

**Interactive Performance**  
presented by the  
*Gisela Lange Music Centre and the SA Early Music Trust*

Saturday, 3 February, 10:20 Konrad Taeuber Saal, 28 Bay View Ave, Cape Town

## Mini Matinée

### ***Italian Canzonette***

Claudio Monteverdi  
(1567-1643)

Si dolce è'l tormento (SV 332)  
from *Ariose Vaghezze*, 1624)

Ohimè dov'è il mio ben (SV 140)  
from *Concerto. Settimo libro di madrigal*, 1619

Gira il nemico (SV 148)  
from *Madrigali guerrieri, et amorosi* (8<sup>th</sup> book of Madrigals), 1638

Damigella tutta bella (SV 235)  
from *Scherzi Musicali*, 1607

### ***English Madrigal***

John Bartlet  
(flor. 1606-1610)

Of all the birds  
from *A Booke of Ayres with a Triplicitie of Musicke*, 1606

John Farmer  
(ca. 1570-1601)

Fair Phyllis  
from *The First Set of English Madrigals*, 1599

### ***German Sacred Concerto***

Heinrich Schütz  
(1585-1667)

Freuet euch des Herrn, ihr Gerechten  
from *Symphoniae Sacrae II*, op 10, 1647

# Cape Consort

Antoinette Blyth – soprano  
Nick de Jager – alto  
Willem Bester – tenor  
Patrick Cordery – bass  
Paul van Zuilenburg, Petra van Besouw – violin  
Vera Vukovic – lute, theorbo  
Erik Dippenaar – virginal  
Henrike Kovats – violone  
Hans Huyssen – Baroque cello & direction

## Texts & Translations

### **Si dolce è'l tormento**

Ch'in seno mi sta,  
Ch'io vivo contento  
Per cruda beltà.  
Nel ciel di bellezza  
S'accreschi fierezza  
Et manchi pietà:  
Che sempre qual scoglio  
All'onda d'orgoglio  
Mia fede sarà.

La speme fallace  
Rivolgam' il piè.  
Diletto ne pace  
Non scendano a me.  
E l'empia ch'adoro  
Mi nieghi ristoro  
Di buona mercè:  
Tra doglia infinita,  
Tra speme tradita  
Vivrà la mia fè

Per foco e per gelo  
riposo non hò.  
Nel porto del cielo  
riposo avrò.  
Se colpo mortale  
con rigido strale  
Il cor m'impiegò,  
cangiando mia sorte  
Col dardo di morte  
Il cor sanerò.

*Carlo Milanuzzi*

**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!

*Bernardo Tasso*

### **Gira il nemico insidioso amore**

La rocca del mio core.  
Su presto ch'egli qui poco lontano  
Armi, armi alla mano.

Noi lasciamo accostar ch'egli non saglia  
Sulla fiacca muraglia,  
Ma facciam fuor una sortita bella,  
Butta, butta la sella.

Armi false non son ch'ei s'avvicina  
Col grosso la cortina.  
Su presto, ch'egli qui poco discosto  
Tutti, tutti al suo posto.

So sweet is the torment  
That lies in my heart,  
That I live happily  
Because of its cruel beauty.  
May beauty's fury  
Grow wide in the sky  
Without compassion;  
For my devotion shall hold  
Like a rock against  
Pride's unrelenting wave.

False hope,  
Keep me wandering!  
Let no peace  
Nor pleasure befall me!  
Evil woman, whom I adore,  
Deny me the rest  
That compassion would give;  
Amidst infinite pain,  
Amidst broken hopes  
Shall survive my devotion.

There is no rest for me  
In the warmth or the cold.  
Only in heaven  
Shall I find rest.  
If the deadly strike  
Of an arrow injured my heart,  
My heart will heal  
By changing my destiny  
By that same  
Arrow of death.

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

Can it be that love of honour  
should bring me such grief?

Can it be that ambition and vainglory  
have prevailed more than love?

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

The enemy, insidious love, encircles  
The fortress of my heart.  
Quickly, act, for he is not far from here,  
Take up arms!

Don't allow him to approach, nor leap  
Onto the weak rampart,  
But rather let us sally forth boldly,  
Bring the saddles!

Those are not fake weapons, he is nearing  
The gate with his forces.  
Quickly, act, for he is not distant,  
Everyone to his post!

Vuol degl'occhi attaccar il baloardo  
Con impeto gagliardo.  
Su presto ch'egli qui senz'alcun fallo  
Tutti, tutti a cavallo.

Non è più tempo ohimé, ch'egli ad un tratto  
Del cor padron s'è fatto,  
A gambe, a salvo chi si può salvare,  
All'andare, all'andare.

Cor mio non val fuggir, sei morto e servo  
D'un tiranno protervo  
Ch'el vincitor che già dentro alla piazza  
Grida foco, ammazza.

*Giulio Strozzi*

**Damigella**

Tutta bella,  
Versa, versa quel bel vino  
Fa che cada  
La rugiada  
Distillata di rubino.

Ho nel seno  
Rio veneno,  
Che vi sparse Amor profondo;  
Ma gittarlo  
E lasciarlo  
Vo' sommerso in questo fondo.

Damigella  
Tutta bella,  
Di quel vin tu non mi satii,  
Fa che cada  
La rugiada  
Distillata da Topatii

Ah, che spento  
Io non sento  
Il furor de gl'ardor miei,  
Men cocenti,  
Meno ardenti  
Sono, ohimè, gli incendi Etnei.

Nova fiamma  
Più m'infiamma,  
Arde il cor foco novello:  
Se mia vita  
Non s'aita,  
Ah! ch'io vengo un Montibello.

*Gabriello Chiabrera*

He wants to attack the bastion of my eyes  
With an impetuous charge.  
Quickly, act, for he is here and no mistake,  
Everyone to his horse!

There is no more time, alas, for at a stroke  
He has become the master of my heart.  
On your feet, save yourselves if you can,  
Run, run!

My heart, you cannot flee, you are dead  
And the servant of an arrogant tyrant,  
For the conqueror, already inside the court,  
Cries: "fire, slaughter!"

Maiden,  
All-beautiful,  
Pour out, pour out that sweet wine;  
Make fall  
The dew  
Distilled from rubies.

I have in my breast  
An evil poison  
That Love has implanted;  
He cast it  
And left it  
And I'm immersed in it.

Maiden,  
All-beautiful,  
With that wine you do not satisfy me;  
Instead let  
Dew flow  
Distilled from topaz.

Ah, douse me  
That I should not feel  
the rage of my ardour.  
Less burning,  
Less ardent,  
Alas, are the fires of Mount Etna.

This new blaze  
inflames me even more,  
Setting my heart on fire anew;  
If my life  
Is not consumed,  
I will be very fortunate.

**Of all the birds that I do know**

Philip, my sparrow, hath no peer:  
 For sit she high or lie she low,  
 Be she far off or be she near,  
 There is no bird so fair, so fine,  
 Nor yet so fresh as this of mine.

Come in a morning merrily,  
 When Philip hath been lately fed,  
 Or in an evening soberly,  
 When Philip list to go to bed :  
 It is a heaven to heare my Phippe,  
 How she can chirp with cherry lip.

She never wanders far abroad;  
 But is at home when I do call,  
 If I command, she lays on load  
 With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all.  
 She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheer,  
 That I believe she hath no peer.

And yet besides all this good sport,  
 My Philip can both sing and dance,  
 With new-found toys of sundry sort  
 My Philip can both prick and prance:  
 As if you say but "fend cut, Phippe,"  
 Lord! how the peat will turn and skip.

Her feathers are so fresh of hue,  
 And so well pruned every day:  
 She lacks no oil, I warrant you,  
 To trim her tail both trick and gay.  
 And though her mouth be somewhat wide,  
 Her tongue is sweet and short beside.

**Fair Phyllis** I saw sitting all alone  
 Feeding her flock near to the mountain side.  
 The shepherds knew not,  
 they knew not whither she was gone,  
 But after her lover Amyntas hied,  
 Up and down he wandered  
 whilst she was missing;  
 When he found her,  
 O then they fell a-kissing.

**Freuet euch des Herrn**, ihr Gerechten!  
 Die Frommen sollen ihn schön preisen.  
 Danket dem Herrn mit Harfen.  
 Singet dem Herrn ein neues Lied;  
 Macht es gut auf Saitenspielen mit Schalle!

*Ps 33, 1-3*

And for the rest I dare compare,  
 She is both tender, sweet, and soft;  
 She never lacketh dainty fare.  
 But is well fed and feedeth oft :  
 For if my Phippe have lust to eat,  
 I warrant you Phippe lacks no meat.

And then if that her meat be good,  
 And such as like do love alway,  
 She will lay lips thereon, by the rood!  
 And see that none be cast away :  
 For when she once hath felt a fit,  
 Philip will cry still "yit, yit, yit."

And to tell truth, he were to blame,  
 Which had so fine a bird as she,  
 To make him all this goodly game.  
 Without suspect or jealousy :  
 He were a churl and knew no good,  
 Would see her faint for lack of food.

Wherefore I sing and ever shall,  
 To praise as I have often proved:  
 There is no bird amongst them all  
 So worthy for to be beloved.  
 Let other praise what bird they will.  
 Sweet Philip shall be my bird still.

*Georges Gascoigne*

Shout for joy in the Lord, O you righteous!  
 Praise befits the upright.  
 Give thanks to the Lord with the lyre;  
 Sing a new song to the Lord;  
 play skilfully on the strings, with proper sound.

*Ps 33, 1-3*