

in stile moderno

2021–2022 season  
Watertown & Brattleboro

Faithful and Pious Heart:  
*Devotional Music in  
Seventeenth-Century Italy*

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Friday, October 22, 2021  
Brattleboro Music Center

Saturday, October 23, 2021  
Church of the Good Shepherd, Watertown



*Program*

Canterò dell'honore	Anon.
Canzona	Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583–1643)
Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi	Anon.
Toccata	Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger (1580–1651)
Giunto alla cuna	Domenico Mazzocchi (1592–1665)
Passacaglia	Giovanni Paolo Foscarini (fl. 1600–1647)
Bisogna stupire	Anon.
Toccata	After Claudio Merulo (1533–1604)
Hor ch'è tempo di dormire	Tarquinio Merula (1595–1665)



Ciaccona	Francesco Corbetta (1615–1681)
Al pie del duro legno	Giovanni Pietro Biandra (ca. 1580–1633)
Amor, non posso più	Anon.
Lagrimè amare	Mazzocchi
Adoramus te	Intabulation after Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)
O che amarissimo	Anon.
Questi pungenti spine	Benedetto Ferrari (ca. 1603–1681)
Colombella, che di latte	Mazzocchi



## Notes

Music historians have typically divided music of the Baroque era into two distinct genres: the sacred and the secular. Sacred music was intended to be performed as part of the liturgy, and was therefore written in Latin and accompanied by the most solemn and regal of instruments, the organ. Secular music, on the other hand, was written for the court, opera house, or even the tavern, and was therefore composed in the vernacular and accompanied by a wide range of instruments, from the rustic guitar to the celestial harp. Like all taxonomies, this categorization is useful but ultimately incomplete. Often the most interesting species are those that defy simple categorization. So tonight we present a program full of platypuses and archaeopteryxes: the fascinating genre of *canzonette spirituali*.

Neither fully sacred nor secular, *canzonette spirituali* play on the wildly popular genre of the *canzonetta*, a light, strophic song with pastoral and/or romantic themes. The *canzonetta* drew on the mounds of exquisite seventeenth-century poetry—as well as the mountains of doggerel—in which shepherds, nymphs, and birds were recurring characters, as were “cruel” women who are the objects of unrequited love. In *canzonette spirituali*, these subjects were modified to explore sacred themes. The birds that represented springtime and frolicking were replaced by doves and eagles representing Jesus, the Holy Spirit and the Virgin Mary. Seventeenth-century poets’ curious thirst for pastoral settings was sated by depictions of Jesus’ birth in the manger (complete with shepherds). Most interestingly, the pains and joys of romantic love were translated into expressions of love for the divine. The poet lamenting, and yet thoroughly enjoying, his unrequited love for some lady named Lydia is replaced by mortal man expressing his love for God. The lament of the Virgin Mary for the crucified Jesus takes the place of the popular classic laments of Hero for Leander, Ariadne for Theseus, Dido for Aeneas, etc.

Often these *canzonette spirituale* borrow directly from familiar secular music and poetry, as is the case in several of tonight’s pieces. **Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi dal mondo bugiardo** (“flee, flee, flee from the lying world”)

parodies the famous song “Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi da questo cielo” (“flee, flee, flee from this sky”) by Giuseppino del Biado, itself a setting of the very recognizable melody “La Mantovana.” Biado’s song is a simple poem urging winter to flee and be replaced by spring; the anonymous sacred version urges the sinful to flee from the temptations of the earthly world.

Mazzocchi’s ***Giunto alla cuna*** (“Having reached the crib”) takes its text from a masterful parody of “Giunto alla tomba” (“Having reached the tomb”), an extract from Torquato Tasso’s epic poem *La Gerusalemme liberata*. The original text, depicting a knight lamenting the death of his love in the First Crusade, was set multiple times, and would have been instantly recognizable to a seventeenth-century audience. The sacred version was written by Monsignor Giulio Rospigliosi (who would later become Pope Clement IX) and describes a shepherd approaching the crib of the infant Jesus. The symbolism of replacing death with birth in this familiar text would certainly not have been lost on the listeners of the time.

Several of the pieces on tonight’s program take another cue from secular music, using a repeated bass line, or *basso ostinato*. The anonymous ***Bisogna stupire*** (“You must be amazed”) is set as a simple, yet catchy melody over a subtle variant of the passacaglia in A minor.

Tarquino Merula uses a simple oscillating two-note bass line to represent the rocking of a crib in his ***Hor ch’è tempo di dormire*** (“Now that it is time to sleep”). This never-ceasing bass produces increasingly harsh dissonances with the melody as Mary alternates between admiring each feature of baby Jesus’s body and describing in gory detail how it will be maimed and disfigured during the Passion. Despite this questionable parenting technique, the baby does eventually fall asleep.

The passacaglia in a major key was popularized by the gorgeous love duet “Pur ti miro”, written by Benedetto Ferrari for the final scene of Claudio Monteverdi’s opera “L’incoronazione di Poppea”. This beautiful and serene bass line is perfectly suited to a love duet, which makes it all the more striking that Ferrari used the same bass to set ***Queste pungente spine*** (“These stinging thorns”). The juxtaposition of music and text, combined with Ferrari’s skillful and judicious use of dissonance, draws attention to the complex relationship between divine love and suffering.

Tonight's program is grouped around two central scenes in the story of Jesus: the Nativity and the Passion. Perhaps it is unsurprising that so many composers turned their attention to these moments, as they are full of opportunities to express every emotion from tender adoration to intense sorrow. Indeed, we feel that seventeenth-century composers must have been drawn to the genre as a whole because it offered a way to engage with sacred texts and stories on a direct and emotional level. In contrast to sacred music in Latin, where the same liturgical texts are set again and again, here the listener can be captivated anew by a familiar story, retold in new poetic and musical language. We hope that tonight you will feel drawn into this musical world—with all its emotional depth, poetic brilliance, and melodic variety.

—*Nathaniel Cox & Agnes Coakley Cox*



*Texts*

**Canterò dell'honore**

Del Mondo infame,  
 Secondo la vena mi dà,  
 E dirò che la gloria l'honore,  
 Sol è del Signore,  
 Ch'in Cielo ne sta.  
 Ah'honor pazzo,  
 Questo mondazzo  
 Cosa sia honore in vero non sà.

L'odiar, il spalar, il detrare  
 Ferir, amazzare  
 Honore sarà?  
 Chi ha senno lo tocca con mano  
 Che di Christiano  
 Honor ciò non ha.  
 O pazzo honore,  
 Haver rancore  
 Odiar quello che bene ne fà.

Alli buoni i nemici fan bene  
 Lor pagan le pene  
 Della sua impietà.  
 Chi patisce, ed ama il nemico  
 Figliol' ed amico  
 Di Dio si fà.

I will sing of the "honor"  
 Of the wicked world  
 According to my fancy,  
 And I say that glory and honor  
 Come only from the Lord  
 Who is in Heaven.  
 Ah, foolish "honor,"  
 This naughty old world  
 In truth has never known such a thing.

Hate, evil speech, slander,  
 Wounding, murder,  
 Are these honor?  
 If you have any sense, keep your hands  
 on it, because it doesn't exist, this so-called  
 "honor" of a Christian.  
 Ah, foolish "honor,"  
 To bear a grudge  
 To hate the one who is doing good by it.

Foes do all right by good people,  
 They pay to them the price  
 Of their impiety.  
 If you're patient and love your enemy  
 God will make you  
 His child and his friend.

O grand'honore  
Che fa il Signore  
A chi perdona, che Regi li fà.

**Fuggi, fuggi, fuggi**

Dal Mondo bugiardo  
Suoi lacci distruggi  
Non esser codardo.  
Guardati bene  
Di non cader in pene,  
Che stan preparate  
All'anime dannate,  
Ch'han seguit'il Mondo  
Fallac'ed immondo.

Guarda, guarda, guarda  
Ch'al fin non ti colga  
La Morte non tarda  
E la tua vita sciolga.  
È per un puoco  
Di piacer un fuoco  
Habb'in eterno  
Là giù nell'Inferno  
Fuggi dunque presto  
Pensa ben à questo.

Presto, presto, presto  
Non esser più tardo  
A perder il resto  
Con il mondo bugiardo  
Vive, chi fugge  
Il Mondo, e si strugge  
Il rio peccato  
E Dio nè vien'lodato  
Fuggi dunque hormai  
Che pensi che fai.

**Giunto alla cuna**, ove al suo figlio vivo  
Leggi di morte il sommo Rè prescrisse,  
Confuso un pastorello, e quasi privo  
Di movimento, A Giesù gli occhi affisse.  
E d'affetto sgorgando un largo rivo,  
In un devoto ohime, proruppe, e disse,  
O mio dolce Signor pietoso tanto,  
Che per far lieto il mondo hor versi il pianto.

Behold the great honor  
That the Lord gives to the merciful:  
He makes them kings.

Flee, flee, flee  
From the lying world:  
Destroy its snares,  
Do not be cowardly!  
Take good care  
Not to fall into the afflictions  
Which stand ready  
For damned souls,  
Who have followed  
The false and unclean world.

Beware, beware, beware,  
That at the end you are not seized  
By Death, who does not delay  
And dissolves your life.  
For a little bit of pleasure,  
You may have fire  
For eternity  
Down there in Hell.  
Flee, therefore, quickly;  
Think well on this.

Quickly, quickly, quickly,  
Do not delay  
To let go the rest  
With the lying world.  
That person lives, who flees  
The world, and struggles against  
Wicked sin,  
And God is glorified in that.  
Flee, therefore, already,  
Both what you think and what you do.

Having reached the manger,  
where the great King  
prescribed laws of death to  
his living Son, a shepherd,  
confused, and as if deprived  
of movement, fixed his eyes  
on Jesus. And like a wide river  
rushing forth, in a devoted

Tu gli strali pungenti e le vivaci  
Fiamme dal Ciel ne porti eterno Amore,  
E ben sent'io con disusate faci  
Trà quest'ombre gelate arderm'il core.  
Deh prendi i miei sospiri, e questi baci  
Prendi, ch'io bagno di pietoso humore,  
E s'io per te già mi distruggo, almeno  
Resta Amor santo ad habitarmi in seno.

Resta Amor santo a rattivarmi, e gira  
L'occhi di tua clemenza alle mie spoglie.  
Errai, no'l nego, errai, ma cessi l'ira,  
Ch'entro a celeste cor mai si raccoglie.  
Perdona il mio fallir, che sol respira  
In questa speme il cor frà le mie doglie,  
Fà ch'io mora per te, ne ti sia noia,  
Che se lungi a te vissi, hor per te moia.

### **Bisogna stupire**

E per forza dire  
Ch'immenso, è l'amore  
Del nostro Signore.

Si è fatto Bambino  
E si picciolino  
De Regi quel Sire  
Bisogna stupire.

Si è fatto mortale  
Quel Dio immortale,  
Per noi vuol morire  
Bisogna stupire.

Nel ventre rachiuso

"Alas" he burst out, and said:  
Oh, my sweet Lord, so merci-  
ful, who to make the world  
glad now sheds tears.

You, by the piercing thorns  
and living flames of Heaven,  
bring eternal love, and I feel  
my heart burn with unac-  
customed lights amid these  
cold shadows. Ah, take my  
sighs, and take these kisses,  
which I bathe with piteous  
tears; and if I already destroy  
myself by you, at least holy  
Love remains in my breast.

Holy Love remains to revive  
me, and turns merciful eyes  
on my mortal remains. I have  
sinned, I do not deny, but  
cease your anger, which never  
gathers within the heavenly  
heart. Forgive my sin; my  
heart breathes in this hope  
alone among my sorrows.  
May I die for you, and may it  
not trouble you, that if I lived  
far from you, I now die for  
you.

You must be amazed  
And be compelled to say  
That immense is the love  
Of our Lord.

He made himself a child  
And so tiny,  
This King of Kings;  
You must be amazed.

He made himself mortal,  
This immortal God,  
For us he wishes to die,  
You must be amazed.

In the enclosed womb

Non ha del motto uso  
Chi move ogni cosa  
Immotto riposa.

**Hor ch'è tempo di dormire**

Dormi, figlio, e non vagire,  
Perchè tempo ancor verrà  
Che vagir bisognerà  
Deh ben mio deh cor mio, fa,  
Fa la ninna ninna na.

Chiudi quei lumi divini  
Come fan gl'altri bambini,  
Perchè tosto oscuro velo  
Priverà di lume il cielo.

Over prendi questo latte  
Dalle mie mammelle intatte  
Perchè ministro crudele  
Ti prepara aceto e fiele.

Amor mio, sia questo petto  
Hor per te morbido letto,  
Pria che rendi ad alta voce  
L'alma al Padre su la croce.

Posa hor queste membra belle  
Vezzose e tenerelle  
Perchè poi ferri e catene  
Gli daran acerbe pene.

Queste mani e questi piedi,  
Ch'or con gusto e gaudio vedi,  
Ahimè com'in varij modi  
Passeran acuti chiodi.

Questa faccia gratiosa,  
Rubiconda hor più di rosa,  
Sputi e schiaffi sporcheranno  
Con tormento e grand'affano.

Ah, con quanto tuo dolore,  
Sola speme del mio core,  
Questo capo e questi crini  
Passeran acuti spini!

Ah, ch'in questo divin petto,  
Amor mio dolce diletto,

He is still,  
He who brings all things to life  
Rests unmoving.

Now that it is time to sleep,  
sleep, my son, and do not cry,  
because the time will come  
when you will have to cry.  
Oh my love, oh, my dear,  
sing lullaby.

Close those divine eyes  
as other children do,  
because soon a dark veil  
will cover the sky.

Or take this milk  
from my immaculate breast,  
for a cruel governor  
will offer you vinegar and gall.

My love, may this breast  
be a soft bed for you now,  
before you give up, with a loud cry,  
your soul to the Father on the cross.

Rest these beautiful limbs,  
so precious and tender,  
because later irons and chains  
will give them bitter pains.

These hands and these feet, which  
now you see with joy and delight,  
Oh! - how in many ways  
will be pierced by sharp nails.

This pretty face,  
now ruddier than a rose,  
will be spat upon and slapped  
with torment and great grief.

Oh, with what great sorrow,  
only hope of my heart,  
will this head and this hair  
be torn by sharp thorns!

Oh, this divine breast,  
my love, my sweet darling,



Vi farà piaga mortale  
Empia lancia e disleale!

will be mortally wounded  
by a cruel and treacherous lance!

Dormi dunque figliol mio,  
Dormi pur, redentor mio,  
Perchè poi, con lieto viso,  
Ci vedrem in Paradiso.

Sleep, then, my son,  
just sleep, my saviour,  
because then, with joyful faces,  
we will meet again in Paradise.

Hor che dorme la mia vita,  
Del mio cor gioia compita,  
Taccia ognun con puro zelo,  
Taccian sin la terra e'l Cielo.  
E fra tanto io che farò?  
Il mio ben contemplerò  
Ne starò col capo chino  
Fin che dorme il mio Bambino.

Now that he sleeps, my life,  
the only joy of my heart,  
let everyone be silent,  
even the earth and heaven.  
And meanwhile, what shall I do?  
I will watch over my love  
and stand with my head bowed,  
for as long as my child sleeps.

**A pie del duro legno** onde pendea  
Sol per soverch'amor l'etern'amante  
Non men forse del Figlio ego e spirante  
La genitrice Vergine piangea.

At the foot of the hard cross, where  
hung the eternal Lover, only out of  
abundant love; Sick and sighing no  
less, perhaps, than the Son, the  
Virgin Mother wept.

**Amor, non posso più**  
Sostener il calore  
Ch'inceneris' il cuore  
Se non m'aggiuti tu.  
Amor, non posso più.

Love, I can no more  
Tolerate the heat  
Which burns my heart to ashes  
If you do not give me succour.  
Love, I cannot go on.

Non più Signor, non più,  
Che troppo angusto è il cuore,  
Ne più capir l'ardore  
Se nol'dilati tu.  
Amor, non posso più.

No more, Lord, no more,  
For my heart is too small  
To be capable of such ardor  
If you do not enlarge it.  
Love, I cannot go on.

Temperate, o bon Giesù,  
La troppo ardente fiamma  
Con che il mio cor s'infiamma,  
Perche non posso più.  
Soccorso o bon Giesù.

Temper, O good Jesus,  
This all too ardent flame  
With which my heart burns.  
Because I cannot go on.  
Help me, O good Jesus.

Amato o Dio se tu  
Non mi dilati il cuore,  
Si creparà d'amore  
Ne potrà viver più.  
Agiutami o Giesù

O beloved God, if you  
Do not expand my heart  
It will burst with love  
And will live no longer.  
Help me, O Jesus.

**Lagrima amare**, all'anima che langue  
Soccorrete pietose; il dente rio,  
Già v'imprese d'inferno il crudel angue,  
E mortifera piaga, ohimè, v'apr'io.

Bitter tears, bring pious help to the  
languishing soul; Hell's cruel serpent  
has already sunk his dreadful fangs  
into you. And this deadly wound,  
alas, I must now open.

Ben vuol sanarla il Redentore esangue,  
Mà idarno sparso il pretioso rio  
Sarà per lei di quel beato sangue  
Senza il doglioso humor del pianto mio.

The Redeemer, drained of blood,  
wishes to heal the soul, but this  
precious stream of blessed blood,  
shed in vain, for her would lack the  
painful emotion of my weeping.

Sù dunque, amare lagrime correte  
A gl'occhi ogn'or da questo cor pentito,  
Versate pur, che di voi sole hò sete.

Up then, bitter tears, and run to the  
eyes from the repentant heart;  
Pour forth, for I thirst only for you.

Se tanto il liquor vostro, è in Ciel gradito,  
Dirò di voi, che voi quell'acque sete,  
Ch'uscir col sangue da Giesù ferito.

If your liquor is so pleasing in  
Heaven, I will say that you are the  
water that flowed together with blood  
from Jesus' wounded side.

**O che amarissimo**, dolorosissimo,  
Caso che abomina il corpo e l'anima,  
Cor mio come poi tu hormai vivere più,  
Se il peccato mortal trafitto t'hà  
con il suo amaro stral.

O most bitter, most sad situation,  
Which body and soul cannot stand,  
My heart, how can you now go on,  
If mortal sin has pierced you  
with its bitter arrow?

Giesù dolcissimo, e soavissimo,  
Assai affligerti, e crucifigerti,  
E il mio peccato fù assai amaro più,  
Del assenzo, e del fiel, e per tè,  
e per me sempre crudel.

Jesus most sweet, and most mild,  
It is enough that you are afflicted  
and crucified. And my sin was yet  
more bitter for the assent, and the  
gall; and for you, and for me, is  
always cruel.

Colpa amarissima, disgustosissima,  
Qual tutti fuggono come pestifera,  
Com'io ti seguii mai con tanti amari guai!  
Lasciando il mio Giesu assai  
del favo miele dolce più.

Guilt most bitter, most distasteful,  
Which everyone flees like the plague,  
How did I ever follow you with so  
many bitter woes? Leaving my Jesus,  
sweeter than the honey in the honey-  
comb.

Mai più o carissimo Signor dolcissimo  
Ti voglio offendere, ma me riprendere,  
Di sì gran crudeltà che impazzire mi fà,  
Quand'in pensier mi vien d'haverti  
offes'ò mio infinito ben.

No more, my dearest, sweetest Lord,  
Do I wish to offend you, but rebuke  
me for the great cruelty which drives  
me mad, when in my thoughts I  
know that I have offended you, O my  
infinite bliss.

### **Queste pungenti spine**

Che ne'boschi d'abisso  
Nodrite ed allevate  
Affliggono, trafiggono  
O crudeltade  
Il mio Signor e Dio.

Son saette divine  
Che col foco del cielo  
Addolcite e temperate  
Allettano, diletano  
O, gran pietade  
Il cor divoto e pio.

E tu, anima mia  
Non sai che sia dolore  
Ancor non senti amore?

Ahi, miserella, ascolta  
I tuoi vani diletta,  
I piaceri, i contenti,  
Inducono, conducono,  
O pene, o stenti,  
Te stessa al cieco inferno.

Deh sì, mira una volta  
Del tuo celeste amante  
Le ferite ei tormenti  
Che chiamano, richiamano,  
O dolci accenti,  
Te stessa al ciel eterno.

E pure anima mia  
Non sai che sia dolore  
Ancor non senti amore?

Stolta che fai?  
Che pensi?  
Il tuo Giesù tradito  
Il tuo Giesù piagato  
Si lacera, si macera  
Ohimè, che stato  
Solo per darti vita

E tu ingrata  
I sensi ogn'hor  
Più cruda induri

These stinging thorns  
That in the woods of the abyss  
Were nourished and brought up  
Afflict, pierce—  
Oh cruelty—  
My Lord and my God.

They are divine arrows  
That, through Heaven's fire  
Appease and temper,  
Persuade, delight—  
O great devotion—  
The faithful and pious heart.

And you, my soul,  
You don't know what pain is,  
You still don't feel love?

Oh miserable one, listen:  
Your vain delights,  
Pleasures, contentments,  
Bring you, guide you—  
O pain, O cares—  
To blind Hell.

Oh yes, look once  
Upon the wounds and torments  
Of your heavenly lover  
Which call you, reclaim you—  
O sweet accents—  
To eternal Heaven.

And yet, my soul,  
You don't know what pain is,  
You still don't feel love?

Foolish one, what are you doing?  
What are you thinking?  
Your Jesus betrayed,  
Your Jesus wounded,  
Lacerates, torments himself—  
O, what a state—  
Only to give you life.

And you, ungrateful one,  
Harden your senses  
More cruelly every hour.

Sei di cor sì spietato  
Sì rigido, sì frigido  
O stelle, o fato  
Che non procuri aita?

Ben veggio, anima mia  
Non sai che sia dolore  
Ancor non senti amore

Così dunque vivrai  
Senz'amor, senza duolo?  
Nò, nò, rivolg'il core!  
Pieghevole, piacevole,  
O buon fervore,  
A sì gravi martiri.

E riverente homai  
Pentita e lagrimosa,  
Manda dal petto fuore  
Caldissimi, dolcissimi  
D'amor sensi e sospiri.

Così anima mia,  
Saprai che sia dolore,  
Intenderai amore.

### **Colombella, che di latte**

Sparge l'ali in luci d'onde,  
E Maria, ch'in cuore asconde  
Purità de nevi intatte.  
Ma s'empietà combatte,  
Ella è frà Draghi horribili  
Di strali Aquila armata,  
L'Idra d'Inferno sibili,  
Sotto al suo piede io la vedrò calcata.  
O rari esempi in terra,  
Ella è Colomba in pace,  
Aquila in guerra.

Se d'un candido Agnelletto  
S'offre a gli occhi il candor puro,  
In quel viso io raffiguro  
Di Giesù l'alma, e l'affetto.  
Ma se dall'ampio petto  
Manda ruggiti all'aria  
Leon terror del bosco,  
L'ira a gli epi contraria,

Is your heart so pitiless,  
So rigid, so cold—  
O stars, O fate—  
That you do not seek help?

Now I see, my soul,  
That you don't know what pain is,  
You still don't feel love.

Like this, then, you will live,  
Without love, without suffering?  
No, no, turn back your heart!  
Yielding, pleasing—  
O great sincerity—  
To such grave wounds.

And reverently now,  
Penitent and tearful,  
Send out from your breast  
The warmest, the sweetest  
Senses and sighs of love.

So, my soul,  
You will know what pain is,  
You will understand love.

The turtledove, who spreads its milky  
wings in the light of the waves,  
Is Mary, who hides in her heart  
The purity of untouched snow.  
But when she fights wickedness  
She is among horrible dragons  
An eagle armed with arrows.  
The hissing Hydra of Hell  
I see trampled under her feet.  
O rare example on earth:  
She is a turtledove in peace,  
An eagle in war.

If an unspotted little lamb  
Offers to the eyes pure whiteness,  
I mark well in that face  
The soul and nature of Jesus.  
But if from its ample breast  
The Lion, terror of the woods,  
Sends out great roars into the air  
And opposes the wicked with anger,

Di Giesù fulminante io riconosco,  
Fia con bel paragone  
Agnello a i Giusti, all'empietà Leone.

I recognize the blazing fire of Jesus.  
He will be a good example:  
A lamb to the just, to the wicked a  
lion.

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*The performers*

**Agnes Coakley Cox** is a specialist in the performance of early Baroque music and a sought-after ensemble musician. Based in Boston, Agnes enjoys collaborating with many early music ensembles and choirs, and appears this season with the Schola Cantorum of Boston, Ensemble Altera, the Thirteen, and Seven Times Salt. Her desire to bring early music to life has led Agnes to become an expert in the historical performance practice of singing, and she actively applies historical gesture, pronunciation, and ornamentation to her performances. After graduating *summa cum laude* in Music at Yale, Agnes studied voice, historical performance practice, and pedagogy at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis in Basel, Switzerland, where her teacher and mentor was Evelyn Tubb. An enthusiastic pedagogue, Agnes can also be found

teaching voice at Wellesley High School and baking, knitting, or spotting turtles along the Mystic River. [www.agnescoakley.com](http://www.agnescoakley.com)

**Nathaniel Cox** enjoys a varied career as a multi-instrumental early music specialist. After earning Bachelor's degrees in trumpet performance and Russian literature from Oberlin College and Conservatory, Nathaniel was awarded a Fulbright scholarship to study cornetto with Bruce Dickey at the Schola Cantorum in Basel, Switzerland. While in Basel, he also taught himself to play theorbo, and was quickly in high demand as a continuo player. Since moving back to the United States in 2014 he has performed with some of North America's leading early music ensembles, including Apollo's Fire, The Toronto Consort, Ensemble Caprice, Bach Collegium San Diego, and the Dark Horse Consort. He is now based in Boston where he appears regularly with such groups as Les Enfants d'Orphée, The Boston Camerata, Ensemble Origo, Sarasa Chamber Ensemble, and Seven Times Salt among many others. He has performed multiple times at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, including a solo recital as part of their exhibit "Valentin de Boulogne: Beyond Caravaggio". Nathaniel teaches cornetto privately and at the Amherst Early Music Festival.

**Parker Ramsay's** career, unique in its integration of contemporary music and historical performance, defies easy categorization. Equally at home on modern and period harps, Parker is dedicated to invigorating the existing canon while delving into new and underperformed works. In 2020, the recording of his transcription of Bach's Goldberg Variations for the King's College, Cambridge label was praised as "remarkably special" (Gramophone), "nuanced and insightful" (BBC Music Magazine), "relentlessly beautiful" (WQXR), "marked by keen musical intelligence" (The Wall Street Journal) and "a resounding success" (The Independent). A native of Nashville, Tennessee, Parker began harp studies with his mother at a young age before moving to the UK at age 16. Parker was awarded the undergraduate organ scholarship at King's College, Cambridge where he served under the direction of Stephen Cleobury. Parker is co-director of A Golden Wire, a period instrument ensemble devoted to French and English music from the seventeenth century. He has appeared with the Shanghai Camerata, the Academy of Sacred Drama, Ruckus, Teatro Nuovo and Apollo's Fire. Upcoming projects include collaborations with composers Tom Morrison, Michael Seltenreich, David Fulmer, Saad Haddad, Josh Levine, Nico Muhly and Marcos Balter. After receiving his bachelor's degree in history at Cambridge, he pursued graduate studies in historical keyboards at

*Special thanks for tonight's concert go to:*

Lisa Cox	Monika Otter
Doug Cox	Alastair Thompson
Ruth Cleverdon	Letitia Stevens
Neva	Heath Dill
Fionnuala Hart Gerrity	Becky Day
Lynn Herzog	Dave Jamrog
Ilana Hunter	Cecil Maxfield
Gay Foster & the BMC staff	Jim Donna & Good Shepherd

Crazie mille!

Oberlin Conservatory. In 2014, he was awarded First Prize at the Sweelinck International Organ Competition. He then studied modern harp at The Juilliard School, under the tutelage of Nancy Allen. He is a regular contributor for VAN Magazine, and his writing has appeared in Cleveland Classical, The New York Times and The Washington Post. He lives in New York City, where he can be found reading and drinking overpriced coffee. [www.parkerramsay.com](http://www.parkerramsay.com)

**Hideki Yamaya** is a performer of lutes, early guitars, and early mandolins based in Connecticut. Born in Tokyo, Japan, he spent most of his career on the West Coast before settling in New England, where he is a freelance performer and teacher. He holds a B.A. in Music and an M.A. in Ethnomusicology from University of California, Santa Cruz, where he studied with Robert Strizich, and an M.F.A. in Guitar and Lute Performance from University of California, Irvine, where he studied with John Schneiderman. In demand both as a soloist and as a continuo/chamber player, Hideki has performed with and for Portland Baroque Orchestra, Portland Opera, Santa Cruz Baroque Festival, Musica Angelica Baroque Orchestra, Los Angeles Master Chorale, Los Angeles Opera, California Bach Society, Oregon Bach Festival, Astoria Music Festival, Music of the Baroque, and Shakespeare's Globe Theatre. He is one half of the Schneiderman-Yamaya Duo and is the artistic director of Musica Maestrale, an early music collective based in Portland, Oregon. He is also recognized as an effective communicator and teacher, and has given masterclasses and workshops at Yale University, University of California, Santa Cruz, Montana State University, Oregon State University, and Aquilon Music Festival. A prolific recording artist, Hideki can be heard on Profil, hänsler

CLASSIC, and Mediolanum labels. His recordings have received glowing reviews from Early Music America, Classical Guitar Magazine, and the Guitar Foundation of America. Hideki has recently started getting into whisky (in addition to beer and wine), and is currently soliciting recommendations. [www.hidekiyamaya.com](http://www.hidekiyamaya.com)

**In Stile Moderno** was founded by Agnes Coakley and Nathaniel Cox in 2012, when they were both students at the Schola Cantorum in Basel, Switzerland. Named after the “modern style” of music which emerged in Italy around 1600, the ensemble is dedicated to music of the seventeenth century, and combines fidelity to historical performance practice with a drive to make early music accessible and relevant to modern audiences. Both as a lute and voice duo and in larger formations with cornetto, organ, voice, and plucked instruments, In Stile Moderno has charmed audiences with their engaging performances of seventeenth-century music in Boston, Vermont, and New York. Recent appearances include the Boston Early Music Festival Fringe and the Kindred Spirits Arts series in Milford, PA. Visit us online and join our mailing list at [www.instilemoderno.com](http://www.instilemoderno.com), and follow us on facebook at [www.facebook.com/instilemoderno](http://www.facebook.com/instilemoderno).

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