BOSTON UNIVERSITY

College of Fine Arts
School of Music

FACULTY RECITAL SERIES
VICTOR COELHO theorbo
DAVID DOLATA tiorbino and theorbo
GIAN PAOLO FAGOTTO tenor

8pm
Tuesday, April 4, 2006

Marsh Chapel
735 Commonwealth Avenue
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– Phyllis Curtin, Dean Emerita
Boston University College of Fine Arts
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Songs of Human and Divine Love: Music of Bellerofonte
Castaldi and G.G. Kapsberger

Il Furioso

BELLEOFONTE
CASTALDI
KAPSBERGER

(1580–1649)
(1580–1651)

Aita aita
Porterà
Hor meno
Quagliotta

VOI CHE DIETRO
IVO PIANGENDO

GIOVANNI GIROLAMO

Capriccio detto cerimonioso
Occhi belli

INTERMISSION

CASTALDI

Amor colei
Al mormorio
Non pensar Clori
Capriccio detto spagnolino
Capriccio detto hermafrodito
Al mormorio

PIU NON VI MIRO
FELICE E CONTENTO
SÆTTA PUR SAETTA

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This list represents donors who have generously supported our programs for the past twelve months, as of January 9, 2006. Due to program deadlines, some donor names may be absent from this list. We thank you for your understanding.
Tonight’s program features the extraordinary vocal and instrumental music of two seventeenth-century Italian virtuosos, Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger (1580–1651) and Bellerofonte Castaldi. While these names may seem unfamiliar to modern audiences, they were well known among musicians and connoisseurs in the early 1600s, and they represent two sides of the musical landscape of the period: the courtly artist, working at the highest level of patronage; and the noble amateur (Castaldi), freed from institutional constraints, who nevertheless became one of the greatest virtuosos of the period.

Adventurer, political satirist, engraver, composer, singer, and theorbo virtuoso Bellerofonte Castaldi must have been a fascinating person. His circle of friends and acquaintances alone – Monteverdi, Kapsberger, Alessandro Piccinini, Frescobaldi, Vecchi, Gastoldi – give us some sense of how stimulating his social interactions must have been. Like many public figures, however, Castaldi retreated to the refuge of his privacy to escape the fierce and sometimes violent repercussions of his controversial nature and outspoken comments. A highly educated and cultivated aristocrat, he was able to subsist on his inheritance and chose to restrict his musical activities to small gatherings with his intimate friends; Castaldi finally published much of the music we will hear tonight in response to the encouragement of those friends.

The duos for theorbo and tiorbino make up the first section of his Capricci a due stromenti, a unique publication that he engraved himself and that also includes his entire corpus of works for solo theorbo. Castaldi referred to the tiorbino, a diminutive theorbo tuned an octave higher than the larger instrument, as “my new invention.” These rarely performed compositions are very much a dialogue between two equal conversants; their most prominent feature is pervasive imitation. Each instrument displays spectacular virtuosity at one time or another, either alone or in concert with its partner. The largely polyphonic texture is punctuated by interludes of chordal or rapid scalar passages, and the tiorbino’s tuning an octave above the theorbo gives the ensemble an exceptionally wide pitch range.

Castaldi left us with several thousand lines of poetry and thirty-nine songs, many of which are still in manuscript. Unusually sophisticated and highly individual, Castaldi’s monodies consist of strophic arias where several verses share the same melody (for example, “Saetta pur saetta,” “Hor meno lieti,” “Non pensar Clori”), strophic variations where the melody and to a lesser degree the bass line are modified each successive poetic stanza (“Occhi belli” and “Più non vi miro”), and through-composed songs where each new line of text receives its own unique setting. Many of the songs are settings of his own poetry on the timeless topic of yesterday and today – love lost and love found. Their unforgettable melodies sound as bold and fresh to us now as they did when they first flowed from Castaldi’s pen nearly 400 years ago.

Born in 1580 of noble German ancestry, Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger initially made his name in early Baroque Rome as a virtuoso on the lute and theorbo. Castaldi referred to the tiorbino, a diminutive theorbo tuned an octave higher than the larger instrument, as “my new invention.” These rarely performed compositions are very much a dialogue between two equal conversants; their most prominent feature is pervasive imitation. Each instrument displays spectacular virtuosity at one time or another, either alone or in concert with its partner. The largely polyphonic texture is punctuated by interludes of chordal or rapid scalar passages, and the tiorbino’s tuning an octave above the theorbo gives the ensemble an exceptionally wide pitch range.

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Felice e contento

Happy and content, no longer sadness
Nor pain tests this heart of mine
Where joy remains and that
Sings constantly,
Throwing care to the wind
Wishing for neither weeping nor complaints.
For the sole desire of a lady
Who is always cruel
Heartless and wicked
Toward he who adores her
Is my misery.

I would be very foolish to want to serve
She who gives me such pain and grief.
Although I must do without love,
I would still like to have joy and pleasure
And to escape from she
Who is as cruel as she is beautiful.
Rebellious to love and
Defy to my words,
This hard hearted woman
Now forcefully rejects and
Extinguishes every disdained love.

Now my heart, you enjoy that I no longer serve
She who was always so cruel to you.
If once my faith cried ah me
And the torment that she gave me is
Now turned to only love,
I finally understand:
I had to become enraged to escape,
And am no longer worn out
For I have taken
Pleasure and joy
In my righteous scorn.

Saetta pur saetta

Shoot, yes, shoot
With those beautiful eyes, he who loves and adores you
And is always inflamed with fiery love,

Who always wishes to serve you.
If cruel Love
Destines me to languish,
My faith in sadness is affirmed.

Heaven will remove the stars
And the day will be deprived of its light
Before I fail to adore your lovely gracious face.

And despise me as much as you wish,
You who cannot do what you once could,
If you, more unfaithful than any other,
Can be so cruel.

Pride and honesty
Put me to the test by making me languish
So that I long to suffer every joyous torment.

Shoot me, burn my hopeful heart.
My love remains constant,
But because of your spite,
Dear, I want to die.

The entire spiritual and emotional direction of the book is set in motion by the opening piece, a setting of Petrarch’s famous I’vo piangendo i miei passati tempi, one of the poet’s most suppliant (and frequently set) poems from the end of his Canzoniere. Here, Petrarch confesses the “sin” of his past obsession with Laura, and, repentant and remorseful, appeals to the Virgin and God for forgiveness. In “Voi che dietro” Kapsberger’s setting closely matches the sentiments evoked by the dramatic sonnet by Giambattista Marino, subtituled “It exhorts the sensual to change human love into divine love,” a range of techniques, from lyrical and melodious, to fiercely expressive and virtuosic, as the poet repudiates earthly beauty and fixes his gaze on the beauty of the crucified Jesus. Finally, “Tu dormi” is divided into two contrasting sections that are analogous to the divisions of the text spoken by God, the first meditative and reflective, the second, oratorical and emphatic in its passion.

—Victor Coelho and David Dolata

VICTOR COELHO theorbo

Victor Coelho is Professor of Music and Chairman of Musicology at Boston University and has performed throughout North America and Europe, both as soloist and with such musicians as Ellen Hargis, Julianne Baird, Alan Curtis, Luigi Ferdinando Tagliavini, Boston Baroque, and many other artists and groups. He is a recipient of numerous awards, including the Noah Greenberg Prize given by the American Musicological Society for his recording (with Alan Curtis) of the music of the 1608 Medici wedding (on the Stradivarius label), which also won a Prelude Classical Award for best Baroque ensemble recording for 2004. His books include Music and Science in the Age of Galileo (Kluwer), The Manuscript Sources of 17th-Century Italian Lute Music (Garland), Performance on Lute, Guitar, and Vihuela (Cambridge), and The Cambridge Companion to the Guitar. He is also a blues guitarist and has recorded two albums as a member of the Rooster Blues Band.

DAVID DOLATA tiorbino and theorbo

David Dolata is Professor of Musicology at Florida International University in Miami. His work on Italian theorbo virtuoso Bellerofonte Castaldi is published in Recent Researches in the Music of the Baroque Era, the New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians, and Early Music. As lutenist and theorist he has appeared with the Glimmerglass Opera in New York, the Florida Grand Opera in Miami, the Boston Early Music Festival, Spoleto Festival’s Early Music Series, and on recordings for NPR, BBC, CBS Sunday Morning, Il Furioso, Ars Femina, and Apollo’s Fire.

GIAN PAOLO FAGOTTO tenor

Gian Paolo Fagotto has been described as “one of the glories of Italian Baroque song” (Repertoire, Paris). He has performed and recorded with most of the great exponents of early music today, including Jordi Savall, Alan Curtis, Rene Jacobs, Franz Bruggen, Philippe Herreweghe, and René Clemencic, and has performed at such venues as La Fenice in Venice, Theatre du Champs Elysees, the Teatro di San Carlo, the Concertgebouw, and numerous festivals. His recordings include Cavalli’s Giasone (Harmonia Mundi), Handel’s Flauto (HM), as well as the celebrated recording of Monteverdi’s Vespers with Jordi Savall, and the music for the 1608 Medici wedding with Alan Curtis and Victor Coelho. He is the leader of the vocal ensemble Il Terzo Suono with whom he has recorded music by Giorandi, Oroligio, Dalla Casa, and Mainiero, and as a member of Il Furioso has recorded music by Kapsberger and Castaldi.
Aita aita ben mio
Help, help, my love
Do not delay
For the hour has arrived.
The harsh torment and torture
Makes me feel like dying.
Thus, aid my miserable heart
Which endures such pain.

Give me assistance since I love you
For time flies
And beauty vanishes.
And while with the years pass,
Life leaves us in anguish.
Therefore, pick the lovely flower
That at the same time blossoms and yet dies.

As you are beautiful, now also
Show yourself to be sympathetic
To my woes.
Do not let my faithful heart
That adores you die.
Your pity will be of little good
Once I am dead.

Porterá
The day brings the sun from the west
Dawn raises the stars in the sky
Lightly and easily the world turns
The weather and sky remain constant
Still is the flowing sea
And fish live on the hard beach.
Nature will confuse every work together
Before I fail to love you to the final hour.

Hor meno lieti
Now I enjoy happy days and hours
Thanks to the God of Love
Who grants me this favor
For he has done what overwhelms of pity:
My graceful Clori
Is kind and charitable toward me.

And my joyous heart swells within me
For all cares have gone far away,
I wish, therefore, to live happily in sweet song
And to gratefully thank
He who allows me to enjoy such a face
That I do not envy
The beauty of Paradise.

Voi che dietro
(It exhorts the sensual to change human love into divine love)
You who go after fallacious and blind guides
On reckless and tortuous paths,
Inflamed by the vile fire of two beautiful eyes,
And taken and tied by them with deceitful hair;
Away from that thought that leads to death,
Reverse your steps and, still shrouded by a dark fog,
The gentle Nymph responded to him
"Every other I despise;
But you, my delight,
I always carry carved in my breast."

Thus conversing, the beautiful Nymph
Revealed her heart to the Shepherd;
And sighing, she drew him close
To her breast
When Love, who was watching
Snatched life
From both of them
In a blissful death.

Non pensar Clori
Don’t think, cruel Clori
That this heart that will never again be sad,
Feels for you.
For I was once faithful to you
Yet you constantly made me suffer
Great pain and misery

Più non vi miro
No longer do I look at you
No longer do I sigh
Nor adore your eyes.
I do not love you.
I no longer die.
Your bright glances
Are cold and too late.
Your once powerful ardor
No longer prevails
Within my breast.

Sweet and loving
Tender and merciful
Toward me your eyes once sparkled.
But then you became upset;
That fleeting flash of lightning
Shattered the serenity
Within your eyes.
Thus, I remained
Deprived of joy
And half dead.

Now I live happily,
Tranquil and calm
For I no longer hear from you.
Pain and torment
From you no longer brings me
Fear or hope.
I no longer implore you
For you no longer have power
Within my breast
Full of disdain.

The angry champion
Of justice
Sustains and defend me
From your eyes
And makes his enemy surrender
For I am not enamored
Down go the cruel!
I defy you or she who is unfaithful.
Now see how well you can
Wound and burn.
Turn your eyes and fix them onto that object
That heaven itself has given to you as your destiny.

Look, what different and higher beauty,
What higher glory, and what delights
the love of the crucifix reveals and shows to you!

Let ripped hair and shut eyes
Embrace and inflame your desires, and may your heart
Find roses and noble purples in blood and paleness.

Tu dormi
You sleep, my soul,
You sleep, alas, and don't you hear
God's high and just words?
How will you suffer, cruel heart,
Who in vain calls one who is dying for you
Ungrateful, listen,
Listen to the last sounds of my profound sorrow.
But you sleep, ruthless,
While the entire world has pity for my death.

I'vo piangendo
How I go grieving for the days on earth
I passed in worship of a mortal thing,
Heedless to fledge the spiritual wing,
Careless, to try the measure of my worth.

Thou who dost know my every sin from birth,
Invisible, immortal, heavenly king,
Help thou my soul, so weak and wandering,
Pour thy abundant grace upon its dearth.

So that, if I have lived in war and in tempest
I may die in peace and in port, and if my stay
Here was devoted to vanity, let my departure from it be worthy.

And may Thy hand be quick to comfort me
In death, and in the hours that still remain,
Thou knowest, I have no other hope but Thee.

Occhi belli
Beautiful eyes, devoid of pity
Sadness no longer rules my heart
Help me, reward me, or free me.

You have not even noticed
My suffering, my sighs, nor my faith. I am dead
If those few slight glances do not quickly grant me mercy.

With an ardent pungent arrow, you wound me
And strike me so proudly with the rays
From your haughty beguiling eyes.

Neither flight nor scorn did me any good
Nor does the power of witchcraft assist me
Nor do the herbs of the valley heal he who is so injured.

No more arrows, no more suffering, oh, oh, no more
The time for pity is past, for still you neither weep nor heal me
Both virtuous deeds within your power.