

CAPPELLA Twelve Centuries of New Music  
Amelia LeClair, Director CLAUSURA

Cappella Clausura Presents  
**RENAISSANCE  
PORTRAITS**

November 12th at the War Memorial Auditorium, Newton  
November 13th at Emmanuel Church, Boston



Conducted by  
Amelia LeClair

Featuring artwork  
by Fran Forman

# Renaissance Portraits

**Il contrasto de' cinque sensi - quintet**

tutti

**Audivi vocem in caelo - quintet**

Larkin, Stone, Logozzo, Vigeant, Valle-Hoag

**S'io men vò, morirò - duet**

Hadley, Garza, Walhout, Liddell, Iner, Kennedy

**Miserere mei deus - quintet**

tutti

**Il mio distruggo et ardo - duet**

Stone, Daves, Walhout, Liddell, Iner

**Io felice / Per lei - quartet**

tutti a cappella

**Dovio credea le mie speranze - duet**

Larkin, Repetto, Walhout, Iner, Kennedy

**Gli amanti fallitti - quintet**

Stone, Chan, Logozzo, Campofelice, Garza, Walhout, Liddell, Iner, Kennedy

**Priego ad amore - quintet**

solì: Larkin, Hadley, Vigeant, Campofelice, Daves

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

Raffaella Aleotti (c. 1570-c. 1646)

Francesca Caccini (1587-c. 1641)

Aleotti

Caccini

Maddalena Casulana (c. 1544 - c. 1590)

Caccini

Strozzi

Strozzi

## INTERMISSION

**Ecce iterum/Se je soupire - trio**

solì for Part 1: Chan, Vigeant, Lawson, Walhout

**Diligam te domine - quintet**

Hadley, Bloom, Repetto, Campofelice, Garza, Walhout, Liddell, Iner, Kennedy

**Silentio nocive - quartet**

Repetto, Hadley, Vigeant, Daves, Walhout, Liddell, Iner, Kennedy

**Fresche aurette - duet**

Bloom, Valle-Hoag, Iner (guitar), Kennedy

**Non plangete - sextet**

Bloom, Larkin, Repetto, Stone, Hadley, Chan, Walhout, Liddell, Iner, Kennedy

**Lasciatemi qui solo - duet**

Vigeant, Campofelice, Walhout, Liddell

**Ben venga - quartet**

Larkin, Bloom, Logozzo, Valle-Hoag

**No sò se quel sorriso - duet**

Logozzo, Chan, Iner, Kennedy

**L'Amante modesto - quintet**

solì: Repetto, Bloom, Logozzo, Valle-Hoag, Walhout, Liddell, Iner (guitar), Kennedy

Margaret of Austria (1480-1530)

Aleotti

Strozzi

Caccini

Rosa Badalla (ca. 1660- ca. 1710)

Caccini

Casulana

Caccini

Strozzi

**We love to hear from you! Applause is always welcome, even if you are the only one moved to clap. Bravo to you, too!**

# Artists

## **Sopranos**

Janet Stone  
Adriano Repetto  
Shannon Larkin

## **Tenors**

Francesco Logozzo  
Connor Vigeant  
Frankie Campofelice

## **Instrumentalists**

Catherine Liddell, theorbo  
Pablo Kennedy, theorbo  
Charles Iner, theorbo, guitar  
Emily Walhout, viola de gamba

## **Altos**

Lisa Bloom  
Lisa Hadley  
Wei En Chan

## **Basses**

Lawson Daves  
Thomas Valle-Hoag  
Anthony Garza

## **Conducting Intern**

Sarah Coffman

**Director: Amelia LeClair**

# Staff & Board

## **Artistic Director**

Amelia LeClair

## **Executive Director**

Abby Lass

## **Chorus Manager**

Anthony Garza

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# TRANSLATIONS

## "Il contrasto de' cinque sensi"

Chi di noi vaglia piu,  
e di gioia maggior ministro sia  
fiera lite ogn'hor fu.  
Io miro. Io sento. Io gusto. Io fiuto.  
Io tocco, e nella donna mia tal'hor  
anco merce d'un picciol bacio tutto tutto  
trabocco.  
Tocca, pur quanta sai  
che nel sol tocco  
Amore il verace gioir non pose mai.  
Ne sia giudice il cor  
mesto e languente.  
Ohimè, senti ch'il cor  
dentro ci dice:  
ch'un sol bacio, ch'e niente,  
il sà felice.

## "Audi vocem in caelo"

Audi vocem in caelo  
duorum Angelorum, dicentium:  
Time Deum et adorate eum,  
et date claritatem illi,  
qui fecit caelum et terram,  
mare et fontes aquarum.

## "S'io men vò, morirò"

Ripresa:  
S'io men v`O, morirò,  
Ahi, crudel dipartita.

Prima parte:  
S'ora il cor non ha virtù  
Contra il duol di sua ferita  
Come lei non miri liù  
Chi salvar potrà mia vita

Seconda parte:  
Onde omai spero pietà,  
O sventur empia infinita  
Statti addio somma beltà  
Mia speranz'al vento è gita..

## "The conflict of the five senses"

Which of us is valued more and is the greater  
minister of joy  
has always been a fierce dispute.  
I look. I hear. I taste. I smell.  
I touch, and in my lady, of times  
also thanks to a tiny kiss  
I utterly overflow.  
Touch, well you know that Love,  
in the touch alone  
true delight has never placed.  
May the judge be the sad  
and languishing heart.  
Alas, hear what the heart  
within says to us:  
that a single kiss, which is nothing, knows  
happiness.

## "I heard a voice in heaven"

I heard the voice in heaven  
of two angels saying,  
"Fear God and worship him,  
and give glory to him  
who made heaven and earth,  
the sea and springs of water."

## "If I leave, I will die"

Reprise:  
If I leave, I will die;  
Alas, cruel farewell.

First part:  
If now the heart has no virtue  
Against the pain of its wound,  
How will it no longer look upon her?  
Who will save my life?

Second part:  
Since at this point I hope for mercy,  
Oh misfortune, cruel and endless,  
Stay! Goodbye exalted beauty,  
My hope has gone with the wind.

**"S'io men vò, morirò" Cont.**

Terza parte:  
Deh se voce di mercè  
Appò voi fu mai sentita  
La memoria di mia fè  
Su'l partir non sia schernita.

**"Miserere mei deus"**

Miserere mei, Deus,  
miserere mei:  
quoniam in te confidit anima mea.  
Et in umbra alarum tuarum  
[sperabo]: donec  
transeat iniquitatis.

**"Il mio distruggo, et ardo"**

Io mi distruggo, et ardo  
Nè trovo al mio  
dolor conforto, e pace,  
Ch'un sol pietoso sguardo  
Temprar no può d'Amor  
l'ardent face,  
Nè sfoagr posso in pianto  
il dolor mio. Come viver poss'io?  
Occhi, deh per pietà,  
mentre splendete  
E dolci saettando il cor m'ardete,  
Toglietemi la vita  
Ch'io vò morir se non  
mi date aita.

**"Io felice"**

Io felice pastore,  
quel di fausto  
et ameno,  
non parea star' in terra  
ma nel cielo,  
e di celest' ardore,  
e d'amoroso zelo,  
senti l'alma infiammata venir' meno,  
indi non piu desio,  
mi pors' un picciol rio,

**"If I leave, I will die" Cont.**

Third part:  
Alas, if the voice of mercy  
Was ever heard by you,  
Let the memory of my faith  
Not be scorned upon its departure.

**"God have mercy on me"**

Have mercy on me, O God,  
have mercy on me;  
for my soul trusts in you.  
And in the shadow of your wings  
[I will hope], until iniquity  
has passed by.

**"I waste away, and burn"**

I waste away, and burn  
Nor do I find comfort  
for my pain, or peace,  
For a single merciful glance  
Cannot temper Love's  
burning torch,  
Nor can I vent my pain  
with tears. How can I live,  
Eyes (alas, for mercy),  
while you shine  
And, sweetly shooting your arrows, burn in my  
heart? Take my life,  
For I wish to die if you do not come to my  
rescue.

**"My happiness"**

I, happy shepherd,  
On that pleasant and  
auspicious day,  
didn't seem to belong to earth  
but to heaven,  
and I felt my soul, burning with celestial passion  
and loving devotion, failing me,  
then not desire anymore,  
came to me from a small stream  
that honors my noble love

**"Io felice" Cont.**

ch'el mio nobil tesoro, honora cinto di sacrat' al horo.  
Per lei pos' in oblio,  
le vag' e biond' arene,  
tanto gradite, tanto gradite,  
tanto gradite al gran popul di Marte,  
et ogni pensier mio,  
pingend' in vive carte,  
lei sol' andra per queste  
piagg' amene,  
e da lei stanc' e frale,  
attend' ambe due l'ale,  
per gir sempre volando,  
volando, qual cigno lieto lei  
sola cantando sola cantando.

**"Dov'io credea  
le mie speranze"**

Dov'io credea le mie speranze vere –  
Io vi trovai smarita piu la fede  
Cosi va chi troppo ama  
e troppo crede  
Il cor sincero che con fede ama va  
Senza speme tradito  
al fin si vede Cosi va.

Il mio amor la mia fede  
El' al trui inganno d'un  
finito duol m'ha fatto erede  
Cosi va...  
Lasso ch'io pur m'accorgo  
et ard'il veggio  
Che fede non puo dar chi non ha fede  
Cosi va...

**"My happiness" Cont.**

with a laurel crown.  
For her I have forgotten  
the beautiful golden arenas  
so dear, so dear, so dear  
to the great warriors  
and in every one of my thoughts,  
crying over her letters,  
she alone will roam  
these pleasant shores,  
and, frail and tired,  
will spread her wings,  
to go always flying,  
flying, like a gentle swan, she  
alone singing alone singing.

**"Where I believed  
my true hopes were"**

Where I believed my true hopes were  
I found faith no longer there  
So it goes with those who love too much  
and believe too much.  
The sincere heart that with faith  
goes to love without hope  
is betrayed in the end

So it goes..  
My love, my faith, with his deception  
of finite pain he made me heir  
So it goes..  
In time I also realize and ardently see  
What faith cannot give to one who does not  
have faith  
So it goes..

### **"Gli amanti falliti"**

Amor, amor, noi ricorriamo a te Supplichevoli  
avanti senza credito  
Ò fe falliti amanti.  
Se di forze ci spoglia  
grave cadente età  
S'andiam ogni hora più giù  
Se non potiamo più  
La tua pietà ci toglia da dura servitù.  
Amor, amor, noi ricorriamo a te  
S'ài noi manca ogni splendida ricchezza  
Se miseri e dolenti  
d'ogni nostra bellezza  
Miriamo i fior languenti  
E se non ritroviam chi più ci guardi, Frena, Amor,  
i toi dardi.  
Non bersagliar in vano  
Ch'il dar morte a manchevoli Sarebbe scorno  
della tua mano.

### **"Priego ad amore"**

Pietosissimo Amore.  
Tu mai non abbandoni  
chi h consacra  
riverente il core.  
Chi cieco ti figura,  
chi nudo, chi bendato,  
chi di saette armato.  
  
Non provo tua dolcissima natura  
ne morir mai languir,  
rna per un poco e gloria del tuo foco  
Vieni, deh vieni a noi.  
Vieni, gioia dell' alme.  
Spargi benigno i doni tuoi.  
E d'un cortese affetto al  
Ia Barbara mia  
feconda il petto.

### **"The Failed Lovers"**

Love, Love, we turn to you,  
entreating without assurance  
or repute, we fading lovers.  
As advancing age deprives us of strength, as  
we decline further every hour,  
as we become feeble,  
let your mercy remove us  
from harsh servitude.  
Love, Love, we turn to you.  
Since we lack resplendent comeliness,  
miserable and suffering,  
since we watch the flowers of our charms  
fade, and as we no longer find anyone  
who looks at us,  
restrain your arrows, Cupid;  
don't shoot to no purpose,  
for to give death to weaklings  
would dishonour your bow.

### **"Most Merciful Love"**

Most merciful Love.  
You never abandon  
one who reverently  
offers the heart to you.  
Who envisions Thee blind,  
naked, blindfolded,  
armed with arrows.  
  
Untested is your sweet nature  
either by death or misery,  
but brief is the glory of your fire.  
Come, ah come to us.  
Come, joy of the soul.  
Bestow your sweet gifts..  
And for a kind affection  
toward my Barbara  
make the heart fertile.

– Intermission –

**"Ecce iterum/Se je souspire"**

Bottom voice:

Ecce iterum novus dolor accedit!  
Nec satis erat infortunissime  
Cesaris lie, conjugem amissise dilectissimum;  
Nisi etiam fratrem unicum mors acerba  
surriperet.  
Doleo super te, frater mi Philippe,  
rex optime; nec est qui  
me consoletur.  
O vos omnes  
qui transitis per viam,  
attendite et videte si est dolor  
sicut dolor meus!

Upper voices:

Se je souspire et plaingz,  
disant "Helas, aymy!"  
Et par champs,  
et par plains je plains mon doux amy. Sur tous  
l'avoir eslu,  
mais ere destinée par mort  
le m'a toulu, dolente infortunée.  
Mes chantz sont de deuil plains;  
bon jour n'ay ne demy.  
Vous qui oyes mes plaints,  
ayez pitie de my!

**"Diligam te dombine"**

Diligam te, Domine,  
fortitudo mea.  
Dominus firmamentum meum,  
et refugium meum,  
et liberator meus.  
Deus meus adjutor meus,  
et sperabo in eum:  
Diligam te, Domine,  
fortitudo mea.  
Dominus firmamentum meum,  
et refugium meum,  
et liberator meus.  
Deus meus adjutor meus,  
et sperabo in eum:

**"See you again/If I sigh"**

Bass:

Behold, again a new sorrow comes!  
It was not enough for the most unfortunate  
daughter of the Emperor to have lost her  
dearest husband;  
bitter death must steal  
even her only brother.  
I mourn thee, my brother Phillip,  
greatest king; nor is there anyone  
to console me.  
O ye who pass this way,  
attend and see if there is any sorrow  
like unto my sorrow!

Upper voices:

Thus I sigh and lament,  
saying "Helas, aymy!"  
And in elds and plains  
I grieve for my sweet friend.  
He was chosen above all,  
but proud destiny has by death  
taken him from me,  
and sad unfortunate one. My songs  
are full of sorrow; I have neither  
a good day nor half. You hear  
my laments, have pity on me!

**"I will love you, lord"**

I will love you,  
O Lord my strength.  
The Lord is my firmament,  
and my refuge,  
and my deliverer.  
My God is my helper,  
and I will hope in him;  
my protector,  
and the horn of my salvation,  
and my support.  
With praise  
I will call upon the Lord;  
and I shall be saved  
from my enemies.

**"Silentio nocive"**

Dolcissimi respiri  
 De' nostri cori amanti  
 Son le parole  
 affettuose e i canti.  
 Sfoga, o mio core,  
 il tuo cocente ardore,  
 Se tal'hor non ti tocca  
 Nodrirti almen  
 di due soavi baci.  
 Afflittissima bocca,  
 Stolta sei se tu taci:  
 Parla, canta, respira, esala il duolo,  
 Canta, canta, che solo  
 Dolcissimi respiri...

**"Fresche aurette"**

Fresche aurette, vezzosette  
 Dolci fiati or qui spirate  
 Augelletti, Amoresetti  
 Nuovi canti oggi formate.

Ecco l'Aura,  
 Che restaura  
 Ogni spirto e'l mondo abbella  
 Seco il giorno  
 Or fa ritorno  
 E più bel so rinovella.

Non isa Ninfa  
 In chiara linfa,  
 Che non esca  
 ai lieti balli  
 I pastori  
 In dolce cori  
 Venghin fuor de'boschi, è valli.

Pargoletti  
 Lascivetti  
 Nudi ancor venghin gl'Amori  
 Qui ballando  
 Alzin cantando  
 Dell'Aurora al Ciel gl'onori.

**"Silence"**

Sweetest breaths  
 are the passionate  
 words and songs  
 of our loving hearts.  
 Express, oh my heart,  
 your burning desire,  
 when at times you cannot  
 at least nourish yourself  
 with two sweet kisses.  
 Afflicted mouth, you're foolish  
 if you remain silent:  
 Speak, sing, divulge your suffering,  
 sing, sing, for only  
 Sweetest breaths...

**"Fresh flirtations"**

Fresh flirtations, breezes,  
 Sweet breaths you blow this way;  
 Amorous, Little birds,  
 New songs you compose today.

Here is the breeze,  
 Which restores  
 All souls, and makes the world lovelier;  
 In her, the day  
 Now returns,  
 And is remade even more beautiful.

There is no nymph  
 In the clear dew  
 That is not drawn  
 to the happy dances;  
 Let shepherds,  
 In sweet choirs,  
 Come from the woods and valleys.

Let the sensuous  
 Infant  
 Naked Cupids come  
 Dancing here,  
 And raise in song  
 Dawn's praises to the sky.

**"Non plangete"**

Non plangete, no, antiqui Patres,  
In ombra taciturna, in cella nocturna Limbi  
obscure, gaudete.  
Non plangete, no.  
O veridici prophetae,  
vaticinia beata,  
iam ex radice Jesse nata est virga,  
beatissima Virgo quae germinabit Nazarenum  
florem  
et producet salvatorem.  
Cara dies fortunata.  
Me rapite caeli aeterni,  
iam sunt clausae protae inferni,  
sum contenta, sum beata;  
cara dies fortunata.  
In glorioso estasi  
protanto contento  
elevator anima mea,  
pro Maria nascente  
cum tanto gaudio exultat meum cor.  
Non plus me tentate,  
no mundanae Sirenae;  
iam vestrae catene  
nunc conquassate,  
non plus me tentate. Alleluia.

**"Lasciatemi qui solo"**

Lasciatemi qui solo  
Tornate augelli al nido  
Mentre l'anim'e'l duolo  
Spiro su questo lido  
Altri meco non voglio  
Ch'un freddo scogli,  
E'l mio fatal martire.  
Lasciatemi morire.

**"Do not weep"**

No do not weep, ancient Fathers,  
in silent shadow, in your nocturnal cell in the  
darkness of Limbo, rejoice,  
do not weep, no.  
O true prophets, blessed augurs,  
now a rod has sprung  
from the root of Jesse, the Blessed  
Virgin who will give birth to the Nazarene,  
who will bring forth  
the flower of salvation.  
O dear and fortunate day!  
Bear me away, eternal heavens!  
Now the gates of hell are closed.  
I am happy, I am blest!  
O dear and fortunate day!  
In ecstasy for such glories contentment my  
soul is raised up,  
with such great joy  
for the birth of Mary  
does my heart rejoice.  
Tempt me no longer,  
no, ye Sirens of this world;  
now your chains have been broken. Tempt me  
no longer.  
Alleluia!

**"Leave me here alone"**

Leave me here alone,  
Return, birds, to your nests,  
While my soul, and my pain,  
I give up on these shores.  
I want no one else with me  
Other than a cold rock.  
And my fated death.  
Leave me to die.

**"Lasciatemi qui solo" Cont.**

Dolcissime sirene,  
Che'n sì pietoso canto  
Raddolcite mie pene  
Fate soave il pianto  
Movet' il nuoto altronde  
Togliete al'onde  
I crudi sdegni, e l'ire.  
Lasciatemi morire.

Plicidissimi venti  
Tornate al vostro speco  
Sol miei duri lamenti  
Chieggio che restin meco.  
Vostri sospir non chiamo

Solino bramo  
I miei dolor finir.  
Lasciatemi morire.

Felicissimi amanti  
Tornate al bel diletto  
Fere eccels' o notanti  
Figgite il mesto aspetto  
Sol dolcezza di morte  
Aspra le porte  
All'ultimo Languire.  
Lasciatemi morire.

Avarissimi lumi  
Che su'l morir versate  
Amarissimmi fiumi  
Tar'è vostra pietate  
Già mi sento mancare  
O luci avar'e

Tarde al mio conforto  
Già sono esangu'e smorto.  
(Lasciatemi morire.)

**"Leave me here alone" Cont.**

Sweetest Sirens,  
Who with such merciful song  
Sweeten my sufferings and  
Soften my weeping,  
Go elsewhere to swim,  
Dampen the waves'  
Cruel scorn, and their ire.  
Leave me to die.

Calmeest winds,  
Return to your cave;  
I ask that only my harsh laments  
Remain with me.  
I do not call upon your sighs;

Alone I wish  
To end my sufferings.  
Leave me to die.

Happiest lovers,  
Return to your beautiful pleasure;  
Wild beasts, whether birds or fish,  
Flee from this sad countenance;  
Only the sweetness of death  
Should open its doors  
To this final languishing.  
Leave me to die.

Most avaricious eyes,  
That on point of death spill  
The bitterest rivers,  
Your pity comes too late,  
Already I feel myself fail:  
Oh eyes, stingy

And slow to comfort me,  
I am already bloodless and lifeless.  
(Let me die.)

### "Ben venga"

"Ben venga la mia nimph'  
Ben venga il pastor  
anz' il mio sole",  
dicea sul vago lit'  
al fin del giorno,  
con soavi parole  
Lidia ambi pieni di desio,  
vola van d'ogn'intorni Lieti  
scherzand' i pargolett' amori,  
e in su le labbia lor s'uniro 'i cori.  
Adio Lidia mia bella,  
Caro mio Meri adio,  
poi ch'el ciel vole  
Dicea scura arn' al Apparir del sole  
Pastor afflitto,  
aflitta pastorella,  
Piangev' el, piangev' ella  
Piangea con essi amore  
E quinc'e quindi  
si divis' il core.

### "Non sò se quel sorriso"

Non sò se quel sorriso  
Mi schernisce o m'affida  
Se quel mirami fiso  
M'allesta o mi diffida  
Già schernito e deriso  
Da bella donna infida  
Non vorrei piu che'l core  
Fosse strazio d'amore.

Non vò più per dolcezza  
D'immaginato bene  
Nutriemi d'amarezza  
Vivendo sempre in pene,  
Nè per nuova bellezza  
Portar lacci, e catene,  
Nè gravar l'alma ancella  
Di misenta novella.  
Se tu vuoi ch'io t'adori  
D'amor stella gentile

### "Welcome"

"Welcome to my nymph,  
Welcome to the shepherd  
Or better, my sun",  
Lidia was saying at the end of the day,  
with sweet words,  
both of them full of desire,  
the cupids flying around  
with cheerful joy  
and on their lips their hearts  
joined in a kiss.  
Good bye, my beautiful Lidia  
Good bye, my beloved Meri  
since the heaven wants it,  
She said as the sun was rising,  
Shepherd brokenhearted,  
brokenhearted shepherdess,  
He was crying, she was crying,  
And Love crying with them  
And then and there  
their heart broke.

### "I do not know if that smile"

I do not know if that smile  
Mocks me or encourages me,  
If that intent look  
Rouses me or is suspicious of me;  
Having been mocked and laughed at  
By a beautiful faithless lady,  
I would not want my heart  
Ravaged by love again.

I do not want, for the sweetness  
Of an imagind prize,  
To feed on bitterness,  
Living in constant suffering  
Not for a new beauty  
To be bound and chained,  
Nor to burden my enslaved soul  
With new mystery.  
If you want me to adore you,  
Gentle star of love,

**"Non sò se quel sorriso" Cont.**

Ti canti, e ch'io t'onori  
Su la mia cetra virile  
A più degni tesori?  
A guiderdon non vile  
Chiama l'avida speme,  
Che spregiata già teme.

Soffrir io più non voglio  
La ferità crudele  
D'un cor cinto d'orgoglio,  
D'un anima infidele,  
N'è tra scoglio  
Affidar più le vele  
Della mia libertate  
Senza certa pietate.

**"L'Amante modesto"**

Volano frettolosi i giorni,  
e presto un secolo sarà  
ch'io t'amo, a Clori. Ne de' miei  
lungi ossequiosi amori un picciol guiderdone  
anco t'hò chiesto.

Amante son, ma candido e modesto.  
Voglio che taciturno il cor ti adori,  
e voglio disfogar  
gl'interni ardori  
col muto fiato  
d'un sospir honesto.  
Godati chi di me  
piu fortunato nacque ai dilette impuri.  
A me sol basta saper  
dalla mia Clori esser amato.  
Cosi mai non guerreggia  
e non contrasta rivalità.  
Diverso è il nostro stato.  
Egli t'ama impudica. Io t'amo casta.  
Senza certa pietate.

**"I do not know if that smile" Cont.**

To sing of you, and to honor you  
With my manly lyre,  
To more worthy treasures,  
To a not inconsiderable reward,  
Call my greedy hope,  
Which, despised, is already afraid.

I no longer want to suffer  
The cruel ferocity  
Of a heart girded with pride,  
Of an unfaithful soul;  
Nor do I wish, among the rocks,  
To trust another with the sails  
Of my freedom  
Without the certainty of mercy.

**"The unassuming lover"**

The days are flying swiftly,  
and almost a century  
have I loved you, oh Clori.  
For my long, devoted love, not even a small  
reward have I asked.

A lover I am, but pure and modest.  
I wish the heart to adore you silently,  
and I wish to release  
the internal passions  
with the mute breath  
of an honest sigh.  
Let he who is born  
more fortunate than I  
enjoy impure delights.  
To me it is enough to know  
that I am loved by my Clori.  
Thus, never warring and never conflicting is  
our rivalry. Diverse  
is our condition. He loves you wanton.  
I love you chaste.

# Program Notes

By Amelia LeClair, Artistic Director

This program was inspired by photomontage artist Fran Forman's extraordinarily reimagined Renaissance portraits. Her work is included in the permanent collections of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, Smithsonian's National Air and Space Museum, and the Museum of Fine Arts, Houston, as well as in numerous private collections. Her recent books, *The Rest Between Two Notes* and *Escape Artist*, have won several prizes, including the International Photo Award. Fran Forman is also an Affiliated Scholar at the Brandeis Women's Studies Research Center with me.

Renaissance portraiture featured white European people of means and usually of power, dressed in elaborate and expensive cloth, often holding significant or symbolic trappings that telegraphed their wealth and status to the world. Fran Forman's delightfully provocative *Portraiture Redressed* depicts contemporary subjects digitally inserted into these Renaissance contexts, providing an expanded sense of belonging within the world of fine arts. We're not likely to have seen these faces in any museum over the past few decades.

Fran says it best: "Portraiture Redressed hopes to rectify and alter this arbitrary portrayal of one's worth. My portraits blur the boundaries between class and status, health and sickness, old and young, fear and joy, whimsy and solemnity."

These portraits made me think about the composers we champion, who were also marginalized and erased until recently. I have created what I hope is a marriage of image and sound, of enlightenment and provocation. We are forced to think about what it means to see how much of our own very real history has been left out of museums and concert halls.

Cappella Clausura's contribution to this marriage is in large part secular works by Italian composers from the Renaissance and baroque. This is what we know about them: Maddalena Casulana, from the 1500's near Siena, was the first woman to have an entire book of her music printed. Raffaella Aleotti was a nun from Ferrara published a book of madrigals and another of sacred motets in 1619. Rosa Badalla of Milan, a fellow nun in the same convent as Cozzolani in the 1600's, published a book of solo motets. Florentine composer and singer Francesca Caccini, daughter of composer Giulio Caccini, wrote her "primo libro de madrigali" for solos and duets in 1618. Venetian singer and composer Barbara Strozzi, born 1619, published eight volumes of music, almost all secular. Finally, our one non-Italian is Margaret of Austria who, in the 15th century, composed a lament on the death of her brother in battle. It is a very simple rubric for three voices, which I've arranged for our four voice parts with gamba accompaniment.

As is common at our concerts, we'll have changing constellations of solos, duets, small groups, and large groups, performing with and without accompaniment. Our most visible feature in this concert will be three theorbos – the booming bass of the lute family, built, as our brilliant Catherine Liddell would put it, to accompany a singer or singers in every way possible, without getting in their way.

Catherine Liddell, virtuosissima theorbo/lutenist, has worked with us since my debut in 2003, and continues to amaze me with her fount of knowledge on the subject of lutes and lute players. Her innate sense of how all of this music should sound is something I have often counted on, and thoroughly meshed with. I remain always in deep admiration of her musical sense and ability to read a singer's back or breath.

No less virtuosic for this program, she has arranged to sprinkle the beauty and joy of three theorbos – herself and her two students, Pablo Kennedy and Charles Iner, who also plays baroque guitar. When she invited CC to host these players, I readily agreed because, to my mind there can't be too many theorbos in a room. The sound is so rich and warm. It can stand on its own, but augments any solo, duet, or group of singers because it can play both bass and harmony. Cathy and I have arranged accompaniments in many different ways that we hope show the composers' intentions as well as the artistry of each of our musicians.

The early baroque period of music began the use of a very specific blueprint for accompanists, called "figured bass". The accompanist sees only a simple bass line, underneath which are little numbers indicating the harmony - the chords to fill out. It's a very efficient system, one which works equally well with songs or large works. It began in the 17th century when organists began to improvise more freely. This blueprint gives the player a lot of leeway to essentially ornament the given harmony at will. It was hugely popular in the baroque era when emotion – the affect of the poetry – began to play an important role in performance.

Margaret of Austria (1480 – 1530) was Governor of the Habsburg Netherlands. She was also a major patron of the arts, owning a rich library, including the works of Christine de Pizan. Her favorite composers were Obrecht, Ockeghem, Josquin de Prez, and Pierre de la Rue. She was, as was the custom for royal daughters, bounced around from spouse to spouse according to political alliances, finally marrying Philibert Duke of Savoy in 1504. He died of fever just three years later, leaving her heartbroken. In those days, when royalty throughout Europe used marriage and family to influence war and trades, and when women's power came from being in charge of young future kings, Margaret wielded quite a lot of agency via her familial duties, culminating in being named Governor by Holy Roman Emperor Maximilian I, and then duly elected. She was the only woman elected as Hapsburg's ruler.

Se je Souspire is a macaronic motet (in two languages). The bass line, Ecce iterum, in Latin, is probably a borrowed tenor line (tenor meaning "to hold") from existing chant, a common practice amongst composers after 1200. She wrote the top two lines using her own text in French, a deeply moving lament on the death of her brother.

Maddalena Casulana (c. 1544 – c. 1590) was an Italian composer, lutenist, and singer of the late Renaissance. She is the first female composer in the history of western music to have had a whole book of her music printed and published. *Il Primo Libro di Madrigali*, published 1568, is dedicated to Isabella di Medici Orsina. A second edition was published in 1583, indicating its popularity and her renown in Milan. A book of 5 part madrigals has recently been discovered and edited by Laurie Stras (U. Southampton).

It will be premiered in Boston very soon– we anticipate performing these ourselves ASAP!

Ben Venga/A dio Lidia is a two-part quartet and Io felice Pastore/Per lei pos'in oblio are parts four and five of a free canzon. Both are the very common "pastorale" written on themes of imaginary and highly idealized lives of shepherds and nymphs. Casulana follows in the long tradition of Italian composers setting the words of the remarkable poets of the day: in this book she sets poems by Francesco Petrarca (Petrarch), Giambattista Strozzi (no relation to Barbara), Serafino Aquilano, and Vincenzo Quirino. I voiced one as a vocal quartet, and the other as a choral piece.

Raffaella Aleotti (c. 1575 – after 1620), (named Vittoria before she entered the convent) was an Italian Augustinian nun at the convent of San Vito in Ferrara where she was composer and organist. As Vittoria, and a child of just 14, she wrote 18 madrigals (CC recorded all 18 in 2014: Love Songs of a Renaissance Teenager; available at our ticket table), published by her father in 1593 after she entered the convent. Interestingly, the final madrigal is what's known as a madrigale spirituale – she was moving on from boyfriends to Jesus!) In San Vito she became a musician of some renown, and wrote sacred motets, publishing a book of 18 motets also in 1593. *Diligam te Domine*, *Audivi vocem in Coelo*, and *Miserere mei* are all quintets for voices and instruments ad libitum– depending on what instruments and players were available, as was common practice for nuns. Vatican officials regularly removed instruments from convents for reasons of "religious" impropriety. The resourceful inhabitants wrote their pieces with a great deal of flexibility to accommodate that fact, thus their works are highly flexible in terms of performance practice: one can use all voices, all instruments, some instruments, in different keys as necessary for the instruments that can only play in certain keys, etc. Often, with the help of their families, the nuns were able to resupply their trove of instruments until the next Vatican raid. It was an odd juxtaposition: that on the one hand, every village with a musical convent took great pride in its nuns' talents and built their churches to accommodate performances; on the other, the church strictly forbade the use of instruments and even polyphony (music other than chant), while also allowing these musical convents to thrive because they were good for the purse and reputation of the church.

Francesca Caccini (1587–1640) was an Italian composer, singer, lutenist, guitarist, poet, and music teacher of the early Baroque era. Born in Florence, she was raised amid the flourishing artistic world of the Medici, educated by her better known father Giulio, and sang in an ensemble of three women modeled on the famous concerto della donne of Ferrara, which was the first court to allow– and in fact celebrate– women singing in public. These became a sensation in northern Italy– the women were professionals, although basically servants to their courts. Francesca first appears in historical writings in 1600 as a singer in Jacopo Peri's *Euridice*. Her serious dedication to composition began in 1606, as she regularly supplied music for the court's feasts and balls, as well as forming her own scuola to teach young women. *Il primo libro delle musiche*, a collection of songs for one and two voices, appeared in 1618, and contains 36 pieces, both secular and sacred. Her best known opera, *La liberazione di Ruggiero*, was written in 1625– it is called the first opera written by a woman (I would argue that Hildegard von Bingen's *Ordo Virtutum* was actually the first).

# Historical Context

Compiled by Abby Lass, Executive Director

In the description of *Portraiture ReDressed* on her website, Fran Forman describes how this series drew inspiration from paintings by 17th century Dutch masters. These portraits, created during the Dutch Golden Age, reflect a period of major change in the realm of visual arts and society at large.

The Dutch Golden Age constitutes an approximately 75 year period beginning in the late 16th century during which the Dutch Republic was renowned for its advances in trade, science, and culture. Shifting religious norms during this period meant that painters were forced to turn away from the church and towards wealthy merchants or government officials for patronage. As a consequence, having one's portrait painted became a status symbol reserved for the country's wealthy elite— a group largely composed of white men and their families. While these images of white domestic opulence have influenced our popular understanding of this period, they do not tell a complete story.

In order to understand the economic systems that funded these portraits, it is necessary to discuss the Netherlands' history of violent trade and colonialism across the global south. Over the course of its history, the Dutch empire included territories in Suriname, Curaçao, Aruba, Bonaire, Sint Maarten, Sint Eustatius, Saba, the Gold Coast, Ghana, South Africa, Madagascar, Indonesia, India, Sri Lanka, and Taiwan. The Dutch West India Company participated in the Atlantic Slave Trade. The harvesting of products produced through slave labor— including coffee beans, cacao, sugar, salt, and tobacco— had a significant impact on the Dutch economy during the second half of the 18th century as well.

Meanwhile, as a consequence of colonialism undertaken by the Dutch East India Company in Indonesia, there was a sustained period of intermarriage between Dutch people and indigenous Indonesians beginning in the 18th century. The children of these unions were recruited by the colonial regime, with some even moving to the Netherlands, where they went to school and established their own families. Today, approximately 800,000 Dutch people have mixed Indonesian and European ancestry.

Recognizing these elements of Dutch history is essential, as they illuminate where the money for these portraits was coming from while revealing that the direct link between Dutch citizenship and whiteness may not be as essential as we have been led to believe.

As we have seen, people of the global majority played an integral role in the accumulation of the wealth that supported the Dutch Golden Age and the ongoing cultural interplay within different communities affected by this legacy. They are a part of this history, and therefore should be reflected in its art.

As Forman explains, "*Portraiture ReDressed* hopes to rectify and alter this arbitrary portrayal of one's worth. Everyone, even members of the 98%, the marginalized and the 'other', deserves the honor of memorializing and recognition."

# Join Us for the Rest of Our 2022–2023 Season!

## SINGERS' CHOICE

*A specially curated program  
conducted by Carolina Flores*

January 21 & 22, 2023

## ARTEMISIA

*A multidisciplinary exploration of  
the life of the Baroque artist*

March 11 & 12, 2023

## THREE WOMEN

*A 20th anniversary celebration of  
the Boston Women's Memorial*

May 7, 2023

*Learn more about our  
upcoming programming  
at [www.Clausura.org](http://www.Clausura.org)*

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## We Can't Do This Work Without You!



*Visit [www.Clausura.org/support](http://www.Clausura.org/support) to learn  
how you can support our mission.*

*Our winter appeal is happening now– will  
you help us reach our \$10,000 goal?*

# Welcome to Our 2022–2023 Season!



## A Message from Our Artistic Director, Amelia LeClair

Cappella Clausura has never been just about presenting beautiful music written by women. Our goal is always to promote appreciation for the contributions of contemporary and historical women by delivering immersive and inspiring programs. This season, we are thrilled to be partnering with a variety of local artists, ensembles, and activist organizations to ensure that our concerts are as impactful as they are enjoyable. Be sure to click on the links below and read through our program notes to expand your connection to these works.

We're so glad to have you with us as we commence our 19th season. Thank you for being a valued member of our community. Enjoy the concert!

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## Land Acknowledgement

All of Cappella Clausura's work and performances take place on Indigenous Lands.

As an ensemble based in the Greater Boston area, we are on the traditional and ancestral homeland of the Massachusett, Pawtucket, Pokanoket, and Wampanoag Nations. We make this acknowledgement to offer recognition and respect to the original inhabitants of this place and to their descendants today, especially since the Indigenous history of this area has been erased for four hundred years. We ask our audiences to join us as we continue to learn about the history of this land and provide support for Indigenous communities.

# Cappella Clausura Is Seeking New Board Members!

Are you passionate about inclusivity and innovation in the arts?  
Are you looking to meet new and interesting people?  
Are you curious about how non-profits operate?

You may be just who we're looking for!  
Cappella Clausura is looking to expand our Board of Directors,  
starting with our 2022-2023 season! We are looking for  
diverse and energetic individuals who want to use their skills to  
uplift our organization and guide it into its next chapter.

Whether your background is in music, finance, marketing,  
education, activism, or another field entirely, we want to hear  
from you!

Contact Executive Director Abby Lass at [abbylass@clausura.org](mailto:abbylass@clausura.org)  
to express your interest.

*We hope you'll join our team!*