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2011-04-04

Baroque Chamber Music Recital, April 4, 2011

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Boston University College of Fine Arts
School of Music
presents

Baroque Chamber Music Recital

Martin Pearlman, director

Monday

April 4, 2011

8:00pm

Robinson Chapel

Boston University College of Fine Arts
School of Music

Baroque Chamber Music Recital
The 204th concert in the 2010–11 season

April 4, 2011
Robinson Chapel

Baroque Chamber Music Recital

Biagio Marini
(c. 1595–1663)

François Couperin
(1668–1733)

Sonata for violin, cello and continuo

Concert 1 in G (from *Concerts royaux*)

Prélude
Allemande
Sarabande
Gavotte

Anna Griffis, baroque violin
Cora Swenson, baroque cello
Matthew Hall, harpsichord

Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach
(1714–1788)

D'amor per te languisco, WQ 213
Cantata, *Phyllis und Thirsis*, WQ 232

Sarah Dinsmore Bellot, soprano
Kateri Chambers, baroque flute
Mufan Chan, recorder
Dylan Sauerwald, harpsichord

Johann Friedrich Fasch
(1688–1758)

Sonata for 2 Oboes, Bassoon and Cembalo
(FaWV N:B2)

Largo
Allegro

Marizabel Lebron, oboe
Kai-Chien Yang, oboe
Tzu-I Lee, bassoon
Peter Sykes, harpsichord/coach

Louis-Nicolas Clerambault
(1676–1749)

Cantata, *Orphée*

Virginia Barney, soprano
Seung Yeon Oh, flute,
Anna Pruess, cello

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

C. P. E. Bach, *D'amor per te languisco*

Amor per te languisco
che lacera il mio sen,
ma io dirti non ardisco ch'ardo per te
mio ben.

In vederti l'amiro e cesso di soffrir

in amarti sospiro e risento un gran
martir.

Di notte ne di giorno,
l'alma non sa goder,
Quel vago viso adorni mi ha fatto
prigionier.
Tu guidi i miei pensieri,
Tu regni nel mio cuor,
Sara invan ch'io spero da te un eguale
ardor?

Lungi da te la vita dolce per me non e,
e lieta e gradita se son vicino a te.

Finisci i miei tormenti,
conforta un fido cor,
Timmi che amor tu senti,
altro non chiedo allor.

C. P. E. Bach, *Phillis und Thirsis*

Aria:

Thirsis, willst du mir gefallen, singe
mir nur Klagen vor. Höre doch die
Nächtigtallen, Itys hörst du schallen,
Klagen reizt das Ohr.

Recitative:

[Thirsis:] Ach Phillis, lass mich
schezen.

[Phillis:] Ich habe dir's gesagt, nur
Klagen rühren mich.

T - Suchst du Vergnügen in die
Schmerzen?

I languish with love for you
that tears my breast,
but I dare not tell that I burn for you
my love
Seeing you, I admire and cease
suffering.
In loving you, I sigh and feel again a
great torment.

By night or by day, my soul
Knows not how to take pleasure.
This beautiful face has made me a
prisoner.
You will guide my thoughts,
You reign in my heart,
Would it be in vain to hope for an
equal ardor from you?

Away from you, life is not sweet for
me, and it is happy and pleased
close to you.

End my torment,
comfort a faithful heart,
Tell me that you feel love,
I ask for nothing else now.

Aria:

Thirsis, if you want to please me, sing
to me only laments. Hear then the
nightingale, Itys. Hear him echo.
Laments appeal to the ear.

Recitative:

[Thirsis:] Phillis, let me joke.

[Phillis:] I've told you, only laments
stir me.

T - Seek you pleasure in laments?

P - Ja, denn es reget sich ein altes Leid
in meinem Herzen und stellt mir den,
den ich vordem verlor, mit aller seiner
Reizung vor.

T - Die Vogel, die du rühmst, rührt
kein verjährtes Leiden.

P - Was sagt ihr Leid denn sonst, wenn
es nicht klagt?

T - Das, was ich oft zu dir gesagt, das
sagen auch die Vogel zueinander.

Aria:

Der Vogel ruft ohne Ruh im Walde
seiner Gattin zu: Ach liebe doch, ach
liebe! Die Gattin hört des Gatten Lie-
der; ihr ihr sehnlich Girren sagt ihm
wieder: Ich liebe!

P - Yes, an old song stirs itself in my
heart and shows me that, that I
heretofore lost, with all its pains.

T - The bird, that you praise, sing
long dead pain.

P - What says his pain then, if it
doesn't lament?

T - That, which I say often to you, the
birds often say to each other.

Aria:

The bird calls without rest in the
woods to his wife: Ah love, ah love!
The wife hears her mate's song; her
eager cooing says back to him: I love!

Clerambault cantata, *Orphée*

Recitative:

The famous singer of Thrace [Orpheus], with his regrets, his weeping and his
many tender songs, mourns his misfortune:

Air:

Faithful echo of the woods, cease responding to my voice! / Nothing can relieve
the sorrow that presses me. / I will never again see the object of my adoration. /
Was there ever a lover more unlucky? / Was there never a destiny more
barbarous? The tender love uniting the two of us, the cruel death separating us!
/ Faithful echos of the woods, cease responding to my voice!

Recitative:

But what good is it to lament and complain? Pluto holds the one I adore. I shall
implore his power. Obscuring mist hides the passage to the somber shores. But
I carry my love, my grief and my rage. I will bring back my Euridice, or remain
forever in the house of the dead.

Air:

Go, Orpheus, go! Your exceptional love is an example to the world.
It is wonderful that a mortal goes as far as hell to reunite with her that he loves.
Hurry, hurry, generous lover! Your love is your glory; it will be difficult for
posterity to believe that anyone could love so constantly.
A loving tenderness can no longer make a spouse take the fatal boat into the
underworld. That honor belongs only to you.

Go, Orpheus, go, go!, [etc.]

Recitative:

Now the hero arrives in the underworld, and, against the laws of Atropos, he speaks these words to the proud god of hell:

Air:

Redoubted monarch of these somber realms, I am the son of the god of day, a hundred times more unhappy than your saddest spirit, and my unhappiness is caused by love. You see before you a faithful lover deprived of the only person who inflames him. Alas, the happiness of being in love. Take away my cruel pain!

Be touched by my tears. Reverse the caprice of an awful fate. Give me back my dear Euridice! Do not separate our two hearts.

You yourself have felt that flame -- you, the god at whom I aim my words. The daughter of Ceres, by her divine charms, has embraced you and moved your soul to mercy.

Be touched by my tears. Reverse the caprice of an awful fate. Give me back my dear Euridice! Do not separate our two hearts.

Recitative:

Pluto, surprised by hearing words that could move the realm of the dead, does not wait for him to finish: "Go, dangerous mortal; save yourself from these land. Go, reunited with your Euridice. But until you see the light of the skies again, you must not look upon her sparkling eyes."

Air:

Sing of the resounding victory that wins the tender love! Her flame triumphs over the sad loss. Sing of the resounding victory that wins the tender love!

BOSTON UNIVERSITY SCHOOL OF MUSIC

UPCOMING EVENTS AND PERFORMANCES

Tuesday, April 5, 8:00pm

Baroque Chamber Music Recital
Martin Pearlman, conductor
Robinson Chapel

Friday, April 8, 8:00pm

Baroque Chamber Music Recital
Martin Pearlman, conductor
Marshall Room

Friday, April 8, 6:30pm

World Music Concert
Balinese Shadow Play music with Shadow Play Vignettes
African drumming and dance
Brita Heimarck and Steven Cornelius, directors
Concert Hall

Monday, April 11, 8:00pm

Boston University Symphony Orchestra and
Symphonic Chorus
Ann Howard Jones, conductor
James Demler, baritone
Penelope Bitzas, mezzo-soprano
Elizabeth Baldwin, soprano
Martin Bakari, tenor
Kira Winter, soprano
Mendelssohn *Elijah*
Symphony Hall

For more information on our events, please contact the School of Music office at (617) 353-3341.

Sign up for the CFA E-calendar at www.bu.edu/cfa/events

Robinson Chapel, 735 Commonwealth Avenue
Symphony Hall, 301 Massachusetts Avenue
Marshall Room and Concert Hall, 855 Commonwealth Avenue

