

# I Fagiolini *Fire & Ice*

Tuesday 23 April 2024



## I Fagiolini

**Robert Hollingworth** director  
**Anna Crookes, Rebecca Lea** sopranos  
**Martha McLorinan** mezzo-soprano  
**Matthew Long** tenor  
**Greg Skidmore** baritone  
**Frederick Long** bass  
**Eligio Quinteiro** chitarrone  
**Robert Hollingworth** organ

## Monteverdi

O primavera, gioventù dell'anno  
Rimanti in pace

Lamento della ninfa

Sfogava con le stelle  
Longe da te, cor mio  
Salve, O Regina

Cruda Amarilli  
Era l'anima mia  
Parlo misero o taccio

Lamento d'Arianna

**Robert Hollingworth will be introducing this evening's music from the stage**

**Tonight's concert will run for one hour without interval**

**The artists will be in the foyer afterwards to meet and greet the audience.**

**The bar will remain open.**

## **O primavera, gioventù de l'anno (Guarini, Il pastor fido, III,1)**

O primavera, gioventù de l'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 quella  
ch'eri pur dianzi, sì vezzosa e bella;  
ma non son io quel che già un tempo fui,  
sì caro a gli occhi altrui.

O spring, youthful season of the year,  
fair mother of flowers,  
tender grasses and new loves:  
you indeed, alas, can return,  
but without the precious days  
of my longing.  
You are that which  
you were before – attractive and beautiful,  
but not so I, who had once been  
so dear to the eyes of others.

## Rimanti in pace (Livio Celiano)

“Rimanti in pace” a la dolente e bella  
Fillida Tirsi sospirando disse  
“Rimanti, io me ne vo’tal mi prescisse  
legge empio fato aspra sort’e rubella.”

Ed ella ora da l’una e l’altra stella  
stillando amaro umore, i lumi affisse  
nei lumi del suo Tirsi e gli trafisse  
Il cor di pietosissime quadrella.

Ond’ei, di morte la sua faccia impressa  
Disse; ‘Ahi come n’andrò senz’il mio sole,  
di martir in martir, di doglie in doglie?’”

Ed ella, da singhiozzi e piant’oppressa  
fievolmente formò queste parole:  
“Deh, cara anima mia, chi mi ti toglie?”

## Lamento della ninfa (Ottavio Rinuccini)

*Non havea Febo ancora  
recato al mondo il dì,  
ch’una donzella fuora  
del proprio albergo uscì.  
Sul pallidetto volto  
scorgeasi il suo dolor;  
spesso gli veniva sciolto  
un gran sospir dal cor.  
Sì calpestando fiori,  
errava hor qua hor là,  
i suoi perduti amori  
così piangendo va:*

- Amor - dicea, il ciel  
mirando, il piè fermò -  
Amor, dov’è la fè  
ch’el traditor giurò?  
(*miserella*)  
Fà che ritorni il mio  
amor com’ei pur fu;  
ò tu m’ancidi, ch’io  
non mi tormenti più.  
(*Miserella, ah più no,  
tanto gel soffrir non può!*)  
Non vo’ più ch’ei sospiri  
se non lontan da me,  
No, no che i suoi martiri  
più non dirammi affè.  
Perché di lui mi struggo?  
Tutt’orgoglioso stà,

‘Remain in peace,’ said Thyrsis, sighing,  
to the sorrowing and fair Phyllis;  
‘remain - I shall go: that was prescribed to me  
by law, cruel fate and bitter, perverse destiny!’

And she, now from one and the other eye  
dripping bitter tears, fixed her eyes  
on the eyes of her Thyrsis, and pierced  
his heart with the most pitying arrows.

Whence he, with death imprinted on his face,  
said: ‘Alas, how can I go without my sun,  
from torment to torment, from pain to pain!’

And she, oppressed with sighs and tears,  
faintly uttered these words:  
‘Ah, my dear soul, who takes you from me?’

*Phoebus had not yet  
brought day back to the world  
when a young maiden  
left her dwelling.  
On her pale face  
was to be seen her grief  
and often she heaved  
a great sigh from her heart.  
Trampling on flowers  
she wandered here and there,  
her lost love  
thus lamenting:*

“O Love,” (she said, gazing at  
the heavens, standing still)  
“O Love, where is the loyalty  
which the traitor swore?”  
(*unhappy maiden*)  
“Make him my love again  
as he used to be,  
or kill me, so that  
I am tormented no longer.”  
(*Unhappy maiden, ah no longer  
can she bear so much coldness.*)  
“I no longer want him to sigh  
unless he is away from me;  
no, he will not tell me  
any longer of his sufferings, by faith.  
Why am I consumed with love for him?  
He stands proudly,

che sì, se'l fuggo  
ancor mi pregherà?  
Se ciglio ha più sereno  
colei, che' l mio non è,  
già non rinchiude in seno,  
Amor, sì bella fè.  
Nè mai sì dolci baci,  
da quella bocca havra,  
nè più soavi, ah, taci, nor gentler ones.  
taci - che troppo il sa! -

*Sì tra sdegnosi pianti  
spargea le voci al ciel;  
così ne' cori amanti  
mesce amor fiamm'e gel*

### **Sfogava con le stelle (Ottavio Rinuccini)**

Sfogava con le stelle  
un'infermo d'amore  
sotto notturno ciel il suo dolore,  
e dicea fisso in loro:  
O immagini belle  
de l'idol mio ch'adoro,  
sì com'a me mostrate,  
mentre così splendete,  
la sua rara beltate,  
così mostrast'a lei  
i vivi ardori miei,  
la fareste col vostr'aureo sembiante  
pietosa sì, come me fat'amante.

### **Longe da te, cor mio**

Longe da te, cor mio,  
struggomi di dolore,  
di dolcezz'e d'amore.  
Ma torna omai, deh torna! E se'l destino  
strugger vorrammi ancor a te vicino,  
sfavilli e splenda il tuo bel lume amato  
ch'io n'arda e mora, e morirò beato.

### **Salve, O Regina**

Salve, O Regina, O mater, O vita,  
O spes, O Clemens, O Pia,  
dulcis Virgo Maria, salve.  
Salve Regina, Mater misericordiae:  
vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve.  
Ad te clamamus, .... exsules, filii Hevæ.  
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes

so, perhaps, if I flee from him  
he might plead to me again.  
Even if her eyes are more beautiful  
than mine,  
she has not locked within her breast,  
O Love, as fair a loyalty.  
Nor will you ever receive such sweet kisses  
from those lips,  
Ah, hush,  
for he knows that too well."

*Thus, between her angry sobs  
she lifted up her voice to heaven.  
In this way in the hearts of lovers  
does Love mix flame and ice.*

Crying to the stars  
a love-sick man  
beneath the night sky spoke of his grief,  
and said, whilst gazing at them:  
"Oh, lovely images  
of the idol I adore,  
if only, as you show me,  
when you shine,  
her rare beauty,  
you could show to her  
my ardent flames,  
You would make her, with your golden look  
compassionate, just as you make me  
affectionate.

Far from you, my heart,  
I am consumed with sorrow,  
tenderness and love,  
But return now! And if fate  
wills me still to suffer when near you,  
let your beautiful dear eyes shine and sparkle,  
so that I burn and die from them, and I will die  
happy.

Hail, O Queen, O mother, life.  
and hope, O kindly, compassionate,  
sweet Virgin Mary, hail!  
Hail, Queen, mother of mercy;  
our life, our sweetness and our hope, hail!  
To you we cry, ... exiled children of Eve.  
To you we sigh, groaning and weeping

in hac lacrimarum valle.  
Eia ergo,... Advocata nostra,  
illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte.  
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui,  
  
nobis post hoc exilium ostende....

in this vale of tears.  
So then,... our own advocate,  
turn your merciful eyes towards us;  
and show us Jesus, the blessed fruit of your  
womb,  
after this our earthly exile...

### **Era l'anima mia**

Era l'anima mia  
già presso a l'ultim'hore  
e languia come langue alma che more;  
quando anima più bella e più gradita  
volse lo sguardo in sì pietoso giro,  
che mi mantenne in vita.  
Parean dir quei bei lumi,  
"Deh, perché ti consumi?  
Non m'è sì caro il cor, ond'io respiro,  
  
come se' tu, cor mio;  
se mori, ohimè, non mori tu, mor'io."

My soul was  
already close to its last hour  
and languished like a dying soul languishes;  
when a soul more fair and more ravishing  
turned to me a look so pitiful,  
that it kept me alive.  
And these lights seemed to say  
"Ah, why are you consumed so?  
This heart that makes me live is not so dear to  
me,  
as you yourself, my heart;  
If you die, alas, it is not you that die, but I."

### **Cruda Amarilli (Guarini)**

Cruda Amarilli, che col nome ancora  
D'Amar, ah! lasso, amaramente insegna;  
Amarilli, del candido ligustro  
Più candida e più bella,  
Ma de l'aspido sordo  
E più sorda a più fugace:  
Poi ché col dir t'offendo,  
l'mi morrò tacendo;

Cruel Amarillis, who, to love that name,  
alas, you still bitterly teach us;  
Amarillis, than the privet  
yet more white and beautiful,  
but than the deaf snake  
more deaf and fleeting,  
since I offend you by speaking,  
I shall die in silence.

### **Parlo, miser, o taccio?**

Parlo, miser, o taccio?  
S'io taccio, che soccorso avrà il morire?  
S'io parlo, che perdono avrà l'ardire?  
Taci, che ben s'intende  
chiusa fiamma talhor da chi l'accende;  
parla in me la pietade,  
parla in lei la beltade  
e dice quel bel volto al crudo core:  
chi può mirarmi e non languir d'amore?

Should I, poor wretch, speak out or be silent?  
If I stay silent, will death ease my troubles?  
If I speak, will such boldness be forgiven?  
Be silent, for a smothered flame is well  
understood to them who lit the fire!  
In me, mercy speaks.  
In her, beauty.  
And the handsome face says to the cruel heart:  
who can see me and not pine for love?

### **Lamento d'Arianna (Ottavio Rinuccini)**

#### **Prima Parte**

**Lasciatemi morire,**  
E chi volete voi, che mi conforti

Leave me to die!  
For even if you wished to, how could you comfort  
me

in così dura sorte,  
in così gran martire?  
Lasciatemi morire.

### **Seconda Parte**

**O Teseo, o Teseo mio,**  
sì che mio ti vo'dir, che mio pur sei,  
  
benché t'involi, ahi crudo, a gl'occhi miei.

Volgiti Teseo mio  
Volgiti Teseo, o dio  
Volgiti indietro a rimirar colei  
che lasciato ha per te la patria, e il regno,

e in questa arena ancora  
cibo di fere dispietate, e crude  
lascierà l'ossa ignude.  
O Teseo, o Teseo mio  
se tu sapessi, o dio,  
se tu sapessi, ohimè, come s'affannaalas,  
la povera Arianna,  
forse, forse pentito  
rivolgeresti ancor la prora al lito;  
ma con l'aure serenebut  
tu te ne vai felice, ed io qui piango.

A te prepara Atene  
liete pompe superbe, ed io rimango  
cibo di fere dispietate e crude  
in solitarie arene.  
Tu l'un e l'altro tuo vecchio parente  
stringerai lieto, ed io  
più non vedrovvi, o madre, o padre mio.

### **Terza Parte**

**Dove, dove è la fede,**  
che tanto mi giuravi?  
Così ne l'alta sede  
tu mi ripon de gl'avi?  
Son queste le corone  
onde m'adorni il crine?  
Questi li scettri sono,  
Queste le gemme, e gl'ori?  
Lasciarmi in abbandono  
a fera, che mi stracci, e mi divori?

Ah Teseo, ah Teseo mio,  
lascierai tu morire  
in van piangendo, in van gridando aita  
la misera Arianna,  
ch'a te fidossi, e ti die'gloria e vita?

### **Quarta Parte**

**Ahi, che non pur risponde;**

in such harsh misfortune,  
in such great suffering?  
Leave me to die!

O my Theseus,  
yes, I still want to call you mine for mine you still  
are,  
even though you have turned, (ah, cruel one)  
away from my eyes.  
Turn back, my Theseus,  
Turn back, my Theseus,  
(ah heavens), turn back to look again upon she  
who abandoned for you her homeland and her  
throne,  
and is still on this shore,  
the prey of wild beasts, harsh and cruel,  
who will leave her bones laid bare.  
O my Theseus,  
if you knew, (ah heavens)  
how suffers  
your poor Ariadne,  
perhaps you would repent  
and turn back the prow of your ship to the shore:  
with fair winds  
you sail joyfully away - and I remain here  
weeping.  
For you Athens is preparing  
festivities with great ceremony; and I am left  
as prey of wild beasts, harsh and cruel  
on these lonely shores.  
You will happily embrace  
both your aged parents  
while I will never again see my mother and my  
father.

Where is the faithfulness  
which so strongly you swore to me?  
Where is the lofty throne  
on which you swore to seat me?  
Are these the wreaths  
which were to adorn my head?  
Are these the sceptres?  
Are these the jewels and golden ornaments?  
You abandon me  
for wild beasts to tear and devour.

O my Theseus,  
are you leaving to die  
(vainly crying for help)  
the wretched Ariadne,  
who trusted you and to whom you owe your fame  
and your life?

Alas, he does not even reply.



## **Emily Sun & Anna Tilbrook**

*Mozart & Modern Women*

**Sunday 19 May 7pm**

**Mozart** Violin Sonata in A major, K305

**Amy Beach** Violin Sonata, Op 34

**Pauline Viardot** Six Morceaux, VVV 3003

**Mozart** Violin Sonata in B flat major K454

Captivating violinist Emily Sun and one of Britain's most exciting pianists, Anna Tilbrook intertwine Mozart with works by trailblazing female composers Amy Beach and Pauline Viardot.



## **Samantha Ege & Castle Of Our Skins**

*African Tales / Sun 26 May / 7.30pm*

**Undine Smith Moore** *Soweto* for piano trio

**Bongani Ndodana Breen Safika: Three Tales of African Migration** for piano quintet

**Lavell Blackwell**

*On the Impulse to Move* for string quartet

**Samuel Coleridge-Taylor** Piano Quintet

Pianist and historian Samantha Ege and the Boston-based string quartet perform long neglected or forgotten trios and quintets by Black composers from Africa and the Diaspora.



CAVATINA: If you are aged 18 - 25, you can see this concert for FREE



## **Alim Beisembayev**

**Tue 11 Jun / 7.30pm**

**Schubert** Four Impromptus, D935

**Debussy** Images Book 2

**Chopin** Etudes Op 25

The Leeds International Piano Competition winner, 2021, brings three cycles by composers that distinctly have their own voice and style, united by poetry and originality.

Ahi, che più d'aspe è sordo a miei lamenti.

O nemi, o turbi, o venti  
sommergetelo voi dentro a quell'onde.  
Correte Orchi e Balene,  
e de la membra immonde  
empiete le voragini profonde!  
Che parlo, ahi, che vaneggio?

Misera, ohimè, che chieggio?  
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,  
non son quell'io che i ferì detti sciolse,  
parlò l'affanno mio, parlò il dolore,  
parlò la lingua sì, ma non già'l core.

Alas, he is deafer than a snake to my  
complaining.

O thunderclouds, tempests, winds,  
drown him in the waves!  
Rush to him, sea-monsters and whales  
and with his foul limbs  
fill the chasms of the deep.  
What am I saying? Ah, am I raving, wretched  
woman?

Alas, what am I asking?  
O my Theseus,  
I am not myself while wild beasts threaten me:  
It was my deprivation that spoke, my pain.  
My tongue spoke, yes - but not my heart.

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**I Fagiolini** is internationally renowned for its genuinely innovative productions, which are as much online as live, including world premiere recordings, collaborative cross-art projects, education and short (multi award-winning) music videos with Polyphonic Films.

I Fagiolini looks towards its 40th year in 2026 with inspirational and engaging programmes. Ranging from large-scale, world premiere, multi-choir masses by 17th century composer Orazio Benevoli, to consort anniversary Britten, signature Monteverdi (including its 1610 Vespers Unwrapped at Kings Place), and its trademark commissioning and collaborations - a brand new eight-album deal with CORO will share releases to mirror the group's touring programmes. I Fagiolini's three album releases in 23/24 will include the world premiere recording of Benevoli Missa Tu es Petrus in October, low pitch Victora Tenebrae Responsaries for Easter and newly re-mastered multi award-winning Striggio Mass in 40 Parts and Tallis Spem in Alium - a 40th anniversary Monteverdi album in 2026 will complete the set.

Signature projects include the fully immersive The Full Monteverdi and Betrayal (dir. John La Bouchardière); Tallis in Wonderland (with live and recorded voice); Simunye, the South African collaboration; How Like An Angel with Australian contemporary circus company CIRCA for the 2012 Cultural Olympiad, the show debuted in Perth International Arts Festival, Lincoln Center, New York and in cathedrals across Europe. In recent years the group's French 20th century Amuse-Bouche included the first recording of Jean Francaix's 12-voice Ode a la Gastronomie (also a film). Sacred and secular programmes for

Monteverdi's 450th included L'Orfeo (dir. Tom Guthrie) with masks and puppets; and Leonardo - Shaping The Invisible, with Professor Martin Kemp and projections of Leonardo's art and designs.

I Fagiolini has created a host of new programmes for The VOCES8 Foundation's LIVE From London festivals: Re-Wilding The Waste Land with Tamsin Greig; Long, long ago - an alchemic mix of Charpentier, Howells & Dylan Thomas; and Angels & Demons which features Rachel Podger and Brecon Baroque alongside its singers in Bach, Monteverdi and a high-energy Neapolitan 17th century pantomime (currently touring). These alongside the group's renowned film shorts, most recently GOOSED, based on Giovanni Croce's carnival masque Il gioco dell'oca (The Game of the Goose) and award-winning THE STAG HUNT, a modern satire about aristocracy, extinction and the environment, based on La Chasse by Renaissance composer Clément Janequin, directed by John La Bouchardière. Also online, the group's YouTube series, SingTheScore, combines serious analysis with off-the-wall humour. Director Robert Hollingworth's podcast series Choral Chihuahua highlights issues and sector personalities and is now in its sixth season (with Nicholas Mulroy and Eamonn Dougan).

I Fagiolini has released 23 recordings to date. Previous recordings include Leonardo: Shaping the Invisible on CORO which received high acclaim upon release; "Yet again, the eight-strong vocal ensemble... has come up

with an ingenious "concept" programme that stirs the mind and heart, illuminates the past, and ravishes the ear" (The Telegraph). I Fagiolini's last CORO release, John Wilbye Draw On Sweet Night, won the German Record Critics' Award (Preis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik). "Sophisticated madrigalists - vocal lines emerging with emotional intelligence and impressive control. It's very classy entertainment." (BBC Radio 3 Record Review).

Previous Decca Classics discs include Amuse-Bouche - French Choral Delicacies and 1612 Italian Vespers.

The group is delighted to be Associate Ensemble at the University of York. I Fagiolini is managed worldwide by Percius. [www.percius.co.uk](http://www.percius.co.uk)



## Summer Festival | **Orchestra of the Swan *Earthcycle***

**Sunday 30 June 7.30pm**

Earthcycle contemplates humanity's impact on Earth's environment and the disruption of its natural rhythms.

Orchestra of the Swan presents a Four Seasons for the 21st century. Earthcycle is a multi-media experience celebrating the 300th anniversary of Vivaldi's astonishing work. It is performed alongside a new version of the *Four Seasons* by jazz composer David Gordon and interspersed with traditional songs by folk singer Jackie Oates.

[info@turnersims.co.uk](mailto:info@turnersims.co.uk)

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**Box Office**  
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