

Gotham Early Music Scene (GEMS) presents



MIDTOWN CONCERTS

Thursday October 17 2024 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)

Intesa *From the Eastern Gate*

Lucine Musaelian ~ bass viol & voice Nathan Georgetti ~ bass viol

Dalla porta d'oriente
Canzon Terza à 2. Canto e Basso

Giulio Caccini (1551–1618)
Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583–1643)

Hov Arek
Che si puó fare

Armenian Traditional
Barbara Strozzi (1619–1677)

Love cannot dissemble
Sweet, stay a while
Keler Tsoler

Michael East (ca. 1580–1648)
John Dowland (1563–1626)
Komitas Vardapet (1869–1935)

Piangeró la sorte mia
Chinar Es
Morning Light

G.F. Handel (1685–1759)
Komitas Vardapet
Lucine Musaelian (b. 1997)

L'Arabesque
Slogher Jan

Marin Marais (1656–1728)
Komitas Vardapet

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Naomi Morse, Director of Marketing John Thiessen, Executive Director



www.gemsny.org

ABOUT THE PROGRAM

From the Eastern Gate tells stories of love, loss, and light, connecting Western European early music with traditional Armenian song through the universal art of self-accompaniment. With Giulio Caccini's "Dalla Porta d'Oriente", a new light is revealed from the east, and as we journey through scorching weather in the Armenian song "Hov Arek", Strozzi and Dowland's pleadings and unrequited love, and Cleopatra's fateful loss – we finally reach the coming of a new season and renew our hope with "Morning Light" and "Shogher Jan."

ABOUT THE ENSEMBLE

Intesa was formed at the Royal Academy of Music by Lucine Musaelian and Nathan Giorgetti where they were Chamber Music Fellows from 2023 to 2024. Brought together by their shared passion for the sound of the viol, its combination with the voice, and the overlap between folk and Baroque music, their programs are centered around the art of self-accompaniment across different genres. Recently, Intesa performed two sold-out concerts at the Utrecht Fabulous Fringe Festival and was awarded 2nd prize at the #GeneraciónSMADÉ emerging talent competition in Estella, Spain. Intesa is one of five winners of the Tunnell Trust Awards in 2024.

TEXT TRANSLATIONS

Dalla Porta d'Oriente

Lampeggiando in ciel usciva
E le nubi coloriva
L'alba candida e lucente,
E per l'aure rugiadosa
Apria gigli e spargea rose.

Quand'al nostr'almo terreno
Distendendo i dolci lampi
Vide aprir su i nostri campi
D'altra luce altro sereno;
E portando altr'alba il giorno
Dileguar la notte intorno.

Ch'a sgombrar l'oscuro velo
Più soave e vezzosetta,
Una vaga giovinetta
Accendea le rose in cielo,
E di fiamme porporine
Feria l'aure matutine.

Di due splendide facelle
Tanta fiamma discendea,
Che la terra intorno ardea
Et ardeva in ciel le stelle;
E se'l sole usciva fuora,
Havrebb'arso il sole ancora.

Hov Arek

Հով արեք, սարեր ջան, հով արեք,
Իմ դարդին դարման արեք:
Սարերը հով չեն անում,
Իմ դարդին դարման անում:
Ամպեր, ամպեր, մ քիչ զով արեք,
Վարար անձրև թափեք, ծով արեք,
Գեշ մարդոտ օր-արելը
Սեւ հողի տակով արեք:

From the gateway to the East

she rose shimmering in the sky,
softly coloring the clouds,
the brightly shining Dawn;
and with her dewy breezes
she opened lilies, scattered roses.

Spreading its sweet rays
over our mild earth, we see
the brightness of new light
breaking over our fields;
day, bringing a new dawn
dispels the surrounding night

To clear the veil of darkness
a beautiful young maiden,
so sweet was she, so lovely,
kindled roses in heaven;
and with purple flames
she pierced the morning skies.

Such flame came
from her two bright little torches
That the earth caught fire,
As did the stars in heaven;
And had the sun come out,
It too would have burst into flame.

Hov Arek

Make a breeze, dear mountains, make a breeze,
Bring cure to my agony
The mountains are not making wind
(To bring) cure to my trouble
Oh clouds, clouds, make a bit of a cool
Pour heavy rain, make a sea
The good day of a bad guy
Make it go under the black soil

հով, հով արեք,
հով, հով արեք,
Ամպեր, ամպեր, մ քիչ զով արեք,
Վարար անձրև թափեք, ծով արեք,
Գեշ մարդո օր-արեք
Մեւ հողի տակով արեք:
հով արեք, սարեր ջան, հով արեք,
Իմ դարդին դարման...

Che si può fare

Le stelle rubelle
Non hanno pietà.
Che s'el cielo non dà
Un influsso di pace al mio penare,
Che si può fare?
Che si può dire?
Da gl'astri disastri
Mi piovano ogn'hor;
Che le perfido amor
Un respiro diniega al mio martire,
Che si può dire?

Sweet, stay a while

Sweet stay awhile, why will you rise?
The light you see comes from your eyes:
The day breaks not; it is my heart,
To think that you and I must part.
O stay, or else my joys must die,
And perish in their infancy.

Dear, let me die in this fair breast,
Far sweeter than the Phoenix' nest.
Love raise desire by his sweet charms
Within this circle of thine arms:
And let thy blissful kisses cherish
Mine infant joys, that else must perish.

Keler Tsoler

Քեւեր, ցոլեր իմ յարը,
Արեւի տակին
Քեւեր, ցոլեր իմ յարը:
Մարի սովոր,
Մեն-մենավոր, Շեկ տղա,
Շող արեգակ,
Թո՛ղ արեգակ, Ե՛կ, տղա:
Քեւեր, ցոլեր իմ յարը,
Աղբյուրի ակին
Քեւեր, ցոլեր իմ յարը:
Կանաչ առվով,
Ճանաչ առվով, Ե՛կ, տղա,
Բաղով արի,
Շողով արի, Ե՛կ տղա:

Breeze, make a breeze
Breeze, make a breeze
Oh clouds, clouds, make a bit of a cool
Pour heavy rain, make a sea
The good day of a bad guy
Make it go under the black soil
Make a breeze, dear mountains, make a breeze,
Bring cure to my agony...

What can you do?

The stars, intractable,
have no pity.
Since the gods don't give
a measure of peace in my suffering,
what can I do?
What can you say?
From the heavens disasters
keep raining down on me;
Since that treacherous Cupid
denies respite to my torture,
what can I say?

Keler Tsoler

Walking, glistening is my love,
Under the sun
Walking, glistening my love,
He is a mountain man,
a lonely, blond boy
Shining like the sun;
leave the sun and come
Walking, glistening is my love,
At the mouth of the spring..
Walking, glistening my love,
Come way of the green brook,
the familiar brook Through the garden,
the morning dew, blond boy.

Piangerò la sorte mia**Recitativo**

E pur così in un giorno
perdo fasti, e grandezze? Ah! fato rio!
Cesare il mio bel nume è forse estinto;
Cornelia, e Sesto inermi son, né sanno
darmi soccorso. O dio!
Non resta alcuna speme al viver mio.

Aria

Piangerò la sorte mia
sì crudele e tanto ria
finché vita in petto avrò.

Ma poi morta d'ogn'intorno
il tiranno e notte e giorno
fatta spettro agiterò.

Chinar Es

Չինար ես, կեռանալ մի,
Յար, յար, յար.
Մեր դռներն հեռանալ մի,
Յար, յար, յար.
Էս գիշեր երազ տեսա,
Յար, յար, յար.
Վերկերքս վարած տեսա,
Յար, յար, յար...

Morning Light

You are like the morning light on a cold winter's day,
After a never-ending night you take uncertainties away.
You beam right through my unadjusted eyes like you
knew I'd cried, now they're open wide.
I'd never know you like I do if day and night did not
collide.

Sometimes I feel I don't know anything,
I just know tomorrow you'll appear, nature's glistening
chandelier,
Shedding light on a path I did not see the night before,
I don't need anything more.

I fell asleep, drifting in a deep November far away,
remembering that day.
"Wake up, it's just another dream!" but even so, the
feeling stays.

Sometimes I feel I don't know anything,
I just know tomorrow you'll appear.
You're the unabashed smile,
The "hey, it's been a while."
You're the steadfast tin soldier,
The eyes of the beholder.

You're the "God, it's good to see you,
After all we've been through,"
You're the light, my morning light.

I shall weep over my cruel fate**Recitative**

So it is that in one day I lose
both splendor and grandeur? Ah cruel fate!
Caesar, my beautiful god, may be dead;
Cornelia and Sesto are powerless and
do not know how to help me. O god!
No hope remains in my life.

Aria

I shall weep over my cruel fate
so long as there remains
life in my breast.

But once I have perished,
I shall become a ghost and torment that tyrant
from all directions, day and night.

Chinar Es

You are a plane tree, don't bend your head.
Dear, dear, dear.
Don't stay away from our door,
Dear, dear, dear...
This night I had a dream,
Dear, dear, dear,
I saw my wounds were burnt.
Dear, dear, dear...

Shogher Jan

Ամպել ա, ձուն չի՛ գալի, Շողե՛ր ջան,
 Սարիցը տուն չի՛ գալի, Շողե՛ր ջան,
 Դու շորորա՛, դուն օրորա՛ Շողե՛ր ջան,
 Ամպի տակին ձուն կերեւա, Շողե՛ր ջան:

Միրտս կըրակով լըցված, Շողե՛ր ջան,
 Աչքիս քուն չի գալի, Շողե՛ր ջան,
 Դու շորորա՛, դուն օրորա՛ Շողե՛ր ջան,
 Ամպի տակին ձուն կերեւա, Շողե՛ր ջան:

Սարի գլխին ձուն եկավ, Շողե՛ր ջան,
 Շեկլիկ յարըդ տուն եկավ, Շողե՛ր ջան,
 Ուն կերեւա, ձուն կերեւա, Շողե՛ր ջան,
 Բերդի տակին տուն կերեւա, Շողե՛ր ջան:

Աշունն եկավ սարիցը, Շողե՛ր ջան:
 Տերև թափեց ծառիցը, Շողե՛ր ջան:
 Ուն կերեւա, ձուն կերեւա, Շողե՛ր ջան:
 Շողոն դարդով լըցվել ա, Շողե՛ր ջան:

Shogher Jan

It's cloudy, it's not snowing, dear Shogher,
 He is not coming home from the village, dear Shogher,
 Dance, lull, dear Shogher,
 The snow is showing below the mountain, dear Shogher.

My heart is filled with fire, dear Shogher,
 My eyes don't want to sleep, dear Shogher,
 Dance, lull, dear Shogher,
 The snow is showing below the mountain, dear Shogher.

It has snowed at the top of the mountain, dear Shogher,
 Your blonde lover came home, dear Shogher,
 We see a lot, we see snow, dear Shogher,
 A house is showing at the bottom of the fortress, dear Shogher.

Autumn came down from the mountain, dear Shogher,
 Leaves fell from the trees, dear Shogher,
 We see a lot, we see snow, dear Shogher,
 A house is showing at the bottom of the fortress, dear Shogher.

Next Week: Melanie Williams & Rebecca Pechefsky
Bach's Star Pupil Meets a Bohemian Virtuoso