



Luca Marenzio (1553/54~1599)
The Eighth Book of Madrigals for Five Voices (1598)

Blue Heron

Carol Schlaikjer, *soprano*

Martin Near, *alto*

Aaron Sheehan, *tenor*

Mark Sprinkle, *tenor*

Paul Guttry, *bass*

Olav Chris Henriksen, *lute*

Scott Metcalfe, *director*

Saturday, April 29, 2006
The French Library, Boston

Program

- i. O occhi del mio core e d'Amor lumi
- ii. Dunque romper la fè, dunque degg'io
- iii. Filli, volgendo i lumi al vago Aminta
- iv. Vita soave e di dolcezza piena

- v. Provate la mia fiamma
- vi. Ahi, chi ti insidia al boscareccio nido
- vii. Ite, amari sospiri
- viii. Pur venisti, cor mio

- ix. Quand'io miro le rose
- x. Deh, Tirsi mio gentil, non far più stratio
- xi. Questi leggiadri odorosetti fiori
- xii. Care lagrime mie

- xiii. La mia Clori è brunetta
- xiv. Non sol—dissi—tu puoi, anima fera
- xv. Se tu, dolce mio ben, mi saettasti
- xvi. Laura, se pur sei l'aura

Texts & Translations

I.

—O occhi del mio core e d'Amor lumi,
C'hor rende morte, ohime! torbidi e chiusi,
O volto già di fiamm,' hora di neve,
O bocca già di rose, hor di viole,
Io vi miro e non moro? Alcippo amato,
Tu'l mio foco accendeſti, hor sei di ghiaccio,
Nè ſpegne il gelo tuo l'incendio mio?
Ohime, qual io ti veggio! O luci triste,
Anzi fonti di tenebre e di pianto,
Tropo vedeſte: hor vi chiudete homai.
Deh! non lagrime più, non più parole,
Non più ſoſpiri; ſola morte ſola
Eſſer può teſtimon del mio martire.

Anima bella, ſe qui intorno ſei
A le tue belle membra, e vedi et odi
Il mio dolor e le mie voci eſtreme,
Deh! per pietà, ſ'anco è per me pietate,
Teco m'accogli, ch'io ti ſeguo. —In queſto
Rivenne Alcippo, e gl'occhi ſtanchi aprendo
Il ſuo perduto ben ſi vide in braccio.

Torquato Tasso, *Il convito di paſtori*, 210–229

II.

Dunque romper la fè, dunque degg'io
Lasciar Alcippo mio, l'anima mia?
O pur deggio morir miſera in prima?
S'io moro, ohime! quanto martir' Alcippo,
Partendomi da te, dolente havrai?
Forſe vorrai ſeguirmi: ahi, che più temo
L'incerta tua, che la mia certa morte.
Ma ſ'io poi reſto in queſ'amara vita,
Eſſer potrò d'altrui, ſe non d'Alcippo?
Ah, chè meglio è morir, mora Amarilli
E viva la ſua fede; e ſia quel letto,
Chè fatto a brevi ſonni et a diletti,
A me d'affanni e di perpetuo ſonno.

Tasso, *Il convito di paſtori*, 111–123

III.

Filli, volgendo i lumi al vago Aminta,
Dal profondo del cor trasse un ſoſpiro
E diſſe: Aminta, io t'amo, e queſta mano
Sia pegno del mio amor, de la mia fede

—O eyes of my heart and lights of Love,
which death now renders, alas! dark and closed;
O countenance once of flame, now snowy;
O mouth once rosy, now violet blue,
do I behold you and not die? Beloved Alcippus,
you ignited my fire, now you are icy,
and does your chill not extinguish my blaze?
Woe is me that I see you! O grieving eyes,
fountains of darkness and weeping,
you have seen too much: now you close forever.
Ah! no more tears, no more words,
no more sighs; only death alone
may be a witness to my suffering.

Beautiful soul, if you be here
near your lovely body, and see and hear
my grief and my abject cries,
ah! for pity's sake, if there still be pity for me,
take me with you, that I might follow you. —At this
Alcippus revived and, opening his weary eyes,
beheld his lost love in his arms.

Must I then break faith? must I then
leave my Alcippus, my soul?
Or rather should I first die, miserable?
If I die, alas, how much shall you suffer, Alcippus,
grieving as I part from you?
Perhaps you will wish to follow me: ah, how much more I fear
your uncertain, than my certain death!
But if, then, I remain in this bitter life,
can I be another's if not Alcippus?
Ah, since it is better to die, let Amaryllis die
and her faith live; and may that bed,
which was made for short slumbers and for pleasures,
be for me one of woes and perpetual sleep.

Phyllis, turning her eyes to fair Amyntas,
from the depth of her heart drew a sigh
and said: —Amyntas, I love you, and this hand
shall be a pledge of my love, of my faith,

Con c' hora a te mi lego; e per lei giuro
Che d'altri non sarò, se tua non sono. —
Tacque, e i begl'occhi gravidi di perle
Di purpureo color fur tinti intorno;
E'l fortunato Aminta a lei sol rese
Per parole ſoſpir, per grazie pianto.

Tasso, *Il convito di paſtori*, 78–87

IV.

Vita ſoave e di dolcezza piena
Mentre a l'empia mia ſorte et al Ciel piacque,
Che fai hor meco ſconſolata e triſta?
Tempo è ben di morir, ſe l'alma mia
È già fatta d'altrui. Felice morte,
Se all'hor moria quando vivea ſua fede!
Sua fede è morta, non è ſciolta, chèlla
Eſſer d'altrui non può, ſe non è mia
Mentre ch'io vivo. Ahi! già morir mi ſento.
Cresci, dolor, e fa il pietoso e crudo
Ufficio, ch'à far pront'era la mano,
E ſciogli la ſua fede e la mia vita.

Tasso, *Il convito di paſtori*, 189–200

V.

Provate la mia fiamma,
Fiamma de la mia fiamma,
E sentirete poi
Come ſia caldo il foco
Co'l quale ardete voi;
Nè a ſchivo haver dovete
Che quel foco arda voi
Di che altri ardete.

Livio Celiano (Angelo Grillo)

VI.

Ahi, chi ti inſidia al boſcareccio nido,
O mia fera gentile? ahi, chi ti tende
Audace il laccio? ahi, miſer, chi t'attende
Al varco—empio paſtor Bifolco infido?
Deh! fuggi i paſchi avelenati, e'l fido
Tuo Lidio mira, che dolente te ſtende
L'amiche braccia per raccorti, e prende
A ſdegno il veltro e di chi caccia il grido.
Vieni, deh! vieni a me, timida e bella,
E non ſdegnar chi t'allettò ſovente
Con l'eſca dolce di verace amore.

with which I bind myself to you; and by it I swear
that I shall be no other's if I am not yours. —
She fell silent, and her beautiful eyes, heavy with pearls,
were stained around with purple;
and the fortunate Amyntas to her only returned
sighs for words, for thanks, weeping.

O life, sweet and full of delight
while it pleased my evil fate and Heaven,
what do you do with me now, disconsolate and sad?
It is surely time to die, if my love
has already been made another's. Happy death,
if I had died while her faith still lived!
Her faith is dead, it is not released, so she
may not be another's, if she is not mine
as long as I live. Ah, already I feel myself dying!
Grow, grief, and do the compassionate and cruel
office that my hand was ready to do,
and release her faith and my life.

Try my flame,
flame of my flame,
and you shall feel then
how hot is the fire
with which you burn;
nor should you be shy
that that fire burn you
with which you burn others.

Ah, who sets a trap for you in his woodsy den,
O my gentle wild creature? Ah, who boldly lays
a snare for you? Ah, poor wretch, who waits for you
in the passage—the wicked, faithless shepherd Bifolco?
Stay, flee the empoisoned pastures, and behold your faithful
Lidio, who, grieving, extends
his friendly arms to receive you, and regards
with scorn the hound and the hunter's cry.
Come, ah, come to me, timid and lovely one,
and do not scorn him who often allured you
with the sweet bait of true love.

Vieni, speranza mia, se, tenerella,
Non t'increbbe star meco; e da gl'horrori
De boschi fuggi, e da rapace gente.

Celiano (Grillo)

VII.

Ite, amari soſpiri,
A la bella cagion del morir mio
E dite: —O troppo di pietate ignuda,
S'havete pur desio
Di lungamente conservarvi cruda,
Allentate il rigore,
Chè quel meschin si more,
E darà toſto fin co'l suo morire
A la durezza voſtra, al suo languire.

Giovambattista Guarini

VIII.

Pur veniſti, cor mio,
E pur t'hò qui presente e pur ti veggio
E non dormo e non sogno e non vaneggio.
Veniſti sì, ma fuggi
Si ratto che mi ſtruggi.
Ahi, fuggitiva viſta de gl'amanti,
Come sogno sei tu d'occhi vegghianti!

Guarini

IX.

Quand'io miro le rose
Ch'in voi natura pose,
E quelle che v'ha l'arte
Nel vago seno ſparte,
Non so conoscer poi
Sò voi le rose o sian le rose voi.

Angelo Grillo

X.

Deh, Tirsi mio gentil, non far più ſtratio
Di chi t'adora. Ohime! non sei già fera,
Non hai già il cor di marmo o di macigno.
Eccomi a piedi tuoi. Se mai toffesi,
Idolo del mio cor, perdon ti chieggio.
Per queſte belle care e sovra humane
Tue ginocchia ch'abbraccio, a cui m'inchino;
Per quell'amor che mi portaſti un tempo;

*Come, my hope, if, tender one,
it did not diſpleaſe you to be with me; and flee
the horrors of the woods, and rapacious people.*

*Go, bitter sighs,
to the lovely cauſe of my death
and ſay: —O too barren of pity!
if it is indeed your deſire
to ſtay cruel for a long time,
relax your harſhneſs,
for that wretch is dying,
and with his death will ſoon put an end
to your hardneſs, to his pining.*

*Indeed you came, my heart,
and ſtill I have you preſent here, and ſtill I ſee you,
and I am not ſleeping, and not dreaming, and not delirious.
You came, yeſ, but you flee
ſo ſwiftly that you deſtroy me.
Ah, fleeting viſion of lovers,
you are like a dream in ſeeing eyes!*

*When I ſee the roſes
that nature placed in you,
and thoſe that art
haſ ſtrewn on your lovely breaſt,
I cannot tell
whether you are the roſes, or the roſes you.*

*Ah, my gentle Thyriſis, torment no longer
one who adores you. Alas! you are not a beaſt,
you do not have a heart of marble or ſtone.
Behold me at your feet. If ever I offended you,
idol of my heart, I aſk your pardon.
By theſe beautiful, dear, and more than human
knees of yours, which I embrace, to which I bow;
by that love which once you bore me;*

Per quella ſoaviſſima dolcezza
Che trar ſolevi già da gl'occhi miei,
Che tue ſtelle chiamavi, hor ſon due fonti;
Per queſte amare lagrime: ti prego,
Habbi pietà di me, miſera Filli.

Guarini, *Il paſtor fido*, II, 6: 905–917

XI.

Queſti leggiadri odorosetti fiori
Fur già Ninfe e Paſtori
Et hor de miei penſieri
Son muti meſſaggieri.
Deh, mentre voi pietoſa
Volgete gl'occhi a la lor ſorte ria,
Pietà vi mova de la doglia mia.

Celiano (Grillo)

XII.

Care lagrime mie,
Meſſi dolenti di mie pene rie,
Poiche voi non potete
Far molle, ohime! quel core
Che non haver pietà del mio dolore,
Almen per cortesia
Ammorzate l'accea fiamma mia,
O pur creſcete tanto
Ch'io mi ſommerga nel mio ſteſſo pianto.

Celiano (Grillo)

XIII.

La mia Clori è brunetta,
Ma coſì mi diletta
Che non invidia candida bellezza
A chi l'ama et apprezza,
E di bruna beltà tanto ſon pago.
Quanto miſto colore
Più gl'occhi appaga e più rallegra il core.

Celiano (Grillo)

XIV.

—Non ſol—diſſi—tu puoi, anima fera
Levare a queſti miei languidi lumi
Il lor più caro obietto,
Ma queſto afflitto cor trarmi dal petto;
Non farai già mentre havrò ſpinto e core,
Idolo mio crudel, ch'io non t'adore.

*by that moſt gentle ſweetneſſ
which you uſed to draw from my eyes,
which you called your ſtars—now they are two fountains;
by theſe bitter tearſ: I pray you,
take pity on me, miſerable Phylliſ.*

*Theſe graceful ſcented flowerſ
were once nymphſ and ſhepherdſ,
and now are mute meſſengerſ
of my thoughtſ.
Ah, when you, compaſſionate lady,
turn your eyeſ to their hard fate,
may you be moved by pity for my pain.*

*Dear tearſ of mine,
ſorrowful envoiſ of my cruel painſ,
ſince you cannot
ſoften, alaſ! that heart
which haſ no pity for my grief,
at leaſt, out of courteſy,
ſnuff out my burning flame,
or elſe flow ſo high
that I drown myſelf in my own tearſ.*

*My Cloriſ iſ a brunette,
but ſhe pleaſeſ me ſo much
that I do not envy the lily-white beauty
another loveſ and prizeſ,
and with dark beauty am quite content.
How much more doeſ a mixed color
ſatiſfy the eyeſ and delight the heart!*

*—Not only—I ſaid—O fierce ſpirit, can you
take from theſe weakened eyeſ of mine
their deareſt object,
but even pluck theſe afflicted heart out of my breaſt:
you ſhall not, ſo long aſ I have breath and heart,
my cruel idol, ſtop me from adoring you.*

Deh torna' me, deh torna—e qui mancommi
Lo s̄pirito e la voce; del mio as̄petto
Gl'atti languidi e mesti indi le fero,
A temprar il mio duol pietoso invito.
All' hora ella si volse
E serenossi in viſta
E i bei pietosi lumi in me converse.
Ben vidi in quel momento
Il bel d'ogn'altro bello in me rivolto
Si bella è la pietà nel suo bel volto.

Tasso, *Arezia ninfa*, 118–133

XV.

—Se tu, dolce mio ben, mi saettaſti,
Quel ch'è tuo saettaſti
E feriſti quel segno
Ch'è proprio del tuo ſtrale.
Quelle mani a ferirmi
Han seguito lo ſtil de tuoi begl'occhi.
Ecco, Silvio, colei che in odio hai tanto,
Eccola in quella guiſa
Che la volevi a punto.
Bramaſtila ferir: ferita l'hai.
Bramaſtila tua preda: eccola preda.
Bramaſtila al fin morta: eccola a morte.
Che vuoi tu più da lei? Che ti può dare
Più di queſto Dorinda? Ah, garzon crudo,
Ah, cor ſenza pietà, tu non credeſti
La piaga che per te mi fece Amore;
Puoi queſ'hor tu negar della tua mano?
Non hai creduto il ſangue
Ch'io verſava da gl'occhi;
Crederai queſto ch'è'l mio fianco verſa?—

—Dorinda, ah dirò mia, ſe mia non ſei
Se non quando ti perdo e quando morte
Da me ricevi, e mia non foſti all' hora
Ch'ì' ti potei dar vita?
Pur mia dirò, ch'è mia
Sarai, malgrado di mia dura ſorte,
E ſe mia non ſarai con la tua vita,
Sarai con la mia morte.
Ti fui crudele ed io
Altro da te che crudeltà non bramo.
Ti diſprezzai, ſuperbo;
Ecco, piegando le ginocchia a terra,
Riverente t'adoro,
E ti chieggo perdon, ma non già vita.

*Ah, return to me, ah, return—and here ſpirit and voice
failed me; then I offered her
the weak and melancholy geſtures of my countenance
as a piteous invitation to temper my pain.
And then she turned,
and her face became serene,
and she turned her fair compassionate eyes upon me.
Truly I saw, in that moment,
the beauty of all beauties turned towards me,
so beautiful is pity in her beautiful face.*

*—If you, my sweet love, have ſtruck me with your arrow,
you have ſtruck that which is yours,
and wounded that target
which is proper for your dart.
Those hands, in wounding me,
have followed the dagger of your fair eyes.
Behold, Silvio, her whom you hate ſo much,
behold her in precisely that ſtate
in which you have wiſhed her.
You ſought to wound her: you have wounded her.
You ſought her as your prey: behold her, your prey.
You ſought her finally dead: behold her at the point of death.
What more can you want from her? What more than this
can Dorinda give you? Ah, cruel boy,
ah, heart without pity, you did not believe
the injury Love gave me for you;
can you now deny that given by your hand?
You did not believe the blood
that I poured forth from my eyes;
will you believe that which my ſide pours forth?—*

*—Dorinda, ah, ſhall I ſay my Dorinda, if you are not mine
if not when I loſe you and when you receive death
from me, and you were not mine when
I could have give you life?
Yet I will ſay “mine,” for mine
you ſhall be, in ſpite of my hard fate,
and if you will not be mine with your life,
ſo you ſhall be with my death.
I was cruel to you, and I
ſeek nothing from you but cruelty.
Haughty, I ſcorned you;
behold, bending my knees to the ground,
reverently I adore you
and I beg pardon from you, but not life.*

Ecco gli ſtrali e l'arco,
Ma non ferir già tu gl'occhi o le mani,
Ferisci queſto cor che ti fù crudo:
Eccoti il petto ignudo!

—Ferir quel petto, Silvio?
Non bisognava a gl'occhi miei ſcovrirlo
S'havevi pur deſio ch'io tel ferisci.
O bellissimo ſcoglio,
Già da l'onda e dal vento
De le lagrime mie, de miei ſoſpiri
Si ſpeſſo in van percoſſo,
È pur ver che tu ſpiri
E che ſenti pietade? o pur m'inganno?
Ferir io te? Te pur ferisca Amore,
Ch'è vendetta maggiore
Non ſò bramar che di vederti amante.
Sia benedetto il di che da prim'arſi,
Benedette le lagrime e i martiri.
Di voi lodar, non vendicar, mi voglio.
Sia pur di me quel che nel Cielo è ſcritto:
In te vivrà il cor mio,
N'è pur che vivi tu morir poſſ'io.

Guarini, *Il paſtor fido*, IV, 1231–50, 1260–67,
1272–79, 1284–94, 1300–05, 1315–17

XVI.

Laura, ſe pur ſei l'aura
Ch'ogn'arſo cor d'Amor dolce riſtaura,
Come ſi m'arde il core
D'inuſitato ardore?
Ahi, che cangi coſtume
Sol per ch'io mi conſume
E neghi d'eſſer l'aura, e Laura ſei,
Per non refrigerar gli ſpirti miei.

Perfida, pur poteſti
Negarmi ancor in ſù l'eſtremo aita,
Non dando fede a l'aſpra mia ferita?
Hor godi di mia morte
Ch'io ſpero, ignudo ſpirtito, haver in ſorte
Di tormentar quel diſprietato core
Che non hebbe pietà del mio dolore.

Celiano (Grillo); elsewhere attributed to Tasso

*Here are the arrows and the bow,
but do not wound juſt my eyes or hands,
wound that heart which was cruel to you:
here is my bared breaſt!*

*—Wound that breaſt, Silvio?
You ſhould not have revealed it to my eyes
if you truly deſired that I ſhould wound it.
O moſt beautiful rock,
by the waves and the wind
of my tears, of my ſighs,
ſo often ſtruck in vain,
is it really true that you breathe
and feel pity? or do I deceive myſelf?
I wound you? Let Love inſtead wound you,
for greater revenge
I could not ſeek but to ſee you in love.
Bleſſed be the day on which I firſt burned,
bleſſed the tears and the ſuffering!
Praise, not vengeance, I wiſh from you.
Let it be ſaid of me what is written in Heaven:
In you my heart ſhall live,
nor can I die, but that you live.*

*Laura, if indeed you are the breeze
that reſtores all burned hearts with ſweet Love,
why does my heart burn ſo
with unuſual heat?
Ah, you change your habits
only ſo that I burn myſelf out,
and you deny being the breeze—yet Laura you are!—
in order not to reſreſh my ſpirits.*

*Perfidious one, could you yet
deny me aid, even to the laſt,
refuſing to believe in my harſh wound?
Now enjoy my death,
for I hope that, as a naked ſpirit, my lot
is to torment that pitileſſ heart
which did not take pity on my ſorrow.*

Translations by Scott McCalfe & Mauro Calcano

The Musicians

The vocal ensemble **Blue Heron** combines a commitment to vivid live performance with knowledge of the latest research into source materials and historical performance practice. Blue Heron's principal repertoire interests in the last few years have been Franco-Flemish polyphony from Du Fay to Gombert, sacred and secular Spanish music between about 1500 and 1575, and neglected early sixteenth-century English music, especially the rich and unexplored repertoire of the Peterhouse partbooks (c. 1540). Founded in 1999, Blue Heron presents its own series of concerts in Cambridge and has appeared regularly at Monadnock Music in New Hampshire. This season the group performed at the 92nd Street Y in New York City at the invitation of Sanford Sylvan, singing music of Carissimi, Charpentier, and Rossi, appeared in a lecture-demonstration at Boston University on a setting of *Lamentations* by Cristóbal de Morales, sang Luca Marenzio's *Eighth Book of Madrigals* at Harvard University as part of an international conference on Marenzio, and gave concerts in Vermont and upstate New York.

Bass-baritone **Paul Guttry** enjoys a varied career including opera, oratorio, and chamber music. He recently played the Mother in Weill's *7 Deadly Sins* with Intermezzo and Balthasar in Schumann's *Genoveva* with Emmanuel Music. Paul has sung with the medieval music ensemble *Sequentia* and is a former member of *Chanticleer*. In Boston he has performed with Emmanuel Music, Handel & Haydn, the Boston Cecilia, Boston Revels, Prism Opera, and Collage New Music. Paul can be heard on BMG recordings of medieval music with *Sequentia*, Erato recordings of the Boston Camerata, and Koch International recordings of Bach with Emmanuel Music.

Olav Chris Henriksen has been acclaimed throughout Europe and North America as soloist and ensemble player on lutes, theorbo and early guitars. He has performed with the Boston Camerata, the Handel & Haydn Society, the Waverly Consort, Boston Baroque, Emmanuel Music, and Chanticleer. His solo recording, *La Guitarre Royale: French Baroque and Classical Guitar Music*, is on the Museum Music label; he has also recorded for Nonesuch, Erato, Pro Musica, Telarc, Centaur and Decca. He has lectured at Harvard University; Nelson Atkins Museum, Kansas City; Musikkhøgskolen, Oslo; the Museum of Fine Arts, Boston; Rutgers University; and Lincoln Center Institute. He teaches at the Boston Conservatory and the University of Southern Maine.

Scott Metcalfe, music director of Blue Heron, is a specialist in music between 1400 and 1750 whose twenty-year career as a baroque violinist and conductor has taken him across North America and Europe. He directs the Renaissance choir *Convivium Musicum*, is concertmaster of the Trinity Consort in Portland, Oregon, and has conducted *Messiah* in Seattle, Bach's *St. John Passion* in Princeton, and Monteverdi's *Vespers* and Handel's *Amadigi* at Monadnock Music in New Hampshire. Metcalfe was a founding member of *La Luna* and of *The King's Noyse* and appears on recordings on *harmonia mundi*, *ATMA*, *Dorian*, *Wildboar*, and elsewhere. He holds a bachelor's degree from Brown University, where he majored in biology, and has recently completed a master's degree in historical performance practice at Harvard.

Countertenor **Martin Near** has been a professional singer since age nine, working his way up to Head

Chorister at Saint Thomas Fifth Avenue in New York City, and currently sings with Blue Heron and with the choir of the Church of the Advent. He studied composition at New England Conservatory of Music with Michael Gandolfi. On a grant from the American Composers Forum Boston, Mr. Near served as composer and music director of the one act opera *Six Characters in Search of an Opera* for Project ARIA (AIDS Response by Independent Artists), which was given five performances in Boston. Mr. Near is an advocate of the performance of new music and has been a soloist in numerous world premieres, including a microtonal piece in 72-note equal temperament performed in Jordan Hall.

Carol Schlaikjer, soprano, received her vocal training at the Music Conservatory in Cologne, Germany, and the Schola Cantorum in Basel, Switzerland. She lived for almost two decades in Germany, where she was a frequent soloist for the Lutheran Church radio broadcasts in Frankfurt am Main. She has performed throughout Europe, Australia and the US as a concert and recording artist, both as a soloist and as a member of various early music ensembles, including *Sequentia's Vox Feminae* and the *Huelgas Ensemble*. Carol is co-director of the *Orpheus Vocal Performance Laboratory*, which holds workshops for young singers on the South Shore. She also teaches voice in after-school programs in local high schools and at her private voice studio.

Aaron Sheehan, tenor, sings with Blue Heron and *Fortune's Wheel*, and has also performed with *Theater of Voices*, the *Handel & Haydn Society*, and *Liber unUsualis*. In January he made

his debut with San Francisco's *American Bach Soloists*, last fall he toured the United States and Canada with *Tragicomedia* and *Concerto Palatino* in a production of Monteverdi's *Vespers of 1610*, and in June 2005 he appeared as Ivan in the Boston Early Music Festival production of Johann Mattheson's *Boris Goudenow*. He keeps an active teaching schedule with students from Brown University and Wellesley College.

Tenor **Mark Sprinkle** enjoys an active and varied career as a soloist and ensemble singer in repertoire ranging from the fourteenth to the eighteenth centuries. He has appeared as a soloist with *Concerto Palatino* and with the *Handel & Haydn Society* under Grant Llewellyn and Christopher Hogwood, and sang in the Boston Early Music Festival productions of Rossi's *Orfeo*, Lully's *Thésée*, Conradi's *Ariadne*, and Mattheson's *Boris Goudenow*. In May 2005 he sang the Evangelist in Bach's *St. John Passion* with the Andover Choral Society. He worked for many years with Emmanuel Music and can be heard on their recordings of the motets of Heinrich Schütz and the *St. John Passion*. He is a member of the voice faculty at Boston College.



Acknowledgements

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Donations from April 30, 2005 through April 23, 2006

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