

Gotham Early Music Scene (GEMS) presents



Thursday May 2, 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)

Le tre grazie *Musica Secreta*

Margaret Carpenter Haigh, Aine Hakamatsuka & Madeline Apple Healy ~ sopranos
Elisa Sutherland ~ mezzosoprano Adam Cockerham ~ theorbo Nicholas Haigh ~ harpsichord

Le tre grazie a venere	Barbara Strozzi (1619–1677)
Che si puo fare Canto di bella bocca O Dolcezza amarissime d'amore	Luzzasco Luzzaschi (ca. 1545–1607)
O primavera Sdegno, campion audace Troppo ben puo	Virgilio Mazzocchi (1597–1646)
Lettera amarosa Merce di voi T'amo mia vita!	Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643) Barbara Strozzi Luzzasco Luzzaschi

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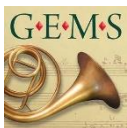
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Harpsichord Provided by Rebecca Pechefsky



www.gemsny.org

ABOUT THE PROGRAM

Musica Secreta features the music of *concerto delle donne* providing a stunning musical portrayal of love themes from a 17th-century perspective with works by Francesca Caccini, Luzzasco Luzzaschi, Claudio Monteverdi, and Barbara Strozzi. The program explores themes from sapphic poetry and heavenly admiration to haunting heartbreak and suffering in celebration of the divine feminine.

ABOUT THE ENSEMBLE AND ARTISTS

Margaret Carpenter Haigh, Madeline Healey and Elisa Sutherland are in collaboration for the first time, exploring the repertoire of the court of Ferrara.

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” (*CVNC*). She is in demand as a specialist interpreter of early music throughout North America and has been featured with ensembles including the Memphis, Winston-Salem, and Portland Symphonies, Bach Akademie Charlotte, Arizona MusicFest, Apollo’s Fire, Evansville Philharmonic; and her own ensemble L’Académie du Roi Soleil. Margaret resides in New York where she is a member of the Choir of Trinity Wall Street. margaretcarpenterhaigh.com

Described by *The New York Times* as having “loads of personality”, New York-based Japanese soprano **Aine Hakamatsuka** is a versatile artist whose vocal flexibility and love for collaborative music-making have led her to a career spanning concert, opera, and choral repertoire. In demand as a soloist and choral artist, she is on the rosters of the Choir of Trinity Wall Street, Clarion Choir, and the Santa Fe Desert Chorale. She has appeared with Bach Vespers at Holy Trinity, Musica Sacra, the New York Philharmonic, New York Virtuoso Singers, and St. Bartholomew’s Choir in prestigious venues including the Barbican, Carnegie Hall, Lincoln Center, the Met Museum, and many of New York’s most beloved churches. When she is not performing, Aine enjoys caring for her two cats Mimi and Momo. ainehakamatsuka.com

Soprano **Madeline Apple Healey** is known for her “gorgeous singing” (*Washington Post*) and “fetching combination of vocal radiance and dramatic awareness” (*Cleveland Plain Dealer*). Specializing primarily in early and contemporary repertoire, Madeline is passionate about polyphony and loves working on music that challenges the construct of beautiful sound. She is a member of the Choir of Trinity Wall Street, co-founder of the vocal chamber ensemble AMPERSAND, and performs internationally as a soloist and chamber musician. Beyond performing, Madeline is an outdoorswoman and environmental advocate. A native of Cleveland, she now resides in New York. madelineapplehealey.com

Mezzo-soprano **Elisa Sutherland** gives detailed, stylistic performances of early and new music with “soul-infused expressiveness and unselfconscious *joie de vivre*” (*New York Classical Review*). Highlights from this season include a performance of Jacquet de la Guerre’s *Judith* with TENET Vocal Artists, a European tour with Ekmeles, and three appearances with Alkemie Medieval ensemble. In the realm of vocal chamber music, Ellie frequently appears with the top ensembles in the country including The Crossing, Roomful of Teeth, Lorelei, the Choir of Trinity Wall Street, Variant 6, and Seraphic Fire. elisasutherland.com

Early music artist **Adam Cockerham** specializes in theorbo, lute, and Baroque guitar. Beginning his performance career as a classical guitarist, he then gravitated toward historical plucked strings, preferring the collaborative opportunities of chamber music from the 16th through 18th centuries. As an accompanist and continuo player, Adam has performed with numerous ensembles in North America. Beyond chamber music, Adam concentrates on 17th-century Italian opera and has been involved in numerous modern world premiere performances with companies including Innsbrucker Festwochen der Alten Musik and Ars Minerva. Adam received his doctorate from The Juilliard School where he was awarded the Richard F. French Prize for best dissertation. adamcockerham.com

Nicolas Haigh serves as Associate Organist at Saint Thomas Church in New York City where he appears regularly with the Saint Thomas Choir of Men and Boys. Originally from the United Kingdom, Nicolas previously held positions with the multiple Gramophone award-winning Choir of New College, Oxford, and York Minster. Nicolas has been privileged to perform as both a soloist and accompanist in countries including Australia, France, Italy, The Netherlands, Israel, and in Hong Kong. He has performed frequently on radio (BBC Radio 3 and BBC Radio 4) and his teachers have included Malcolm Archer, Clive Driskill-Smith, James McVinnie, and Jonathan Moyer.

Next Week: Medieval Voices *Music and Poetry of the 14th and 15th Centuries*

Texts and Translations – *Musica Secreta*

Le tre grazie a venere

Bella madre d'Amore,
anco non ti ramembra che nuda
havesti di bellezze il grido
in sul Troiano lido
dal giudice Pastore?
Onde se nuda piaci
in sin a gl'occhi de' bifolchi Idei,
vanarella che sei,
Perché vuoi tu con tanti adobbi e tanti
ricoprirti a gl'amanti?
O vesti le tue Gratie e i nudi Amori,
o getta ancor tu fuori
gl'arnesi, i mantie i veli:
di quelle care membra
nulla, nulla si celi.
Tu ridi e non rispondi?
Ah, tu le copri, sì, tu le nascondi,
Che sai ch'invoglia più,
che più s'apprezza la negata bellezza.

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?

Così va rio destin forte tiranna,
gl'innocenti condanna:
così l'oro più fido
di costanza e di fè, lasso conviene,
lo raffini d'ogn'hor fuoco di pene.

Sì, sì, penar deggio,
sì, che darei sospiri,
desgio trarne i respiri.
In aspri guai per eternarmi
il ciel niega mia sorte
al periodo vital
punto di morte.

The three graces to Venus

Beautiful mother of love,
have you forgotten that you were nude
when you carried away the prize for beauty
on the Trojan shore,
in the shepherd's judgement?
So if nude you pleased
the eyes of the herdsmen of Mount Ida,
vain that you are,
why do you conceal yourself from lovers
with so many ornaments?
Either clothe your graces and the naked cupids,
or you too cast away
the attires, robes and veils:
Let nothing be hidden
of those dear limbs.
You laugh and don't answer?
Ah, you cover them, you conceal them,
for you know that more enticing,
more valued is beauty that is withheld.

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?

That's how it is with cruel destiny,
the powerful tyrant, it condemns the innocent:
thus the purest gold
of constancy and faithfulness, alas,
is continually refined in the fire of pain.

Yes, yes, I have to suffer,
yes, I must sigh,
I must breathe with difficulty.
In order to eternalize my trials
heaven withholds from me
the final period of death
to my lifespan.

Voi spirti dannati
ne sete beati
s'ogni Eumenide ria
sol' è intenta a crucciar l'anima mia.
Se sono sparite
le furie di Dite,
voi ne gl'Elisi eterni
i di trahete io coverò gl'infernì.
Così avvien a chi tocca
calcar l'orme d'un cieco,
al fin trabocca.

Canto di bella bocca

Che dolce udire una leggiadra bocca
tutta lieta cantar versi d'amore.
Vaga, vezzosa voce
con passaggio veloce
t'alletta, ti circonda, anzi ti tocca
e dentro va quasi a baciarti il core.
Che dolce udire una leggiadra bocca
tutta lieta cantar versi d'amore,
mentre musico labbro
spiega d'amore i pregi.

Altro non dice
quel canoro felice
che le gioie che senti;
altro non dice
che i dilette che provi;
altro non dice
che i tuoi piaceri nuovi,
i tuoi vecchi contenti.

Dillo, o mio core,
Che dolce udir una leggiadra bocca
Tutta lieta cantar versi d'amore.
Quell'aura armonizzata
Da una gorga canora
Ti ravviva e ristora,
Ti fa l'alma beata.

Folle sei se non godi e non cominci,
qua giù ristretto in un caduco velo,
tirsi, a gustar le melodie del Cielo.

O Dolcezza amarissime d'Amore

Quest'è pur il mio core,
quest'è pur il mio ben che più languisco.
Che fa meco il dolor se ne gioisco?
Fuggite Amore Amanti, Amore amico
o che fiera nemico!

You spirits of the damned,
you're blessed,
since all the cruel Eumenides
are intent only on torturing my soul.
Since the furies of Dis
have disappeared,
you spend your days in the Elysian fields
while I molder in hell.
Thus it happens that he who follows
the shadow of a blind god
stumbles in the end.

Song of the beautiful mouth

How sweet it is to hear a lovely mouth
joyfully sing verses of love.
A lyrical, charming voice
entices you with fleeting melody,
encircles you, even touches you,
and enters you as if to kiss your heart.
How sweet it is to hear a lovely mouth
joyfully sing verses of love,
as the musical lips
affirm the virtues of love.

That joyful song
clearly describes
the joys that you feel;
clearly describes
the delights you experience;
clearly tells
of your new pleasures,
your past contentments.

Proclaim it, oh my heart,
how sweet it is to hear a lovely mouth
joyfully sing verses of love.
That harmonious breath
from a sweet-voiced throat
revives and restores you,
sanctifies your soul.

You're foolish, Thyrsis, if you don't rejoice and
don't begin, while imprisoned here below in this
mortal veil, to enjoy the melodies of paradise.

O bitterest of Love's sweet delights,

This is indeed my heart,
the treasure for which I languish the most.
What must I do with pain if I take pleasure in it?
Flee from Love, friendly Love, you lovers,
what a fierce foe!

All'hor che vi lusinga, all'hor che ride,
condisse i vostri pianti
con quel velen che dolcemente ancide.
Non credete ai sembianti,
che par soave et è pugnente e crudo,
et è men disarmato all'hor ch'è nudo

O primavera, gioventù dell'anno,
Bella madre de' fiori,
d'erbe novelle e di novelli amori!
Tu ben lasso ritorni ma senza i cari giorni
de le speranze mie.
Tu ben sei ch'eri pur dianzi sì vezzosa e bella,
ma non son io quel, che già un tempo fui,
sì caro agli occhi altrui.

Sdegno, campion audace
Della ragion guerriera
Spiegando sua bandiera
Non vuol più tregua, no, non vuol più pace.
Se t'invita lo sdegno,
alma col suo furore,
rompi quel giogo indegno,
ah, non ha core il core
hor che sdegno l'avviva,
Viva lo sdegno, viva,
ch'innalzando la face
non vuol più tregua, no, non vuol più pace.

Troppo ben può
Troppo ben può questo tiranno Amore
per far soggetto un core,
se libertà non val nè val fuggire
a chi non può soffrire.
Quando penso talor com'arde e punge,
com' il suo giogo è dispietato e grave,
io dico: "Ah core stolto
non l'aspettar, che fai?
Fuggilo sì che non ti giunga mai".
Ma non sò come il lusinghier mi giunge,
è sì dolce e sì vago e sì soave,
ch'i dico: "Ah core stolto,
per che fuggito l'hai?
Prendilo sì, che non ti fugga mai".

Lettera amorosa
Se i languidi miei sguardi, se i sospiri interrotti,
se le tronche parole non han sin or potuto,
o bell'idolo mio, farvi delle mie fiamme intera fede,
leggete queste note,
credete a questa carta, a questa carta in cui

He flatters and smiles at you
and seasons your weeping
with a poison that kills sweetly.
Do not trust appearances,
he seems pleasant, but is hurtful and cruel,
and when naked is no less beweaponed.

Oh springtime, youth of the year,
beautiful mother of flowers,
of new plants and of new loves!
You return indeed, but with you
are not returning the days of my hope.
You are that one, that you were not long ago, so
lovely and beautiful, but I am not that one that once
I was, so valued in the eyes of others.

Disdain, daring champion,
Reason's warrior,
unfurling his banner
wants no more truce, no, and no more peace.
If disdain invites you,
o soul, with its fury,
break that unworthy yoke;
alas, the heart has no heart
until disdain has vitalized it.
Long live disdain,
which, raising its torch,
wants no more truce, no, and no more peace.

Too much power
This tyrant Love has too much power
to make a heart his subject,
if neither liberty nor flight are worth anything
to he who cannot suffer.
At times I think of his ardour and wounding,
how pitiless and severe his yoke.
I say: "Ah, foolish heart,
Do not wait for him, what are you doing?
Flee him, so that he may never entrap you."
I do not know how the flatterer found me,
He is so charming, gentle and sweet
that I said to myself "Ah, foolish heart,
why did you flee?
Seize him now, so that he may never escape you".

Amorous Letter
If my languishing looks, if my suppressed sighs,
if my unfinished words, have not yet,
oh my life, proved my passion,
read these notes,
believe this letter, in this letter in which

sotto forma d'inchostro il cor stillai.
Qui sotto scorgerete quegl'interni pensieri
che con passi d'amore scorron l'anima mia;
anzi, avvampar vedrete come in sua propria sfera
nelle vostre bellezze il foco mio.

Non è già parte in voi che con forza invisibile
d'amore tutto a sè non mi tragga:
altro già non son io
che di vostra beltà preda e trofeo.
A voi mi volgo, o chiome, cari miei lacci d'oro:
deh, come mai potea scampar sicuro
se come lacci l'anima legaste,
come oro la compraste?
Voi, pur voi dunque siete
della mia libertà catena e prezzo.
Stami miei preziosi, bionde fila divine,
con voi l'eterna Parca
sovra il fuso fatal mia vita torce.

Voi, voi capelli d'oro, voi pur siete di lei,
ch'è tutta il foco mio, raggi e faville;
ma, se faville siete, onde avvien che ad ogn'ora
contro l'uso del foco in giù scendete?
Ah che a voi per salir scender conviene,
ché la magion celeste ove aspirate,
o sfera de gli ardori, o paradiso,
è posta in quel bel viso.

Cara mia selva d'oro, ricchissimi capelli,
in voi quel labirinto Amor intesse
onde uscir non saprà l'anima mia.
Tronchi pur morte i rami
del prezioso bosco e da la fragil carne
scuota pur lo mio spirito,
che tra fronde sì belle, anco recise,
rimarrò prigioniero,
fatto gelida polve ed ombra ignuda.

Dolcissimi legami, belle mie piogge d'oro
quali or sciolte cadete da quelle ricche nubi
onde raccolte siete e, cadendo, formate
preziose procelle onde con onde d'or bagnando
andate scogli di latte e rivi d'alabastro,
more subitamente
(o miracolo eterno d'amoroso desio)
fra sì belle tempeste arse il cor mio.

Ma già l'ora m'invita,
o degli affetti miei nunzia fedele,
cara carta amorosa,

like the ink, my heart bled.
There you shall see the secret thoughts
that with loving gait wander in my soul;
so, shall you see burn as in its own sphere,
by your beauty, my fire.

There is nothing in you that does not drag me
with the invisible power of love:
I am nothing more than prey and prize
of your beauty.
To you I turn, oh, hair, beloved braids of gold:
ah, how shall I escape
if you have tied my soul like a plait,
and bought it like gold?
You, for you are
the chain and the price of my freedom.
My jewels, fair divine twine,
you are used by eternal Parca
on her fatal spindle, weaving of my life.

You, you braids of gold, you belong to she
who is all my fire, my rays and lightning:
for, if lightning you are,
why unlike fire, do you descend?
Ah, you need descend to go up,
the high heaven that you yearn for,
oh, sphere of passion, oh, paradise,
lives in that radiant face.

My beloved forest of gold, finest braids,
in you Love wove a labyrinth
where the soul is lost.
Can death cut the branches
of the lovely wood, and from delicate flesh
free my spirit,
but in such a beautiful, yet pruned,
canopy, I shall remain captive,
made cold dust and knotted shadow.

Sweetest twine my beautiful golden rain
each drop falling from those rich clouds
that hold you and, in falling, you make
pretty storms and break waves and waves of gold,
swiftly shaded,
in crags of milk and rivers of alabaster
(oh, eternal miracle of loving desire),
in those beautiful storms my heart was burnt.

But now the hour bids me,
oh, faithful messenger of my affection,
precious love letter,

che dalla penna ti divida omai;
vanne, e s'amor e'l cielo
cortese ti concede che de' begli occhi non t'accenda
il raggio, ricovra entro il bel seno:
chi sà che tu non gionga
da sì felice loco
per sentieri di neve a un cor di foco!

Merce di voi, mia fortunata stella,
volo di Pindo in fra i beati chori,
e coronata d'immortali allori
forse detta sarò Saffo novella.

Così l'impresa faticosa e bella
sia felice del canto e degl'amori,
che s'unisco le voci i nostri cori
non disunisca mai voglia rubella.

O che vaga e dolcissima armonia
fanno due alme innamorate e fide,
che quel che l'una vuol l'altra desia.

Che gioisce al gioir,
ch'al rider ride,
né mai sospiran, che'l sospir non sia
d'una morte che sana e non uccide.

T'amo mia vita! La mia cara vita
dolcemente mi dice e 'n questa sola
sì soave parola
par che trasformi lietamente il core
per farmene signore.
Oh, voce di dolcezza e di diletto!
Prendila tosto Amore
stampala nel mio petto.
Spiri solo per lei l'anima mia:
t'amo mia vita, la mia vita sia.

to separate my quill from you;
go, and if love and the courteous sky
prevent the rays of her eyes from burning you,
find shelter in her lovely breast:
that per chance you reach out
from such a blessed place
across snow-covered paths to a heart of fire.

Thanks to you, my star of good fortune,
I fly from Mount Pindo among the blessed choirs,
and crowned with laurels of immortality
I will perhaps be considered a new Sappho.

Let the difficult and beautiful undertaking
be joyful with song and cupids,
so that our hearts united by voices
may never be disjoined by conflicting desires.

Oh what blithe and sweet harmony
two faithful souls in love make,
for what one wants the other desires.

They rejoice with each other's joy,
laugh with each other's laughter,
and never sigh except with the sigh of death
that heals and doesn't slay.

I love you, my life! My dear life
said this softly to me, and this
single sweet word
joyfully transformed my heart
and made me its master.
O voice of sweetness and delight!
Love, seize it swiftly
and enclose it in my breast.
My soul breathes only for her:
I love you, my life, be my life, wholly.