

Pegasus Rising and NYS Baroque Young Artists present

The New Consort

in

O Stars, Conspiring Against Me

Why is it that women in art are so often the ones punished for love? *O Stars, Conspiring Against Me* is a meditation on women in myth, and how those stories continue to shape the portrayal of women in art to this day. The program is built around the North American digital premiere of *The Turn*, a piece by UK-based composer Ben Rowarth designed to be interspersed with, and thus recontextualize, Claudio Monteverdi's *Lamento d'Arianna*, and is preceded by works by two of Monteverdi's female contemporaries asking, well, very similar questions to the ones we're posing. We are particularly delighted to present this premiere on an early music series, as the influence of the great madrigalists' work on Rowarth's compositional style is undeniable.

Program:

"Che t'ho fatt'io"	Francesca Caccini (1587-1641)
"L'Usignolo"	Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)
<i>Lamento d'Arianna</i> and <i>The Turn</i>	Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643) Ben Rowarth (b. 1992)

A note by the composer about *The Turn*:

The four movements of *The Turn* are intended to be performed interspersed with sections of Claudio Monteverdi's *Lamento d'Arianna*. These movements play on the idea of Teseo's guilt.

Whilst Movement One depicts the scene of Teseo sailing away from Arianna being driven mad with guilt, Movements Two and Three both take place in the moment that Teseo looks back to the Island and their eyes meet, opening up for Teseo the full realisation of what he has lost. The final movement depicts Arianna rejecting his guilt, in something of a reversal of her mythical role as set by Monteverdi, and turning from his gaze.

Throughout, the music engages with the ideas of sound travelling over distance and the acoustical properties of human cries as inspiration for basic musical material and reflection of narrative. Most audibly, the phenomenon commonly known as the 'Doppler Effect' can be heard to influence melody and harmony throughout.

-Ben Rowarth

Winners of the American Prize in Chamber Music, **THE NEW CONSORT**, a project-based, solo-voice ensemble directed by baritone Brian Mummert, was founded in 2015 and has quickly made embracing stylistic contrasts one of its hallmarks. Musical variety is an integral part of the ensemble's identity: from Renaissance polyphony to contemporary & non-classical works, nothing is off-limits. By embracing contrasts and drawing diverse works into conversation, The New Consort attracts new audiences to classical music and encourages them to forge connections with unfamiliar genres of musical expression. The ensemble has appeared in venues including Trinity College, Cambridge; Tippet Rise Art Center; The Walters Art Museum's First Fridays series; The Bach Store, an NYC pop-up concert hall; High Hopes' Music Under the Stars (CT); Spectrum NYC; and at churches and schools throughout the Northeast. Members of The New Consort have appeared as soloists and conductors with some of the world's best-respected ensembles from Carnegie Hall to Kuala Lumpur, but relish the opportunity that the ensemble presents to collaborate as chamber musicians. www.thenewconsort.org

The New Consort is

Madeline Apple Healey
Julie Bosworth
Elisa Sutherland
Nathan Hodgson
Brian Mummert
Jonathan Woody

Special Guests

Dani Zanuttini-Frank, theorbo

Audio: Charles Mueller

Video: Elizabeth van Os

Texts & Translations

Che t'ho fatt'io
Che tanto brami
La morte mia perche io non t'ami
Non sai ch'io vivo sol del tuo splendore?
Ahi, duro core ohimè, piega 'l desio
Che t'ho fatt'io?

*What have I done to you
That you so desire
My death, in order that I may not love you?
Do you not know that I live only by your radiance?
Ah, cruel heart, alas, give up your desire;
What have I done to you?*

Che vanto avrai
Ch'io mi consumi
Al chiaro Sol de' tuoi bei lumi?
Deh volgi al mio dolor pietoso il guardo,
Ch'io moro, e ardo, ahi, se morir mi fai
Che vanto avrai?

*What satisfaction can it give you
That I waste away
Under the clear sun of your lovely eyes?
Come, turn your merciful gaze upon my suffering,
For I die, and burn; alas, if you cause my death,
What satisfaction will it give you?*

D'un alma altera
Ria crudeltate
Pregio non fia d'alta beltate,
Ma di fedele amor, di pura fede
Empia mercede, ahi cor di cruda fera
D'un alma altera.

*Let a haughty soul's
Evil cruelty
Not be the pride of great beauty,
But for constant love and pure faith
The cruel payment (alas, heart of a cruel beast)
From a haughty soul.*

Se sprezzì amore
Ingrato seno
Già non voler ch'io venga meno,
Gradisci almen ch'io t'ami, e quel tormento,
Ch'io per te sento, ahi dispietato core
Se sprezzì amore.

*If you disdain love,
Ungrateful heart,
Do not wish my death;
Enjoy at least my love, and that torment
That I feel for you (alas, pitiless heart),
If you disdain love.*

translated by R. J. Alexander & R. Savino

L'Usignuolo

Quel misero Usignuolo
Spiega la pompa de' canori accenti,
E racconta il suo duolo
Al fonte, al prato, alla foresta, ai venti.
Piange l'ingiurie Filomena e i torti
D'un Trace ingannatore,
E non canta d'amore,
Ma con l'irata lingua
Ricorda al Ciel che i traditori estingua.

Chi credería che voce
Cara e soave tanto
Muovan gli sdegni al canto?
Noi pur, o belle avare,
Allor ch'al nostro ossequioso affetto
Son le mercedi rare,
Più di rabbia cantiam che per diletto.

Giulio Strozzi

Lamento d'Arianna/The Turn

Monteverdi I

Lasciatemi morire.
E chi volete voi, che mi conforte
in così dura sorte,
in così gran martire?
Lasciatemi morire.

The Nightingale

*That unhappy nightingale
voices the glory of song,
telling its suffering to the streams,
the meadows, the forest, the winds.
Philomena laments her injuries and the wrongs
committed on her by a deceitful Thracian,
not singing of love but
with wrathful voice
calls upon Heaven to exterminate traitors.*

*Who would think that a voice
so sweet and pleasing
would be inspired to sing by anger?
We too, o miserly beauties,
while the rewards for our gentle
affections are few,
we sing more from vexation than from delight.
translated by R. Kolb*

Rowarth I: O Sguardo (Catullus 64)

Yes, looking out from surf booming shore of island Dia:
At Teseo departing with his swift fleet, is gazing
Arianna, uncontrollable rage in her heart.
The Mi'noan girl at seaweed's edge, stares far out at him,
with suffring eyes. Like a bacchante statue she stares out.
And she swirls in great billows of hurt.

All cloth, from her whole body fallen,
the salt tide sports with at her feet.

Insane from her burning passion
She poured out words, howled from her deepest heart,
She would climb the steep mountains
and extend her gaze upon seething of the ocean.

...cruel wild beasts to leave her bones bare...
...tempests winds drown him in the waves.
...rush to him sea-monsters and whales,
And with his foul limbs,
Fill the chasms of the deep.

O day, O hour, O ultimate moment,
O stars conspiring against me.
O loyal gaze what did you wish to tell me
as I departed never to be content.

No sooner did Arianna gaze at Teso with glowing eye;
She fixed his gaze.

Monteverdi II

O Teseo mio -
si che "mio" ti vo' dir,
che mio pur sei,
benchè t'involi, ah! crudo,
a gl'occhi miei -
Volgiti Teseo mio,
O Dio, volgiti indietro
a rimirar colei
che lasciato ha per te la Patria e'l regno,
e in questa arena ancora,
cibo di fere dispietate e crude
lascierà l'ossa ignude.

O Teseo mio,
se tu sapessi, o Dio,
ohimè, come s'affanna
la povera Arianna;
forse pentito
rivolgeresti ancor la prora al lito.

Ma con l'aure serene
tu te ne vai felice - ed io qui piango.
A te prepara Atene
liete pompe superbe - ed io rimango,
cibo di fere dispietata e crude
in solitarie arene.
Te l'uno e l'altro
tuo vecchio parente stringerai lieto,
ed io più non vedrovi
o Madre, o Padre mio.

*O my Theseus -
yes, I still want to call you mine
for mine you still are,
even though you have turned, (ah, cruel one)
away from my eyes -
turn back, my Theseus,
(ah heavens!) turn back
to look again upon she
who abandoned for you her homeland and throne,
and is still on this shore,
the prey of wild beasts, harsh and cruel,
who will leave her bones laid bare.*

*O my Theseus,
if you knew,
(ah heavens!) alas, how suffers
your poor Ariadne,
perhaps you would repent
and turn back the prow of your ship to the shore.*

*But with fair winds
you sail joyfully away - and I remain here weeping.
For you Athens is preparing festivities
with great ceremony; and I am left
as prey of wild, cruel beasts
on these lonely shores.
You will happily embrace
both your aged parents,
while I will never again see
my mother and my father.*

Rowarth II: Dolce spirito d'Amore (The Mouth)

Dolce spirito d'amore
in un sospir accolto,
mentre io miro il bel volto,
spira vita al mio core.
Tal acquista valore
da quella bella bocca
che sospirando tocca.

*Love's sweet spirit
captured in a sigh,
while I gaze on her fair face
breathes life into my heart.
Thus it takes courage
from that lovely mouth
which with a sigh it touches.*

Monteverdi III

Dov'è la fede
che tanto mi giuravi?
Così ne l'alta sede
tu mi ripon de gl'avi?
Son queste le corone
onde m'adorni il crine?
Questi li scettri sono,
queste le gemme e gl'ori?
Lasciarmi in abbandono
a fera che mi stracci e mi divorì?
Ah Teseo mio, lascerai tu morire
(invan piangendo, invan gridando aita)
la misera Arianna ch'a te fidossi
e ti diè gloria e vita?

*Where is the faithfulness
which so strongly you swore to me?
Where is the lofty throne
on which you swore to seat me?
Are these the wreaths
which were to adorn my head?
Are these the sceptres?
Are these the jewels and golden ornaments?
You abandon me
for wild beasts to tear and devour.
O my Theseus, are you leaving to die
(vainly crying for help)
the wretched Ariadne, who trusted you
and to whom you owe your fame and your life?*

Rowarth III: Lasciatemi morire (The Heart)

Leave me to die, leave me, leave me,
For how could you comfort me
in such harsh misfortune,
in such great suffering?
Leave me to die!

Monteverdi IV

Ahi, che non pur risponde,
ahi, che più d'aspe è sord'a miei lamenti!
O nemi, o turbi, o venti
sommergetelo voi dentro a quell'onde!
Correte orchi e balene,
e delle membra immonde
empiete le voragini profonde!

*Alas, he does not even reply.
He is deaf as a snake to my complaining!
O thunderclouds, tempests, winds,
drown him in the waves!
Rush to him, sea-monsters and whales
and with his foul limbs
fill the chasms of the deep!*

Che parlo? Ahi, che vaneggio?
Misera, oimè, che chieggio?
O Teseo mio,
non son quell' io
che i ferì detti sciolse;
parlò l'affanno mio,
parlò il dolore,
parlò la lingua sì - ma non già il core.
Ottavio Rinuccini

*What am I saying? Ah, am I raving,
Wretched woman, alas, what am I asking?
O my Theseus,
I am not myself,
not while wild beasts threaten me:
It was my deprivation that spoke,
my pain.
My tongue spoke, yes - but not my heart.
translated by R. Hollingworth*

Rowarth IV: Ohimè il bel viso (The Turn)

No sooner did Arianna gaze on him with glowing eye,
No sooner did she lower from him her incandescent eyes,
Than she conceived throughout her body a flame,
And to the centre of her bones, she burned.

O giorno, o hora, o ultimo momento,
o stelle congiurate a' m'poverirme!
O fido sguardo, or che volei tu dirme,
partend'io per non esser mai contento?

*O day, O hour, O ultimate moment,
O stars conspiring to impoverish me!
O loyal gaze, what did you wish to tell me,
as I departed, never to be content?*

Ohimè il bel viso, ohimè il soave sguardo,
Di speranza m'empie e di desire,
quand'io partí dal sommo piacer vivo;
ma 'l vento ne portava le parole.
Petrarch 329 & 267

*Ah me, the beautiful face, ah me, the gentle look,
You filled me with hope and with desire,
when I departed, living, from the highest delight:
but the wind did not carry my words to you.
translated by B. Rowarth*