



Honorata Karapuda

23|24 SEASON

 UNIVERSITY OF GEORGIA

presents

JAKUB JÓZEF ORLIŃSKI,
countertenor

IL POMO D'ORO
BEYOND

SUN, APR 21, 3:00 pm

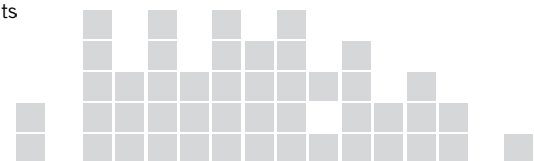
Hodgson Concert Hall

Supported by

DR. MAXINE AND JOHN ROFRANO
W. THOMAS WILFONG

Please silence all mobile phones and electronic devices. Photography, video and audio recording, and texting are prohibited during the performance.

#ugapresents



IL POMO D'ORO

ALFIA BAKIEVA, violin I

JONATHAN PONET, violin II

GIULIO D'ALESSIO, viola

RODNEY PRADA, viola da gamba, lirone

LUDOVICO MINASI, cello

JONATHAN ALVAREZ, double bass

MIGUEL RINCON, theorbo, archlute, guitar

ALBERTO GASPARDI, harpsichord, organ

MARGHERITA BURATTINI, harp

PIETRO MODESTI, cornetto, flute



Giulia Fassina

PROGRAM

This concert is without intermission. Please hold applause until the end of the program.

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1567-1643)

“E pur io torno qui” from *L'incoronazione di Poppea* [9:30]

Voglio di vita uscir [5:30]

BIAGIO MARINI (1594-1663)

Passacalio from *Per ogni sorte di strumento musicale*, Op. 22 [5:30]

GIULIO CACCINI (1551-1618)

“Amarilli, mia bella” from *Le nuove musiche* [3:00]

GIROLAMO FRESCOBALDI (1583-1643)

“Così mi disprezzate” from *Arie musicali*, Book 1 [3:00]

JOHANN CASPAR KERLL (1627-1693)

Sonata for Two Violins in F Major [8:00]

BARBARA STROZZI (1619-1677)

Cantate, ariette e duetti, Op. 2: L'amante consolato [4:00]

FRANCESCO CAVALLI (1602-1676)

“Incomprensibil nume” from *Pompeo Magno* [3:00]

CARLO PALLAVICINO (c. 1640-1688)

Sinfonia from *Demetrio* [3:00]

GIOVANNI CESARE NETTI (1649-1686)

“Misero core”... “Si, si, si scioglia si”... “Dolcissime catene” from *La Filli* [7:00]

ANTONIO SARTORIO (1630-1680)

“La certezza di tua fede” from *Antonino e Pompeiano* [3:00]

NETTI

“Quanto più la donna invecchia” [3:00]

“Son vecchia, pazienza” from *L'Adamiro* [5:00]

ADAM JARZĘBSKI (?-1648/9)

Tamburetta from *Canzoni e concerti* [3:00]

SEBASTIANO MORATELLI (1640-1706)

“Lungi dai nostri cor” from *La Faretra smarrita* [5:00]

Program is subject to change.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

L'incoronazione di Poppea

OTTONE

*E pur io torno qui, qual linea al centro,
qual foco a sfera e qual ruscello al mare,
e se ben luce alcuna non m'appare,
ah, so ben io, che sta'l mio sol qui dentro.
Caro tetto amoroso,
albergo di mia vita, e del mio bene,
il passo e'l cor ad inchinarti viene.
Apri un balcon, Poppea,
col bel viso in cui son le sorti mie,
previeni, anima mia, precorri il die.
Sorgi, e disgombrami,
da questo ciel caligini e tenebre
con il beato aprir di tue palpebre.
Sogni, portate a volo,
fate sentire in dolce fantasia
questi sospir alla diletta mia.
Ma che veggio, infelice?
Non già fantasmi o pur notturne larve,
son questi i servi di Nerone; ah, ah dunque
agl'insensati venti
lo diffondo i lamenti.
Necessito le pietre a deplorarmi.
Adoro questi marmi,
amoreggio con lagrime un balcone,
e in grembo di Poppea dorme Nerone.
Ha condotti costoro,
per custodir se stesso dalle frodi.
O salvezza de' Principi infelice:
dormon profondamente i suoi custodi.
Ah', ah', perfida Poppea,
son queste le promesse e i giuramenti,
ch'accesero il cor mio?
Questa è la fede,
o dio, dio, dio!
Io son quell'Ottone,
che ti segui,
che ti bramò,
che ti servì,
quell'Ottone
che t'adorò,
che per piegarti e intenerirti il core
di lagrime imperò preghi devoti,
gli spirti a te sacrificando in voti.
M'assicurasti al fine
ch'abbracciate avrei nel tuo bel seno
le mie beatitudini amorose;
io di credula speme il seme sparsi,
ma l'aria e'l cielo a' danni miei rivolto...*

OTTO

And here I am again, like a line returning to its origin
or like fire-rays to the sun or a river to the sea,
and although I see no light within
I know full well that, ah, my star does here reside.
Dear and cherished dwelling place,
refuge of my life and love,
my heart has come to pay obeisance to you.
Open a window, Poppea,
appear, my love, your beautiful face,
arbiter of my fate, anticipating the dawn.
Arise and rid the skies
of all this mist and darkness
with the blessed opening of your eyes.
May the wings of dreams
transport these sighs of mine
as delicious fantasies to my beloved.
But what do I see, wretch that I am?
These are no phantoms or spectres of the night
but Nero's servants; alas, and so
to the heartless winds
I propagate my sighs.
I beg these stones to weep for me,
these marble halls, how I long for them,
my tears of love directed to a window
while Nero sleeps in Poppea's arms.
He has ordered them
to defend him from treachery.
Ah, precarious security of princes:
his own guards now fast asleep!
Ah, ah, faithless Poppea,
are these the vows and promises
that set my heart aflame?
Such is fidelity,
o gods!
I am the same Ottone
who pursued and
longed for you,
who served you,
yes, Ottone,
who adored you and,
to bend and touch your heart,
shed loving tears of supplication
and sacrificed my sanity to you in love.
At last you gave your word
that, clasped to your fair breast,
the fullest bliss of love I would receive;
I sowed the seed of credence and of hope,
but now the heavens have forsaken me.

Voglio di vita uscir

*Voglio di vita uscir, voglio che cadano
quest'ossa in polve e queste membra in cenere,
e che i singulti miei tra l'ombre vadano,
già che quel piè ch'ingemma l'herbe tenere
sempre fugge da me, ne lo trattengono
i lacci, ohimè, del bel fanciul di Venere.
Vo che gl'abissi il mio cordoglio vedano,
e l'aspro mio martir le furie piangano,
e che i dannati al mio tormento cedano.
A Dio crudel, gl'orgogli tuoi rimangono
a incrudelir con gl'altri. A te rinunzio,
né vo' più che mie speme in te si frangano.
S'apre la tomba, il mio morir t'annuntio.
Una lagrima spargi, et alfin donami
di tua tarda pietade un solo nuntio,
e s'amando t'offesi, homai perdonami.*

I wish to depart this life and for these bones
and limbs to crumble into dust and ash
and my sobs to die away among the shadows
because her feet that grace the tender grass
are always running from me, nor are they caught,
alas, in the snares of Venus' cherub-boy.
I want Hell to be a witness to my anguish
and the furies to weep for my bitter pain
and the damned to be awed by my agony.
Farewell, cruel one, may your arrogance live on
to torture others. I give you up:
for you to dash my hopes is no longer my desire.
The tomb is opening: witness now my death.
Shed a tear and, at the last, display
a single sign of your belated pity,
and if I caused offence by loving you, pardon me, I pray.

Amarilli, mia bella

*Amarilli, mia bella,
non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio
d'esser tu l'amor mio?
Credilo pur e se timor t'assale,
prendi questo mio strale,
aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:
Amarilli è il mio amore.*

O my lovely Amaryllis,
do you not know, o my heart's sweet desire,
that you are the one I love?
Know it to be so and, if you still have doubts,
take this arrow of mine,
open my breast and see written on my heart:
Amaryllis is my love.

Così mi disprezzate?

*Così voi mi burlate?
Tempo verrà, ch'Amore
farà di vostro core
quel, che fate del mio,
non più parole, addio!
Datemi pur martiri,
burlate i miei sospiri,
negatemi mercede,
oltraggiate mia fede,
ch'in voi vedrete poi,
quel che mi fate voi.
Beltà sempre non regna,
e s'ella pur v'insegna
a dispregiar mia fè,
credete pur a me,
che s'oggi m'acidete,
doman vi pentirete.
Non nego già, ch'in voi
Amor ha i pregi suoi,
ma sò, ch'il tempo cassa
beltà, che fugge, e passa,
se non volete amare,
io non voglio penare.
Il vostro biondo crine,
la guance purpurine
veloci più che Maggio
tosto faran passaggio,
prezzategli pur voi,
ch'io riderò ben poi.*

Is this how you scorn me?
Is this how you mock me?
The time will come when Love
will do to your heart
what you are doing to mine.
No more words, farewell!
Continue to torment me,
mock my sighs,
deny me pity,
profane my constancy,
but one day you will suffer
what you are doing to me now.
Beauty does not reign forever,
and if it goads you
into scorning my fidelity,
believe me when I say
that if today you injure me
tomorrow you will repent of it.
I do not deny that Love
holds you in high esteem,
but I also know that time invalidates
beauty which slips away and fades,
and if you do not wish to love,
I do not wish to suffer either.
Your golden hair
and rosy cheeks
will fade more swiftly
than the month of May,
so make the most of them
for the last laugh will be mine.

L'amante consolato

*Son tanto ito cercando
che pur alfin trovai
colei che desiai
duramente penando,
oh questa volta sì ch'io non m'inganno,
s'io non godo mio danno!
Son tali quei contenti
che pur alfin io provo
che tutto mi rinovo
doppo lunghi tormenti.
Ma tutti com'io fo far non sapranno
chi non gode suo danno.*

The Consoled Lover

I sought so hard
and finally found
my longed-for lady
but suffering greatly through it.
Ah, this time I shan't be so deluded
and won't be a glutton for punishment!
Such are the delights
that I'm finally enjoying
that I feel reborn
after such long torment.
But not everyone will know to do as I do
to not be a glutton for punishment!

Incomprensibil nume

*Incomprensibil nume, che sei
per tutto e fuor di te non sei;
Luce, che più che miro,
e meno intendo,
delle vittorie mie grazie ti rendo.
Noto solo a te stesso
principio eterno ed infinito fi ne;
ch'il tutto vai dal nulla ognor traendo
delle vittorie mie grazie ti rendo.*

Incomprehensible god

Incomprehensible god, who are
imminent yet disincarnate;
o star, the longer gazed upon,
the less I apprehend you;
I thank you for my victories.
Only your purpose do I acknowledge,
eternal and infinite source
that brings forth all from nothingness;
I thank you for my victories.

La Filli (La moglie del fratello)

BERILLO

*Aria
Misero core,
dal crudo amore
che speri tu?
Altra speranza
più non m'avanza
che il mio dolor,
dandomi morte,
dell'empia sorte
cessi il rigor.
E l'alma afflitta,
dal duol trauffita,
non peni più.
Recitativo
Datti pace, Berillo, e col dispregio
vendica le tue offese.
Sian da te vilipese
quelle luci ch'avesti in tanto pregio.
Aria
Sì, sì, si sciolga, si
per man di sdegno
quel laccio indegno
ch'Amore ordì.
No, no, più s'ami, no.
Del cieco arciero,
sdegno guerriero,
l'arco spezzò.
Recitativo
Ah, che miei voi non siete,
pensier, se pretendete
di ribellarvi al core
che a Filli già donai per man d'Amore.*

Phyllis (The brother's wife)

BERILLO

*Aria
Wretched heart,
from cruel love
what did you expect?
No hope
is open to me
other than my sorrow,
bringing my death;
cease now the cruelty
of my ignominious fate.
And sorrowing soul of mine,
pierced with pain,
suffer no more.
Recitative
Be at peace, Berillo, and scornfully
avenge your wrongs.
Be contemptuous now of
those eyes you loved so well.
Aria
Yes, yes, may anger
now dissolve those
shameful snares
that Love contrived.
No, no, love is over now.
Warlike wrath
has snapped in two
the blind archer's bow.
Recitative
Ah, these are not true thoughts of mine
that presume
to disavow the heart
I gave to Phyllis, conveyed to her by Love.*

*Aria
Dolcissime catene
sempre v'adorerò.
Costante nelle pene
di voi mai mi dorrà.
Siami pur quanto vuol, Filli crudele,
io gli sarò fedele.*

*Aria
Sweetest chains,
I shall always adore you.
Steadfast in my suffering
I shall never complain of you.
As cruel as Phyllis wishes to be to me,
I shall remain faithful to her.*

Antonino e Pompeiano

POMPEIANO

*La certezza di tua fede
può dar vita a questo core,
può dar morte a la mia morte,
può tornarmi la mia sorte
la costanza del tuo amore.*

Antoninus and Pompeianus POMPEIANUS

The sureness of your devotion
can bring life to this heart of mine
and death to my own death;
and the constancy of your love
can restore good fortune to me.

L'Adamiro

CRINALBA

*Quanto più la donna invecchia
più desidera il marito.
Con la face il dio d'amor
non perdona a vecchia età.
Quando manca la beltà
della carne il pizzicor
dà più somite al prurito.*

Adamiro

CRINALBA

The more a lady ages,
the more she desires her husband.
But with his torch, the god of love
is unforgiving of old age.
When beauty fades
from the complexion,
itchy rashes follow in its wake.

CRINALBA

*Son vecchia, pazienza
passò quell'età
che l'anime ardea.
Che lieta vedea
gl'amanti in presenza
cercarmi pietà.*

CRINALBA

I am old, sorry,
the age has passed
that fires our hearts.
How happy I was to see
the lovers here
coming to seek my compassion.

La faretra smarrita

AMORE

*Lungi dai nostri cor
si rigido martir.
Il nome d'Amor
è in vita a morir.*

The Lost Quiver

AMOR

Far from our hearts
such cruel torment.
The name of Love
perishes though still alive.

ABOUT THE ARTISTS

JAKUB JÓZEF ORLIŃSKI

One of the most beloved and celebrated opera stars of this decade, Jakub Józef Orliński has established himself as one of the world's leading artists, triumphing on stage, in concert, and on recordings. His sold-out concerts and recitals throughout Europe and America have attracted new followers to the art form. An exclusive artist on the Warner Classics/Erato label, his most recent recording accompanied by friend and pianist Michał Biel entitled *Farewells* earned him the prestigious Opus Klassik award for Male Singer of the Year (2023). His new album *Beyond* was released in October 2023, and he is touring throughout the world with il Pomo d'Oro.

Highlights of this season include the highly anticipated 25-date European tour of the new album in the fall, and an American tour during spring. Orliński will also return on the operatic stage at the Theatre des Champs-Élysées, Paris in a new production of *L'Olimpiade* by Vivaldi. He will then join his long-time musical partner, pianist Michał Biel, for exclusive recitals throughout Europe.

In the 2022-2023 season, the Polish countertenor went to Théâtre des Champs-Élysées for a sold out run of the Robert Carsen production of *Orfeo ed Eurydice* followed by another new production of the same opera at San Francisco Opera by Matthew Ozawa. Mr. Orliński also joined il Pomo d'Oro on a tour to sing the title role in *Tolomeo Re d'Egitto* on major stages throughout Europe including Teatro Real, Madrid and Paris. Outside the operatic stage, the public had the opportunity to watch the new 1-hour documentary *Music for a while* about him that was released during spring on Arte and got the most views for a cultural documentary on the European TV channel.

IL POMO D'ORO

The ensemble il Pomo d'Oro was founded in 2012. It is characterized by an authentic, dynamic interpretation of operas and instrumental works from the Baroque and Classical periods. The musicians are all well-known specialists and are among the best in the field of historical performance practice. The ensemble so far has worked with the conductors Riccardo Minasi, Maxim Emelyanychev, Stefano Montanari, George Petrou, Enrico Onofri, and Francesco Corti. Concertmaster Zefira Valova leads the orchestra in various projects. Since 2016 Emelyanychev has been its chief conductor, and since 2019 Corti is principal guest conductor.

Il Pomo d'Oro is a regular guest in prestigious concert halls and festivals all over Europe. The group's discography includes several opera recordings: G. F. Händel's *Agrippina*, *Seerse*, *Tamerlano*, *Partenope*, and *Ottone*, Leonardo Vinci's *Catone in Utica*, and Alessandro Stradella's *La Doriclea*. It features recitals with the countertenors Jakub Józef Orliński, Franco Fagioli, Max Emanuel Cencic, and Xavier Sabata, with mezzosopranos Ann Hallenberg and Joyce DiDonato, and with sopranos Lisette Oropesa, Emöke Barath and Francesca Aspromonte.

Among the ensemble's instrumental albums are recordings of Haydn's violin and harpsichord concertos as well as a cello album with Edgar Moreau, which



received Echo Klassik Awards in 2016. Further instrumental recordings are dedicated to the violin concertos and the harpsichord concertos by J.S. Bach, with Shunske Sato and Francesco Corti as soloists, and virtuoso violin concertos with Dmitry Sinkovskiy.

In 2022 il Pomo d'Oro started a long-term recording project of Mozart symphonies and selected solo concertos with Emelyanychev conducting. The first volume, *The Beginning and the End*, was released with Aparté in early 2023, featuring Mozart's first and last symphonies and Piano Concerto No. 23 with Emelyanychev as soloist.

The albums *Anima Sacra* with Jakub Józef Orliński, and *Voglio Cantar* with soprano Emöke Barath received the prestigious Opus-Klassik award, and the recording of G.F. Händel's *Seerse*, conducted by Maxim Emelyanychev, was awarded the Italian Abbiato del Disco. In 2018, the recording of Alessandro Stradella's opera *La Doriclea*, conducted by Andrea di Carlo, received the German Preis der Deutschen Schallplattenkritik. *Virtuosissimo* with Dmitry Sinkovskiy, released in 2019, received a Diapason d'Or. In 2022, *Eden* with Joyce DiDonato received a Choc from Classica and an Opus Klassik.

Il Pomo d'Oro is official ambassador of El Sistema Greece, a humanitarian project to provide free musical education to children in Greek refugee camps. Il Pomo d'Oro plays charity concerts and offers workshops and music lessons according to the El Sistema method on a frequent regular basis in various refugee camps in Greece.

The name of the ensemble il Pomo d'Oro refers to Antonio Cesti's opera from the year 1666. Composed for the wedding celebrations of Emperor Leopold I and Margarita Teresa of Spain, Il Pomo d'Oro was probably one of the largest, most expensive and most spectacular opera productions in the still young history of the genre. Twenty-four different stage designs, an equestrian ballet of 300 horses, a fireworks display of 73,000 rockets, and numerous special effects should have made the Emperor's court the highlight of cultural splendor in Europe.

www.ilpomodoro.org