

# Il mio core

Giacomo Carissimi  
(1605-1674)

Il mio core  
duet for 2 sopranos

Claudio Monteverdi  
(1567 – 1643)

Ohime ch'io cado  
*from: Quarto scherzo della ariose vaghezza*  
commode da cantarsi a voce sola (Venezia, 1624)

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto  
aria for soprano and baso continuo  
*from: Scherzi musicali*

Ohime dove il mio ben  
duet in the *Romanesca* form  
*from: Concerto. Settimo libro de madrigali*  
(Venezia, 1619)

Speranza tu mi vai  
*from: L'Incoronazione di Poppea*

– short interval –

Barbara Strozzi  
(1619 – 1677)

L'Eraclito amoroso  
Recitative and Passacaglia for soprano and bc

Girolamo Frescobaldi  
(1583-1643)

Canzon Quarta  
*from: Canzoni per Basso solo*  
for cello and bc

Barbara Strozzi

Lagrime mie  
aria for soprano and bc, opus 7 (1659)

Antonio Vivaldi  
(1678 – 1741)

Amor, hai vinto  
cantata for soprano and bc

G.F. Handel

Quel fior che all'alba ride (HWV 192)  
soprano duet cantata  
later transcribed into choruses for the *Messiah*  
(*His yoke is easy /And he shall purify*)

Mandie de Villiers-Schutte & Lente Louw - sopranos

Hans Huyssen - Baroque cello  
Andrew Cruickshank - harpsichord

**Il mio core** è un mar di pianti  
ove invece di sirene  
si lamentano le pene;  
E rancori e gelosie,  
tradimenti e tirannie,  
sono i mostri in lui natanti.

Il mio core è un mar di pianti.

Qui s'immerge e sta sepolto  
lo splendor di quel bel volto;  
E per far, che in notte eterna  
l'alma mia rimanga assorta  
mai non sorge e non riporta  
d'oriente i rai festanti.

Il mio core è un mar di pianti.

Le perle, che ingemmano,  
son lagrime, che stillano;  
I nemi, che lo turbano,  
son ire, che sfavillano.  
Ove ti muovi,  
lo scoglio trovi  
e scopri a mille  
Carridi e Scille.  
Pescatrice la speranza  
a preda le reti stende;  
ma quei mostri alfin sol prende,  
ch'annidarvi han per usanza.  
Nochieri i pensieri s'aggiran per l'onde;  
Ma perchè non hanno sponde,  
van per flutti ognor erranti.

Il mio core è un mar di pianti.

### **Ohimè ch'io cado**

ohimè ch'inciampo  
ancora il piè pur come pria  
E la sfiorita mia  
caduta spene  
pur di novo riagar  
Con fresco lacrimar  
hor mi convienie

Lasso del vecchio ardor  
conosco l'orme ancor  
dentro nel petto  
Ch'harotto il vago aspetto  
ei guardi amanti.  
Lo smalto adamantin  
ond'armarò il meschin  
piensier gelati

Folle credev'io pur  
D'avers schermo sicuro  
da un nudo arciero  
E pur io si guerriero  
Hor son codardo  
ne vaglio sostener  
il colpo lusingier  
d'un solo sguardo

My heart is a sea of crying  
in which, instead of sirens,  
my sorrows lament;  
And resentment and jealousy,  
betrayal and tyranny,  
are the monsters that swim in it.

My heart is a sea of crying.

Inside it, immersed and permanently buried,  
lies the splendour of that beautiful face;  
in such a way that in eternal night  
my soul remains,  
never to rise and never to show  
its festive rays from the East.

My heart is a sea of crying.

Those pearls that beautify,  
are tears, flowing;  
the winds that disturb it,  
are rages, that flash.  
Wherever one moves,  
one finds a boulder  
and discover thousands of  
Carridis and Scyllas.  
Hope is the fisherwoman  
who hunts in these waters;  
but ultimately catches only these monsters  
which live in this sea. / My thoughts, like horseman of  
the sea, float around in the waves;  
But because the sea has no shore,  
Their floating is without purpose.

Il mio core è un mar di pianti.

Alas, how I fall,  
alas, how my feet  
slip again as before  
And my lost  
and withering hope  
I must once again  
water with fresh tears  
as it used to be.

Let go of this old passion,  
which I know still sleeps  
in my heart,  
Now that the beautiful face is gone,  
as well as its love glances.  
The heart enamels  
with icy thoughts,  
with which I have armed myself.

I was fool enough to think  
I should have a sure shield  
against the naked archer.  
And yet I, who am so warrior-like,  
what a coward I am  
I will not endure  
the enticing blow  
of a single glance.

O Champion immortal  
Sdegno come si fral  
hor fugge indietro  
A sott'armi di vetro  
incanto errante  
m'hai condotto infidel  
contro spada curdel  
d'aspro diamante.

O Come sa punir  
Tirann'amor l'ardir  
d'alma rubella  
Una dolce favella  
un seren volto  
Un vezzoso mirar  
sogliono rilegar  
un cor disciolto

Occhi belli ah se fu  
sempre bella virtù  
giusta pietate  
Deh voi non mi negate  
il guardo e'l riso  
Che mi sia la prigion  
per si bella cagion  
il paradiso

**Quel sguardo sdegnosetto**

lucente e minaccioso,  
quel dardo velenoso  
vola a ferirmi il petto;  
bellezze ond'io tutt'ardo  
e son da me diviso,  
piagatemi col sguardo  
sanatemi col riso.

Armatevi, pupille  
d'asprissimo rigore  
versatemi sul core  
un nembo di faville  
ma'l labro non sia tardo  
a rattivarmi ucciso:  
Feriscami quel sguardo,  
ma sanimi quel riso!

Begl'occhi, all'armi, all'armi!  
io vi preparo il seno:  
giote di piagarmi  
infin ch'io venga meno!  
E se da' vostri dardi  
io resterò conquiso,  
Ferischino quei sguardi,  
ma sanimi quel riso!

O immortal champion,  
I am furious  
As you are weakly fleeing  
like an enchanted man  
who has lost his way,  
but has misled me  
and set me up  
against a sword hard as diamond.

Oh how powerfully punishes  
Tyrannous love  
the audacity of a rebellious soul  
a kind word,  
a serene face  
and a charming wonderment  
can tie again  
a liberated heart.

Beautiful eyes, if for you  
virtue has always been fair  
and mercy true  
O do not deny me  
the glance and the laughter  
So that my prison  
on such a beautiful ground  
should become paradise.

That scornful look,  
bright and threatening,  
that poisoned dart  
flies to wound/strike my breast/heart;  
beauties that make me burn,  
and that part me from myself,  
wound me with your look/glance,  
heal me with a smile!

Arm yourselves, eyes/pupils  
with most harsh/obdurate rigour,  
Shed/pour upon my heart  
a shower of sparks,  
but let not your lips tarry  
to revive me when I've been slain:  
Let that look/glance wound me,  
but let the smile heal me.

Fair eyes, to arms, to arms  
I have prepared by breast/heart:  
take pleasure in wounding me,  
so that I be undone/faint!  
And if by your darts  
I am vanquished,  
let that look/glance wound me,  
but let your smile heal me.

Prima parte

**Ohimè, dov'è il mio ben?** Dov'è il mio core?  
Chi m'asconde il mio core: e chi me 'l toglie?

Alas! Where is my beloved? Where is my heart?  
Who has concealed my love and taken her away?

Seconda parte

Dunque ha potuto sol desio d'honore  
Darmi fera cagion di tante doglie?

Can it be that love of honour  
Should bring me such grief?

Terza parte

Dunque ha potuto in me più che 'l mio amore  
Ambitiose, e troppo lievi voglie?

Can it be that ambition and vainglory  
Have prevailed more than love?

Quarta parte

Ahi sciocco mondo, e cieco! ahi cruda sorte,  
Che ministro mi fai de la mia morte.

Alas, foolish, blind world! Alas, cruel fate  
That has made me minister of my own death!

**Speranza tu mi vai** Il cora accarezzando  
Speranza tu mi vai Il genio lusingando  
E mi circondi intanto  
Di region sì, ma imaginario manto.

Hope, you flatter my cherishing heart  
Hope you tempt my mind  
And surround me already  
with an imaginary royal mantle.

S'a tue promesse io credo,  
Già in capo ho le corone  
E già 'l divo Nerone  
Consorte bramattissimo possedo

If I believe you promises  
I already have the crown  
And Nero's  
Consort is already in my possession

Ma, se ricerco il vero  
Regina io sono col semplice pensiero  
No, no, non temo no di noia alcuna  
Per me guerreggia  
Amor, e la Fortuna

But if you search for the real queen  
It is me for a simple reason:  
No, I fear no hindrance  
For me are fighting  
Love and Fortune

### **L'Eraclito amorosa**

Udite amanti la cagione, oh Dio,  
Ch'a lagrimar mi porta:  
Nell'adorato e bello idolo mio  
Che si fido credei, la fede è morta.

### **Heraclitus in love**

You lovers, listen to the reason, o God,  
That brings me to shed tears:  
In my adored and handsome idol  
That I thought so faithful, fidelity has died.

Vaghezza ho sol di piangere  
Mi pasco sol di lagrime,  
Il duolo è mia delizia  
E son mie gioie i gemiti

All I long for is to weep,  
I feed on tears alone,  
My grief is my delight  
And my moaning is my only joy.

Ogni martire aggradami,  
Ogni dolor diletta mi,  
I singulti mi sanano,  
I sospir mi consolano.

Every torment gives me pleasure,  
Every sorrow delights me,  
My sobs help to heal me,  
My sighs help console me.

No, oh Dio.  
Nell'adorato e bello idolo mio  
Che si fido credei, la fede è morta

No, oh God.  
In my adored and handsome idol  
That I thought so faithful, fidelity has died.

Ma se la fede negami  
Quell'inconstante e perfido,  
Almen fede serbatemi  
Sino alla morte, oh lagrime!

But if fidelity is denied me,  
Inconstant and perfidious creature,  
Then you at least should remain true to me  
Till death do as part, oh tears of mine!

Ogni tristezza assalgami,  
Ogni cordoglio eternisi  
Tanto ogni male affliggami;  
Che m'uccida e sotterrimi.

Let every sadness assail me,  
Let every grief be rendered eternal,  
Let every evil afflict me  
That it may kill and bury me!

**Lagrimie mie**, à che vi trattenete,  
perchè non isfagate il fier' dolore,  
Chi mi toglie'l respiro e opprime il core?

Lidia, che tant' adoro,  
Perchè un guardo pietoso, ahimè, mi donò  
I paterno rigor l'imprigionò.  
Tra due mura rinchiusa stà la bella innocente,  
Dove giunger non può raggio di sole,  
E quel che più mi duole  
Ed accresc' il mio mal, tormenti e pene,  
È che per mia cagione prova male il mio bene  
E voi lume dolenti non piangete!  
Lagrimie mie, à che vi trattenete?

Lidia, ahimè, veggo mancarmi, l'idol mio,  
Che tanto adoro!  
Stà colei tra duri marmi per cui spiro  
E pur non moro.  
Se la morte m'è gradita,  
Or che son privo di spene,  
Dhè, toglietemi la vita  
(Ve ne prego) aspre mie pene!  
Ma ben m'accorgo, che per tormentarmi  
maggiormente, La sorte mi nega anco la morte.  
Se dunque è vero, o Dio, che sol del pianto mio.  
Il rio destino ha sete.

### **Amor, hai vinto**

*Recitativo:*

Amor, hai vinto. Ecco il mio seno  
da tuo bel stral trafitto. Or chi sostiene  
l'alma mia dal dolore abbandonata!  
Gelido in ogni vena  
scorer mi sent oil sangue,  
e sol mi serba in vita affani e pene.  
Mi palpita nel seno  
con nuove scosse il core.  
Clori, crudel!, e quanto  
ha da durar quest'aspro tuo rigore?

*Aria:*

Passo di pena in pena  
come la navicella  
ch'in questa e in quell'altr'onda  
urtando, urtando va.

Il ciel tuona e balena,  
il mar tutt'è in tempesta,  
porto non vede o sponda,  
dove approdar non sa.

Tears of mine, why do you hold back,  
why don't you wash away the pain  
which takes my breath and crushes my heart?

Lidia, whom I adore,  
Because she gave me a pitying glance,  
Has been imprisoned by her severe father.  
The innocent girl is locked up within walls  
Which the sun's rays cannot penetrate,  
And what pains me most,  
And increases my torment,  
Is that I am the cause of my beloved's suffering.  
And you, my eyes, are not weeping!  
Tears of mine, why do you hold back?

Alas, how I miss my Lidia, my idol,  
Which I love so much!  
She is shut up within marble walls and I sigh  
but I do not die!  
If death might be granted to me  
now that I have no hope,  
take my life,  
(I beg of you) oh my sufferings!  
But I am well aware that in order  
to torture me even more.  
Fate even denies me death, it is true then, oh God,  
that destiny desires only my tears.

### **Love, you have conquered**

Love, you have conquered. Behold  
my breast pierced by your beauteous dart.  
now who will provide for my soul, abandoned to its grief?  
In every vein I feel  
my blood course ice-cold  
and only pain and affliction keep me alive.  
My heart beats in my bosom  
with violent palpitations.  
Clori, cruel women, how long  
will your steely severity to me endure?

I go from grief to grief,  
like a bark/ship  
that from one high wave to another  
is forever tossed.

Thunder roars, lightning flashes,  
the sea is rent by tempests,  
the bark sees neither haven nor shore,  
and does not know where to land.

*Recitativo:*

In qual strano e confuse  
vortice di pensieri  
la mia mente s'aggira?  
Or'è in calma, or s'adira,  
e dove ancor si fermi non resolve.  
Or in sasso, or in polve  
vorria cangiarsi. Oh Dio! Ma di che mai,  
ma di che ti quereli  
cor incredulo, infido?  
Di che ti lagni ahimé! Forse non sai  
che nel seno di Clori hai porto, hai lido!

*Aria:*

Se a me rivolge il ciglio  
l'amato mio tesoro,  
non sento più martoro  
ma torno a respirar.

Non teme più periglio,  
non sente affano e pena,  
l'alma, e si rasserena  
come la calma in mar.

In what strange and chaotic  
whirlpool of troubles  
does my mind wander?  
Now it is calm, now angry,  
and cannot resolve where to dwell.  
Now into rock, now into dust  
would it be transformed. Oh God! But what,  
what is your complaint,  
incredulous, faithless heart?  
Why are you lamenting? Alas! Do you  
not know that you have a haven, a safe shore in Clori's  
breast?

If she turns her gaze on me,  
that beloved treasure of mine,  
I no longer feel my torments,  
but breathe freely once more.

No longer fearing perils,  
nor feeling pain and affliction,  
my soul becomes as serene  
as a calm sea.

**Quel fior che all'alba ride**

Il sole poi l'uccide,  
E tomba ha nella sera.

È un fior la vita, la vita ancora.

L'ocaso ha nell'aurora,  
E perde in un sol dì la primavera.

The flower that laughs at daybreak  
Will be done away by the sun,  
And is in its tomb by evening.

Even so it is with life - life is like a flower.

With dawn comes its destruction  
And it loses its springtime in a single day.

## Performers

Mandie de Villiers-Schutte: studied with well-known baritone and voice teacher Werner Nel, as well as at the Music Academy in Oslo, and has received master Classes from Kobie van Rensburg, Lawrence Zazzo, Mimi Coertze and Roger Vignoles. She made her European debut in 2010 in the role of Magnolia for Cape Town Opera's production of *Showboat* in the Théâtre du Châtelet in Paris. In the same year she sang the leading role in Kobie van Rensburg's production of *L'incoronazione di Poppea* at the Landestheater Niederbayern led by Wolfgang Katschner. Earlier this year she sang the role of Ginevra in a production of Handel's *Ariodante* led by fellow South African, Hans Huysen, which toured four European countries.

As from September this year Mandie will be joining the Landestheater Niederbayern in Passau (Germany) and has already been cast for the roles of Sylva (*Csárdásfürstin*), Melanto/Giunone/Amore (*Il ritorno d'Ulisse in Patria*) and Zdenka (*Arabella*) for her first season.

Lente Louw: holds an LLM in environmental law from NWU, where she also studied voice with renowned lieder specialist, Werner Nel. Since moving to the Cape she has not only established herself as a respected recitalist but also appears as soloist under the baton of Barry Smith regularly, most recently as Theodora and Dido and in the Mozart Requiem. She is currently finding immense fulfilment in developing a unique, relevant, informed and exciting approach to the performance of early music through her involvement with the Cape Consort. Lente is a student of Nellie du Toit and teaches voice at Bishops College and Milnerton High.

Andrew Cruickshank: made his mark in the South African music world as a pianist, harpsichordist, accompanist, composer and singer. He was musical director of the Johannesburg-based vocal solo-ensemble *Mass Appeal* with which he was able to give expression to his keen interest in and to his solid knowledge of the informed performance practice of Renaissance and Baroque music as well as perform contemporary music. He has been instrumental in founding the Cape Consort. He currently works in the actuarial profession.

Hans Huysen: is a composer, conductor and cellist, with a special interest in informed performance practice of early and contemporary music, as well as the incorporation of principles of indigenous African musical traditions into the current musical practices. In 2010 he received the Helgaard Steyn Award – South Africa's most prestigious composition prize – for his *Proteus Variations*. Apart from spearheading various local initiatives to foster a contextualized appreciation of early music, he is the musical director of the Munich based ensemble *così facciamo*, which has gained considerable reputation for its original Baroque opera productions.

## Next concert

Friday, 15 July, 19h30 Old Townhouse, Cape Town

### Virtuous and Virtuosoic

Early Dutch violin music

with Antoinette Lohmann (Amsterdam) – Baroque violin