

Dalle Arie di Corte alla Musica dei Bardi

Canzoni, arie e danze da Inghilterra e Irlanda

Programma

Now, o Now I Needs Must Part

John Dowland (1563 – 1626)

Fortune my Foe - Can she Excuse my Wrongs?

John Dowland (1563 – 1626)

Rest Sweet Nymphs

Francis Pilkington (1565-1638)

Never Weather Beaten Sail

Thomas Capion (1567 – 1620)

Drowne Not With Tears

Alfonso Ferrabosco (1565-1628)

Flow My Tears

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Have you seen but the White Lily Grow?

Robert Johnson (1583-1634)

Lamentation for Owen Roe O'Neill

Turlough O'Carolan (1670-1738)

John O'Connor/Winnie Hayes/The Rolling Waves

Turlough O'Carolan/trad. irlandesi

O'Carolan Draught/ O'Carolan's Receipt for Drinking/ Fanny Power

Turlough O'Carolan (1670-1738)

Bó Mhín Na Toitean/Gravel Walk

Tradizionale irlandese

Si Bheag Si Mhor/The Humours of Ballymanus

Turlough O'Carolan/trad. irlandese



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Canzoni, arie e danze da Inghilterra e Irlanda

"CLORIS DUO"

Caterina Sangineto

voce, arpa celtica

Francesco Motta

liuto, tiorba

Presso la

Chiesa di San Bernardino

Via Arciprete Rota, 4

LALLIO BG

SABATO

07

Settembre

2024

ORE 21.00

Direttore artistico Daniele Rocchi



ORGANIZZATO DA

CON LA COLLABORAZIONE



COMUNE DI LALLIO

Assessorato alla Cultura

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(specificando nome, contatto e numero dei partecipanti)

PRESENTAZIONE DEL CONCERTO

Il concerto del Cloris Duo si focalizza sul repertorio per liuto e voce del XVI e XVII secolo, in particolare sulla musica inglese del periodo elisabettiano, particolarmente ricca di preziosi documenti. Le Lute Songs, grazie a una sublime unione di parola e musica, rappresentano lo spirito autentico dell'età elisabettiana; celebri sono quelle scritte da John Dowland, raffinato liutista la cui fama lo portò ad esibirsi in diverse parti d'Europa tra cui l'Italia. La sua produzione è caratterizzata sia da un carattere popolare, con forme strofiche imperniate sulla danza, che da un'atmosfera complessa e raffinata, debitrice della tecnica dei madrigalisti italiani.

La seconda parte del programma è dedicata a un arpista considerato l'ultimo bardo d'Irlanda, Turlough O'Carolan. Divenuto arpista itinerante, giungendo a Dublino rimase affascinato dalla musica italiana, in particolare da quella di Vivaldi, Corelli e Geminiani, allora molto in voga. Molte delle sue composizioni risentono di questo poderoso influsso, e suo grande merito è di averlo saputo fondere con la musica tradizionale per arpa. Proprio per sottolineare il filo rosso che caratterizza la produzione di O'Carolan il concerto presenta alcune tra le più caratteristiche musiche irlandesi per la danza.

NOW, O NOW, I NEEDS MUST PART

Now, oh now, I needs must part,
Parting though I absent mourn.
Absence can no joy impart;
Joy once fled cannot return.
While I live I needs must love,
Love lives not when Hope is gone.
Now at last Despair doth prove,
Love divided loveth none.
Sad despair doth drive me hence;
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

Dear when I from thee gone,
Gone are all my joys at once,
I lov'd thee and thee alone,
In whose love I joyed once.
And although your sight I leave,
Sight wherein my joys do lie.
Till that death doth sense bereave,
Never shall affection die.
Sad despair doth drive me hence;
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

Dear, if I do not return,
Love and I shall die together.
For my absence never mourn,
Whom you might have joyed ever;
Part we must though now I die,
Die I do to part with you.
Him despair doth cause to lie
Who both liv'd and dieth true.
Sad despair doth drive me hence;

This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

CAN SHE EXCUSE MY WRONGS

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?
Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?

No, no: where shadows do for bodies stand,
Thou may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.
Cold love is like to words written on sand,
Or to bubbles which on the water swim.

Wilt thou be thus abused still,
Seeing that she will right thee never?
If thou can'st not o'ercome her will,
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Was I so base, that I might not aspire,
Unto those high joys which she holds from me?
As they are high, so high is my desire:
If she this deny, what can granted be?

If she will yield, to that which Reason is,
It is Reason's will that Love should be just.
Dear, make me happy still by granting this,
Or cut off delays if that die I must.

Better a thousand times to die,
Then for to live thus still tormented:
Dear, but remember it was I,
Who for thy sake did die contented.

REST SWEET NYMPHS

Rest, sweet Nymphs, let goulden sleep
Charme your star brighter eyes,
Whiles my lute the watch doth keep
With pleasing sympathies.
Lulla, Lullaby
Lulla, Lullaby
Sleep sweetly, sleep sweetly,
Let nothing affright ye,
In calm contentments lie.

Dreame, faire virgins of delight
And blest Elizian groves:
While the wandring shades of night
Resemble your true loves.
Lulla, Lullaby
Lulla, Lullaby
Your kisses, your blisses,
Send them by your wishes,
Although they be not nigh.

Thus, deare damzells, I do give
'Good Night', and so am gone:
With your heartes' desires long live,
Still joy, and never mone.
Lulla, Lullaby
Lulla, Lullaby
Hath pleased you and eased you,
And sweet slumber seized you,
And now to bed I hie.

NEVER WEATHER BEATEN SAIL

Never weather beaten sail more willing bent to shore.
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Then my weary sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest.

Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise.
Cold age deafe not there our ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the blessed only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to thee!

DROWNE NOT WITH TEARS

Drowne not with tears my dearest Love,
Those eyes which my affections move,
Do not with weeping those lights blinde,
Which me in thy subjection binde.

Time that hath made us two as one,
And force thee now to live alone,
Will once againe us reunite,
To show how she can Fortune spight.

Then will we our time redeeme,
And hould our howres in more esteeme,
Turning all our sweetest nights,
Into millions of delights,
And strive with many thousand kisses,
To multiply, to multiply exchange of blisses.

FLOW MY TEARS

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs,
Exil'd forever, let me mourn
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
There let me live forlorn.

Down vain lights, shine you no more,
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their last fortunes deplore,
Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled,
And tears, and sighs, and groans my weary days,
Of all joys have deprived.

From the highest spire of contentment,
My fortune is thrown,
And fear, and grief, and pain for my deserts,
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to contemn light,
Happy, happy they that in Hell
Feel not the world's despite.

HAVE YOU SEEN BUT A WHITE LILY GROW

Have you seen but a White lily grow
before rude hands had touch'd it;
Have you mark'd but the fall of the Snow
before the Earth hath smuct it.

Have you felt the woole of Beaver,
Or Swansdowne ever;
or have smelt of the Bud of the Bryer,
Or the Nard in the fire;
Or have tasted the Bag of the Bee;
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

