

*Involto il tristo core:* Venetian Arias, Cantatas, Solos, and Duets  
June 7, 2010 1 p.m.  
Berkeley Fringe Fest

**Vinaccesi Ensemble**

Amy Brodo, Baroque Cello  
Jonathan Davis, Harpsichord  
Sarge Gerbode, Archlute  
Nanette McGuinness, Soprano  
Jonathan Smucker, Tenor

- Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643) *Settimo libro de madrigali* (1619): Tornate o cari baci  
Francesco Cavalli (1602-1676) *La Calisto* (1651): Piante ombrose  
(Brodo, Davis, Gerbode, McGuinness)
- Antonio Caldara (1582-1629) *La costanza in amor vince l'inganno* (1710): Selve amiche  
(Brodo, Gerbode, McGuinness)
- Sigismondo d'India (1582-1629) *Le musiche da cantar solo, libro quinto* (1623)  
Torna il sereno zeffiro (Brodo, Gerbode, Smucker)  
Sfere fermate (Brodo, Gerbode, Smucker)
- Benedetto Vinaccesi (1666-1719) CANTATA: *Ingratissima Clori*  
(Brodo, Davis, Gerbode, McGuinness)
- Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677) *Cantate, ariete, a una due e tre voci* (Op. 3, 1654):  
A donna bella e crudele (Brodo, Davis, Gerbode, Smucker)  
*Cantata, ariette, e duetti* (Op. 2, 1651):  
La travagliata (Brodo, Davis, Gerbode, McGuinness)
- Agostino Steffani (1654-1728) *Vestutate Relicta Duette* (1702?): E così mi compatite?
- Dario Castello (c. 1590-1658) *Sonata Concertate in Stil Moderno, Libro II* (1629) (Brodo)
- Benedetto Vinaccesi (1666-1719) CANTATA: *Belve se mai provaste*  
(Brodo, Davis, Gerbode, Smucker)
- Monteverdi *L'incoronazione di Poppea* (1643): Pur ti miro

Italian composer **Benedetto Vinaccesi** (1666-1719)—for whom the ensemble is named—began his career in his native city of Brescia. There he studied music with Pietro Pelli, wrote oratorios, sonatas, cantatas, and pastorals, and—by 1692—had been granted the title “cavaliere” by person or persons unknown. The bulk of Vinaccesi's career, however, was spent in Venice, first as *maestro di coro* at the *Ospedaletto* (from 1698 to 1715) and then as the principal organist for S. Marco's second organ (from 1704 to 1719). A prolific composer, he is said to have written more than 450 pieces while at the *Ospedaletto* alone. Sadly enough, though, few of his works have survived—only a handful of motets, secular cantatas, and sonatas, his oratorio *Susanna*, a pastoral, and an aria from his opera *L'innocenza giustificata*. Both of the cantatas on our 2010 Fringe program show him to be a stylish, inventive composer.

### Texts and Translations

#### **Tornate, o cari baci**

(Giambattista Marino, 1569-1625)

Tornate, o cari baci a ritornarmi in vita  
Baci, al mio cor digiun esca gradita.  
Voi di quell dolce amaro  
Per cui languir m'è caro  
Di quel non meno nettare che veleno  
Pascete i miei famelici desiri  
Baci in cui dolci prov'anco i sospiri.

#### **Return, oh sweet kisses**

Return, oh sweet kisses, to bring me back to life.  
Kisses, a welcome end to my heart's starvation.  
You, with that sweet bitterness  
For which I gladly languish,  
With that which is no less nectar than venom  
Feed my ravenous desires.  
Kisses: in which even sighing is sweet.

(trans. McGuinness)

#### **Piante ombrose**

(Giovanni Faustini 1615-1651)

Piante ombrose  
Dove sono i vostri onori?  
Vaghi fiori, dalla fiamma incenerit;  
Colli e liti, di smeraldi già coperti,  
Or deserti del bel verde, io vi sospiro.  
Dove giro, calda, il piede e sitibonda  
trovo l'onda rifuggita entro la fonte  
né la fronte bagnar posso, o'l labbro ardente.

Inclemente, sì, chi tuona arde la terra?

Non più Giove, non più guerra.

#### **Shady plants**

Shady plants,  
Where is your glory?  
Lovely flowers, incinerated by flames,  
Hills and shores, once emerald green,  
Now barren of verdure: I sigh for you.  
Wherever I step, hot and thirsty,  
I find the water has returned to its source;  
Nor can I even bathe my forehead  
or my burning lips.

Harsh, yes: has he who thunders burned  
the earth?

No more war, Jove!

(trans. McGuinness)

#### **Selve amiche**

Selve amiche,  
Ombrose piante

#### **Friendly Woods**

Friendly woods  
Shady plants

Fido albergo  
Del mio core,  
Chiede a voi  
Quest' alma amante  
Qualche pace  
Al suo dolore

Faithful shelter  
For my heart,  
This loving soul  
Asks you  
For some peace  
From its sadness.

(trans. McGuinness)

### **Torna il sereno Zefiro,**

Torna il sereno zefiro  
E gl'augellini garruli,  
De' boschi dolci musici,  
Cantando insieme, temprano,  
Al suon del rio che mormora  
Concordi note armoniche.

Io sol, involto il tristo core,  
Anzi sepolto in trist'horrore,  
Al suon del pianto intuono in tristi lai:  
Primavera per me non sarà mai.

Le nube d'acque gravide,  
Che scorgar i deluvi  
Hor tutte si ristagnano  
E i venti, che fremeano  
Orgogliosi con furia  
Taciti e chieti hor dormono.

Io sospirando senza riposo  
E ancor versando tristo e doglioso  
Nembo di pioggia, intuono in tristi lai:  
Primavera per me non sarà mai.

### **Sfere fermate**

Sfere fermate  
Li giri sonori,  
Spirti canori  
Gli accenti lasciate;  
Udite, mirate!  
La mano, il labro, il viso  
Di Paradiso.

Dite si suona  
Da voi sinfonia

### **The calm zephyr returns**

The calm zephyr returns  
And the chirping little birds,  
Sweet forest musicians  
Singing together, attune themselves  
To the sound of the river that murmurs  
With concordant harmonic tones.

I, alone, my sad heart enveloped,  
Or rather buried, in sad loathing,  
intone sad lays to the sound of tears-  
For me, spring will never come.

The water-laden clouds  
That gush forth a deluge  
Are now all stagnant  
And the winds that quivered  
Proudly with fury,  
Quietly and calmly now sleep.

I, sighing without relief  
And still pouring forth a sad and dolorous  
Raincloud of tears, intone sad lays-  
For me, spring will never come.

(trans. Smucker)

### **Spheres stop**

Spheres stop  
Your sonorous orbits,  
Spirited songbirds:  
Leave off your tones:  
Listen, look!  
The hand, the lips, the face  
Of paradise.

Tell me, does  
Your symphony

Tal melodia?  
In ciel mai risuona  
Da voi qual intuona  
La mano, il labro, il viso  
Di Paradiso.

Qui non altronde  
Non sospice e svena  
Nocchier sirena  
Col suo canto infido:  
Ch'ogn'un segue il grido -  
La mano, il labro, il viso  
Di Paradiso.

### **Ingratissima Clori**

(Possibly Antonio Ottoboni?, 1646-1710)

Ingratissima Clori  
Dimmi quando avran fine i miei dolori.

Qual speranza di premio e di mercede  
Aver ponno il mio amor e la mia fede?  
Quando del pianto mio che verso a fiumi

Si seccheranno i fonti entro i miei lumi?  
'Mai' rispondi, crudel, 'mai sarai lieto'!

Dunque mai sperar potrà  
Un piacer tra tante pene

Che barbarie, ch'empietà  
Non aver d'un ch'è in catene  
Pietà almen se non amor.

E non rompi, o mio core,  
Quella catena in cui legato stai?  
Per vendicar la tirannia crudele  
D'un sì barbaro 'Mai'!  
Spezza, sì spezza il nodo,  
E ritornando in libertade  
Il piede  
Segui chi darti puote  
Amore per amor, fede per fede.

Cerca nuovo piacer  
Da novella beltà

Play such a melody?  
Has such a song ever resounded  
From you in the heavens:  
The hand, the lips, the face  
Of paradise.

Here, not elsewhere,  
The siren drains the  
Unsuspecting helmsman dry  
With her treacherous song:  
For all pursue her cry-  
The hand, the lips, the face  
Of paradise.

(trans. Smucker)

### **Very ungrateful Cloris**

Very ungrateful Chloris,  
Tell me when my sufferings will have  
their end.

What hope of recompense and reward  
Do my love and constancy have?  
When will my tears, which flow from  
my eyes

Like fountains, go dry?  
"Never," you answer cruelly, "never will  
you be happy!"

Then my faithful loving heart will never  
Be able to hope for pleasure amid so  
much pain

How savage, how wicked it is  
To not have pity at least, if not love,  
On someone enchained.

And, oh, my heart, will you not break  
That chain that ties you?  
To avenge the cruel tyranny  
Of such a savage, "Never!"  
Break apart, yes, break apart the knot  
And in returning your step  
To freedom,  
Pursue someone who can give you  
Love for love; trust for trust.

Seek new happiness  
From new beauty,

Cor sfortunato.  
Se Cloride t'odiò  
Fillide t'amerà  
O almen pietade avrà  
Se languirai piagato.

Unlucky heart.  
If Chloris hated you  
Phyllis will love you,  
Or at least will have pity  
Should you languish, wounded.  
(trans. McGuinness)

**A donna bella e crudele**  
(Giovanni Francesco Loredano?, 1607-1661)

**To a Woman Lovely and Cruel**

Perle care e pregiate  
Dall'ocean venute,  
Perchè state  
Frà due labbra che son mute?  
Gite a bocca che risponda  
O tornate in grembo all'onda.

Dear and precious pearls  
Come from the sea,  
Why are you  
Between two lips that are mute?  
Go to a mouth that will answer  
Or return to the lap of the wave.

Sangue, che sulle rose  
Ha Ciprigna versato,  
Chi ti pose  
Ostro bel su volto ingrato?  
Corri a guancie più seren  
O alla Dea torna in le vene.

Blood, that Ciprigna  
Has poured on the roses,  
Who placed your  
Lovely pigment upon an ungrateful face?  
Run to cheeks more serene  
Or return to the veins of the goddess.

Stelle, voi che negl'occhi  
Splendete di costei,  
Chi vi tocchi  
D'illustrare occhi se rei?  
Gite a ciglia meno altere  
O tornate all'alte sfere?

Stars, you that shine  
Within her eyes,  
Why do you  
Enlighten eyes so guilty?  
Go to lashes less haughty  
Or return to the highest spheres.  
(trans.Gail Archer with Stefano Mengozzi)

**La travagliata**

The sufferer

Soccorrete, luci avare  
Un che muore di dolore  
Con un vostro sguardo almeno.  
Si può fare del guardare  
Carità che costi meno?

Save on who is dying with suffering,  
You avaricious lights,  
With just one of your glances.  
It's all right to look at each other,  
For goodness sake, what does it cost?

Proferite, labra care,  
Sole due parole  
À chi muor cortesi almeno  
Si può fare del parlare  
Cortesia che importi meno?

Dear lips at least profer  
Just two words  
To one who is dying!  
It's all right to talk, isn't it?  
For pity's sake, what could matter less?

Sodisfate, se vi pare,  
Un costante fido amante

Gratify, if it suits you,  
An ardent, faithful lover,

Con un vostro bacio almeno.  
Si può dare del baciare  
Guiderdon che vaglia meno?

**E così mi compatite?**

(Brigida Bianchi, 1613-1704)

E così mi compatite?  
Che mi giova, o luci ingrato,  
Di servir se mi sprezzate  
Di languir se mi schernite?

Io vi mostro un cor piagato  
Per destare in voi pietà,  
E voi, tutte crudeltà,  
Perch'io mora disperato,  
Mi squarciate le ferite.  
E così mi compatite?

E così mi consolate?  
Per conforto del mio duolo  
Io vi chiedo un guardo solo  
E voi crude me'l negate.

Io di pianto aspergo il ciglio  
Additandovi il mio ardor  
E voi, colme di rigor  
Minacciando aspro periglio  
L'alma mia più tormentate.  
E così mi consolate?

**Belve, se mai provaste**

Belve, se mai provaste  
d'un amoroso cor gli estremi affanni,  
queste querule voci ch'interrotte  
sentite uscir dal petto dell'infelice Eurillo  
son l'agonie d'un cuore fatto scherzo di pene  
a un cieco Amore.  
Alla bella Amrilli in mesti accenti  
A sprigionar sentite i suoi lamenti  
Se il morir caro ti fosse  
morirei per consolarti.  
Sarà Gloria alle mie pene  
Purché piaccia a te, mio bene,  
Il morir pria che lasciarti.

With just one kiss, at the least.  
It's all right to kiss,  
For heaven's sake, what could cost less?  
(trans. Richard Kolb)

**And is this how you take pity on me?**

And is this how you take pity on me?  
What good is it to me, oh ungrateful lights,  
To serve if you despise me,  
To languish if you mock me?

I show you a wounded heart  
To awaken your pity,  
And you, all cruelty,  
So that I die desperately  
Rip open my wounds.  
And is this how you take pity on me?

And this is how you take pity on me?  
To comfort my sorrow  
I ask you for a single glance  
And you cruelly deny me it.

I sprinkle my lashes with tears,  
Showing you my ardor  
And you, filled with severity,  
Threatening harsh danger,  
Torment my soul even more.  
And is this how you take pity on me?

Great beasts, if ever you have experienced  
the extreme difficulties of a loving heart,  
These quivering, interrupting voices heard  
escaping the breast of the unhappy Eurillo  
Are the agonies of heart made a painful joke  
of a blind Love.  
Listen to his laments to the beautiful Amaryllis,  
unleashed in sad tones.  
If dying is dear to you  
I would die to comfort you.  
There would be glory in my pain  
In as much as it pleases you, my beloved,  
I would die rather than leave you.

Amarilli, a chi fido ti fui premio la morte?

Ah, se per esser fiere non vi muove  
a pietà quest'infelice pastore abbandonato,  
Ascoltatemi, o selve;  
e voi dell'aure innocenti sirene,  
Accompagnate intanto con flebili armonie  
queste mie pene.

Che pena è il vivere geloso amante,  
Bersaglio misero d'un cieco Amor.  
Che giova il piangere?  
Non è bastante un mar di lagrime  
A un tanto ardor.

Su l'altar del tuo volto giurai  
della mia fede eterni voti.  
Son quell'Eurillo ancora  
E se fui fido, ah, Amarilli,  
Un guardo almeno!  
E poi, con quell' sguardo  
Consigliati per me,  
Che se dirà di lasciarmi in oblio,  
Esca dai labbri tuoi: 'Eurillo, addio'.

Se si divide un cor  
troppo s'addira Amor  
e l'arco spezza.  
Dell'adirato stral  
il colpo e piu fatal  
se si disprezza.

**Pur ti miro** (Nerone & Poppea)  
(Giovanni Francesco Busenello 1598-1659)

Pur ti miro  
Pur ti stringo, pur t'annodo  
Più non peno, più non moro.

O mia vita, o mio tesore!  
Io son tua, tua son io  
Speme mia, dillo di,  
Tu sei pur l'idol mio  
Si, mio ben,  
Si mio cuor,  
Mia vita, si.

Amaryllis, Amaryllis, to him who was faithful to  
you, you reward death?

Ah, if being bold doesn't move you to pity this  
to pity this unhappy abandoned shepherd,  
Listen to me, o woods;  
and you, the sirens of the innocent breezes,  
Accompany my pains, meanwhile,  
with faint harmonies.

What pain it is to live,  
Jealously miserable, target of blind Love.  
What use is it to cry?  
A sea of tears is not enough  
For such a burning passion.

On the altar of your will I will swear my eternal  
Vows of faithfulness.  
I am still your Eurillo, and if you were true,  
Ah, Amaryllis,  
At least a glance!  
And then, with your glance decide for me  
Decide for me that if you mean  
To say you will leave me in oblivion,  
Let these words cross your lips, "Good-bye, Eurillo,"

If a heart is divided  
Cupid gets too angry  
And shatters his bow  
The blow of the irate dart  
Is more fatal  
If it is despised.

(Trans. Smucker)

**I look at you** (Nero & Poppea)

I look at you, I desire you  
I embrace you, I enchain you;  
I no longer suffer, I grieve no more.

Oh, my life, oh my treasure!  
I am yours, you are mine,  
Tell me that you love me, too.  
You are the idol of my heart,  
Oh yes, my love,  
Oh yes, my heart,  
Oh yes, my life.

(trans. Bruce Wetmore)

## BIOS

**Amy Brodo**, cellist and gambist performed for many years in Italy, Israel, and England before moving to San Francisco, with positions including assistant principal cellist of the Orchestra del Maggio Musicale Fiorentino in Italy, and cellist with the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra. She has performed with Andrew Parrott and the Taverner Players, the Norskbarok Orchester, and the Hanover Band. In the Bay Area, Ms. Brodo has performed on viola da gamba and baroque cello with groups that include Lux Musica, Sex Chordae Consort of Viols, Magnificat Baroque Orchestra, American Bach Soloists, El Mundo, I Favoriti, Musica Angelica, and the Albany Consort. She has performed at Festivals such as the Santa Cruz Baroque, Berkeley Early Music, the Beaunne, France, and the San Luis Obispo Mozart and has recorded for CDI, Centaur, Sony, DDG, Koch, Helicon, Kleos, MRS, and New Albion. Ms. Brodo has also performed with the Philadelphia Classical Symphony, among other East Coast ensembles, and is currently Music Director and a past President of the Junior Bach Festival. Ms. Brodo is an active teacher, both privately and through the Young Musician Program at U.C. Berkeley.

A native of Berkeley, California, harpsichordist **Jonathan Davis** holds a Master of Music degree in harpsichord performance from the Mannes College of Music in New York City where his principal teachers included Arthur Haas and Myron Lutzky. In New York, Jonathan performed, with the New York Continuo Collective under the direction of Stephen Stubbs, *La Rappresentazione de Anima, e di Corpo* by Caelliere, on period instruments. While an undergraduate at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, Mr. Davis was Laurette Goldberg's teaching assistant. Mr. Davis is the recipient of outstanding performance awards from the Mu Phi Epsilon Honors Foundation, the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, and the Mannes College of Music. As the winner of the 2003 Indiana University Baroque concerto competition, Jonathan was a featured soloist with the IU Baroque Orchestra. Mr. Davis has performed throughout Italy as a soloist and chamber musician, most recently at the Accademia Bartolomeo Cristofori, Florence, Italy.

Lutenist **Sarge Gerbode** is a psychiatrist, now retired and living in Sonoma. He has been playing lute since the early 1960's. In his first performance (1963), he accompanied counter-tenor Alfred Deller. He took a 20-year break from the lute during his training and practice as a psychiatrist, but resumed lute playing in 1993 and since then has appeared in many different ensembles around the Bay Area. He maintains a web site at [gerbode.net](http://gerbode.net) containing editions of over 4000 solo, vocal and ensemble pieces for lute, including many of his own arrangements and continuo realizations.

Soprano **Nanette McGuinness** has been hailed in the press for her “creamy golden tone” and her “glorious soprano voice.” While a student, she made her operatic debut under the direction of Alan Curtis as Nino in Cesti's *Semiramide*. Soloist engagements include Handel's *Samson*, *Solomon*, *Ode to St. Cecilia*, and *Messiah*, Purcell's *Ode to St. Cecilia*, Britten's *Rejoice in the Lamb* and *Ceremony of Carols*, Saint-Saens' *Christmas Oratorio*, and Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass*. Audiences have heard her as Mimi, Micaela, Masetta, Countess Almaviva and First Lady, (and other roles), with the Silesian State (Czech Republic), San José (Opera-in-the-Schools), West Bay, Pacific Repertory, Livermore Valley, and Pocket Opera (among others). A Teaching Artist for the S.F. Opera Guild and a Semi-Finalist in the 2003 International Opera Singers Competition in New York, she has premiered works that include Ludtke's *Christmas Suite*, with JoAnn Falletta and the San Jose Symphony, and recorded *Fabulous Femmes* (music by women composers) with the Athena Trio on Centaur. She also performs with pianist

Kristin Pankonin. An alumna of Cornell University, Ms. McGuinness earned a Masters in Vocal Performance from Holy Names and a PhD in Music from U.C.Berkeley.

**Jonathan Smucker**, tenor, has appeared in more than 30 roles, including leading roles by Mozart, Handel, and Rossini, the tenor leads in the operettas of Gilbert and Sullivan, and numerous contemporary works. Recent credits include *Acis (Acis and Galatea)* with Marin Oratorio, *Frederic (The Pirates of Penzance)* at Pacific Repertory Opera, and *Don Ramiro (La Cenerentola)* with Pocket Opera. Other companies of note include Festival Opera, Opera Santa Barbara, Lamplighters, West Bay Opera, Townsend Opera, UC Berkeley Chorus, and San Francisco Concert Chorale. Jonathan sang the role of Simon Stimson in the Western US Premiere of *Our Town* at Aspen Opera Theater Center in 2006. A 2009 apprentice at the Ash Lawn Opera Festival in Charlottesville, VA, he returns there this summer as a principal artist in the role of Charlie in *Brigadoon*. His concert repertoire includes Saint-Saëns *Christmas Oratorio*, Vaughan Williams *Serenade to Music* and *Hodie*, Mendelssohn *Elijah*, Britten *Rejoice in the Lamb*, Handel *Messiah*, and Evangelist and Soloist in Bach's *St. John Passion*. A graduate of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, he is on faculty at the San Francisco Community Music Center.