

The Dinner Party



Saturday, March 10th, at 8:00 pm
Lindsey Chapel/Emmanuel Church, Boston

Sunday, March 11th, at 4:00 pm
Eliot Church of Newton, Newton Corner

CAPPELLA Twelve Centuries of New Music
Amelia LeClair, Director **CLAUSURA**

2017-18 Season

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EVE & ADAM

a new take on a very old story

In Arvo Pärt's "Adam's Lament" Adam represents all humankind. Elena Ruehr's "Eve" takes the same familiar text from Genesis, but poses an honest question: What if? With 16 piece orchestra.



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Sunday March 11, 4 pm Eliot Church, Newton Corner

RSVP: www.CLAUSURA.ORG for tickets & info

CAPPELLA CLAUSURA
Amelia LeClair, Director

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Amelia LeClair, Director
THE DINNER PARTY

Godere In Gioventù

JS, AR, AG / CL, LJ

Eccomi pronta ai baci

WP, FM, AG / CL, LJ

L'Amante modesto

AR, LH, FM, WP, AG / CL, LJ

Altri canti di Marte

TUTTI

L'Affetto humano

JS, LH, FM, AG / CL

Silentio nocivo

AR, LH, FM, WP / CL, LJ

Libertà

FM, WP, AG / CL, LJ

La Vendetta

JS / DS, GT, CL, LJ

Barbara Strozzi (1619-c.1664)

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Strozzi

Monteverdi

Strozzi

Strozzi

Strozzi

Strozzi

INTERMISSION

Vecchio amante

LH, FM, AG / DS, GT, CL, LJ

Lamento della Ninfa

AR, FM, WP, AG / CL, LJ

Gli Amanti falliti

JS, LH, FM, WP, AG / CL, LJ

Hor che'l ciel

TUTTI

La Riamata

AR, LH / DS, GT, CL, LJ

Movete al mio belle suon

JS, AR, FM, WP, AG / DS, GT, CL, LJ

Zefiro torna

JS, AR / DS, GT, CL, LJ

Strozzi

Monteverdi

Strozzi

Monteverdi

Strozzi

Monteverdi

Monteverdi

Sopranos: Janet Stone (JS), Adriana Repetto (AR)

Mezzo-soprano: Lisa Hadley (LH)

Tenor: Fausto Miro (FM)

Baritone/Bass: Will Prapestis (WP), Anthony Garza (AG)

Violin 1: Daniel Stepner (DS)

Violin 2: Guiomar Turgeon (GT)

Theorbo/baroque guitar: Catherine Liddell (CL)

Viola da Gamba: Laura Jeppesen (LJ)

(See inside back cover for CAPPELLA CLAUSURA ensemble photos and bios)



CAPPELLA CLAUSURA
Winner of the 2017 Chorus America
ASCAP-ALICE PARKER AWARD
for Adventurous Programming



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TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Godere In Gioventù

Nel bel fior di gioventù alle gioie
aprire il seno, donzellette, è gran
virtù.

Chi tardi cominciò gode assai meno:
scherniti pentimenti, che per com-
prar contenti,
non ha spaccio poi molto
l'argento d'un capel, l'oro d'un
volto.

Nel bel fior ...

È d'un corto mattin breve il sereno:
bellezze fuggitive, estinte pria che
vive,
in van l'arte vi aiuta,
non si racquista più beltà perduta.
Nel bel fior ...

Eccomi pronta ai baci:

baciarmi, Ergasto mio; ma bacia in
guisa
che dei denti mordaci
nota non resti nel mio volto incisa,
perch'altri non m'additi, e in essa
poi
legga le mie vergogne e i baci tuoi.
Ahi, tu mordi e non baci,
tu mi segnasti, ahi, ahi!
Possa io morir se più ti bacio mai!
- *Giambattista Marino*

L'Amante modesto

Volano frettolosi i giorni, e presto
un secolo sarà ch'io t'amo, a Clori.
Ne de' miei lunghi ossequiosi amori
un picciol guiderdone anco t'hò
chiesto.
Amante son, ma candido e modesto.
Voglio che taciturno il cor ti adori,
e voglio disfogar gl'interni ardori
col muto fiato d'un sospir honesto.
Godati chi di me piu fortunato

Enjoy Your Youth

In the fair flower of youth,
opening your heart to joy,
oh maidens, is a great virtue.
Whoever begins late enjoys much
the less: You should scoff at regrets!
For in buying contentment
you don't receive much value
from the silver in your hair
nor the gold in your visage.
In the fair flower of youth ...
Fair weather is brief during a
short morning, the beauty
within you is already fleeting
even before it lives.
In vain can art assist you,
for beauty once lost in never re-
gained.
In the fair flower of youth ...

Here I am, ready for kisses:

kiss me, my Ergasto; but kiss
in such a way that no trace of biting
teeth may leave a scar to mark my
face;
so that others may not point to it and
in it read my shame and your kisses.
Ah! You bite and do not kiss,
you have branded me, ah! Ah!
Better to die than
kiss you no more!

The unassuming lover

The days are flying swiftly, and
almost a century have I loved you,
oh Clori.
For my long, devoted love, not even
a small reward have I asked.
A lover I am, but pure and modest.
I wish the heart to adore you silent-
ly, and I wish to release the internal
passions
with the mute breath of an honest

nacque ai dilette impuri. A me sol
basta saper dalla mia Clori esser
amato.

Così mai non guerreggia
e non contrasta rivalità.
Diverso è il nostro stato.
Egli t'ama impudica. Io t'amo
casta.

Altri canti di Marte, e di sua schiera

gli arditì assalti, e l'honorate im-
prese,
le sanguigne vittorie, e le contese,
i trionfi di morte horrida, e fera.
Io canto, Amor, da questa tua guer-
riera quant'hebbi a sostener mortali
offese,
com'un guardo mi vinse, un crin mi
prese: historia miserabile, ma vera.
Due begli occhi fur l'armi, onde
traffitta giacque, e di sangue invece
amaro pianto
sparse lunga stagion l'anima afflitta.
Tu, per lo cui valor la palma, e'l
vanto
hebbe di me la mia nemica invitta,
se desti morte al cor, dà vita al canto.
- *Giambattista Marino*

L'Affetto humano

Vago, instabil, leggiero è il nostro
affetto, Si cangiano i desir cangiando
gl'anni;
Ché di quel che fanciul tanto
t'affanni,
Superbetto Garzon non hai diletto.
Di colei che sì dolce hor m'arde il
petto,
La più matura età scuopre gl'inganni;
Ma gl'andati piacer, vecchio, con-
danni
Ch'a lasciar i piacer ti vedi astretto.
Così col tempo andiam di voglie in
voglie:

sigh. Let he who is born more fortunate
than I enjoy impure delights. To me it
is enough to know
that I am loved by my Clori.
Thus, never warring and never con-
flicting is our rivalry. Diverse is our
condition. He loves you wanton. I
love you chaste.

We sing of Mars, and of his army

the daring assaults, and the honorable
enterprises,
the bloody victories, and the disputes,
the triumphs of death horrible and wild.
I sing, Amor, for from this warrior of
yours
I had to sustain deadly injuries.
like a guard he won me, a wave over-
came me: miserable story, but true.
Two beautiful eyes for weapons, waves
of stabbing pain, my afflicted soul scat-
tered
bitter tears of blood for a long time.
You, for whose valor the palm is the
pride
like my enemy invaded me;
if you give death to the heart, it gives
life to the song.

Human passion

Fleeting, unstable, and fickle is our
passion,
our desires change with changing
years;
what so preoccupies you as a child
gives you no pleasure as a youth.
Of her that today enflames my breast
so sweetly,
greater maturity uncovers her deceits;
older, you condemn departed pleasures
as you find yourself forced to abandon
them.
Thus as time passes we go from desire
to desire:

Gioco, vezzi, delitie, amori e studi
Son finti scherzi e mascherate
doglie;
E la sorte chiamando e i cieli crudi,
Caduchi più de le caduche foglie.
Nudi venghiamo e ce n'andiamo
ignudi.

Silentio nocivo

Dolcissimi respiri
De' nostri cori amanti
Son le parole affettuose e i canti.
Sfoga, o mio core, il tuo cocente
ardore,
Se tal'hor non ti tocca
Nodirti almen di due soavi baci.
Afflittissima bocca, Stolta sei se tu
taci:
Parla, canta, respira, esala il duolo,
Canta, canta, che solo
Dolcissimi respiri...

Libertà

Non ci lusinghi più
Con la tua dolce spene,
Vezzosa servitù:
Libertà, libertà, non più catene!
Dunqu'era il mio bene,
Dunqu'era il mio core,
Una donna infedel priva d'amore.
Oh stolido errore, Per breve gioire
Corteggiar pene e vagheggiar mar-
tùre.
Oh basso desire, Oh alto arrischiato:
Chi gode nell'inferno esser dannato.
Non ci lusinghi più...

La Vendetta

La Vendetta è un dolce affetto,
Il dispetto vuol dispetto,
Il rifarsi e un gran diletto.
Vane son scuse e ragioni
Per placar donna oltraggiata,
Non pensar che ti perdoni.
Donna mai non vendicata
Pace ha in bocca e guerra in petto.

games, charms, delights, loves, and
studies are feigned trifles and disguised
sorrows;
and while calling fate and the gods
cruel,
we fall more surely than falling leaves.
Naked we arrive and we depart naked.

Noisome silence

Sweetest breaths
are the passionate words and songs
of our loving hearts.
Express, oh my heart, your burning
desire, when at times you cannot
at least nourish yourself
with two sweet kisses.
Afflicted mouth,
you're foolish if you remain silent:
Speak, sing, divulge your suffering,
sing, sing, for only Sweetest breaths...

Freedom

Stop enticing me with your sweet
hopes,
fickle servitude:
Freedom, freedom, no more chains!
She was my wellbeing, she was my
heart:
an unfaithful woman without love.
Oh foolish mistake,
to court pain and welcome suffering
for brief enjoyment.
Oh low desire, oh high risk,
to enjoy being damned in Hell.
Stop enticing me...

Revenge is a sweet passion,

Torment inspires torment,
Retribution is a grand pleasure.
Apologies and reasons are futile
For placating an outraged woman.
Don't think that she'll forgive you.
A Woman is never appeased,
She speaks peace with her mouth
but has war in her breast.

La Vendetta...

Non perdona in vendicarlo
All'amante più gradito
Che l'adora e vuol rifarsi
Quand'il fiero insuperbito
Verso lei perd' il rispetto.

Vecchio amante, che rende la piazza

Io cedo, Amor, io cedo all'ingiurie
de gl' anni.
Congiurate a miei danni
l'armi del tempo io veda.
Io cedo, Amor, io cedo.
Accio la resa mia
senza gloria non sia,
pria ch'estinto io mi veggia,
Amor, per me patteggià.
La rocca del mio core
tutte ha perdute homai
le disese di fuore.
A i balconi del volto
l'uso del lume è tolto.
Di mia bocca son state
le macchine atterrate.
Ogni duro sì scuote, e per la breccia
di rugose
gote l'ultimo assalto apparecchiato
io vedo.
Io cedo, ... Il miccio del desire
voglio primieramente
resti acceso all'uscire.
La speme porti almeno
poco bagaglio in seno.
Al mio coraggio tocca
sortir can palla in bocca.
E portar di ragione vuol la memoria
un picciolo cannone,
che la memoria sol meco io mi veda.
Io cedo, ... Ancor sara dovere
marchiar in ordinanza,
a spiegate bandiere per dounque si
passa trombeggiar battar cassa.
Ove condurmi io voglio,
c'h'abbia un fido convoglio.
Parla chiaro. E che basti

Revenge is a sweet..

Having avenged herself she won't for-
giveThe most chastened lover.,
Who loves her and wants to make
amends,Once the proud invincible one
Has lost her respect for him.

Old lover who returns to the piazza

I yield, Love, I yield to the abuses of
years. Conspiring to my undoing
I see the weapons of time.
I yield, Love, I yield. So that my sur-
render shall not be without glory,
before I would see myself extin-
guished,
Love, take my part.
The fortress of my heart
has by now totally lost
its outer defenses.
From the balconies of the visage
the use of light has been taken.
The defense machinery of my mouth
has been razed.
Each resistance is shaken, and through
the breach of wrinkled cheeks
I see the final assault in preparation.
I yield, ...
The fuse of desire I wish, in the first
place, to remain enflamed upon
emerging.
May hope carry at least a little gear in
the breast.
As for my courage, It is time to go
forth, with cannonballs in mouth.
Similarly equipped, memory wants a
small cannon so that I see myself only
as my memory.
I yield,...
Again it will be a duty to strike out in
ranks, to deploy the colors wherever
one passes
trumpeting and beating drums.
Where I would conduct myself
I must have a faithful convoy.
Speak clearly. It is enough
that in the end new strifes shall be

che non forghino in fin nuovi con-
trasti,
perch' il nemico cavilloso io vedo.
Io cedo, Amor, io cedo all' ingiurie de
gl' anni.
Congiurate a miei danni l' armi del
tempo io vedo.
Io cedo Amor, io cedo.

Lamento della Ninfa

Part I: Non havea Febo ancora
Non havea Febo ancora
recato al mondo il dì
ch' una donzella fuori
del proprio albergo uscì.
Sul pallidetto volto
scorgease il suo dolor,
spesso gli veniva sciolto
un gran sospir dal cor.
Sì calpestando fiori,
errava hor qua, hor là,
i suoi perduti amori
così piangendo va:
Part II: Amor, dicea
“Amor,” dicea, il ciel
mirando il piè fermò
“dove, dov' è la fé
che 'l traditor giurò?
Fa che ritorni il mio
amor com' ei pur fu,
o tu m' acidì, ch' io
non mi tormenti più.”
Miserella, ah più no,
tanto gel soffrir non può.
“Non vo' più ch' ei sospiri
se non lontan da me,
no, no, che i suoi martiri
più non dirammi, affé!
Perché di lui mi struggo
tutt' orgoglioso sta,
che sì, che sì se 'l fuggo
ancor mi pregherà?
Se ciglio ha più sereno
colei che 'l mio non è,
già non rinchiude in seno
Amor sì bella fé.

unforged,
for I see the carping enemy.
I yield, Love, I yield to the abuses
of years.
Conspiring to my undoing I see the
weapons of time.
I yield, Love, I yield.

Lament of the Nymph

Part I: Non havea Febo ancora
The god Phoebus had still to light
The great fires of the dawn
When the nymph left her dwelling.
Her face a pale temple in its ruins of
grief;
Her cries – a heart, rending.
Hither and thither she went,
Stumbling through flowers,
Grieving the love she had lost:
Part II: Amor, dicea
Hear me, O Love, she begged the
heavens,
– stock still now, rooted to the spot –
What happened to that traitor's vow,
‘Togetherness and trust’?”
I just want him back,
But as he was before.
If you cannot – then kill me;
I cannot bear this agony.
No more will I listen to his sighs,
Unless we are separated by a
thousand seas No! No longer will I
martyr myself for this. I am destroy-
ing myself because of him,
And the worse it is, the more
gorged,
The more satisfied he seems.
If I were to flee from him,
Perhaps then he might come beg-
ging? That woman's eyebrows
May be arched more perfectly than
mine, But sealed within my breast,
O Love,
Lives a faithfulness still fairer.
And that woman's mouth will never

Né mai sì dolci baci
da quella bocca havrai,
né più soavi; ah, taci,
taci, che troppo il sai.”

Part III: Sì, tra sdegnosi pianti

Sì tra sdegnosi pianti
spargea le voci al ciel;
così ne' cori amanti
mesce Amor fiamma e gel.
- Ottavio Rinuccini

Gli Amanti falliti

Amor, amor, noi ricorriamo a te
Supplichevoli avanti senza credito
Ò fe falliti amanti.
Se di forze ci spoglia grave cadente
età S' andiam ogni hora più giù
Se non potiamo più
La tua pietà ci toglia
Da dura servitù.
Amor, amor, noi ricorriamo a te
S' à noi manca ogni splendida ricche-
zza Se miseri e dolenti d' ogni nostra
bellezza
Miriamo i fior languenti
E se non ritroviam chi più ci guardi,
Frena, Amor, i toi dardi.
Non bersagliar in vano
Ch' il dar morte a manchevoli
Sarebbe scorno della tua mano.

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

et le fere e gli augelli il sonno af-
frena,
Notte il carro stellato in giro mena
et nel suo letto il mar senz' onda
giace,
veggio, penso, ardo, piango; et chi
mi sfaccia
sempre m' è inanzi per mia dolce
pena:
guerra è 'l mio stato, d' ira et di duol
piena,

open
To give such kisses as I can give!
(Hush! Say nothing – you know only
too well!)

Part III: Sì, tra sdegnosi pianti

With these cries she cast
Her anguish to the heavens.
And so it is that in the heart of every
lover Burns, side-by-side, love's
flame and ice.

The Failed Lovers

Love, Love, we turn to you,
entreating without assurance or re-
pute, we fading lovers.
As advancing age
deprives us of strength,
as we decline further every hour, as
we become feeble,
let your mercy remove us
from harsh servitude.
Love, Love, we turn to you.
Since we lack resplendent comeliness,
miserable and suffering,
since we watch the flowers
of our charms fade, and as we
no longer find anyone who looks at
us, restrain your arrows, Cupid;
don't shoot to no purpose,
for to give death to weaklings
would dishonour your bow.

Now that the sky and the earth and the wind are silent

and the wild creatures and the birds
are reined in sleep,
Night leads its starry chariot in its
round,
and the sea without a wave lies in its
bed, I look, think, burn, weep: and she
who destroys me
is always before my eyes to my sweet
distress:
war is my state, filled with grief and
anger,

et sol di lei pensando ò qualche
pace.
Cosí sol d'una chiara fonte viva
move 'l dolce et l'amaro ond'io mi
pasco;
una man sola mi risana et punge;
e perché 'l mio martir non giunga a
riva,
mille volte il dí moro et mille nasco,
tanto da la salute mia son lunge.
- *Francesco Petrarca*

La Riamata Da Chi Amava

Dormi, ò mio dolore,
Addormentati, ò mia pena,
I sospiri ei pianti affrena,
Posa in stabil core.
Pace datevi, ò speranze,
Acquietatevi, ò desiri,
Dilungatevi, ò martiri,
In eterne lontananze.
Cieco duol mi affliggi à torto,
Ch'alle gioie Amor mi vuole
E mi rende il mio bel Sole,
La mia vita, il mio conforto.
Alma mia, riedi à godere
Che desii con tanto affetto,
Corri, ò core, al cor diletto,
Torna al ben, torna al piacere,
Alma mia, torna al godere.

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'humide ninfe al Ballo
anch'elle.
Fuggano in sì bel di nemi e
procelle.
D'aure odorate el mormorar
giocondo
Fatt'eco al mio cantar, rimbombi
il mondo
L'opre di Ferdinando eccelsi e belle.
Ei l'armi cinse, e su destrier alato

and only in thinking of her do I find
peace.
So from one pure living fountain
flow the sweet and bitter which I
drink:
one hand alone heals me and pierces
me: and so that my ordeal may not
reach haven,
I am born and die a thousand times a
day, I am so far from my salvation.

The Former Lover's Revival Of Love

Slumber, oh my sorrow,
go to sleep, oh my suffering,
restrain your sighs and tears,
come to rest in a serene heart.
Be at peace, hopes, quiet yourselves,
desires, distance yourselves, torments,
into infinite remoteness.
Blind suffering, you afflict me
wrongly,
since Love wished to delight me
and restore to me my beautiful sun,
my life, my comfort.
My soul, return to enjoy
the one you desire with such passion,
run, my heart, to the beloved heart; re-
turn to contentment, return to delight,
my soul, return to joy.

Move your slender feet to my beau- tiful sound

Scatter with roses your graceful blond
waves
And, Nymphs, leave the rich waters of
Istro - and come too.
Fly in such beautiful clouds and
storms In fresh auras we'll whisper
gleefully. making echoes of my song,
resounding in the world.
The work of Ferdinand is excellent
and beautiful.
He is armed, and on a winged deer
He survived the plague, and on this
hard land

Corse le piaggie, e su la terra dura
La testa riposo sul braccio armato.
Le torri eccelse e le superbe mura
Al vento sparse, e fe' vermiglio il
prato,
Lasciando ogni altra gloria al
mondo oscura.
- *Ottavio Rinuccini*

Zefiro torna

e di soavi accenti
l'aer fa grato e' il pié discioglie a
l'onde
e, mormoranda tra le verdi fronde,
fa danzar al bel suon su'l prato i
fiori.
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.
Sorge più vaga in ciel l'aurora, e'l
sole,
sparge più luci d'or; più puro ar-
gento
fregia di Teti il bel ceruleo manto.
Sol io, per selve abbandonate e sole,
l'ardor di due belli occhi e'l mio
tormento,
come vuol mia ventura, hor piango
hor canto.
- *Ottavio Rinuccini*

This leader rests on his armed
might.
The towers of his city are highest,
the superb walls Scatter the wind,
and make the meadow vermilion,
Leaving every other glory to the
hidden world.

Return O Zephyr,

and with gentle motion
Make pleasant the air and scatter the
grasses in waves
And murmuring among the green
branches
Make the flowers in the field dance
to your sweet sound;
Crown with a garland the heads of
Phylla and Chloris
With notes tempered by love and
joy,
From mountains and valleys high
and deep And sonorous caves that
echo in harmony.
The dawn rises eagerly into the
heavens and the sun Scatters rays of
gold, and of the purest silver,
Like embroidery on the cerulean
mantle of Thetis. But I, in aban-
doned forests, am alone. The ardour
of two beautiful eyes is my torment;
As my Fate wills it, now I weep,
now I sing.

- *Translations by Molly Bianca
Gross, Candace A Magner, Richard
Kolb and Anthony S. Kline*

Program Notes - Amelia LeClair

Barbara Strozzi would have been about thirteen in 1632 when Claudio Monteverdi, in his sixties, published *Scherzi musicali*, his final volume of diverse works which includes the baroque pop tune *Zefiro Torno*. Being Venetian, and the daughter of a member of the cognoscenti, she may even have met Monteverdi at some point. We do know that her adoptive father, Giulio Strozzi, wrote poetry and libretti for Monteverdi. Giulio was a prolific librettist in Venice, and both member and founder of various cultural “academies”, groups of like-minded intellectual men. He recognized his daughter’s musical talent early on, and secured her musical education. In 1637 he founded the *Accademia degli Unisoni*, a gathering musicians and notables who could bear witness to her genius. She is one of the few known women among the many composers of 17th century Italy, and alone among her sex in having pursued a career as a composer.

Ground breaking scholars Ellen Rosand and Candace Magner (whose *Cor Donato Editions* we are using) have brought this remarkable artist and her musical work back to life. Her opus consists of eight volumes of works containing 125 pieces for solo, duo, trio, quartet, and quintet.

Barbara Strozzi was among the most prolific composers of cantatas in her time. In 1652, by the time her sixth volume was published, several of her works were included in a collection of pieces by “*diversi eccellentissimi autori moderni*”. Despite that, it appears that all of her works were published as monographs that she herself planned and saw through to press. And as her frequently changed dedicatory notes show, she was never able to find a patron. She may have been known and even respected as a composer in her own time, yet history has since attached to her the usual salacious implications.

Dr. Candace A Magner writes:

“Frustratingly little is known about Barbara Stozzi’s childhood and musical training. We know that she studied with Francesco Cavalli, Director of Music at San Marco Basilica Given the few bits of information ... we have a picture of an extraordinary woman of talent, beauty, intellect, and business savvy, who published 125 pieces of vocal music in her lifetime.”

From 1619 Monteverdi was *maestro di capella* at the basilica of San Marco. While he wrote eight books of madrigals, he also pioneered the *basso continuo* technique, distinctive of the Baroque style, which he called the *seconda pratica*, contrasting with the more orthodox renaissance church style which he termed the *prima pratica*. Our single offering from his 7th book of madrigals, *Ecco mi pronta*, is on a colorful text by mannerist Giambattista Marino, the poetic successor to Petrarca.

Three of our largest pieces are from the eighth book, subtitled *Madrigali guerrieri, et amorosi* ... (“Madrigals of war and love”). It includes several five and six-voice settings on texts by Marino, Petrarca, and Florentine poet Ottavio Rinuccini. *Altri canti di Marte* is Marino’s war with love, pain and submission. *Hor che’l ciel* is Petrarca’s slightly less sadistic war with love, yet still warlike. *Movete al mio bel suon* is a dancing tribute to the Hapsburg emperor Ferdinand III. Much of the style in these pieces, whether regarding a war with love or a love of war, is imitative of the noise and drum beats of warfare, and includes Monteverdi’s first time instructions for the use of pizzicato for strings.

I have opted to use this style also for Strozzi’s *Vecchio Amante*, on a text by her father on the ravages of age in love, and for *La Vendetta*, a short paean to revenge.

Virtually all of our selections by Strozzi are from her Opus 1 volume, with texts by her father. They each demonstrate her wide range of instrumentation, within the limits of her world in the secular clubs of men. *Gli Amante Falliti* and *L’Amante Modesto* are two of her four pieces for five voices. The remainder of our pieces are quartets, trios and duets. Within each of these pieces you will notice tantalizing bits of aria and recitative, constantly changing tempi and meter and implied dynamics, the liberal – and sometimes radical - use of chromatics and extreme dissonance, all in the service of love. One must wonder what would she have done given a larger purview, space and audience: a church of her own?

As Strozzi’s style of composition is so close to that of Monteverdi’s later complex madrigals, we present to you this imagined meeting of two great composers, in the secular setting with which both would have been familiar. Tonight we are all the *Unisoni*.

With thanks to Dr. Candace Magner of Cor Donato Editions for her excellent work!

Cappella Clausura was founded in 2004 by choral director Amelia LeClair to research, study and perform the music of women composers. Our goals are to bring engaging performances of this repertoire to today’s audiences, thereby fostering their appreciation of the role of women composers throughout history, and helping to bring women composers into the classical canon. Our repertoire extends from the earliest known music by women, dating from the 9th century, to the music of our own time. Concerts include music by male counterparts, contemporaries, and earlier influences of our featured women composers in order to bring greater depth and context to the audience’s understanding of music by women.

The core of the vocal ensemble is a group of eight-to-sixteen professional singers who perform a cappella, with continuo, or with chamber orchestra, as the repertoire requires. Our singers perform widely as soloists and ensemble musicians in Greater Boston and beyond; likewise, our instrumentalists are drawn from Boston’s superb pool of freelancers. We utilize medieval, renaissance, classical and baroque period instruments when appropriate to the repertoire.

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8 pm, Friday, March 2, 2018 — University Lutheran Church, Cambridge
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Coming to Light *Choral music once obscure, but no longer*

Frank Martin — *Mass for Double Chorus* — and other works TBA
8 pm, Friday, May 4, 2018 — University Lutheran Church, Cambridge
5 pm, Sunday, May 6, 2018 — Concord venue TBA
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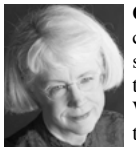
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Amelia LeClair, Resident Scholar at the Women's Studies Research Center of Brandeis University, studied with Simon Carrington and made her conducting debut in Jordan Hall, Boston in March of 2002. Inspired and motivated by the work of musicologists in the 1970s who dedicated themselves to researching the history of women, LeClair founded Cap-pella Clausura, an ensemble of professional voices and period instruments dedicated to the research performance of music written by women.
More at: www.clausura.org www.brandeis.edu/wsrc/



Laura Jeppesen, viola da gamba, has a master's degree from Yale University. Following Yale, she studied at the Hamburg Hochschule and the Brussels Conservatory with Wieland Kuijken. She has been a Woodrow Wilson Designate, a Fulbright Scholar, and a fellow of the Bunting Institute at Harvard. A prominent member of Boston's early music community, she has long associations with The Boston Museum Trio, Boston Baroque, The Handel and Haydn Society, the Boston Early Music Festival and Aston Magna. In 2015 she was part of the BEMF team that won a Grammy for best opera recording. She has performed as soloist with conductors Christopher Hogwood, Edo deWaart, Seiji Ozawa, Craig Smith, Martin Pearlman, Harry Christophers, Grant Llewellyn, and Bernard Haitink. She has an extensive discography of solo and chamber works, including the gamba sonatas of J.S. Bach, music of Marin Marais, Buxtehude, Rameau, Telemann and Clerambault. She teaches at Boston University, Wellesley College and Harvard University, where in 2016 she won an award of special distinction for her teaching of undergraduates. She is a 2017 recipient of an Andrew W. Mellon Blended Learning Initiative Grant for innovative teaching at Wellesley College.



Catherine Liddell, theorbo, is in high demand for her skill, sensitivity and experience as a continuo player. She has performed with many of America's leading period instrument ensembles, including Boston Baroque, the Handel & Haydn Society, Apollo's Fire (Cleveland), the New York Collegium, and in the Aston Magna and the Boston Early Music Festivals. With the London Sinfonietta and the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment she performed in the US premier of Heiner Goebbels' *Songs of War I Have Seen* as part of the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra's 50th Anniversary celebration. She has recorded for Musical Heritage Society, Titanic, Dorian, Wildboar and Centaur Records. Her solo recording, *La belle voilée, 17th Century French Lute Music by Jacques Gallot* and others is available on the Centaur label. Her edition, *Sacred Music for Lute, Vol. I* is available through Lyre Editions. A graduate of Sarah Lawrence College, Ms. Liddell earned the Soloist Diploma from the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis in Basel, Switzerland. She is Past-President of the Lute Society of America and a Lecturer in Lute at Boston University.



Daniel Stepner is Artistic Director of the Aston Magna Festival and Foundation. He is Professor Emeritus of Brandeis University, where for 29 years he was first violinist of the Lydian String Quartet. He was also concertmaster of the Handel and Haydn Society Orchestra for 24 years and a founding member of the Boston Museum Trio, in residence at the Museum of Fine Arts for 30 years. As soloist, chamber player, Mr. Stepner has recorded extensively, including Sonatas and Partitas of J. S. Bach, the complete Sonatas of Charles Ives, early music on period instruments, and contemporary music of many living composers. As Director of Aston Magna, he has programmed, led and recorded Monteverdi's opera *Orfeo*, and Handel's oratorio *The Triumph of Time and Truth*, cantatas of Bach, and myriad chamber works from the rich store of baroque and early classical music. He has recorded unaccompanied works of Hindemith, Ysaÿe, Bartók, John Harbison, Peter Child, Thomas Oboe Lee and Coleridge-Taylor Perkinson, and violin/piano sonatas of Boston-based composers Irving Fine, Harold Shapero, Yehudi Wyner, Yu-Hui Chang and David Rakowsky. More details can be found at www.danielstepner.com. A native of Wisconsin, Mr. Stepner studied in Chicago with Steven Stryk, in France with Nadia Boulanger, and with Broadus Erle at Yale, where he earned a Doctor of Musical Arts degree. He has taught at the New England Conservatory, the Eastman School, the Longy School, and at Brandeis and Harvard Universities. He currently teaches in Boston's STEP program, and in workshops at Brandeis University.



Guimomar Turgeon received her Bachelor and Master of Music degrees from Boston University, and performs regularly with many Boston ensembles. She holds a tenured position with Boston Baroque and the Handel & Haydn Society and has toured Europe with both groups. Ms. Turgeon is a third generation musician who began her career at the age of three. She has worked in orchestras under the batons of Leonard Bernstein, Christopher Hogwood, Seiji Ozawa and John Williams, and performed at Tanglewood, the Library of Congress in Washington, DC, the Mozarteum in Salzburg, and for Pope John Paul II. She currently coaches chamber music for the Harvard University Chamber Music Society at Mather House and is the artist-in-residence at Hill Crest Academy in Norton, MA.



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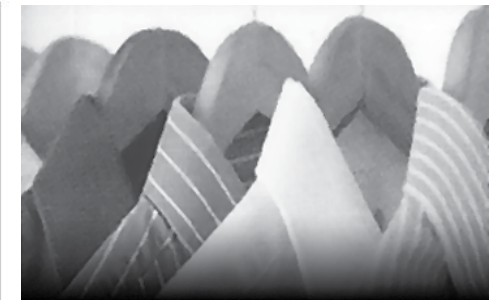
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