



SAN FRANCISCO
PERFORMANCES

2021-2022
SALON SERIES



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SAN FRANCISCO CLASSICAL

THE WOMEN

1 | Women of the Baroque

NICHOLAS PHAN | Tenor

with

Maya Kehrani | Soprano

Carla Moore | Violin

Elisabeth Reed | Viola da Gamba

Matthew Worth | Baritone

Katherine Heater | Harpsichord

Thursday, January 20, 2022 | 6:30pm

Education Studio at the War Memorial Veterans Building

PROGRAM

MADDALENA CASULANA

I.
Vagh'amososi augelli

FRANCESCA CACCINI

II.
O vive rose
Io mi distruggo
Chi desia di saper che cosa è Amore

ÉLISABETH JACQUET
DE LA GUERRE

III.
Nos voeux sont exaucé...Dormés from *Le sommeil d'Ulisse*

ANTONIA BEMBO

IV.
Passan veloci l'ore

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BARBARA STROZZI

V.
Un amante doglioso

JULIE PINEL

VI.
Rossignols vous chantez

ANTONIA BEMBO
BARBARA STROZZI

VII.
Ha, que l'absence
Che si può fare
Amor dormiglione

PROGRAM NOTES

Program notes available at:

<https://nicholas-phan.com/grecchinois/2020/10/7/boldness-in-the-baroque> (or scan QR code below)



ARTIST PROFILES

Described by the *Boston Globe* as “one of the world’s most remarkable singers,” American tenor **Nicholas Phan** is increasingly recognized as an artist of distinction. An artist with an incredibly diverse repertoire that spans nearly 500 years of music, he performs regularly with the world’s leading orchestras and opera companies. Phan is also an avid recitalist and a passionate advocate for art song and vocal chamber music; in 2010, Phan co-founded Collaborative Arts Institute of Chicago (CAIC), an organization devoted to promoting this underserved repertoire.

A celebrated recording artist, Phan’s most recent album, *Clairières*, a recording of songs by Lili and Nadia Boulanger, was nominated for the 2020 Grammy Award for Best Classical Solo Vocal Album. His album, *Gods and Monsters*, was nominated for the same award in 2017. Phan’s growing discography also includes a Grammy-nominated recording of Stravinsky’s *Pulcinella* with Pierre Boulez and the Chicago Symphony, as well as the world premiere recording of Elliott Carter’s *A Sunbeam’s Architecture*.

Sought after as a curator and programmer, in addition to his work as artistic director of CAIC, Phan has also created programs for broadcast on WFMT and WQXR, and served as guest curator for projects with the Philadelphia Chamber Music Society, Merola Opera Program, Laguna Beach Music Festival, Apollo’s Fire, and San Francisco Performances, where he served as the vocal artist-in-residence from 2014–2018. Phan’s programs often examine themes of identity, highlight unfairly underrepresented voices from history, and strive to underline the relevance of music from all periods to the currents of the present day.

Indian-American soprano **Maya Kherani** has been praised for her “rich, soaring soprano” and “crystalline tone” (*Opera News*) in repertoire from the Baroque to the modern. This season includes a debut at the Festival d’Aix-en-Provence and in Versailles as Drusilla/Fortuna in *L’incoronazione di Poppea* with Mo. Alarcon, *Messiah* Boston Baroque with Martin Pearlman, Bach *Cantatas* Portland Baroque Orchestra with Jonathan Woody, Reena Esmail’s *Meri Sakhi Ki Avaaz* (My Sister’s Voice) Berkeley Symphony, Susanna *Le Nozze di Figaro* and Belinda *Dido and Aeneas* Opera San Jose, a world premiere project singing Piper in *Pay the Piper* with Glyndebourne, and debuts with the Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra in San Francisco and Pacific MusicWorks in Seattle. Prior to her singing career, Ms. Kherani graduated summa cum laude from Princeton University with a B.S.E. in Mechanical and Aerospace Engineering and certificates (minors) in Music Performance, Materials Science, and Robotics and Intelligent Systems.

Grammy award-winning baritone **Matthew Worth** is a Professor of Voice at San Francisco Conservatory of Music. Performing highlights from recent seasons include the title role in the world premiere of *JFK* with Fort Worth Opera, the title role in *Il barbiere di Siviglia* with Boston Lyric Opera, the Narrator in the world premiere and recording of Richard

Danielpour's *The Passion of Yeshua*, the world premiere of *The Manchurian Candidate* with Minnesota Opera, and *Moby Dick* at Washington National Opera. He has performed principal roles at Santa Fe Opera, Lyric Opera of Chicago, Opéra de Montréal, Tanglewood Festival, Cincinnati Opera, and Opera Theatre of Saint Louis, under luminary conductors James Levine, Lorin Maazel, and Sir Andrew Davis.

Carla Moore, a leading exponent of the Baroque violin, enjoys exploring the wide-range of repertoire for period instruments. Known for her strong leadership and compelling musicality, she performs regularly as concertmaster and soloist with Portland Baroque Orchestra and co-concertmaster with Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra. Carla is co-founder and director of Archetti, a Baroque string band which strives to illuminate the timbre and unique sound of Baroque instruments with verve and virtuosity. She was a first prize winner in the esteemed Irwin Bodkey International Competition for Early Music in 1989. Carla has an extensive discography of orchestral and chamber music, including videos on YouTube with Voices of Music viewed by millions world-wide. She delights in educating students in Baroque style and teaches at the University of California, Berkeley and the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. carlamoore.net

Born and raised in San Francisco, **Katherine Heater** plays keyboards with Bay Area early music groups such as Philharmonia Baroque Orchestra, Musica Pacifica and the Voices of Music. She has performed throughout the United States, including with the Los Angeles Philharmonic, New Century Chamber Orchestra, the Sun Valley Summer Symphony; at the Berkeley Early Music Festival, the Bloomington Early Music Festival, and the Tropical Baroque Festival of Miami. Also an active teacher, Ms. Heater teaches harpsichord at UC Berkeley.

Elisabeth Reed teaches viola da gamba and Baroque cello at the San Francisco Conservatory of Music, where she is also co-director of the Baroque Ensemble. Recent teaching highlights include master classes at the Juilliard School, the Shanghai Conservatory and Middle School, and the Royal Academy of Music. Her playing has been described as, "intense, graceful, suffused with heat and vigor" and "delicately nuanced and powerful" (*Seattle Times*). A soloist and chamber musician with Voices of Music, Archetti, and Wildcat Viols, she can be heard on the Naxos, Virgin Classics, Focus, Plectra, and Magnatunes recording labels and has many HD videos on the Voices of Music Youtube channel. She also teaches viola da gamba and Baroque cello at the University of California at Berkeley and is a Guild-certified practitioner of the Feldenkrais Method of Awareness Through Movement.

SONG TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

Vagh'amosi augelli

Vagh'amosi augelli
che, sopra gli arboscelli,
rinovate gl'antichi vostri amori,
cantate tra bei fiori,
gl'occh'e le bionde chiome
che fur si dolce nod' a le mie some,
e di mia Clori a l'onde,
in quest'amate sponde,
udite l'armonia
che puo sol' a dolcir la pena mia.

Vague, amorous birds

Vague, amorous birds
who, above the trees,
renew your old loves,
singing among the beautiful flowers
of the eyes and blonde locks
that were so sweet to me
and of my Chloris on the waves,
on this beloved shore,
you hear the harmony
that can only sweeten my pain.

—Anonymous

program continues on next page →

O vive rose

O vive rose
Labbr'amorose
Se d'un bel viso
D'un bel sorriso
Altere andate
Cedete omai
Labbr'odorate
A quie bei rai
Luci d'amor ridenti
Occhi miei soli ardenti.

Occhi guerrieri
Possenti arcieri
Se con pietate
Voi mi mirate
Per gl'occhi io sento
Scender nel seno
Dolce tormento
Dal bel sereno
Raggi del cor tesoro
Occhi, ch'in terra adoro.

Sù sù ridete
O luci liete,
Per voi nel viso,
Piu splende il riso
Che su quel labro
Ch'Amor compose
Di bel cinabro
Di vive rose
Sù sù ridete omai
Occhi co'vostri rai.

Occhi parlate
E sopsirate
Lingue d'Amore
Quel vivo ardore
Di voi pupille
Quei lieti giri
Pur son faville,
Pur son sospiri
Sospir, parole, e riso
Occhi m'ha il cor diviso.

Io mi distruggo

Io mi distruggo, et ardo
Nè trovo al mio dolor conforto, e pace,
Ch'un sol pietoso sguardo
temprar non può d'Amor l'ardente face,
Nè sfogar posso in pianto il dolor mio
Come viver poss'io
Occhi, deh per pietà, mentre splendete
E dolci saettando il cor m'ardete,
Toglietemi la vita
Ch'io vò morir se non mi date aita.

—Anonymous

O living roses

O living roses,
Loving lips,
If a lovely face,
A lovely smile,
Make you proud,
Make way, now
Scented lips,
For those lovely rays,
Merry lights of love,
Ardent eyes, that are mine alone.

Warrior eyes,
Powerful archers,
If you look at me
With Mercy,
Through my eyes I feel
Descend into my soul
A sweet torment
from the rays of that
Lovely, serene, dear heart,
Eyes that here in earth I worship.

Come, come laugh,
O happy lights,
Thanks to you, on her face
Laughter sparkles more
Than it does on those lips
That love made
Cinnabar red,
Like living roses;
Come, come, laugh now,
Eyes, with your rays.

Eyes, you speak,
and sigh,
Tongues of Love
That living ardor
Of your pupils,
Those happy turns,
Are indeed sparks,
Are indeed sighs;
Sighs, words, and laughter,
Eyes, have split among them my heart.

I waste away

I waste away, and burn,
Nor do I find comfort for my pain, or peace,
For a single merciful glance
Cannot temper Love's burning torch,
Nor can I vent my pain with tears
How can I live,
Eyes (alas for mercy!), while you shine
And, sweetly shooting our arrows, burn my heart?
Take my life,
For I wish to die if you do not come to my rescue.

—Anonymous

Chi desia di saper che cosa è Amore

Chi desia di saper che cosa è Amore
lo dirò, che non sia se non ardore
Che non sia se dolore
Che non sia se non timore
Che non sia se non furore
lo dirò, che non sia se non ardore
Chi desia di saper che cosa è Amore.

Chi mi domanderà s'amor io sento
lo dirò che'l mio foco è tutto spento
Ch'io non provo più tormento
Ch'io non tremo, né, pavento,
Ch'io né, vivo ogn'or contento
lo dirò ch'l mio foco è tutto spento
Chi mi domanderà s'amor io sento.

Chi mi consiglierà ch'io debb'amare
lo dirò che non vò più sospirare,
Né temere, né sperare,
Né avvampare né gelare
Né languire né penare.
lo dirò che non vò più sospirare,
Chi mi consiglierà ch'io debb'amare.

Chi d'amor crederrà dolce il gioire
lo dirò che più dolce è amor fuggire
Nè piegarsarsi al suo desire,
Nè tentar suoi sdegni, et ire,
nè provare il suo martire.
lo dirò che più dolce è amor fuggire
Chi d'amor crederrà dolce il gioire.

—Anonymous

From Le Sommeil d'Ulisse

Récitatif

Nos voeux sont éxaucez; une si chère tête
Échape enfin à la tempête;
Un azile délicieux du Dieu qui le poursuit
rend la colère vaine;
Par un sommeil mistérieux;
La Déesse adoucit sa peine;

Sommeil

Dormés, ne vous deffendés pas
D'un sommeil si rempli de charmes;
Ah! que le repos à d'appas,
Quand il succède à tant d'allarmes.
Aux plus laborieux exploits
Il est beau qu'un Heros s'expose;
Mais, il faut aussi quelquefois
Que ce même Heros repose.

—Anonymous

To those who wish to know what Love is

To those who wish to know what Love is
I will say, that it is nothing if not ardor,
Nothing if not pain,
Nothing if not fear,
Nothing if not furor,
I will say, that it is nothing if not heat,
To those who wish to know what Love is.

To those who will ask if I feel love,
I will say that my fire is all burned out,
That I no longer feel torment,
That I do not tremble, nor fear,
That I live happy every hour,
I will say that my fire is all burned out,
To those who will ask if I feel love.

To those who counsel that I should love,
I will say that I no longer wish to sigh,
Or fear, or hope,
Or burn, or freeze,
Or languish, or suffer.
I will say that I have no wish to sigh,
To those who counsel that I should love.

To those who believe in love's sweet joy,
I'll say that it's sweeter to flee from love,
And not to bend to its desires,
Nor to tempt its scorn and ire,
Nor to feel its torture,
I'll say that it's sweeter to flee from love,
To those who believe in love's sweet joy.

From The Sleep of Ulysses

Our wishes have been granted, such a dear head
has escaped the storm at long last;
A sweet refuge from the god that was pursuing him
appeases the coasts;
The goddess soothes his pain with a
mysterious sleep;

Sleep, and do not be defensive about sleeping,
sleep is full of charm;
Ah, how sleep is attractive,
when it follows too much alarm.
It is beautiful that the hero has
exhausted himself in laborious exploits;
but sometimes,
we must let a hero rest.

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Passan veloci l'ore

Passan veloci l'ore
e pur quella non v'è
che mi discopra, ohimè,
del bel idolo mio l'almo splendore.

Dura pena è l'aspettar
quel diletto che non giunge.
Nel figuro in vaneggiar
da vicinity allor che sorge.

O sciocca vanità di chi a trafitto il core.
e catenatto il piè.

Passan veloci l'ore
e pur quella non v'è.

—Anonymous

Un amante doglioso

Un amante doglioso
Stava su la partita
Il piè da Filli e l'alma dà la vita.
Ma non prima parti
Ch'egli pianse così:

Io parto Filli, ma quest'anima mia
Pria che da Filli, oh Dio,
Da me partir vorria.
Filli, mio cor, ti lascio,
Miracolo d'amore.
Ch'abbia cor di partir chi non ha core.

Alma mia, se tu l'aggiri
Tropo lunge del tuo sol.
Ah, ch'immensi in man di duol
Saran venti i tuoi sospiri.

Se, mio cor, sei fido amante
Non seguir gli error deh più
Che non naufraghi trà se
Dentr'un pelago incostante.

Io parto Filli, ohimè
E la mia cruda sorte
Può tormi alla mia vita
Senza darmi la morte?

Spiriti vitali, abbandonatemi
S'il mio bene ho dà lasciar.
Ferri fatali, tosto svenatemi
Se non posso il piè arrestar.
Datemi per conforto
Ch'ove viver non posso io resti morto

Ma lasso ahimè che chieggiò?
Ah, se ben comprendo il mio martire
Tanto uccide il partir quanto il morire.

—Anonymous

The hours pass by quickly

The hours pass by quickly
and yet that time does not arrive
which will unveil for me, alas.
the pure splendor of my beautiful idol.

Harshly painful is the waiting
for pleasure that does not materialize.
I imagine it in my dreaming
as nearby although it flies.

O foolish vanity of one whose heart
is wounded and whose foot is chained.

The hours pass by quickly
and yet that time does not arrive

A sorrowful lover

A sorrowful lover
prepared to take leave
of his Filli, and his soul from life.
But just before departure
he wept like this:

I am leaving, Filli, but this soul of mine
rather than depart from Filli, oh God,
would depart from me.
Filli, my heart, I leave you,
miracle of love.
He who would have the heart to leave, himself has no heart.

My soul, if you wander
too far from your sun,
—ah, such boundless grief—
your sighs would be like gales.

If, my heart, you are a faithful lover
don't make the same mistakes
of people shipwrecked
in an inconstant deep sea.

I am leaving, Filli, alas;
can my stark fate
take away my life
without killing me?

Vital spirits, forsake me
if I would abandon my beloved.
Bewitched shackles, soon trip me
if I cannot stop my foot.
Offer as a consolation
that if I cannot live, I should die.

But ah, misery, what am I asking?
Ah, if I understand well my affliction,
the departure would kill as much as death.

Rossignols vous chantez

Rossignols vous chantez
les douceurs du printemps,
Le tendre amour qui vous anime,
Par vos aimables sons s'exprime,
Et les rend encor plus charmans.

Mon coeur hélas est aussi la victime
Du Dieu que célèbrent vos chans.
Mais pour moy ce serait un crime
De laisser éclatter les feux que je ressens.

Chantez les douceurs du printemps,
Heureux oiseaux, l'amour qui vous anime
Par vos aimables sons s'exprime,
Et les rend encor plus charmans.

—Anonymous

Ha, que l'absence

Ha, que l'absence est un cruel martyre,
lorsqu'on aime tendrement
un objet tout charmant
et qu'on ne l'ose dire.

L'on se plaint, l'on soupere,
l'on chéri le tourment;
et l'amour nous inspire
de répéter souvent:
Ha, que l'absence est un cruel martyre.

—Anonymous

Che si può fare?

Che si può fare?
Le stelle rubelle
Non hanno pietà.
Che s'el cielo non dà
Un influsso di pace al mio penare,
Che si può fare?

Che si può dire?
Da gl'astri disastri
Mi piovano ogn'hor;
Che le perfido amor
Un respiro diniega al mio martire, Che si può dire?

—Anonymous

Nightingales you sing

Nightingales you sing
of the sweetness of the spring,
The tender love that animates you,
Expresses itself in your sweet sounds,
And makes them even more charming.

My heart, alas, has also fallen victim
Of that God whom you celebrate in song.
For me it would be a crime
To give expression to the fires of passion I am feeling.

Sing again of the sweetness of spring,
Happy birds, Love animates you
And is expressed in every lovely sound you make,
And makes each note more charming.

Ah, absence

Ah, absence is a cruel martyrdom,
when one loves tenderly
a charming object
and one does not dare to say it.

One laments, one sighs,
one cherishes the torment;
and love inspires us
often to repeat:
Ah, absence is a cruel martyrdom.

What can you do?

What can you do?
The stars, intractable,
have no pity.
Since the gods don't give
a measure of peace in my suffering,
what can I do?

What can you say?
From the heavens disasters keep raining
down on me;
Since that treacherous Cupid
denies respite to my torture, what can I say?

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Amor dormiglione

Amor, non dormir più!
Sù, sù, svegliati homai,
Che mentre dormi tù,
Dormon le gioie mie, vegliono i guai.
Non esser Amor, dappoco!
Strali, strali, foco,
Strali, strali, sù, sù,
Foco, foco, sù, sù!
Non dormir più, svegliati su.

Oh pigro oh tardo
Tù non hai senso!
Amor melenso,
Amor codardo,
Ahi, quale io resto!
Che nel mio ardore
Tù dorma. Amore
Manaa guesto!

Amor, non dormir...

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!
Sleep no more; get up!

Oh you idle laggard,
you've got no sense!
Foolish Cupid,
cowardly Cupid,
ah, what can I do?
In spite of all my ardor
you slumber:
that's all need.

Love, sleep no more...

*— Texts and translations courtesy of
Collaborative Arts Institute of Chicago.*