



ST ANDREW'S CHURCH, NORTH YORKSHIRE,  
BD20 9BB  
SUNDAY 18TH MAY 2025

A circular inset containing a classical painting. It depicts a group of five people in 16th-century attire. A man in a dark, patterned tunic and red hose stands in the center, holding a lute. He is surrounded by four women in elaborate dresses of yellow, red, and white. They are all looking down at open books, presumably songbooks, and appear to be performing a madrigal. The background shows a landscape with trees and a distant building.

# Madrigals and ballets by Claudio Monteverdi

## Programme

 @Leedsbaroque

 Leeds Baroque Choir & Orchestra

 [www.leedsbaroque.co.uk](http://www.leedsbaroque.co.uk)

# *Claudio Monteverdi: Courtly Ballets and Madrigals*

## **Leeds Baroque Choir**

Nicki Sapiro, Mhairi Sharp, Marie Lemaire *soprano 1*  
Rhiannon Lawrence-Francis, Elinor Johns, Nina Parkes *soprano 2*  
Ceren Abbatt, Katrina Attwood, Catherine Haworth, Chris Johnson,  
Emma Page, Caroline White *alto*  
Steve Muir, David Vickers, *tenor 1*  
Zachary Kleanthous, John Scholey *tenor 2*  
Roger Brock, Osman Hamed-Fontanilla, Bryan White *bass*

## **Leeds Baroque Consort**

Asuka Sumi *violin 1* Manlu Du *violin 2*  
Derek Revill *viola 1* Stephen Robinson *viola 2*  
Mark Caudle *bass violin* Sam Brown *theorbo*  
Christopher Roberts *harpsichord*  
  
directed by Peter Holman *harpsichord*



**Prologue:** Tempro la cetra (*Concerto*, 1619)

soloist: Zachary Kleanthous *tenor*

**Balletto:** Della bellezza le dovute lodi (*Scherzi musicali*, 1607), reconstructed  
by Peter Holman

soloists: Mhairi Sharp & Nina Parkes *soprano* Emma Page *alto*  
John Scholey *tenor* Roger Brock *bass*

**Madrigal:** Bel pastor dal cui bel guardo (published in *Libro nono*, 1651)

soloists: Nicki Sapiro *soprano* Steve Muir *tenor*

**Canzonetta:** Chiome d'oro (*Concerto*, 1619)

Marie Lemaire & Nina Parkes *soprano*

**Ballo** from *Il ballo delle Ingrate* (1608, published in *Madrigali guerrieri ed  
amorosi*, 1638)

**Ballo** for Ferdinand III: Volgendo il ciel / Movete al mio bel suon (1636)  
published in *Madrigali guerrieri ed amorosi* (1638)

soloist: Zachary Kleanthous *tenor*

**Madrigal:** Hor che'l ciel e la terra (*Madrigali guerrieri ed amorosi*, 1638)

soloists: John Scholey & Zachary Kleanthous *tenor*

**Canzonetta:** Amor, che deggio far (*Concerto*, 1619)

soloists: Marie Lemaire & Nina Parkes *soprano* John Scholey *tenor*

Bryan White *baritone*

**Ciacona:** Zefiro torna e di soave accenti (*Scherzi musicali*, 1632)

soloists: Steve Muir & Zachary Kleanthous *tenor*

**Madrigal:** Questi vaghi concetti (*Il quinto libro de madrigali*, 1605)

Mhairi Sharp & Elinor Johns *soprano* Catherine Haworth *alto* John Scholey & Zachary Kleanthous *tenor* Bryan White *baritone* Roger Brock *bass*

**Ballo:** *Tirsi e Clori* (1616, published in *Concerto*, 1619)

soloists: Tirsi: Nicki Sapiro *soprano* Clori: Steve Muir *tenor*

with Nina Parkes *soprano* Catherine Haworth *alto* Roger Brock *bass*



Claudio Monteverdi was born in Cremona in 1567 and was educated at the cathedral and the university in the town. He joined the Gonzaga court at Mantua around 1590, working first as a singer and string player and from 1602 as the *maestro di capella*. He published a good deal of ground-breaking music at Mantua, including five books of madrigals, and he composed two full-length operas, *L'Orfeo* (1607) and *Arianna* (1608), as well as several shorter dramatic works, including *Il ballo delle ingrate* (1608). By then, however, Monteverdi had become disenchanted with Mantua, partly because of overwork but also because of the death of his wife in 1607, and his protégé the singer Caterina Martinelli the following year. After the death of Duke Vincenzo Gonzaga in 1612 he was dismissed as part of a retrenchment at the Mantuan court, which meant that he was available when the post of *maestro* at St Mark's in Venice became vacant the following year. He remained in Venice for the rest of his life, writing a good deal of music for St Mark's as well as secular music and more dramatic works, including two surviving late operas written for the newly opened commercial theatres in Venice, *Il ritorno d'Ulisse* (1640) and *L'incoronazione di Poppea* (1642). By the time *Poppea* was put on, Monteverdi was ill (the opera had to be finished by his associates), and he died in Venice the following year, on 29 November 1643.

We begin with the spectacular setting of Gianbattista Marino's poem '**Tempo la cetra**', published in *Concerto*, the Seventh Book of Madrigals. It acts as the prologue to the publication, but it may also have been used in some theatrical production in which the solo tenor, in the role of the poet, offers up his lyre in praise of Mars and Venus. After punctuating the verses with a grave sinfonia, the strings play a jig-like movement which was presumably danced to. The balletto '**Della bellezza le dovute lodi**' is the earliest of a series of courtly entertainments Monteverdi wrote throughout his career that bring together vocal music and dance; it was published in his *Scherzi musicali* in 1607 and was probably written for a court entertainment in that year. The text may be by Alessandro Striggio, the librettist of *L'Orfeo*. It is a celebration of the power of Venus, the Goddess of Love, over even the strongest men and male gods, including Hercules and Mars, the God of War. It consists of a series of contrasted sections in dance rhythms using a mixture of voices, instruments and continuo. It only survives in a version for two sopranos and bass, but it is likely that Monteverdi originally wrote it for five-part voices and strings, and that inner parts were left out to fit the format of *Scherzi musicali*, which otherwise consists of light three-part dance songs. I have therefore written alto and tenor parts to bring the work into line with the five-part writing used by Monteverdi in similar works.

'**Bel pastor**', published posthumously in 1651, is a delightful duet in which a shepherd and a shepherdess tease each other about the strength of their love, in a mixture of duple-time monody and graceful triple-time refrains. '**Chiome d'oro**', scored for two sopranos with two violins and continuo, is a catchy canzonetta on a ground bass in which the poet celebrates his beloved's hair, teeth, eyes and lips in turn. Monteverdi later expanded the musical material for his famous setting of the psalm 'Beatus vir'. In *Il ballo delle ingrate* Cupid complains to his mother Venus that his arrows have ceased to have their expected effect in the Mantua area, and so she asks Pluto, the god of the Underworld, to release a group of *ingrate* – hard-hearted women – to serve as an awful warning to the Mantuan court ladies. Monteverdi provides beautiful music for their dance, which starts gravely as they appear and becomes wilder and wilder as it becomes clear that Pluto is about to return them to Hell. The **Ballo for Ferdinand III** was published in 1638 in Monteverdi's *Madrigali guerrieri ed amorosi*, but it seems to have been written for the celebrations for the coronation in Vienna in December 1636 of the future Emperor Ferdinand III as King of the Romans. In the first section the poet praises Ferdinand and summons water nymphs from the Danube to sing of his martial exploits (which were actually unremarkable), which they do in two superb choruses over a long modulating ground bass, separated by a dance. Monteverdi did not provide the music for this dance, just asking for a *canario* (a wild dance from the Canaries) or some other dance to be performed. I have adapted the setting of the Canario published by Michael Praetorius in 1612.

We begin the second half of the programme with Monteverdi's famous setting of part of Petrarch's sonnet '**Hor che'l ciel e la terra**', scored for six-part voices with two violins and continuo. It was published among the 'Canti guerrieri' (warlike songs) of *Madrigali guerrieri ed amorosi* because the second quatrain includes a setting in Monteverdi's warlike style of the words 'war is my state', full of jagged dotted rhythms, fanfares and drum imitations, though the madrigal opens with a superb musical evocation of a still and starry night. '**Amor, che deggio far**', like 'Chiome d'oro', is a canzonetta from the Seventh Book of Madrigals, scored for four voices, two violins and continuo. It uses two ground basses, one for the instrumental *ritornelli*, the other for the vocal sections. The famous tenor duet '**Zefiro torna e di soave accenti**' is based mostly on the catchy pattern of the *Ciacona* or chaconne, a chord sequence supposedly originating in the New World and popular all over Europe in the seventeenth century. Monteverdi uses it for a delightful evocation of rustic love, though he abandons it when the poet laments his own torment caused by 'two beautiful eyes'.

The earliest piece in this concert is the madrigal '**Questi vaghi concenti**', published in 1605 at the end of Monteverdi's fifth book of madrigals. Until then the madrigal was usually a small-scale type of music for a handful of unaccompanied singers, but in this piece Monteverdi provides a continuo part, allowing individuals to take solos, writes in no fewer than nine parts, and provides beautiful string passages to introduce and separate the vocal sections. The large forces suggest a special occasion at the Mantuan court, though the conventional pastoral text does not provide a clue as to what it might have been. **Tirsi e Clori** was written for Mantua in 1616, after Monteverdi had moved to Venice; it seems to have been written for the coronation of Ferdinando Gonzaga as Duke in January that year. The shepherd Tirsi invites his Clori to join a band of dancing nymphs and shepherds, prompting a sung and danced *ballo* in praise of dancing. Each choral section begins with the invitation 'balliamo' – let us dance – and the work gradually increases in pace, building up to an exhilarating climax. It was published in 1619 in Monteverdi's Seventh Book of Madrigals, with only the continuo instruments specified, though when the composer sent the manuscript to the Mantuan court he suggested in a covering letter that there should also be a group of violin-family instruments. He also suggested that, if 'directed with a beat suitable to the character of the melodies, avoiding over-excitement among the singers and players', it would not displease the Duke, though he suggested that it would be 'a very good thing indeed' if the singers and players could see the music an hour before it was performed'. We will try in this performance not to get over-excited in some very exciting music!

©Peter Holman May 2025



Texts and Translations  
compiled and edited by Richard Andrews and Peter Holman

---

## Tempro la cetra

### *Sinfonia*

Tempro la cetra, e per cantar gli onori  
di Marte alzo talor lo stil e i carmi.  
Ma invan la tento e impossibil parmi  
ch'ella già mai risoni altro ch'amori.

I temper my lyre, and to pay tribute to Mars  
I sometimes raise the style of my rhymes.  
Yet I try this in vain, and it seems to me futile  
for it ever to resound with anything but love.

### *Ritornello*

Così pur tra l'arene e pur tra' Fiori  
note amorose Amor torn'a dettarmi,  
né vuol ch'io prend' ancor a cantar d'armi,  
se non di quelle, ond'egli impiega i cori.

Thus, whether on the strand or in a meadow,  
Cupid ever dictates to me notes of love,  
nor will he consent that I sing again of arms,  
save those with which he wounds men's hearts.

### *Ritornello*

Or l'umil plettro e i rozzi accenti indegni,  
Musa, qual dianzi, accorda, in fin ch'al canto  
de la tromba sublime il Ciel ti degni.

Now, Muse, tune as you have before my humble  
plectrum, my rough and wretched voice, that  
Heaven may deem you worthy of the sublime  
trumpet's song.

### *Ritornello*

Riedi ai teneri scherzi, e dolce intanto  
lo Dio Guerrier, temprando i ferì sdegni,  
in grembo a Citherea dorma al tuo canto.

Return to gentle playing, and meanwhile  
may the Warrior God, tempering his fierce anger,  
sleep sweetly to your song in Venus' lap.

### *Sinfonia and Ballo*

Giambattista Marino

## Della bellezza le dovute lodi: Balletto

Della bellezza le dovute lodi  
celebriam con lieto canto;  
e tu, Ciprigna, intanto  
de' tuoi pregi altera godi.  
Godi pur ch'altra vittoria  
si prepara a' merti tuoi,  
onde chiara oggi fra noi  
splenderai per nova gloria.  
È la bellezza un raggio de la celeste luce,

Let us celebrate with joyful song  
the deserved praise of beauty;  
while you, Cypriot [Venus],  
take proud pleasure in your tributes.  
Rejoice, too, that a lofty triumph  
is prepared to celebrate your merit,  
so that today in our presence  
you will shine brightly with a new glory.  
Beauty is a ray of heavenly light,

che quasi un sol di Maggio  
temprat' ardor n'adduce;  
quinci nel nostro core  
nascono i fior d'amore.

Chi di tal lume non splende ornato  
dirsi beato in van presume;  
ché vil tesoro son gemme et oro,  
e valor cade contra beltate.

Ben sàllo Alcide, il forte  
da due begl'occhi vinto,  
quantunque avvinto  
traesse il can dalle Tartaree porte.  
E sàllo il Dio dell'Arme,  
dell'ira, e del furore,  
quando la Dea d'Amore  
gl'impon che si disarmi;  
ond'ei, cangiato stile,  
mansueto ed umile,  
mirando il suo bel volto  
la spada oblia fra belle braccia accolto.

Dunque a lei, che di beltate  
ottenn' il pregio e 'l vanto,  
quest'altere alme ben nate,  
concorde al nostro canto,  
guidano in queste valli  
per farle onor quest'amorosi balli.

which, like the sun in May,  
brings us a gentle warmth;  
therefore in our hearts  
the flowers of love are born.

He who does not shine with such a light  
in vain presumes to call himself happy;  
for jewels and gold are an ignoble treasure,  
and wealth gives way in the face of beauty.

Strong Hercules knows this  
vanquished as he was by two fair eyes,  
even though he dragged the dog [Cerberus]  
in chains from the gates of Tartarus.  
So too does the God of Arms,  
of rage and of fury, know beauty's power,  
when the Goddess of Love  
commands him to disarm;  
at which point he, changing his manner  
to become gentle and humble,  
gazing on her fair face forgets his sword  
as he is welcomed into her arms.

Therefore for her, who has obtained  
the prize and glory of beauty,  
these proud high-born souls,  
in tune with our song,  
lead these dances of love  
through these valleys, to do her honour.

attributed to Alessandro Striggio

## Bel pastor, dal cui bel guardo

*Lei:* Bel pastor, dal cui bel guardo  
spira foco ond'io tutt'ardo,  
m'ami tu? *Lui:* Sì cor mio –  
*Lei:* Com'io desio? *Lui:* Sì cor mio  
*Lei:* Dimmi, quanto? *Lui:* Tanto, tanto.  
*Lei:* Quanto, quanto? *Lui:* Oh Tanto, tanto  
*Lei:* Come che? *Lui:* Come te, pastorella.  
*Lei:* Come che? *Lui:* Come te.  
*She:* Come che?  
*Lui:* Come te, pastorella tutta bella.  
*Lei:* Questi vezzi e questo dire  
non fan pago il mio desire.  
Se tu m'ami, o mio bel foco,  
dimmi ancor, ma fuor di gioco:

*She:* Handsome shepherd, from whose glance  
shoots a flame that sets me afire,  
do you love me? *He:* Yes, my love!  
*She:* As I desire? *He:* Yes, my love!  
*She:* Tell me, how much? *He:* So much, so much!  
*She:* How much, how much? *He:* So much!  
*She:* In what way? *He:* As you do, shepherdess.  
*She:* In what way? *He:* As you do  
*She:* In what way?  
*He:* As you do, fairest shepherdess.  
*She:* These compliments, this way of speaking,  
cannot satisfy my desire.  
If you love me, handsome lover,  
tell me again, without jesting,



come che? [...]

*Lui:* Come te, pastorella tutta bella.

*Lei:* Vie più lieta udito avrei:  
't'amo al par degli occhi miei'.

*Lui:* Come rei del mio cordoglio  
questi lumi amar non voglio,  
di mirar non sazi ancora  
la beltà che sì m'accora.

*Lei:* Come che? [...]

*Lui:* Come te, pastorella tutta bella.

*Lei:* Fa' sentirmi altre parole  
se pur vuoi ch'io mi console.  
m'ami tu? *Lui:* Sì, cor mio.

*Lui:* No, che afflitt'e sbigotito  
d'odio e sdegno e non d'amore,  
fatt' albergo di dolore  
per due luci, anzi due stelle  
troppo crude, troppo belle.

*Lei:* Come che? [...]

*Lui:* Come te, pastorella tutta bella.

*Lei:* Non mi dir più 'come te', dimmi 'io  
t'amo...'

*Lui:* io t'amo... *Lei:* '... come me.'

*Lui:* No, ch'io stesso odio me stesso.

*Lei:* Deh, se m'ami dimmi espresso.

*Lui:* Sì, cor mio.' *Lei:* 'Com'io desio?'

*Lui:* Sì, cor mio.

*Lei:* Dimmi quanto *Lui:* Tanto tanto.

*Lei:* Quanto quanto? *Lui:* Oh, tanto tanto.

*Lei:* Come che? [...]

*Lui:* Come te, pastorella tutta bella.

in what way? [...]

*He:* As you do, fairest shepherdess.

*She:* I would rather have heard you say:  
'I love you as much as my own eyes'.

*He:* Since they are guilty of my sorrow,  
I don't want to love these eyes,  
not yet weary of gazing at  
the beauty that breaks my heart.

*She:* In what way? [...]

*He:* As you do, fairest shepherdess.

*She:* Let me hear different words from these.  
If you want me to be soothed: do you love me?

*He:* Yes, my love. *She:* As you love life?

*He:* No, for since I'm afflicted and bewildered  
by hate and by scorn, not by love,  
[life] is the lodging place of sorrow  
because of two eyes, or rather two stars  
that are too cruel, too beautiful.

*She:* In what way? [...]

*He:* As you do, fairest shepherdess.

*She* Stop saying 'As you do', say 'I love you...'

*He:* I love you... *She:* '... as I love myself.'

*He:* No! for I hate myself!

*She:* Come, if you love me, tell me clearly.

*He:* Yes, my love! *She:* As I desire?

*He:* Yes, my love.

*She:* Tell me, how much? *He:* So much, so much!

*She:* How much, how much? *He:* So much!

*She:* In what way? [...]

*He:* As you do, fairest shepherdess.

Ottavio Rinuccini

## Chiome d'oro, bel Tesoro

### Ritornello

Chiome d'oro, bel tesoro,  
tu mi legghi in mille modi  
se t'annodi, se ti snodi.

Golden tresses, so precious,  
you bind me in a thousand ways,  
whether coiled or flowing freely.

### Ritornello

Candidette perle elette,  
se le rose che scoprite  
discoprite, mi ferite.

Small, white matching pearls,  
if you hide the roses  
that you usually show, you wound me.



### *Ritornello*

Vive stelle, che sì belle  
e sì vaghe risplendete,  
se ridete m'acidete.

Bright stars that shine  
with such beauty and charm,  
if you laugh you torture me.

### *Ritornello*

Preziose, amoroze, coralline labbra amate,  
se parlate mi beate.

Precious, seductive coral lips I love,  
if you speak then you bless me.

### *Ritornello*

O bel nodo per cui godo!  
O soave uscir di vita!  
O gradita mia ferita!

Oh dear bonds which delight me!  
Oh fair mortality!  
Oh welcome wound!

## **Ballo for Ferdinand III**

### *Sinfonia*

#### *Poeta*

Volgendo il ciel per l'immortal sentiero,  
le ruote de la luce alma e serena,  
un secolo di pace il Sol rimena  
sotto il re novo del Romano Impero.

#### *The Poet*

Wheeling upon its eternal course  
throughout the serene, majestic sky,  
the sun ushers in an age of peace  
under the new king of the Roman Empire.

### *Ritornello*

Su, mi si rechi omai del grand' Ibero  
profonda tazza, inghirlandata e piena  
che, correndomi al cor di vena in vena,  
sgombra dall'alma ogni mortal pensiero.

Come, bring me from the great river Ebro  
a deep cup, garlanded and full,  
that racing to my heart from vein to vein  
will free my soul from every mortal care.

### *Ritornello*

Venga la nobil cetra: il crin di Fiori  
cingimi, o Filli: io ferirò le stelle  
cantando del mio Re gli eccelsi allori;  
E voi, che per beltà, donne e donzelle,  
gite superbe d'immortali honori:  
movete al mio bel suon le piante snelle,  
sparso di rose il crin leggiadro e biondo,  
e lasciato dell'Istro il ricco fondo,  
vengan l'umide ninfe al ballo anch'elle.

Bring forth the noble lyre, bind my head  
with flowers, O Phyllis: I shall stab the stars,  
singing the lofty praises of my king.  
And you, who in beauty, ladies and young maids,  
proudly display immortal honour,  
dance on your slender feet to my sweet music  
with roses scattered on your golden hair,  
and having left the Danube's fecund depths,  
let the water nymphs come and join the dance.

### *Sinfonia*

#### *Coro*

Movete al mio bel suon le piante snelle,  
sparso di rose il crin leggiadro e biondo,  
e lasciato dell'Istro il ricco fondo,

#### *The Choir*

Dance on your slender feet to my sweet music  
with roses scattered on your golden hair,  
and having left the Danube's fecund depths,

vengan l'umide ninfe al ballo anch'elle.  
Fuggano in sì bel dì nembi e procelle,  
d'aure odorate el mormorar giocondo.  
Fat'eco al mio cantar, rimbombi il mondo,  
l'opre di Ferdinando eccelse e belle.

let water nymphs come too, and join the dance.  
On such a day let clouds and storms be gone,  
let the playful murmur of fragrant airs  
echo my song, let all the world resound,  
with the lofty deeds of Ferdinand.

### *Canario*

Ei l'armi cinse, e su destrier alato  
corse le piagge, e su la terra dura  
  
la testa riposò sul braccio armato.  
Le torri eccelse e le superbe mura  
  
al vento sparse, e fè vermiglio il prato  
lasciando ogni altra gloria al mondo oscura.

He donned his armour, mounted a swift horse,  
galloped across the slopes, and on the hard  
earth  
rested his head upon his steel-shod arm.  
The lofty towers and proud city walls he  
scattered to the winds  
and turned the field to crimson,  
consigning all other deeds of glory to the shade.

Ottavio Rinuccini

## **Hor che'l ciel et la terra e'l vento tace**

Hor che'l ciel e la terra e'l vento tace  
e le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena,  
notte il carro stellato in giro mena  
e nel suo letto il mar senz'onda giace.  
Veglio, penso, ardo, piango; e chi mi sfaccia  
sempre m'è inanzi per mia dolce pena.  
Guerra è'l mio stato, d'ira et di duol piena,  
et sol di lei pensando ho qualche pace.

Now that the sky, earth and wind are silent, and  
the wild creatures and birds are reined in sleep,  
Night leads its starry chariot in its round,  
and the waveless sea lies in its bed.  
I watch, think, burn, weep; she who destroys me  
is always before me to my sweet distress.  
War is my state, filled with grief and anger,  
and only in thinking of her do I find some peace.

Francesco Petrarca

## **Amor, che deggio far**

Amor, che deggio far  
se non mi giova amar con pura fede?  
Servir non vo' così,  
piangendo notte e dì per chi no'l crede!

Love, what am I to do, if it  
avails me nothing to love with pure constancy?  
I do not wish to serve like this,  
weeping night and day for one who mistrusts  
me!

### *Ritornello*

E non si può veder  
l'amoroso pensier da l'occhio umano?  
Dunque un fido amator  
dovrà nel suo dolor languir invano?

Cannot a loving thought  
be seen by the human eye?  
And so must a faithful lover  
languish in vain?

### *Ritornello*

Intesi pur talor  
che ne la fronte il cor si porta scritto;  
or, come a me non val  
scoprir l'interno mal nel volto afflitto?

I did once understand that  
the heart can oft be read in the brow;  
so why does it not help me  
to show my inner woe on my afflicted face?

### *Ritornello*

Ingiustissimo re,  
perché la vera fé nota non fai?  
Perché lasci perir voci,  
sguardi e sospir, se'l vedi e'l sai?

Most unjust king  
why do you not reveal my true constancy?  
Why do you allow words, looks and sighs  
to perish, if you see it and know it?

## **Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti**

Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti  
l'aer fa grato e 'l piè discioglie a l'onde,  
e mormorando tra le verdi fronde.  
Fa danzar al bel suon su'l prato i fiori.

Zephyr returns, and with sweet accents  
enchants the air, bathes his feet in the water,  
and, murmuring among the green leaves, makes  
the flowers dance on the mead to his sweet  
sound.

Inghirlandato il crin Fillide e Clori  
note temprando lor care e gioconde,  
e da monti e da valli ime e profonde  
raddoppian l'armonia gli antri canori.

With garlanded hair, Phyllis and Chloris,  
temper their notes with love and joy,  
and from mountains and valleys high and deep,  
the sonorous caves echo their harmony.

Sorge più vaga in ciel l'aurora e'l sole  
sparge più luci d'or, più puro argento  
fregia di Teti il bel ceruleo manto.

The dawn rises more prettily, and the sun  
scatters more rays of gold, more flawless silver,  
to bedeck the sky-blue mantle of Thetis.

Sol io per selve abbandonate e sole.  
L'ardor di due begli occhi è'l mio tormento;  
come vuol mia ventura or piango, or canto.

But I, in abandoned forests, am alone.  
The ardour of two beautiful eyes is my torment;  
as my fate wills it, now I weep, now I sing.

Ottavio Rinuccini

## **Questi vaghi concetti**

### *Sinfonia prima*

Questi vaghi concetti  
che gli augelletti intorno  
vanno temprando a l'apparir del giorno,  
sono, cred'io, d'amor desiri ardenti.  
Sono pene e tormenti  
e pur fanno le selve e 'l ciel gioire  
al lor dolce languire.

These lovely songs,  
that the little birds  
sing all around at the break of day,  
are, for me, passionate songs of love.  
They are pain and torment,  
and yet they make the woods and sky rejoice  
at their sweet langour.

### *Sinfonia seconda*

Deh, se potessi anch'io  
così dolce dolermi  
per questi poggi solitari ed ermi,  
che quella a cui piacer sola desio  
gradisse il pianger mio!  
Io bramerei, sol per piacer a lei,  
eterni i pianti miei.

Ah, if only I too could  
sing such sweet sorrow  
on these bare and lonely hills;  
if only she, whom I alone wish to please,  
were to welcome my lament!  
I would wish, just to bring her pleasure,  
that my laments would last for ever.

## Tirsi e Clori

### *Tirsi*

Per monti e per valli,  
bellissima Clori,  
già corrono a' balli  
le Ninfe e i pastori;  
già, lieta e festosa  
ha tutto ingombrato  
la schiera amorosa  
il seno del prato.

### *Clori*

Dolcissimo Tirsi,  
già vanno ad unirsi,  
già tiene legata  
l'amante l'amata;  
già movon concorde  
il suono alle corde:  
noi soli negletti  
vi stiamo soletti.

### *Tirsi*

Su, Clori, mio core,  
andianne a quel loco,  
ch'invitano al gioco  
le Grazie ed Amori;  
già Tirsi distende  
la mano e ti prende,  
ché teco sol vuole  
menar le carole.

### *Clori*

Sì, Tirsi, mia vita,  
ch'a te solo unita  
vo' girne danzando,  
vo' girne cantando.  
Pastor, benché degno,  
non faccia disegno  
di mover le piante

### *Thyrsis*

Through mountains and valleys,  
my fairest Chloris,  
the nymphs and shepherds  
are already hurrying to the dance;  
merry and festive,  
the amorous throng  
has already crowded  
into the heart of the meadow.

### *Chloris*

Sweetest Thyrsis,  
they're already going to assemble,  
each lover now holds  
his beloved entwined;  
they're already bringing  
harmonious sound to their strings:  
only we, unregarded,  
are standing here alone.

### *Thyrsis*

Come, Chloris, my love,  
let's go to that place,  
invited to the sport  
by Graces and Cupids;  
Thyrsis now offers you  
his hand, and clasps you,  
since only with you  
will he join in the songs.

### *Chloris*

Yes, Thyrsis, my treasure,  
coupled only with you  
will I go off dancing,  
will I go off singing.  
Let no [other] shepherd, however worthy,  
form any intention  
of tripping his heels

con Clori sua amante.

*Tirsi & Clori*

Già, Clori gentile,  
noi siam ne la schiera:  
con dolce maniera seguiamo il lor stile.  
Balliamo, ed intanto spieghiamo col canto,  
con dolci bei modi, del ballo le lodi.

*Coro: Il Ballo*

Balliamo, ché il gregge,  
al suon de l'avena  
che i passi corregge,  
al ballo ne mena:  
e saltano snelli i capri e gli agnelli.  
Balliam, ché nel cielo con lucido velo,  
al suon de le sfere  
or lente or leggere,  
con lumi e facelle  
su danzan le stelle.

Balliam, ché d'intorno nel torbido giorno,  
al suono de' venti  
le nubi correnti,  
se ben fosche ed adre,  
pur danzan leggiadre.  
Balliamo, ché l'onde  
il vento che spira  
le move e l'aggira,  
le spinge e confonde sí come lor fiede  
se movon il piede;  
e ballan le linfe  
quai garrule Ninfe.

Balliam, ché i vezzosi  
bei fior rugiadosi,  
se l'aura li scuote  
con urti e con ruote, fan vaga sembianza  
anch'essi di danza.

Balliamo e giriamo, corriam e saltiamo:  
qualcosa piú degna  
il ballo n'insegna!

attributed to Alessandro Striggio

with Chloris as his lover.

*Thyrsis & Chloris*

Now, gentle Chloris,  
we're part of the throng:  
gently and sweetly let's follow their lead.  
Let's dance, and also let's proclaim in song,  
in a fair sweet style, the praises of the dance.

*Choir: The Dance*

Let's dance, because the flock,  
to the sound of the pipe  
which guides their steps,  
is leading us to the dance:  
and the goats and lambs are nimbly skipping.  
Let's dance, for in the sky with a shining veil,  
to the sound of the spheres,  
now slowly, now briskly,  
with lamps and torches  
the stars are dancing above.

Let's dance, for around us in the murky day,  
to the sound of the winds  
the scudding clouds,  
though dark and gloomy,  
are yet gaily dancing.  
Let's dance, for the waves  
are moved and whirled  
by the breath of the wind,  
they are heaved and stirred as it strikes them  
when they step in measure;  
and their waters are dancing  
like chattering Nymphs.

Let's dance, for the charming  
fair flowers soaked in dew,  
if the breeze shakes them  
with buffets and twists, prettily appear  
to be dancing themselves.

Let's dance and whirl, run and leap:  
the dance then teaches us  
something more worthwhile!



---

## **Peter Holman - director**

---

Peter Holman studied at King's College, London with Thurston Dart, and founded the pioneering early music group Ars Nova while a student. He is now director of The Parley of Instruments and the choir Psalmody, is musical director of Leeds Baroque and director of the Suffolk Villages Festival. He has taught at many conservatoires, universities, and summer schools in Britain, Europe, New Zealand and the USA, and was Reader and then Professor of Historical Musicology at Leeds University from 2000, retiring as Emeritus Professor in 2010. He was awarded an MBE in 2015. Peter is a regular broadcaster on BBC Radio 3 and 4 and is much in demand as a speaker at learned conferences. He spends much of his time in writing and research, with special interests in the early history of the violin family, in instrumental ensemble music up to about 1700, and in English music from about 1550 to 1850. He is the author of five books: the prize-winning *Four and Twenty Fiddlers: The Violin at the English Court 1540-1690* (Oxford, 1993), *Henry Purcell* (Oxford, 1994), *Dowland: Lachrimae* (Cambridge, 1999), *Life after Death: The Viola da Gamba in Britain from Purcell to Dolmetsch* (Woodbridge, 2010), and *Before the Baton: Musical Direction and Conducting in Stuart and Georgian Britain* (Woodbridge, 2020). He has just published *The Purcell Compendium* with Bryan White.

---

## **Bryan White – chorus master**

---

Bryan White took his undergraduate degree at Southern Methodist University (Dallas TX), where he studied choral conducting with Lloyd Pfautsch and Barbara Brinson. He completed a PhD at the University of Wales, Bangor and is currently Senior Lecturer and Director of Student Education in the School of Music at the University of Leeds. He is a member of the Purcell Society, for which he has edited Louis Grabu's opera Albion and Albanus and G. B. Draghi's ode for St Cecilia's Day 1687, 'From harmony, from heav'nly harmony'. Bryan is author of *Music for St Cecilia's Day from Purcell to Handel* (Boydell, 2019), and co-editor of *Musical Exchange between Britain and Europe 1600-1800: Essays in Honour of Peter Holman* (Boydell, 2020). He has just published *The Purcell Compendium* with Peter Holman. Bryan is the director of the Clothworkers Consort of Leeds. He is a longstanding soloist and choral singer with Leeds Baroque, to which he also serves as Chairperson.





## **Leeds Baroque**

### **celebrating 25 years of period instrument performance.**

Leeds Baroque (registered Charity 1116610), the city's only period instrument choir and orchestra, specialises in performances of music of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Founded in 2000, and following J.S. Bach's own model, it is made up of professional, student and talented amateur performers and is directed by Professor Peter Holman MBE, an international authority on the performance of Baroque music. Since its foundation, it has earned an enviable reputation for performances covering works from Monteverdi to Mozart and bold explorations of unfamiliar Baroque music including the commissioning of new performing editions.

Most of the members and management are unpaid, believing that this specialist but accessible repertoire should be available to all, and more widely appreciated. In addition to the core membership Leeds Baroque provides paid performance opportunities up-and-coming young artists at the start of their careers and welcomes range of professional singers and instrumentalists for special projects. Leeds Baroque is financed solely from its ticket income, modest grant funding and the small, but incredibly supportive Friends of Baroque Music in Yorkshire. In this, our 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary year, we hope you will help us continue to keep Baroque music 'live' in the region by attending our performances, joining the Friends of Baroque Music in Yorkshire, making a donation via our 2025 Big Give campaign on our website [www.leedsbaroque.co.uk](http://www.leedsbaroque.co.uk) or sponsoring a performance.

---

### **Acknowledgements**

---

A performance of this scale could not be achieved without financial and practical help from the following organisations and individuals:

Rev Mike Green and the parish of St Andrews for hosting this performance in their historic church.

Friends of Baroque Music in Yorkshire & Contributors to the 'Continuity Fund'.

The Scops Arts Trust, who funded our new music stands, the School of Performance and Cultural Industries at the University of Leeds for providing rehearsal space and the team of volunteers who do all the background work in administration, publicity and hosting our guest soloists.





**More Summer Music** – join us in June for a scintillating orchestral programme of Italian Concertos for Baroque oboe and violin.



 25<sup>th</sup>  
LEEDS  
BAROQUE  
Choir & Orchestra  
REGISTERED CHARITY NO. 119619

# Venetian Concertos

Gail Hennessy *Baroque oboe* | Asuka Sumi *violin*

## LEEDS BAROQUE ORCHESTRA

Peter Holman *director*

**22<sup>nd</sup> June**  
**3.00 pm**

The Old Woollen, Sunny Bank Mills,  
Farsley, Leeds LS28 5UJ

Book your tickets!

Full - £22  
Under 16 and students - £5



 @leedsbaroque  
 Leeds Baroque  
 Leeds Baroque Choir and Orchestra

[www.leedsbaroque.co.uk](http://www.leedsbaroque.co.uk)