

## Echoes in the Soul – Artist Biographies

Hailed as a "distinguished" "rising star" who sings "to great acclaim," and gives "delightful performances," Boston and New York-based soprano **Corrine Byrne** has quickly become a sought-after interpreter of repertoire from the Medieval to the Baroque era, and music by today's most daring composers. Byrne's recent roles include Roya (*We the Innumerable*), Filia (*Jepthe*), Anna (*Die Todsünden*), Doctor (The Scarlet Professor), Cathy (*The Last Five Years*), Gretel (*Hansel and Gretel*) and Anima (*Ordo Virtutum*). Byrne was a young artist with the Boston Early Music Festival and the Lucerne Festival Academy, and has made solo appearances with the REBEL Baroque Ensemble, Symphony New Hampshire, Mountainside Baroque, the Lake George Music Festival Orchestra, One World Symphony, Plymouth Philharmonic Orchestra, Kansas City Baroque Consortium, the Madison Bach Musicians, Amherst Symphony, West Shore Symphony, Harrisburg Choral Society, Westchester Oratorio Society, New Music Miami, Lorelei Ensemble, the Susquehanna Valley Chorale, the Tallis Scholars & Carnegie Hall Chamber Chorus, and is a core member of the Schola Cantorum of St. Vincent Ferrer Church in Manhattan. Byrne is a co-founder of Ensemble Musica Humana and The Byrne:Kozar:Duo, recently featured on NPR and a nationally broadcast episode of American Public Media's *Performance Today*, and whose recording of 'Bring Something Incomprehensible Into This World' was featured in the *New Yorker Magazine's* 2017 Notable Recordings. She is also a core member of ground-breaking vocal ensemble Cut Circle, and of the early music collective Polyphemus. Byrne is a member of **Beyond Artists**, a coalition of artists that donate a percentage of their concert fee to organizations they care about. She is currently serving as a faculty member and Chair of Vocal Studies at the Longy School of Music at Bard College.

**Pamela Dellal**, mezzo-soprano, has enjoyed a distinguished career as an acclaimed soloist and recitalist. She has appeared in Symphony Hall, the Kennedy Center, Avery Fisher Hall, and the Royal Albert Hall, and premiered a Harbison chamber work in New York, San Francisco, Boston and London. Dellal has received critical acclaim for performances of Brahms' Alto Rhapsody, Handel's Messiah, Mozart's C-minor Mass, and Bach's B-minor Mass, St. Matthew and St. John Passions. Operatic appearances include leading roles in the operas *Alcina*, *Albert Herring*, *Dido and Aeneas*, *La Clemenza di Tito*, *Così Fan Tutte*, *Vanessa*, *The Rape of Lucretia*, and *Winter's Tale*. She has been featured by the Handel and Haydn Society, Aston Magna, The Boston Early Music Festival, Tokyo Oratorio Society, Opera Company of Boston, the National Chamber Orchestra, Boston Baroque, Baltimore Choral Arts Society, and the Dallas Bach Society, appearing in concert in major cities in Europe, the United States, Australia and Japan.

Dellal's association with Emmanuel Music's renowned cantata series spans her entire career, including performances of nearly every sacred work by Bach. Known for her work in historical repertoires from medieval through classical, Dellal has appeared multiple times with the Boston Early Music Festival, Ensemble Chaconne and the Musicians of the Old Post Road and is a current member of the Blue Heron Renaissance Choir. During a seven-year association with the renowned medieval ensemble Sequentia Dellal made numerous recordings of the music of Hildegard von Bingen. A passionate advocate for contemporary music, she has premiered works by many prominent composers. Her extensive discography comprises over forty recordings. As an educator, Dellal serves on the faculty at The Longy School of Music of Bard College and the Boston Conservatory at Berklee.

**Dylan Sauerwald** is a distinctive historical keyboardist and conductor. At the keyboard, he has been praised for his "fleet fingers" and "sophisticated playing," (Capriccio), and as a conductor, his productions have been called "heart-wrenching and self-reflecting" (OperaWire). Mr. Sauerwald has performed in venues from New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art to Taipei's National Recital Hall, and his playing is featured in the BBC historical drama *Poldark*.

As a recording artist, Mr. Sauerwald can be heard on the New Focus, Coro, and Urtext labels, as soloist and continuo player on the harpsichord, organ, fortepiano, and lautenwerck. Standout recordings include the world premiere of David Funck's 1677 collection *Stricturae Viola-di Gambicae*, as well as appearances at the fortepiano with the Handel & Haydn Society in a disc of Haydn's orchestral works, and as harpsichord soloist in Manuel de Falla's *Retablo del Maese Pedro* with Unitas Ensemble.

A champion of early opera, he has led productions of rarely-performed works acclaimed as “refined and flexible,” (Boston Globe) “fearless,” (Voce di Meche) and “a remarkable musical experience” (OperaWire). He is in demand as a guest conductor and vocal coach, appearing with Des Moines Metro Opera, The Amherst Early Music Festival, Miryam Baroque, Dorian Baroque, the Cantanti Project, Ensemble Musica Humana, and others.

Mr. Sauerwald directs Polyphemus, an early music collective and concert series in lower Manhattan, and is Director of Music at the New Dorp Moravian Church. He lives in New York City and holds degrees in early keyboard performance from McGill University and Boston University.

## Echoes in the Soul – Program Notes

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643) is the towering pivotal figure of the Italian Baroque revolution. One of the greatest masters of the late 16th century polyphonic madrigal, he also spearheaded the revolutionary monody style of the early 17th century and became the dominant composer of this genre as well. **Ohimè, dov'è il mio ben** derives from Monteverdi's 7th book of madrigals, which are pieces for voices and continuo in a flexible, text-driven interplay. Bridging the 16th and 17th centuries was the use of ground bass patterns; these are short melodic phrases that repeated continually, over which upper voices spin contrasting lines that pull against the repetitive harmonic progression. The ground bass in "Ohimè" is known as a Romanesca, which is one of the longer patterns, spanning 16 double bars. Monteverdi repeats the Romanesca four times, while the two voices exchange short, expressive sighs, sparkling melismatic gestures, and aching suspensions above.

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677) was an unusual figure for her time. Born in Venice to a household servant, she was adopted by the famous poet and nobleman Giulio Strozzi and treated as his own daughter, although speculations whether she might actually have been his illegitimate child have never been confirmed. He saw to it that she received training as a musician, studying composition with Cavalli and others. Although as a woman in 17th-century Italy she could not have a public career, her talents as a singer became widely known, and her father set up a private society to display her gifts to other wealthy connoisseurs of art: the Accademia degli Unisoni. These evening gatherings were opportunities for musicians and poets to share their works and engage in cultural discussions with other artists. Strozzi quickly became the focal point of this circle, surrounded by gentlemen delighted by her singing and her own compositions.

**La sol, fa, mi, re, do**, from op. 2 (pub. 1651) takes a humorous look at the art of singing. Filled with nearly untranslatable puns, the beloved in this piece speaks to her lover only in song, using the solfege syllables to convey her meaning. As he struggles to work out what Italian words are being formed by the various pitches, her message is revealed to be entirely mercenary!

Ercole Pasquini (1560-1619) was an organist in Ferrara and Rome. Only a handful of his works survive, but those that do reflect an original, thoughtful, and poetic compositional voice. His intabulation of **Ancor che col partire** is a beautiful example, in which the famous madrigal is transformed from a hungry, active polyphony into an abstracted, inward-looking keyboard texture that is gently melancholy and intimately attuned to the intricate vocal phrasing of the original.

Tarquinio Merula (1595-1665), organist, violinist and composer of the Venetian school, was a key figure in the Baroque era who composed both sacred and secular music. His works included motets, masses, madrigals, cantatas and instrumental music using newly developed compositional techniques and forms that were maturing during the Baroque period.

**Su la cetra amorosa** employs an exciting ciaccona which makes sudden harmonic ventures under a virtuosic vocal line. The extensive text speaks of the excitement of new love igniting warmth and happiness after a heartbreak so bad one might think they would never pursue love again. Why, when Love causes so much torment that the wounded are akin to dead soldiers, are we called to get up and “fight” with “Tyrant” Love once again?

Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583-1643) is the central figure in Italian baroque keyboard music. He was among the very first composers to focus primarily on instrumental music, and his explosive approach to keyboard writing has been a profound influence on composers for centuries, embodying an expressive virtuosity that remained at the heart of keyboard music throughout the baroque period. Frescobaldi offers many surprising prescriptions to the performer at the beginning of his first book of toccatas, to which **Toccata Sesta** belongs. First among them is that his toccatas should be played “without being subject to a beat, like modern madrigals.” While the dynamism of Frescobaldi’s writing might lead us to think that he has left vocal models behind, his preface tells us that he is doing the same thing Ercole Pasquini did with **Ancor che col partire**: the difference is that the madrigals Frescobaldi intabulates are imaginary.

Strozzi's **I baci**, also from her op. 2 collection, is a delightful rondo which energetically explores the pleasures of kisses. But Strozzi tinkers with form even here; after the rondo plays out, she drops out the other parts for the last singer to whisper "and fall silent."

In **Hor che tempo**, Mary hauntingly sings as she rocks infant Jesus in her arms and laments his fate. Though this piece is based on a well-known religious subject, the text uniquely and evocatively paints the picture of a mother's love, fear, and pain- and we feel the mother’s sorrow of having to think about eventual torture being inflicted on who now is an innocent child with “delicate limbs” and “heavenly eyes.” The repeating half-step figure in the bass exists as its own separate entity, while the melody rides above in a back and forth between soothing lullaby and soft cries.

Martino Pesenti (c. 1600-1648) was a Venetian composer and harpsichordist who was blind from birth. With a relatively small output, he never achieved much notoriety in his day or in ours. **Ardo** displays one of Pesenti's hallmarks, the use of new metrical forms. Here an intense, almost clinical illumination of the violent images of the poem in the opening section is characterized by close canons at the unison and a terrific sense for the inherent rhythm of the words. This gives way to a hypnotic passacaglia, exceeding in intensity all the tortured devices that preceded it.

## Echoes in the Soul - Texts and Translations

**Ohimè! dov'è il mio ben,** dov'è il mio core?  
Chi m'asconde il mio ben, e chi me'l toglie?

Dunque ha potuto sol desio d'onore  
darmi fera cagion di tante doglie?

Dunque han potuto in me, più che il mio amore,  
ambitiose e troppo lievi voglie?

Ahi sciocco mondo e cieco! Ahi cruda sorte,  
che ministro mi fai della mia morte!

### **La sol, fa, mi, re, do**

La mia donna per che canta  
Non vuol dir ne sì ne nò  
Ma parlar sempre si vanta  
Con *la sol fa mi re do*.  
S'io le chieggo ch'al mio cor  
Voglia dar mercedeun di  
Pria che spiri nel dolor  
Mi risponde *don fa mi*.

Mai non canta s'io non conto  
Né la voce trovail tuon;  
Né a sonar lo stile ha pronto  
Se non sente d'oro il suon.  
Insegnandoogn'hor mi va  
Che s'a due cantar vorrò  
Accio ch'ella venga al *fa*  
Intonar conviemmi il *do*.

Di strascini ognora ornato  
Vuol mirarsi il vago piè;  
Ed in canto figurato  
Sempreintona il *mi fa re*. [*mi fare*]  
Per mostrar quant' ella sa  
Passegiando fa così,  
Suol tenersi con *do la* [*condola*]  
Ed andare in *do re mi*. [*indoremi*]

Io credeva ch'il suo canto  
Fosse fatto per *mi sol*,  
Ma suol venderli all' incanto  
A colui che spender vuol,  
Tanto che tra noi dirò  
Ch'ognun canta quel che sa:  
Io de' Gonziil *mi sol do* [*mi soldo*]  
Lei de' Cucchi il *re mi fa*.

**Alas! Where is my beloved,** where is my heart?  
Who has hidden my love and taken her away?

Can it be that the desire for glory alone  
would be the cruel cause of such grief?

Can it be that ambitious and trivial desires  
have more power within me than love?

Alas, foolish, blind world! Alas, cruel fate  
that has made me minister of my own death!

*translation: Pamela Dellal*

### **The sol, fa, mi, re, do**

My lady, since she sings,  
does not wish to say yes or no;  
but continually boasts of speaking  
with “la sol fa me re do.”  
If I ask her if she plans  
to grant mercy to my heart one day  
before I expire from grief,  
she answers “do fa mi [give me a gift]”.

She never sings without my paying up  
nor is in good voice;  
nor is ready to pluck her strings  
if she does not hear the sound of gold.  
She instructs me continually  
that if I wish to sing duets with her  
before she arrives at “fa” [the deed]  
I'd better give her “do” [a gift].

She wishes to show off her lovely feet  
in elegant dance steps;  
and in ornamented song  
always intones “mi fa- re” [do it for me].  
Thus to show what she knows  
she goes about (sings passage-work) like this:  
she usually sustains with (con) “do- la”  
[to comfort her]  
and moves in “do- re- mi” [cover me with gold].

I believed that her song  
was made for “mi sol” [me alone],  
but she sells them at auction  
to the highest bidder;  
so that among us we say  
that everyone sings what he knows:  
I, that of a fool are “mi sol- do” [my wages];  
she, of cuckolds the “Rè mi fa”  
[the king makes me].

*translation: Pamela Dellal*

**Su la cetra amorosa,**

In dolce e lieto stile,  
Io non pensavo mai di più cantar  
Ch'anima tormentosa,  
In suon funesto umile,  
Dovea pianger'mai sempre e sospirar.  
Pur da nova cagion  
Chiamato son d'Amor al canto e al suon.

Io ch'amante infelice  
Ceneri fredde a pena  
Dal rogo riportai l'infaust'amor,  
Sento che più non lice,  
Con roca e stanca lena,  
Narrar le fiamme antiche e'l vecchio ardor.  
Hora che novo sol  
M'accende, e vuol ch'io di lui canti sol.

Questa lacera spoglia  
D'un cor trafitto ed arso,  
Miserabile arcanzo de'i martir,  
Invece che l'accoglia  
Povero avello e scarso,  
Amor tiranno anche pur vuol ferir.  
Eccomi fatto equal  
Scuopo al suo stral dispietato e mortal.

Io non intesi mai,  
Che si tragga di tomba mai  
Nemico estinto, a farli guerra più,  
È pur amor omai  
Sona guerriera tromba,  
Pur contro chi d'amor già morto fù.  
Ecco a battaglia me  
Rappella, ahimè, d'amor, d'onor, di fé.

Ei potea pur lasciarmi  
Sepolt' infrà i cipressi,  
O nel sasso d'Elisa, algente e dur.  
E con più gloria, l'armi  
Volger contro quei stessi  
Cori ch'al regno suo rubelli fur.  
E in pace me lasciar,  
Dopo il penar, mort almen riposar.

Pur se di nuovo vuoi,  
Ch'io porti il cor piagato,  
Di tue quadrella, ò dispietato arcier  
S'ancor da lacci tuoi  
Mi vuoi pres'e legato,  
E vuoi ch'avampi del tuo fuoco, o fier.  
Deh, meco almen fà sì,  
Ch'arda, così colei che mi ferì.

E se tu vuoi ch'io canti  
Nove fiamme, altri ardori

**On the amorous lyre,**

I thought I would ne'er again  
Sing sweetly and blithely,  
For the tortured soul  
In wretched, mournful tones,  
Must forever but weep and sigh  
Yet Love now gives me fresh reason  
To sing and play.

I who, disappointed in love,  
With ashes of the stake still warm,  
Sang of ill-fated love,  
Now esteem it no longer fitting,  
To tell, with hoarse and weary voice,  
Of past loves and burning passion;  
For now a new sun  
inflames my heart, and I must sing only of her.

Instead of allowing  
a poor, humble grave  
To receive these meagre shreds  
Of a pierced, scorched heart  
The pitiable remains of such anguish  
Tyrannical Love wants to wound it once more;  
Here am I, the target  
of his pitiless, mortal arrow

I have never heard of dragging  
One's deceased enemy from the grave  
To continue making war on him  
Yet Love, henceforth,  
Sounds the trumpet of war  
Even against him who has already died of love  
Alas, he now recalls me  
To the battle of love, honour and faith.

He could leave me buried  
Among the cypress trees,  
Or in the chill, hard rock of Elysium,  
And earn himself far greater renown  
By levelling his arms against those hearts  
That resist his power,  
And at least allow me to rest in peace  
After the sufferings of death.

So, oh pitiless archer,  
If you wish my heart once more  
To bear the wounds of your arrows,  
If you intend once more to ensnare me,  
oh cruel one,  
And inflame me with your fire,  
Then at least, for pity's sake,  
Let she who wrongs me be inflamed also

And if you wish me to sing  
Of new loves, of fresh ardours,

E divina beltà, scesa dal ciel,  
Fà sì ch'anch'io mi vantì,  
D'esser, tra casti allori,  
Degno di non morir sempre di gel.  
Ch'i più canori augei  
Io emulerei, si dolce canterei.

### **I Baci**

Oh dolci, oh cari, oh desiati baci;  
unite l'alme vanno  
su'l labbro ad incontrarsi;  
col bacio l'alme fanno  
nel cor gran colpi darsi.  
vezzosette si accordano,  
vipерette si mordano,  
mà sono i lor dolcissimi furori  
grand' union dei cori.  
Oh dolci, oh cari, oh desiati baci,  
bacia mia bocca, bacia e taci.

### **Hor ch'è tempo di dormire**

Dormi dormi figlio e non vagire,  
Perchè, tempo ancor verrà  
Che vagir bisognerà.  
Deh ben mio deh cor mio Fa,  
Fa la ninna ninna na.

Chiudi, quei lumi divini  
Come fan gl'altri bambini,  
Perchè tosto oscuro velo  
Priverà di lume il cielo.  
Deh ben mio ...

Over prendi questo latte  
Dalle mie mammelle intatte  
Perchè ministro crudele  
Ti prepara aceto e fiele.  
Deh ben mio ...

Amor mio sia questo petto  
Hor per te morbido letto  
Pria che rendi ad alta voce  
L'alma al Padre su la croce.  
Deh ben mio del ...

Posa hor queste membra belle  
Vezzosette e tenerelle P  
erchè poi ferri e catene  
Gli daran acerbe pene.  
Deh ben mio ...

Queste mani e questi piedi  
Ch'or con gusto e gaudio vedi  
Ahimè com'in varij modi

Of divine beauty, descended from heaven,  
Then see that I, too, may boast  
Of being worthy of not forever dying of cold  
'Twixt chaste bay trees;  
Then shall I vie with the most melodious birds  
And sing such sweet songs

*Translation: Alice Tonzig/Peder Holtermann/  
Ida Heiberg*

### **Kisses**

O sweet, o dear, o desired kisses;  
souls come together  
to meet upon lips;  
with a kiss souls make  
great wounds occur in hearts.  
Charmingly they agree,  
like little vipers they bite,  
but their sweetest frenzy  
is a great union of hearts.  
O sweet, o dear, o desired kisses,  
kiss my mouth, kiss and fall silent.

*translation: Pamela Dellal*

### **Now it is time to slumber,**

Sleep, my son, and do not cry,  
For the time will come  
For weeping.  
Oh my love, oh my sweet,  
Sing ninna ninna na.

Close those heavenly eyes,  
As other children do,  
For soon the sky  
Will be veiled in darkness.  
Oh my love, oh my sweet ...

Suck this milk  
At my immaculate breast,  
For the cruel minister  
Is preparing vinegar and gall for you.  
Oh my love, oh my sweet ...

Now sleep, my love,  
On this soft breast,  
Before aloud commending your soul  
To your Father on the cross.  
Oh my love, oh my sweet ...

Now rest these fine limbs,  
So charming, so delicate,  
For irons and chains  
Will inflict on them harsh pains.  
Oh my love, oh my sweet ...

These hands, these feet  
We now contemplate  
With pleasure and joy

Passeran acuti chiodi.

Questa faccia gratiosa  
Rubiconda hor più di rosa  
Sputi e schiaffi sporcheranno  
Con tormento e grand'a ano.

Ah con quanto tuo dolore  
Sola speme del mio core  
Questo capo e questi crini  
Passeran acuti spini.

Ah ch'in questo divin petto  
Amor mio dolce diletto  
Vi farà piaga mortale  
Empia lancia e disleale

Dormi dunque figliol mio  
Dormi pur redentor mio  
Perchè poi con lieto viso  
Ci vedrem in Paradiso.

Hor che dorme la mia vita  
Del mio cor gioia compita  
Taccia ognun con puro zelo  
Taccian sin la terra e'l Cielo.

E fra tanto io che farò  
Il mio ben contemplerò  
ne starò col capo chino  
Sin che dorme il mio Bambino.

**Ardo** ma non ardisco il chiuso ardore  
de l'alma aprir; che'l tacito, cocente,  
quasi invisibil fulmine cadente,  
Dentro mi strugge, e non appar di fore.  
Ben negli sguardi e ne' sospiri Amore  
L'arsura palesar cerca sovente,  
Ma vinta dal timor la fiamma ardente  
Fugge, fugge dal volto e si concentra al core.  
Così tremo et agghiaccio ove la mia face più  
avvampa.  
Hor chi, misero aspetto,  
che a non veduto mal, rimedio dia?  
Soffri e taci, o mio cor,  
fatto ricetta di sì bel foco,  
Incenerisci, e sia de le ceneri tui  
sepulcro il petto.

Will, alas, be pierced by sharp nails.

This pretty face,  
Ruddier than a rose,  
Will be sullied by spit and cuffs,  
With torture and great suffering.

Oh, with what pain,  
Only hope of my heart,  
Will this head and this hair  
Be pierced by sharp thorns.

Oh, to think that in this heavenly breast,  
My sweet, my precious,  
Traacherous, villainous spears  
Will cause mortal wounds.

So sleep, my son,  
So sleep, my Saviour,  
For then, with joyful countenances,  
We shall meet again in Paradise.

Now you are sleeping, my life,  
Joy of my heart,  
Let all be hushed with pure devotion,  
Let heaven and earth fall silent.

And, meanwhile, what shall I do?  
I shall watch o'er my love  
And remain with bowed head  
So long as my child sleeps.

*Translation: Constantinople Ensemble*

**I burn** but I do not dare open the locked burning  
of my soul; since the silence, searing  
like invisible bolts of lightning,  
struggles within me, and does not appear without.  
Even in glances and in sighs  
Love seeks often to disclose the fever;  
But conquered by fear, the blazing flame  
Flees from the face and pools itself in the heart.  
Thus, I tremble, and freeze, there where my torch flames  
the hottest.  
Now who, wretched figure,  
could provide a cure for an invisible illness?  
You suffer and keep silent, O my heart,  
made the shelter of so beautiful a fire;  
You burn utterly, and may my breast be  
the sepulchre of your ashes.

*translation: Pamela Dellal*