

Wisconsin Baroque Ensemble

"Bringing music of the 17th and 18th Century to life"

Mimmi Fulmer - soprano

Brett Lipshutz - traverso, recorder

Eric Miller - viola da gamba

Charlie Rasmussen - baroque cello, viola da gamba

Anton TenWolde - baroque cello

Max Yount - harpsichord

October 8 and 9, 2022

Georg Philipp Telemann (1681-1767)

Sonata for traverso, viola da gamba, and cembalo, TWV 42:c6

Andante

Allemande

Menuet

Aria

Gigue

Rejoissance

Francesca Caccini (1587-after 1641) "Chi desia di saper"

Giacobbe Cervetto (1680-1783)

Divertimento for two violoncelli, opus 4 nr 1 (1761)

Adagio

Andantino

Tempo comodo - Piu andante -Presto

Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741) "Di verde ulivo" from *Tito Manlio*, RV 738, Act 1

Intermission

Christoph Schaffrath (1709 - 1763)

Trio for traverso, violoncello, and bass, CSWV E:3

Allegro

Adagio

Allegro

Isabella Leonarda (1620-1704)

"Purpurei flores"

From *Motetti a voce sola con strumenti*, opus 20 nr 3:1 (1700)

Georg Philipp Telemann

Sonata for traverso, two viole di gamba, and bass, TWV 43:G12

Dolce

Allegro

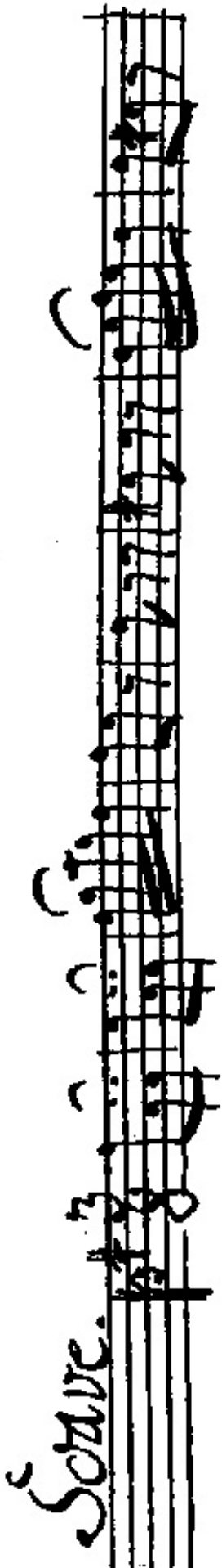
Soave

Vivace

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Wisconsin Baroque Ensemble, 2624 Stevens Street, Madison, WI 53705
or donate on our web site at www.wisconsinbaroque.org



Translations

Francesca Caccini, "Chi desia di saper"

*Chi desia di saper che cosa è amore
lo dirò, che non sia se non ardore,
Che non sia se non dolore,
Che non sia se non timore,
Che non sia se non furore,
lo dirò che non sia se non ardore,
Chi desia di saper che cosa è amore.*

To whoever wants to know what love is,
I'll say it's nothing if not passion,
it's nothing if not suffering,
it's nothing if not dread,
it's nothing if not fury,
I'll say it's nothing if not passion
To whoever wants to know what love is.

*Chi mi domanderà s'amor' io sento,
lo dirò che'l mio foco è tutto spento,
Ch'io non provo più tormento, Ch'io non tremo,
ne pavento, Ch'io ne vivo ogn' or contento,
lo dirò che'l mio foco.....*

To whoever asks if I'm in love,
I'll say that my fire is all burned out,
that I'm no longer tormented, that I don't tremble,
I'm not fearful, that I live in contentment all the time,
I'll say that my fire

*Chi mi consiglia ch'io debb'amare
lo dirò che non vo' piu sospirare,
ne temere, ne sperare, ne'avvampare, ne gelare,
lo dirò che non vo' piu sospirare, chi mi.....*

To whoever advises me to love,
I'll say that I don't want to sigh any more,
nor to fear, hope, blush, or freeze,
I'll say that I don't want to sigh any more, to whoever...

*Chi d'amor crederrà dolce il gioire,
lo dirò che più dolce è amor fuggire,
Ne piegarsi al suo desire, Ne tentar suoi sdegni, et ire,
Ne provare il suo martire, io dirò che più dolce.....*

To whoever believes in the sweet joy of love,
I'll say it's sweeter to flee from love,
not to submit to its will, not to tempt its disdain and temper.
Not to feel its affliction, I'll say it's sweeter....

Translation by Richard Kolb

Antonio Vivaldi, *Tito Manlio*

Recitative:

*Volerò a Tito, il padre; dirò che per destino di Geminio m'accesi,
e non potea guirar contro l'amante odio nemico. Dirò che dal mio
sguardo, e non dirò menzogna, pende il guerrier latino;
e che in virtù dell'amorosa face io meditava un giorno dar vantaggio
alla patria e amica pace.*

I shall fly to Tito, my father, and tell him that inspired by Geminio's fate,
I could not suppress love to swear hatred. I shall say that upon my
glance, and this will be no lie, hangs the Latin warrior's fate,
and that by the power of love's light I have planned one day to bring victory
and peace to my homeland.

Aria:

*Di verde ulivo cinta la chioma al padre,
A Roma, figlia diletta, cara sarò.
E finche vivo dirò al mio bene quante gran pene ei mi costò.*

My locks girt with green olive,
shall remain a beloved daughter to my father, to Rome.
And while I yet live, I shall tell my beloved what great pain it has cost me.

Isabella Leonarda, "Purpurei flores.

Purpurei flores, vos sarta formate, Mariam ornate, vos terre decore.

Purple flowers, beauties of the earth, you were made to adorn
Mary.

*Lilia candores spargite, rosae donate purpuras amennis virgo floribus
ornetur in terra.*

Strew lilies and give Her purple roses
that adorn the earth.

*Si stellis et radijs in caelis decorata refulget florete ergo flores nam
virgo beata corona stellata se cingunt in caelis.*

If the stars shine in the heavens then let your flowers bloom for the
blessed virgin, surrounded by a crown of stars in the heavens.

*In terra non ispernit nec flores nec rosas nec lilia pura,
non respuens dona quae prebuit cor.*

She will not reject flowers or roses or lilies,
gifts which the heart has provided.

Florete ergo sed quid dico? Praeparat anima mea sarta plus fulgida.

Bloom, then, but what do I say? My soul prepares a more brilliant
garland.

Non appetit flores sed nostros amores et cordis affectu ornari desiderat.

She does not hunger for flowers, but to be adorned by our love and
affection.

*Nostrum cor, nostrum amorem solum cupit solum quaerit,
sine isto nihil erit, flos et stellae et quidquid est.*

Our heart, our love only she wants and seeks;
without this there will be nothing-- flower or stars or anything else.

*Flos plus carus nostri matri,
sola es anima mea eris tu ingrata et rea huic si negabis cor.*

Our love is a flower more dear to our mother,
and you will be ungrateful and guilty if you withhold your heart.

Translation by Ric Merritt

Next concerts:

Friday November 25, 2022 at 7:30 PM, St Andrew's Episcopal Church, Madison, WI

Saturday November 26 at 7:30 PM, St Matthias Episcopal church, Waukesha, WI