, placing as he explained in the foreword, "at the son's feet a present initially intended for the father."

Many compositions are dedicated to Ferdinand the Second or Ferdinand the Third. This approach illustrates the composer's views both at the musical and the philosophical level.

Monteverdi entitled his eighth book of madrigals *Madrigali Guerrieri et Amorousi* (War and Love Madrigals), and wrote beside his dedication a foreword explaining his artistic views. In his view, anger, reserve, and humility are the main emotions of the human soul, which the composer must express by a now violent, now restrained, now flowing writing. Many expressive means already existed that aimed to imitate reserve and humility. After thoroughly studying the Ancients' philosophy and also classic metrics, Monteverdi invented a specific musical language, the "genere concitato," which expresses anger by a rapid hammering out of the

same note. Monteverdi regulated rhythm and tremolos of this repeated sound according to the pyrrhics danced by the ancient Greek warriors in arms. He considered this content as identical to the "genere da guerra" already widely used to illustrate war themes.

In the first madrigal of the collection, *Altri canti d'Amor*, he demonstrates the contrasting effects which can be obtained by the "genere concitato": voices, violins and even continuo express through the rapid repetition of the same notes the irruption of "Marte Furioso" (Furious Mars) in the opening romance. As soon as a "battle" or a "war" is mentioned in the text, the "genere concitato" dominates the composition.

The second part, which is very dense, is written for six singers and six strings in order to imitate the tumult of war and obviously constitutes a homage to Emperor Ferdinand.

"Ferdinand's Feats" are the very focus of the "Ballo" that ends the first part of the eighth madrigal book, entitled *Madrigali Guerrieri* (War Madrigals). The Court Ballets charmed the courtiers with their light allegorical stories. The genre appeared first at the Court of France and the Ballo's librettist, Ottavio Renucci, composed this poem for the French King Henry the Fourth more than 30 years earlier.

As homages to monarchs did not refer to concrete and real events, they lent themselves easily to transposition.

Thus, the nymphs of the Seine turn into the nymphs of the Danube and perform at the poet's invitation a range of dances in honor of the Emperor. Monteverdi also used the "genere concitato" for less obvious purposes than a homage to a war leader. In the great madrigal in two parts composed on a sonnet written by Petrarch ("Hor che il ciel e la terra e'l vento tace"), the violins illustrate the despairing atmosphere—described as a "war full of rage and pain"—of the lyric theme whose inner fever violently contrasts with the serenity of evening nature, previously described in a masterly way. Monteverdi probably intended to illustrate in this madrigal the three steps of emotion—the "genere molle" in the slow and soft repetitions of the beginning, the "genere concitato" by the term "guerra" (war), and finally the "genere

temperato” at the end of the second part, for instance, when the melody unfolds, based on the word “lunge” (far) through a declamation that always starts with the same note.

In *Gira il nemico insidioso amore*, a work in six parts for one to three voices, which defies all classification, Monteverdi explores with delicacy and wit the concept of “genere concitato”. The enemy, who must be fought before he wins an absolute victory, is the god of love, who conquers the heart’s fortress with his fatal arrows.

Book 8 closes with a series of pieces “in representative genre,” including *Il combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda*, which had previously been performed at the palace of the nobleman Girolamo Mocenigo. The inspiration for the libretto came from Torquato Tasso’s epic poem *Gerusalemme Liberata (Jerusalem Delivered)* on the theme of the First Crusade (a topic that could hardly be more appropriate to the story of Venice!) in which a narrator relates the action and the two protagonists express their feelings in song. In this work, Monteverdi used the *stile concitato* (“agitated style”) for the first time, thus putting Plato’s vision into practice: the music, Monteverdi wrote, should use pyrrhic metre, with a rapid succession of repeated notes, and the voices and instruments should “depict” the sounds of battle: martial fanfares, galloping horses, and clashing swords.

After leaving Mantua, Monteverdi became *maestro di cappella* at St Mark’s. He transformed the traditional Renaissance choral composition, involving separate choirs singing in alternation, into a “concertante” style typical of the so-called Baroque age. In his mature years, Monteverdi enthusiastically embarked on the adventure of public opera houses. Where better than an opera house to stage a symbolic transposition of the world of war by marshalling the workers and skills of the nearby Arsenal?

In the *Madrigali Amadori (Love Madrigals)*, the second part of the eighth book of madrigals, Monteverdi uses softer sonorities. *Altri canti di Marte*: with this poem written by Gianbattista

Marino, Monteverdi picks up the thread he had used in the opening sonnet of the first part of *Altri Canti d’Amor*. A battle is indeed described, but now the weapons are two beautiful eyes, and bitter tears flow instead of streams of blood.

In an almost identical composition, in which, however, the bass strings employed for the homage to the Emperor are missing, Monteverdi shows how love calms the tumult of war and turns it into a love song.

The work by Monteverdi that had the greatest influence on his successors—although none of them achieved a comparable emotional intensity—belongs to the *Madrigali Amadori* and to the figurative pieces that intersperse the arias like so many small episodes and that Monteverdi mentioned in the title of Book 8: “Opuscoli in genere rappresentativo che saranno per brevi episodi fra i canti senza gesto.”

For this *Lamento della Ninfa*, in which a nymph accompanied by a trio of male voices laments the loss of her unfaithful lover, Monteverdi models the tempo on the inner rhythm of the suffering soul rather than using a regular beat. Above a bass quartet *ostinato*—which for Bach, Schubert, and Mozart was to remain the true expression of complain—the nymph sings her sorrow, surrounded by two trios that tell her story.

In this work, Monteverdi, who claimed the authorship of the “genere concitato,” found a new form of musical expression in the realm of the emotions, creating a relationship between voice and instruments that refers composers to a long line of noble examples: music as the true language of love.

SILKE LEOPOLD

Translated by Marie Costa
Alia Vox, Ref. AVSA 9884 A+B

SYLVIE MAMY

Paris, 13. August 2017
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JORDI SAVALL

For more than 50 years, Jordi Savall, one of the most versatile musical personalities of his generation, has rescued musical gems from the obscurity of neglect and oblivion and given them back for all to enjoy. A tireless researcher into early music, he interprets and performs the repertory both as a gambist and a conductor. His activities as a concert performer, teacher, researcher and creator of new musical and cultural projects have made him a leading figure in the reappraisal of historical music. Together with Montserrat Figueras, he founded the ensembles Hespèren XXI (1974), La Capella Reial de Catalunya (1987), and Le Concert des Nations (1989), with whom he explores and creates a world of emotion and beauty shared with millions of early-music enthusiasts around the world.

Savall has recorded and released more than 230 discs covering the Medieval, Renaissance, Baroque, and Classical music repertoires, with a special focus on the Hispanic and Mediterranean musical heritage, receiving awards and distinctions including the Midem Classical Award, the International Classical Music Award, and the Grammy Award. His concert programs have made music an instrument of mediation to achieve understanding and peace between different and sometimes warring peoples and cultures. Accordingly, guest artists appearing with his ensembles include Arab, Israeli, Turkish, Greek, Armenian, Afghan, Mexican and North American musicians. In 2008, Savall was appointed European Union Ambassador for intercultural dialogue and was named "Artist for Peace" under the UNESCO "Good Will Ambassadors" program.

Jordi Savall's prolific musical career has brought him the highest national and international distinctions, including honorary doctorates from the universities of Evora (Portugal), Barcelona (Catalonia), Louvain (Belgium), and Basel (Switzerland); the order of Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur (France); the Praetorius Music Prize awarded by the Ministry of Culture and Science of Lower Saxony; the Gold Medal of the Generalitat of Catalonia; the Helena Vaz

da Silva Award; and the prestigious Léonie Sonning Prize, which is considered the Nobel Prize of the music world. "Jordi Savall testifies to a common cultural inheritance of infinite variety. He is a man for our time" (*The Guardian*, 2011).

LA CAPELLA REIAL DE CATALUNYA

Following the model of the famous Medieval "royal chapels" for which the great masterpieces of both religious and secular music were composed on the Iberian Peninsula, in 1987, Montserrat Figueras and Jordi Savall founded La Capella Reial, one of the first vocal groups devoted to the performance of Golden Age music on historical principles and consisting exclusively of Hispanic and Latin voices. In 1990, when the ensemble received the regular patronage of the Generalitat of Catalonia, it changed its name to La Capella Reial de Catalunya.

The newly formed ensemble specialized in the recovery and performance on historical principles of the polyphonic and vocal music of Spain and Europe from the Middle Ages and Golden Age up to the 19th century. La Capella Reial de Catalunya shares with Hespèren XXI the same artistic outlook and goals, rooted in respect for the profoundly spiritual and artistic dimension of each work, combining quality and authenticity regarding the style of the period with a careful attention to the declamation and expressive projection of the poetic text.

The ensemble's extensive repertory ranges from the Medieval music of the various cultures of the Mediterranean to the great masters of the Renaissance and the Baroque. The group has distinguished itself in various Baroque and Classical opera repertoires, as well as in contemporary works by Arvo Pärt.

The Capella Reial de Catalunya can be heard on de Jacques Rivette's soundtrack of the film *Jeanne La Pucelle* (1993) on the life of Joan of Arc. The group made its opera debut in 1992, accompanying all the performances of Le Concert des Nations, and it has received various awards and distinctions in recognition of its more than 40 CDs. Under the direction of Jordi Savall, La Capella Reial de Catalunya pur-

sues an intense program of concerts and recordings all over the world, and since the ensemble's creation, it has regularly performed at the major international early-music festivals.

LE CONCERT DES NATIONS

Founded in 1989 by Jordi Savall and Montserrat Figueras during the preparation of their project on Marc-Antoine Charpentier's *Canticum Beatae Virginis*, the orchestra Le Concert des Nations was born out of the need for an orchestra of period instruments capable of performing a repertory spanning from the Baroque to the Romantic period (1600–1850). Its name comes from François Couperin's work *Les Nations*, a concept that represents the coming together of *musical tastes* and the idea that art in Europe would always bear its own particular stamp, that of the Age of Enlightenment.

Le Concert des Nations, under the direction of Jordi Savall, was the first orchestra to be composed of a majority of musicians from Latin countries (Spain, Latin America, France, Italy, Portugal, etc.), all leading international specialists in the performance of early music using original period instruments on historical principles. From the outset, the group's manifest aim has been to raise audiences' awareness of an historical repertory of great quality by combining rigorous respect for the original spirit of each work with a revitalizing approach to their performance, as is apparent from their recordings of works by Charpentier, J. S. Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Handel, Marais, Arriaga, Beethoven, Purcell, Dumanoir, Lully, Biber, Boccherini, Rameau, and Vivaldi.

In 1992, Le Concert des Nations made its opera debut with a production of Martín i Soler's *Una Cosa Rara* staged at the Théâtre des Champs Élysées in Paris, the Gran Teatre del Liceu in Barcelona, and the Auditorio Nacional in Madrid. The group subsequently performed in Claudio Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo* at the Gran Teatre del Liceu, the Teatro Real in Madrid, the Konzerthaus in Vienna, the Arsenal in Metz, and the Teatro Regio in Turin. In 2002, the production returned to the re-opened Teatre del Liceu in Barcelona, where it was recorded for a BBC-Opus Arte DVD. It was subsequently also staged at the Palais des Arts in Brussels, the Grand-Théâtre in Bordeaux, and the Piccolo Teatro in Milan during the Mito Festival. In 1995, the orchestra performed another opera by Martín i Soler, *Il Burbero di Buon Cuore*, in Montpellier, followed in 2000 by Juan Hidalgo and Calderón de la Barca's *Celos aun del Ayre matan*, staged in a concert version in Barcelona and Vienna. Recent productions have included Vivaldi's *Farnace*, staged at the Teatro de la Zarzuela in Madrid, and Vivaldi's *Il Teuzzone*, performed in a semi-concert version at the Opéra Royal at Versailles.

Le Concert des Nations' numerous recordings have won various awards and distinctions, including the Midem Classical Award and the International Classical Music Awards. The group's productions, recordings, and performances in the major cities and music festivals around the world have earned them recognition as one of the best orchestras specializing in performance using period instruments, with an eclectic, diverse repertory ranging from the earliest music composed for orchestra to the masterpieces of the Romantic and Classical periods.

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1567–1643)

MADRIGALI GUERRIERI ET AMOROSI
LIBRO OTTAVO (1638)

ALTRI CANTI DI MARTE

Canto Amoro, SV 155

Sonetto di Gian Battista Marino (1569–1625)

Altri canti di Marte

Altri canti di Marte e di sua schiera
gli arditi assalti e l'honorate imprese,
le sanguigne vittorie e le contese,
i trionfi di morte horrida e fera.

Io canto, Amor, di questa tua guerriera
quant'hebbi a sostener mortali offese,
com'un guardo mi vinse, un crin mi prese,

historia miserabile ma vera.

Due belli occhi

Due belli occhi fur l'armi onde trafitta

giacque, e di sangue invece amaro pianto
sparse lunga stagion l'anima affitta.

Tu per lo cui valor la palma e'l vanto
hebbe di me la mia nemica invitta,
se desti morte al cor, dà vita al canto.

GIRA IL NEMICO

Canto Guerriero, SV 148

Canzonetta di Giulio Strozzi (1583–1660)

Gira il nemico

Gira il nemico
insidioso Amore
la rocca del mio core
Su presto ch'egli
qui poco lontano,
armi alla mano!

MADRIGALS OF WAR AND LOVE
BOOK EIGHT

Let others sing of Mars

Let others sing of Mars and of his host,
the brave attacks and the honored gestures,
the bloody victories and the disputes,
the triumphs of cruel and fierce death.

I sing, Love, of the many mortal offenses
I bore of this your warrior,
how a look conquered me and a tress
ensnared me,
a wretched story, but true.

Two beautiful eyes

Two beautiful eyes were the weapons
that pierced,
and, instead of blood, a tormented soul
shed bitter tears for a long season.

You, who in the name of victory and glory
Defeated me by my invincible enemy,
dealt a deathblow to the heart, give life
to the song.

CIRCLING AROUND THE ENEMY
INSIDIOUS LOVE

The insidious enemy

The insidious enemy,
Love, encircles
the fortress of my heart.
Hasten, because he is
not far from here,
Weapons in hand!

Nol lasciamo accostar
 Nol lasciamo accostar,
 chègli non saglia
 sulla fiacca muraglia,
 ma facciam fuor
 una sortita bella,
 butta la sella!

Armi false non son
 Armi false non son,
 chèi s'avvicina
 col grosso la cortina.
 Su presto, chègli
 qui poco discosto
 tutti al suo posto!

Vuol degl'occhi
 Vuol degl'occhi
 attaccar il baloardo
 con impeto gagliardo.
 Su presto chègli
 qui senz'alcun fallo
 tutti a cavallo!

Non è più tempo
 Non è più tempo,
 ohimè, chègli ad un tratto
 del cor padron s'è fatto.
 A gambe, a salvo
 chi si può salvare
 all'andare!

Cor mio, non va! fuggir
 Cor mio, non va! fuggir,
 sei morto e servo
 d'un tiranno protervo,
 chèl vincitor, chè già
 dentro alla piazza,
 grida: Foco, ammazza!

Let him not approach
 Let him not approach,
 nor let him scale
 the feeble walls,
 but let us make
 a glorious sortie;
 saddle your horses!

His weapons are not false
 His weapons are not false,
 he is coming closer
 to the outworks with his army.
 Make haste, he is here,
 he is not far away.
 every man to his post!

He means to attack the bastion
 He means to attack the bastion
 of my eyes with a spirited assault.

Make haste! For he is here,
 make no mistake.
 Every man on his horse!

It is too late, alas
 It is too late, alas,
 for all at once he has made himself
 the master of my heart.
 On your feet and run!
 Save yourselves, if you can,
 by fleeing!

Oh my heart, running is futile
 Oh my heart, running is futile;
 you are the dead slave
 of an arrogant tyrant.
 For the victor who is already
 within the courtyard
 cries "Burn, kill!"

**BALLO: VOLGENDO IL CIEL
MOVETE AL MIO BEL SUON**

Canto Guerriero, SV 154

Sonetto di Ottavio Rinuccini (1562–1621)

Introduzione al ballo: Volgendo il ciel

Entrata & Innanzi al ballo

Voce sola. Poeta fermato così dice

Volgendo il ciel per l'immortal sentiero
le ruote de la luce alma e serena,
un secolo di pace il Sol rimena
sotto il Re novo del Romano Impero.

Entrata et passeggio

Poeta solo fermato

Su, mi si rechi omai dei grand'Ibero
profonda tazza inghilandata e piena,
che, correndomi al cor di vena in vena,

sgombra da l'alma ogni mortal pensiero.

Entrata et passeggio

Poeta solo fermato

Venga la nobil cetra.

*Ricevuto il chitarrone de la Ninfa si volta verso
l'altra & così gli parla*

I crin di fiori
cingi mio, o Filli.

*Qui gli pone la Ninfa la ghirlanda,
poi parla il Poeta come segue*

Io ferirò le stelle
cantando del mio Re gli eccelsi allori.

Qui nel chitarrone da lui sonata così segue
E voi che per beltà, donne e donzelle,

gite superbe d'immortali honori,
movete al mio bel suon le piante snelle,
sparso di rose il crin leggiadro e biondo.

**DANCE: TURNING AROUND THE SKY
MOVE TO MY MELODIOUS SOUND**

Opening before the dance: While Heaven

Opening before the dance

A solo. The Poet so says:

While Heaven in the immortal path turns
the wheels of the serene and peaceful light,
the Sun brings back a century of peace
under the new King of the Roman Empire.

Opening and parade

Poet alone and still:

Come, bring me now the deep cup
of great Iberus full and crowned with a garland,
which, coursing through each vein straight to
my heart,
shall free my soul from every mortal thought.

Opening and parade

Poet alone and still

Come the noble lyre.

*Receiving the chitarrone from the Nymph
he turns to the other and speaks thus:*

Crown me with flowers, oh Phyllis

*The Nymph does as told,
then the Poet says as follows:*

I will touch the stars,
singing of the marvellous victories of my King.

Here on the chitarrone he plays as follows:

And you, who for your beauty, ladies and
maidens,
go invested with immortal honors,
move your dainty feet to my melodious sound,
your lovely fair locks crowned with roses.

Qui alzando la voce con più forza invita le Ninfe dell'Istro a danzar anch'èlle

E lasciato dell'Istro il ricco fondo,
vengan l'umide ninfe al ballo anch'èlle.

*Entrata come di sopra, et le Ninfe dell'Istro
Escono al tempo di essa entrata come le prime,
e gionte al loro determinato loco, tutte le Ninfe
insieme danzano il seguente ballo.*

Ballo: Movete al mio bel suon

Movete al mio bel suon le piante snelle,
sparso di rose il crin leggiadro e biondo.

E, lasciato dell'Istro il ricco fondo,
vengan l'umide ninfe al ballo anch'èlle.

Fuggano in sì bel dì nemi e procelle;
d'aure odorate el mormorar giocondo.

[de l'onde]

Fat'eco al mio cantar. Rimbombi il mondo

Lopre di Ferdinando eccelse e belle.

*Qui in questo loco finita la presente prima
parte si fa un canario, ò passo e mezzo ò
d'altro balletto, à beneplacito senza canto
poi si ritorna sopra la prima aria come segue
cangiando mutanze.*

Ciaccona

Andrea Falconieri (1585–1656)

Seconda parte del ballo:

Ei l'armi cinse e su destrier alato
Ei l'armi cinse e su destrier alato
corse le piagge, e su la terra dura
la testa riposo sul braccio armato.
Le torri eccelse e le superbe mura
al vento sparse e fe' vermiglio il prato,
lasciando ogni altra gloria al mondo oscura.

*Here his voice strongly rising, he bids the Nymphs
of Istrus to dance, too.*

And, leaving the rich depths of Istrus,
let the water nymphs also join the dance.

*Opening as above, the Nymphs of Istrus
come out at the same tempo as the others and,
arriving at their predetermined place, all the
Nymphs dance together the following dance.*

Dance: Move to my melodious sound

Move to my melodious sound your slender feet.
Your blond and lively locks garlanded with
roses.

And, leaving the rich depths of Istrus,
come the water nymphs to the dance.

On such a beautiful day the storm clouds flee
the gay murmur of scented breezes.

Echo my singing, resound throughout the
world,
the magnificent, beautiful deeds of Ferdinand.

*Here ends the first part. There is then a
Canario or a Passamezzo or another ballet,
as an instrumental. After that, it returns
to the first air with some changes.*

Second part of the ballet:

Clad in armour, on a winged charger

Clad in armour, on a winged charger,
he rode across the rough land and the shore,
resting his head on his shielded arm.
The lofty towers and the majestic walls
blew to the wind and the meadow reddened,
eclipsing all other glories in the world.

ALTRI CANTI D'AMOR

Canto Guerriero, SV 146

Sonetto anonimo

Sinfonia

Altri canti d'Amor

Altri canti d'Amor, tenero arciero,
i dolci vezzi e i sospirati baci,
narri gli sdegni e le bramate paci

quand'unisce due alme un sol pensiero.

Di Marte io canto furibondo e fiero
i duri incontri e le battaglie audacia.
Strider le spade e bombeggiar le faci
fo nel mio canto bellicoso e fiero.

Tu cui tessuta han di Cesare alloro

Tu cui tessuta han di Cesare alloro
la corona immortal Marte e Bellona,
gradisci il verde ancor novo lavoro,

Che mentre guerre canta e guerre sona

Che mentre guerre canta e guerre sona
oh gran Fernando, l'orgoglioso
del tuo sommo valor canta e ragiona.

COMBATTIMENTO DI TANCREDI E CLORINDA

Canto Guerriero, SV 153

Parole del Signor Torquato Tasso (1544–1595)

TESTO:

Tancredi che Clorinda un homo stima
vol ne l'armi provarla al paragone.

Motto del Cavallo

Va girando colei l'alpestre cima
ver altra porta ove d'entrar dispone.
Segue egli impetuoso, onde assai prima
che giunga, in guisa avvien che d'armi suone,
che d'armi che d'armi che d'armi suone
ch'ella si volge e grida:

LET OTHERS SING OF LOVE

Canto Guerriero, SV 146

Sonnet anonymous

Let others sing of Love

Let others sing of Love, the tender Archer
of sweet charms, and sighing kisses,
let others tell of quarrels and delightful
making up,
when a single thought unites two souls.

I sing of fierce and raging Mars,
of bitter duels and audacious battles,
of clashing swords and the darting lances,
in my proud and warlike song.

You for whom a Cesar's immortal crown

You for whom a Cesar's immortal crown
of laurels was wrought by Mars and Bellona,
accept this new and verdant work,

Great Ferdinand, which, while of wars

Great Ferdinand, which, while of wars
the proud chorus plays and sings,
of your sublime valor it sings and speaks.

THE BATTLE BETWEEN TANCREDI AND CLORINDA

Lyrics by Torquato Tasso (1544–1595)

NARRATOR:

Tancredi, believing Clorinda to be a man,
Challenges her to a fight.

She seeks another route around a hill,
To enter the city by another gate.
Impetuously he gives chase;
The noisy rattling of his armour
Giving early warning of his approach.
She stops and calls out:

CLORINDA:

O tu che porte, correndo sì?

TESTO:

Rispose

TANCREDI:

E guerra e morte.

CLORINDA:

Guerra e mort'avrai

TESTO:

Disse

CLORINDA:

Io no rifiuto darlati, se la cerchi
e fermo attendi.

TESTO:

Non vol Tancredi ch'ebbe a piè veduto
il suo nemico usar cavallo e scende.
E impugna l'un l'altro il ferro acuto
e aguzza l'orgoglio e l'ira accende
e vansi incontro a passi tardi e lenti

quai due tori gelosi e d'ira ardenti.

Sinfonia

TESTO:

Notte che nel profondo oscuro seno
chiudeste e nell'oblio fatto sì grande
degno d'un chiaro Sol degno d'un pieno
teatro opre sarian sì memorande.

Passeggio

TESTO:

Piacciati ch'indi il tragga e'n bel sereno
alle future età lo spieghi e mande.
Viva la fama lor, e tra lor gloria
Splende dal fosco tuo l'alta memoria.

Principio della guerra

CLORINDA:

What brings you here in such a hurry?

NARRATOR:

He answers:

TANCREDI:

War and death!

CLORINDA:

War and death you shall have!

NARRATOR:

Says she,

CLORINDA:

I'll not deny you what you seek,
Resolutely I await you here.

NARRATOR:

Tancredi, seeing that his enemy is on foot,
Dispenses with his horse and dismounts.
Spurring on their pride and fury,
Both seize their gleaming swords;
With slow, measured steps they approach
each other,
Like two bulls burning with jealousy and anger.

NARRATOR:

Night, who in your darkness
And oblivion hid a deed so great
That it was worthy of the brilliant light of day,
Or a theater packed to the rafters,
Thus to be remembered.

NARRATOR:

Let me do what you have failed to do
And shine a light for posterity.
Long live their fame, and bathed in glory
May their memory saved from darkness ever
blaze.

The battle begins

TESTO:

Non schivar non parar non pur ritrari
si voglion costor ne qui destrezza ha parte.
Non dannoi 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
ne scende taglio in van ne punta a voto.
L'onta irrita lo sdegno alla vendetta
e la vendetta poi l'onta rinova.

On de sempre al ferir sempre alla fretta
stimol novo s'aggiunge piaga nova.
D'hor in hor più si mesce e più ristetta
si fa la pugna e spada oprar non giova:
dansi con pomi e infeloniti e crudi.
Cozzan con gli elmi insieme e con gli scudi.

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

L'un l'altro guarda, e del suo corpo essangue
Su'l pomo 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 in superbisce. O nostra folle
mente ch'ogni aura di fortuna estolle!

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

NARRATOR:

They do not parry the blows nor shy away,
Nor do they care for deft displays;
And the blows between them are not feigned;
Their prowess is lessened by their fury and
the shadows.
Listen to the clashing of their blades!
Neither retreats a single pace.
With feet planted firm as they wield their arms,
Seldom do they deal a blow or thrust in vain.
Shame quickens their anger to revenge,
Revenge in turn renews their shame.

Strengthening their will to fight.
The two opponents close in on each other,
The battle grows fiercer and swords are useless:
They attack each other pitilessly
Clashing pommels, helmets and shields.

Three times the knight seizes the woman
With his powerful arm, and each time
She tears herself away from his grasp,
An enemy's embrace, not that of a lover.
Again their swords are brandished, and again
Blood runs along their blades until, exhausted,
They finally pause to catch their breath
And, after their lengthy struggle, rest.

They look at each other's bloodied bodies,
Leaning on the hilts of their swords.
The light of the last star gradually fades
As dawn's first light appears in the east.
Tancredi sees the blood gush from his enemy,
While his wounds are less grave.
He is overcome with pride and joy.
How foolishly
We lose our heads at the slightest hint
of fortune!

Miserable wretch, why do you rejoice?
How bitter your triumphs, how fatal your pride!
For every drop of blood, your eyes will shed
(If you should live) a sea of tears.
Watching each other in silence,
The two bloodied warriors take a moment's rest.
Tancredi finally breaks the silence
And asks his enemy to reveal his name:

TANCREDI:

Nostra sventura ben che qui s'impieghi
tanto valor, dove silenzio il copra.
Ma poi che sorte ria vien che ci nieghi

e lode e testimon degni de l'opra,
pregoti (se fra l'armi han loco i preghi)
ch'èl tuo nome e' l tuo stato a me tu scopra
acciò ch'io sappia o vinto o vincitore
chi la mia morte o vittoria honore.

TESTO:

Rispose la feroce.

CLORINDA:

Indarno chiedi
quel ch'ho per uso di non far palese
ma chiunque io misia, tu innanzi vedi
un di quei duo che la gran torre accese.

TESTO:

Arse di sdegno a quel parlar Tancredi.

TANCREDI:

E in mal punto il dicesti
e' l tuo dir e' l tacer di par m'alletta
barbaro discortese alla vendetta.

Guerra

TESTO:

Torna l'ira nei cori e li trasporta
Benchè deboli, in guerra a fiera pugna.
U'arte in bando u'già la forza è morta
Ove, invece d'entrambi il furor pugna.
O che sanguigna e spaziosa porta
fa l'una e l'altra spada ovunque giugna
nell'armi e nelle carni! E se la vita
no esce sdegno tienla al petto unita.

TANCREDI:

It is unjust that we should fight
So bravely here, and our efforts go unsung.
But fate decrees no witness should see our
battle,
Nor anyone proclaim our fame;
I beg you (if this request in battle may be made)
To reveal to me your name and rank
That I may know, in victory or defeat,
To whom my life or death is owed.

NARRATOR:

Fiercely she answers:

CLORINDA:

In vain you ask me
What I have never yet disclosed.
But, whoever I am, you see before you
One of the two who set the great tower on fire.

NARRATOR:

At these words Tancredi flies into a rage:

TANCREDI:

You will rue the day you told me this!
Your words as much as your silence
Incite me to revenge, you barbarian.

NARRATOR:

Anger rises in their hearts and hurls them,
Despite their weakness, into battle again.
Their art and strength exhausted,
Now only anger spurs them on.
Oh what deep and bloody cuts
Are inflicted by both swords
On their armour and flesh! If life still lingers,
It is anger that stirs it in their breast.

Ma ecco omai l'ora fatal è giunta
che'l viver di Clorinda al suo fin deve.
Spinge egli il 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 languente

Segue egli la vittoria me la trafitta
Vergine minacciando incalza e preme.
Ella mentre cadea la voce afflitta
movendo, disse le parole estreme,
parole ch'è lei novo spirito addita,
spirito di fè, di carità, di speme
virtù che Dio l'infonde e se rubella
in vita fu la vuole in morte ancella.

CLORINDA:

Amico hai vinto io ti perdon... perdona
tu ancora al corpo, che nulla pave
all'anima sì: Deh! per lei prega, e dona
battesmo a me ch'ogni mia colpa lave.

TESTO:

In queste voci languide risuona
un non so che di flebile e soave
ch'è cor gli scende e ogni sdegno ammorza
e gli occhi a lagrimar l'invaglia e sforza.

Poco quindi lontan nel sen d'un monte
scaturia mormorando un picciol rio.
Egli v'accorse e l'elmo empì nel fonte,
e tornò mesto al grande ufficio e pio.
Tremar sentir la man, mentre la fronte
non conosciuta ancor sciolse e scoprio.
La vide la vide e la conobbe: e restò senza
e voce e moto. Ah! vitta ah! conoscenza.

Non morì già che sue virtù accolsse
Tutte in quel punto e in guardia il cor le mise;
e premendo il suo affanno a darsi volse
vita con l'acqua a chi col ferro uccise.
Mentre egli il suon de' Sacri detti sciolse,
Coei di gioia trasmutossi e rise,
e in atto di morir lieta e vivace
dir pareva:

CLORINDA:

S'apre il ciel: io vado in pace.

But behold! The fatal moment approaches,
Clorinda's life is drawing to a close.
He thrusts the sword into her fair breast;
It plunges deep and greedily drinks her blood;
The tunic woven through with gold
That gently enfolds her breasts
Is drenched in her hot blood. She senses
The approach of Death, her feet give way.

Seizing his advantage, he presses for victory,
Threatening the wounded maid, his prey.
She falls, and in her affliction
Utters her last words:
Words that a new spirit inspires in her,
A spirit of faith, of charity, of hope
That comes from a God-given strength,
And though rebellious while she lived,
She becomes His servant in death.

CLORINDA:

Friend, you have won: I forgive you...
Forgive me too, though not my fearless body,
But my soul. Oh, pray for it and give me
Baptism to wash away my sins.

NARRATOR:

Her languid voice sounded so sweet and sad
That it moved his heart
And, melting all his anger,
Filled his eyes with tears.

Nearby, nestling in the hills,
He heard the murmuring of a brook.
He rushed to it and filled his helmet
And sadly returned to perform the sacred rite.
His hand trembled as he uncovered the
Stranger's face. Motionless, speechless,
He looked and stared and realized.
How horrible the sight! He recognized her!

He did not die; summoning all his strength
He pulled himself together and rallied his heart.
He did his best with water to restore to life
The one his sword had put to death.
At the sound of the holy words he spoke,
Her face was transformed with joy. She smiled,
And dying, happy and radiant, seemed to say:

CLORINDA:

The gates of heaven are open; I go in peace.

LAMENTO DELLA NINFA

Canto Amoroso, SV 163

Testo di Ottavio Rinuccini (1562-1621)

Non havea Febo ancora

Non havea Febo ancora
recato al monda il dì
ch'una donzella fuora
del proprio albergo uscì.

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

Si calpestando fiori
errava hor qua hor là,
I suoi perduti amori
così piangendo va:

Lamento della ninfa

“Amor, dov'è la fe'
che'l traditor giurò?
Amor”, dicea il ciel
mirando, il piè fermò.

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

Non vò più ch'èi sospiri
se non lontan da me;
no, no che i suoi martiri
più non dirammi affè.

Perchè di lui mi struggo
tuttofoglioso sta
che sì, che sì, se'l fuggo
ancor mi pregherà.

Se ciglio ha più sereno
colei ch'èl mio non è,
già non richiude in seno,
amor, sì bella fe'!

A NYMPH'S LAMENT

Canto Amoroso, SV 163

Text by Ottavio Rinuccini (1562-1621)

Phoebus had not yet

Phoebus had not yet
brought morning to the world
when a young girl stepped forth
from her abode.

Sorrow was visible
on her pale face,
and often a deep sigh
rose from her heart.

So, trampling flowers
she wandered hither and thither,
her lost loves lamenting
as she went.

A nymph's lament

“Love”, she said, standing still
and looking toward the sky,
“where is the faith
that the traitor swore to me?”
(O miserable young maid)

“Let him come back to me
as he used to be,
or kill me so that
I shall not suffer anymore.

I don't want him to sigh any more
unless he is far from me;
no, no, nor that he should suffer
if not to woo me.

Because I languish for him
he is full of pride,
but perhaps if I leave
he will pursue me.

If another woman's eyes
are more serene than mine,
love, it is because a less pure faith
is harbored in her breast!

Nè mai sì dolci baci
da quella bocca havrà,
né più soavi – ah, taci,
taci, che troppo il sa.

(Miserella! ah più no, no,
tanto gel sofrir non può.)

Sì tra sdegnosi pianti
Sì tra sdegnosi pianti
spargea le voci al ciel,
così ne' cori amanti
mesce amor fiamma e gel.

HOR CHE'L CIEL E LA TERRA
Canto Guerriero, SV 147
Sonetto di Francesco Petrarca (1304–1374)

Hor che'l ciel e la terra
Hor che'l ciel e la terra e'l vento tace

e le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena,
notte il carro stellato in giro mena
e nel suo letto il mar senz'onda giace,
veglio, penso, ardo, piango e chi mi sface

sempre m'è innanzi per mia dolce pena.
Guerra è il mio stato, d'ira e di duol piena,
e sol di lei pensando ho qualche pace.

Così sol d'una chiara fonte viva
Così sol d'una chiara fonte viva
move il dolce e l'amaro ond'io mi pasco.

Una man sola mi risana e punge.
E perchè il mio martir non giunga a riva,
mille volte il dì moro e mille nasco.
tanto dalla salute mia son lunge.

Such sweet kisses
her mouth will never give you,
nor softer. Oh, say no more,
no more, he knows this all too well!

(Poor me, oh, no, no,
I cannot bear this coldness.)

Thus, amid disdainful tears
Thus, amid disdainful tears
she raised her cries to the sky;
and so, in lovers' hearts
Love mixes fire and ice.

NOW THAT THE SKY
Canto Guerriero, SV 147
Sonnet of Francesco Petrarca (Petrarch)
(1304–1374)

Now that the sky and earth
Now that the sky and earth and wind are
hushed,
and birds and beasts are stilled by sleep,
night circles in its starry chariot round
and the sea lies waveless in the deep,
I lie awake, I think, I burn, I weep; and she,
my ruin,
is ever present in my sweet suffering.
I am in a state of war, full of anger and sorrow,
and only in thinking of her do I find some
peace.

Thus, from a single clear and living spring
Thus, from a single clear and living spring
flow the sweetness and the bitterness on
which I feed.
A single hand both heals and pierces me.
And since my torment never ends,
a thousand times a day
I die and am reborn,
and always far from my salvation.

—Translated by Jacqueline Minett

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