

# WIGMORE HALL

Friday 24 May 2024  
7.30pm

## Et In Arcadia Ego: Madrigals in Arcadia

### Collegium Vocale Gent

Barbora Kabátková mezzo-soprano  
Mélodie Ruvio alto  
Benedict Hymas tenor  
Tore Tom Denys tenor  
Jimmy Holliday bass

Sophie Gent violin  
Anne Pekkala violin  
Lambert Colson cornet  
Ageet Zweistra cello  
Johannes Ötzbrugger lute

Bart Vroomen trombone  
Maude Gratton harpsichord  
Philippe Herreweghe director

Salamone Rossi (c.1570-1630)  
Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi (c.1554-1609)

INTRO  
Sinfonia a5  
Concerto de Pastori (pub. 1591)

Salamone Rossi

SEPARATION  
Sinfonia grave a5 (pub. 1607) • Udite, lagrimosi spirti (pub. 1600)

Luca Marenzio (1553-1599)  
Salamone Rossi  
Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Stillò l'anima in pianto (pub. 1594)  
Sinfonia quinta  
Ah dolente partita SV75 (pub. 1597)

Salamone Rossi

INTIMACY  
Gagliarda a5 detta la Narciso (pub. 1608) • Corrente seconda • Brando primo  
Che fai, Tirsi gentile (Dialogo della Rosa) (pub. 1609)  
Sinfonia undecima  
Deh Tirsi mio gentil non far più stratio (pub. 1598)  
Dolcemente dormiva la mia Clori SV52 (pub. 1590)  
Al lume delle stelle (pub. 1595)

Sigismondo D'India (1582-1629)  
Salamone Rossi  
Luca Marenzio  
Claudio Monteverdi  
Luca Marenzio

Salamone Rossi  
Salamone Rossi  
Luca Marenzio

DEATH  
Sinfonia seconda  
Tirsi mio, caro Tirsi (pub. 1600)  
Nel dolce seno della bella Clori • Tirsi morir volea (pub. 1580) *arranged by Giovanni Bassano arranged by Peter Philips*

Claudio Monteverdi

LOVERS' REUNION  
Tirsi e Clori SV145 (by 1616)

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As Renaissance cultural life found itself more and more in the busy streets of expanding towns, it is hardly surprising that poets, painters and composers fantasised about a pastoral idyll. This they called Arcadia, a Grecian paradise, 'decked with peace and good husbandry', as Philip Sidney wrote, chosen by the Muses 'for their chief repairing place, and by bestowing their perfections so largely here that the very shepherds have their fancies lifted to so high conceits that the learned of other nations are content both to borrow their names and imitate their cunning.' And so the learned of Mantua composed madrigals and entertainments about Tirsi and Clori, the archetypical shepherds of this rustic landscape.

Mantua was bounded on two sides by water, and on the other by fertile farmland. Luscious in theory, in reality it was damp. But as a trade centre it was rich, and it was governed by an ambitious family, the Gonzagas, who made the city a cultural capital. By the mid-16th Century, Mantua was a leader of musical fashion, and it was here that the madrigal came into full bloom. The father of the Mantuan madrigal was Giaches de Wert (1535-96). Like many of the great composers of Renaissance Italy, Wert was Flemish. He worked for the Gonzagas first in Novellara (where he married Lucrezia Gonzaga) and then Mantua (where she ran off with another composer). Wert's music is elegantly dramatic, combining homophony and polyphony to great effect.

Wert was succeeded as the Gonzagas' *maestro di cappella* by **Giovanni Gastoldi** (c.1554-1609). Gastoldi's *Concerto de Pastori* sets our Arcadian scene, with rustics praising spring, the season of love. Written for double choir, it suggests a large party of people, hinting at the style that would become a hallmark of neighbouring Venice. This *Concerto* is prefaced and succeeded by instrumental pieces by **Salamone Rossi** (c.1570-1630). Rossi grew up in Mantua, and he and his sister, a virtuoso singer who went by the name of Madam Europa, worked at the Gonzaga court. Such was his respect as a musician that Rossi was allowed not to wear the yellow badge marking him out as a Jew. His Jewish heritage, however, played a role in his work as a performer, with Jewish theatrical troupes providing instrumentalists and entertainers for ducal extravaganzas.

In 1630, in an offshoot of the Thirty Years War, Mantua was sacked by Imperial troops, who destroyed the ghetto in which Rossi lived; it is thought that he died in the plague that followed. Rossi published five books of five-part madrigals, but his approach was innovative: he supplied a *chitarrone* part so that instead of five singers, one singer could sing with instrumental accompaniment – a development musicologists use to differentiate the Baroque from the Renaissance. His instrumental

works are similarly 'Baroque', often with two higher parts and a bass line.

The most famous early Baroque composer was a colleague of Rossi at Mantua, **Claudio Monteverdi** (1567-1643). Born in Cremona, he started his musical career at Mantua in the 1590s, working his way up from the bottom to become *maestro della musica* in 1601. However, in 1612, there was a change of duke, and Monteverdi found himself out of a job. He applied for the post of director of music at St Mark's, Venice, and was appointed in 1613; he remained in Venice for the rest of his life. Notable for his operas, his madrigals are themselves mini-operas – the anguished drama of separation in *Ah dolente partita* or the scene of two happy lovers, Tirsi and Clori, accompanied by a troupe of dancing rustics. Monteverdi stripped away polyphony and subjugated it to drama and melody; his musical style was influenced not only by Rossi but by another king of the madrigal, **Luca Marenzio** (1553-99). Marenzio started his career at Mantua before being employed by Cardinal Luigi d'Este in the 1580s, and then Cardinal Ferdinando de Medici. John Dowland travelled to Italy to seek lessons from Marenzio, but it is not known whether the two men met, not least because Marenzio had just received orders from the pope to serve as *maestro di cappella* for King Sigismund III in Warsaw. Returning to Italy in 1598, Marenzio soon found employment writing madrigals for the Gonzagas. He died less than a year later, in August 1599. Marenzio's madrigals are an outstanding mixture of rich harmonies and vibrant rhythms; his careful word-painting makes his music both episodic and dramatic. His *Tirsi morir volea* was cleverly arranged for keyboard by **Peter Philips** (c.1560-1628), an exile in Italy from the English Reformation.

Our final visitor to Mantua is **Sigismondo d'India** (1582-1629). Perhaps a scion of Sicilian nobility, he had a peripatetic career around Italy, including Mantua in 1606, where he probably met Monteverdi. From 1611 he was employed by the Duke of Savoy in Turin until 1623, leaving under a cloud, a result of 'malicious gossip'. He spent the rest of his life in Modena and Rome. His *Dialogo della Rosa* is a charming duet between two shepherds about which flower to sing of; the duet blooms when they join together to praise the rose, the flower of love. Mantua's wealth, its proximity to other northern cities such as Venice and the ambitions of its rulers made it fertile ground on which to grow an artistic Arcadia, some perfect fruits of which we will enjoy this evening.

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## INTRO

### Salamone Rossi (c.1570-1630)

#### Sinfonia a5

### Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi (c.1554-1609)

#### Concerto de Pastori      Shepherds' song

(pub. 1591)

*Anonymous*

Scacciam l'antico sonno	Let's chase away the old sleep,
E con soave accenti	and let us make the air delight the winds
Facciam l'aria gioir i venti.	with sweet sounds.
Ridan novell'al canto nostr'i fiori	The flowers laugh anew by our songs,
E torni Primavera	and may the spring come again,
De piaceri d'amor gran messaggera	that great messenger of love's pleasures.
Felici noi Pastori,	Happy we shepherds,
Che rinoviamo per voler di Giove	that by the will of Jupiter
Del secol d'oro fortunate prove.	once again affirm joyful evidence of the Golden Age.

## SEPARATION

### Salamone Rossi

#### Sinfonia grave a5 (pub. 1607)

#### Udite, lagrimosi spirti      Hear, ye doleful spirits

(pub. 1600)

*Giovanni Battista Guarini*

Udite, lagrimosi spirti d'Averno	Hear, ye doleful spirits of Avernus,
Udite nova sorte di pena e di tormento;	hear of a new kind of pain and torment!
Mirate crudo affetto In sembiante pietoso;	Behold cruel sentiment in the guise of pity:
La mia donna crudel più del inferno,	my lady, more cruel than hell,
Perch'una sola morte Non può far satia la sua fiera voglia,	because one single death cannot satiate her avid desire
E la mia vita è quasi Una perpetua morte;	(and my life is almost a perpetual death)

Mi comanda ch'i viva,  
Perche la vita mia  
Di mille morti  
il di ricetta sia.

commands me to live,  
so that my life shall be  
a prescription for a  
thousand deaths a day.

### Luca Marenzio (1553-1599)

#### Stillò l'anima in pianto      The soul of Tirsi (pub. 1594)      dripped away in *Antonio Ongaro*      tears

Stillò l'anima in pianto	The soul of Tirsi dripped away in tears,
Tirsi, quando partire	when he had to depart
Dovea da Clori e ne volea morire.	from Clori, and for this he wished to die;
Ma la ninfa pietosa, Con la bocca amorosa	But the merciful nymph with her amorous mouth
Quell'humor colse e poi	gathered that liquor and then
Lo ridiede al pastor coi baci suoi.	restored it to the shepherd with her kisses.
Onde per gl'occhi uscita,	Thus, by his eyes having left,
Rientrò per le labra in lui la vita.	life re-entered him by his lips.

### Salamone Rossi

#### Sinfonia quinta

### Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

#### Ah dolente partita      Ah, painful parting!

**SV75** (pub. 1597)

*Giovanni Battista Guarini*

Ah, dolente partita!	Ah, painful parting!
Ah, fin de la mia vita!	Ah, end of my life!
Da te parto e non moro?	I leave you, yet I do not die?
E pur i provo	And yet I experience
La pena de la morte	the pain of death
E sento nel partire	and in leaving I feel
Un vivace morire,	a vivid dying,
Che da vita al dolore	which gives life to pain
Per far che moia immortalmente il core.	so that my heart may die eternally.

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

## INTIMACY

### Salamone Rossi

Gagliarda a5 detta la Narciso (pub. 1608)

Corrente seconda

Brando primo

Sigismondo D'India (1582-1629)

**Che fai, Tirsi gentile  
(Dialogo della Rosa)**

(pub. 1609)

*Giambattista Marino*

*Mopso*

Che fai, Tirsi  
gentile?

Perché non canti  
i fregi,

Perché non canti  
i pregi

Del giovinetto  
Aprile?

*Tirsi*

Da qual fior il mio canto

Prenderò, Mopso  
mio?

Cantar forse degg'io

Del flessuoso acanto?

L'immortal amaranto?

O pur la bionda calta,

Che d'aurato color

le piagge  
smalta?

*Mopso*

Canta, Tirsi, di quella

Ch'è più cara agli amanti,

Canta gli onori e  
i vanti

Della rosa novella.

*Tirsi*

Rose, rose beate,

Lascivette figliuole

Della terra e del sole,

Le dolcezze odorate,

Che dal grembo spirate,

Possono quel tutto  
in noi

**What are you doing,  
noble Tirsi?**

*Mopso*

What are you doing,  
noble Tirsi?

Why do you not sing the  
ornaments,

why do you not sing the  
merits

of the youthful  
month of April?

*Tirsi*

What flower shall inspire

my song, my dear  
Mopso?

Shall I then sing of

the winding acanthus?

The immortal amaranth?

Or the blonde caltha,

which makes the shores  
shine with its golden  
colour?

*Mopso*

Sing, Tirsi, of the one

dearest to lovers,

sing the honours and  
merits

of the spring rose.

*Tirsi*

Roses, blessed roses,

lascivious maidens  
of the earth and the sun,

smell the sweetness

borne from your womb,  
filling us with all that the  
sun,

Che il sol, che l'aura e che la  
pioggia in voi.

*A due voci*

Rose, rose beate ...

the air and the rain have  
poured into you.

*Together*

Roses, blessed roses ...

### Salamone Rossi

Sinfonia undecima

### Luca Marenzio

**Deh Tirsi mio gentil  
non far più stratio** (pub.  
1598)

*Giovanni Battista Guarini*

Deh, Tirsi mio gentil, non far  
più stratio

Di chi t'adora. Ohimè! non sei  
già fera,

Non hai già il cor di marmo ò  
di macigno.

Eccomi a' piedi tuoi. Se mai  
t'offesi,

Idolo del mio cor, perdon ti  
chiedeggio.

Per queste belle care e sovra  
humane

Tue ginocchia  
ch'abbraccio, a cui  
m'inchino;

Per quell'amor che mi  
portasti un tempo;

Per quella soavissima  
dolcezza

Che trar solevi già da gl'occhi  
miei,

Che tue stelle  
chiamavi, hor son  
due fonti;

Per queste amare lagrime: ti  
prego,

Habbi pietà di me, misera  
Filli.

**Ah, my gentle Tirsi,  
afflict no longer**

Ah, my gentle Tirsi, afflict  
no longer

the one who adores you.

You are not a beast,

nor do you have a heart of  
marble or stone.

Behold me at your feet. If  
ever I offended you,

idol of my heart, I ask  
your forgiveness.

By these beautiful, dear,  
and more than human

knees of yours, which I  
embrace, to which I  
bow;

by that love which once  
you felt for me;

by that most gentle  
sweetness

which you used to draw  
from my eyes,

which you called your  
stars, and are now  
fountains;

by these bitter tears, I  
beg you,

take pity on me, the  
miserable Filli.

### Claudio Monteverdi

**Dolcemente dormiva la  
mia Clori SV52** (pub.  
1590)

*Torquato Tasso*

Dolcemente dormiva la mia  
Clori

E intorno al suo bel volto

**Clori slept sweetly**

Clori slept  
sweetly

as around her pretty face

Givan scherzando i  
pargoletti amori.  
Mirav'io da me tolto,  
Con gran diletto  
lei,  
Quando dir mi  
sentei: 'Stolto,  
che fai?  
Tempo perduto non  
s'acquista mai.'  
Allor io mi chinai così pian  
piano  
E baciandole  
il viso,  
Provai quanta dolcezza ha il  
paradiso.

cherubs of love flew  
merrily.  
I, absent-minded  
and full of joy, watched  
her,  
when I heard myself say:  
'Fool, what are you  
doing?  
Missed chances never  
come again.'  
Thus, I bent down, ever  
so slowly,  
and, when I kissed her  
face,  
I tasted Heaven's  
sweetness.

## Luca Marenzio

**Al lume delle stelle**  
(pub. 1595)  
*Torquato Tasso*

**By the light of the  
stars**

Al lume delle stelle  
Tirsi sotto un  
alloro  
Si dolea lagrimando in  
questi accenti:  
O celesti facelle  
Di lei ch'amo ed  
adoro  
Rassomigliate voi gli occhi  
lucenti.  
Luci serene e  
liete,  
Sento la fiamma lor mentre  
splendete.

By the light of the stars  
Tirsi, beneath a laurel  
oak,  
lamented weeping with  
these words:  
O heavenly flames,  
you look like the shining  
eyes  
of the one I love and  
adore.  
Contented and joyful  
lights,  
I feel that flame as you  
shine.

## DEATH

### Salamone Rossi

#### Sinfonia seconda

### Salamone Rossi

**Tirsi mio, caro Tirsi**  
(pub. 1600)  
*Giovanni Battista Guarini*

**My Tirsi, dear Tirsi**

Tirsi mio, caro Tirsi,  
E tu ancor  
m'abbandoni?  
Così morir mi  
lasci e non  
m'aiti?

My Tirsi, dear Tirsi,  
and you abandon me  
again?  
Like this you leave me to  
die and do not help  
me?

Almen non mi negar gli ultimi  
baci.  
Ferirà pur duo petti un  
ferro solo;  
Verserà pur la  
piaga  
Di tua Filli il tuo sangue.  
Tirsi, un tempo sì dolce e  
caro nome  
Ch'invocar non soleva  
indarno mai,  
Soccorri a me, tua Filli,  
Che come vedi da spietata  
sorte  
Condutta son a cruda et  
empia morte.

At least do not deny me  
the final kisses.  
A single blade will wound  
two breasts;  
from the wound of your  
Filli  
your blood will pour.  
Tirsi, once so sweet and  
dear a name  
that was never invoked in  
vain,  
help me, your Filli,  
for as you see, by  
merciless fate  
I am brought to a cruel  
and pitiless death.

## Luca Marenzio

**Nel dolce seno della  
bella Clori**  
*Torquato Tasso*

**On the gentle breast  
of beautiful Clori**

I baci ardenti.

Nel dolce seno della  
bella Clori,  
Tirsi, che del  
suo fine  
Già languendo sentia l'hore  
vicine,  
Tirsi, levando gl'occhi  
Ne' languidetti rai del suo  
desio,  
'Anima,' disse, 'omai  
felice mori.'  
Quand'ella: 'Oimè, ben mio,  
aspetta,'  
Sospirò dolce  
anelando.  
'Ahi, crudo, ir dunque  
a morte  
Senza me pensi?  
Io teco,  
E non me'n pento,  
Morir promisi, e già moro, e  
già sento  
Le mortali mie scorte  
Perchè l'una e  
l'altr'alma  
Insieme  
scocchi.'

On the gentle breast of  
beautiful Clori,  
Tirsi, already listless, was  
sensing  
the approaching hour of  
his demise,  
Tirsi, raising his gaze  
towards the languid eyes  
of his desire:  
'My heart', he says, 'now I  
will die happy!'  
But she: 'Alas, my  
beloved, halt -'  
she sighs with gentle  
desire -  
'Ah, cruel one, do you  
think to go to death  
without me? I have  
resolved,  
with no regret,  
to die with you, and I die  
already, already I feel  
the heralds of death.  
So that your soul and  
mine  
may fly upwards  
together.'

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

Si stringe egli soave e sol risponde	He gently moves closer to her, replying
Con meste voci a le voci gioconde.	mournfully to her light- hearted voice.
O fortunati, l'un'entro spirando	O fortunate ones! The one dying
Nella bocca de l'altro, una dolce ombra	in the mouth of the other, a sweet shadow
Di morte gl'occhi lor tremanti ingombra;	of death covers their trembling eyes,
E si sentian, mancando i rotti accenti,	and they feel, their broken words dissolving,
Agghiacciar tra le labbra	their passionate kisses freezing upon their lips.

**Tirsi morir volea** (pub. 1580)  
*arranged by Giovanni Bassano arranged by Peter Philips*

## LOVERS' REUNION

### Claudio Monteverdi

**Tirsi e Clori SV145** (by  
1616)  
*Alessandro Striggio*

**Tirsi and Clori**

*Tirsi*  
Per monti e  
per valli,  
Bellissima Clori,  
Già corrono a balli  
Le ninfe e i  
pastori.  
Già lieta e festosa  
Ha tutto ingombrato  
La schiera amorosa  
Il seno del prato.

*Tirsi*  
From the mountains and  
the valleys,  
fairest Clori,  
nymphs and shepherds  
are already running to the  
dance;  
now, merry and festive,  
the amorous band  
has quite overtaken  
the heart of the meadow.

*Clori*  
Dolcissimo Tirsi,  
Già vanno ad unirsi,  
Già tiene legata  
L'amante l'amata.  
Già movon concorde  
Il suono a le corde.  
Noi soli negletti  
Qui stiamo soletti.

*Clori*  
Sweetest Tirsi,  
they come to be united,  
the lover now holds  
the beloved entwined;  
now they are tuning  
the winds and the strings:  
only we, neglected,  
are standing here alone.

*Tirsi*  
Su, Clori mio core,  
Andianne a quel loco,  
Ch'invitano al gioco  
Le Grazie ed  
Amori.

*Tirsi*  
Come, Clori, my love,  
let us go to that place,  
invited to join in the sport  
by the Graces and  
Cupids;

Già Tirsi distende La mano e ti prende, Che teco sol vole Menar le carole.	see, Tirsi holds out his hand to clasp you, since only with you will he take part in the round.
--	---

*Clori*  
Sì, Tirsi, mia vita,  
Ch'a te solo unita  
Vò girne danzando,  
Vò girne cantando.  
Pastor, bench'è  
degno,  
Non faccia disegno  
Di mover le piante  
Con Clori sua Amante.

*Clori*  
Yes, Tirsi, my life,  
united with you alone  
will I go dancing,  
will I go singing.  
Let no shepherd, be he  
ever so worthy,  
be so bold as to desire  
to tread the dance  
with Clori, your beloved.

*Clori e Tirsi*  
Già, Clori gentile,  
Noi siam nella schiera.  
Con dolce maniera  
Seguiam il lor stile.  
Balliamo et intanto  
Spieghiamo col  
canto,  
Con dolci bei modi  
Del ballo le lodi.

*Clori and Tirsi*  
And now, gentle Clori,  
we are amidst the throng:  
with sweet demeanour  
let us follow their ways.  
Let us dance the while  
and with songs  
expounding  
in sweet, fair tones,  
the praises of the dance.

*Tutti*  
Balliamo, ch'el  
gregge,  
Al suon de  
l'avena  
Che i passi corregge  
Il ballo ne mena  
E ballano e saltano  
snelli  
I capri e gli  
agnelli.

*All*  
Let us dance so that the  
flocks  
to the sound of the oaken  
pipe  
that leads their steps,  
join in the dance:  
and nimbly dancing and  
skipping,  
come the goats and the  
lambs.

Balliam, che  
nel Cielo  
Con lucido velo,  
Al suon de le  
sfere  
Or lente or leggier  
Con lumi e facelle  
Su danzan le  
stelle.

Let us dance, that in the  
sky,  
brightly veiled,  
to the sound of the  
spheres,  
now slowly, now nimbly,  
with lamps and torches,  
the stars, too, come  
dancing.

Balliam, che  
d'intorno  
Nel torbido giorno,  
Al suono de' venti  
Le nubi correnti,  
Se ben fosche e adre  
Pur danzan leggiadre.

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

Balliamo che  
l'onde  
Al vento che spira

Let us dance, that the  
waves,  
when the wind blows,

Le move, e  
l'aggira,  
Le spinge e  
confonde  
Si come lor siede  
Se movon il piede,  
E ballan le  
linfe  
Quai garuli ninfe.

and moves them and  
turns them,  
heaves them and stirs  
them,  
after their fashion,  
move their feet;  
and the waters are set  
dancing  
like chattering nymphs.

Balliam, che i  
vezzosi  
Bei fior  
ruggiadosi,  
Se l'aura li  
scuote  
Con urti e con ruote,  
Fan vaga sembianza  
Anch'essi di danza.

Let us dance, that the  
comely  
flowers, bespattered with  
dew,  
shaken by the gentle  
breeze,  
hustled and twisted,  
look as if  
they, too, are dancing.

Balliamo e giriamo,  
Corriamo e saltiamo,  
Qual cosa è più degna,  
Il ballo  
n'insegna.

Let us dance and whirl,  
run and leap,  
nothing is more worthy  
than what the dance  
teaches.

*Translation of Stillò l'anima in pianto by Allen Garvin. Deh Tirsi mio gentil non far più stratio by Campelli. Texts and translations kindly provided by the artists.*