

UNO + ONE: Italia Nostra

Claudio Monteverdi and his contemporaries

Saturday, October 21, 2017

Synod Hall, Pittsburgh, PA

TENET

Jolle Greenleaf and Molly Quinn *sopranos*
Dongmyung Ahn and Johanna Novom *violins*

Charles Weaver *lutes*

Jeffrey Grossman *harpsichord*

Chiome d'oro
Lidia spina del mio core
Si dolce è il tormento

Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)
Monteverdi

Sonata detta la Moderna
from *Il terzo libro di varie sonate (1623)*

Salomone Rossi (c.1570–1630)

Toccata arpeggiata
Pur ti miro
Damigella, tutta bella

Johannes Hieronymus Kapsberger (1580-1651)
attrib. Monteverdi
Monteverdi

Ardo, e scoprir
Voglio di vita uscir

Monteverdi
Monteverdi

Soave libertate

Monteverdi

INTERMISSION

Mio core languisce
Occhi belli
Ardo ma non ardisco

Luigi Rossi (1597–1653)
Luigi Rossi (1597–1653)
Martino Pesenti (c.1600–c.1648)

Ballo ditto il Pichi (1621)
Dispiegate guancie amati

Giovanni Picchi (1572–1643)
Domenico Maria Melli (c.1572–fl.1610)

Sonata Quarta from Sonate Concertate
in Stil Moderno, Libro II, Venice, 1629

Dario Castello (fl. early 17c)

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto
Zefiro torna

Monteverdi
Monteverdi

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Chiome d'oro, bel tesoro,
tu mi legghi in mille modi
se t'annodi, se ti snodi.

Candidette perle elette,
se le rose che coprite
discoprite, mi ferite.

Vive stelle, che si belle
e si vaghe risplendete,
se ridete m'ancidete.

Preziose, amorose,
coralline labbra amate,
se parlate mi beate.

O bel nodo per cui godo!
O soave uscir di vita!
O gradita mia ferita!

Lidia spina del mio core
ond'amor mi straccia e punge
di dolcissimo licore
pur talhor la piaga m'unge
e senz'arte o sugo d'erba
il dolor mi disacerba.

Che là dove il cor languisce
molle stende e candiderà
quella mano onde rapisce
amar l'alme e i cori alletta
e toccando e ritoccano
mi vien dolce il cor sanando.

O che piaga avventurosa
se si bella e bianca mano
mentre in sen mi si riposa
va sanando il cor pian piano
e soccorre a la ferita
con le perle de le dita.

Che se 'l guardo troppo fier
troppo frena i miei desiri
e l'avorio lusinghiero
poco tempra i miei martiri
Lidia mia che dolce sorte
s'en tua man ne vengo a morte.

Sì dolce è il tormento
che in seno mi sta,
ch'io vivo contento
per cruda beltà
Nel ciel di bellezza
s'accreschi fierezza
e manchi pieta,
ché sempre qual scoglio
all'onda d'orgoglio
mia fede sarà.

Golden tresses, fairest treasure,
you bind me in a thousand ways,
whether you are coiled or loosened.

Choice little white pearls,
when you reveal the roses
that you cover, you wound me.

Lively stars that shine,
so fair and alluring,
when you laugh you slay me.

Precious, seductive
beloved lips of coral,
when you speak you give me bliss.

Oh fair bond that gives me joy!
Oh sweet life's leave-taking!
Oh this welcome wound of mine!

Lidia, thorn in my heart
With which Love rends and pricks me,
Yet with sweetest liquor
Sometimes anoints the wound,
And without art or juice of herb
Soothes my pain.

For, where my heart languishes,
She places, soft and fairest white,
That hand with which Love
Ravishes souls and allures hearts;
And touching and caressing it again
She gently heals my heart.

Oh, how fortunate a wound,
If so fair and white a hand,
As it rests on my bosom,
Heals my heart little by little
And relieves my pain
With its pearly fingers.

For if your gaze too sternly
Reins in my desires
And this charming whiteness
Allays my torments too little,
My Lydia, how sweet my fate
Should I expire in your hands!

So sweet is the torment
I nourish within,
that I live contented
by cruel beauty.
In a heaven of beauty
let pride wax
and pity wane,
yet still like a rock
in a sea of pride
my love will remain.

Per foco e per gelo
riposo non ho:
nel porto del cielo
riposo haverò.
Se colpo mortale
con rigido strale
il cor m'impiegò
cangiando mia sorte
col dardo di morte
il cor sanerò.

Se fiamma d'amore
gia mai non senti
quel rigido core
ch'il cor mi rapì,
se niega pietate
la cruda beltate
che l'alma invaghi,
ben sia che dolente,
pentita e languente,
sospirimi un di.

Pur ti miro, pur ti godo,
pur ti stringo, pur t'annodo;
più non peno, più non moro,
o mia vita, o mio tesoro.

Io son tua, tuo son io,
speme mia, dillo di.
Tu sei pur, l'idol mio,
mio ben, mio cor, mia vita, sì.

Damigella
Tutta bella
Versa versa quel bel vino,
Fa che cada
La rugiada
Distillate di rubino.

Ho nel seno
Rio veneno
Che vi sparse Amor profondo
Ma gittarlo
E lasciarlo
Vo'sommerso in questo fondo.

Damigella
Tutta bella
Di quel vin tu non mi satii
Fa che cada
La rugiada
Distillate da topatti.

Nova fiamma
Più m'infiamma
Arde il cor foco novello
Se mia vita
Non s'aita
Ah ch'io vengo un Mongibello!

In fire and in ice
I find me no ease,
but at heaven's harbor
some rest I shall seize.
If some mortal blow
with arrows unyielding
has entered my breast,
by changing my fate
with death's gory dart
I shall cure my heart.

If love's burning flame
was never once felt
by that stubborn girl
who captured my heart,
if she withholds kindness,
that cruel young beauty
entrancing my soul,
make it indeed so that sorrowful,
repentant and feeble
she sighs one day for me.

Still I gaze upon you, still I delight in you,
still I hold you close, still I am entwined with you;
no longer do I suffer, no longer do I die,
O my life, O my treasure.

I am yours, you are mine,
you are my hope: say it, say it!
you are still my idol,
my dearest, my heart, my life, truly.

Damsel
most beautiful
pour, pour that fine wine
make drop
the dewy
distillation of ruby.

I have in my bosom
a stream of love
that deep Love pours out for you
but to cast aside
and leave it
submerged in this depth.

Damsel
most beautiful
with that wine you do not sate me,
make drop
the dewy
distillation of topaz.

A new flame
inflames me more
my heart burns with new fire
if my life
brings no help
Ah, I'll be consumed.

Ah, che spento
lo non sento
Il furor de gl'ardor miei,
Men cocenti
Meno ardenti
Sono, ohime, gli incendi Etnei.

Ma più fresca
Ogn'hor cresca
Dentro me si fatta arsura
Consumarmi
E disfarmi
Per tal modo ho per ventura.

Ardo, e scoprire, ahi lasso! non ardisco
quel che porto nel sen rinchiuso ardore;
e tanto più dolente ognor languisco,
quanto più sta celato il mio dolore.

Fra me talor mille disegni ordisco
con la lingua discior anco il timore;
ed allor fatto ardito, io non pavento
gridar soccorso al micidial tormento.

Ma s'avvien ch'io m'appressi a lei davante,
per trovar al mio mal pace e diletto,
divengo tosto pallido in sembiante,
e chinare gli occhi a terra son costretto.

Dir vorrei, ma non oso; indi tremante
comincio, e mi ritengo alfin l'affetto.
S'aprir, nunzia del cor, la lingua vuole,
si troncan sulle labbra le parole.

Voglio di vita uscir, voglio che cadano
Quest'ossa in polve e queste member in cenere,
E che l singulti miei tra l'ombre vadano.
Già che quell pié ch'ingemma l'herbe tenere
Sempre fugge da me, ne lo tratengono
I laci, hoimé, del bel fanciul di Venere.
Vo che gl'abissi il mio cordoglio vedano,
E l'aspro mio martir le furie piangono,
E che l dannati al mio tormento cedano.

A Dio crudel, gl'orgogli tuoi rimangano
A incredelir con gl'altri. A te rinunzio,
Ne vo più che mie speme in te si frangogo,
S'apre la tomba, il mio morir l'annuntio.
Una lacrima spargi, et alfin donami
Di tua tarda pietade un solo nuntio,
E s'amando t'offesi, homai perdonami.

Soave libertate,
già per sì lunga etate
mia cara compagnia,
chi da me ti disvia?
O dea desiata
e da me tanto amata,
ove ne vai veloce?

Oh, when extinguished,
I don't feel
the furor of my passion,
Less scalding
Less burning
Is, Alas, the blazing Etna.

But fresher
every moment grows
within me that fire
to consume me
and unmake me
such is my luck.

I burn, and yet, alas, dare not reveal
the stifled passion I bear in my bosom;
and ever more sorrowfully do I languish
the more my pain remains concealed.

At times I contrive a thousand schemes
to dispel my fear by loosening my tongue;
and then, emboldened, I fear not
to cry for help in my deadly torment.

But if perchance I come near her,
to seek peace and comfort for my ills,
at once I become pale of countenance,
and am compelled to cast my eyes downward.

I would speak, but dare not; then trembling
I begin, and at last my feelings find expression.
But if my tongue, the heart's messenger, seeks to
express them, the words are cut short on my lips.

I want to leave this life; I want these bones to fall
into dust And these limbs to turn to ashes
And my sobs to disappear into the shadows.
Now that foot which adorns the soft grass
Always flees from me, and cannot be restrained
By the bonds of Cupid.
I want the abysses to see my anguish,
And the furies to weep over my bitter suffering,
And the damned to yield to my torments.

Let the cruel god keep your pride,
To add pitilessly to that of the others.
I renounce you, and I don't want my hopes crushed
any more. The tomb opens, I proclaim my death to
you. Spare a tear, and at the end give me
A single message out of belated pity;
And if, by loving, I have offended you. Forgive me.

Sweet liberty,
for so long a time
my dear companion,
who has parted you from me?
O desired goddess,
and so beloved by me,
whither do you go so swiftly?

Lasso, che ad alta voce
in van ti chiamo e piango:
tu fuggi, ed io rimango
stretto in belle catene
d'altre amorose pene
e d'altro bel desio.
Addio, per sempre, addio!

Mio core languisce

e mai non si more.
Madre ohimè, non fusse amore.

Un dolce veleno,
penoso diletto,
tormenta'l mio petto,
lusinga il mio seno,
sospiro vien meno,
s'afflige il mio core.
Madre ohimè, non fusse amore.

Speranza che piace
lusinga la mente,
ma tosto si pente
e l'alma si sface,
il bene è fugace,
eterno il dolore.
Madre ohimè, non fusse amore.

Occhi belli, occhi miei cari,
raffrenate il vostro sguardo,
per pietà del foco ond' ardo:
siate a me, pregovi, avari.

Troppo il sen mi ferite
quando penso, occhi miei, che l'altri gradite.
Ma, lasso! e che diss' io? Stolto che fui!
Chiamai quegli occhi miei, che son d'altrui.

Ardo ma non ardisco il chiuso ardore
dell'alma aprir, che 'l tacito, cocente,
quasi invisibil fulmine cadente
dentro mi strugge, e non appar di fore.

Ben negli sguardi e ne' sospiri Amore
l'arsura palesar cerca sovente,
ma vinta dal timor la fiamma ardente
fugge dal volto, e si concentra al core.

Così tremo et agghiaccio, ove la mia
face più avvampa. Or chi, misero, aspetto,
che a non veduto mal rimedio dia?

Soffri e taci, o mio cor, fatto ricetto
di sì bel foco; incenerisci, e sia
delle ceneri tuoi sepolcro il petto.

Dispiegate,
guance amate,
quella porpora acerbetta,
che peridenti,
che dolente

Alas, I raise my voice
and in vain call out to you and weep:
you flee and I remain
held fast in the fair chains
of other amorous afflictions
and other fond desires;
and so farewell, farewell forever!

My heart languishes
and yet does not die.
Mother, alas, let it not be love.

A sweet poison,
a painful delight,
torments my bosom,
beguiles my breast,
my breath falters,
my heart is afflicted.
Mother, alas, let it not be love.

A pleasing hope
beguiles the mind,
but soon it repents
and the soul is undone,
the good is fleeting,
pain eternal.
Mother, alas, let it not be love.

Fair eyes, my dear eyes:
hold back your gaze,
out of pity for the fire with which I burn;
be miserly with me, I beg you!

You wound my bosom overmuch
when I think, O my eyes, that you delight another.
But alas, what do I say? Fool that I was!
I called those eyes mine, when they are another's.

I burn but I dare not open the concealed passion
of my soul. Since the silent, searing,
near-invisible lightning-bolt consumes me within,
and does not appear without.

Indeed, in glances and in sighs
Love often seeks to reveal the heat;
but, conquered by fear, the blazing flame flees
from the face and concentrates itself in the heart.

Thus I tremble and freeze where my torch flames
the hottest. Now who, wretch, do I expect
might provide a remedy for an unseen illness?

You suffer and keep silent, o my heart, become
refuge of so fair a fire; you burn utterly, and may
my bosom be the sepulcher of your ashes.

Show forth,
Beloved cheeks,
That piquant purple hue
So that the roses
Amidst the greenery

fian le rose in su l'erbetta.

Deh scoprite,
deh partite,
chiare stelle, i vostri rai,
che partendo,
che scoprendo
fia men chiaro il sol d'assai.

Deh togliete
quella rete,
auree chiome, aureo tesoro,
ch'a toccarvi,
ch'a spiegharvi
tornerà quest'aria d'oro.

Svela, svela
quel che cela,
dolce bocca, il desir nostro,
ch'a svelarlo,
ch'a mostrarlo
perderan le perle, e l'ostro.

Apri o labbro
di cinabro
un sorriso ancor tra 'l velo,
ch'ad aprirlo,
ch'a scoprirlo
riderà la terra, e 'l cielo.

Tocca, tocca,
bella bocca,
l'aria omai di qualche accento,
che toccando,
che parlando,
tacerà per l'aria il vento.

Ma se fuore
tant'onore,
non sospinge il tuo sereno,
tua vaghezza,
tua bellezza
la pietà mi mostri almeno.

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto
lucente e minaccioso,
quel dardo velenoso
vola a ferirmi il petto.
Bellezze ond' io tutt' ardo
e son da me diviso,
piagatemi col sguardo,
sanatemi col riso!

Armatevi, pupille,
d'asprissimo rigore,
versatemi sul core
un nembo di faville!
Ma 'l labbro non sia tardo
a ravvivarmi ucciso;
feriscami quel sguardo,
ma sanimi quel riso.

Shall languish and mourn.

Ah, reveal,
Ah, send forth,
Clear orbs, your rays,
For in revealing,
For in sending forth,
The sun shall much less clearly shine.

Ah, take off
That net,
Golden tresses, golden treasure,
For in touching you,
For in loosing you,
That golden breeze shall return.

Reveal, reveal,
What you conceal,
Sweet mouth, of your desire,
For by revealing it,
For by showing it,
Pearls and scarlet shall be diminished.

Open, o lips
Of cinnabar,
A smile, though it be veiled,
For by opening it,
For by revealing it,
Earth and heaven shall laugh.

Play, o play,
Fair mouth,
With some fair strain upon the air,
For in playing,
For in speaking,
The breeze will fall silent to the air.

But if outwardly
Such honors
Do not ruffle your composure,
Your comeliness,
Your beauty,
Then at least show me compassion.

That haughty little glance,
bright and menacing,
that poisonous dart
is flying to strike my breast.
O beauties for which I burn,
and by which I am distracted,
wound me with your glance,
but heal me with your laughter.

Arm yourself, O eyes,
with harshest rigor;
pour upon my heart
a shower of sparks!
But let those lips not be slow
to revive me when I am slain.
May that glance wound me,
but may that laughter heal me.

Begl'occhi, all'armi, all'armi!
Io vi preparo il seno:
infin ch'io venga meno
gioite di piagarmi.
E se da' vostri dardi
io resterò conquiso,
ferischino quei sguardi,
Ma sanami quel riso.

Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti
l'aer fa grato e il piè discioglie all'onde
e, mormorando tra le verdi fronde,
fa danzar al bel suon sul prato i fiori.

Inghirlandato il crin Fillide e Clori
note temprando lor care e gioconde
e da monti e da valli ime e profonde
raddoppian l'armonia gli antri canori.

Sorge più vaga in ciel l'aurora, e 'l sole
sparge più luci d'or; più puro argento
fregia di Teti il bel ceruleo manto.

Sol io, per selve abbandonate e sole,
l'ardor di due begl'occhi e 'l mio tormento,
come vuol mia ventura, or piango or canto.

Beautiful eyes, to arms, to arms!
I prepare my bosom for you:
rejoice in wounding me,
even until I swoon.
And if I shall be vanquished
by your darts,
may those glances wound me,
But may your laughter heal me.

Zephyr returns and with soft accents
makes the air pleasing, and ripples the waters,
and, murmuring among the green branches,
the meadow-flowers dance to the fair sound.

Phyllis and Cloris, their hair crowned with flowers,
give rise to fond and joyful notes,
and from the hills and deep valleys
the sonorous caves redouble the harmony.

Yet more fair does the dawn rise in the sky, and the
sun sheds yet more golden rays, while purer silver
adorns Thetys' fair cerulean mantle.

Only I, through lonely deserted woods,
as my fate wills, now lament, now sing
of the burning of two fair eyes, and of my torment.

NOTES

Seventeenth-century Italy was a creative hothouse that nurtured new styles of keyboard and vocal music. Monody (accompanied song) and madrigals (multipart secular songs), seedlings at the start of the century, grew and blossomed into the most startling music of its day.

The complex richness of music for massed voices and instruments, in the hands of the pioneering composers of the period, cast the age in gold. But there were also more subtle delights—textures that are less dense, simpler in form, more direct. The one and two voice *arie* and *canzonette* (lighter songs) of the time are irresistible.

Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643) was the unsurpassed master of seventeenth-century vocal music. With an extraordinary skill for setting text, he communicated every facet of human emotion, and this skill was complemented by an otherworldly gift for writing sublime melodies. With the possible exceptions of Bach's sacred music, Mozart's operas, and Schubert's lieder, never do words and music come together so perfectly.

A master of mixing multiple voices and instruments, Monteverdi's eight books of madrigals are the high-water mark of the form. But he also composed smaller-scale *canzonette*, *arie* and *scherzi* throughout his career, some of them appearing in his madrigal books and some published independently. (If you are wondering about *scherzi*, it's not a musical term; Monteverdi referred to them as "jests.")

The *canzonetta* "Chiome d'oro," from his Seventh Book of Madrigals, derives much its charm from its delicious melody and bouncy interplay between all the voices, vocal and instrumental. From the books of *scherzi*, "Quel sguardo sdegnosetto" is a solo gem with folk song–like simplicity that yield an abundance of melodic delights.

However, not all of Monteverdi's music for one and two voices qualifies as light entertainment. Taken from his Eighth Book of Madrigals, the epochal *Madrigali guerrieri ed amorosi*, (Madrigals of war and love), comes "Ardo e scoprir," an intense setting laced with pained dissonances and climaxing with the dramatic depiction of a lover failing in his attempt to speak to his beloved.

Perhaps the most sublime duet in the Monteverdi canon is "Pur ti miro," the final scene of his opera *L'incoronazione di Poppea*. The irony is that it's likely not written by Monteverdi. There has always been debate about the authorship, some scholars suggesting it was a collaboration between Monteverdi and another composer, or that the duet was added by a younger composer after Monteverdi's death. No matter, the tender scene between Nero and Poppea is breathtaking.

While Monteverdi was the nonpareil of the period, there were other Italian masters who had their say in the vocal arts. Luigi Rossi (1597–1653) worked at courts in Naples, Rome and Paris (in the employ of the powerful Cardinal Marazin) and wrote operas. But it's his chamber cantatas, nearly 300 of them extant, that define Rossi. He was clearly smitten with the sound of two female voices, since more than 60 of these cantatas were written for two sopranos. "Occhi belli" is a mini masterpiece with an elegant melody and snappy interplay between the two voices, all unfolding over a solid bass line.

The blind Venetian harpsichordist Martino Pesenti (c.1600–c.1648) wrote little music and never enjoyed the acclaim of Monteverdi or Rossi, but his madrigal "Ardo ma non ardisco" is the work of a composer with significant talent. Pesenti vividly sets the violent imagery of the text with a compelling rhythmic urgency.

The Sonata No. 4 of Venetian composer Dario Castello (c. 1590–c. 1658) thrills with its virtuoso string passages and daring affects, common to the groundbreaking *stile moderno* (modern style) that swept across Italy.

While the name Johannes Hieronymus Kapsberger (1580–1651) hardly sounds Italian, Kapsberger was born in Venice to a family of German aristocrats. Supported by Rome's Barberini family, Kapsberger was a prolific and influential composer and a key figure in the development of the theorbo as a solo instrument. The rhapsodic *Toccata arpeggiata* is one of his finest and most popular works.

PERFORMERS

Preëminent New York City-based early music ensemble **TENET** celebrates its ninth season in 2017-18. Under Artistic Director Jolle Greenleaf, TENET has won acclaim for its innovative programming, virtuosic singing and command of repertoire that spans the Middle Ages to the present day. Highlights of recent seasons include performances of J.S. Bach's motets, a three-year cycle of Carlo Gesualdo's *Tenebrae Responsories*, a medieval survey series called The Sounds of Time led by Robert Mealy, and original theatrical performances highlighting works composed by, for, and about women in 17th century Italy. Renowned for their interpretations of Renaissance and Baroque repertoire, TENET's distinguished soloists' have been praised for their pristine one-voice-to-a-part singing "to an uncanny degree of precision" (*The Boston Globe*). TENET sponsors the highly praised Green Mountain Project, giving annual performances of Claudio Monteverdi's *Vespers of 1610*, as well as other Vespers that have been newly reconstructed by the project's musical director, Scott Metcalfe, including music by Monteverdi, Giovanni Gabrieli, Antoine Charpentier and their contemporaries.

Period violinist **Dongmyung Ahn** is a performer, educator, and scholar, whose interests span from the twelfth to eighteenth centuries. She is co-founder of Guido's Ear and regularly performs with the Sebastians, TENET, Early Music New York, Green Mountain Vespers, Pegasus, Clarion, and Bach Vespers. She has also played the rebec in the *The Play of Daniel* at the Cloisters. A dedicated educator, Dongmyung is the director of the Queens College Baroque Ensemble and has taught music history at Vassar College and Queens College. She is a Ph.D. candidate in musicology at the Graduate Center, CUNY, and has published an article on medieval liturgy in the Rodopi series *Faux Titre*.

Soprano **Jolle Greenleaf** is one of today's foremost figures in the field of early music. Ms. Greenleaf has been hailed by *The New York Times* as a "golden soprano" and "a major force in the New York early music-scene." She is a celebrated interpreter of the music of Bach, Buxtehude, Handel, Purcell and, most notably, Claudio Monteverdi. She has performed as a soloist in venues throughout the U.S., Scandinavia, Europe, and Central America for important presenters including Vancouver Early Music Festival, Denmark's Vendsyssel Festival, Costa Rica International Music Festival, Puerto Rico's Festival Casals, Utrecht Festival, at Panama's National Theater, and San Cristobal, the Cathedral in Havana, Cuba.

Keyboardist and conductor **Jeffrey Grossman** specializes in vital, engaging performances of music of the past, through processes that are intensely collaborative and historically informed. This season, Jeffrey directs from the keyboard selected concerts with the Sebastians and TENET, and returns to the St. Paul Chamber Orchestra as featured harpsichord soloist in Bach's Brandenburg Concerti. In addition to serving as artistic director of the acclaimed baroque ensemble the Sebastians, Jeffrey also performs this year with the Green Mountain Project, Chamber Music Northwest, Quodlibet, and the Bach Players of Holy Trinity. Jeffrey can be heard on the Avie, Gothic, Naxos, Albany, Soundspells, Métier, and MSR Classics record labels. A native of Detroit, Michigan, he holds degrees from Harvard College, the Juilliard School, and Carnegie Mellon University.

A first prize winner of the ABS' Young Artist Competition, violinist **Johanna Novom** has been Associate Concertmaster of Apollo's Fire since completion of her Master's degree at Oberlin Conservatory. She appears with ensembles such as the American Bach Soloists, Trinity Wall Street Baroque Orchestra, Concert Royal, Washington Bach Consort, Clarion Music Society, Chatham Baroque, the Sebastian Chamber Players, and is a founding member of the Diderot String Quartet, a new ensemble dedicated to the performance of 18th and early 19th century quartets on period instruments. Regular festival engagements include the Boston Early Music Festival and the Carmel Bach Festival. Johanna was a 2010-11 fellowship member of the Yale Baroque Ensemble under the direction of Robert Mealy.

Molly Quinn has captivated audiences with her "radiant" soprano, possessing an "arresting sweetness and simplicity" (*The New York Times*) in diverse repertoire ranging from Monteverdi to the Rolling Stones. In addition to her work with TENET, this season she goes on tour with The Bang on a Can All-Stars performing Julia Wolfe's *Steel Hammer*, makes debut appearances with The Helicon Society, The Catacoustic Consort and El Fuego Ensemble, and return appearances with Apollo's Fire, and at Saint Thomas Fifth Avenue. Miss Quinn has been a soloist with many noted orchestras and ensembles including The Knights NYC, The Clarion Music Society, The Choir of Trinity Wall Street, The Carmel Bach Festival, The Folger Consort, and Quicksilver. Quinn holds both the Bachelor of Music and Master of Music in Vocal Performance from University of Cincinnati-College Conservatory of Music and currently resides in Chapel Hill, NC.

Charles Weaver performs on early plucked-string instruments both as a recitalist and as an accompanist. Chamber music appearances include Quicksilver, Early Music New York, Piffaro, Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, the Folger Consort, Blue Heron, Musica Pacifica, and the Boston Early Music Festival Chamber Ensemble. He is on the faculty of the Juilliard School, where he teaches Historically Informed Performance on Plucked Instruments. In 2016, he was the assistant conductor for Juilliard Opera's production of Cavalli's *La Calisto*. He also works with the New York Continuo Collective: an ensemble of players and singers exploring seventeenth-century vocal music in semester-length workshop productions. He has taught at the Lute Society of America Summer Workshop, the Madison Early Music Festival, and the Western Wind Workshop in ensemble singing. He is associate director of music at St Mary Church in Norwalk, Connecticut, where he specializes in Renaissance polyphony, and where he teaches Gregorian chant and Renaissance music theory to children.