

# Songs of Orpheus

Monteverdi | Caccini | d'India | Landi



Karim Sulayman, tenor | Apollo's Fire | Jeannette Sorrell

# Songs of Orpheus

Karim Sulayman, *tenor*

APOLLO'S FIRE

on period instruments

Jeannette Sorrell, *direction*

VIOLIN

Julie Andrijeski

Johanna Novom

VIOLA

Karina Schmitz

CELLO & VIOLA DA GAMBA

René Schiffer

Rebecca Landell Reed

THEORBO & GUITAR

William Simms & Brian Kay

HARPSICHORD & ORGAN

Jeannette Sorrell

## I. I LOVE YOU...

- CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1567-1643)**
- ❶ **Si dolce è 'l tormento** [3:35]  
*from Quarto scherzo delle ariose vaghezze, 1624*  
arr. J. Sorrell
- ❷ **Vi ricorda o bosch' ombrosi** [2:32]  
*from L'Orfeo, 1607*
- ❸ **Rosa del ciel** [2:31]  
*from L'Orfeo*
- GIULIO CACCINI (1551-1618)**
- ❹ **Dolcissimo sospiro** [2:55]  
*from Le nuove musiche, 1602*

## II. ...TO HELL...

- DARIO CASTELLO (1590-1658)**
- ❺ **Sonata no. 2 in D Minor** [5:28]  
*from Sonate concertate in stil moderno, Libro II, 1629 – Julie Andrijeski, violin*
- MONTEVERDI**
- ❻ **Tu se' morta** from *L'Orfeo* Sinfonia [4:04]
- CACCINI**
- ❼ **Funeste piaggie** [4:39]  
*from L'Euridice, 1602, arr. J. Sorrell*
- GIOVANNI PAULO CIMA (1570 – 1622)**
- ❽ **Sonata no. 1 in G Minor** [4:56]  
*for Violin & Continuo – Johanna Novom, violin*
- MONTEVERDI**
- ❾ **Qual honor di te sia degno** from *L'Orfeo* Sinfonia [5:00]

## III. ... AND BACK

- CASTELLO**
- ❿ **Sonata concertata XV, a Quattro voci** [5:04]
- SIGISMONDO D'INDIA (1582-1629)**
- ⓫ **Piangono al pianger mio** [4:47]  
*from Le musiche da cantar solo, Milan 1609*
- STEFANO LANDI (1587-1639)**
- ⓬ **Canta la ciccaletta** [4:37]  
*from Quinto libro di arie da cantarsi ad una voce, 1637*  
arr. J. Sorrell
- ⓭ **T'amai gran tempo** [6:22]  
*from Secondo libro di arie da cantarsi ad una voce, 1627*  
arr. R. Schiffer
- ANTONIO BRUNELLI (1577-1630)**
- ⓮ **Non havea Febo ancora** [2:43]  
*from Arie, scherzi, canzonette e madrigali a cantare e suonare, 1613*
- TARQUINIO MERULA (1595-1665)**
- ⓯ **Folle è ben che si crede** [3:58]  
*from Curtio precipitato et altri capricci, 1638*  
arr. by J. Sorrell & R. Schiffer
- Total Time** [63:21]

# Orpheus: The Myth that Still Resounds

by Jeannette Sorrell

Orpheus, the greatest singer of all time, was the inspiration for many Italian composers of the 17th century. In this program, we join Karim Sulayman to traverse the moods and echoes of the Orpheus myth. The music is selected from the circle of Monteverdi and his colleagues, who lived at the end of the Renaissance and forged a new style of music in Italy – a style where music is in service of words, emotions and ideas. This is the style we call *baroque*.

The ancient Greeks knew the power of music. It is not surprising that one of their greatest and most popular myths centers on a musician. As an archetype of the inspired singer, Orpheus is one of the most significant figures in classical mythology – portrayed in art, poetry, music, and painting.

Orpheus received his lyre from the god of wisdom, Apollo. In some versions of the story, Orpheus is actually the son of Apollo. He has the ability to charm all living things and even stones with his music. Tragedy strikes when Orpheus's beloved, Eurydice, is bitten by a snake and dies. Orpheus is consumed with grief and resolves to storm the gates of Hades to bring Eurydice back to the world of the living.

With his singing and his lyre, he manages to cast a spell on Caronte, the old oarsman who guards the river Styx and the gate to Hades. Arriving in the Underworld, Orpheus is received by Hades (Pluto) and Persephone (Proserpina). They agree to allow Eurydice to return with Orpheus to Earth on one condition: he should walk in front of her and not look back until they both have reached the upper world. He sets off with Eurydice following, but, in his anxiety, he turns back to look for her. And she vanishes for the second time, but now forever.

Orpheus stumbles back into the world of the living, and goes mad with grief. He swears to reject the love of any woman, since he cannot have Eurydice. A band of wild Bacchantes – the female followers of Bacchus, the god of wine – overhear this and are enraged. In a frenzied *bacchanale* they rip Orpheus to pieces.

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# Songs of Orpheus - I Love You to Hell and Back

by Karim Sulayman

Love is hell. We have all heard this adage over the years, and even rock star Ryan Adams uses the phrase as recently as 2004. It's possible, though, we can trace it back a few thousand more years to a different singer-songwriter.

Orpheus, the revered demigod whose voice could melt rocks and tame wild beasts, is one such *matinée* idol. His tragic loss sets him on an epic journey to reclaim his love. As we know, he doesn't succeed, but the story offers us some deeper insight into love, loss, doubt and discovery, showing us that the arc of a relationship can take some hellish twists and turns.

It's here where I step in. Mythology, music, and poetry are three of my own greatest loves. As a child, I remember receiving a copy of *D'Aulaires' Book of Greek Myths*, and the rest, as they say, is history. As my eyes continued to open to a fantastic world of stories, I was simultaneously discovering my path in music, and I ultimately developed a particular reverence for the music of Monteverdi and his contemporaries. At age 13, when I first heard the opening toccata from Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo*, I knew I'd never be the same.

For this album, I constructed a program of 17th-century Italian chamber music in which I also act as a storyteller. Many of the composers represented here have written major works dedicated to the Orpheus myth. The most famous, of course, is Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo*, with beautiful and lesser known works of Caccini (*L'Euridice*), Landi (*La morte d'Orfeo*), d'India (*Lamento d'Orfeo*), among others. With such a vast repertoire to convey the tale of the world's greatest singer, I thought I could not only tell his story, but express that of every lover who loses his or her partner, be it through death or even just a breakup. Our initial reaction to a sudden, unexpected loss is the refusal to accept it. Orpheus decided he could just go to Hell to get her back, which seems silly when you say it out loud. But who among us hasn't had that same reaction on some lesser level? When we are in rapturous love, sometimes we mere mortals feel so superhuman that storming the gates of Hell to get what we want may not seem that far-fetched. What is fascinating to me about our lover's story is his decision to turn around, knowing what the consequence will be. His doubts beg the question: was he meant to have her at all? And is the perfect love ever really there? Perhaps it's just an idea, best left behind us in our fondest memories.

As Orpheus takes his physical journey to Hell and back, this program traces a lover's psychological journey from the unrequited to the attained to the lost, and to an ultimate reconciliation. In three distinct sections, I selected pieces in which our protagonist sighs, pours forth love songs, laments, prays, curses and even mocks. In the end, the journey proves transformative, for better or for worse.

Orpheus' love for Eurydice is eternal. Thousands of years later, a trip to the House of Hades and crossing the river Styx isn't really an option when we're grieving (unless we happen upon some psilocybin mushrooms along the way!), but this love story can help us to a point of acceptance and reconciliation when we endure a great loss. As any relationship runs its course, we can go to Hell and back. Love - and all that comes with it - is a most valuable tour guide on such an incredible adventure.

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# Composers on a Mission

by Jeannette Sorrell

This album represents a circle of composers and poets who flourished in Italy at the cusp of the 17th century – one of the most fascinating and creative moments in Western history. In Firenze (Florence), a group of musicians, poets and intellectuals gathered regularly at the residence of Count Giovanni de' Bardi. Their mission was to guide trends in the arts, especially music and drama. They are known to history as the **Florentine Camerata**, though they did not call themselves that. And in their discussions in the Count's salon, the Baroque was forged out of the Renaissance.

The Camerata members believed that Renaissance music had become corrupt. They sought a way to return to the lost forms and style of the ancient Greeks, which they believed would lead not only to greater music, but also an improved society. They were intrigued by ancient descriptions of the emotional and moral effect of Greek drama. Though the music of the Greeks was lost, clues to its nature could be found in the writing of the Greek thinker Aristoxenus, who had proposed that *speech* should set the pattern for song. The Camerata believed the Greeks had used a style in-between speech and song – and that Greek drama was predominantly sung rather than spoken. They were especially fascinated with the story of Orpheus, since Orpheus was the great singer and musician of Greek antiquity.

As the Camerata set out to re-create ancient Greek music-drama in the 1590's, their musical experiments led to the development of *monody* and *recitativo* – quasi-spoken melodic text in which the notes are in service of the words, and the words are in service of dramatic expression. The job of the composer, and certainly the performer, was to communicate the *affetto* (the "affection" or emotional mood). To allow the singer as much dramatic freedom as possible, the Camerata typically used light and spare accompaniment: a couple of *violas da gamba*, a couple of lutes, and harpsichord or organ.

The composer **Giulio Caccini** and the poet **Ottavio Rinuccini** were regular attenders of the Camerata meetings. Caccini was a singer and harpist at the Medici court. His 1602 opera *L'Euridice* includes Orfeo's haunting soliloquy, *Funeste Piaggie (Dismal Shores)*. This piece exemplifies exactly what the Camerata believed ancient Greek song to have been: a chant-like, quasi-spoken text over a very simple chordal accompaniment that is mostly a drone. It is magical and moving in its evocation of the ghostly shores of the river Styx at the gates of Hell.

The great **Claudio Monteverdi** was a few years younger than Caccini. Though living in Mantua, not Firenze, he was deeply immersed in the concepts of the Camerata. Monteverdi's landmark opera *L'Orfeo* was commissioned in 1606 by the Duke of Mantua's son, Prince Francesco. The librettist was the prominent poet **Alessandro Striggio**, who became Monteverdi's closest friend and

confidante for years to come. In the selections from *L'Orfeo*, we see Caccini's monody becoming more dramatic, complex, and profound in the hands of the great Monteverdi.

The composers and poets in the "And Back Again" section of our album are all from the next generation. Merula, Landi, Brunelli, and d'India give us a generally lighter take on the Orpheus story. I have added violins and viola to several of these pieces, responding to the inherent colorfulness and liveliness of the music.

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A small postscript. Twenty-five years after Monteverdi and Striggio had created *L'Orfeo*, the Habsburg army invaded Mantua and essentially destroyed it. Monteverdi was not there – he had been living in Venice for over a decade. Striggio led a group of artists out of the rubble of Mantua to Venice – knowing that in Venice, his friend Monteverdi would welcome them. But the Mantuan company brought with them... the plague. In the next 16 months, the plague took 45,000 victims in Venice, including Monteverdi's younger brother. And so their lives were entwined in tragic irony much like the fate of Orpheus, whose persona they had so masterfully brought to life.

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### Si dolce è 'l tormento

Text by Carlo Milanuzzi

Si dolce è 'l tormento  
Che in seno mi sta  
Ch'io vivo contento  
Per cruda beltà  
Nel ciel di bellezza  
S'accreschi fierezza  
Et manchi pietà  
Che sempre qual scoglio  
All'onda d'orgoglio  
Mia fede sarà.

La speme fallace  
Rivolgami il piè  
Diletto né pace  
Non scendano a me  
E l'empia ch'adoro  
Mi nieghi ristoro  
Di buona mercè  
Tra doglia infinita,  
Tra speme tradita  
Vivrà la mia fe'.

Se fiamma d'amore  
Già mai non senti  
Quel rigido core  
Ch'il cor mi rapì  
Se nega pietate  
La cruda beltate  
Che l'alma invaghì  
Ben fia che dolente  
Pentita e languente  
Sospirimi un dì.

### Vi ricorda, o bosch' ombrosi

Text by Alessandro Striggio

Vi ricorda, o bosch' ombrosi,  
De' miei lung'aspri tormenti,  
Quando i sassi ai miei lamenti  
Rispondean fatti pietosi?

*So sweet is the torment  
in my heart  
that I live in bliss  
despite my fair one's cruelty.  
Although in that heaven of beauty,  
her pride surges  
and her kindness fades  
but my loyalty, like a rock  
engulfed by the crashing waves of pride,  
will always endure.*

*After false hope  
has abandoned me,  
no peace or joy  
comfort me,  
and the cruel one whom I adore  
refuses to relieve my suffering.  
Amidst such endless pain  
and betrayed hopes,  
my loyalty remains  
and will survive.*

*If her icy heart,  
which stole my heart away  
has never been touched  
by love's flame,  
and she, cruel beauty,  
has no pity  
on my enamoured soul,  
the day will come when  
she will repent  
and sigh, at last, for me.*

*Dark woods, do you recall  
my torments, endless and harsh,  
when the rocks, moved to pity  
responded to my laments?*

Dite all'hor non vi sembrai  
Più d'ogn'altro sconsolato?  
Hor fortuna ha stil cangiato  
Et ha volto in festa i guai.

Vissi già mesto e dolente,  
Hor gioisco e quegli affanni  
Che sofferti ho per tant'anni  
Fan più caro il ben presente.

Sol per te, bella Euridice,  
Benedico il mio tormento;  
Dopo'l duol vi è più contento,  
Dopo'l mal vi è più felice.

### Rosa del ciel

Text by Alessandro Striggio

Rosa del ciel, vita del mondo, e degna  
Prole di lui che l'Universo affrena,  
Sol, che'l tutto circondi e'l tutto miri  
Da gli stellanti giri:  
Dimmi, vedesti mai  
Di me più lieto e fortunato Amante?

Fu ben felice il giorno,  
Mio ben, che pria ti vidi,  
E più felice l'ora  
Che per te sospirai,  
Poi ch'al mio sospirar tu sospirasti;  
Felicissimo il punto  
Che la candida mano  
Pegno di pura fede a me porgesti.  
Se tanti cori havessi  
Quant'occhi ha il ciel eterno e quante chiome  
Han questi colli ameni il verde maggio,  
Tutti colmi sarieno e traboccanti  
Di quel piacer ch'oggi mi fa contento.

*Tell me then, didn't I seem  
the most desperate man alive?  
Now my fortune has changed  
and my grief has turned to joy.*

*I once lived with so much sadness  
but now I rejoice, and the sorrows  
I suffered those many years  
make me cherish even more the joy I feel today.*

*Thanks to you, fair Eurydice,  
I now bless my past misfortunes.  
As our sorrows end we return to rejoicing.  
When bad times are behind us we can be happy  
once more.*

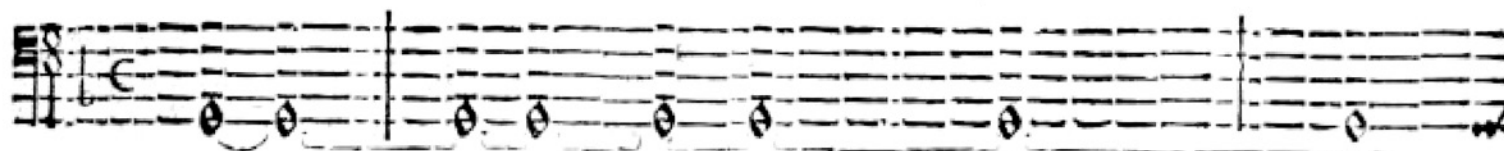
*Rose of the heavens, life of the world,  
worthy offspring of the One who guides the  
universe.  
Sun, you embrace and see all things  
from your heavenly rounds.  
Tell me, have you ever seen  
a lover more happy and fortunate than I?*

*Happy was the day,  
my love, when first I saw you  
And happier the hour  
When I sighed for you,  
and you responded with a sigh.  
Most happy was the moment  
you gave me your fair hand  
and pledged undying love.  
If I had as many hearts  
as there are stars in heaven,  
And leaves in these gentle hills in May,  
All those hearts would be full and overflowing  
with the joy and pleasure I feel today.*

O R F E O,

**R** 

Osa del ciel vita del mondo e degna Prole di lui che l'uni-




uerso affrena Sol che'l tutto circondi e'l tutto miri Da gli stellanti giri




Dimmi vedestù mai Di me più lieto e fortunato Amante? Fu ben felice il



### Dolcissimo sospiro

Text by Ottavio Rinuccini

Dolcissimo sospiro  
Ch'esci da quella bocca  
Ove d'amor ogni dolcezza fiocca.  
Deh, vieni a raddolcire  
L'amaro mio dolore.  
Ecco, ch'io t'apro il core.  
Ma, folle, a chi ridico il mio martire?  
Ad un sospiro errante  
Che forse vola in sen ad altro amante.

*Sweetest sigh,  
issuing from those lips,  
you offer every sweet delight of love.  
Come to me and sweeten my bitter grief  
as I open my heart to you.  
But have I gone mad?  
To whom do I confide my sorrows?  
To a wandering sigh  
that may soon fly to the heart of another lover.*

### Tu se' morta

Text by Alessandro Striggio

Tu se' morta, mia vita, ed io respiro?  
Tu se' da me partita  
Per mai più non tornare, ed io rimango?  
No, no, che se i versi alcuna cosa ponno,  
N'andrò sicuro a più profondi abissi;  
E intenerito il cor del Rè dell'ombre,  
Meco trarròtti a riveder le stelle.  
O se ciò negherammi empio destino,  
Rimarrò teco in compagnia di morte.  
A dio Terra, a dio Cielo e Sole, a dio.

*You are dead, my life, and yet I breathe?  
You have left my side  
Never to return again, and yet I stay?  
No, no, if my verses have any power,  
I will descend to the abyss  
and after having moved to pity the heart of Hades  
I will bring you back with me to see the stars.  
And if my cruel fate should refuse me this  
I shall stay with you in the company of Death.  
Farewell Earth, farewell Heaven and Sun, farewell.*

### Funeste piagge

Text by Ottavio Rinuccini

Funeste piagge, ombrosi orridi campi,  
che di stelle o di sole  
non vedeste giammai scintille e lampi.  
Rimbombate dolenti  
Al suon de l'angosciose mie parole  
Mentre con mesti accenti  
Il perduto mio ben con voi sospiro.  
E voi, deh, per pietà del mio martiro,  
Che nel misero cor dimora eterno,  
Lagrimate al mio pianto, ombre d'Inferno.

*Sombre shores, dark and horrid fields  
that have never seen  
the flashes and lightning of sun and stars.  
Echo with sorrow  
the sound of my anguished words  
as I, with sad laments  
sigh with you for my lost love.  
Take pity on my suffering  
which shall forever dwell in my grieving heart,  
Weep at my grief, shades of Hell.*

Ohimè, che su l'aurora  
Giunse all'ocaso il sol degl'occhi miei!  
Misero, e su quell'ora

*Alas, it was at daybreak  
that my beloved Sun did set!  
And I, wretched one, believing that at that hour*

Che scaldarmi a' bei raggi mi credei,  
Morte spense il bel lume, e freddo e solo  
Restai fra pianto e duolo,  
Come angue suole in fredda spiaggia il verno.  
Lagrimate al mio pianto, ombre d'Inferno.

*I would be warmed by her loving gaze,  
Death extinguished that fair light, while I was  
left cold and alone,  
with my tears and sorrow  
like a snake in the cold earth in winter.  
Weep at my grief, shades of Hell.*

E tu, mentre al Ciel piacque,  
Luce di questi lumi,  
Fatti al tuo dipartir fontane e fiumi,  
Che fai per entro i tenebrosi orrori?  
Forse t'affliggi e piagni  
L'acerbo fato e gli infelici amori.  
Deh, se scintilla ancora  
Ti scalda il sen di quei sì cari ardori.  
Senti mia vita, senti  
Quai pianti e quai lamenti  
Versa il tuo caro Orfeo dal cor interno  
Lagrimate al mio pianto, ombre d'Inferno.

*And you, taken from me by Heaven,  
you, who are the light of these eyes of mine  
that upon your departure were transformed  
into fountains and rivers,  
what are you doing in those dark and horrid depths?  
Perhaps you grieve and lament  
your bitter fate and unhappy love.  
Ah, if there remains a flicker of our love  
warm yourself by its loving flame.  
Listen, my life, and hear  
the weeping and lamenting  
that Orpheus releases from his heart.  
Weep at my grief, shades of Hell.*

### Qual honor di te sia degno

Text by Alessandro Striggio

Qual honor di te sia degno  
Mia cetra onnipotente,  
S'hai nel tartareo regno  
Piegar potuto ogni indurata mente?

*What honor will be worthy of you,  
My almighty lyre,  
who moved to pity  
the hardened minds of Hades?*

Luogo havrai fra le più belle  
Immagini celesti,  
Ond'al tuo suon le stelle  
danzeranno in giri hor tardi hor presti.

*You will dwell among the most beautiful  
images in heaven  
where to your sounds the stars  
will dance with steps now slow, now fast.*

Io per te felice appieno,  
Vedrò l'amato volto,  
E nel candido seno  
De la mia donna oggi sarò raccolto.

*It is thanks to you that today  
I am most happy,  
For I will see my lady,  
and feel her warm embrace.*

Ma mentre io canto, ohimè, chi m'assicura  
Ch'ella mi segua? Ohimè, chi mi nasconde  
De l'amate pupille il dolce lume?  
Forse d'invidia punte  
Le deità d'Averno,

*But while I sing, alas, who can reassure me  
that she is following me? Ah, who hides from me  
the radiant light of her beloved eyes?  
Could it be that the gods of Hell,  
envious of the happiness I feel*



## Texts & Translations

Perch'io non sia qua giù felice appieno  
Mi tolgono il mirarvi,  
Luci beate e liete,  
Che sol col sguardo altrui bear potete?

Ma che temi, mio core?  
Ciò che vieta Pluton, comanda Amore.  
A nume più possente,  
Che vince huomini e dei,  
Ben ubbidir dovrei.

(Qui si fa strepito dietro la tela.)

Ma che odo? Ohimè lasso!  
S'arman forse a' miei danni  
Con tal furor le furie innamorate  
Per rapirmi il mio ben, ed io 'l consento?

(Qui si volta Orfeo)

O dolcissimi lumi, io pur vi veggio,  
Io pur...ma qual eclissi, ohimè, v'oscura?

### Piangono al pianger mio

*Text by Ottavio Rinuccini*

Piangono al pianger mio le fere, e i sassi  
A miei caldi sospir traggon sospiri.  
L'aer d'intorno nubiloso fassi,  
Mosso anch'egli a pietà de' miei martiri.  
Ovunque io posso, ovunque io volgo i passi  
Par che di me si pianga, e si sospiri,  
Par che dica ciascun, mosso al mio duolo,  
Che fai tu qui, meschin, doglioso e solo?

### Canta la cicaledda

*Text by B. Saracelli*

Canta la cicaledda  
Quando è 'l sol più cocente,  
e si more cantando e non lo sente.  
Io canto, e vivo, e pur sento nel core  
di lei caldo maggiore.  
Così vuole il mio fato,

*here below  
prohibit me from seeing you,  
oh, fair and smiling eyes,  
who, with one glance make others blissful?*

*But what do you fear, my heart?  
Pluto forbids that which Cupid commands.  
The almighty god of love  
conqueror of men and gods,  
is the god I shall obey.*

*(a loud sound is heard)*

*But what do I hear? Woe is me!  
Perhaps the jealous furies  
have taken up arms against me  
to take away my love...and I allow this?*

*(Orpheus turns and looks at Eurydice)*

*O sweetest eyes, I see you again,  
at last...but what eclipse, alas, is hiding you in  
darkness?*

*As I weep, the wild beasts weep with me,  
and the stones sigh at my burning sighs.  
The air around me turns to mist,  
as it, too, takes pity on my sorrow.  
Wherever I turn my steps,  
It seems that all weep and sigh,  
and ask, moved by my suffering,  
"What are you doing here, unhappy one, so  
sorrowful and alone?"*

*The little cicada sings  
when the sun is at its hottest,  
and dies singing without feeling the heat.  
I sing, and live, and yet in my heart  
I feel more burning than the cicada does.  
Such is my destiny.*

S'io morissi cantando,  
O me beato.

Muove Orfeo l'empia Dite;  
Piange, prega e sospira  
Et impetra pietate al suon di lira:  
Io piango e prego una crudele e bella,  
d'amor troppo rubella.  
Così vuole il mio fato.  
S'io morissi cantando,  
O me beato.

### T'amai gran tempo

*Anonymous*

T'amai gran tempo e sospirai mercede.  
Tu m'hai tradito ogn'hor, priva di fede.  
Hor va' con novi amanti a far tue prove,  
ch'io son già stufo e m'ho provvist'altrove.  
Hor vanne mò  
Ch'io non ti vuò,  
Ch'io son già stufo  
E m'ho provvist'altrove:  
Che già di là,  
di là dal Pò, passato è 'l Merlo...  
Corri, corri a vederlo!

Mille volte io piangeva, e tu ridevi.  
Mille volte io rideva, e tu piangevi.  
Così cortese, i più felici amanti  
Schernisti cruda in giochi, in risi, in pianti.  
Hor grida mò,  
Ch'io sordo sto,  
Ch'io son già stufo  
E m'ho provvist'altrove:  
Che già di là,  
Di là dal Pò, passato è 'l Merlo...  
Corri, corri a vederlo!

Ti fui fedele allor che fui gradito.  
E qui lasciar ti vuò, se m'hai tradito.  
Hor vanne a porre a nuovi amanti il vischio,  
ch'io son già sciolto, e più non sento il fischio,

*If I died singing,  
how happy I would be!*

*Orpheus moves the spirits of the Underworld.  
He weeps, implores and sighs,  
pleading for mercy to the sound of his lyre:  
I weep and plead with a cruel and beautiful  
Lady  
who refuses love.  
Such is my destiny.  
If I died singing,  
how happy I would be!*

*I loved you a long time, showing my gratitude  
And you always betrayed me, and lacked  
honesty.  
Go to your new lovers and give them a try,  
I've had enough, and I've looked elsewhere, too.  
Go away now,  
I don't want you,  
I've had enough  
and I have found another:  
The blackbird has already flown  
to the other side of the River Po...  
Hurry up and watch him go!*

*A thousand times I wept and you laughed at me.  
A thousand times I laughed and you cried.  
So courteous, as you your happiest lovers,  
Cruel one, with your games, your tears, your lies.  
Keep shouting at me  
I'm deaf by now,  
I've had enough,  
and I have found another:  
The blackbird has already flown  
to the other side of the River Po...  
Hurry up and watch him go!*

*I was faithful as long as you wanted me.  
But I will leave you, if you have betrayed me.  
Go and find new lovers to ensnare  
I am free now and won't hear you whistle.*

Hor crepa mò,  
Ch'io non ti vuò,  
Ch'io son già stufo  
E m'ho provvist'altrove:  
Hor vanne mò  
Ch'io non ti vuò  
Che già di là  
Di là dal Pò, passato è 'l Merlo...  
Corri, corri a vederlo!

Se talento ti vien di dar martello,  
Guardati il volto, che non è più quello:  
Hor le tue labbra d'oro e 'l crin d'argento  
Ricco mi fanno sol di pentimento.  
Hor non più, no,  
T'adorerò,  
Ch'io son già stufo  
E m'ho provvist'altrove:  
Che già di là  
Di là dal Pò, passato è 'l Merlo...  
Corri, corri a vederlo!

### **Non havea Febo ancora** *Text by Ottavio Rinuccini*

Non havea Febo ancora  
Recato al mondo il dì,  
Che dal suo albergo fuora  
Una donzella uscì.  
(Miserell'ahi più no no  
Tanto giel soffrir non può.)

Su 'l pallidetto volto  
Scorgeasi il suo dolor  
Spesso gli venia sciolto  
Un gran sospir dal cor.

Sì calpestando i fiori  
Errava hor qua hor là  
Ei suoi perduti amori  
Così piangendo va.

*Now just drop dead,  
I don't want you,  
I've had enough  
and I've found another:  
Now go away  
I don't want you  
The blackbird has already flown  
to the other side of the river Po.  
Hurry up and watch him go!*

*If you're trying to make me jealous  
take a look at your face, which is not what it was:  
now your golden lips and silver hair  
make me rich only with regret.  
No more, oh no,  
will I adore you  
I've had enough  
and I have found another:  
The blackbird has already flown  
to the other side of the river Po.  
Hurry up and watch him go!*

*The sun had not yet  
brought day to the world  
when a young girl appeared  
as she came out of her house.  
(Ah, poor girl, no, no,  
she cannot bear to be treated so coldly.)*

*On her pale face,  
her grief was visible  
Often she would let out  
a heavy sigh from her heart.*

*Stepping among the flowers  
she wandered here and there  
speaking of her lost love  
saying, as she wept:*

Amor, diceva, e' l piè  
Mirando il Ciel fermò,  
Dove, dov'è la fé  
Ch'il traditor giurò?  
Se'l ciglio ha più sereno  
Colei che'l mio non è  
Già non gli alberga in seno  
Amor, sì nobil fé.

Fa ch'ei ritorni mio  
Amor com'ei pur fu  
O tu m'ancidi ch'io  
Non mi tormenti più.

Né mai più dolci baci  
Da quella bocca havrà  
Né più soavi, ahi taci,  
Taci che troppo il sa.

Poiché di lui mi struggo  
Dove stima non fa  
Che sì, che sì ch'io 'l fuggo  
Ch'ancor mi pregherà.

Sì tra sdegnosi pianti  
Sfoga il suo dolor,  
Sì de' gentili amanti  
Misto è col gielo Amor.

### **Folle è ben che si crede** *Text by Pio di Savoia*

Folle è ben che si crede  
che per dolci lusinghe amorose  
o per fiere minacce sdegnose  
dal bell'idolo mio ritragga il piede.  
Cangi pur suo pensiero  
ch'il mio cor prigioniero  
spera che goda la libertà.  
Dica chi vuole, dica chi sa.

*"Amor," she said, stopping  
as she gazed up at the sky,  
"where is the faithfulness  
that he once vowed?  
Even if his new love  
is more serene than I,  
her heart does not possess  
the noble loyalty I have.*

*Amor, either return him to me  
as he once was  
Or kill me,  
and end my suffering.*

*Never will he receive  
such sweet kisses from her lips  
or softer ... Ah hush,  
he knows so much more.*

*Because of him I suffer  
though he does not deserve me  
and even if I flee from him  
He will return and beg forgiveness."*

*Weeping bitter tears  
she vented her sorrow,  
and thus, these gentle lovers prove  
that often Love is mixed with ice.*

*Only a madman can believe  
that sweet loving words of flattery  
or fierce and scornful threats  
will ever cause me to leave my beautiful goddess.  
He is mistaken if he believes  
that my heart, imprisoned by love  
hopes one day to enjoy freedom.  
Let them say what they will, or what they know.*

## Texts & Translations

Altri per gelosia  
spiri pur empie fiamme dal seno  
versi pure Megera il veneno  
perché rompi al mio ben  
la fede mia.  
Morte il viver mi toglia  
mai fia ver che si scioglia  
quel caro laccio che preso m'ha.  
Dica chi vuole, dica chi sa.

*Let others, out of jealousy  
breathe hateful flames from their heart,  
and the Fury Megera spread her poison  
before I will ever break my vow  
of eternal devotion to my love.  
Even if death should take my life  
never will the cherished bond  
that captured me be loosened.  
Let them say what they will, or what they know.*

Ben havrò tempo e loco  
da sfogar l'amorose mie pene  
da temprar de l'amato mio bene  
e de l'arso mio cor, l'occulto foco,  
e tra l'ombre e gli orrori  
de' notturni splendori  
il mio bel furto s'asconderà.  
Dica chi vuole, dica che sa.

*Soon I will find the time and place  
to vent my amorous passions,  
and soothe the hidden fire  
that burns in our hearts.  
There, amidst the shadows and horrors  
of nocturnal splendors  
my secret love will be awaiting me.  
Let them say what they will, or what they know.*

*Translations ©2018 Alessandra Visconti*





Lebanese-American tenor **KARIM SULAYMAN** has garnered international attention as a sophisticated and versatile artist of his generation. Consistently praised for his sensitive and intelligent musicianship, riveting stage presence, and beautiful voice, he regularly performs on the world's stages in orchestral concerts and opera, as well as in recital and chamber music.

A native of Chicago, Karim's musical education began with violin studies at age 3. He spent years as a boy alto in the Chicago Children's Choir and was hand selected by Sir Georg Solti and Leonard Slatkin as a soloist with the Chicago Symphony Orchestra and St. Louis Symphony. He graduated with highest honors from the Eastman School of Music, where he worked in the Collegium Musicum under the tutelage of Paul O'Dette, and earned a Masters degree from Rice University. He later moved to Paris, France, where he studied with renowned tenor/haute-contre, Howard Crook. He also studied improvisation at the Second City Training Center in Chicago.

In 2018 he makes his debut at Stockholm's Drottningholm Slottsteater as Claudio Monteverdi in the world premiere of *Syskonen I Mantua*, and in 2017 he created the role of Albert in the world premiere of Laura Kaminsky's *Some Light Emerges* for Houston Grand Opera. He has also appeared with Boston Lyric Opera, Chicago Opera Theater and New York City Opera.

Karim's credits in the Italian Baroque include his 2017 Australian debut as Testa in Monteverdi's *Il Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda* with the Australian Brandenburg Orchestra. He has portrayed the leading role of Eurillo in Scarlatti's *Gli Equivoci nel Sembiante*, Arnalta and Lucano (*L'incoronazione di Poppea*), Eumete, Anfinomo and Eurimaco (*Il ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria*), Delfa (*Giasone*), as well as the tenor solos in Monteverdi's *Vespro della Beata Vergine (1610)*. In 2018, he makes his title role debut in Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo* with Apollo's Fire under Jeannette Sorrell on a US national tour.

A dedicated chamber musician, Sulayman was a frequent participant at the Marlboro Music Festival under the direction of and in collaboration with pianists Mitsuko Uchida and Richard Goode. He has since been presented by many leading chamber music festivals and in 2017, he appeared in concerts of French chamber works at the Roman River Festival in the UK which were recorded and aired by BBC Radio 3.

Other highlights include appearances at Lincoln Center, the Kennedy Center, the International Bach Festival, and the Aldeburgh Festival, and collaborations with such conductors as Harry Bicket, Jane Glover, Helmuth Rilling, Yves Abel and Robert Spano. As a passionate advocate of new music, he has performed world premieres at Carnegie Hall, the Casals Festival and the Aspen Music Festival.

His discography includes the title role in Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, two releases for NAXOS in works of Grétry and Philidor, Apollo's Fire's *Sephardic Journey* on AVIE, and an album of 21st-century chamber works, *Piercing are the Darts*, on Furious Artisans. He is featured in the ARTE documentary *Leonard Bernstein - The Composer*, to be aired throughout Europe in the summer of 2018 and subsequently released on DVD.

Karim also created a social experiment/performance art piece called *I Trust You*, designed to build bridges in a divided political climate. A video version of this experiment went "viral," receiving millions of views on the internet, and was honored as a prizewinner in the My Hero Film Festival.





## JEANNETTE SORRELL, conductor & harpsichordist

*“Under the inspired direction of Jeannette Sorrell, Apollo’s Fire has become one of the pre-eminent period-instrument ensembles, causing one to hear familiar baroque material anew.”*  
– THE INDEPENDENT, London

Jeannette Sorrell is recognized internationally as a leading creative voice among early-music conductors. The daughter of a European immigrant father and an American mother, she grew up as a musician and dancer, and was one of the youngest students ever accepted to the prestigious conducting courses of the Aspen and the Tanglewood music festivals. She studied conducting under Leonard Bernstein, Robert Spano, and Roger Norrington, and harpsichord with Gustav Leonhardt in Amsterdam. She won both First Prize and the Audience Choice Award in the 1991 Spivey International Harpsichord Competition, competing against over 70 harpsichordists from Europe, Israel, the U.S., and the Soviet Union.

As one of America’s leading baroque guest-conductors, Sorrell has appeared as conductor or conductor/soloist with the National Symphony at the Kennedy Center, the Pittsburgh Symphony, the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra, the Utah Symphony, New World Symphony (Miami), the Los Angeles Chamber Orchestra, Seattle Symphony, the Opera Theatre of St. Louis with the St. Louis Symphony, and the Handel & Haydn Society (Boston), among others.

Sorrell is the founder of Apollo’s Fire and has led the ensemble in sold-out concerts at London’s BBC Proms, Carnegie Hall, Madrid’s Royal Theatre (Teatro Real), London’s Wigmore Hall, the Grand Théâtre de l’Opéra in Bordeaux, the Aldeburgh Festival (UK), the Tanglewood Festival, Boston’s Early Music Festival, the Aspen Music Festival, the Library of Congress, the National Gallery (Washington), and the Metropolitan Museum of Art (New York), among others. At home in Cleveland, she and Apollo’s Fire have built one of the largest audiences of any baroque orchestra in North America.

Sorrell and Apollo’s Fire have released 25 commercial recordings, of which seven have been bestsellers on the *Billboard* classical chart. Her recordings include the complete *Brandenburg Concerti* and harpsichord concerti of Bach, which debuted in the *Billboard* Classical Top 10 in 2012. She has also released four albums of Mozart. Other recordings include Bach’s *St. John Passion*, Handel’s *Messiah*, the *Monteverdi Vespers* (*Billboard* Classical Top 10) and four creative crossover projects: *Come to the River - An Early American Gathering* (*Billboard* Classical Top 10); *Sacrum Mysterium - A Celtic Christmas Vespers* (*Billboard* Classical #11); *Sugarloaf Mountain - An Appalachian Gathering* (*Billboard* Classical Crossover #5); *Sephardic Journey - Wanderings of the Spanish Jews* (*Billboard* World Music #2, Classical #7).

Sorrell has attracted national attention and awards for her creative programming, which has brought many new listeners to early music through the use of contextual and dramatic elements. She holds an honorary doctorate from Case Western University, two special awards from the National Endowment for the Arts for her work on early American music, and an award from the American Musicological Society. Passionate about guiding the next generation of performers, she is the architect of Apollo’s Fire highly successful Young Artist Apprentice program, which has produced many of the leading young professional baroque players on the scene today.



## APOLLO'S FIRE | The Cleveland Baroque Orchestra

"Led by a brilliant harpsichordist, Jeannette Sorrell, the ensemble exudes stylish energy – a blend of scholarship and visceral intensity."

– GRAMOPHONE

Apollo's Fire was founded in Cleveland, Ohio by the award-winning harpsichordist and conductor Jeannette Sorrell. Sorrell envisioned an ensemble dedicated to the baroque ideal that music should evoke the various *Affekts* or passions in the listeners. Apollo's Fire is a collection of creative artists who share Sorrell's passion for drama and rhetoric.

Apollo's Fire has performed four European tours, including sold-out concerts at the BBC Proms in London, the Aldeburgh Festival (UK), Madrid's Royal Theatre (Teatro Real), London's Wigmore Hall, Bordeaux's Grand Théâtre de l'Opéra, and venues in France, Austria, Italy and Portugal.

Chosen by the DAILY TELEGRAPH as one of London's "Best 5 Classical Concerts of 2014," Apollo's Fire was praised for "superlative music-making... combining European stylishness with American entrepreneurialism."

North American tour engagements include Carnegie Hall, the Tanglewood and Aspen Music Festivals, the Boston Early Music Festival series, the Library of Congress, the National Gallery of Art, the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, and major venues in Toronto, Los Angeles, San Francisco and Houston. The ensemble has performed two major U.S. tours of the *Monteverdi Vespers* (2010 and 2014) and a nine-concert tour of the *Brandenburg Concertos* in 2013. At home in Cleveland, Apollo's Fire enjoys sold-out performances at its subscription series, which has drawn national attention for creative programming.

Apollo's Fire has released 25 commercial recordings, of which seven have become best-sellers on the classical Billboard chart: the *Monteverdi Vespers*, Bach's *Brandenburg Concertos & Harpsichord Concertos*, *The Power of Love* (Handel arias and dance music with soprano Amanda Forsythe), and Jeannette Sorrell's four creative crossover programs: *Come to the River – An Early American Gathering*; *Sacrum Mysterium – A Celtic Christmas Vespers*; *Sugarloaf Mountain – An Appalachian Gathering*; and *Sephardic Journey – Wanderings of the Spanish Jews*.





# APOLLO'S *Fire*

THE CLEVELAND BAROQUE ORCHESTRA  
*jeannette sorrell*

## Songs of Orpheus Karim Sulayman, tenor

Recorded August 20-23, 2017,  
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