

YALE INSTITUTE OF SACRED MUSIC PRESENTS

YALE VOXTET

JAMES TAYLOR

*Director*

BETTINA PAHN, JOACHIM HELD

*Musical Direction*

Italia und Germania:  
Two Worlds of  
Musical Expression



MARCH 8, 2024

7:30 PM

MARQUAND CHAPEL

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# YALE VOXTET

JAMES TAYLOR, DIRECTOR

BETTINA PAHN, JOACHIM HELD, MUSICAL DIRECTION

Joachim Held *lute*

Grant Herreid *lute, theorbo*

Han Cheol Kang *harpsichord*

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Juliet Ariadne Papadopoulos, Ellen Robertson *soprano*

Veronica Roan, Sandy Sharis *mezzo-soprano*

Michaël Hudetz, Trevor Scott *tenor*

Fredy Bonilla, Will Doreza *baritone*

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## SIXTEENTH-CENTURY ITALY

Quanto sia lieto il giorno

Phillipe Verdelot  
(ca. 1480–ca. 1532)

Ostinato vo'seguire

Will Doreza *baritone*

Bartolomeo Tromboncino  
(1470–ca. 1535)

Non val acqua al mio gran foco

Veronica Roan *mezzo-soprano*

Io non compro più speranza

Michaël Hudetz *tenor*

Marchetto Cara  
(ca. 1465–1525)

## SIXTEENTH-CENTURY GERMANY

Drei Laub auf einer Linden

Veronica Roan *mezzo-soprano*

Jobst vom Brandt  
(1517–1570)

Zu trost erwelt, lieblich gestelt

Trevor Scott *tenor*

So wünsch ich ihr ein gute Nacht

Sandy Sharis *mezzo-soprano*

Fredy Bonilla *baritone*

(continues on next page)

Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen

Will Doreza *baritone*

Henricus Isaac

(ca. 1450–1517)

Ach Elslein, liebes Elselein

Ludwig Senfl

(ca. 1489–1543)

## SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY GERMANY

Ihr Musici, frisch auf

Hans Leo Hassler

(1564–1612)

Ach, Liebste, laß uns eilen

Veronica Roan *mezzo-soprano*

Johann Nauwach

(ca. 1595–ca. 1630)

Was lachst Du Pösel, der Gemüther

Sandy Sharis *mezzo-soprano*

Heinrich Albert

(1604–1651)

O der rauhen Grausamkeit!

Ellen Robertson *soprano*

Laßt mich in der Einsamkeit

Michaël Hudetz *tenor*

Johann Philipp Krieger

(1649–1725)

Einsamkeit

Juliet Ariadne Papadopoulos *soprano*

Der Verführer

Fredy Bonilla *baritone*

Andreas Hammerschmidt

(1611/12–1675)

Kunst des Küssens

Trevor Scott *tenor*

## SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ITALY

Fan battaglia i miei pensieri

Juliet Ariadne Papadopoulos *soprano*

Ellen Robertson *soprano*

Sandy Sharis *mezzo-soprano*

Luigi Rossi

(ca. 1597–1653)

Amarilli, mia bella

Fredy Bonilla *baritone*

Giulio Caccini

(1551–1618)

Amarilli, mia bella

Juliet Ariadne Papadopoulos *soprano*

Nauwach

Dolcissimo sospiro

Caccini

Sandy Sharis *mezzo-soprano*

Amor, ch'attendi

Michaël Hudetz *tenor*

Piange, madonna

Sigismondo d'India

Ellen Robertson *soprano*

(ca. 1582–1629)

Piangono al pianger

Trevor Scott *tenor*

Al battitor di bronzo

Barbara Strozzi

Michaël Hudetz *tenor*

(1619–1677)

Trevor Scott *tenor*

I baci

Ellen Robertson *soprano*

Veronica Roan *mezzo-soprano*

Il constrasto de'cinque sensi

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## Quanto sia lieto il giorno

Quanto sia lieto il giorno  
Ne qual le cose antiche  
Son hor da voi dimonstr'et celebrate  
Si vede perch'intorno  
Tutte le gent'amiche  
Si sono in questa parte radunate  
Noi che la nostr'etade  
Ne boschi et nelle selve consumiamo  
Venut'anchor qui siamo  
Io Ninfa e noi Pastori  
Et giam'cantando insieme i nostri amori.

*How happy is the day  
in which ancient things  
are now by you shown and celebrated:  
One sees because around us,  
all friendly people  
are assembled here:  
We who spend our lives  
in these woodlands and groves,  
have also come here,  
I, nymph, and we, shepherds,  
and we sing together of our loves.*

(Niccolò Machiavelli, trans. James Taylor)

## Ostinato vo'seguire

Ostinato vo'seguire  
La magnanima mia impresa:  
Fame, Amor, qual voi offesa,  
S'io dovesse ben morire,  
Ostinato vo'seguire  
La magnanima mia impresa.

Fame, Ciel, fame, Fortuna,  
Bene o male como a te piace:  
Né piacer né ingiuria alcuna  
Per avilirmi o far più audace:  
Che de l'un non son capace,  
L'altro più non po'fuggire.  
Ostinato vo'seguire  
La magnanima mia impresa.

*Resolutely I shall pursue  
My great and noble venture:  
Love, do your worst to me  
And I shall die a good death.  
Resolutely I shall pursue  
My great and noble venture.*

*Heaven and Fate, do me  
Good or ill as you please:  
No joy or injustice can  
Dishearten or embolden me:  
For one is beyond me,  
The other I can't escape.  
Resolutely I shall pursue  
My great and noble venture.*

(Bartolomeo Tromboncino, trans. Paul Archer)

## Non val acqua al mio gran foco

Non val acqua al mio gran foco  
Che per pianto non si amorza.  
Anzi ogn'hor più se rinforza  
Quanto più con quel mio sfoco.  
Non val acqua al mio gran foco  
Che per pianto non si amorza.

El mio foco ha tal usanza  
che per pianto ognhor più cresce  
e magior prende possanza  
se'l mio intento non riescie.

*There is no value in water for my great fire  
that crying does not extinguish  
Indeed, it grows stronger every hour  
All the more with this constant fanning.  
There is no value in water for my great fire  
That crying does not extinguish.*

*The nature of this fire is such  
That tears but feed the flames  
And it ever grows in strength  
Each time I seek to quell it.*

El mio foco è come el pescie  
che n l'acqua ha el proprio loco.

Non val acqua al mio gran foco,  
che per pianto non si amorza.

Non mi vale lamentarmi,  
ché per gridi el duol non scema.

Qual saran doncha bon armi  
a la pena mia sì extrema?

Star paziente e con tal tema  
ben servir chi m'ama pocho.

Non val acqua al mio gran foco,  
che per pianto non si amorza.

### **Io non compro più speranza**

Io non compro più speranza  
ché gli è falsa mercanzia,  
a dar solo attendo via  
quella poca che m'avanza.

Io non compro più speranza  
ché gli è falsa mercanzia...

Cara un tempo la comprai,  
or la vendo a buon mercato  
e consiglio ben che mai  
non ne compri un sventurato  
ma sempre nel suo stato  
se ne resti con costanza.

Io non compro più speranza  
ché gli è falsa mercanzia...

El sperar è come'l sogno  
che per più riesce in nulla,  
el sperar proprio il bisogno  
di chi al vento si trastulla,  
el sperar sovente annulla  
chi continua la sua danza.

Io non compro più speranza  
ché gli è falsa mercanzia...

*My fire is like a fish,  
That belongs in the water.*

*There is no value in water for my great fire  
That crying does not extinguish.*

*In vain do I complain,  
For groans do not ease my sorrow.  
With what then should I arm myself  
Against such consuming grief?*

*I must be patient, and thus  
Serve well one who loves me little.*

*There is no value in water for my great fire  
That crying does not extinguish.*

*(Bartolomeo Tromboncino, trans. James Taylor)*

*I won't buy hope anymore,  
because it's fake merchandise.  
I can't wait to give away  
the little I have left of it.*

*I won't buy hope anymore,  
because it's fake merchandise...*

*I paid dearly for it once  
now I'm selling it cheap  
and I'd never advise  
a hapless soul to buy it  
instead of remaining  
steady and stable.*

*I won't buy hope anymore,  
because it's fake merchandise...*

*Hope is like a dream  
that comes to nothing,  
hope is for those  
who mess with the wind,  
hope often destroys  
those who stay in her dance.*

*I won't buy hope anymore,  
because it's fake merchandise...*

*(Marchetto Cara, trans. Paul Archer)*

### Drei Laub auf einer Linden

Drei Laub auf einer Linden  
blühen also wohl, ja wohl.  
Sie tät viel tausend Sprünge,  
ihr Herz war Freuden voll.  
Ich gönn's dem Maidlein wohl, ja wohl!

Das Maidlein, das ich meine,  
das ist hübsch und fein, ja fein.  
Wenn ich das selb anblicke,  
sich freut das Herze mein:  
Des eigen will ich sein!

Sie hat ein roten Munde  
und zwei Äuglein klar, ja klar,  
auch ein schneeweißen Leibe,  
darzu goldfarbes Haar:  
das zieret sie fürwahr!

*Three blossoms on a lime tree  
bloom so lovely, yes so lovely.  
She leapt a thousand times,  
her heart was full of joy.  
I'm happy for the maiden, yes indeed!*

*The maiden, of whom I think,  
is beautiful and lovely, yes so lovely.  
When I gaze upon her,  
my heart rejoices:  
I want to give myself over to her!*

*She has a red mouth  
and two shining eyes, yes shining,  
also, a snow-white body,  
with golden hair:  
that truly adorns her!*

(trans. James Taylor)

### Zu trost erwelt, lieblich gestelt

Zu trost erwelt, lieblich gestelt  
in freud der allerliebsten mein  
– dein werde güt hat mein gemüt  
in wuniklichens trostes schein erhelt  
– mit schall für dir, für all:  
„O außerwelte frucht,  
dein liebe zucht!  
erfreu mich schier,  
Hilf, glück, mit freuden mir zu dir!“

Für all diß welt umb widergelt  
wil ich dir wesen unterthan  
mit farben drei zutragen frei  
in deinem dienst auf aller ban:  
in geel, braun, blab groß freud ich hab,  
dweil ich auf diser erd –  
du bist seinr werd  
und liebest mir!  
Hilf, glück, mit freuden mir zu dir!

*Chosen to console, and lovingly crafted  
with joy, for my dearest one  
your graciousness has illuminated my spirit  
with the glow of wondrous consolation  
– I exclaim before you, before all:  
“Oh, extraordinary fruit,  
your love nurtures!  
Delights me completely.  
Help me, good fortune, with joy, from me to you!”*

*Not to the entire world, but to you alone,  
do I desire to be subject,  
with three colors freely worn,  
in your service, on every path:  
in yellow, brown, blue, great joy I have,  
as long as I am on this earth –  
you are worth it  
if you but love me.  
Help me, good fortune, with joy, from me to you!*

(trans. James Taylor)



## So wünsch ich ihr ein gute Nacht

So wünsch ich ihr ein gute Nacht  
bei der ich war alleine.  
Kein freundlichs Wort sie zu mir sprach:  
„Wir zwei müssen uns scheiden!“  
Ich scheid mit Leid  
Got weiß die Zeit,  
Wiederkommen bringt Freuden.

Das Maidlein an der Zinnen stund,  
hub kläglich an zu weinen:  
„Gedenk daran, du junger Knab,  
laß mich nit lang alleine!  
Kehr wieder bald,  
mein Aufenthalt,  
lös mich aus schweren Peinen.“

Der Knab uber die Heiden ritt,  
sein Rößlein warf er rumme:  
„Gedenk daran, mein feines Lieb,  
dein Red kehr du nicht ume!  
Beschertes Glück  
geht selten z'rück!  
Ade, ich fahr mein Straßen!“

*I wish her a good night,  
with whom I was alone.  
No friendly word she spoke to me:  
“We two must part!”  
I part with sorrow:  
only God knows how long.  
Return will bring joy.*

*The maiden stood at the battlements,  
began to weep mournfully:  
“Remember, young lad,  
do not leave me alone for long!  
Return soon,  
my refuge,  
release me from heavy pains.”*

*The lad rode over the heath,  
He whipped his horse around:  
“Remember, my dear love,  
do not turn your own words around!  
Fortune bestowed  
rarely returns!  
Farewell, I go my way!”*

(trans. James Taylor)

## Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen

Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen  
ich fahr dahin mein Straßen,  
in fremde Land dahin;  
mein Freud ist mir genommen,  
die ich nicht weiß bekommen,  
wo ich im Elend bin.

Groß Leid muss ich jetzt tragen,  
das ich allein tu klagen  
dem liebsten Buhlen mein;  
ach Lieb, nun lass mich Armen  
im Herzen dein erbarmen,  
dass ich muss von dannen sein!

Mein Trost ob allen Weiben,  
dein tu ich ewig bleiben,  
stet' treu, der Ehren fromm;  
nun muss dich Gott bewahren,  
in aller Tugend sparen,  
bis dass ich wieder komm!

*Innsbruck, I must leave you.  
I go my way,  
to foreign lands;  
My joy has been taken from me,  
which I cannot find  
where I am in misery.*

*Great sorrow I must now bear,  
which I alone lament  
to my dearest sweetheart.  
Oh love, now have mercy on me,  
in your heart,  
I must depart from here!*

*My consolation: before all other women,  
I will remain yours forever,  
always faithful, devout in honor.  
Now may God protect you,  
preserve you in all virtue,  
until I return!*

(trans. James Taylor)

### **Ach Elslein, liebes Elselein**

Ach Elslein, liebes Elselein mein,  
Wie gern wär ich bei dir!  
So sein zwei tiefe Wasser  
Wohl zwischen dir und mir.

Das bringt mir grosse Schmerzen,  
Herzallerliebster Gsell!  
Und ich von ganzem Herzen  
Halt's für gross Ungefäll,

Hoff, Zeit wird es wohl enden,  
Hoff, Glück wird kommen drein,  
Sich in all's Güts verwenden,  
Herzliebstes Elselein,

*Oh, Elslein, dearest Elselein mine,  
how I wish I were with you!  
But there are two deep waters  
dividing you and me.*

*This causes me great pain,  
my dearest companion!  
And with all my heart,  
I find it tremendously unfortunate.*

*I hope time will end our suffering;  
I hope luck will enter in.  
And that all will be good tomorrow,  
my dearest Elselein.*

*(trans. James Taylor)*

### **Ihr Musici, frisch auf**

Ihr Musici, frisch auf und laßt  
doch hören,  
Die lieblich Kunst  
Tut euch zusammenkehren!  
Ein jeder faß sein Stimm alsbald,  
Tenor und Baß, Diskant und Alt.

Singt allerseits, zur rechten und zur linken.  
Denn wer nicht singt,  
der soll auch nicht mittrinken!

*You musicians, refresh yourselves and let once more  
be heard  
the lovely art  
that draws you together!  
Each one will take his part at once:  
tenor und bass, descant and alto.*

*Sing in every direction, to the right and to the left.  
For he who does not sing  
may not join in the drinking!*

*(trans. James Taylor)*

### **Ach, Liebste, laß uns eilen**

Ach, Liebste, laß uns eilen  
Wir haben Zeit:  
Es schadet das Verweilen  
Uns beiderseit.  
Der edlen Schönheit Gaben  
Fliehn Fuss für Fuss,  
Dass alles, was wir haben,  
Verschwinden muss.

Drum lass uns jetzt geniessen  
Der Jugend Frucht,  
Eh denn wir folgen müssen  
Der Jahre Flucht.  
Wo du dich selber liebest,  
So liebe mich,

*O my love, let's make haste,  
time is on our side.  
Delaying only does harm  
to both of us.  
The noble gifts of beauty  
flee step by step.  
Everything we have  
must fade away.*

*So let us now enjoy  
the fruits of youth,  
before we must yield  
to the passage of time.  
Love me just as  
you love yourself.*

Gib mir, dass, wann du gibest,  
Verlier auch ich.

*Give yourself to me  
and I will lose myself in you.*

*(Martin Opiz von Boberfeld, trans. James Taylor)*

### **Was lachst Du Pösel, der Gemüther**

Was lachst Du Pösel, der Gemüther  
Die nur nach Kunst und Weißheit stehn  
Und wollen grosser Schätz und Güter  
Darüber gerne müßig gehen?  
Warumb wird das von dir verhöhnet  
Mit welchem uns die Weißheit Krönet?

Die aber sich auff Weißheit gründen  
Sind von der Zeiten Hochmuth frey  
Die Weißheit kann da Glück auch binden  
Auff daß es ihr zu willen sey;  
Wem hat sie ie so arm gelassen  
Den nachmals auch die Freunde hassen?

Ihr lehrt mich grossen Reichtumb meiden  
Ihr haltet mein begehren an  
Und lasst mich doch nicht Armuth leiden  
Ihr machet daß ich singen kann;  
Wiewohl hat sich mein Glück gefüget!  
Ich bin mit schlechtem Gut vergnüget.

*How you laugh, you simple souls,  
who only pursue art and wisdom,  
and gladly pass over great treasures and goods,  
idling away time?*

*Why do you disdain that,  
with which wisdom crowns us?*

*Those who are anchored in wisdom  
are free from the arrogance of time.  
Wisdom can also secure fortune  
to be used at her will.  
Whom has she ever left so poor,  
that afterward even their friends hate them?*

*You teach me to avoid great wealth.  
You hold back my desires,  
and yet do not let me suffer poverty.  
You make it so that I can sing;  
though my fortune has turned,  
I am content with modest goods.*

*(trans. James Taylor)*

### **O der rauhen Grausamkeit!**

O der rauhen Grausamkeit!  
Die nur seufzen jederzeit  
Mit viel seufzen häuft  
O des Lebens ohne Leben  
Das zum Tode läuft  
Das in zittern stets muß schweben  
Trübsal, Kummer, Herzensglut  
Solche Liebe geben tut.

Wunderseltsam geht es zu:  
Wenn die Liebe schafft Unruh'  
Wird's doch Ruh' genannt;  
Bei der Lieb' ist süßer Schmerzen,  
Kluger Unverstand  
Hart verknüpft mit freiem Herzen,  
Trübsal, Kummer, Herzensglut  
So die Liebe geben tat.

*Oh, the harsh cruelty!  
That only heaps sighs  
upon so many sighs.  
Oh, life without living,  
that runs toward death,  
that must always hang in trembling.  
Trouble, sorrow, heart's ardor  
caused by such great love.*

*In a strange miracle it happens.  
When love creates unrest,  
it's called peace;  
with love, there is sweet pain,  
wise folly,  
tightly linked with a free heart.  
Trouble, sorrow, heart's ardor,  
caused by such great love.*

*(trans. James Taylor)*

## Laßt mich in der Einsamkeit

Laßt mich in der Einsamkeit  
Lebt doch kein getreuer Freund,  
der es mehr von Herzen meint.  
Was soll mich die Welt verxieren  
und am Narrenseile führen?  
Hier ist weder Spott noch Streit;  
laßt mich in der Einsamkeit.

Laßt mich in der Einsamkeit.  
Ist hier niemand der mich ehrt,  
ist auch niemand der mich stört.  
Fehlt mir was an eitler Güte,  
das ersetz ich im Gemüthe,  
da ist Freund und Sicherheit.  
Laßt mich in der Einsamkeit.

*Leave me in my solitude.  
There is no faithful friend alive,  
who means it more from the heart.  
Why should the world mock me?  
And lead me with a fool's rope?  
There is neither mockery nor strife here.  
Leave me in my solitude.*

*Leave me in my solitude.  
There is no one here who honors me,  
nor anyone who bothers me.  
If I lack something in vain goodness,  
I replace it in my mind.  
There I find both friend and security.  
Leave me in my solitude.*

(trans. James Taylor)

## Einsamkeit

Einsamkeit, du Qual der Seelen,  
du betrübst mich biß in Todt;  
deine Pein ist nicht zu zehlen,  
wolt ich sie auch gleich verhehlen,  
käm ich in die größte Noth.

Einsamkeit, du Qual der Hertenzen,  
halt mich doch nicht länger auf!  
Sihst du nicht die Hertenzen schertzen,  
mit den schönsten LiebesKertzen?  
laß dem Glücke seinen Lauff.

*Loneliness, torment of souls,  
you sadden me unto death;  
you cause immeasurable anguish.  
Even if I tried to conceal it,  
I would come into the greatest distress.*

*Loneliness, torment of hearts,  
do not detain me any longer!  
Do you not see the heart ache  
with the brightest lights of love?  
Let happiness take its course.*

(trans. James Taylor)

## Der Verführer

Ich lieb an allen Ort und Enden  
Ich ändre mich oft und geschwind.  
Ein jeden Schwur den ich anwende,  
Führt mit sich hin der leichte Wind.  
Die Tränen, die auf meinen Wangen  
Ihr samt den falschern Seufzen schaut  
Sind Netze, damit die zu fangen,  
Die meinem Wort und Eide traut.

Euch, Cloris, ich zwar nicht vernichte,  
Und eure Schönheit ich nicht haß'

## The Seducer

*I love here and everywhere.  
I change often and swiftly.  
Every vow that I employ  
is carried away by the light wind.  
The tears upon my cheeks,  
along with the false sighs,  
are nets to catch those  
who trust my word and oath.*

*You, Cloris, I do not destroy,  
and I do not hate your beauty.*

Behaltet euer schön Gesichte,  
Drauf ich euch meine Freiheit laß.  
Drum laßt uns lieben ungezwungen,  
So bin ich euer mehr als mein  
Wird aber auf Bestand gedrungen,  
So kann ich nicht euer sein.

*Keep your lovely face,  
on which I bestow my freedom.  
So let us love without constraint,  
then I am more yours than mine.  
But, if insistence on permanence is pressed,  
then I cannot be yours.*

*(trans. James Taylor)*

### **Kunst des Küssens**

Nirgends hin, als auf den Mund,  
Da sinckts in des Hertzen grund.  
Nicht zu frey, nicht zu gezwungen,  
Nicht mit gar zu fauler Zungen.  
Nicht zu wenig, nicht zu viel;  
Beydes wird sonst Kinderspiel.  
Nicht zu laut und nicht zu leyse,  
Bey der Maß' ist rechte Weise.

Nicht zu nahe, nicht zu weit;  
Dis macht Kummer, jenes Leid.  
Nicht zu langsam, nicht zu schnelle,  
Nicht ohn' unterscheid der Stelle.  
Nicht zu harte, nicht zu weich.  
Bald zugleich, bald nicht zugleich.  
Nicht zu truken, nicht zu feuchte,  
Wie Adonis Venus reichte.

Halb gebissen, halb gehaucht,  
Halb die Lippen eingetaucht.  
Nicht ohn' unterscheid der Zeiten,  
Mehr alleine, denn bey Leuten.  
Küsse nun ein Jedermann,  
Wie er weis, wil, sol und kan;  
Ich nur und die Liebste wissen,  
Wie wir uns recht sollen küssen.

### **Art of Kissing**

*Nowhere else but on the mouth,  
There it sinks into the heart's depth.  
Not too free, not too forced,  
Not with much too lazy tongues.  
Not too little, not too much;  
Either way, it becomes child's play.  
Not too loud and not too quiet,  
In moderation lies true wisdom.*

*Not too close, not too far;  
This causes sorrow, that, suffering.  
Not too slow, not too fast,  
Not without discerning the place.  
Not too hard, not too soft.  
All at once, then not at once  
Not too dry, not too moist,  
as Venus offered to Adonis.*

*Half bitten, half breathed,  
Lips half submerged.  
Not without discerning the times,  
More alone than in company.  
Let everyone kiss now  
As they know, want, should and can:  
Only I and my beloved know  
How we should truly kiss.*

*(Paul Fleming, trans. James Taylor)*

## Fan battaglia i miei pensieri

Fan battaglia i miei pensieri,  
Et al cor dan fiero assalto.  
Un mi dice "in van tu speri,  
Perchè Filli ha il sen di smalto."  
Un poi con baldanza il colpo ribatte,  
E'l cor mi combatte,  
Gridando "Speranza!  
Si vincerà, si perderà."  
Fuggi timor,  
Fuggi, sù, sù,  
Taci, Speranza, tu.  
Fermate, tacete  
Pensieri, non più;  
Così al core empi guerrieri  
Dan battaglia, fan guerra, i miei pensieri!

*My thoughts do battle,  
And in my heart wage fierce war.  
One says to me, "You hope in vain,  
Because Phyllis is hard-hearted."  
Another boldly strikes back,  
And battles my heart,  
Crying "Hope!  
You may win, you may lose."  
Flee from fear,  
Flee, come now!  
Be silent, Hope,  
Stop, be silent,  
My thoughts, no more;  
Thus in my heart these merciless warriors  
These thoughts of mine do battle, wage war!*

## 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,  
Dubitar non ti vale.  
Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:  
Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli  
è il mio amore.

*My fair Amaryllis,  
Do you not believe, o my heart's sweet desire,  
That you are my love?  
Believe it thus: and if fear assails you,  
Doubt not its truth.  
Open my breast and see written on my heart:  
Amaryllis, Amaryllis, Amaryllis,  
Is my beloved.*

(Alessandro Guarini)

## Dolcissimo sospiro

Dolcissimo sospiro  
Ch'esci da quella bocca  
Ove d'amor ogni dolcezza fiocca;  
Deh, vieni a raddolcire  
L'amaro mio dolore.  
Ecco, ch'io t'apro il core,  
Ma, folle, a chi ridico il mio martire?  
Ad'un sospiro errante  
Che forse vola in sen ad altro amante.

*Sweetest breath  
That comes from the mouth  
out of which all love's sweetness falls;  
Oh, come to soften  
my bitter pain.  
Here, I open to you my heart  
but, fool, to whom do I explain my grief?  
To a wandering sigh  
that perhaps flies to the breast of another lover.*

(Ottavio Rinuccini)

## Amor, ch'attendi

Amor, ch'attendi,  
Amor, che fai?  
Su, che non prendi  
Gli strali omai;  
Amor vendetta,  
Amor saetta  
Quel cor ch'altero  
Sdegnal tuo impero.

Ò pompa, ò gloria,  
Ò spoglie altere,  
Nobil vittoria  
S'Amor la fere;  
Amor ardisci,  
Amor ferisci,  
Amor et odi  
Qual havrai lodi.

Amor possente  
Amor cortese  
Dirà la gente  
Pur arse e prese  
Quella crudele,  
Che, di querele  
Vaga, e di pianti,  
Schernia gli amanti.

Quel cor superbo  
Langue e sospira,  
Quel viso acerbo  
Pietate spira.  
Fatti duoi fiumi  
Quei crudi lumi,  
Pur versan fore  
Pianto d'amore.

Se cruda e ria  
Negò mercede,  
Humile e pia  
Mercede hor chiede.  
Ò face, ò strale,  
Alta immortale,  
Che fia che scampi  
S'il ghiaccio avvampi.

Dall'alto cielo  
Fulmina Giove,

*Love, what are you waiting for?  
Love, what are you doing?  
Come on! why don't you take  
your arrows now at last?  
Love, revenge!  
Love, hit with your darts  
that haughty heart  
that disdains your kingdom.*

*O pomp, o glory,  
o proud booty,  
what a noble victory  
if Love hurts her;  
Love, dare!  
Love, hurt her!  
Love, and hear  
what praises you will receive.*

*Mighty Love,  
gentle Love,  
people will say  
"eventually she did burn with the fire of love,  
that cruel woman  
who, eager for moans  
and tears,  
scorns her lovers."*

*That arrogant heart  
now is languishing and sighing,  
that sharp face  
now moves to pity.  
Those cruel eyes,  
turned to two rivers,  
do now pour out  
tears of love.*

*If she once cruel and wicked  
denied mercy  
now, humble and pious,  
she asks for it.  
O fire, o arrow,  
noble, immortal,  
what will escape you  
if you set on fire the ice?*

*From the high heaven,  
Jupiter throws thunderbolts,*

L'Arcier di Delo  
Saette piove,  
Ma lo stral d'oro  
S'orni d'alloro  
Che di possanza  
Ogni altro avanza.

*Apollo, the bowman of Delos,  
rains darts,  
but let the golden arrow  
be adorned with laurel,  
for it exceeds  
any other in power.*

(Ottavio Rinuccini)

### **Piange, madonna**

Piange, madonna, et io  
Godo del pianto suo come del mio,  
Pianger veggendo lei  
Che ride a'pianti miei.  
Anima ai pianti avvezza,  
Sentisti mai di duol nascer dolcezza?

*My angel weeps and I  
take pleasure in her weeping as if it were my own,  
since I see weeping the one  
who laughed at my weeping.  
Oh soul, who is used to weeping,  
have you ever seen sweetness develop out of sorrow?*

(Giambattista Marino)

### **Piangono al pianger**

Piangono al pianger mio le fere, e i sassi  
A miei caldi sospir traggon sospiri.  
L'aer' d'intorno nubiloso fassi,  
Mosso anch'egli à pietà de miei martiri.  
Ovunque io volgo, ovunque giro i passi  
Par che di me si pianga, e si sospiri;  
Par che dica ciascun, mosso al mio duolo,  
Che fai tu qui, meschin, doglioso e solo?

*The wild beasts weep at my weeping  
And the stones heave sighs at my fervent sighing;  
The surrounding air mists over,  
Moved to pity by my suffering.  
Wherever I go, wherever I turn my steps,  
I'm the cause of weeping and sighing.  
Moved by my sorrow, everything seems to say:  
Poor fellow, why are you here, so sad and alone?*

(Ottavio Rinuccini, trans. Paul Archer)

### **Al battitor di bronzo**

Quante volte ti bacio, o bronzo amato,  
Nuntio importun di mal graditi amori,  
Ch'hanno i miei baci in sì cocenti ardori  
Il segno delle labbra in te lasciato.

Quante volte di lagrime bagnato  
Testimonio ti fo de'miei dolori,  
Quando escluso e deluso errar di fuori  
L'ira mi fa d'un demone adorato.

Quanti la notte e'l dì teco ritorno,  
Sdegnato a replicar colpi gelosi,  
Con tuo danno, altrui riso e  
nostro scorno.

### **To his cruel lady's brass door-knocker**

*How often have I kissed you, o beloved brass,  
importunate agent of thankless love,  
and my kisses, with such ardent burning,  
left on you the mark of my lips.*

*How often have I given you testimony  
bathed in tears of my suffering,  
when rejected and deceived I'm shut out,  
incurring the anger of an adored demon.*

*How often have I returned to you night and day,  
disdained, repeating jealous knocks,  
despite of damage to you, the derision of others, and  
our shame.*



Ma tu perdona a gl'impeti amorosi,  
Che spero alfin che vendicate un giorno  
Vedrò l'ingiurie mie ne'tuoi riposi.

*But you will forgive the passions of love,  
for I hope that one day I will see  
my avenged wrongs reflected in your repose.*

*(Giulio Strozzi, trans. Richard Kolb)*

## **I baci**

Oh dolci, oh cari, oh desiati baci!  
Unite l'alme vanno  
sul labro ad incontrarsi.  
Col bacio l'alme fanno  
nel cor gran colpi darsi.

Vezzosette si accordano;  
viperette si mordano.  
Ma sono i lor dolcissimi furori  
grand union dei cori.  
Oh dolci, oh cari, oh desiati baci!  
Bacia, mia bocca, e taci!

## **Kisses**

*Oh sweet, enticing, oh adored kisses:  
souls unite  
to meet upon lips.  
With a kiss souls  
wound hearts deeply.*

*Wantonly they merge,  
like vipers they bite each other,  
but in their sweetest fury  
is a deep union of hearts.  
Oh sweet, enticing, oh adored kisses,  
kiss my mouth, and be silent.*

*(trans. Richard Kolb)*

## **Il constrasto de'cinque sensi**

Chi di noi vaglia più,  
E di gioia maggior ministro sia,  
Fiera lite ognor fu.  
Io miro, io sento, io gusto, io fiuto, io tocco,  
E nella donna mia  
Tal'hor, anco mercé d'un picciol bacio,  
Tutto trabocco.  
Tocca pur quanto sai,  
Che nel sol tocco Amore  
Il verace gioir non pose mai.  
Ne sia giudice il cor mesto e languente;  
"Ohimè" senti ch'il cor dentro ci dice,  
Ch'un sol bacio, ch'è niente,  
il fa felice.

## **The contrast of the five senses**

*Who among us is most worthy,  
and is the greatest source of joy,  
has always been a fierce argument.  
I see; I hear; I taste; I smell; I touch;  
and in my lady sometimes,  
thanks to just one little kiss,  
everything in me overflows.  
Touch, then, all you want,  
for with touch alone Love  
never attains true delight.  
May the sad and languishing heart be the judge;  
let the heart within say "alas,"  
and then just one kiss, which counts for nothing,  
makes one happy.*

*(Giulio Strozzi, trans. Richard Kolb)*

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As recent events have reminded us, the borders between northern and southern Europe have always been porous. When the English music editor Nicholas Yonge published the first volume of *Musica Transalpina*—a pathbreaking anthology of Italian madrigals—in 1588, music and musicians from Italy had long been making their way across the Alps to work

in the courts and chapels of the Habsburg monarchy. The transalpine route was a two-way street: scores of German musicians headed south to Italy, which Heinrich Schütz, a disciple of the Venetian master Giovanni Gabrieli, famously called “the true university of music.” Thus was born the intricate web of relationships and reciprocal influences represented by the fifteen composers on tonight’s program. Over the course of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, this cultural cross-fertilization laid the groundwork for a genuinely cosmopolitan “reunion of tastes.”

Although neither Italy nor Germany would exist as a formal geopolitical entity until the nineteenth century, the future nation-states already had distinct musical cultures and traditions in the late Renaissance and early Baroque periods. These “two worlds of musical expression” were not only geographical spaces: the title of our concert also alludes to the musical watershed that opened up around the year 1600, when Giulio Caccini and a group of likeminded Italians in Florence promulgated the idea of a *stil nuovo*, a “new style” of texted music in which notes were subservient to words instead of the other way around. Their innovative concept of music that could “almost speak in tones” marked the end of one musical era and the beginning of another.

French by birth, Philippe Verdelot migrated as a young man to Italy, where Titian may have painted him and two fellow musicians in his famous group portrait *Concerto*, now at the Pitti Palace in Florence. “Quanto sia lieto il giorno” (How happy is the day) appeared in a collection of his four-voice madrigals published in Venice in the early 1530s. Its chordal texture and strategically placed resting points, or cadences, are typical of the popular madrigal genre that emerged in Italy at the beginning of the sixteenth century. In contrast, the older-style frottole by Bartolomeo Tromboncino (“Ostinato vo’seguire” [Resolutely I shall pursue] and “Non val acqua al mio gran foco” [Water will not quench this fire]) and his pupil Marchetto Cara (“Io non compro più speranza” [I won’t buy hope anymore]) are solo songs in a lighter, more vernacular vein. The frottola flourished at the Mantuan court of Isabella d’Este, an affirmative-action employer of Italian musicians (Tromboncino among them) at a time when many Italian patrons insisted on importing talent from beyond the Alps.

Jobst vom Brandt, a part-time composer who earned his living as an ecclesiastical administrator in central Germany, is largely forgotten today, but the two beguiling love songs on tonight’s program (“Drei Laub auf einer Linde” [Three blossoms on a lime tree] and “Zu trost erwelt” [Chosen to console]) reveal him to be a gifted exponent of the *Tenorlied* (tenor song), in which cantus firmus melodies (often pre-existing popular tunes) were embedded in a skein of imitative polyphony. Also associated with this characteristically German genre was Henricus Isaac, one of many transalpine musicians who were headhunted by Italian nobility—in this case, the powerful Medici family in Florence. Although Isaac worked in Italy for nearly a decade and stipulated in his will that he be buried in his beloved Florence, his music never lost its German accent; his best-known lied “Innsbruck, ich muss dich lassen” (Innsbruck, I must leave you) has the heartfelt simplicity of a Lutheran chorale.

“Ach Elslein, liebes Elselein” (Oh, Elslein, dearest Elselein), an equally affecting song of parting by Isaac’s Swiss pupil Ludwig Senfl, rounds out this cluster of strophic *Tenorlieder*.

With Hans Leo Hassler’s lively “Ihr Musici, frisch auf” (You musicians, refresh yourselves), published in 1601, we enter a new century and a new musical era, a transition heralded by Caccini in his landmark treatise *Le nuove musiche* (The New Music). Hassler, born in Nuremberg and educated in Venice, laid down roots in both musical worlds: “Ihr Musici, frisch auf” is an Italian-style madrigal cast in the tripartite “bar” form (AAB) favored by German Meistersinger since the Middle Ages. A similar synthesis of styles and traditions can be heard in the music of Johann Nauwach and Heinrich Albert, both of whom were closely associated with the Italophile Heinrich Schütz in Dresden. Nauwach’s “Ach, Liebste, laß uns eilen” (O my love, let’s make haste) exemplifies the new vogue for tastefully ornamented monody, or accompanied solo song, a text-oriented musical genre that laid the foundation for the earliest operas in Italy. Albert’s straightforwardly syllabic setting of the moralizing ditty “Was lachst Du Pösel, der Gemüther” (How you laugh, you simple souls) contrasts with his lament “O der rauhen Grausamkeit!” (Oh, the harsh cruelty!), whose melismatic vocal line (with more than one note to a syllable) imparts a more overtly dramatic flavor. In the same vein is the sweetly plaintive “Laßt mich in der Einsamkeit” (Leave me in my solitude) by Johann Philipp Krieger, a composer best known for his sacred music; in Krieger’s “Einsamkeit” (Loneliness), the soprano soloist explores a similar theme over an obsessively repeating bass, a form known as a *passacaglia*. Another noted church composer, Andreas Hammerschmidt, is represented by a pair of light-hearted strophic solo lieder: “Der Verführer” (The seducer) and the slightly racy “Kunst des Küssens” (Art of kissing) are characterized by punchy rhythms and clear, easily parsed phrases.

The final segment of the program brings us to the dawn of the Baroque period in seventeenth-century Italy. As one might expect, the birthplace of opera produced a legion of brilliant singers and vocal composers. Luigi Rossi was the longtime organist of the church of San Luigi dei Francesi in Rome, a congregation known for its musical excellence (as well as for its artworks by Caravaggio, Domenichino, and Reni). Somewhat surprisingly, the bulk of Rossi’s output consists of secular songs, as exemplified by the energetic trio “Fan battaglia i miei pensieri” (My thoughts do battle), in which the singers’ serially overlapping entrances jostle for the listener’s attention. The previously mentioned Giulio Caccini pioneered the *stile recitativo*, or reciting style, which prioritized the intelligibility of words and the expression of *affetti* (emotions). “Amarilli, mia bella” (My fair Amaryllis) illustrates his novel conception of monody as “nothing other than rhythmic speech with pitch added.” Two decades after Caccini’s chastely embellished aria appeared in *Le nuove musiche*, Johann Nauwach published a more elaborately ornamented version catering to the public’s growing appetite for vocal virtuosity.

The soprano’s florid *passaggi* in “Dolcissimo sospiro” (Sweetest breath) show that Caccini was not averse to sophisticated operatic-style display, so long as it was delivered

with the appropriate *sprezzatura* (an untranslatable word meaning something like “casual elegance,” which Machiavelli applied to his ideal Renaissance prince). However, Caccini was equally at home in the unpretentious, dance-like idiom of “Amor, ch’attendi” (Love, what are you waiting for?). Sigismondo d’India’s “Piange, madonna” (Weep, my lady) combines the era’s ever-expanding repertoire of coloratura ornamentation with plangent chromaticism to convey the intense heartache of a jilted lover. The same composer’s “Piangono al pianger” (They weep as I weep) sets a languid, free-flowing melody against the regular phrases of the *romanesca*, another traditional *ostinato* bass pattern. Barbara Strozzi, the adopted daughter of a prominent Venetian poet, was a renowned singer as well as one of the few professional women composers of her time. Her two-voice madrigals “Al battitor di bronzo” (To his cruel lady’s brass door-knocker) and “I baci” (Kisses) treat their conventional amorous themes with a judicious blend of ardor and restraint, in contrast to the playful vocal quintet in “Il contrasto de’ cinque sensi” (The Quarrel of the Five Senses).

Notes © by Harry Haskell

A regular program annotator for New York’s Carnegie Hall and Metropolitan Opera and the Pierre Boulez Saal in Berlin, Harry Haskell is the author of *The Early Music Revival: A History* and editor of *The Attentive Listener: Three Centuries of Music Criticism*. In *Her Own Wright*, his podcast about the Wright Brothers’ sister Katharine, is available on iTunes and other outlets.

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Members of the **Yale Voxtet** are students of Professor James Taylor and are candidates for graduate degrees in voice. The select group of eight singers specializes in early music, oratorio, and chamber ensemble. In addition to performing a variety of chamber music programs each year, the group sings, tours, and records as part of Yale Schola Cantorum.

With an extensive repertoire ranging from the medieval period to the twenty-first century, tenor **James Taylor** devotes much of his career to oratorio and concert literature. As one of the most sought-after Bach tenors of his generation, he has performed and recorded extensively with many of today’s preeminent Bach specialists, including Nikolaus Harnoncourt, Philippe Herreweghe, René Jacobs, and Masaaki Suzuki. Since 1993, Taylor has maintained a close relationship with conductor Helmuth Rilling and the International Bach-Academy Stuttgart, performing and teaching master classes worldwide. On several occasions, he has been a juror and consultant for the International Bach-Competition Leipzig. In 2008 he debuted with the New York Philharmonic under the direction of Kurt Masur, singing the role of the Evangelist in Bach’s *St. Matthew Passion*. Taylor’s career as an oratorio specialist has taken him throughout the United States, South America, Japan, Korea, and Israel, and to virtually all the major orchestras and concert halls of Europe. He is particularly proud to have performed Britten’s *War Requiem* in the Munich Residence on the sixtieth anniversary of the end of World War II.

Taylor has recorded extensively on the Hänssler, harmonia mundi, Limestone, Naxos, and ArkivMusik labels. He joined the Yale faculty in 2005 and serves as coordinator for the voice program in Early Music, Art Song, and Oratorio.

Soprano **Bettina Pahn** was born in Erfurt, Germany. She first studied violoncello and later continued her vocal studies at the Hochschule für Musik Hanns Eisler in Berlin and in Frankfurt/Main with Elsa Cavelti. In recent years she has worked intensively with the renowned singing teacher Margreet Honig in Amsterdam.

Pahn's professional path led her primarily into the field of Baroque music. She has worked as a soloist with Ton Koopman, Patrick Peire, Thomas Hengelbrock, Pierre Cao, and Frieder Bernius. She made her Carnegie Hall debut under the direction of Ton Koopman and has given widely acclaimed performances in the most important concert halls in Europe, including the Concertgebouw in Amsterdam and the Bolshoi Hall of the Moscow Conservatory. She sang many of the solo cantatas for a complete recording of Buxtehude's works.

With her duo partner, the lutenist Joachim Held, and the fortepianists Christine Schornsheim and Tini Mathot, Pahn has enjoyed many years of successful collaboration at early music festivals around the world. Since 2019 she has been offering master classes for Baroque singing in Austria, Italy, and the Czech Republic. She is a jury member of the Hamel Foundation Hanover.

In 2014 Pahn recorded songs of the second Berlin Lied School for the CD *Es war ein König in Thule* (Naxos), which was praised by the press. This was followed in 2017 by a recording of sacred and secular songs by Carl Philipp Emanuel Bach, also for Naxos. In 2020 she recorded cantatas by Georg Philipp Telemann with Joachim Held, Carsten Lohff, and Juliane Laake for Hänssler Classic, then in 2021 a selection of songs by Fanny Hensel and Clara Schumann with fortepianist Christine Schornsheim as a co-production of Radio Bremen and Hänssler Classic. In 2022 she collaborated with Juliane Laake, viola da gamba, and Joachim Held, lute, on a recording of songs by Renaissance composer Jobst vom Brandt.

Pahn has been teaching early music singing at the University of the Arts Bremen since 2018. Several prizewinners of international competitions are among her students and graduates.

Lutenist **Joachim Held** was born in Hamburg, Germany, and studied at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis as a student of Eugen Dombois and Hopkinson Smith. Following graduation with a diploma in Period Music he completed his studies under Jürgen Hübscher at the Musikhochschule Karlsruhe.

In 1990 Held's international concert career began with second prize at the Concours Musica Antiqua of the Flanders Festival in Brügge. Since 1992 he has regularly appeared with notable orchestras, including Il Giardino Armonico (on their Vivaldi recording with Cecilia Bartoli for Decca, among others), the Freiburger Barockorchester, Concentus

Musicus Wien, and the Berlin Philharmonic. Among the conductors he has worked with are Giovanni Antonini, Claudio Abbado, and Nikolaus Harnoncourt. Under Harnoncourt he also participated in the production of Henry Purcell's *King Arthur* at the Salzburg Festival 2004. As a soloist, Held has appeared at the Musikfestival Potsdam-Sanssouci, the International Bach Festival Schaffhausen, the Schwetzingen Festival, the Düsseldorfer Bachtagen, the Bachtage Köthen, the Concerti a San Maurizio in Milan, the Early Music Forum Budapest, the concert series *Hausmusik* of the Vienna Radio Symphony Orchestra, the Lute Society London, the *Güldenener Herbst* in Thuringia, and the Handel Festival in Halle.

Since 2005 Held has had ten recordings released by Hänssler Classic. He is a passionate teacher, not only at the Royal Conservatory of The Hague and at the University of Arts in Bremen but also in master classes.

Salvadoran-American baritone **Fredy Bonilla** comes from Houston, Texas, where he received his bachelor of choral music education from the University of Houston's Moores School of Music. At Moores he studied voice under Hector Vasquez and was a member of the Moores School Concert Chorale and Moores Opera Center. He then taught high school choir in the Houston area for seven years. Choirs under his direction received Superior, Sweepstakes, and Best in Class awards at University Interscholastic League and area festivals. Bonilla performed with vocal ensembles in the Houston area including Cantare Houston, the Houston Chamber Choir, and the Houston Grand Opera Chorus. He has sung in Houston churches including Christ Church Cathedral (Episcopal), and has sung in evensongs in England, Scotland, and Ireland as ensemble member, soloist, and cantor.

**Will Doreza** is a baritone with experience as both concert soloist and ensemble musician. A graduate of the Yale Institute of Sacred Music program in Early Music, Oratorio, and Chamber Music, Doreza has performed as a soloist and member of the Yale Schola Cantorum with conductors such as Masaaki Suzuki, Simon Carrington, Nic McGegan, and Yannick Nézet-Séguin. Festival highlights include the Bachfest Leipzig in a performance of Mendelssohn's *Elijah* with the Bach Collegium Japan, the Staunton Music Festival, premieres at the Hartford Women Composers Festival, several performances at the Spoleto Festival USA with the Westminster Choir, and the Uncommon Music Festival in Sitka, Alaska. Previous engagements include projects with The Crossing, Santa Fe Desert Chorale, the New York Philharmonic, and the Philadelphia Orchestra. Doreza is also a trained pianist, conductor, and coach, and spends his free time as an amateur luthier, calligrapher, and artist.

Belgian-American tenor **Michaël Hudetz** recently sang Cristo in Caldara's *Maddalena ai piedi di Cristo*, directed by Stephen Stubbs, the world premiere of Julia Wolfe's *UnEarth* with The Crossing and the New York Philharmonic, and John Luther Adams's *Vespers of the Blessed Earth* at Saratoga Performing Arts Center with The Crossing and the Philadelphia



Orchestra, conducted by Yannick Nézet-Séguin. Hudetz will be featured on an upcoming Hyperion recording of Amy Beach's *Canticle of the Sun*. In a 2024 tour to the U.K. with Yale Schola Cantorum, he will perform the tenor solos in Bach's *Mass in B Minor*. Hudetz holds a B.M. in vocal performance from North Central College and an M.M. in voice and opera from Northwestern University, where he studied with W. Stephen Smith.

Praised by the Greek National Herald as having a "powerful and clear voice that dazzles audiences," Greek-American soprano **Juliet Ariadne Papadopoulos** has performed in venues all over the New York metropolitan area. She graduated *summa cum laude* from SUNY Purchase's Opera program in 2022, where she won the SUNY Purchase Concerto Competition. Recent solo performances include Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* at the Norfolk Chamber Festival, the world premiere of *Edensongs* by Aaron Jay Kernis at Yale, and the U.S. premiere of *Theophanes the Greek* by Savvas Karantzas at Symphony Space in New York. In 2024 she will sing the soprano solo in John Rutter's *Magnificat* conducted by the composer at Carnegie Hall (Stern Auditorium), Mozart's *Exsultate, Jubilate* with the Woodstock Orchestra under the direction of Mina Kim, Schoenberg's *Pierrot Lunaire* at the Schoenberg Center in Vienna, and soprano solos in J. S. Bach's *Mass in B Minor* with Yale Schola Cantorum.

A native of Dallas, mezzo-soprano **Veronica Roan** performed regularly with the ensembles Incarnatus, Orpheus Chamber Singers, Dallas Chamber Choir, and Band of Voices. Her recent engagements include the Norfolk Chamber Music Festival and the VOCES8 Scholars, with whom she premiered Christopher Tin's Grammy-nominated *The Lost Birds*. Roan received her undergraduate degree from the University of North Texas, where she was awarded the Cecelia Cunningham Box Excellence in Voice scholarship, the Nicholas M. Ricco Excellence in Music scholarship, and the Voertman-Ardoin Memorial Early Music scholarship.

Soprano **Ellen Robertson**, originally from Murfreesboro, Tennessee, has sung professionally with the Chicago Symphony Chorus and the Grant Park Festival Chorus. In 2023 she was named a Young Artist with Finger Lakes Opera and an Apprentice Artist with Sarasota Opera. Operatic roles include Mimì (*La bohème*) with La Musica Lirica in Italy and Northwestern Opera Theater, and Diana (*If I Were You*) with Northwestern Opera Theater. She was named a winner of the Evanston Music Club and North Shore Musicians Club Scholarship Competition, and an Illinois chapter winner of the NSAL Dorothy Lincoln Smith Voice Competition. Robertson holds degrees from the Bienen School of Music at Northwestern University and the Eastman School of Music.

**Trevor Scott** received his M.M. in vocal performance from the University of Michigan, where he studied with Stanford Olsen and sang the role of Don Ottavio in *Don Giovanni*. In 2023 he performed with the Chautauqua Opera Company in *Sweeney Todd* and *La Tragédie de Carmen*. He completed his undergraduate degree at the Eastman School of Music,

where he studied with Robert Swensen. In 2023 Scott received an encouragement award in the Iowa District of the Metropolitan Opera Laffont Competition, and in 2022 he was a finalist and recipient of the Kaprálová Award in the American International Czech and Slovak Voice Competition in Green Bay, Wisconsin. Other recent operatic roles include the Schoolmaster/Mosquito in Janáček's *Cunning Little Vixen*, Reverend Rankin in Adolphus Hailstork's *Rise for Freedom*, the Lyric Tenor in Dominick Argento's *Postcard from Morocco*, and Little Victor Farrel in Kevin Puts's *Elizabeth Cree*. Scott is originally from St. Louis, Missouri.

Mezzo-soprano **Sandy Sharis** comes from Atlanta, Georgia, and especially enjoys performing early music, chamber music, and concert repertoire. Recent solo engagements include Mendelssohn's *Lobgesang* at Norfolk Chamber Music Festival, Vaughan Williams's *Serenade to Music* with Seraphic Fire and the New World Symphony, and concert solos at the Yale Institute of Sacred Music, including Bach's *Magnificat* and *Weihnachtsoratorium* and Amy Beach's *Canticle of the Sun*. Sharis has sung with ensembles such as the VOCES8 US Scholars, Seraphic Fire, and Servire. While studying at the Ohio State University, she won the Concerto Competition, the Wilson Vocal Competition, the Graduate Vocal Achievement award, and the regional NATS Artist Awards competition (Great Lakes). She also performed the roles of Cherubino in Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro* and Le Prince Charmant in Viardot's *Cendrillon*. Sharis holds a B.M. in vocal performance from Furman University and a master's degree in voice performance and pedagogy from The Ohio State University.



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