

WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 12 September 2024
7.30pm

Jakub Józef Orliński countertenor
Il Pomo d'Oro

Alfia Bakieva violin I

Jonathan Ponet violin II

Giulio d'Alessio viola

Rodney Prada viola da gamba, lirone

Ludovico Minasi cello

Jonathan Alvarez double bass

Miguel Rincon theorbo, archlute, guitar

Alberto Gaspardo harpsichord, organ

Margherita Burattini harp

Pietro Modesti cornet, flute

Francesco Cavalli (1602-1676)

From *La Calisto* (1651)

Sinfonia • Erme e solinghe cime ... Lucidissima face

Giovanni Antonio Boretti (c.1638-1672)

Chi scherza con Amor from *Eliogabalo* (1667-8)

From *Claudio Cesare* (1672)

Sinfonia • Crudo amor, non hai pietà

Giovanni Bononcini (1670-1747)

Infelice mia Costanza from *La costanza non gradita nel doppio amore d'Aminta* (1694)

Sinfonia from La nemica d'Amore fatta amante (1693)

Giulio Caccini (1551-1618)

Amarilli, mia bella (pub. 1601)

Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583-1643)

Così mi disprezzate (pub. 1630)

Johann Caspar Kerll (1627-1693)

Sonata for 2 violins in F

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

L'amante consolato Op. 2 (pub. 1651)

Francesco Cavalli

Incomprensibil nume from *Pompeo magno* (1666)

Biagio Marini (1594-1663)

Passacalio Op. 22 No. 25 (pub. 1655)

Giovanni Cesare Netti (1649-1686)

From *La Filli* (1682)

Misero core • Sì, sì, si sciolga, sì • Dolcissime catene

Antonio Sartorio (1630-1680)

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

Giovanni Cesare Netti

From *L'Adamiro* (1681)

Quanto più la donna invecchia • Son vecchia, pazienza

Adam Jarzëbski (1590-1649)

Tamburetta (by 1627)

Sebastiano Moratelli (1640-1706)

Lungi dai nostri cor from *La faretra smarrita* (c.1691)

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Love deconstructed, opera being constructed – the opening works in tonight’s concert illustrate the origins of the genre in 17th-century Italy, at a time when, throughout Europe, Italian was held as the language of love. ‘It’s a very interesting subject,’ says musicologist Yannis François, consultant for Orliński and il Pomo d’Oro’s album *Facce d’amore*, or ‘faces of love’. ‘I actually adore German, but when these operas were written, Italian was indeed considered the language of love. In Hamburg and Dresden, for instance, they would even have bilingual operas – the recitatives would be in German and maybe also some of the lighter arias, but when the deep, profound arias about love came round, the language would often switch to Italian!’

It was a time of exploration and musical metamorphoses, François emphasises: ‘These composers were the pioneers! They were inventing and reinventing all the time – in that era things changed so much and so often.’

Cavalli’s aria from *La Calisto* is a dazzling piece of vocal writing. ‘People tend to say that the beginning of opera is Monteverdi,’ he explains, ‘but while he borrowed the clothes of Greek tragedy, Cavalli was one of those who started to turn opera into entertainment, with beautiful melodies and exploring the ranges and colours of the voice and orchestra.’

Cavalli was enormously influential, not least on Handel, but there follow two lesser-known names (at least to us, today). ‘I’d found some operas by **Giovanni Antonio Boretti** and – wow, I was so impressed!’ François enthuses. ‘Here was writing that was so virtuosic, I couldn’t get enough of him!’ **Giovanni Bononcini** has a slightly higher profile, which François puts down to his rivalry with Handel in London. ‘Some people still know the name of Bononcini,’ he says, ‘But still, he was such a prolific composer, and few people hear much of his amazing work.’

The Seicento encompassed more than just opera; cantatas, serenades and canzoni for solo voice also formed part of this dazzling period of musical history. **Caccini’s** ‘Amarilli mia bella’ is probably one of the most well-recognised canzone of this period; this piece appears in every collection of *Arie antiche* and has thus been sung by almost every singer at the start of their training. Yet its subtle difficulty lies precisely in bringing out its magnificent simplicity.

Frescobaldi’s aria ‘Così mi disprezzate’ is one of the most famous passacaglias with song. The rhythmic composition of the scorned lover’s vocal part and the energy that pours forth are so well attuned with the words that the end result is always striking. Girolamo Frescobaldi was a teacher of **Johann Caspar Kerll**, whose Sonata for 2 violins follows closely behind. In ‘L’Amante consolato’ by **Barbara Strozzi**, the first professionally recognised female composer, we find a piece that offers some respite to Frescobaldi’s betrayed lover.

Francesco Cavalli is responsible for some of the most beautiful pages of opera from this period. *Pompeo magno* is one of his lesser-known works, and teems with surprises: for example, at the very beginning, following a short sinfonia and a brief chorus, comes a sequence described in

the libretto as a ‘Ballet for 4 living horses mounted by riders to the sound of trumpet and other instruments’. Later, at the end of Act I, we find another surprising ‘Ballet for 8 lunatics, 2 driven mad by Music, 2 by Art, 2 by Alchemy and 2 by Poetry’. In ‘Incomprendibil nume’, Pompey pays tribute to the god that afforded him his many victories.

Virtuoso violinist and composer **Biagio Marini** published his Opus 22 collection of works ‘for all kinds of musical instruments’ in 1655; best-known of these is the *Passacaglio*, with its haunting, melancholy beauty.

Giovanni Cesare Netti undoubtedly deserves to occupy a position of honour among the countless composers who rose to prominence in Naples during the second half of the 17th Century. He composed his second opera, known as *La Filli*, for Carnival season in spring 1682. In this final scene from Act II, the shepherd Berillo, blood brother of Rosetta (his future wife), voices his indignation and suffering after learning that his beloved Filli (who is actually his sister) only has eyes for the hunter Tirsi (who is actually Rosetta’s real brother). Sung by Pompeiano, **Antonio Sartorio’s** aria ‘La certezza di sua fede’ repurposes in part the music of an aria from his opera *L’Orfeo*, composed a few years earlier. Both operas were premièred in Venice, where Sartorio was also several times commissioned to write works for the Carnival season. Netti had made his opera debut with *L’Adamiro*, first performed on 16 February 1681 in the Sala Grande of the Palazzo Reale in Naples. The two arias from this opera in tonight’s concert, ‘Quanto più la donna invecchia’ and ‘Son vecchia, pazienza’, clearly express the suffering felt by Crinalba, an ageing wet nurse. Crinalba’s woes stem from her unrequited love for the misogynous Squillette, who, sick of her constant advances, rejects her multiple times, describing her as a ‘filthy harpy’.

Adam Jarzębski – violinist, royal architect and poet – was an eclectic figure, to say the least. In 1643, he wrote *Gościniec abo krótkie opisanie Warszawy* (‘Gościniec, or a brief description of Warsaw’), a poem describing the city of Warsaw and its inhabitants, considered to be the first travel guide in the Polish language. And he was even mayor of the town of Piaseczno to boot! Musically speaking, *Tamburetta* is a concerto for three voices with a buoyant, martial theme.

Sebastiano Moratelli is practically unheard of among the general public. His only surviving score is none other than this serenata entitled *La faretra smarrita* (‘The lost quiver’), written sometime around 1691. Amor has lost his quiver containing his famous arrows and so sets off around the world in search of them, accompanied by Mercury. Starting in Africa, they proceed to Asia, then on to the Americas (surely, one of the first musical representations of the New World), before finally to Europe. It is during the voyage to the Americas that Amor, feeling his power to be misunderstood by the inhabitants, sings this evening’s closing lament.

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Francesco Cavalli (1602-1676)

From *La Calisto* (1651)

Giovanni Faustini

Sinfonia

Erme e solinghe cime ... Lucidissima face

Erme, e solinghe
cime,
Ch'al cerchio m'accostate
Delle luci adorate,
In voi di novo imprime,
Contemplator segreto
Endimione l'orme.
Le variate forme
Della stella d'argento
Lusingando, e baciando,
Di chiare notti tra i sereni
orrori,
Sulla terra, e sui sassi i suoi
splendori.

Lucidissima face
Di Tessaglia
le note
Non sturbino i tuoi giri, e la
tua pace.
Dag'atlantici monti
Traboccando le rote,
Febo, del carro ardente,
omai tramonti.

Il mio lume
nascente
Illuminando il cielo
Più bello a me si mostri, e
risplendente.
Astro mio vago, e caro
A' tuoi raggi
di gelo,
Nel petto amante a nutrir
fiamme imparo.

You stones and solitary heights ... O brightest visage

You stones and solitary
heights,
encircling me beneath
these cherished lights,
shall feel again the
footfalls of Endymion
in secret contemplation.
The many facets
of the silver orb
caressing, kissing
earth and rocks with
radiance
on clear nights amid the
shuddering quiet.

O brightest visage,
may the sounds of
Thessaly below
not sway your course nor
mar your peace.
Your wheels careening
o'er the Atlas mountains,
Phoebus, now your
burning chariot sets.

My rising goddess fairer
seems to me
and more resplendent,
lighting up the
heavens.
My dearest, lovely star,
I've learnt to use your
frigid rays
to feed the flames within
my breast.

Giovanni Antonio Boretti (c.1638-1672)

Chi scherza con Amor from *Eliogabalo* (1667-8)

*Aurelio Aureli, after
Anonymous*

Chi scherza con Amor,
scherza col foco;
Un Vesuvio è la bellezza

Playing with love
Playing with love is
playing with fire;
beauty's a Vesuvius

Sempre
avvezza
A vibrar in seno ardori;
Dolce fiamma, che
ne' cori
Va crescendo a
poco a poco:
Chi scherza con Amor,
scherza col foco.

always apt to make the
passions
rumble in one's breast;
a gentle flame, that grows
and grows within our
hearts:
playing with love is
playing with fire.

From *Claudio Cesare* (1672)

Aurelio Aureli

Sinfonia

Crudo amor, non hai pietà (1672)

Crudo Amor, non hai
pietà;
Di ragione acciechi i
lumi,
Incateni e Regi, e
Numi,
La tua face
morte dà.

Ruthless Love, you're merciless

Ruthless Love, you're
merciless;
snuffing out all light from
reason,
taking gods and rulers
captive,
catching sight of you
means death.

Giovanni Bononcini (1670-1747)

Infelice mia costanza from *La costanza non gradita nel doppio amore d'Aminta* (1694)

Silvio Stampiglia

Infelice mia costanza,
sventurata
fedeltà!
Il valor di tua possanza
vien chiamato
crudeltà.

Oh, unhappy constancy

Oh, unhappy constancy,
and unrewarded
faithfulness!
Cruelty is the proper
name to give the power
that you wield.

Sinfonia from *La nemica d'Amore fatta amante*

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Giulio Caccini (1551-1618)

Amarilli, mia bella

(pub. 1601)

Giovanni Battista Guarini

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.

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.

Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583-1643)

Così mi disprezzate

(pub. 1630)

Anonymous

Così mi disprezzate,
Così voi mi burlate?
Tempo verrà,
ch'amore
Farà di vostro core
Quel che fate
del mio;
Non più parole, addio.

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!

Datemi pur martiri,
Burlate i miei sospiri,
Negatemi mercede,
Oltraggiate mia fede,
Ch'in voi vedrete
poi
Quel che mi fate
voi.

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.

Beltà sempre non
regna,
E s'ella pur v'insegna
A dispregiar mia fé,
Credete pur a me,
Che s'oggi
m'ancidete,
Doman vi
pentirete.

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.

Non nego già, ch'in voi
Amor ha i pregi suoi,
Ma so, ch'il tempo
cassa
Beltà, che fugge
e passa.

I do not deny that Love
holds you in high esteem,
but I also know that time
invalidates
beauty which slips away
and fades,

Se non volete
amare,
Io non voglio
penare.

and if you do not wish to
love,
I do not wish to suffer
either.

Il vostro biondo crine,
Le guance purpure
Veloci più che Maggio
Tosto saran passaggio.
Prezzategli pur
voi,
Ch'io riderò ben
poi.

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.

Johann Caspar Kerll (1627-1693)

Sonata for 2 violins in F

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

L'amante consolato

Op. 2 (pub. 1651)

Anonymous

Son tanto ito cercando
Che pur alfin trovai
Coei che desiai
Duramente
penando,
Oh questa volta sì ch'io non
m'inganno,
S'io non godo mio
danno!

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!

Son tali quei contenti
Che pur alfin io provo
Che tutto mi rinnovo
Doppo lunghi tormenti.
Ma tutti com'io fo far non
sapranno
Chi non gode suo
danno.

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!

Francesco Cavalli

Incomprensibil nume from *Pompeo magno*

(1666)

Nicolò Minato

Incomprensibil nume, che sei
Per tutto e fuor di te
non sei;

Incomprehensible god

Incomprehensible god,
who are
immanent yet
disincarnate;

Luce, che più che
miro, e meno
intendo,
Delle vittorie mie grazie ti
rendo.

O star, the longer gazed
upon, the less I
apprehend you;
I thank you for my
victories.

Noto solo a te
stesso
Principio eterno ed infinito
fine;
Ch'il tutto vai dal nulla ognor
traendo
Delle vittorie mie grazie ti
rendo.

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

Biagio Marini (1594-1663)

Passacalio Op. 22 No. 25 (pub. 1655)

Giovanni Cesare Netti (1649-1686)

From *La Filli* (1682)
attr. Francesco Silvani

Misero core

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.

E l'alma
afflitta,
Dal duol trauffita,
Non peni più.

Sì, sì, sì sciolga, sì

Sì, sì, sì sciolga, sì
Per man di sdegno
Quel laccio indegno
Ch'Amore ordì.

No, no, più s'ami, no.
Del cieco arciero,
Sdegno guerriero,

Wretched heart

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.

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

Yes, yes, may anger now dissolve

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

No, no, love is over now.
Warlike wrath
has snapped in two

L'arco spezzò. the blind archer's bow.

Dolcissime catene

Dolcissime catene
Sempre v'adorerò.
Costante nelle pene
Di voi mai mi
dorrò.

Si ami pur quanto vuol,
Filli crudele,
lo gli sarò
fedele.

Sweetest chains

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.

Antonio Sartorio (1630-1680)

La certezza di tua fede
from *Antonino e
Pompeiano* (1677)
Giacomo Francesco
Bussani

The sureness of
your devotion

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.

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.

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

Giovanni Cesare Netti

From *L'Adamiro* (1681)

Baldassarre Pisani

**Quanto più la donna
invecchia**

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.

**The more a lady
ages**

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.

Son vecchia, pazienza

Son vecchia, pazienza,
Passò quell'età
Che l'anime ardea.
Che lieta vedea
Gl'amanti in presenza
Cercarmi
pietà.

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.

Adam Jarzębski (1590-1649)

Tamburetta (by 1627)

Sebastiano Moratelli (1640-1706)

**Lungi dai nostri cor
from *La faretra smarrita***

(c.1691)
Anonymous

Lungi dai nostri cor
Si rigido martir.

Il nome d'Amor
È in vita a
morir.

Far from our hearts

Far from our hearts
such cruel torment.

The name of Love
perishes though still alive.

Translations of Boretti, Bononcini and 'Lucidissima face' by Ray Granlund. All other translations by Robert Sargant. Texts and translations kindly provided by the artists.