

# MARGIONO QUINTET

## ARIE ANTICHE



*Challenge*  
CLASSICS

# ARIE ANTICHE

- |  |       |
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Arrangements for string quartet and soprano by Wim ten Have

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Arrangements for string quartet and soprano by A.C. Vinci

Total Time 53:52

## MARGIONO QUINTET

Charlotte Margiono, Soprano

Marijn Mijnders, Violin I - Susanne Jaspers, Violin II -

Gert Jan Leuvenink, Viola - Yke Viersen, Violoncello

**Arie antiche** ('Ancient Airs') was the title of a collection published by the Italian musicologist and editor Alessandro Parisotti in 1885. So successful was it that he followed it with two further collections, also issued by the major Italian music-publishing house of Ricordi, between then and 1900. The three volumes were a considerable success and have remained in print ever since. In addition, they have been emulated by similar volumes by other editors and publishers covering selections of much the same material. All but a handful of the arias on the present disc, however, can be found in Parisotti's three volumes.

Since these volumes have been so influential, it may be worth saying something about their compiler, who is otherwise a forgotten figure today. Alessandro Parisotti was born in Rome in 1835, and studied harmony, counterpoint, fugue and orchestration with the director of the Cappella Giulia in St Peter's, Meluzzi. In 1880 he became the Secretary of the Accademia di Santa Cecilia and the Liceo Musicale - two of Rome's most important musical institutions. He also maintained a career as a conductor, notably with Rome's Orchestral Society, with whom he performed, amongst other works, Schumann's oratorio *Das Paradies und die Peri* and Mendelssohn's cantata *Die erste Walpurgisnacht*. He himself composed chamber music and sacred choral music, and in addition to the *arie antiche* collections published a *Piccolo album di musica antica*, and in 1911 a work on the acoustics, psychology and aesthetics of music. He died in Rome two years later, aged 77.

The three volumes of ancient airs comprise in total 84 arias, the vast majority being settings of Italian texts. There is a much smaller group of songs in French, though most of these are by composers born in Italy (such as Spontini and Cherubini). With the obvious exceptions of Handel and Gluck, almost all the other composers represented are Italian.

The main point of interest in the selection is, of course, the music's period. In title and in essence, this is an early-music collection before the term had even been thought of and well before such a thing might have been considered popular. In the Italy of 1885 to 1900, the accepted masters of the day were Verdi and Ponchielli, with Puccini and his rivals/colleagues Mascagni, Leoncavallo, Franchetti, Giordano and Cilea taking over as the younger generation. From abroad, Wagner, who had died in 1883, was still a controversial figure, and together with Brahms represented German music. In France, Massenet's operas were popular, though during the 1890s Debussy began to make a name for himself. Who, in 1885, apart from a handful of scholars, thought about Monteverdi, Cavalli, Cesti and Alessandro Scarlatti? Very few.

Parisotti's volumes were to make these and other composers of the Baroque and Classical periods familiar names to many, and performed by many. For this was the era of domestic music-making, when not just in Italy



but all over Europe and America - the whole Western world, in fact - people sang and played for their own amusement in their own homes. The *arie antiche* quickly became established as teaching volumes. Though they are far from easy to sing well, the bulk of the arias they contain are not especially difficult from a musical or a technical point of view. They remain standard teaching material today, with the result that almost anyone who takes singing lessons will be familiar with at least some of them. As a result, and also because Parisotti chose many fine examples, professional singers - including some of the world's leading artists - will often open a recital programme with a handful of *arie antiche*. They are not only good for warming up the voice before it tackles something more demanding, but in their simplicity and memorability are always welcomed by audiences. So more than a hundred years after he published his final collection, Parisotti flourishes.

Naturally, our views of such music have altered. When Parisotti compiled his volumes, all but a few composers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries was forgotten and of interest to specialists only. Nowadays, when period instruments are the watchword and the Baroque era an area of ever-growing interest, we are far more familiar with it. Parisotti's accompaniments for piano - good as they are, of their kind - can sound heavy and late-nineteenth century, and since they are not the originals it seems quite reasonable to replace them with new arrangements. Parisotti should not be blamed either for not knowing things that have only been discovered by later musicologists.

4 Some of the attributions of these songs are no longer as he believed them to be.

An interesting example is the case of Giovanni Battista Pergolesi (1710-36). As his dates make clear, Pergolesi had an extremely short life - he died aged just 26. During this time he had written some very fine music, but his work was scarcely known outside Naples. After his death his fame would take off, largely through the impact of his comic intermezzo *La serva padrona* (1733), which steadily made its way around Europe and caused a sensation (and a pamphlet war) in Paris in 1752, and of his *Stabat Mater* which, first published in London in 1749, became the single most frequently printed work in the eighteenth century. Such posthumous fame became too much of a temptation for many, and dozens of works not actually written by Pergolesi were subsequently published under his name. The extent of this is evident in the complete edition of his works brought out in Rome in 1939-42: of its 148 works, 69 are misattributed, 49 questionable and only 30 undoubtedly genuine, while many other genuine works are left out. A case in point on this recording is the well-known song 'Tre giorni son che Nina' - not, in fact, included by Parisotti, but familiar from an edition of *Twenty-Four Italian Songs and Arias* edited, very much along Parisotti's lines, by Dr Theodore Baker for the American publisher Schirmer in 1894, and also much reprinted. A footnote attached to the song in a later edition tells us: 'Although this song was long attributed to Pergolesi, it was composed by Legrenzio Vincenzo Ciampi (1719-?)'. In fact, more recently serious doubt has been cast on this attribution to (correctly) Vincenzo Legrenzio Ciampi (?1719-62), and so the person we must at least temporarily credit for this item is Anon.

Another dubious item - and here Parisotti must take the blame - is 'Se tu m'ami', attributed to Pergolesi in the first volume of 1885, but actually composed by the editor himself! In this instance, Parisotti's sleight-of-hand was to take in at least one great composer, for when Stravinsky's composed his ballet *Pulcinella*, based on music by Pergolesi, in 1919-20, he included Parisotti's song. (It might also be added that, due to the general confusion over Pergolesi's works at this time, he included other pieces that the Neapolitan composer did not write.) Also dubious is the 'Pietà, Signore', once again published by Baker rather than Parisotti, and credited to Alessandro Stradella (1639-82), which is now considered to be the work of the Swiss-French composer Louis Niedermeyer (1802-61). Of a similar type of case, 'Star vicino' (published by neither Parisotti nor Baker) is one of a number of pieces ascribed to the painter and poet Salvator Rosa (1615-73), who may well have been an amateur musician, but whom modern scholarship credits with no compositions at all.

The remaining items can stand more scrutiny, and it may be useful to briefly mention the origins of some of them. Giulio Caccini (1551-1618) was one of a group of composers based in Florence whose innovations resulted in the development of opera. His 'Amarilli mia bella' was published as a madrigal in his important volume *Le nuove musiche* of 1602, which announced the new Baroque style in song. Antonio Lotti (c1667-1740) was a prolific and successful Venetian composer of operas and cantatas, rather less important, however, than the Neapolitan Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725), who set the image of these forms through much of the Baroque era. The item by the Venice-based Giovanni Legrenzi (1626-90) comes from his opera *Eteocle e Polinice* (1675). A member of Caccini's Florentine circle, Jacopo Peri's opera *Euridice* (1600), from which we hear the aria 'Gioite al canto mio', is the earliest opera whose music survives complete.

Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739) composed several cantatas and serenatas, and a famous literary satire on the operatic world of his day, *Il teatro alla moda*. Giuseppe Giordani (1751-98) is probably the composer of 'Caro mio ben': he was born in Naples but his later career took him all over Italy. Francesco Durante (1684-1755) composed no operas but a great deal of church music, secular cantatas and instrumental music. Born in Venice around 1670, Antonio Caldara subsequently held appointments in Mantua, Rome and Vienna. Some of his oratorios have recently been successfully revived. He died in Vienna in 1736. The importance of Giacomo Carissimi (1605-74) lies in being one of the first composers of oratorio, and some of his works in the genre - notably *Jephte* (c1650) - were remembered even in the nineteenth century. His cantatas, from one of which the aria 'Vittoria, mio core' comes, are also historically important. But whether historically important or merely charming, each item on this disc is characteristic of its period. It may be said that Parisotti's collections helped bring about a new taste for such music that has only truly flowered in our own time.

# MARGIONO QUINTET

Charlotte Margiono, Soprano

Marijn Mijnders, Violin I - Susanne Jaspers, Violin II -

Gert Jan Leuwerink, Viola - Yke Viersen, Violoncello

„Margiono sings better than ever with a string quartet,” ran a headline in the Dutch newspaper the *NRC Handelsblad* after the official début of the Margiono Quintet in the Amsterdam Concertgebouw on 24 November 1998. The *Volkskrant* spoke of a „highly promising start.” Indeed, since then the Margiono Quintet has played to sold-out houses in The Netherlands (Utrecht, The Hague, Eindhoven, Groningen) and at important international festivals.

Charlotte Margiono has sung at opera houses in Hamburg, Dresden, Brussels, Amsterdam, Vienna and Glyndebourne, and she has worked with such orchestras as the Berlin Philharmonic, London Philharmonic Orchestra, Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra and the Vienna Philharmonic. The founding of the Margiono Quintet allowed her to fulfil her long-cherished dream of devoting herself more to chamber music in addition to recitals. Charlotte Margiono encountered the same enthusiasm in violinists Marijn Mijnders and Susanne Jaspers, viola player Gert Jan Leuwerink (who also taught her viola) and cellist Yke Viersen. The five quintet members have known each other for a long time and worked together regularly - the soprano occupying the podium and the players the orchestra pit as members of the Royal Concertgebouw Orchestra - with conductor Nikolaus Harnoncourt, who, the five musicians all agree, guided them towards musical maturity. The idea of working together took concrete form in a hotel in Madrid, when, during a tour of the Royal Concertgebouw playing Schubert under Harnoncourt's direction, the five musicians played chamber music in their free time.

Clearly, then, the quintet is not an existing string quartet to which a soprano has been added, but an ensemble of five equal musical partners. The ensemble aims to focus its attention on compositions that, because of their scoring, are performed relatively infrequently, and then mostly in ad-hoc ensembles. The Margiono Quintet performs works by composers ranging from Pergolesi to Pärt, whether original compositions for voice and string quartet or pieces arranged specially for this combination.

Charlotte Margiono and the four string players are constantly searching for appropriate original music written for their combination: apart from the better-known pieces such as Respighi's *Il tramonto* and Barber's *Dover Beach* they have discovered for example *Nageldeuntjes* by Jurriaan Andriessen, written to brilliant texts by



Guido Gezelle, Pärt's *Es sang vor langen Jahren* and the unknown song cycle, *Lieder für Mädchen die lieben* (1979) by the late Heinz Krause-Graumnitz.

In addition the repertoire includes arrangements for the specific combination of the Margiono Quintet: among others, Mozart arias, *Arie antiche* (Italian arias from the 18th century, performed in a 19th century arrangement by Alberto C. Vinci), Schumann's *Frauenliebe und -leben* (in a new arrangement by Wim ten Have) and a remarkable reworking of Bizet's *Carmen*, specially written for the quintet by Hans van der Heide.

In preparation are a number of American compositions from the 20th century, among them *Love blows as the wind blows* by George Butterworth and *Tryptich* by Arthur Shepherd. More commissions are planned for the future: recently Koos de Muinck, in *Eenheid uit zoveel tegendelen*, set to music four texts by Vasali and contact has also been made with Kees Olthuis. And the pianist Peter Nilsson has been engaged to appear as an occasional guest of the Margiono Quintet in upcoming seasons. This will make it possible to include works like Lekeu's *Nocturne* and Chaussons *Chanson perpétuelle* in the programme.



**Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725): Le Violette**

Rugiadose, odorose,  
Violette graziose,  
Voi vi state vergognose,  
Mezzo ascose fra le foglie,  
E sgridate le mie voglie,  
Che son troppo ambiziose.

Dewy, scented,  
pretty little violets,  
you seem to blush with shame,  
half hidden in your leaves.  
You reproach me for my desires,  
which are too ambitious.

**Anonymous; attributed Vincenzo Ciampi (c1719-62): Nina**

Tre giorni son che Nina  
In letto se ne sta.  
Il sonno l'assassina,  
Svegliatela per pietà!  
E cimbali e timpani e pifferi,  
8 Svegliatemi Ninetta,  
Perché non dorma più.

It is three days  
since Nina took to her bed.  
Sleep is killing her:  
wake her, for pity's sake!  
Cymbals, pipes and drums,  
awaken Ninetta for me,  
so that she sleep no more!

**Antonio Lotti (c1667-1740): Pur dicesti**

Pur dicesti, o bocca bella,  
Quel soave e caro sì,  
Che fa tutto il mio piacer.  
Per onor di sua facella,  
Con un bacio amor t'apri  
Dolce fonte del goder.

You have spoken, pretty mouth,  
that sweet and precious 'yes'  
that makes me completely happy.  
In honour of his little torch,  
love opened for you, with a kiss,  
a sweet fount of pleasure.

**Louis Niedermeyer (1802-61): Pietà, Signore**

Pietà, Signore,  
Di me dolente!  
Signor, pietà!  
Se a Te giunge  
Il mio pregar,

Take pity, O Lord,  
on my suffering!  
O Lord, take pity!  
if my prayer  
should reach You,



Non mi punisca

Il Tuo rigor,

Meno severi,

Clementi ognora

Volgi i Tuoi sguardi

Sopra di me.

Non fia mai

Che nell'inferno

Sia dannato

Nel fuoco eterno

Dal tuo rigor.

Gran Dio, giammai

Sia dannato

Nel fuoco eterno

Dal Tuo rigor.

Pietà, Signore,

Signore, pietà

Di me dolente,

Se a Te giunge

Il mio pregare,

Meno severi,

Clementi ognora

Volgi i Tuoi sguardi

Deh volgi i sguardi ah!

Su me, Signor!

### **Alessandro Scarlatti: Se Florindo è fedele**

Se Florindo è fedele

io m'innamorerò,

Potrà ben l'arco tendere

il faretrato arcier,

ch'io mi saprò difendere

do not punish me

with Your severity.

No longer harsh,

ever merciful,

turn your gaze

upon me.

Let me never

be condemned

to Hell

by Your

inclemency.

Great God, never let me

be condemned

to eternal flames

by Your inclemency.

Have mercy, O Lord,

O Lord, have mercy,

on my suffering,

if my prayer

should arise to You,

no longer harsh,

ever merciful,

turn Your gaze upon me

turn Your gaze

upon me, O Lord!

If Florindo is faithful

I shall fall in love with him.

Let him tighten his bow,

That quivered archer,

I shall be able to defend myself

d'un guardo lusinghier.  
io non ascolterò  
Ma se sarà fedele  
io m'innamorerò.

**Giulio Caccini (c1545-1618): Amarilli, mia bella**

Amarilli, mia bella! Non credi,  
O del mio cor dolce desio,  
D'esser tu l'amor mio?  
Credilo pur, e se timor t'assale,  
E dubitar non ti vale,  
Aprimi il petto  
E vedrai scritto in core:  
Amarilli è il mio amore.

**Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739): Il mio bel foco**

10

Il mio bel foco  
O lontano o vicino ch'esser poss'io,  
Senza cangiar mai tempre  
Per voi, care pupille, arderà sempre.

Quella fiamma che m'accende  
Piace tanto all'anima mia  
Che giammai s'estinguerà.  
E se il fato a voi mi rende,  
Vaghi rai del mio bel sole,  
Altra luce ella non vuole  
Nè voler giammai potrà.

I shall not listen to petitions,  
tears and quarrels.  
But if he is faithful  
I shall fall in love with him.

My lovely Amaryllis! Don't you know,  
sweet desire of my heart,  
that you are my love?  
Believe it, then, and if fear assails you,  
and doubts trouble you,  
open up my breast  
and you shall see, written on my heart:  
Amaryllis is my love.

My fire,  
whether I am near or far away from you,  
without ever changing temperature,  
for you, dear eyes, will always burn.

This flame that sets me alight  
is so pleasing to my soul  
that it will never be extinguished.  
And if fate gives me to you,  
pretty rays of my sun,  
it shall want no other light,  
nor ever could.

**Giuseppe Giordani (c1753-98): Caro mio ben**

Caro mio ben,  
Credimi almen,  
Senza di te  
Languisce il cor.

Il tuo fedel Your  
Sospira ognor.  
Cessa crudel End,  
Tanto rigor!

Dearest beloved,  
please believe me,  
without you  
my heart languishes.

faithful one  
sighs without ceasing.  
cruel one,  
your severity!

**Francesco Durante (1684-1755): Vergin, tutto amor**

Vergin, tutto amor,  
O madre di bontade, o madre pia,  
Ascolta, dolce Maria,  
La voce del peccator.

Il pianto suo ti muova,  
Giungono a te i suoi lamenti,  
Suo duol, suoi tristi accenti,  
Senti pietoso quel tuo cor.

All-loving Virgin,  
O mother of goodness,  
hear, gentle Mary,  
the sinner's voice.

May his weeping move you.  
Join his laments to yours.  
On his sufferings, his sad utterances,  
May your heart have pity.

**Alessandro Parisotti (1835-1913): Se tu m'ami**

Se tu m'ami, se tu sospiri  
Sol per me, gentil pastor,  
Ho dolor del tuoi martiri,  
Ho diletto del tuo amor.  
Ma se pensi che soletto  
Io ti debba riamar,  
Pastorello, sei soggetto  
Facilmente a t'ingannar.

If you love me, if you sigh  
for me alone, gentle shepherd,  
I am sorry for your sufferings  
while delighting in your love.  
But if you think that I should  
love you solely in return,  
little shepherd boy, you are  
the victim of your own self-deception.



Bella rosa porporina  
Oggi Silvia scieglierà,  
Con la scusa della spina  
Doman poi la sprezzerà.  
Ma degli uomini il consiglio  
lo per me non seguirò.  
Non perchè mi piace il giglio  
Gli altri fiori sprezzerrò.

**Giovanni Legrenzi (1626-1690): Che fiero costume**

Che fiero costume  
D'aligero nume,  
Che a forza di pene si faccia adorar!  
E pur nell' ardore  
Il dio traditore  
Un vago sembiante mi fe' idolatrar.

12  
Che crudo destino  
Che un cieco bambino  
Con bocca di latte si faccia stimar!  
respect.

Ma questo tiranno  
Con barbaro inganno,  
Entrando per gli occhi, mi fe' sospirar!

**Jacopo Peri (1561-1633): Gioite al canto mio**

Gioite al canto mio selve frondose;  
Gioite, amati colli e d'ogn'intorno rejoice,  
Eco rimbombi dalle valli ascose.  
Risorto è il mio bel Sol di raggi adorno:  
E co' begli occhi, onde fa scorno a Delo, mitto  
Raddoppia fuoco all'alme e luce al giorno,  
Fa servi d'amor la terra e cielo.

Today Sylvia will choose  
a beautiful purple rose;  
but tomorrow she will despise it  
on account of its thorn.  
I myself shall not follow  
the advice of men.

Just because I like lilies does not mean  
that I shall ignore other flowers.

How cruel are the ways  
of that pitiless god,  
to make us worship him by making us suffer!  
The treacherous deity  
compels me in my passion  
to idolize a pleasing appearance.

My fire,  
O evil fate,  
that a sightless infant,  
his mouth still full of milk, can command my

Yet this false  
and barbarous tyrant  
has entered through my eyes to bring me grief.

Leafy woods, rejoice at my song,  
beloved hills, and may Echo  
resound it all around from the hidden valleys.  
Arise is my lovely Sun, with rays adorned;  
and with her lovely eyes, that make mock of Delos,  
gives renewed fire to the heart and light to the day,  
making slaves of love of the earth and heaven.

**Domenico Scarlatti (1685-1757): Cari luce del ben mio**

Care luci del ben mio

Se non siete a me sdegnose

Vì darò l'estremo addio

E contendo io morirò

Se vi miro alfin pietose

Scemera nel seno il duolo

E per ultimo consolo

Voi il mio chiamar potrò:

**Antonio Caldara (c1670-1736): Come raggio di sol**

Come raggio di sol mite e sereno

Sovra placidi flutti si riposa,

Mentre del mare nel profondo seno

Sta la tempesta ascosa:

Così riso talor gaio e pacato

Di contento, di gioia un labbro infiora,

Mentre nel suo segreto il cor piagato

S'angoscia e si martora!

**Anonymous, formerly attrib. Salvator Rosa: Star vicino**

Star vicino al bell'idol che s'ama,

È il più vago diletto d'amor!

Star lontan da colei che si brama,

È d'amor il più mesto dolor!

Dear eyes of my beloved

if you do not look away

you will see my last farewell

and contented shall I die:

When in the end you show compassion

this will abate my heart's despair

and it will be my ultimate comfort

That I may call you mine

As a mild and serene ray of sunlight

rests on placid waves

while in the deepest sea's depths

the tempest yet lies hidden;

so sometimes a smile, gay and tranquil  
with contentment, flowers on the lips,  
while in secret the stricken heart  
torments itself in anguish.

To be near the lovely fair one adores

is love's sweetest delight!

To be far from she that one desires

is love's most grievous pain!

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Executive producer: Willemin Mooij

## Alessandro Scarlatti: O cessate di piagarmi

O cessate di piagarmi

O lasciatemi morir.

Luci ingrate - dispietate

Più del gelo e più dei marmi

Fredde e sorde a' miei martir

O cessate di piagarmi

O lasciatemi morir.

Più d'un angue più d'un aspe,

crudi e sordi a'miei sospir.

occhi atroci orgogliosi,

voi potete risarmarmi,

e godete al mio languir.

14

Che crudo deipressi me vego simile a serpente

Che un cieco a' miei dolori son più che un aspe

Con bocca di latte e con lingua di ferro

respect. *respect*

Ma questo tiranno

Con barbaro inganno

Entrando per l'orecchie in quest'orecchio

trigida *trigida*

Jacopo Peri (1591-1633) *Jacopo Peri*

Gioite al canto mio se'n l'ita gioveang torni z'evol a

Gioite, amati colli e d'ogn'intorno rejoice,

Eco rimbombi dalle valli ascose:

Risorto è il mio bel Sol di raggi adorno;

E co' begli occhi, onde la sorna a Delo,

Raddoppia fuoco all'arme e luce al giorno,

Fa servi d'amor la terra e cielo.

Either stop causing me grief

or let me die.

Unkind and pitiless eyes

colder than ice, more deaf than marble

to my suffering,

either cease causing me pain

or allow me to die.

Worse than a snake, worse than a viper,

cruel and deaf to my sighs,

wicked, disdainful eyes,

you are capable of giving me life,

yet you delight in my suffering.

O evil fate,

that is a sight to me more hateful than death

With his mouth still full of milk

and his tongue still red with blood

yet this false

Anonymous, formerly attributed to Jacopo Peri

has entered my ears through my ears

È il più caro oggetto del mio cuore

Star lontano da colui che è il mio

Leafy woods, rejoice at my song: my love is

beloved hills, and may Echo

resound it all around from the hidden valleys.

Arise is my lovely Sun, with rays adorned;

and with her lovely eyes, that make mock of Deio,

gives renewed life to the heat and light to the day,

making slaves of love of the earth and heaven:



**Giacomo Carissimi (1605-74): Vittoria, mio core!**

Vittoria, mio core!  
Non lagrimar più.  
È sciolta d'Amore  
La vil servitù.

Già l'empia a' tuoi danni  
Far stuolo di sguardi  
Con vezzi bugiardi  
Dispose gl'inganni;  
Le frodi, gli affanni  
Non hanno più loco,  
Del crudo suo foco  
È spento l'ardore!

Da luci ridenti  
Non esce più strale,  
Che piaga mortale  
Nel petto m'avventi:  
Nel duol, ne' tormenti  
Io più non mi sfaccio;  
È rotto ogni laccio,  
Sparito il timore.

Victory, my heart!  
Weep no longer.  
Love's vile servitude  
is broken.

Once, to your cost, that pitiless woman,  
with pretty lies  
arranged her deceptions  
amidst a host of glances;  
but deception and grief  
have had their day,  
the ardour of her cruel flame  
is spent!

From those smiling eyes  
no ray shines forth  
to hurl mortal wounds  
at my breast;  
in pain and torment  
no longer do I melt;  
every knot is broken,  
all fear vanished!

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