



Friday 19 November, 7pm on YouTube & Facebook
available until Friday 31 December

THE DESTINED KNOT

Fieri Consort

Hannah Ely *soprano*
Sarah Anne Champion *mezzo-soprano*
Chris Fitzgerald-Lombard and Tom Kelly *tenors*
Ben Rowarth *bass*

with members of

Lux Musicae London

Daniel Swani and Sophie Creaner *recorders*
Aileen Henry *harp*
Kristiina Watt *lute, theorbo*
Harry Buckoke *viola da gamba*

Filmed live at Royal Spa, Queen's Park, Brighton on Sunday 13 June 2021

The music

Marco Uccellini 1603–1680

Maritati inferne la gallina e'l cucco

Luca Marenzio 1553–1599

Quell'augellin che canta

(Bergamasca with narration)

Marenzio

Cruda Amarilli
Deh poi ch'era ne' fati
Deh Tirsi mio gentil
O dolcezz' amarissime d'amore

(Bergamasca with narration)

Giovanni Giacomo Gastoldi c.1554–1609
ed. Martin Morell

Cieco, Amor – Blind man's buff

Marenzio
Ah dolente partita
O Mirtillo Mirtillo
Udite lagrimosi spirti
Come è dolce il gioire o vago Tirsi
Arda pur sempr'o mora

(Bergamasca with narration)

Silvestro Ganassi 1492–1550 Ricercare

Marenzio
Care mie Selve a Dio
Tirsi mio caro Tirsi

(Bergamasca with narration)

Marenzio Anima cruda si

Uccellini La Bergamasca

Marenzio Ombrose e care selve

Gastoldi ed. Martin Morell Vaghe Ninfe Amorosette

This epic tale of lovers tossed by fate and fortune was famous throughout Europe, inspiring hundreds of composers such as Luca Marenzio. His seventh book of madrigals (1595) draws its texts from Guarini's tragicomedy play *Il pastor fido* (the faithful shepherd). Following the courtship between two lovers, Amarilli and Mirtillo, this collection represents an important step between the 15th-century madrigal and 16th-century opera.

The story

A curse hangs over the land of Arcadia. Only when a pair of godly descent are married will this curse be lifted, and so the fate of Arcadia rests solely on the destined union of the nymph Amarilli and the hunter Silvio.

Unfortunately Silvio couldn't be less interested in marriage, preferring to spend his days hunting in the forest, where he is pursued by Dorinda, a nymph hopelessly in love. Amarilli looks on her duty to save Arcadia with dignity but secretly harbours a love for Mirtillo, a lowly shepherd from a distant land. Mirtillo is head over heels in love with Amarilli and pines for her day and night. He curses her cruelty for inflicting this pain on him, believing that she does not return his love.

A selfish nymph (and Amarilli's right-hand woman) named Corsica is the only ear that Amarilli trusts, not knowing that Corsica wants Mirtillo for herself. Corsica begins to weave a plan to get Amarilli out of the picture. She plans a scenario in which Amarilli would scandalously become trapped in a cave with another man, Coridon, thus compromising her godly virtue.

The plan goes awry and it is Mirtillo that becomes trapped in the cave with Amarilli. On discovery by the priest (Silvio's father) and townspeople, it is decided that Amarilli must pay for this crime by being sacrificed to the gods. Her father bitterly laments her fate and of Arcadia, for which the curse will now never be lifted. Amarilli protests her innocence but accepts her fate and bids goodbye.

Meanwhile, her betrothed, Silvio whilst hunting in the forest, accidentally shoots the nymph Dorinda, mistaking her for a wolf as she sleeps under a fur pelt. Like one of Cupid's arrows, this act finally moves Silvio to reciprocate her love and the two agree to marry (once Dorinda recovers from her wound).

Hearing of her fate, Mirtillo offers his own life in Amarilli's place. In the nick of time, Mirtillo's adopted father arrives and discovers that his son is about to be sacrificed. It transpires that Mirtillo is actually the long-lost son of the priest and brother of Silvio, and therefore also of godly descent. With this happy realisation, the human sacrifice is no longer necessary and instead they rush to marry the two lovers, and lift the curse over the land.

The performers

Fieri Consort offer a unique blend of technical precision and theatrical innovation. Performing without a conductor, Fieri presents innovative and engaging programmes, and specialises in the performance of the rich and varied tradition of 16th and 17th-century Italian repertoire which we place alongside contemporary works.

Performing a cappella, often accompanied by early instruments, Fieri's interpretations are informed by the collective experience and knowledge of the group. In 2017, Fieri were awarded the Cambridge Prize at the York Early Music Festival. Fieri performed at Wigmore Hall as part of Dame Emma Kirkby's 70th birthday celebrations in 2019.

We have released four albums to critical acclaim with our first disc, *Tears of a Lover*, being awarded 'Choral Choice' of the month by BBC Music Magazine. Our most recent release in January 2021 was a collaboration with the Chelys Consort of Viols on the music of Michael East on the BIS label and reached #12 in the Specialist Classical Charts.

fiericonsort.co.uk

Formed in 2014, **Lux Musicae London** is dedicated to exploring and recreating the performance practices that were developing across Europe in the 16th and early 17th centuries. Investigating the interaction between textual and oral traditions within the cultural context of this turbulent historical period throughout Europe is at the heart of their work. With their diverse instrumentation and rhetorically driven approach to performance, Lux Musicae London's programmes seek to recreate musical performances from this time while tracing the patterns of musical influences from different sources.

Lux Musicae London were selected as finalists in the 2016 Concours International de Journées de Musiques Anciennes in Paris and participated in the BREMF Live! Scheme 2016/17. Since then, they have performed at MA Festival Brugge Fringe, Oude Muziek Utrecht's Fabulous Fringe, the International Young Artists Presentation in AMUZ: Laus Polyphoniae Festival in Antwerp, Beverley Early Music Festival, Stroud Green Festival, London Festival of Baroque Music and the inaugural Liverpool Early Music Festival.

luxmusicaelondon.com

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**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

The texts

Quell'augellin

That little bird which sings so sweetly
and so nimbly flies
now from the fir to the beech,
and now from the beech to the myrtle,
if he had a human spirit,
he would say,
'I am burning with love,
I am burning with love.'
But, instead, his heart burns
and he speaks in his own tongue
the language understood by his dear mate.
And hark now, O Tirsi, how his desired sweet
one answers him:
'I too am burning with love.'

Cruda Amarilli

Cruel Amarilli,
whose name, already bitter
alas, teaches a bitter lesson;
Amarilli, more pure, and more beautiful
than the white privet flower,
but more deaf, fierce and elusive than an asp,
since my words offend you,
I shall die in silence.
Yet the hills and shores will cry out for me
and within these woods in which I have taught
your fair name to resound,
weeping for me, the springs,
and murmuring winds,
will speak my laments.
In my face will speak
pity and sorrow;
and if everything else is silent, in the end,
my dying will speak,
and my death will tell you of my martyrdom.

Deh poi ch'era ne fati

Ah, since it was fate that I should
love death, rather than my life,
I would like at least that my death
pleases her who is its cause,
nor that she would disdain at my last breath
to turn her fair eyes on me and tell me: "Die!".

Deh Tirsi mio gentil

Ah, my gentle Tirsi, afflict no longer
the one who adores you.
You are not a beast,
nor do you have a heart of marble or stone.
Here I am at your feet. If ever I offended you,
idol of my heart, I ask your forgiveness.
By these beautiful, dear, and more than human
knees of yours, which I embrace,
to which I bow;
by that love which once you felt for me;
by that most gentle sweetness
which you used to draw from my eyes,
which you called your stars,
and are now two fountains;
by these bitter tears, I beg you,
Have pity on me, the miserable Filli.

O dolcezze

O bitter-sweets of love!
How much worse it is to lose you, than never
to have possessed you.
But how sweet it could be to love
and not lose what you already enjoyed,
or when you did lose,
the memory of your vanished love also
disappeared!
But if my hopes now, as mine can often be,
are not of fragile glass,
I will see her here,
who is the sun to my eyes.
Here you will see that at the sound of my sighs
her flying feet stop.
Here the sweetness of her beautiful face
will be food enough for my greedy eyes after a
long fast.
Here, I will just see the cruel one turn her
haughty eyes on me,
If not sweet at least proud,
and if not filled with amorous joy,
cruel enough that I die
or sigh at length in pain.
How fortunate if, after so many dark days of
tears,
you would allow me, Love, to see today
in her lovely eyes
the serene sun turn towards me.

Cieco, Amor – Blind man's buff

Cieco, Amor, non ti cred'io (*first part*)

Cupid, I do not believe you are blind,
But you make blind the desire
Of those who believe you,
For if your sight is weak, your trustworthiness
is weaker still:
Blind or not, you tempt me in vain,
And, to lead you astray,
Now I give you a wide berth,
For, blind as you are, you see more than Argus.
Thus blind you ensnared me,
And blind you deceived me;
Now that I am free,
I would indeed be foolish to believe you again.
Run off and dally if you can;
Never again will you be able
To make me trust in you,
For you know not how to dally without killing.

Ma tu pur perfido e cieco (*second part*)

But yet, faithless and blind,
You ask me to dally with you,
And so I do:
With my feet I avoid you, and with my hands I
thrash you,
And I run and strike you,
While you spin about to no avail;
Now and again I poke you,
And yet you do not catch me,
O blind Cupid,
Because my heart is free.

Sciolto cor fa piè fugace (*third part*)

A free heart makes a fleet foot,
O false deceiver,
Again do you entice me
With your feigned charms and delights?
And yet again I return,
And spin and flee and hurt you,
And come back, yet you do not catch me,

Mira nume trionfante (*fourth and last part*)

Behold the triumphant deity,
To whom the world of lovers
Pays impious tribute!
Behold him now derided and bested,
Just like a blind bat
In broad daylight,
In ignominious combat
With a myriad birds roundabout.
In vain he strikes with his beak,
Then rises up, then shies away:
And thus are you mocked,
Cupid, on all sides:
One goads and smites your back,
Another your flanks,
And it avails you little
To show your claws or beat your wings.
Your pretty game has a bitter snare,
And any bird who is entrapped
Learns his lesson well:
Who capers with Cupid will not be able
to flee him.

Cieco, Amor translation © Martin Morell 2013

Ah dolente partita

Ah sorrowful parting!
Ah the end of my life!
How can I leave you and not die?
For I feel the pain of death
and I feel on leaving a living death,
which gives life to pain,
so that my heart dies immortal.

O Mirtillo, Mirtillo

O Mirtillo, Mirtillo, my soul,
if you could see here inside
the state of heart of the one
you call most cruel Amarilli,
I know well that you would feel the same pity
which you ask of her.
O souls too unfortunate in love!
What is the point, my heart, in being loved?
What use is it to me to have so dear a lover?
Why, harsh destiny,
do you separate us, if Love binds us?
And you, why bind us
if destiny parts us, perfidious Love?

Udite, lagrimosi Spirti d'Averno

Hear, tortured spirits of Hell!
Hear of a new pain and torment.
See cruelty disguised as pity.
My lady is more cruel than Hell
because a single death will not satisfy
her proud desire,
and my life is like a continual death.
She commands that I live
so that I receive a thousand deaths a day.

Com'è dolce il gioire,

How sweet it is to enjoy, O graceful Mirtillo,
a gracious lady who adores you as much as
you do your cruel and most bitter Amarilli.
How sweet it is
to enjoy all that you crave,
and to hear that your Lady
to your warm sighs
hotly sighs,
and then say: 'My love,
all that I am, all that you admire.
All is yours.
If I am fair, for you alone am I beautiful;
for you I have adorned
this face, this head, and this breast.

In this breast of mine
you abide, my dear heart, not I.'

Arda pur sempre o mora

Burn forever, or die,
or languish, my heart.
For him the pain is slight.
For good reason there are tears and sighs,
torture, pangs, torments, exile, and death.
For I would rather give up my life
than my fidelity.
For it is worse than death to alter one's love.

Care mie selve

Farewell dear woods
receive now my final sighs,
until dissolved by unjust and cruel iron
my cold spirit returns to your beloved shade.
For I cannot be in painful Hell as an innocent,
nor remain among the blessed so desperate
and sorrowful
Mirtillo, O Mirtillo! Miserable the day when
I first saw you
and the day when you first loved me.
Since now my life is more dear to you than
your own
was it not owing to being your life
as the reason for my death.
Thus who would believe it that she is
condemned to die
who was cruel to you only to remain innocent.
You were too passionate for me and I not daring
for you;
It might have been better either to sin or to flee.
In any case I die blameless and without you my
sweetest love.

Padre mio

My dear father will you also abandon me?
To let me die and not help me?
At least don't deny me a final kiss.
One blade can kill two breasts.
The wound of your daughter will also shed
your blood.
Father, I never used to have to call your dear
sweet name in vain.
Help me, your daughter, whom, as you see,
ruthless fate
has led to a cruel and wicked death.

Anima cruda si

Ah cruel soul, but, however, beautiful;
do not deny me, at my last breath,
one single sigh from you;
oh blessed death were you to sweeten it
with this single gentle, sacred phrase:
'Depart in peace my soul.'

Ombrose e care selve

Shady and dear woods
If sighing in plaintive whispers
at our lamenting you mourned,
rejoice also at our rejoicing,
and loosen as many tongues
as there are leaves dancing to the sound of
these laughing breezes full of joy.
Sing the fortunes and the graces
of Amarilli and of Mirtillo,
fortunate lovers.

Vaghe Ninfe Amorosette

Fair amorous nymphs, who wound with
but a glance,
(O how sweet it is to make love. Fa la la)
Pray, leave off shooting
so many darts, and do not allow to languish
and die
those who ever pine for you.
We have offered you our hearts
so that at last you will love us,
(There is no better sport than loving your
neighbour. Fa la la ...)
And we have suffered torments
So that you may turn them to joy:
(Ah, my heart's delight, come to me.
Fa la la ...)
You will rejoice with us, praising Cupid,
For stirring your hearts with our passion.
Then turn toward us Your serene glances;
For you alone do we hope to be happy.
And thus, at last, your sweet compassion
Shall resolve our steadfast faith.

Vaghe Ninfe Amorosette translation
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All translations of Marenzio madrigals
by Deborah Roberts