

*Roots in the
Renaissance*



Songs from the late 16th and early 17th
Centuries

Featuring

John Armato & Ashlyn Rock
Lute & Theorbo Voice

Friday, March 6th 7:00pm

The Chapel
Truro Anglican Church
10520 Main Street Fairfax, VA 22030





PROGRAM

John Dowland

(1563—1626)

Awake Sweet Love

Come again, sweet love doth now invite

Can he excuse my wrongs?

Flow my tears

If My Complaints

Weep You No More Sad Fountains

Time stands still

Clear or Cloudy, XXI

Intermission

Barbara Strozzi

(1619-1677)

Costume de' grandi

La fanciulletta semplice

Chiamata a nuovi amori


La Vendetta

L'amante segreto

Tra le speranze e'l timore

Giusta negativa

Amor dormiglione





John Dowland

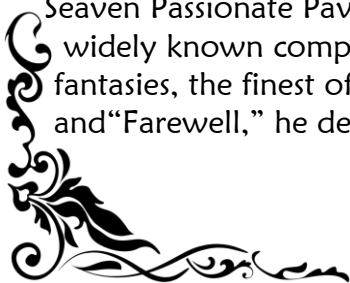
(1562/63—January 21, 1626), was an English composer, virtuoso lutenist, and skilled singer, one of the most famous musicians of his time. Nothing is known of Dowland's childhood, but in 1580 he went to Paris as a "servant" to Sir



Henry Cobham, the ambassador to the French court. In 1588 he received a bachelor of music degree from the University of Oxford. His conversion to Roman Catholicism, he believed, caused his rejection for a post as a court lutenist in 1594, and after that disappointment he left England to travel.

Although a respecter of tradition, Dowland worked during a time of musical transition and absorbed many of the new ideas he had encountered on the Continent. His 88 lute songs (printed 1597–1612) particularly reflect those influences. The early songs are presented with an alternative version for four voices. Possessing enchanting melodies, they show simple strophic settings, often in dance forms, with an almost complete absence of chromaticism. Later he introduced the Italian declamatory style, chromaticism, and dissonance.

Dowland composed about 90 works for solo lute; many are dance forms, often with highly elaborate divisions to the repeats. His famous *Lachrimae, or Seaven Teares Figured in Seaven Passionate Pavans* (1604), became one of the most widely known compositions of the time. In his chromatic fantasies, the finest of which are "Forlorne Hope Fancye" and "Farewell," he developed this form to a height of intensity



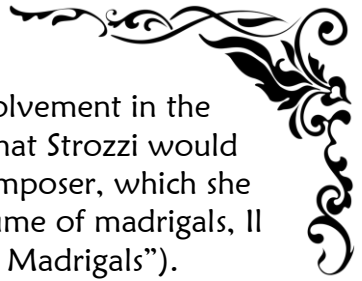
unequaled by any other writer for the Renaissance lute. His compositions also include several psalm harmonizations and sacred songs printed in contemporary music books.

“John Dowland; English Musician,” Encyclopaedia Britannica. 17 Jan, 2019.

Barbara Strozzi (1619—November 11, 1677) Born in Venice, Barbara was the illegitimate daughter of the renowned poet Giulio Strozzi, and spent her life in very liberal circles within 17th-century Venetian Society. She was a forward-thinking entrepreneurial and independent woman whose ingenuity shone through in her life and in her music. Her father encouraged her talents, arranging performances which would showcase her work and sending her to study composition with Francesco Cavalli.



Most women of the time were obliged to use a male pseudonym in order to get their creative works in print, but not Barbara. She put her own name to everything she wrote, making her one of the first female writers of secular music to publish in this way. Strozzi was also a single mother to four children—apparently out of choice rather than necessity, which was virtually unheard of for the time. Although she never married, Strozzi had four children; her two daughters joined a convent, and one of her sons became a monk.



Without her father's connections and involvement in the musical activities of Venice, it is unlikely that Strozzi would have been able to launch a career as a composer, which she did in 1644 with the publication of a volume of madrigals, *Il primo libro de' madrigali* ("First Book of Madrigals"). Between 1644 and 1664 she published eight collections of music, of which one—her opus 4—is now lost. The preface to her second collection cites Francesco Cavalli, one of the most-prominent and historically significant composers of 17th-century Venice, as her teacher. Although Strozzi was Giulio's sole heir, she seems not to have gained financially when he died in 1652. That may have prompted her to publish several books in quick succession, perhaps in search of a steady patron. Her effort was apparently unsuccessful, and her financial situation remained tenuous throughout the remainder of her career.

*"This is the amazing story of Baroque composer Barbara Strozzi,"
ClassicalFM, 4 Jan, 2019.*





TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS


Awake, Sweet Love!

Awake, sweet love! Thou art return'd,
My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,
Lives now in perfect joy.
Let love, which never absent dies,
Now live forever in her eyes,
Whence came my first annoy.

Only herself hath seem'd fair,
She only I could love,
She only drove me to despair,
When she unkind did prove.
Despair did make me wish to die,
That I my griefs might end,
She only which did make me fly,
My state may now amend.

If she esteem thee, now aught worth,
She will not grieve thy love henceforth,
Which so despair hath prov'd.
Despair hath proved now in me,
That love will not inconstant be,
Though long in vain I lov'd.

If she at last reward thy love,
And all thy harm repair,
Thy happiness will sweeter prove,
Rais'd up from deep despair.
And if that now thou welcome be
When though with her dost meet,



She, all the while, but play'd with thee,
To make thy joys more sweet.

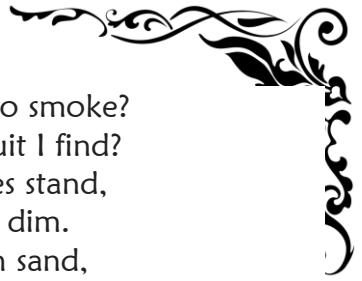
Come Again

Come again
Sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces that refrain
To do me due delight
To see, to hear
To touch, to kiss
To die with thee again
In sweetest sympathy
Come again
That I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain
For now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh
I weep, I faint
I die, in deadly pain
And endless misery
Gentle love
Draw forth thy wounding dart:
Thou canst not pierce her heart;
For I that do approve
By sighs and tears
More hot than are
Thy shafts, did tempt while she
For scanty triumphs laughs



Can He Excuse My Wrongs?

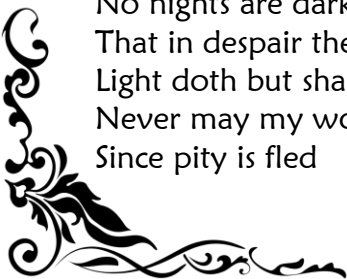
Can he excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?
Shall I call him good when he proves unkind?




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 he will right thee never?
If thou canst not o'ercome him will
The love will be thus fruitless ever.
Was I so base, that I might not aspire
Unto those high joys which he holds from me?
As they are high, so high is my desire:
If he this deny, what can granted be?
If he will yeld to that which reason is,
It is Reason's will that Love should be just.
Dear make me happy still be granting this,
Or cut off delays if that die I must.
Better a thousand times to die,
Than for to live thus still tormented:
Dear, but remember it was I
Who for thy sake did die contended.

Flow, My Tears

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!
Exiled for ever, 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, 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, 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
Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell
Learn to contemn light
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite.

If My Complaints

If my complaints could passions move,
Or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong:
My passions were enough to prove,
That my despairs had govern'd me too long.
O Love, I live and die in thee,
Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks:
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me,
My heart for thy unkindness breaks:
Yet thou dost hope when I despair,
And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain.
Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair,
Yet for redress, thou let'st me still complain.
Can Love be rich, and yet I want?
Is Love my judge, and yet I am condemn'd?
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant:
Thou made a God, and yet thy power contemn'd.
That I do live, it is thy power:



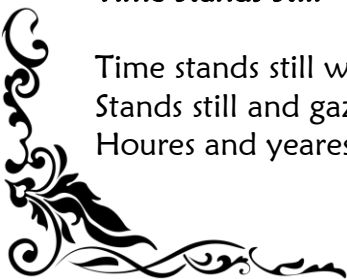
That I desire it is thy worth:
If Love doth make men's lives too sour,
Let me not love, nor live henceforth.
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you that of my fall may hearers be
May here despair, which truly saith,
I was more true to Love than Love to me

Weep You No More, Sad Fountains

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.
Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets:
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

Time Stands Still

Time stands still with gazing on her face
Stands still and gaze for minutes
Hours and yeares, to give her place

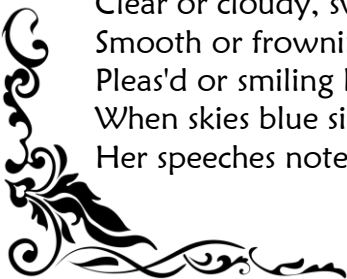




All other things shall change
But shee remaines the same
Till heavens changed have their course
And time hath lost his name.
Cupid doth hover up and downe
Blinded with her faire eyes
And fortune captive at her feete
Contem'd and conquerd lies.
Cupid doth hover up and downe
Blinded with her faire eyes
And fortune captive at her feete
Contem'd and conquerd lies.
When fortune, love and time attend on
Her with my fortunes, love, and time
I honour will alone
If bloudlesse envie say
Dutie hath no desert.
Dutie replies that envie knowes
Her selfe his faithfull heart
My setled vowes and spotlesse faith
No fortune can remove
Courage shall shew my inward faith
And faith shall trie my love.
My setled vowes and spotlesse faith
No fortune can remove
Courage shall shew my inward faith
And faith shall trie my love.

Clear or Cloudy XXI

Clear or cloudy, sweet as April show'ring,
Smooth or frowning so is her face to me,
Pleas'd or smiling like mild May all flow'ring
When skies blue silk and meadows carpets be,
Her speeches notes of that night-bird that singeth,



Who though all sweet yet jarring notes outringeth.

Her grace like June, when earth and trees be trimm'd
In best attire of complete beauty's height,
Her love again like summer's days be dimm'-d,
With little clouds of doubtful constant faith,
Her trust her doubt, like rain and heat in skies
Gently thund'ring, she lightning to my eyes.

Sweet Summer-spring that breatheth life and growing,
In weeds as into (healing) herbs and flow'rs,
And sees of service divers sorts in sowing,
Some haply seeming and some being yours,
Rain on your herbs and flow'rs that truly serve,
And let your weeds lack dew and duly starve.

Costume de' grandi

Godere e lasciare
costuman gl'amanti,
bugiardi, incostanti,
le cose più care.
Onde chi mente più spera
più lode,
s'inganna e si gode.
Con ladri comandi
si ruba il piacere.
Sprezzare e godere
costume è de' grandi.
Onde chi ruba più spera
più lode,
s'inganne e si gode.
Al grande e saputo
non mai si conviene
goder e dir bene

The Custom of the Great

Enjoy them then leave them:
thus inconstant and false
lovers are accustomed to treat
what they hold most dear.
Thus he who lies most, hopes
for most praise ...He cheats
and enjoys.
With thieving commands
they rob one's pleasure.
Despise and enjoy –
thus is the custom of the great.
Thus who steals hopes for
more praise,
he cheats and enjoys.
The great and wise one
is never well-advised
to enjoy and then speak well

del ben ch'ha goduto.
Onde chi biasma più spera
più lode,
s'inganna e si gode.

La fanciuletta semplice

Spesso per entro al petto
mi passa un non so che,
e non so dir s'egli è
o martire o diletto.
Talor mi sento uccidere
da incognito rigor,
sarebbe pur da ridere
che fosse il mal d'amor.

Qualor mi s'apresenta
di Clori il bel seren,
mi nasce un foco in sen
che piace e in un tormenta.
Mi sento il cor dividere
tra il gelo e tra l'ardor,
sarebbe pur da ridere
che fosse il mal d'amor.

I più solinghi orrori
frequentò volontier,
ma sento un mio pensier
che dice: "E dove è Clori?"
Or chi mi sa decidere
che sia questo furor?
Sarebbe pur da ridere
che fosse il mal d'amor.

of the love he has enjoyed.
Thus he who censures hopes
for more praisehe cheats
and enjoys.

The Simple Maiden

Sometimes within my heart
something goes on, I don't
know what,
and I can't say if it's
torture or delight.
Then I feel that I'm dying
of an unknown affliction.
It would sure be funny
if it turns out to be lovesickness.

Whenever I'm near
fairest Clori,
a fire is lit in my breast
that pleases and torments at the
same time.
I feel my heart divided
between ice and flame.
It would sure be funny ...

I'll gladly accept
the direst solitude,
but I hear a thought
that says "So where's Clori?"
Who can help me figure out
what this turmoil is all about?
It would sure be funny ...

Chiamata a nuovi amori

E che diavol sarà questo,
sempre amar dunque
dovrò?
Or che sciolta appena
resto
nove laccio il pie' legò,
Non mi val dire:
"D'amor son libera,
vecchio desire
più non mi lacera."
Che se per Lidio non
sento ardor,
altra bellezza ritogliemi il
cor.

Che malanno ha meco
Amore,
che si crede alfin di far?
S'un mi strusse amando il
core
a che serve un altro amar?
Ma il cattivello
perch'io non fuggami
vuol ch'un più bello
il sen distruggami.
S'un viso amabile mi fe'
languir,
per due begl'occhi mi
sento morir.

The Call of New Loves

So what in the devil is going
on,
do I always have to be in love?
Just as soon as I'm released,
a new snare entraps me.
It does me no good to say:
"I'm free of love,
old desires
will afflict me no more."
If I don't feel anything more
for Lidio,
another charmer steals my
heart all over again.

What does cupid have against
me,
what does he think he's doing?
If loving destroys my heart,
what good is another love?
But that vicious little boy,
since I don't run away,
sets someone more handsome
to confuse me.
An agreeable face makes me
languish,
and for two beautiful eyes I
think I'm dying.

La Vendetta

La vendetta è un dolce
affetto,
il dispetto vuol dispetto,
il rifarsi è 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.

Non perdona in vendicarsi
all'amante più gradito
che l'adora e vuol rifarsi
quand'il fiero insuperbito
verso lei perd'il rispetto

L'amante segreto

Voglio, voglio morire,
piuttosto ch'il mio mal
venga a scoprire.
Oh, disgrazia fatale!
Quanto più miran
gl'occhi
il suo bel volto
più tien la bocca il mio
desir sepolto;

The Revenge

Revenge is a sweet thing,
one ill turn deserves another,
and getting back is a great
delight!

In vain are excuses and reasons
to try to placate an outraged
woman;
don't believe that she will
forgive you!

The woman that has never
taken revenge has peace in her
mouth and war in her heart.

When taking revenge, she
won't forgive even the most
welcome lover who adores her
and wants to make up
when the fierce and proud
fellow loses respect for her.

The Secret Lover

I just want to die,
rather than let my weakness be
discovered.
Oh, inevitable misfortune!
The more my eyes gaze on that
beautiful face
the more my mouth will hold
my desire entombed;
one who has no remedy stays

chi rimedio non ha taccia il
suo male.

Non resti di mirar chi non
ha sorte,
né può da sì bel ciel venir
la morte.

La bella donna mia
sovente miro
ed ella a me volge pietoso
il guardo,

quasi che voglia dire:
"Palesa il tuo martire"
ché ben s'accorge che mi
struggo e ardo.

Ma io voglio morire
piuttosto ch'il mio mal
venga a scoprire.

L'erbetta, ch'al cader di
fredda brina
languida il capo inchina,
all'apparir del sole
lieta verdeggia più di quel
che suole:

tal io, s'alcun timor mi gela
il core,
all'apparir di lei prendo
vigore.

Ma io voglio morire
piuttosto ch'il mio mal
venga a scoprire.

Deh, getta l'arco
poderoso e l'armi,

Amor, e lascia omai di
saettarmi!

Se non per amor mio

silent about his pains;
one who has no luck can only
look,

accepting his death coming
from such a heaven.

I often look at my beloved
who returns a pitying look,
as if she would say,
"Disclose your torment,"
for she is well aware that I am
consumed with passion.

But I would rather die
than let my pain be discovered.
The tender grasses which bow
their languishing heads
with the fall of the cold frost,
then when the sun appears
they happily revive from the
soil;

just as I, when fear freezes my
heart,
become revived when I see
her.

But I would rather die
than have my hurt be revealed.
Cupid, throw down your
mighty bow and weapons,
and finally stop shooting at
me!

If not for the love of me,
then do it for your own honor,
great god,
because there is no glory for a
mighty warrior
to kill one who is already so

fallo per onor tuo,
superbo dio,
perché gloria non è d'un
guerrier forte
uccider un che sta vicino a
morte.

Tra le speranze e'l timore

"Timore, e che sarà?
Godremo sì o no?"
"Datemi libertà,
Speranze, e vel dirò
non s'accordano mai
le Speranze e 'l Timor,
ché l'uno sogna guai
e l'altre acceca Amor."
"Timore, di', pur di'!"
"Speranze, io vel dirò,
ma se dirò di no,
voi direte di sì."

Giusta negativa

Non mi dite ch'io canti
poter d'amor, perché dirò
che sete
de' musici il flagello e degli
amanti.

No no no signor no,
bocca non aprirò.
A chi cantar dev'io
s'il bell'idolo mio

close to death.

Between Hope and Fear

- Fear, what shall we do?
Shall we enjoy ourselves, yes
or no?
- Give me leave,
Hope, and I'll tell you:
Hope and Fear will
never agree,
for one anticipates trouble
and the other is blinded by
love.
- Fear, tell me, oh tell me!
- Hope, I'll tell you,
but if I say no,
you'll say yes.

Right Refusal

Don't tell me to sing by the
power of love,
because I'll say that it's the
bane
of musicians and lovers.
No, no, no sir, no!
I won't open my mouth.
To whom should I sing
if my beautiful idol

lungi è da me?
Venga l'idolo mio
ch'io canto affé.

Non mi dite ch'io suoni,
forza del ciel, vi manderò
là dove
non mancano altri a voi
musici buoni.
No no no signor no,
tasto non toccherò.
A chi sonar dev'io
s'il bell'idolo mio
lungi è da me?
Venga l'idolo mio
ch'io suono affé.

Amor dormiglione

Amor, non dormir più!
Su, su, svegliati omai,
che mentre dormi tu
dormon le gioie mie,
vegliano i guai.
Non esser, non esser,
Amor, dappoco!
Strali, strali, foco,
strali, strali, su, su,
foco, foco, su, su!

O pigro o tardo
tu non hai senso,
Amor melenso
Amor codardo!
Ahi quale io resto

is far away from me?
Let him come
and then l'll certainly sing!

Don't tell me to play by the
power of heaven,
or I will send you to where
there is no lack of other good
musicians besides you!
No, no, no sir, no!
I won't touch the keyboard.
To whom should I play
if my beloved is
far away from me?
Were he to come
then I would surely play!

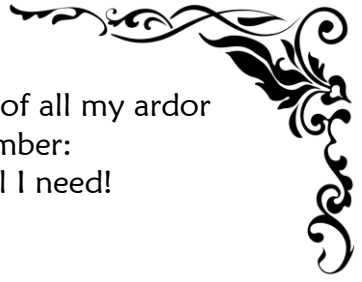
Sleepyhead Cupid

Cupid, no more sleeping!
Up, up, wake up right now,
for while you sleep
my joys sleep, troubles are
wakeful.
Don't be useless, Cupid!
Arrows, arrows, fire,
arrows, arrows, get up, get up,
fire, fire, get up, get up!

Oh you idle laggard,
you've got no sense!
Foolish Cupid,
cowardly Cupid,
ah, what can I do?

che nel mio ardore
tu dorma Amore:
mancava questo!

In spite of all my ardor
you slumber:
that's all I need!




BIOGRAPHY

John Armato came from Los Angeles to the Peabody Conservatory of Music to study guitar in the studio of Ray Chester. While in Los Angeles he won Superior Performance and Faculty Honors awards in classical guitar. After earning his BM in guitar, John went on to earn his MM in lute

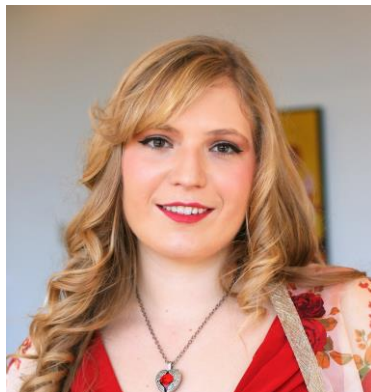


performance in the studio of Mark Cudek also at the Peabody Conservatory in 2008. In Baltimore John performs regularly with the Peabody Renaissance Ensemble, Peabody Consort and is a co-founder of Heaven's Noyse. He appeared with the National Gallery of Arts Vocal Ensemble with Rosa Lamoreaux in Washington D.C and on national television in Taiwan with counter-tenor Peter Lee. In 2009 John performed opera scenes from the 17th century with Stephen Stubbs and the Seattle Academy of Opera. Mr. Armato's recording of Francesco Da Milano's "Recercar no. 33" appeared a short film "Heloise: From Hell and Back for Love". John has performed on "Maryland in the Morning" on WYPR. John performed with soprano Rosa Lamoreaux and baritone William Sharp at the French Embassy, with Charm City Baroque at the Singapore embassy and with countertop quartet for the German embassy. In 2010 John performed with the Peabody Consort in a tour through Taiwan and Japan, including, the Kaoshiung Cultural Center, Chi-Mei museum in Tainan, National Concert Hall in Taipei and Suginami Kokaido concert hall in Tokyo, Japan. John just



completed a tour through out the east coast with Arceci-Mckean and Friends performing to a sold out audience at the Shandalee sunset series in New York. He has completed a second tour on the east coast with the same group performing at the Shandalee city seeries in New York City and the Phillips Collection in Washington D.C where the Washington Times says “John Armato on theorbo...wove spare delicately played accompaniments rounding out the ensemble”. Mr. Armato took a second tour with Peabody Consort in Taiwan in December of 2012 and had his west coast debut in April of 2013 performing concerts in Pasadena, La Canada and Santa Barbara with Soprano Nola Richardson. For more information please visit his website at www.john-armato.com/

Ashlyn Rock is a soprano classical vocalist. She was born in Boulder, Colorado, and moved at a young age to California and across the country to the East Coast where she currently resides in Sterling, Virginia. Ashlyn completed her Bachelors in Vocal Performance and a minor in English in the Fall of 2018 at George Mason University in Fairfax, Virginia.



During her first years in Music at GMU, Ashlyn has had the opportunity to study opera and classical voice in the D.C. area and abroad. She studied at the La Musica Lirica program in Novafeltria, Italy with Dr. Kathryn Hearden in the summer of 2017; in Reykjavik, Iceland with George Mason's University Singers in Spring of 2018; The Redwoods Opera Workshop in the summer of 2018; and at the Berlin Opera Academy in the summer of 2019.



Ashlyn has participated in Master Classes with Metropolitan and internationally renowned Opera singers Ann Murray, Elizabeth Bishop, and most recently, Charlotte Hellekant. She has placed Honors and 3rd place in her categories at the National Association of Teachers of Singing State Competitions (NATS) and placed 3rd in the 2019 Sue Goetz Ross Friday Morning Music Club Competition. In previous productions of Mason Opera, Ashlyn played the role of Celia in Gilbert & Sullivan's *Iolanthe*, The Dew Fairy in Humperdinck's *Hansel and Gretel*, as well as in Opera Scenes and in G.C. Menotti's *Amahl and the Night Visitors*. In her last year at George Mason she played the role of Emmie in Benjamin Britten's *Albert Herring* and the title role in Henry Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*. She later covered Monica in Menotti's *The Medium* and La Contessa in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro* in Berlin.

Ashlyn currently studies under the instruction of the immeasurably talented, Grammy award-winning tenor John Aler, and Metropolitan and Strathmore sensation, soprano Danielle Talamantes.

For more information and ways to support Ashlyn, please visit her website at www.ashlynrock.com

