

# Australian Brandenburg Orchestra

## BAROQUE TAPAS

**Paul Dyer** Artistic Director

### Program

|                      |   |
|----------------------|---|
| <b>Kapsberger</b>    | Toccata Arpeggiata from <i>Libro primo d'intavolatura di chitarone</i> , Venice, 1604                   |
| <b>Falconieri</b>    | Ciaccona from <i>Il primo libro di canzoni</i> , Naples, 1650   |
| <b>Kapsberger</b>    | <i>Avrilla mia</i>  |
| <b>Kapsberger</b>    | Bergamasca  |
| <b>Kapsberger</b>    | Canarios  |
| <b>Cazzati</b>       | Passacaglia from Op 22,<br><i>Trattenimento per camera d'arie, correnti, e balletti</i> , Bologna, 1660 |
| <b>Monteverdi</b>    | <i>Chiome d'oro</i> , from the <i>Seventh Book of Madrigals</i> , Venice, 1619                          |
| <b>Improvisation</b> | Spagnoletta   |
| <b>Monteverdi</b>    | <i>Si dolce è il tormento</i>   |
| <b>Falconieri</b>    | <i>Folias (a 3) echa para mi Señora</i>   |

### INTERVAL

|                      |  |
|----------------------|--|
| <b>Improvisation</b> | <i>Passacaglia Andaluz</i>   |
| <b>Ferrari</b>       | <i>Amanti, io vi sò dire</i>   |
| <b>Laurenti</b>      | <i>Introduzione Dodicesima</i> from <i>Suonate per camera</i> , Op 1 |
| <b>Merula</b>        | Ciaccona from <i>Canzoni Libro Terzo</i> , Op 12                     |
| <b>Improvisation</b> | Tarantella, <i>La Carpinese</i>                                      |
| <b>Kapsberger</b>    | Toccata VIII   |
| <b>Hidalgo</b>       | <i>Esperar, sentir, morir</i>  |

### SYDNEY

**City Recital Hall Angel Place**

**Wednesday 17 March 2010 at 7 pm**

### MELBOURNE

**Melbourne Recital Centre**

**Tuesday 23, Wednesday 24 March 2010 at 7.30 pm**



The Australian Brandenburg Orchestra is assisted by the Australian Government through the Australia Council, its arts funding and advisory body.



Communities  
arts nsw

The Australian Brandenburg Orchestra is assisted by the NSW Government through Arts NSW.



MACQUARIE

PRINCIPAL PARTNER

# Baroque Tapas



## Spain

The passacaglia comes from 17th-century Spain, from the words 'pasar' (to walk) and 'calle' (street).

Where do you walk when you are full of joy or sorrow? Do you wind through the streets to find a garden, or a courtyard, to sit surrounded by your thoughts? Perhaps all you really want is good company, a good 'red' and some great music?

– Paul Dyer

In another part of town, behind a high wall, a garden with brick pathways is planted with almond trees and pomegranates, and overblown roses. It once belonged to a prince, but now it's shift workers and lovers and children in prams who breathe in the scents and watch the erratic flight of the night insects. In a small room, low-ceilinged at the top of the hill, close to a church with a dusty terracotta roof, around the corner from the plaza that smells of tomatoes, and up some broad, worn steps, there's music and dancing. And red wine in glass jugs; walls covered in cheaply framed photographs.



# Baroque Tapas

## Austria

Ma quando viddi di bella mano  
La pura neve che m'infiammò...

What is it that sparks the fires of love?  
Is it that moment in a dance when two  
people find each other? Perhaps this flame  
flickers into life with a longing gaze shared  
between two strangers in a café, as the world  
passes them by. Regardless, this fire can  
burn in even the coldest of places.  
– Paul

*But when I saw the beautiful hand  
as white as snow, I was set on fire...*

– from *Avrilla mia* (My Avrilla) by Kapsberger

The dance everyone knows is in three-four  
time, as smoothly flowing and predictable  
as the river at the edge of the city. It's snowing  
for the start of the ball season, but women  
in floor-length gowns – no coats, just jewels,  
glittering – and men in black tie don't notice.

In every street and on any day, men wear  
ties, women wear frocks and a handshake  
is the routine greeting. On those same streets,  
coffee houses, with elegant cakes in cabinets,  
are packed, and rooms, no longer lived in,  
are deliriously decorated in gold and mirror.  
Ceilings are painted with grand allegories,  
and secret staircases and passages used to  
lead to double lives.



# Baroque Tapas



## Italy

Ad ogni modo e via  
Il morir per amor è una pazzia...

In the absence of love there is loneliness, and in the absence of music there is silence. It is easy to get lost in both. Without a love, a busy city can feel empty. With music, an empty city can be full of exciting possibilities. When shutters are up and the gates are closed, from the outside they seem very uninviting and foreboding. But on the inside, they seem to keep the outside world at bay.

– Paul

*After all, whatever happens  
it is madness to die for love...*

– from *Amanti, io vi sò dire*  
(Lovers, I will tell you) by Ferrari

The streets are empty. No bars are open, not one. No tables and chairs on the street, no chink of glasses. That will start up again in a few hours. A church bell rings three times, hanging in the mist. At the end of a laneway a couple dances in the blurred moonlight, moving in time to music that only they can hear.

The pale outline of the cathedral dome can be seen up above the rooftops; look carefully and there's the faintest sign of a cross, nothing too elaborate. Shutters are closed tight against the mustard and terracotta walls. Solid gates, tall enough for carriages, hide courtyards beyond. The town doesn't reveal itself easily.



# Baroque Tapas

## Avrilla mia

*Avrilla mia quanto m'accese  
Quel vivo raggio di tua beltà  
Quando un tuo sguardo al cor mi scese  
Io restai prio di libertà.*

*Ohime, ch'i lampi de tuoi bei lumi  
A questi miei già piacquero sì  
Che ben che versin fontane e fiumi  
Aman lo strale che li fieri.*

*Ma quando viddi di bella mano  
La pura neve che m'infiammò  
Ahi ch'usar pensier fu vano  
Che da me l'alma se ne volò.*

*Bocca di rose porta del riso  
Chiome catene di servitù;  
Così m'havete da me dimiso  
Che tornar mio non spero più.*

## Chiome d'oro

*Chiome d'oro, bel tesoro,  
Tu mi legghi in mille modi  
Se t'annodi seti snodi.*

*Candidette Perle elette  
Se le rose che coprite  
Discoprite mi ferite.*

*Vive stelle, che sì belle  
E sì vaghe risplendete  
Se ridete m'ancidete.*

*Preziose, amorose,  
Coraline labbra amate  
Se parlate mi beate.*

*O bel nodo per cui godo!  
O soave uscit di vita!  
O gradita mia ferita!*

## Si dolce e'l tormento

*Si dolce e'l tormento  
Che in seno mi sta  
Ch'io vivo contento  
Per cruda beltà.  
Nel ciel di bellezza  
S'accreschi fiera  
Et manchi pietà  
Che sempre qual scoglio  
All'onda d'orgoglio  
Mia fede sarà.*

My Avrilla, when I was set on fire  
By your dazzling beauty,  
When your glance touched my heart,  
I lost my freedom.

Alas, the light in your eyes  
So pleased mine  
That although they pour fountains of tears,  
Still I love the arrow that pierced me.

But when I saw the beautiful hand  
As white as snow, I was set on fire;  
Ah, trying to think is in vain,  
My soul cannot escape.

Mouth of roses, threshold of laughter,  
Hair that made me a slave in chains;  
You have changed me so much  
I have no hope of being myself again.

Golden tresses, beautiful treasure,  
You bind me in a thousand ways  
Whether knotted or flowing free.

White well-chosen pearls,  
When the roses that cover you  
Uncover you, you wound me.

Lively stars, which sparkle with  
Such beauty and charm  
When you laugh you kill me.

So precious, so loving,  
Dearest coral lips,  
If you speak I am blessed.

Oh dear bonds which make me happy!  
Oh sweet loss of life!  
Oh my pleasing wound!

So sweet is the torment  
That I have in my heart  
That I live content  
With your cruel beauty.  
In the heaven of beauty  
Haughtiness grows  
And pity is lacking  
In which always, like a rock  
Against the wave of pride,  
I will put my trust.



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

Per foco e per gelo  
Riposo no ho  
Nel porto del Cielo  
Riposo haverò.  
Se colpo mortale  
Con rigido strale  
Il cor m'impliagò  
Cangiando mia sorte  
Col dardo di morte  
Il cor sanerò.

Se fiamma d'amore  
Già mai non senti  
Quel riggido core  
Ch'il cor mi rapì.  
Se nega pietate  
La cruda beltate  
Che l'alma invaghi  
Ben fia che dolente  
Pentita e languente  
Sospirimi un dì.

### **Amanti, io vi sò dire**

Amanti, io vi sò dire  
Ch'è meglio assai fuggire  
Bella donna vezzosa  
Ò sia cruda o pietosa;  
Ad ogni modo e via  
Il morir per amor è una pazzia.

Non accade pensare  
Di gioir in amare:  
Amoroso contento  
Dedicato è al momento,  
E bella donna, al fine,  
Rosa non dona mai senza le spine.  
La speme del gioire  
Fondata è su 'l martire;  
Bellezza e cortesia  
Non stann' in compagnia;  
So ben dir con mio danno  
Che la morte ed amor insieme vanno.

Vi vuol pianti a diluvi  
Per spegner i vesuvi  
D'un cor innamorato,

Vain hope  
besets me,  
Neither joy nor peace  
Descends on me.  
And the cruel one that I adore  
Denies me the consolation  
Of gentle pity.  
Amidst infinite pain,  
Amidst hope betrayed  
My faith will live.

Between fire and ice  
I have no rest,  
Only in the haven of heaven  
Will I have rest.  
If a mortal blow  
From a sharp arrow  
Wounds my heart,  
Changing my destiny  
With the dart of death,  
My heart will be healed.

It seems that the flame of love  
Has never been felt  
By that hard heart  
Which has ravished my heart.  
If I am denied pity  
By the cruel beauty  
Who has captivated my soul,  
Surely suffering,  
Repentant and languishing  
She will one day sigh for me.

Lovers, I will tell you  
That it is much better to flee  
A beautiful and charming woman,  
Whether she is cruel or merciful;  
After all, whatever happens  
It is madness to die for love.

Do not think  
To find joy in love:  
Amorous contentment  
Is devoted to the moment,  
And a beautiful woman, in the end,  
Never gives roses without thorns.  
The hope of pleasure  
Is based on suffering;  
Beauty and kindness  
Do not go well together;  
I can say to my detriment  
That death and love go together.

It takes floods of tears  
To extinguish the volcanoes  
Of an amorous heart,



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*D'un spirito infiammato;  
Pria che si giunga in porto  
Quante volte si dice: Ohimè son morto.*

*Credetel a costui  
Che per prova può dir: lo vidi, io fui;  
Se creder nol volete,  
Lasciate star che poco importa a me:  
Seguitate ad amar; ad ogni modo,  
Chi de' rompersi il collo non accade  
Che schivi od erta o fondo,  
che per proverbio senti sempre dire;  
dal destinato non si può fuggire.*

*Donna, so chi tu sei;  
Amor, so i fatti miei.  
Io non tresco più con voi;  
Alla laga ambidoi  
Sogn'un fosse com'io  
saria un balordo Amor e non un dio.*

## La Carpinese

*Pigliate la palette e vae pi'ffoco  
E va' call casa di lu 'nnuammurato  
E passa duje ore 'e juoco.*

*Si mamma se n'addona 'e chiste juoco  
Dille ca so'state faelle de foco,  
E vule di' e llà, chello che vo' la femmena fa!  
Luce lu sole quanno; buono tiempo,  
Luce lu pettu tujo, donna galante  
Mpietto li tieni duje pugnali argento.*

*A chi litocchi bella, nci fa santo,  
E ti li tocchi je ca so' l'amante  
E 'mParaviso jamme certamente ...  
E vule di' e llà, chello che vo' la femmena fa!*

Of a soul that has been set alight;  
Before reaching safety  
How many times has one said: 'Alas, I am dead.'

Believe him who can say  
From experience: 'I saw it, I was there.'  
If you will not believe him  
Forget it, it's nothing to me:  
Go on loving, in every way  
For he who breaks his neck has never been able  
To avoid the steep climb or the fall,  
For I have always heard say, by the proverb,  
That no-one can escape his destiny.

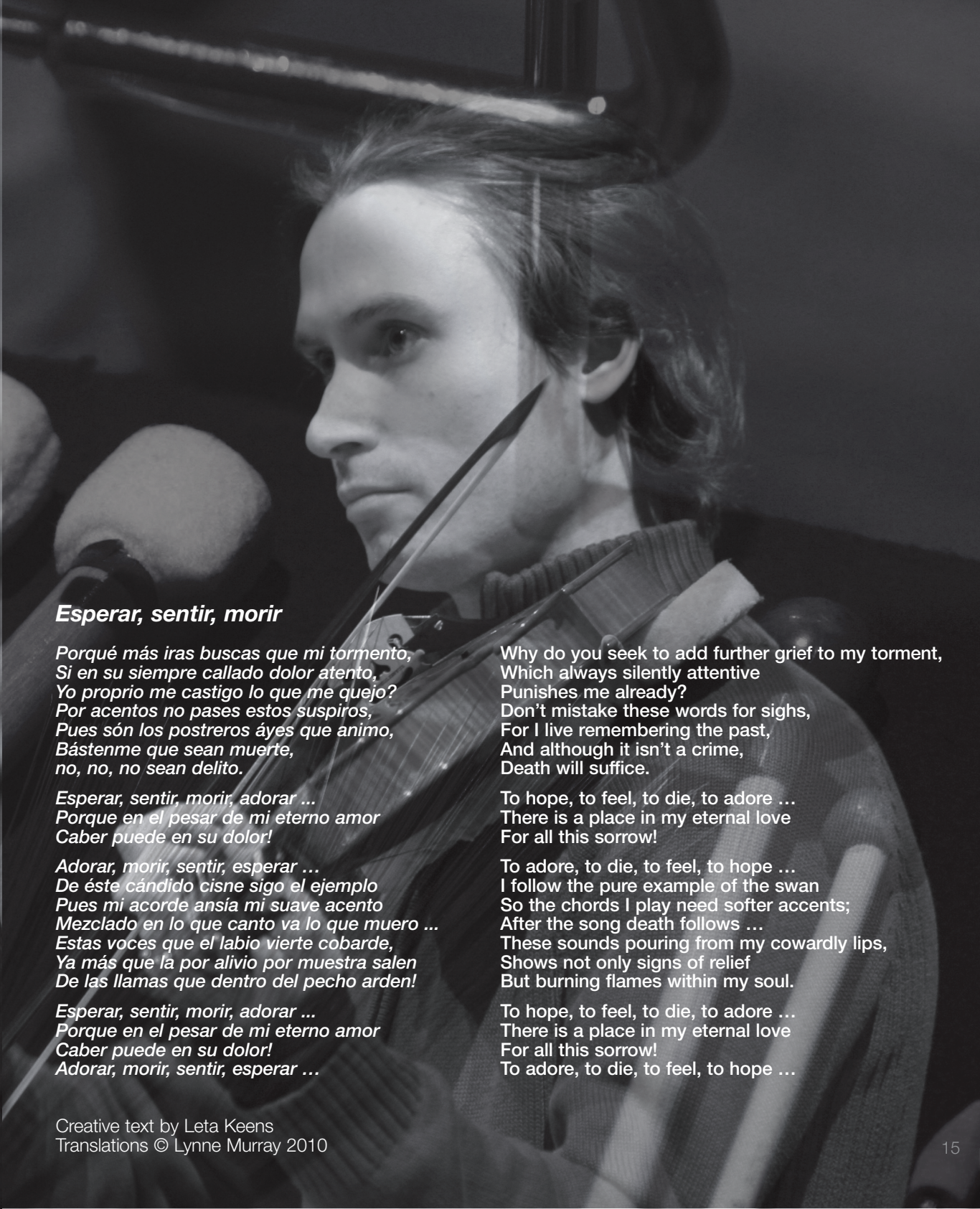
Woman, I know who you are;  
Love, I know what to expect.  
I will have no more to do with you;  
Keep away from me, both of you!  
If everyone was like me  
Love would be a fool and not a god.

Take the shovel and rekindle the fire,  
Go to your loved one  
And spend two hours in playing.

If your mother is angry at your playing  
Tell her your face is red from the fire,  
Say what you like to her, a woman does what she likes!  
The sun shines when the weather is fine,  
Your breasts are radiant, gentle lady  
Your bosom conceals two silver daggers.

He who touches them, becomes a saint.  
And I touch them, I the lover  
We will certainly go to paradise ...  
Say what you like to her, a woman does what she likes!





### ***Esperar, sentir, morir***

*Porqué más iras buscas que mi tormento,  
Si en su siempre callado dolor atento,  
Yo propio me castigo lo que me quejo?  
Por acentos no pases estos suspiros,  
Pues són los postreros áyēs que animo,  
Bástenme que sean muerte,  
no, no, no sean delito.*

*Esperar, sentir, morir, adorar ...  
Porque en el pesar de mi eterno amor  
Caber puede en su dolor!*

*Adorar, morir, sentir, esperar ...  
De éste cándido cisne sigo el ejemplo  
Pues mi acorde ansía mi suave acento  
Mezclado en lo que canto va lo que muero ...  
Estas voces que el labio vierte cobarde,  
Ya más que la por alivio por muestra salen  
De las llamas que dentro del pecho arden!*

*Esperar, sentir, morir, adorar ...  
Porque en el pesar de mi eterno amor  
Caber puede en su dolor!  
Adorar, morir, sentir, esperar ...*

Why do you seek to add further grief to my torment,  
Which always silently attentive  
Punishes me already?  
Don't mistake these words for sighs,  
For I live remembering the past,  
And although it isn't a crime,  
Death will suffice.

To hope, to feel, to die, to adore ...  
There is a place in my eternal love  
For all this sorrow!

To adore, to die, to feel, to hope ...  
I follow the pure example of the swan  
So the chords I play need softer accents;  
After the song death follows ...  
These sounds pouring from my cowardly lips,  
Shows not only signs of relief  
But burning flames within my soul.

To hope, to feel, to die, to adore ...  
There is a place in my eternal love  
For all this sorrow!  
To adore, to die, to feel, to hope ...