

If Music Be

Linda Tsatsanis, soprano
Nathan Whittaker, cello
Nikolijne Troubetzkoy, poet

Capriccio no. 1		Joseph Marie Clément Ferdinand Dall'Abaco (1710-1805)
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If Music Be the Food of Love		Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
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Capriccio no. 2		Dall'Abaco
Yo Soy la Locura		Henri de Bailly (d. 1637)
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<i>Prelude</i> from Suite no. 2 in D minor, BWV. 1008		Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)
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Que Ta Voix Divine Me Touche!		Sébastien Le Camus (c. 1610-1677)
Capriccio no. 9		Dall'Abaco
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Flow my tears		John Dowland (1563-1626)
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Diverse bizzarrie sopra la Vecchia Sarabande o pur Ciaccona		Nicola Matteis (d. after 1713)

Texts/Translations

If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
To pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

Pleasures invade both eye and ear,
So fierce the transports are, they wound,
And all my senses feasted are,
Tho' yet the treat is only sound,
Sure I must perish by your charms,
Unless you save me in your arms.

Yo soy la locura
La que sola infundo
Plazer y dulçura
Y contento al mundo

Sirven a mi nombre
Todos mucho o poco,
Y pero, no ay hombre
Que piense ser loco.

Que ta voix divine me touche!
Et que je serais fortuné!
Si je pouvais rendre à ta bouche
Le plaisir qu'elle m'a donné.

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.

I am the madness
That alone infuses
Pleasure and gentleness
And contentment in the world

All men wait on my name
A lot or little
But none of them
Considers himself a madman

How your divine voice touches me!
And how fortunate I would be!
If I could give to your mouth
The pleasure it has given me.

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.

The past months have been difficult for so many reasons, but certainly one reason is a forced reckoning with our own feelings and emotions. Months of solitude injected with stress and fear have spawned emotional turbulence that have coerced deep introspection. Fortunately, this the very purpose of music and art - to allow exploration, investment, and expansion in our own emotional state, or that which makes us not just human, but actually real. 18th century musicians knew this about music - that it has the power to metamorphize pain and restore balance, using just the delicate effervescence of vibration, light, and meaning. Soprano Linda Tsatsanis, Cellist Nathan Whittaker, and Poet Nikolijne Troubetzkoy curate our reflection on (journey of) emotional turbulence allowing the music of Purcell, Bailly, Dall'Abaco, Dowland, Le Camus, Bach, and Matteis to be our guide.