

100 Years in Venice

**Monday, December 18, 3:00pm
Pickman Recital Hall
Longy School of Music of Bard College**



100 Years in Venice

THE FINAL CONCERT FOR A LONGY HISTORICAL PERFORMANCE
COURSE EXPLORING VENETIAN MUSIC 1616-1716

Led by Dr. Vivian Montgomery (HP Faculty)

Featuring

Leyla Garahmanova, Katja Pennypacker, Salome Sandoval,
& Caroline Wolfe, sopranos

Heming Cao, tenor

Kevin Lubin, Baritone

Ari Nieh, Bass

Sarah Kiel & Mariagrazia Archila Pachego, violins

Julian Bernal, viola

Guinevere Conner, viola da gamba

Kevin Lubin, Liang Wang, & Vivian Montgomery, organ/harpsichord

MONDAY DECEMBER 18, 3:00PM

PICKMAN RECITAL HALL, LONGY SCHOOL OF MUSIC OF BARD COLLEGE

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Giovanni Batista Fontana (1589-1630) *Sonata Nona a Fagotto e Violino*

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Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677) *Surgite, Surgite* from *Sacri Musicali Affetti* Opus 5

Rise up, seek the Lord while he can be found. Call upon him while he is near.
I went all about the city, I sought him, and I found him not; I called him and he did not answer.

Show me where my beloved lies. On the altars, in the Sacrament, in various appearances
there he lies, Jesus Christ, body as food, blood as drink— there lies the whole Christ.

Take up and partake of the Lord while he offers himself in the banquet,
Drink while he offers himself in the cup. Partake of him while he is the bread of angels.

I have embraced him and will not let him go, alleluia, until I have brought him into my soul. Alleluia.

℘

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643) *Lamento della Ninfa* from *Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi*

*The Sun had not brought the day to the world yet, when a maiden went out of her dwelling.
On her pale face grief could be seen, often from her heart a deep sigh was drawn.
Thus, treading upon flowers, she wandered, now here, now there, and lamented her lost loves
like this:*

- O Love - she said, gazing at the sky, as she stood - where's the fidelity that the deceiver promised? - Poor her! -
Make my love come back as he used to be or kill me, so that
I will not suffer anymore. - Poor her! She cannot bear all this coldness!- I don't want him to sigh any longer but if
he's far from me. No! He will not make me suffer anymore, I swear!

He's proud because I languish for him. Perhaps if I fly away from him he will come to pray to me again. If her eyes are more serene than mine, O Love, she does not hold in her heart a fidelity so pure as mine. And you will not receive from those lips kisses as sweet as mine, nor softer. Oh, don't speak! Don't speak! you know better than that!

So amidst disdainful tears, she spread her crying to the sky; thus, in the lovers' hearts love mixes fire and ice.

℘

Barbara Strozzi *Hor Che Apollo* from *Opus 8 Arie*

Now that Apollo rests on the breast of Thetis and my sun is in the arms of sleep,
now that I'm suffering thinking of her and my eyes can find no rest, I come to this refuge to relieve my pain, in tears,
in love, and alone.

Yes, Filli, this heart that is dying of love comes imploringly to you, in love with your beautiful eyes. See all the chains holding me down, my luminous star, and if it grieves you to see me suffer, be less cruel or at least less beautiful. If you're less cruel, you'll take pity on my servitude, and I'll know that you love me; if you were less beautiful, I could break my chains.

Red rose, look at how you pierce my heart with many thorns, and if you're indifferent to my distress, be less ruthless or less enchanting. But express yourselves, unbind yourselves, my sighs, for now I understand that Filli scorns me even when she's asleep.

In truth that cruel one ridicules my lamenting, and disdains my pleading, my mourning.
Thus I must depart without consolation: If you don't want me alive, you'll see me dead.

As I go elsewhere I leave you in sweet oblivion; I'm leaving, Filli, my soul, let this be my last farewell.

℘

Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583-1643) *Bergamasca* from *Fiori Musicali*

℘

Biagio Marini (1594-1663) *O Pretiosum et admirabile Sacramentum*

O precious and wonderful, the charm and sweetness of life. Blessed bread, manna and ambrosia of the gods.
Come hungry ones, be filled with the good food of good principles.

Christ urges that for us. Take this in remembrance of his wonderful garden and taste the wealth of kings.
Hear singing and musical instruments that are faithful. Blessed is he who came to the king of Israel, Jesus Christ,
Word of the Father made flesh, the brightness of the Father's glory.

℘

Francesco Cavalli (1602-1676) *Sonata a 3*

℘

Salamone Rossi (1570-c. 1630) *Shir hama'alot* from *HaShirim asher leSholomo*

Psalm 128: Blessed are all who fear the Lord, who walk in obedience to him.
You will eat the fruit of your labor; blessings and prosperity will be yours.
Your wife will be like a fruitful vine within your house; your children will be like olive shoots around your table.
Yes, this will be the blessing for the man who fears the Lord.
May the Lord bless you from Zion; may you see the prosperity of Jerusalem all the days of your life.
May you live to see your children's children—peace be on Israel.

℘

Barbara Strozzi *Gaude virgo per la Madonna* from *Sacri Musicali Affetti* Opus 5

Rejoice, Virgin, full of praise. Blessed Mother of the Word, exalted above all. Your joys will not cease,
they will not diminish. Rejoice, Virgin, full of praise.
To you, Queen, I hasten to return, to you, Mary, to you I come, to you, Blessed one,
I flee for refuge, lamenting, repenting, I appeal to you. Rejoice, Virgin, full of praise.
Mother of the Word, do not despise my words. Hear me merciful one, hear pious one, grant your favor, Alleluia.

℥

Antonio Vivaldi (1678 – 1741) Violin Sonata No. 5 in B minor, RV 36

℥

Antonio Lotti (1665-1740) *Lettera a Clorinda*

The heart that lives oppressed burns and is not allowed the flame to discover it burns.
And this ardor that I feel, although it is not torment, is perhaps a great martyrdom.

℥

Antonio Vivaldi *Matrona inimica* from *Juditha Triumphans*

A noble lady of the enemy has come to our troops asking after you, mighty Lord Holofernes.
And soon, believe me, she will be yours you have only to set eyes upon her.

℥

Antonio Vivaldi *Mundi Rector* from *Juditha Triumphans*

Ruler of the world and of the sparkling heaven, hear the prayers and accept the offerings
that to you are offered with devotion by a faithful heart devoted to you.

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Many thanks for Dana Maiben and Danilo Bonina for their coaching.