

Tuesday, April 9, 2024, 7:30pm
Zellerbach Hall

Jakub Józef Orliński, *countertenor*

Il Pomo d'Oro

Beyond

- CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (c. 1567–1643) “E pur io torno qui” (Ottone)
from *L'incoronazione di Poppea* (1642)
Voglio di vita uscir
- BIAGIO MARINI (1594–1663) Passacalio from *Per ogni sorte di strumento musicale*, Op. 22, No. 25
- GIULIO CACCINI (1551–1618) “Amarilli, mia bella” from *Le nuove musiche* (1602)
- GIROLAMO FRESCOBALDI (1583–1643) “Così mi disprezzate” from *Arie musicali*,
Book 1 (1630)
- JOHANN CASPAR KERLL (1627–1693) Sonata for Two Violins in F major (c. 1680–1688)
- BARBARA STROZZI (1619–1677) Cantate, ariette, e duetti, Op. 2
L'amante consolato (1651)
- FRANCESCO CAVALLI (1602–1676) “Incomprensibil nume” (Pompeo Magno)
from *Pompeo Magno* (1666)
- CARLO PALLAVICINO (c. 1630–1688) Sinfonia from *Demetrio* (1666)
- GIOVANNI CESARE NETTI (1649–1686) “Misero core...,” “Si, si, si scioglia si...,”
“Dolcissime catene” (Berillo) from *La Filli* (1682)
- ANTONIO SARTORIO (c. 1630–1680) “La certezza di tua fede” (Pompeiano)
from *Antonino e Pompeiano* (1677)
- NETTI “Quanto più la donna invecchia” (Criminalba)
from *L'Adamiro* (1681)
- “Son vecchia, pazienza” (Criminalba)
from *L'Adamiro* (1681)
- ADAM JARZĘBSKI (c. 1590–c. 1648) Tamburetta from *Canzoni e concerti* (1627)
- SEBASTIANO MORATELLI (1640–1706) “Lungi dai nostri cor” (Amore)
from *La Faretra smarrita* (1690)

*This program will be performed without intermission
and last approximately 75 minutes.*

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Above: Jakub Józef Orliński. Photo by Honorata Karapuda. **Below:** Il Pomo d'Oro. Photo by Giulia Fassina.



Beyond features music by Monteverdi, Caccini, Frescobaldi, Cavalli, Netti, Sartorio, Moratelli, and other early Baroque composers. In it, I delve into the meaning of the word “beyond,” particularly in the sense that this music resonates beyond its own time. It is still relevant, still alive, vibrant, touching, engaging, and entertaining.

Together with *Il Pomo d'Oro* and its acclaimed musicians, I'm taking you on a journey of discovery “beyond” the limits of a classical concert or musical concept. I'm helped in my endeavour by my dear friend Yannis François, whose period research dug up some extraordinary pieces, many of which—like some on my previous solo albums—became world premiere recordings.

—Jakub Józef Orliński

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

One of the most beloved and celebrated opera stars of this decade, **Jakub Józef Orliński** has established himself as one of the world's leading artists, triumphing on stage, in concert, and on recording. His sold-out concerts and recitals throughout Europe and America have attracted new followers to the art form. An exclusive artist on the Warner Classics/Erato label, his recent recording, *Farewells*—accompanied by friend and pianist Michał Biel—earned him the prestigious Opus Klassik award for Male Singer of the Year (2023). His recording of tonight's program was released in October 2023 to coincide with his current international tour with *Il Pomo d'Oro*.

Highlights of the current season include the highly anticipated 25-date European tour of the new album last Fall, and the current American tour. Orliński will also return on the operatic stage at the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Paris in a new production of *L'Olimpiade* by Vivaldi. He will then join his long-time musical partner, pianist Michał Biel for recitals throughout Europe.

During the 2022–2023 season, the Polish countertenor went to Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Paris for a sold out run of the Robert Carsen production of *Orfeo ed Euridice* followed by another new production of the same opera at San Francisco Opera by Matthew Ozawa. Orliński also joined *Il Pomo d'Oro* on a tour to sing the title role in

Handel's *Tolomeo, re d'Egitto* on major stages throughout Europe. Outside the operatic stage, the public had the opportunity to watch the new one-hour documentary about Orliński, *Music for a while*, released on Arte, which attracted record viewership for a cultural documentary on the European television channel.

Il Pomo d'Oro was founded in 2012 and is acclaimed for its authentic, dynamic interpretation of operas and instrumental works from the Baroque and Classical periods. Each member is a well-known specialist in the field of historical performance practice. The ensemble has worked with the conductors including Riccardo Minasi, Maxim Emelyanychev, Stefano Montanari, George Petrou, Enrico Onofri, and Francesco Corti; concert master Zefira Valova also leads the orchestra in various projects. Since 2016, Maxim Emelyanychev has been its chief conductor, and since 2019, Francesco Corti has been principal guest conductor.

Il Pomo d'Oro is a regular guest in prestigious concert halls and festivals all over Europe. After the worldwide success of the program *In War and Peace* with Joyce DiDonato, the same artists reunited for *My Favorite Things* in 2020 and *Eden* in 2022–23; the latter was also presented by Cal Performances here at Zellerbach Hall.

Il Pomo D'Oro's discography includes operas by Handel, Vinci, and Stradella and recitals with countertenors Jakub Józef Orliński, Franco Fagioli, Max Emanuel Cenčić, and Xavier Sabata; mezzo-sopranos Ann Hallenberg and Joyce DiDonato; and sopranos Lisette Oropesa, Emöke Barath, and Francesca Aspromonte. Instrumental albums include Haydn violin and harpsichord concertos; a cello album with Edgar Moreau (Echo Klassik Award 2016); violin concertos and the harpsichord concertos by J.S. Bach, with Shunske Sato and Francesco Corti as soloists; and virtuoso violin concertos with Dmitry Sinkovsky.

In 2022, Il Pomo d'Oro launched a long-term recording project of Mozart symphonies and selected solo concerts with Maxim Emelyanychev conducting. The first volume, *The Beginning and the End*, was released with Aparté in early 2023, featuring Mozart's first and last symphony and the Piano Concerto No. 23, with Emelyanychev as soloist.

The albums *Anima Sacra* with Jakub Józef Orliński, and *Voglio Cantar* with soprano Emöke Barath received the prestigious Opus-Klassik Award, and the recording of G.F. Handel's *Serse*, conducted by Maxim Emelyanychev, received the Italian Abbiato del Disco. In 2018, the recording of Alessandro Stradella's opera *La Doriclea*, conducted by Andrea di Carlo, received the German Preis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik. *Virtuosissimo* with Dmitry Sinkovsky, released in 2019, received a Diapason d'Or. In 2022, *Eden* with Joyce DiDonato received a Choc-Classica and an Echo Opus Klassik Award.

Il Pomo d'Oro is official ambassador of El Sistema Greece, a humanitarian project to provide free musical education to children in Greek refugee camps. The group plays charity concerts and offers workshops and music lessons according to the El Sistema method on a frequent regular basis in various refugee camps throughout Greece.

The name of the ensemble refers to Antonio Cesti's opera from the year 1666. Composed for the wedding celebrations of Emperor Leopold I and Margarita Teresa of Spain, *Il Pomo d'Oro* was probably one of the largest, most expensive, and most spectacular opera productions in the still young history of the genre, featuring 24 different stage designs, a horse-ballet of 300 horses, a fireworks display of 73,000 rockets, numerous special effects, all of which would have made the Emperor's court the highlight of cultural splendor in all of Europe.

www.ilpomodoro.org

IL POMO D'ORO BEYOND TOUR 2023–24

Violin I

Alfia Bakieva

Violin II

Jonathan Ponet

Viola

Giulio D'Alessio

Viola da Gamba & Lirone

Rodney Prada

Cello

Ludovico Minasi

Double Bass

Jonathan Alvarez

Theorbo, Archlute & Guitar

Miguel Rincon

Harpsichord & Organ

Alberto Gaspardo

Harp

Margherita Burattini

Cornetto and Flute

Pietro Modesti

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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Beyond

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI

“E pur io torno qui” (Ottone) from
L'incoronazione di Poppea (1642)

E pur io torno qui, qual linea al centro,

qual foco a sfera e qual ruscello al mare,
e se ben luce alcuna non m'appare,
ah, so ben io, che sta'l mio sol qui dentro.

Caro tetto amoroso,
albergo di mia vita, e del mio bene,
il passo e'l cor ad inchinarti viene.

Apri un balcon, Poppea,
col bel viso in cui son le sorti mie,
previeni, anima mia, precorri il die.

Sorgi, e disgombrà omai,
da questo ciel caligini e tenebre
con il beato aprir di tue palpebre.

Sogni, portate a volo,
fate sentire in dolce fantasia
questi sospir alla diletta mia.

Ma che veggio, infelice?
Non già fantasmi o pur notturne larve,
son questi i servi di Nerone; ahi, ahi dunque
agl'insensati venti
Io diffondo i lamenti.
Necessito le pietre a deplorarmi.
Adoro questi marmi,
amoreggio con lagrime un balcone,
e in grembo di Poppea dorme Nerone.
Ha condotti costoro,
per custodir se stesso dalle frodi.
O salvezza de' Principi infelice:
dormon profondamente i suoi custodi.

And here I am again

And here I am again, like a line returning
to its origin

or like fire-rays to the sun or a river to the sea,
and although I see no light within
I know full well that, ah, my star does
here reside.

Dear and cherished dwelling place,
refuge of my life and love,
my heart has come to pay obeisance to you.

Open a window, Poppea,
appear, my love, your beauteous face,
arbiter of my fate, anticipating the dawn.

Arise and rid the skies
of all this mist and darkness
with the blessed opening of your eyes.

May the wings of dreams
transport these sighs of mine
as delicious fantasies to my beloved.

But what do I see, wretch that I am?
These are no phantoms or specters of the night
but Nero's servants; alas, and so
to the heartless winds
I propagate my sighs.
I beg these stones to weep for me,
these marble halls, how I long for them,
my tears of love directed to a window
while Nero sleeps in Poppea's arms.
He has ordered them
to defend him from treachery.
Ah, precarious security of princes:
his own guards now fast asleep!

Ah, ah, perfida Poppea,
 son queste le promesse e i giuramenti,
 ch'accesero il cor mio?
 Questa è la fede,
 o dio, dio, dio!
 Io son quell'Ottone,
 che ti seguì,
 che ti bramò,
 che ti servì,
 quell'Ottone
 che t'adorò,
 che per piegarti e intenerirti il core
 di lagrime imperlò preghi devoti,
 gli spirti a te sacrificando in voti.
 M'assicurasti al fine
 ch'abbracciare avrei nel tuo bel seno
 le mie beatitudini amorose;
 io di credula speme il seme sparsi,
 ma l'aria e'l cielo a' danni miei rivolto.

Voglio di vita uscir

Voglio di vita uscir, voglio che cadano
 quest'ossa in polve e queste membra
 in cenere,
 e che i singulti miei tra l'ombre vadano
 già che quel piè ch'ingemma l'erbe tenere
 sempre fugge da me, ne lo trattengono
 i lacci, ohimè, del bel fanciul di Venere.
 Vo che gl'abissi il mio cordoglio vedano,
 e l'aspro mio martir le furie piangano,
 e che i dannati al mio tormento cedano.
 A Dio crudel, g'orgogli tuoi rimangano
 a incrudelir con g'altri. A te rinunzio,
 né vo' più che mie speme in te si frangano.

S'apre la tomba, il mio morir t'annuntio.

Una lagrima spargi, et alfin donami
 di tua tarda pietade un solo nuntio,
 e s'amando toffesi, homai perdonami.

Ah, ah, faithless Poppea,
 are these the vows and promises
 that set my heart aflame?
 Such is fidelity,
 o gods!
 I am the same Ottone
 who pursued and
 longed for you,
 who served you,
 yes, Ottone,
 who adored you and,
 to bend and touch your heart,
 shed loving tears of supplication
 and sacrificed my sanity to you in love.
 At last you gave your word
 that, clasped to your fair breast,
 the fullest bliss of love I would receive;
 I sowed the seed of credence and of hope,
 but now the heavens have forsaken me.

I wish to depart this life

I wish to depart this life and for these bones
 and limbs to crumble into dust and ash
 and my sobs to die away among the shadows
 because her feet that grace the tender grass
 are always running from me, nor are they
 caught,
 alas, in the snares of Venus' cherub-boy.

I want Hell to be a witness to my anguish
 and the furies to weep for my bitter pain
 and the damned to be awed by my agony.
 Farewell, cruel one, may your arrogance live on
 to torture others. I give you up:
 for you to dash my hopes is no longer
 my desire.

The tomb is opening: witness now my death.

Shed a tear and, at the last, display
 a single sign of your belated pity,
 and if I caused offense by loving you,
 pardon me, I pray.

GIULIO CACCINI

“Amarilli, mia bella”

from *Le nuove musiche* (1602)

Amarilli, mia bella,
non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio
d'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur e se timor t'assale,
prendi questo mio strale,
aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:
Amarilli è il mio amore.

GIROLAMO FRESCOBALDI

“Così mi disprezzate”

from *Arie musicali*, Book 1 (1630)

Così mi disprezzate?
Così voi mi burlate?
Tempo verrà, ch'Amore
farà di vostro core
quel, che fate del mio,
non più parole, addio!

Datemi pur martiri,
burlate i miei sospiri,
negatemi mercede,
oltraggiate mia fede,
ch' in voi vedrete poi,
quel che mi fate voi.

Beltà sempre non regna,
e s'ella pur v' insegna
a dispregiar mia fè,
credete pur a me,
che s'oggi m'ancidete,
doman vi pentirete.

Non nego già, ch' in voi
Amor ha i pregi suoi,
ma sò, ch' il tempo cassa
beltà, che fugge, e passa,
se non volete amare,
io non voglio penare.

Il vostro biondo crine,
la guance purpurine
veloci più che Maggio
tosto faran passaggio,
prezzategli pur voi,
ch' io riderò ben poi.

O my lovely Amaryllis

O my lovely Amaryllis,
do you not know, o my heart's sweet desire,
that you are the one I love?
Know it to be so and, if you still have doubts,
take this arrow of mine,
open my breast and see written on my heart:
Amaryllis is my love.

Is this how you scorn me?

Is this how you scorn me?
Is this how you mock me?
The time will come when Love
will do to your heart
what you are doing to mine.
No more words, farewell!

Continue to torment me,
mock my sighs,
deny me pity,
profane my constancy,
but one day you will suffer
what you are doing to me now.

Beauty does not reign forever,
and if it goads you
into scorning my fidelity,
believe me when I say
that if today you injure me
tomorrow you will repent of it.

I do not deny that Love
holds you in high esteem,
but I also know that time invalidates
beauty which slips away and fades,
and if you do not wish to love,
I do not wish to suffer either.

Your golden hair
and rosy cheeks
will fade more swiftly
than the month of May,
so make the most of them
for the last laugh will be mine.

BARBARA STROZZI

Cantate, ariette, e duetti, Op. 2

Lamante consolato (1651)

Son tanto ito cercando
che pur alfin trovai
colei che desiai
duramente penando,
oh questa volta sì ch'io non m'inganno,
s'io non godo mio danno!

Son tali quei contenti
che pur alfin io provo
che tutto mi rinovo
doppo lunghi tormenti.
Ma tutti com'io fo far non sapranno
chi non gode suo danno.

FRANCESCO CAVALLI

"Incomprensibil nume" (Pompeo Magno)

from *Pompeo Magno* (1666)

Incomprensibil nume, che sei
per tutto e fuor di te non sei;
Luce, che più che miro, e meno intendo,

delle vittorie mie grazie ti rendo.

Noto solo a te stesso
principio eterno ed infinito fi ne;
ch'il tutto vai dal nulla ognor traendo
delle vittorie mie grazie ti rendo.

GIOVANNI CESARE NETTI

"Misero core..." *"Sì, sì, si scioglia sì..."*

"Dolcissime catene" (Berillo) from

La Filli (1682)

ARIA

Misero core,
dal crudo amore
che sperì tu?
Altra speranza
più non m'avanza
che il mio dolor,
dandomi morte,
dell'empia sorte
cessi il rigor.

The Consoled Lover

I sought so hard
and finally found
my longed-for lady
but suffering greatly through it.
Ah, this time I shan't be so deluded
and won't be a glutton for punishment!

Such are the delights
that I'm finally enjoying
that I feel reborn
after such long torment.
But not everyone will know to do as I do
to not be a glutton for punishment!

Incomprehensible god

Incomprehensible god, who are
immanent yet disincarnate;
o star, the longer gazed upon, the less

I apprehend you;
I thank you for my victories.

Only your purpose do I acknowledge,
eternal and infinite source
that brings forth all from nothingness;
I thank you for my victories.

"Wretched heart," *"Yes, yes, may anger,"*

"Sweetest chains" from *Phyllis*

ARIA

Wretched heart,
from cruel love
what did you expect?
No hope
is open to me
other than my sorrow,
bringing my death;
cease now the cruelty
of my ignominious fate.

E l'alma afflitta,
dal duol traffitta,
non peni più.

RECITATIVO

Datti pace, Berillo, e col dispregio
vendica le tue offese.
Sian da te vilipese
quelle luci ch'avesti in tanto pregio.

ARIA

Si, sì, si sciolga, sì
per man di sdegno
quel laccio indegno
ch'Amore ordì.

No, no, più s'ami, no.
Del cieco arciero,
sdegno guerriero,
l'arco spezzò.

RECITATIVO

Ah, che miei voi non siete,
pensier, se pretendete
di ribellarvi al core
che a Filli già donai per man d'Amore.

ARIA

Dolcissime catene
sempre v'adorerò.
Costante nelle pene
di voi mai mi dorro.

Siami pur quanto vuol, Filli crudele,
io gli sarò fedele.

ANTONIO SARTORIO

**"La certezza di tua fede" (Pompeiano)
from *Antonino e Pompeiano* (1677)**

La certezza di tua fede
può dar vita a questo core,
può dar morte a la mia morte,
può tornarmi la mia sorte
la costanza del tuo amore.

And sorrowing soul of mine,
pierced with pain,
suffer no more.

RECITATIVO

Be at peace, Berillo, and scornfully
avenge your wrongs.
Be contemptuous now of
those eyes you loved so well.

ARIA

Yes, yes, may anger
now dissolve those
shameful snares
that Love contrived.

No, no, love is over now.
Warlike wrath
has snapped in two
the blind archer's bow.

RECITATIVO

Ah, these are not true thoughts of mine
that presume
to disavow the heart
I gave to Phyllis, conveyed to her by Love.

ARIA

Sweetest chains,
I shall always adore you.
Steadfast in my suffering
I shall never complain of you.

As cruel as Phyllis wishes to be to me,
I shall remain faithful to her.

The sureness of your devotion

The sureness of your devotion
can bring life to this heart of mine
and death to my own death;
and the constancy of your love
can restore good fortune to me.

NETTI

“Quanto più la donna invecchia”
(Crinalba) from *L'Adamiro* (1681)

Quanto più la donna invecchia
più desidera il marito.
Con la face il dio d'amor
non perdona a vecchia età.
Quando manca la beltà
della carne il pizzicor
dà più somite al prurito.

“Son vecchia, pazienza”
(Crinalba) from *L'Adamiro* (1681)

Son vecchia, pazienza,
passò quell'età
che l'anime ardea.
Che lieta vedea
gl'amanti in presenza
cercarmi pietà.

SEBASTIANO MORATELLI
“Lungi dai nostri cor” (Amore)
from *La Faretra smarrita* (1690)

Lungi dai nostri cor
si rigido martir.
Il nome d'Amor
è in vita a morir.

The more a lady ages

The more she desires her husband.
But with his torch, the god of love
is unforgiving of old age.
When beauty fades
from the complexion,
itchy rashes follow in its wake.

I am old, sorry

I am old, sorry,
the age has passed
that fires our hearts.
How happy I was to see
the lovers here
coming to seek my compassion.

Far from our hearts

Far from our hearts
such cruel torment.
The name of Love
perishes though still alive.