

The Elm City Consort *presents*

On Cupid's Path

17th Century Italian Songs, Duets and Arias

Sherezade Panthaki, soprano

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with

Dongmyung Ahn, violin

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Stephen Gamboa-Diaz, harpsichord and organ

Grant Herreid, theorbo and guitar

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Bethesda Lutheran Church

New Haven, CT

“A great flame follows a tiny spark”

With remarkable prescience, the composer Giulio Caccini, in the preface to his 1602 collection *Le Nuove Musiche* (The New Music) cites these words of Dante to express the hope that from his humble examples of a novel type of song composition others might go on to “achieve perfection”. Here, at the very dawn of the 17th century, Caccini indeed foretells a revolution in vocal composition, the echoes of which persist to this day in both art song and opera.

Caccini was already experienced in the motet style of the Renaissance, in which short bits of text were set for four or more voices in elaborate counterpoint. Beauty and skill were prized over affect or intelligibility. Influenced by the humanist circles of the Florentine Camerata, and their reverence for the Platonic ideal that “music is nothing more than speech, with rhythm and pitch coming after; not vice versa”, Caccini and his contemporaries began to write for a single voice (usually in the soprano range) accompanied by one or more instruments improvising harmonies above a simple bass line (the *basso continuo*). Above all, the text was meant to be intelligible and the music to express the affect of the poetry through expressive use of dissonance and graceful ornamentation. This style, which we – somewhat reductively – refer to as **monody**, was immediately popular and, as Caccini foresaw, scores of composers published countless collections of such songs during the first half of the 17th century.

Caccini goes on to describe essentially two types of song composition using this monodic style: the madrigal and the air. You can easily discern examples of these two broad categories in our program. The madrigal style (“*Amarilli, mia bella*”, for example) is through-composed, irregular in meter, and with limited use of repetition. The air, on the other hand, is in a more rustic style, in triple meter, with multiple verses (strophes) that repeat the same music. In the then-new genre of opera, these two styles of free-form, text-driven monologue vs rhythmic, dance-like strophic songs become the familiar recitative and aria.

While the primacy of the solo voice was central to the new music, nearly every collection of monody included a few duets or trios. Some are in the form of a dialogue, such as “*Pastor, perche piangi?*” In others, text is added to the basso line (“*Sonno Amoro*so”). This approach, found in some of the earliest monodies, may have derived from reducing multi-voice Renaissance motets to just the outermost voices. Regardless of the origins, the soprano-bass duet is a sub-genre that we have enjoyed exploring in the preparation for today’s concert.

Opera emerged and evolved as a new genre in much the same time frame as monodic song, and in the 17th century the two share a number of aesthetic principles. By the late seventeenth century, however, opera had taken off as a commercial success (particularly in Cavalli’s Venice), and some of Caccini’s priorities became secondary to virtuosic displays of vocal technique. By contrast, elements of the madrigal form can be found in the development of the cantata and oratorio – multi-movement works, often for multiple soloists and instruments – that in the 18th century reached something approaching perfection in the hands of composers such as Handel and Bach. The chamber duets of Steffani are beautiful examples of the early stages of this transition.

The new music of the early 17th century was not limited to vocal compositions. In instrumental writing, the same ideals of expressive declamation of passionate emotions were particularly influential in writing for the violin – an instrument uniquely capable of imitating the soprano voice. And, as with the air, compositions based on repetitive harmonic progressions, such as the Uccellini variations on the *Bergamasca*, were extremely popular and offered performers the chance to demonstrate ever-increasing virtuosity.

While it is impossible to fully explore a century’s worth of musical innovation into a few paragraphs, let alone in one program of music, perhaps we can convince you that Caccini’s “tiny spark” did indeed produce a “great flame” of inspired vocal composition. We hope you enjoy getting to know this music as much as we have enjoyed researching and preparing it for you.

Michael Rigsby

PROGRAM

Kindly hold your applause until the end of each section.

Amo, l'è ver nol niego	Tarquinio Merula (1595 - 1655)

Amarilli, mia bella	Giulio Caccini (1551 - 1618)
Amor ch'attendi	G. Caccini
Sonno Amorofo	Enrico Radesca di Foggia (1570 - 1625)
Sonata Prima à sopran solo	Dario Castello (1602 - 1631)
Al fonte, al prato	Jacopo Peri (1561 - 1633)

Udite lagrimosi spirti d'Averno	Lucia Quinciani (1566 - ?)
Perche piangi, Pastore?	Giovanni Ghizzolo (1580 - 1625)
O primavera gioventù	Sigismondo d'India (1582 - 1629)
O dolcezz'amarissime	
Cara mia cetra	
Ch'Amor sia nudo	Francesca Caccini (1587 - 1640)

Canzon á due violini, "La Treccha" /	Merula /
Quel sguardo sdegnosetto	Claudio Monteverdi (1567 - 1643)

INTERMISSION

(Weather permitting, we encourage you to step outside, remove your mask and enjoy some fresh air.)

Aria Quinta Sopra la Bergamasca	Marco Uccellini (1603 - 1680)

In te la vita fra'le spirto terreno	Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger (1580 - 1651)
Già risi del mio mal	
Filli, mirando il cielo	Giovanni Felice Sances (1600 - 1679)

Dir, che giovì al mal d'amore	Agostino Steffani (1654 - 1728)

Come si beff' amor (from <i>Ercole amante</i>)	Francesco Cavalli (1602-1676)
Intorno all'idol mio (from <i>L'Orontea</i>)	Marc'Antonio Cesti (1623-1669)
Chi d'amor batte' il sentiero (from <i>L'Orione</i>)	Cavalli

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Amo, l'è ver, nol niego.
Anch'io d'amor fui colto.
La lingua il cела,
E pur lo scopre'il volto.
In van si cела'amore,
Ch'i secreti del cor svela'l pallore.

Ma non crede'o non cura;
Ond'io, misero'amante,
Chiedo mercede'a lei sol col semblante.
E fatta sorda'e cruda,
Se ricca di beltà,
Di pie-ta'e nuda.

Faccia pur l'ardor mio
Dalla bella ch'adoro,
Gradito, che quel mal ond'io mi morò,
Sarei tormento grato;
E se morisi ancor
Sarei beato.

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,
Aprim' il petto, e vedrai scritto il core:
Amarilli è'l mio amore.

Amor ch'attendi,
Amor che fai?
Su, che non prendi
Gli strali omai;
Amor vendetta,
Amor saetta
Que cor ch'altero
Sdegnà 'l tuo impero.

Amor possente
Amore cortese
Dirà la gente
Pur arse e prese
Quella crudele,
Che, di querele
Vaga, e di pianti,
Schernia gli amanti.

I love, it's true, I don't deny it
I, too, was ensnared by Love.
The tongue may deny it,
but the face reveals it.
It's impossible to hide love
when the heart's secrets are uncovered.

But she doesn't believe or doesn't care
that I, miserably besotted,
beg her only for mercy with my face.
For she, cruelly turning a deaf ear,
though rich in beauty,
has not a shred of pity.

Certainly, may my ardor
for the beauty I adore,
thankful, in the face of mortal pain,
be grateful for the torment.
And should I die,
would be yet doubly blessed

My lovely Amarillus
Do you not believe, O my heart's desire,
That you are my love?
Believe it, and if doubts assail,
Take this arrow of mine
Open my breast and see written on my heart:
"Amarillus is my love."

Why do you delay, Love?
What are you doing?
Why have you not
Readied your darts?
Take vengeance, Love!
Pierce that heart
Which haughtily
Disdains your sovereignty.

Powerful Love,
Courteous Love
People will say
You have burned and captured
That cruel one
Who, taking pleasure in
The quarrels and laments,
Sneers at lovers.

Quel cor superbo
Langue e sospira,
Quel viso acerbo
Pietate spira.
Fatti duoi fiumi
Quei crudi lumi,
Pur versan fore
Pianto d'amore.

Se cruda e ria
Negò mercede,
Humile e pia
Mercede hor chiede.
Ò face, ò strale,
Alta immortale,
Che fia che scampi
Sì'l giaccio avvampi.

Sonno Amoruso

Ahi, ch'io mi svegl'ohimè
Che non è vero
Quel piacer ch'io sentiva
Con la mia donna hor hora
Ch'io dormira.
Et pur vero pareo,
M'era sì caro
Ch'ogni passata noia
S'era mutata in gioia,
E dolce fatta in me.
Qualongue amaro.
O bel seno, o bel volto
O grato sonno, ohimè, chi mi t'ha tolto.

Al fonte, al prato,
Al bosco, all'ombra,
Al fresco fiato
Ch'il caldo sgombra,
Pastor correte;
Ciascun ch'a sete,
Ciascun ch'è stanco
Riposi il fianco.

Fugga la noia,
Fugga 'l dolore,
Sol riso e gioia,
Sol caro Amore.
Nosco soggiorni
Ne' lieti giorni.
Nè s'oda mai
Querele o lai.

That proud heart
Languishes and sighs
That sour face
Now breathes pity.
Like two rivers
Those cruel eyes
Are pouring forth
Tears of love

He that cruelly
Denied mercy,
With pious humility
Now asks for compassion.
O immortal one,
Who can escape when
Your burning dart
Turns ice to flame?

Translation by Paulo Montari
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Amorous Sleep

Ah, I awake, alas,
it was mere illusion
that pleasure which I felt
with my lady just now
as I was sleeping.
Yet true it seemed,
and was so dear to me
that each passing weariness
was turned to joy,
and all bitterness in me made sweet.
O beautiful bosom, o fair countenance,
O pleasant sleep; alas,
who has taken you from me?

To the spring, to the meadow,
To the glade, to the shade,
To the fresh breeze
That lessens the heat
Hasten, you shepherds.
Whoever is thirsty,
He who is weary,
Here let him rest.

Away with boredom,
Away with sorrow!
Let only laughter, joy
and welcome Cupid
Be our companions
In these happy days.
Let never be heard
Complaints or laments

Ma dolce canto
Di vaghi uccelli
Per verde manto
Degli arboscelli
Risuoni sempre
Con nuovi tempre,
Mentre ch'all'onde
Ecco risponde.

E mentre alletta
Quanto più puote
La cicalletta
Con roche note
Il sonno dolce,
Ch'il caldo molce,
E noi pian piano
Con lei cantiamo.

Udite, lagrimosi spirti d'Averno
udite, nova sorte di pena e di tormento
Mirate crudo affetto
In sembiante pietoso
La mia Donna crudel
Più dell' inferno.

Il pastor fido Act 3 Scene 6

Perche piangi, Pastore
Dialogo di Ninfa e Pastore

Ninfa: Perche piangi, Pastore?
Pastore: Piango ch'io son senza alma e senza core.
N: E quando gli perdesti?
P: Quando alla bocca i bacci mi porgesti.
N: Hor dimi come, per tua cortesia?
P: Dal piacer vinto il cor, e l'alma mia verso la
lingua corse, e dale labra le tue labra scorse. Così
restò questa infelice salma. Senza cor e senza alma
N: Hor sù non dubitare che io ti vò consolare. Se
coi bacci rubai. Coi bacci renderò quanto farai.
P: Bacciemi presto, Ninfa, ahime che io moro. Se
non mi dairistoro.
N: Non temer, che se'l cigno muor cantando, Tu
morirai baciando.
Insieme: Moriam dunque, ben mio. Che così voglio
anche io.

O primavera, gioventù dell'anno,
Bella madre de' fiori,
D'erbe novelle e di novelli amori.
Tu torni ben, ma teco
Non tornano i sereni
E fortunati di delle mie gioie.

Rather, the sweet song
Of the charming birds
Throughout the verdant
Canopy of trees
Resound forever
With timbres new,
While Echo
Answers the waves.

And while the little cicada
Charms -
As best it can -
With chirping tones
The sweet sleep
That soothes the heat,
Let's ever so softly
Join it in song.

Pay heed, mournful spirits of the Averno
Heed the new fate of pain and of torment
Look at this base affection
In the disguise of pity,
My Lady, more cruel
Even than Hell.

Shepherd, why do you weep?
Dialogue of a nymph and a shepherd

Nymph: Shepherd, why do you weep?
Shepherd: Because I am without soul or heart.
N: And when did you lose them?
S: When you kissed my lips.
N: Now tell me how, if you please.
S: Because pleasure conquered my heart, and my soul
poured forth running from my lips to yours. So this
unhappy body was left bereft of heart and without soul
N: Don't doubt that I wish to console you. What
was stolen with kisses can be returned with kisses.
S: Kiss me quickly, Nymph, for I shall die if you do
not revive me.
N: Don't worry. Just as the swan dies singing, you
shall die kissing.
Together: In that case, let us perish, for that's what I
want, too.

O spring, season of youth,
Beautiful genetrix of blossoms,
Of new sprouts and new affections,
You are well-returned,
yet alone; unaccompanied
By the peace and good fortune of my joy.

Tu torni ben, tu torni,
Ma teco altro non torna,
Che del perduto mio caro tesoro
La rimembranza misera e dolente.
Tu quella sei, pur quella
Ch'eri pur dianzi sì vezzosa e bella,
Ma non son io già quel, che un tempo fui,
Sì caro agli occhi altrui.

O dolcezze amarissime d'amore

Quanto è più duro perdervi che mai
Non v'aver o provate o possedute!
Come saria l'amar felice stato
Se'l già goduto ben non si perdesse,
O quando egli si perde
Ogni memoria ancora
Del dileguato ben si dileguasse!

Il pastor fido by Gian Battista Guarini, 1589

Cara mia cetra, andianne

A ritrovar colei
Ch'è mio solo desio,
Tuo solo oggetto.
Quivi a te de le corde
A me dal pretto
Escan gli accenti tuoi
Gli affani miei.
Che pietosa armonia
Può forse impetrar
Pace al alma mia.

Ch'Amor sia nudo, e pur con l'ali al tergo

Stia sotto il cielo e non procuri albergo
È vanità.
Ma che per gli occhi egli dicend' al petto
Et ivi posi, et ivi abbia ricetta
È verità.

E ch'ei sia cieco, e che non mai rimiri
Ove percota, e così l'arco tiri
È vanità.
Ma ch'apra il guardo, e senz' alcuna benda
E' pigli mira, e quindi l'arco tenda
È verità.

Et io mel so, che s'egli avvien ch'io nieghi,
Ch'a suoi fier gioghi questo collo io pieghi
È vanità.
Ma s'io dirò, che 'n amorose tempre,
Et ardo, et arsi, et arderò mai sempre,
È verità.

Well-returned, yes indeed you are.
But with only the misery
And sad remembrance
Of the dear treasure I have lost.
So possessed of beauty and grace,
You are unmistakably you.
But I am no longer the one I was,
Once precious in another's eyes.

O most bitter sweetness of Love

How much harder yet it is to lose you
Than never to have tasted or possessed you.
How I would delight in a love
That once enjoyed was never lost
Or, if it must disappear,
Makes every memory of the vanished
Vanish as well.

Let us go, my dear lyre

To find her again
Such is my only desire
And your only goal.
And there, you from your strings
I from my breast
Sing out your accents
And my afflictions.
Such a pitiable harmony
Can perhaps convince peace
To revisit my soul.

That love is naked, and has wings on his back, too

That he lives under the heavens and has no need of
shelter, that's mere conceit.
But that he descends to the breast via the eyes,
And that he alights there, and there finds refuge,
That is the truth.

And that he is blind, and that he never looks
At what he strikes, and that thus he aims his bow,
That's mere conceit.
But that he opens his eyes, and without blindfold
Takes aim, and then draws his bow
That is the truth.

And I know if it happens that I should deny
I must bend my neck to his cruel yoke,
That is conceit.
But if I say, that in amorous tempers
I burn, and have burned, and will always burn,
That is the truth.

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto

Lucente e minacioso,
Quel dardo velenoso
Vola a ferirmi il petto:
Bellezze ond'io tutt'ardo
E son da me diviso.
Piagatemi col sguardo,
Sanatemi col riso.

Armatevi pupille
D'asprissimo, d'asprissimo rigore,
Versatemi su'l core
Un nembo di faville,
Ma 'l labro non sia tardo
A ravvivarmi ucciso.
Feriscami quel sguardo,
Ma sanimi quel riso.

Begli occhi a l'armi, a l'armi!
Io vi preparo il seno.
Gioite di piagarmi,
Infìn ch'io venga meno.
E se da vostri dardi
Io resterò conquiso,
Ferischino quei sguardi,
Ma sanimi quel riso.

Text by Bartolomeo Magni

That scornful little glance

gleaming and threatening -
that poisonous dart -
Shoots out and strikes my heart.
Charms that have set me on fire,
and have divided me.
Wound me with a glance
Heal me with laughter!

Eyes be armed
with roughest rigor
pour on my heart
a cloudburst of sparks!
But let not the lips be late
in reviving my corpse;
let that glance wound me
but that laughter heal me.

To arms sweet eyes!
I prepare my breast for you:
take joy in wounding me
until I faint.
For if by your darts
I remain conquered,
Wound me with those glances!
But heal me with that laughter.

Translation by Laura Kate Marshall

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INTERMISSION**In te la vita**

Fràle spirto terreno
Qual veloce baleno
Fugge ratta dal seno
Il volto adorno
Di vivi color
Perd' in un giorno
Il suo bel fior
Né fa ritorno
Nato al morir'
mira mira i tuoi danni,
Va fugace la beltà
e l'età
fugge lieve il gioir,
Restan sol gl'affani.

Your life, frail earthly spirit,
with the speed of lightning,
takes flight
from the breast.
The face adorned
with the blush of life
loses in a single day
its fair flower,
never to regain it.
Born to die,
consider, consider your losses.
Beauty goes swiftly,
and with age
joy flees nimbly,
only sufferings remain.

Quel che tu miri
 Bel teatro d'intorno
 Vago campo del giorno,
 Sol di pene è soggiorno.
 Ciò ch'ivi gira
 Se veste di frai.
 In campo d'ira vita é mortal
 Che lieve spira.
 Del falso bien
 Fuggi, fuggi l'inganni
 Ché da noi col di col sol
 Parte a vol
 Ogni nostro seren,
 Restan sol gl'affanni.

Già risi del mio mal mentre sperai,
 pietà da due bei rai,
 ma se morì speranza
 sol tormentar e sospirar m'avanza.

Superba e gran beltà piaga non vede,
 van to di lunga fede,
 gloria Amor sincero
 placa un core de suoi pregi altero.

Del alma schiudi gl'occhi e mira o Clori,
 di quest'alma i dolori,
 che già morir si sente,
 et ama e pur morendo non si pente.

Ma se pu di pietà chiudi le porte,
 dicati almen la morte.
 Se muto e fatto Amore,
 senza sperar come n'avampi un core.

Filli, mirando il cielo,
 Dicea dogliosa e 'ntanto,
 Empia di calde perle un bianco velo
 Io mi distill'in pianto,
 D'amor languisco e moro,
 Nè ritrovo pietate, o ciel, o stelle.
 Io pur son giovinetta e 'l crin ho d'oro,
 E colorite e belle
 Sembran le guancie mie rose novelle.
 Ahi, qual sarà 'l tormento
 Quand'havrò d'oro il volto e 'l crin d'argento?

That fine theatre
 which you admire around you,
 alluring field of the day,
 is but the dwelling of sorrows.
 What moves there
 is dressed in frailty.
 In the field of wrath
 life is mortal
 that softly breaths its last.
 Flee, flee the snares
 of false goddesses,
 since from us, with each sunny day,
 all our serenity takes flight,
 only suffering remains.

I could still laugh at my woes while hoping
 for pity from a pair of sparkling eyes,
 but when hope dies
 all that's left is painful yearning.

Vainglorious beauty doesn't see the pain.
 The value of lasting loyalty,
 the glory of true love
 mean nothing to a heart that's full of pride.

Open the eyes of your soul and see, O Chloris,
 how my soul suffers and senses it is close to death
 yet loves and has no regrets even while dying.

But if you were to shut the door on pity,
 may my death at least show you -
 since love is now mute -
 how a heart without hope goes on burning.

Translation by Paul Archer with permission

Filli, looking at the sky,
 spoke in sadness, while at the same time
 she filled a white veil with warm pearls:
 "I am melting in tears,
 for love I languish and die,
 and I am pitiless, oh sky, oh stars.
 I am still young, and my hair is golden,
 my cheeks are beautiful
 like newborn roses.
 Alas, how painful will it be
 to have a golden face and silver hair?"

Dir, che giovi al mal d'Amore

Lontananza è vanità
Chi ben ama per sempre pena
Vero Amore è gran catena
Che mai lasciami in libertà.

Che val invida sorte perche dalla cagion
del suo doloreresti diviso il core
darmi sotto altro cielo
dall' amata cagion diverso loco:
anco lungi dal foco ardo Pirausta amante
e da un ciglio distante
se ben l'arco non veggio i strali sento
che con barbaro incremento
mi raddoppian le ferite
già scolpite nel mio sen da una beltà.

Che giova lontano
Ch'io porti le piante
S'il vago sembante
Nel seno mi stà

Non tento ch'in vano
Fuggir dal e pene
Se meco s'en viene
Chi al core le dà

Più penso fuggire
Più cresce il martire
S'il male mortale
Lontano non và.

Come si beffa Amor del poter mio!
A me cui cede il mondo
Farà contrasto una donzella? (oh dio!)
Come si beffa Amor del mio desio!
Dunque chi tanti mostri
vide esangui trofei di sua fortezza
scempio farà di femminil fierezza,
e trafitto cadrà da un van desio?
Come si beffa Amor del pianto mio!

Ah Cupido io non so già
perché il ciel soffrir ti deggia?
Di Pluton l'orrida reggia
un di te più reo non ha.

O di quale empietà
sacrilego tiranno ogn'or riempi
il credulo tuo regno?
Mentre ne' di lui tempi
l'adorate cottine

To say that the pain of Love

Is helped by distance is senseless.
Those who love fully always languish.
True love is a heavy chain
That never sets me free.

Of what value is this envious fate,
that – to divide my heart from the source
of its pain – gives me a different place
under Heaven from that beloved source.
Even far from the flame I burn, beloved
Pyrallis, and from a distant hill do not see
the bow, yet feel the darts that in cruel
augmentation, multiply the wounds
once carved upon my heart
by a beauty.

To what avail do I point
My foot toward distant lands
If her fair image
Lives on in my heart?

In vain would I try
To escape the pains,
If she who inflicts them
On my heart stays with me.

The more I think of escaping
The more my pain increases
Since my deadly torment
Is always close at hand.

Translation by Camilla Tassi

How Love mocks my power!

Will I, to whom the world bows,
be confounded by a girl? (Oh God!)
How Love mocks my desire!
Should he, who of so many monsters
made a bloodied testament to his strength,
Be slaughtered by feminine pride,
and skewered, fall to a vain will?
How Love mocks my plaint!

Ah Cupid I know not yet
Why heaven suffers your design?
Even Pluto's horrid kingdom
A greater felon does not hold.

Oh, with what impious,
sacrilegious tyranny every hour do you fill
your credulous kingdom?
While in your temples
the adored veils

di grazia, e di beltà
non celano altro alfine
ch'idoli abominevoli qua' sono
interesse, perfidia, orgoglio, e sdegno.

Così avvien per Iole
che l'altar del cor mio
sparga d'alti sospir malgrati i fumi,
e che vittima infausta io mi consumi.
from *Ercole Amante*, I.i.

Intorno all'idol mio

Spirate pur, spirate,
Aure, Aure soavi e grate,
E nelle guancie elette
Baciatelo per me,
Cortesi, cortesi aurette!

Al mio ben, che riposa
Su l'ali della quiete,
Grati, grati sogni assistete
E'l mio racchiuso ardore
Svelate gli per me,
O larve, o larve d'amore!
From *L'Orontea*, II xviii

Chi d'Amor batte il sentiero

calca spina in abbondanza
ch'al veder had di rose la sembianza,
se pur rose non son, fra le cui fronde
mille serpi d'affanni Amor nasconde.
From *L'Orione*, II.xiv.

of grace, and of beauty
conceal no longer
the abominable idols that are
self-interest, perfidy, pride, and indignation.

So it will be for Iole
that the altar of my heart
is strewn with sighs rising with the incense,
and that I, poor victim, am consumed.

Around my idol

Blow then, blow
Breezes sweet and gracious
And on his dear cheeks
Kiss him for me,
Kind breezes!

To my love who rests
On the wings of peace
Welcome dreams be pleasant
And my hidden ardor
Reveal to him for me
O spirits of love.

He who walks on Cupid's path

steps on abundant thorns that resemble
roses. But roses they are not. Amidst
those branches Cupid hides thousands
of unsettling vipers

PERFORMER BIOS

Early string specialist **DONGMYUNG AHN**'s musical interests span the twelfth to eighteenth centuries. Dongmyung is co-founder of Duo Custos, a medieval duo that specializes in music of the fourteenth century. She performs regularly with groups including Pegasus, Raritan Players, The Sebastians, and TENET Vocal Artists. She has played rebec in the critically acclaimed production of *The Play of Daniel* at the Cloisters. A dedicated educator, Dongmyung is the director of the Queens College Baroque Ensemble and has taught music history at Queens College, Rutgers University, and Vassar College. She studied baroque violin with Stanley Ritchie at Indiana University where she received her Bachelor of Music with high distinction and her Master of Early Music. She completed a PhD in musicology at the Graduate Center, CUNY and has published an article on medieval liturgy in the Rodopi series *Faux Titre*. For younger audiences, Dongmyung recently wrote a children's book *Eggy Goes to Venice* about her niece's trip to Venice to hear Monteverdi's Vespers (www.tenet.nyc/store)

Alabama-born baritone **MISCHA BOUVIER** has received critical acclaim for his keen musicality and remarkable communicative ability in a career that includes concerts, recitals, staged works and recordings. Equally at home in early music, opera, art song and contemporary music, Mischa has performed with leading orchestras and ensembles including the Orchestra of St. Luke's, Boston Pops, Musica Sacra, Mirror Visions Ensemble, TENET Vocal Ensemble and many others. An ardent recitalist, he has performed on many of the country's leading series and has performed a number of important world premieres. He holds degrees from Boston University and the University of Cincinnati (CCM), and is an alumnus of the Lyric Opera Cleveland Young Artist Program, Internationale Meisterkurse für Musik Zürich, Carmel Bach Festival Vocal Master Class, American Bach Soloists Academy and Tanglewood Music Center. www.mischabouvier.com

STEPHEN GAMBOZ-DIAZ studied harpsichord at UC Berkeley with Charlene Brendler and Davitt Moroney, and at Yale and Stony Brook with Arthur Haas. He is the recipient of the Eisner Prize in the Creative Arts and Menn Memorial prize from Berkeley and was a laureate of the 2012 Westfield Center International Harpsichord Competition. He performs regularly as a soloist and as a member of the duo, Zweikampf. In the New Haven area he has appeared with the Yale Schola Cantorum, Yale Baroque Opera Project and Elm City Consort. Stephen is currently Director of Music at Bethesda Lutheran Church.

GRANT HERREID performs frequently on early reeds, brass, strings and voice with Piffaro (Philadelphia), Hesperus (DC), ARTEK (NYC), and has recently appeared with TENET (NYC), Les Delices (Cleveland), The Newberry Consort (Chicago), and Vox Luminis (Belgium). On the faculty at Yale University, he directs their Collegium Musicum and the Yale Baroque Opera Project (YBOP). Grant also directs the New York Continuo Collective. A noted teacher and educator, he devotes much of his time to exploring the esoteric unwritten traditions of early music with the ensembles Ex Umbris and Ensemble Viscera.

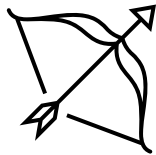
Award-winning violinist **DANIEL S. LEE** enjoys a varied career as a soloist, leader, collaborator, and educator. He has appeared as a soloist and leader with early music ensembles in the United States and Europe. Lee is a core violinist and the founding director of the Sebastians, a critically acclaimed period ensemble. A piccolo violin specialist, he has performed as a soloist in Bach's *Brandenburg Concerto No. 1* and *Cantata 140 (Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme)* and given the modern-day premiere of his own transcription of Johann Pfeiffer's concerto. At the Yale School of Music, Lee teaches baroque violin, coaches chamber ensembles, and co-teaches the class "Rhetoric and Early Instrumental Performance" with faculty harpsichordist Arthur Haas. Lee received his Bachelor of Music degree from the Juilliard

School, his Master of Music degree and Artist Diploma from the Yale School of Music, and his Doctorate from the University of Connecticut. www.danielslee.com

Soprano **SHEREZADE PANTHAKI** has developed ongoing collaborations with many of the world's leading interpreters including Nicholas McGegan, Mark Morris, Simon Carrington, Stephen Stubbs, Matthew Halls, and Masaaki Suzuki, with whom she made her New York Philharmonic debut. Celebrated for her expertise in the music of Bach and Handel, recent seasons have included returns to Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Bach Collegium Japan, the Boston Early Music Festival, Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra, Minnesota Orchestra, Houston Symphony, Mark Morris Dance Group, St. Thomas Church Fifth Avenue New York, The Choir and Orchestra of Trinity Wall Street, Voices of Music, as well as debuts with Wiener Akademie (Austria), and NDR Hannover Radiophilharmonie (Germany). She is a founding member and artistic advisor of the newly-debuted Kaleidoscope Vocal Ensemble - a vocal octet celebrating racial and ethnic diversity in performances and educational programs of early and new music. Born and raised in India, Ms. Panthaki holds an Artist Diploma from the Yale School of Music, as well as a Masters in Voice Performance from the University of Illinois. Ms. Panthaki presents vocal masterclasses across the United States, and currently teaches voice lessons at Yale University, as well as heading the Vocal program at Mount Holyoke College. www.sherezadepanthaki.com

PARKER RAMSAY's career on harpsichord and harp is unique in its integration of contemporary music and historical performance. Equally at home on modern and period harps, Parker is dedicated to invigorating the existing canon while delving into new and underperformed works. In 2020, his recording of his own transcription of Bach's *Goldberg Variations* for the King's College, Cambridge label was widely hailed as a major artistic success. Parker began harp studies with his mother at a young age before moving to the UK with an undergraduate organ scholarship at King's College, Cambridge. Parker has performed on many of the world's best-known stages including the Royal Concertgebouw (Amsterdam), the Royal Albert Hall (London) the Musée d'Orsay (Paris), the National Center for the Performing Arts (Beijing), Sejong Center for the Performing Arts (Seoul), Verizon Hall (Philadelphia) and Alice Tully Hall (New York). www.parkerramsay.com

MICHAEL RIGSBY, is a founding member and current Executive Director of The Elm City Consort. He has performed on vielle, viola da gamba and violone with groups including ARTEK, the Yale Schola Cantorum, Yale Baroque Opera Project and the Yale Collegium Musicum. Michael is also a physician and recently completed fifteen years as the Medical Director of Yale health. As a French hornist, he completed a bachelor's degree in music at North Carolina School of the Arts and graduate studies at Manhattan School of Music. Michael graduated with honors from Yale Medical School in 1988.



The Elm City Consort is extremely grateful to the following individuals who have made financial contributions to support our 2021-2022 season of concerts. Thank you for your support!

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Special thanks to our friends at Bethesda Lutheran Church.

UPCOMING ELM CITY CONSORT PROGRAMS

No Noise Nor Silence

English and French song in the 17th century
Parker Ramsay, harpsichord
Nathan Hodgson, tenor
Arnie Tanimoto, viola da gamba
Sunday, January 29 at 4:00
Bethesda Lutheran Church

Douce dame: Women and the Ars Nova

In collaboration with music historian Anna Zayaruznaya
Elizabeth Baber Weaver, soprano; Elisa Sutherland, mezzo-soprano;
Daniel McGrew, tenor; Andrew Padgett, bass;
Grant Herreid, lute; Michael Rigsby, vielle and organetto
Sunday, February 20
First Presbyterian Church, New Haven

My Beloved is Mine

Musical Setting of the *Song of Songs*
The Elm City Consort in collaboration
with the Schola Antiqua choir of St. Thomas's
Sunday, April 3
St. Thomas's Episcopal Church, New Haven

Please check the Upcoming Events page on our website (www.elmcityconsort.org)
for updates and additional details.