

Gotham Early Music Scene (GEMS) presents



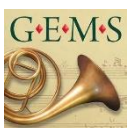
Thursday November 3, 2022 1:15 pm
St Malachy's Church – The Actors' Chapel in New York City
Live Streamed to midtownconcerts.org and [YouTube](https://www.youtube.com)

Margaret Haigh & William Simms
Lagrime mie

Margaret Haigh ~ soprano William Simms ~ theorbo & lute

In darkness let me dwell Fantasia P6 Come, heavy sleep	John Dowland (1563–1626)
Nor com'st thou yet (Hero's Lament to Leander)	Nicholas Lanier (1588–1666)
Lagrime mie	Barbara Strozzi (1619–1677)
Passacaglia from <i>Libro Quarto d'Intavolatura di chitarrone</i>	Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger (c. 1580–1651)
Lamento di Zaida moro	Luigi Rossi (c. 1597–1653)
Corrente IV from <i>Intavolatura di liuto e di chitarrone</i>	Alessandro Piccinini (1566–1638)
Voglio di vita uscir	Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)

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Steven Marquardt, Midtown Concerts Manager Toby Tadman-Little, Program Editor Paul Arents, House Manager
Live stream video crew: Gene Murrow, Murat Eyuboglu, Dennis Cembalo
Christina Britton Conroy, Announcer and Make-up Artist
John Thiessen, Executive Director



About the Program

In a program featuring works by Dowland, Lanier, Rossi, and Monteverdi the overlapping musical worlds of Elizabethan lute song and Italian recitative lament are explored, finding particular corollaries in the music of Nicolas Lanier and Luigi Rossi. Lanier's expressive and expansive scena Hero's *Lament to Leander* breaks the strictures of small form lute songs, channeling its heroine's complex emotional shifting sands through the recitative style typical of the compositional and rhetorical frames imposed by contemporary Italian composers and pairs exquisitely with Rossi's *Lament di Zaida moro*. The recitative lament as a genre is flanked by more restrictive, yet equally soul-baring musical forms, including Claudio Monteverdi's *Voglio di vita uscir* — a curiously upbeat lament set over the ciaccona ground base, offering a shining beam of possibility and light in an otherwise dark world.

About the Artists

Praised as “fiery, wild, and dangerous” (*Classical Voice North Carolina*) with “a talent for character portrayal” (*Chicago Classical Review*), soprano **Margaret Carpenter Haigh** captivates audiences with her “flawless intonation” and “perfect vocalism” (CNVC). Recent solo highlights include the American premiere of Huang Ruo's 12-voice work of vocal-theatre and puppetry *Book of Mountains & Seas*; Bach's *St. Matthew Passion* with the choirs of Trinity Wall Street and Saint Thomas Fifth Avenue; and performances and a recording of Handel's *Israel in Egypt* with GRAMMY©-winning Apollo's Fire. Past engagements of note include Bach's *Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen* with Arizona MusicFest; a newly choreographed ballet performance of Del Tredici's virtuosic and whimsical masterwork *An Alice Symphony* with Portland Symphony and Ballet in Maine; performing Couperin's *Leçons de Ténèbres* in the Easter at King's Concert Series in King's College Chapel, Cambridge; and tours to Israel, Germany, and France under the baton of Timothy Brown with University of Cambridge choirs. A native of Charlotte, North Carolina, Margaret holds degrees from Case Western Reserve University; University of Cambridge, where she was a Gates Cambridge Scholar; and University of North Carolina at Greensboro. Recent scholarship includes work on physical gesture in the madrigal repertory of the *concerto delle donne* in late sixteenth-century Ferrara. She is a member of The Choir of Trinity Wall Street. More at www.margaretcarpenterhaigh.com.

William Simms, theorbo and lute, is an active early music performer. Equally adept on lute, theorbo, and Baroque guitar, he appears regularly with Apollo's Fire, The Washington Bach Consort, Ensemble Vermillian, IndyBaroque, The Thirteen, and Three Notch'd Road. He has performed numerous operas, cantatas, and oratorios with ensembles including The Washington National Opera, The Cleveland Opera, Opera Lafayette, and American Opera Theatre. Venues include The National Cathedral, The Museum of Fine Arts, Boston, The Library of Congress, The Corcoran Gallery, The Kennedy Center and The Barns at Wolftrap. He has toured and recorded with The Baltimore Consort as well as with Apollo's Fire. He performed on the GRAMMY©-winning *Songs of Orpheus* with Apollo's Fire and Karim Sulayman. His recording with Ronn McFarlane, *Two Lutes*, was the CD pick of the week on WETA in Washington DC in 2012. William received a Bachelor of Music from The College of Wooster and a Master of Music from Peabody Conservatory. He serves on the faculties of Mount St. Mary's University and Hood College and is the founder and director of the Hood College Early Music Ensemble. He has recorded for the Dorian, Centaur, Naxos and Eclترا labels.

NEXT WEEK: Joseph Jones
Telemann's Bassoon

IN DARKNESS LET ME DWELL, the ground shall sorrow be,
the roof despair to bar all cheerful light from me,
the walls of marble black that moistened still shall weep,
my music, hellish jarring sounds to banish friendly sleep.
Thus wedded to my woes, and bedded to my Tomb,
O let me living die, till death, till death do come.

COME HEAVY SLEEP, the image of true death;
and close up these my weary weeping eyes:
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,
and tears my hart with sorrows sign swollen cries:
Com and possess my tired thoughts, worn soul,
That living dies, till thou on me be stole.

Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
Allied to death, child to this black-faced night:
Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast,
Whose waking fancies do my mind affright.
O come sweet sleep; come, or I die for ever:
Come ere my last sleep comes, or come thou never.

NOR COM'ST THOU YET,
my slothful love, nor yet; Leander, O my Leander!
Can'st thou forget thy Hero? Leander, why dost thou stay?
Who holds thee? Cruel! What hath begot delay?

Too soon, alas, the rosy fingered morn
will chase the darksome night;
Ah me! I burn, and die in these my languishing desires.

See, see the taper wastes in his own fires, like me,
and will be spent before you come.
Make haste then, my Leander, prithee come.
Behold the winds and seas, deaf and enraged,
my imprecations have in part assuaged.
Their fury's past, but thou more deaf than they,
more merciless torment'st me with delay.
If far from hence, upon thy native shore,
such high delights thou tak'st,
why did thou more incite my hot desires,
with faithless lines;
flattering me with promise,
that when the winds became less high,
and shores had some repose,
if I did but the friendly torch expose
to be thy guide, thou would'st not fail to come.

The shores have peace; the winds and seas are dumb;
thy Hero here attends thee,
and the light invades the horror of the sable night.

Come quickly then, and in these arms appear,
that have been oft thy chiefest calm, thy sphere.

Wretch that I am! 'Tis so, ye Gods 'tis so;
whilst here I vent to Heaven and seas my woe,
he at Abydos in a newer flame,
forgets that e'er he heard poor Hero's name.

Ah! Lighter than blossoms or the fleeting air, that sheds them;
How, o how can'st thou repair thy broken faith?
Is this thy dear respects thou bear'st to oaths and vows?
Thus to neglect both Citherea and her nun?

Is this the inviolable band of Hymen?
This the knot before the sacred altar made of seaborne Venus?
Heavens lend your aid and arm yourselves in thunder.

Oh, but stay: what vain thoughts transport thee Hero?
Away with jealous fury; Leander's thine, thou his,
and the poor youth at home lamenting is
the wary eyes of his old parents;
now steals from them apace unto the shore;
now with hasty hand doth fling his robes from him,
and even now, bold boy attempts to swim,
parting the swelling waves with ivory arms,
borne up alone by love's all powerful charms.

You gentle peaceful winds,
if ever love had power in you,
if ever you did prove least spark of Cupid's flame, for pity's sake,
with softest gales more smooth and easy make,
the troubled floods unto my soul's delight.

You showers, you storms, and tempests black as night
retire your fury till my love appear,
and bless these shores in safety,
and I here within my arms infold my only treasure.

Then, all enraged with horror,
send at pleasure the frothy billows high as Heaven,
that he may here forever be forced to dwell with me.

But hark; O wonder! What sudden storm is this?
Seas menace heavens and the winds do hiss
in scorn of this my just request.

Retire, my too, too venturous love; retire;
tempt not the angry seas.
Ah me! The light's blown out.
O gods; O deadly night;
Neptune, Aeolus, ye powerful deities,
spare, o spare my jewel;
pity the cries and tears of wretched Hero.
'Tis Leander trusts you with his love and life,
fair Leander, beauty of these shores.

See, see the bashful morn,
for sorrow of my great laments, hath torn,
through cloudy night, a passage to my aid,
and here beneath, amidst the horrid shade,
by her faint light, something me thinks I spy,
resembling my soul's joy.

Woe's me, 'tis he, drowned by the impetuous floods.
O dismal hour!
Curst be the seas, these shores, this light, this tower.
in spite of fate, dear love to thee I come.
Leander's bosom shall be Hero's tomb.

LAGRIME MIE, à che vi trattenete?
Perché non isfogate il fier dolore
Che mi toglie'l respiro e opprime il core?

Lidia, che tant'adoro,
Perch'un guardo pietoso, ahi, mi donò,
Il paterno rigor l'imprigionò.
Tra due mura rinchiusa
Stà la bella innocente,
Dove giunger non può raggio di sole;
E qual che più mi duole
Ed' accresc'al mio mal tormenti e pene,
È che per mia cagione
Provi male il mio bene.
E voi, lumi dolenti, non piangete?
Lagrime mie, à che vi trattenete?

Lidia, ahimè, veggio mancarmi
L'idol mio che tanto adoro;
Stà colei tra duri marmi,
Per cui spiro e pur non moro.
Se la morte m'è gradita,
Hor che son privo di spene,
Deh, toglietemi la vita,
Ve ne prego, aspre mie pene.

Ma ben m'accorgo che per tormentarmi
Maggiormente la sorte
Mi nega anco la morte.

Se dunque è vero, o Dio,
Che sol del pianto mio
Il rio destino hà sete,
Lagrime mie, à che vi trattenete?
Perché non isfogate il fier dolore
Che mi toglie'l respiro e opprime il core?

LAMENTO DI ZAIDA MORO

Spars'il crine e lacrimosa,
Dell'Egeo nell'ampie sponde,
Zaida bella e dolorosa, infelice
Grida all'aure e piange all'onde,
Così dice:

Dove n'andate quasi à volo per mar,
Tumide vele del pirata crudele
Che serve al Rè toscano?
Ahi, barbaro cristiano,
Volgi le prova in qua, rendimi Mustafà.

Rend'il, superbo ed empio,
Chè non lice involar le spoglie à un dio:
Egli non è già mio, servo è d'Amore,
Amor chè'l tutto regge
Et alla legge sua cede ogni legge.

*My tears, why do you hold back?
Why do you not let burst forth the fierce pain
that takes my breath and oppresses my heart?*

*Because she looked on me with a favorable glance,
Lidia, whom I so much adore,
is imprisoned by her stern father.
Between two walls
the beautiful innocent one is enclosed,
where the sun's rays can't reach her;
and what grieves me most
and adds torment and pain to my suffering,
is that my love
suffers on my account.
And you, grieving eyes, you don't weep?
My tears, why do you hold back?*

*Alas, I miss Lidia,
the idol that I so much adore;
she's enclosed in hard marble,
the one for whom I sigh and yet do not die.
Because I welcome death,
now that I'm deprived of hope,
Ah, take away my life,
I implore you, my harsh pain.*

*But I well realize that to torment me
all the more
fate denies me even death.*

*Thus since it's true, oh God,
that wicked destiny
thirsts only for my weeping,
tears, why do you hold back?
Why do you not let burst forth the fierce pain
that takes my breath and oppresses my heart?*

*Loosening her hair tearfully
while standing on the wide shores of the Aegean,
the beautiful and sorrowful Zaida,
cries out unhappily to the winds
and weeps to the waves, saying:*

*Where are you going, almost flying
through the sea with the bloated sails
of the cruel pirate who serves the Tuscan king?
Ah, barbarous Christian,
turn the prow this way, give me back Mustafa.*

*Give him up, o proud and wicked one,
for you must not steal the spoils of a god;
he was never mine, he serves Love,
Love which governs everything,
and to its law all other laws yield.*

Predator insolente,
Che con croci di foco ardi ogni lido,
Senti, deh senti il grido
E ti muova il dolore
D'una mora che more in man d'Amore.

Così gonfin tue vele aure feconde
E t'obbedisca il mare
E s'increspi giocondo alle tue voglie,
Così per te si spoglie
Bizzantio invitto e del turchesco impero
Prostrato ogni guerriero
Alla tua spade ceda,
E tu, già carico di piropi e d'oro
E d'ogni ricca preda,
Faccia all'Etrusco mar lieto ritorno;
Volgi le prova in qua,
Che drizzaste à Livorno,
Rendimi Mustafà.

Ma tu, lassa non curi
Mie lagrimose strida!
Ahi, nemico del cielo,
Non mai fortuna arrida
All'ingiuste tue voglie
E tue cristiane spoglie
Preda sian di color che tu predasti,
L'acqua in cui tanto osasti,
Contrastata da' venti
Perfido, à te contrasti
E qual ti mostri à me, sordo à tuoi preghi,
Perfido il mar t'anneghi!

Ma, ciel, che dissì, o Dio?
Cada sopra di me l'augurio indegno
Poi che va l'alma mia dentro à quel legno!
Ah, che sia maledetto,
Poi che del mio dolor s'è poco cura,
L'arabo Macometto,
E'l suo seguace Ali,
La Mecca il suol la copra
E cada sotto sopra
Medina Talnabi!
Si maledetto il dì che Zaida nacque
Poi che prigion, per l'acque,
Cinto di ferro va
Il mio caro Mustafà.

*Insolent predator,
you who with crosses of fire burn every shore,
hear, oh hear my wailing,
and may you be moved by the pain
of a Moorish woman who dies at the hands of Love.*

*May prosperous winds fill your sails,
may the sea obey you
and bend merrily to your will;
may invincible Byzantium
render its riches to you,
and may every warrior of the Turkish Empire surrender,
prostrate to your sword;
and may you, laden with garnets and gold
and every rich booty,
return safely to the Etruscan sea;
turn your prow this way,
you who were heading towards Livorno,
give me back Mustafa.*

*But you, alas, ignore my teary cries!
Ah, enemy of heaven,
may fortune never smile
on your unjust desires
and may your Christian remains
be the prey of those whom you have pillaged,
may the waters, opposed by winds,
in which you were so daring,
oppose you, o perfidious one,
and just as you show yourself to me,
o barbarous one, may the seas,
deaf to your prayers, drown you!*

*But heaven, what have I said, o God?
May the terrible augur fall instead upon me,
for my soul is inside that ship!
Ah, since he cares so little
for my pain
cursed be the Arab Mohammed
and his disciple Ali,
may the earth cover Mecca
and may the Prophet's Mosque
be turned upside down!
Cursed be the day that Zaida was born,
for on the waters,
imprisoned in a wall of iron,
goes my dear Mustafa.*

VOGLIO DI VITA USCIR, voglio che cadano
Quest'ossa in polve e queste membra in cenere,
E che i singulti miei tra l'ombre vadano.

Già che quel piè ch'ingemma l'erbe tenere
Sempre fugge da me, nè lo trattengono
I lacci, ohimè! Del bel fanciul di Venere;

Voglio che gl'abissi il mio cordoglio vedano
E l'aspro mio martir le furie piangano
E che i dannati al mio tormento cedano!

Addio crudel! Gl'orgogli tuoi rimangano
A incrudelir congli'altri. A te rinunzio,
Nè vó più che mie speme in te si frangano.

S'apre la tomba: il mio morir t'annunzio.
Una lacrima spargi, et alfin donami
Di tua tarda pietade un solo nuntio,
E s'amando t'offesi, homai perdonami!

*I want to leave life! I want these bones
to fall into dust, and these limbs into ashes,
so that my sobs disappear into the shadows.*

*Now that the feet which adorn the tender grass
always run from me, and are not restrained
by the snares, alas, of the lovely child of Venus [Cupid],*

*I want hell to see my anguish,
and the furies to weep at the harshness of my suffering,
and the damned to yield [their pity] at my torments.*

*Farewell, cruel one! Your pride persists
in growing worse with the others. I renounce you,
I don't want my hopes in you to be shattered any more!*

*The tomb opens, I announce my death.
Shed one tear, and finally give me
a single sign of your belated pity,
and if by loving I offended you, now forgive me.*