

# Wisconsin Baroque Ensemble

"Bringing music of the 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> Century to life"

Patrick Terry - countertenor  
and  
Nathan Giglierano - baroque violin  
Monica Steger - traverso, recorder  
Anton TenWolde - baroque cello  
Max Yount - harpsichord

October 9 and 10, 2021

## Archangelo Corelli (1653-1713)

Sonata for violin and basso continuo, opus 5, no 1 (January 1, 1700)

Grave - Allegro - Adagio - Grave - Allegro - Adagio

Allegro - Adagio Arpeggio

Allegro

Adagio

Allegro

## Jeremiah Clarke (c.1674-1707)

"Young Coridon and Phillis", from *Songs compleat, pleasant and diverse*, c.1695

## Louis Marchand (1669-1732) Pièces de clavecin, second book (1703)

Prelude [unmeasured]

Allemande

Courante

Sarabande

Gigue

Gavotte

Menuet - Menuet Rondeau

## Georg Friedrich Händel (1685-1759) Cantata "Mi palpita il cor"

Recitative - Aria (Allegro)

Recitative - Aria (Largo)

Recitative - Aria (Allegro)

## Intermission

## Archangelo Corelli (1653-1713)

Sonata for violin and basso continuo, opus 5, no 12 "La Follia"

Adagio

Allegro

Adagio

Vivace

Allegro

Andante

Allegro

Adagio

Allegro

## Henry Purcell (1659-1695) "Sweeter than roses"

## Carl Friedrich Abel (1723-1787)

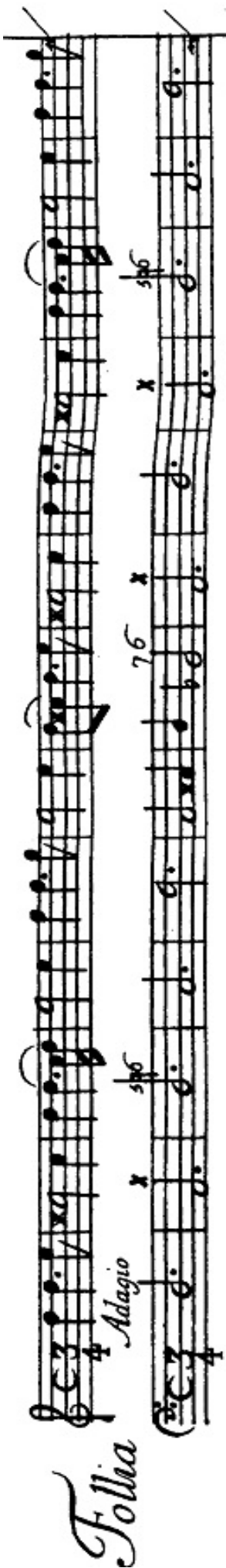
Sonata for traverso and basso continuo, opus 6, no 3

Adagio

Allegro

Vivace

## Thomas Campion (c.1566-1619) "Never weather-beaten sail"



## Text of "Young Coridon "

1. Young Coridon and Phillis  
Sate in a lovely Grove;  
Contriving Crowns of Lillies  
Repeating Tales of Love;  
And something else,  
but what I dare not name.
2. But as they were a Playing,  
She oagled so the Swain;  
It sav'd her plainly saying,  
Let's kiss to ease our Pain:  
And something else, etc.
3. A thousand times he kissed her,  
Laying her on the Green;  
But as he farther press'd her,  
Her pretty leg was seen:  
And something else, etc.
4. Young Coridon grown bolder,  
The Minute would improve;  
This is the Time he told her,  
To shew her how I love;  
And something else, etc.
5. The Nymph seemed almost dying,  
Dissolved in amorous Heat;  
She kiss'd, and told him sighing,  
My Dear your love is great:  
And something else, etc.
6. Thus Love his Revels keeping,  
Till Nature at a stand;  
From talk they fell to Sleeping,  
Holding each others Hand;  
And something else, etc.

## Translation of "Mi palpita il cor"

- Recitative    Mi palpita il cor, nè intendo perché?  
                  Agitata è l'alma mia, nè so cos' è.  
                  Tormento e gelosia, sdegno, affano e dolore,  
                  da me che pretende?  
                  Se mi volente ameante, amante son;  
                  ma, oh Dio! Non m'uccidete, ch'il cor,  
                  fra tanta pene, più soffrire non può le sue catene.
- Aria            Ho tanti affini in petto, che,  
                  qual sia il più tiranno, io dir nol so  
                  So ben che do ricetto  
                  a un aspro e crudo affanno, e che morendo vò
- Recitative    Clori, di te mi lagno,  
                  e di te, O Nume, figlio di Citera,  
                  Ch'il cor feristi per una che non sa  
                  che cosa è amore.  
                  Ma se, d'egual saetta, a lei feristi il core,  
                  più lagnarmi non voglio;  
                  e reverenti, innantial al simulacro tuo  
                  prostrato a terra, umil,  
                  devoto, adorerò quel Dio,  
                  che fè contento e pago il mio desio.
- Aria            Se un di m'adora la mia crudele,  
                  contento allora il cor sarà.  
                  Che sia dolore, che sia tormento,  
                  questo mio seno più non saprà
- My heart trembles, and I don't know why!  
My soul is anxious, but I don't know what it is..  
Torment and jealousy, scorn, suffering and pain,  
What do you want from me?  
If you want me to be a lover, a lover I am;  
but, oh God! Do not kill me, for my heart,  
Amid such torments, will not be able to bear its bonds  
any longer.
- I have so much suffering in my breast  
That a greater oppression cannot be described.  
I know well that I give harbor  
to a bitter and cruel torture, and that I am dying.
- Cloris, I complain against you,  
And of you, o God, son of Venus  
That has wounded my heart for one  
That does not know what love is.  
But if, with a similar arrow, you strike her heart,  
I won't need to complain anymore;  
And reverently, before your image,  
prostrate on the ground, humble,  
devoted, I will worship this God,  
That fulfills and appeases my desire.
- If one day my cruel one adores me,  
Then my heart will be content.  
What pain is, what torment is,  
My breast will know no longer

Translation: Pamela Dellal

*Next concert: Saturday November 27, 2021 at 7:30 PM, St Andrew's Episcopal Church, Madison, WI*

*Please help support the Wisconsin Baroque Ensemble. Send your tax-deductible donation to:  
Wisconsin Baroque Ensemble, 2624 Stevens Street, Madison, WI 53705  
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