

his celebrated portrayal of Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo*, and concerts at Park Avenue Armory, Wigmore Hall and Hong Kong's Premiere Performances.

Mr. Sulayman won the 2019 GRAMMY® Award for Best Classical Solo Vocal Album for his debut solo album, *Songs of Orpheus* (Avie Records). His second solo album, *Where Only Stars Can Hear Us* (Avie Records), a program of Schubert Lieder with fortepianist Yi-heng Yang, debuted at #1 on the Billboard Traditional Classical Chart. His third album, *Broken Branches* with Sean Shibe, was named one of the Best Classical Music Albums of 2023 by the *New York Times*, and was nominated for the 2024 GRAMMY® Award for Best Classical Solo Vocal album.

## SEAN SHIBE

**A** former BBC New Generation Artist, Borletti-Buitoni Trust Fellowship 2012 winner, Royal Philharmonic Society 2018 Young Artist Award winner and recipient of the 2022 Leonard Bernstein Award, Sean Shibe continues to prove himself a truly original mind at the frontier of contemporary classical music. Last season saw him premiere new concertos by Cassandra Miller and Oliver Leith, as well as tour Thomas Adès's first work for a non-keyboard solo instrument. He also appears in recital at iconic venues across Europe including Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Elbphilharmonie Hamburg, Philharmonie de Paris, Konzerthaus Wien and Wigmore Hall as he takes up the title of ECHO Rising Star. Further highlights comprised performances with mezzo-soprano Ema Nikolovska, and the UK premiere of Francisco Coll's *Turia*, for guitar and large orchestra with Delyana Lazorova and BBC Scottish Symphony Orchestra. Recent seasons have seen Mr. Shibe perform at 92NY, Southbank Centre, Konzerthaus Dortmund, Alte Oper Frankfurt, Musashino City Hall and regularly at Wigmore Hall. He has also played at numerous festivals such as Aldeburgh Festival, Heidelberger Frühling, Festspiele Mecklenburg-Vorpommern, Mozartfest Würzburg and Schleswig-Holstein Musik Festival.

Ever keen to explore new cooperative dynamics, Mr. Shibe regularly collaborates with soloists and ensembles alike. In recent years, he has worked with the Hallé, National Youth Orchestra of Scotland, BBC Singers, Manchester Collective, Dunedin Consort, Quatuor Van Kujik, Danish Quartet, LUDWIG, Krzysztof Urbański, Christoph Eschenbach, Taavi Oramo, flutist Adam Walker, singers Karim Sulayman, Allan Clayton, Ben Johnson, Robert Murray, Robin Tritschler and performance artist Marina Abramović.

Often praised for his original programming, Mr. Shibe's discography continues to garner recognition from critics and audiences all over. Most recently, his solo album *Lost & Found* was awarded the OPUS Klassik 2023 Award for Solo Instrument, adding to his OPUS Klassik 2021 Award for Chamber Music Recording, 2019 Gramophone Concept Album of the Year Award and 2021 Gramophone Instrumental Award for *softLOUD* and *Bach* respectively. His discography continues to expand in new directions with the release of his latest album *Broken Branches* with Karim Sulayman. Mr. Shibe is currently signed to Pentatone.

# PHILADELPHIA CHAMBER MUSIC SOCIETY

Sunday • October 20 • 2024 • 3:00 pm  
Benjamin Franklin Hall • American Philosophical Society

## KARIM SULAYMAN, *tenor* SEAN SHIBE, *guitar*

### *Broken Branches*

**HENRY PURCELL:** *Music for a While*

**JOHN DOWLAND:** Praeludium and Fantasia

**JOHN DOWLAND:** *Time Stands Still*

**GIULIO CACCINI:** *Dalla porta d'oriente*

**CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI:** *Si dolce è' tormento*

**CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI:** *La mia turca*

**TRADITIONAL:** *La prima vez* (Sephardic)

**TRADITIONAL:** *Lamma bada yatathanna* (Arab Andalusian)

**SAYED DARWISH:** *El Helwa Di*

**FAIRUZ:** *Li Beirut* (after Joaquín Rodrigo)

**JONATHAN HARVEY:** *Sufi Dance*

**LAYALE CHAKER:** *A butterfly in New York*

**TORU TAKEMITSU:** *In the woods: I. Wainscot pond*

**BENJAMIN BRITTEN:** *Songs from the Chinese*

1. *The Big Chariot*
2. *The Old Lute*
3. *The Autumn Wind*
4. *The Herd-Boy*
5. *Depression*
6. *Dance Song*

—Today's performance is 75-to-80 minutes  
without intermission—

## BROKEN BRANCHES

Program Note by Karim Sulayman

I met and started working with Sean a decade ago at the Marlboro Music Festival, the storied chamber music Mecca in southern Vermont. Ever since those days in the confines of a most traditional classical music space, Sean and I frequently discussed making an album together. I am so pleased the time has come to offer *Broken Branches* to our listeners.

Over the years, I have often strayed from the well worn footpaths of a career in classical music. It's in these wanderings where so much can be learned about one's roots and the idea of a home base. For me, music (regardless of genre) will always be my home. I want my storytelling-through-song to resonate with the times we're living in and how I experience them as an individual artist.

As 2020 upended the classical music world in so many ways, an explosion in the port of Beirut occurred and shook every Lebanese household, both in Lebanon and throughout the world. 4 days later, my father died from cancer and I was staring into a void. With my father's death, a blank calendar, and a world in total chaos, "home," in all its meanings, was in shambles.

In the weeks and months after this, I rebuilt my home by dreaming up and following through with projects, including this program with my dear friend Sean (who reached out often to offer support in a bleak time—he was one of my many solid oaks, if you will). *Broken Branches* explores a wide range of repertoire offering its listeners the idea that home can transcend one specific place or time. Referencing the final line of Sinan Antoon's poetry in the song Layale Chaker wrote for us, the title reflects the many themes of this album: the wood of the guitar and its relatives, our own family trees, and the splintering of that history as we examine the diaspora, and the attempt to build "home" separate of physical borders.

On the road less traveled I've found lots of wood to build a home held together by the glue that is music. A heartfelt thank you to my buddy and collaborator, the great oak, Sean; to flowering trees of discovery, Nell Snaidas, Ronnie Malley, Lisa Kaplan and Matthew Duvall; and to my Ma and dearly departed Pop, two uprooted Cedars of Lebanon, for teaching me about resilience and home beyond domiciles, and giving me the courage to leave it only to find that I always have a place to go to feel safe.

### No. 5 *Depression*

(Bai Juyi)

Turned to jade are the  
boy's rosy cheeks;  
To his sick temples the  
frost of winter clings.  
Do not wonder that  
my body sinks to decay;  
Though my limbs are old,  
my heart is older yet.

### No. 6 *Dance Song*

(Book of Songs)

The unicorn's hoofs!  
The duke's sons throng.  
Alas for the unicorn!

The unicorn's brow!  
The duke's kinsmen throng.  
Alas for the unicorn!

The unicorn's horn!  
The duke's clans-men throng.  
Alas for the unicorn!

## ARTIST BIOGRAPHIES

### KARIM SULAYMAN

Lebanese-American tenor Karim Sulayman has garnered international attention as a sophisticated and versatile artist, praised for his "lucid, velvety tenor and pop-star charisma" (*BBC Music Magazine*). The 2019 Best Classical Solo Vocal GRAMMY® Award winner, he continues to earn acclaim for his original and innovative programming and recording projects, while regularly performing on the world's stages in opera, orchestral concerts, recital and chamber music.

Recently Mr. Sulayman was presented by Carnegie Hall for a sold out solo recital debut followed immediately by the world premiere of his own multidisciplinary production, *Unholy Wars*. He's also made recent debuts London's Wigmore Hall, Hamburg's Elbphilharmonie, Stockholm's Drottningholms Slottsteater, Houston Grand Opera, Australian Brandenburg Orchestra, and the Chicago, National and Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestras.

Last season saw performances of his acclaimed program with guitarist Sean Shibe, *Broken Branches*, at Ravinia Festival, Schleswig-Holstein Festival, CAP-UCLA, Boston Celebrity Series and the Phillips Collection, and debuts at Opera Philadelphia (*Unholy Wars*) and New World Symphony (Britten's *Nocturne*). He made his role debut as Grimoaldo in Handel's *Rodelinda* (Hudson Hall), created the role of Crow in the world premiere of Layale Chaker/Lisa Schlesinger's *Ruinous Gods* (Spoleto Festival USA), and debuted at the Royal Opera House, reprising the title role of *Giant*, a role he created the previous year for the Aldeburgh Festival. This season and future engagements include the protagonist in the world premiere of David T. Little's highly anticipated monodrama *What Belongs to You* (based on Garth Greenwell's acclaimed novel), written for Sulayman and Alarm Will Sound and directed by Mark Morris, his role debut as Pelléas in Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*, a reprisal of

*Songs from the Chinese*

**BENJAMIN BRITTEN**

Born November 22, 1913, in Lowestoft, United Kingdom

Died December 4, 1976, in Aldeburgh, United Kingdom

Text by Arthur Waley [1889-1966]

**No. 1 *The Big Chariot***

(The Book of Songs)

Don't help-on the big chariot;  
You will only make yourself dusty.  
Don't think about the sorrows  
of the world;  
You will only make yourself wretched.

Don't help-on the big chariot;  
You won't be able to see for dust.  
Don't think about the sorrows  
of the world;  
Or you will never escape  
from your despair.

Don't help-on the big chariot;  
You'll be stifled with dust.  
Don't think about the sorrows  
of the world;  
You will only load yourself with care.

**No. 2 *The Old Lute***

(Bai Juyi)

Of cord and cassia-wood is the  
lute compounded;  
Within it lie ancient melodies.  
Ancient melodies weak and savorless,  
Not appealing to present men's taste.  
Light and colour are faded from  
the jade stops;  
Dust has covered the rose-red strings.  
Decay and ruin came to it long ago,  
But the sound that is left is still  
cold and clear.  
I do not refuse to play it if  
you want me to;  
But even if I play people will not listen.  
How did it come to be neglected so?  
Because of the Ch'iang flute and  
the zithern of Ch'in.

**No. 3 *The Autumn Wind***

(Wu-ti, Emperor Wu of  
the Han Dynasty)

Autumn wind rises; white clouds fly,  
Grass and trees wither;  
geese go south.  
Orchids all in bloom;  
chrysanthemums smell sweet.  
I think of my lovely lady;  
I never can forget.  
Floating pagoda boat crosses Fen river.  
Across the mid-stream  
white waves rise.  
Flute and drum keep time to  
sound of rower's song;  
Amidst revel and feasting  
sad thoughts come.  
Youth's years how few, age how sure.

**No. 4 *The Herd-Boy***

(Lu Yu)

In the southern village the boy  
who minds the ox  
With his naked feet stands  
on the ox's back.  
Through the hole in his coat  
the river wind blows;  
Through is broken hat  
the mountain rain pours.  
On the long dyke he seemed  
to be far away;  
In the narrow lane suddenly  
we were face to face.  
The boy is home and the ox  
is back in its stall,  
And a dark smoke oozes  
through the thatched roof.

**BROKEN BRANCHES**

*Program Note by Sean Shibe*

**B**roken Branches grew from a discomfort at aspects of repertoire generally explored through art song with the guitar; or perhaps more accurately a desire to present certain repertoire in a way that makes uncomfortable aspects of it clearer.

The Japanese composer Dai Fujikura recently tweeted that for many French composer friends, Jonathan Harvey was the “only British composer since Purcell.” Definitely a Hot Take, but it’s interesting to me that Harvey is—by some markers—neglected in the UK, and I relish that this piece pithily sums up a central plank of the program. Harvey wrote: “[it] is not really a folk song arrangement, more a memory of a Sufi song heard some time ago and probably incorrectly retained or at least filtered through my own paths of thought.” This conceptual distance is not dissimilar to Britten’s (not to appropriate a Chinese atmosphere, but instead respond to the philosophical underpinnings of the poetry), and (forgive a tangent) almost the same as Henze’s ideas in *Kammermusik 1958*: “[the Tentos] sound much as I imagine Greek music must have sounded”; a memory or a dream; something imagined.

How to ‘remember’ a new context which bridges the very different genres presented on this album? Settings of problematic poetry need to be examined with good context (satisfying placement of the works), but ideally also a binding idiom with compelling alternative performance practice. I have deliberately muddied the waters of—among others—Monteverdi and Fairuz to create a fictional yet autobiographical origin point, a vaguely poppy folk mashup of a style which pleasingly bastardizes stylistic norms and infuriates my lute playing friends. In combination with the pieces on the program that are necessarily classically performed, I hope that a better understanding of the historical narratives around these pieces leads to an improved understanding of what makes them, in some cases, difficult to grapple with—but that puts forward the case that radical interventions can be a part of a potential solutions package.

## ROOT SYSTEMS

by Olivia Giovetti © 2022

Edward Said's landmark book *Orientalism* outlines the false dichotomy between "West" and "East." In a critique as relevant now as it was nearly half a century ago, Said argued that the West gained the upper narrative hand and styled itself as the dominant culture, relegating the East to the category of "the Other." In order to move beyond these flattened stereotypes, he added that we must abandon othering in favor of understanding. This requires us in turn to abandon familiar territory: "The more one is able to leave one's cultural home, the more easily is one able to judge it, and the whole world as well, with the spiritual detachment and generosity necessary for true vision."

The idea of a cultural home becomes more complex when you have one foot in both worlds. (Said himself was Palestinian by birth but first moved to the United States when he was 15.) On the one hand, being a so-called third culture kid can sharpen that sense of true vision Said extols. On the other hand, it also means that it's hard to pinpoint what, exactly, home is—hard to untangle the roots of one's family tree. It's a juxtaposition familiar to Karim Sulayman, a first-generation Lebanese-American (born in Chicago to parents who fled Beirut during the Civil War): "You don't have the experience of what it's like to grow up there. And your parents are also trying to make sure that you're having the most American experience imaginable—even if they don't fully understand it."

This dynamic is central to *Broken Branches*, which takes its name from Layale Chaker's *A Butterfly in New York*—a work commissioned especially for this album. In verse that traces the splintering of family trees into the global diaspora, Iraqi poet Sinan Antoon concludes: "I live / like a broken branch." How to leave home—and how to go home again—when home isn't a fixed concept?

It's easy to chart a Said-style history of Asian influences on "western" classical music, and how those cross-cultural connections informed works composed in both bad and good faith. But shoehorning things into a forced binary of "East" and "West" eliminates a spectrum of identities more slippery than settled. "This program examines our own identities, but our identities are complicated," Sulayman adds. "We actually are Westerners. For better or worse, we are 'other.' Even with our own identities, we are 'other.'" Guitarist Sean Shibe, who was to an English father and Japanese mother and raised in Edinburgh—"at that point, the most ethnically-homogenous—read: white—place in Europe"—echoes this sentiment.

For both artists, their identities have shaped their approaches to a largely Eurocentric musical genre in ways implicit and explicit. "Even though classical music is this sort of white Western European thing, we

*Sufi Dance* (for Solo Guitar)

**JONATHAN HARVEY**

Born May 3, 1939, in Sutton Coldfield, United Kingdom

Died December 4, 2012, in Lewes, United Kingdom

*A butterfly in New York*

**LAYALE CHAKER**

Born in 1990 in Paris, France

Text by Sinan Antoon (b. 1967)

Translated from Arabic by the author

Sinan Antoon's poetry is reproduced with the kind permission of the author.

I chased it so often  
in our Baghdad garden  
But it would always fly away  
Today  
Three decades later  
In another continent  
It perched on my shoulder  
Blue  
Like the sea's thoughts  
Or the tears of a dying angel  
Its wings two leaves  
falling from heaven  
Why now?  
Does it know  
that I no longer run  
after butterflies?  
Just watch them in silence  
That I live  
Like a broken branch

*In the woods: I. Wainscot pond* (for Solo Guitar)

**TORU TAKEMITSU**

Born October 8, 1930, in Tokyo, Japan

Died February 20, 1996, in Tokyo, Japan

*Li Beirut (after Joaquín Rodrigo)*

**FAIRUZ**

Born November 21, 1934, in Zuqaq al-Blat, Lebanon

Text by Joseph Harb [1940-2014]

لبيروت  
من قلبي سلامٌ لبيروت  
وقُبُلٌ للبحر و البيوت  
لصخرة كأنها وجه بحارٍ قديم  
هي من روح الشعب خمُرٌ  
هي من عرقه خبزٌ و ياسمين  
فكيف صار طعمها طعم نارٍ و دخانٍ

لبيروت  
مجدٌ من رماذٍ لبيروت  
من دمٍ لوليدٍ حُمَلٌ فوق يدها  
أطفأت مدينتي قنديلهما  
أغلقت بابها  
...أصبحت في السماء وحدها  
وحدها و ليلٌ

أنت لي أنت لي  
أه عانقيني أنت لي  
رايتي و حجرُ الغد و موج سفري  
أزهرت جراح شعبي  
..أزهرت دمعة الأمهات  
أنت بيروت لي  
أنت لي  
أه عانقيني

For Beirut  
From my heart, a greeting to Beirut  
And kisses to the sea and the houses,  
To a rock shaped like the face of  
an old fisherman.  
She is wine from the spirit  
of the people,  
Made from their sweat,  
she is bread and jasmine.  
How then has it come to taste like  
fire and smoke?

For Beirut  
Glory from the ashes for Beirut  
From the blood of a boy carried  
on her hand  
My city has extinguished her lamp  
She has closed her door  
She is in the sky alone ...  
Alone with the night  
You are mine, you are mine.  
Ah! Embrace me!  
My banner, the stone of tomorrow,  
And the waves of my travel.  
The wounds of my people  
have blossomed  
The tears of mothers  
have blossomed...  
You, Beirut, are mine.  
Ah! Embrace me.

exist in it now,” says Sulayman. Shibe likewise acknowledges that he might have had a different experience as an Anglo-Asian musician had he not chosen an instrument that was also an outlier. “I’ve found very artistically-gratifying experiences through embracing that kind of ‘otherness’ that the guitar has on the concert platform.”

Both musicians were interested in how Western composers handled Orientalism and Eastern identity. It’s a theme that has especially preoccupied Sulayman in recent years as he developed *Unholy Wars*, a multi-disciplinary production that reframed Western depictions of the Crusades by the likes of Monteverdi, Rossi, and Handel through his own Arab heritage. *Broken Branches* was ignited by a similar spark, delivered from a different vantage point. Early representations of the East were not necessarily polemical—the suffering of Monteverdi’s narrator in *La mia turca* reads more as sexy cynicism than exotic cautionary tale. Moreover, Monteverdi and Caccini form a link in opera’s Mesopotamian roots: The first surviving notated music, unearthed in present-day Syria in the 1950s, dispelled the previously-held notion that harmony and music theory originated in ancient Greece (a discovery that one musicologist at the time said “revolutionized the whole concept of the origin of western music”). At the time that Monteverdi was living in Venice, the city was in active cultural exchange with the Syrian musical capital of Aleppo.

The guitar has a similar peripatetic history, with incarnations as the Arabic oud (a word whose own roots are in the Arabic for “wood”) and Spanish lute (the etymology for which also goes back to “oud”). These cameos across time and space serve as an added link to the works Sulayman and Shibe have corded together. The works don’t move in a linear fashion, but instead create ring after ring around one another as they fold in on themselves. John Dowland’s 16th-century works for voice and lute find resonance in the legendary Lebanese singer Fairuz’s 1984 ballad, *Li Beirut*—which in turn derives its melody from Spanish composer Joaquín Rodrigo’s cornerstone of classical guitar repertoire, *Concierto de Aranjuez*. It’s an equal and opposite reaction to Monteverdi’s borrowing of Middle Eastern modalities. Similar threads are found in connections between traditional Sephardic and Arab-Andalusian melodies and the early 20th-century work of Egyptian singer-composer (and Rodrigo contemporary) Sayed Darwish.

“I was trying to create something that had a unifying idiom to some extent,” says Shibe, who arranged and, with Sulayman, co-arranged several of these melodies for tenor and guitar. He notes the ahistorical folk-music connections that he drew out between Dowland and Fairuz—an approach that, he admits wryly, would make his lute teacher pull out his hair in frustration, but one that he also sees as “not dogmatically adhering to something, but rather reframing it.” If Shibe keeps going back



to folk elements in his arrangements, that too is a bit of home for him as it was the music that filled his childhood. The kind of music, he adds, that his father would often sing. “It’s kind of inescapable,” says Shibe. “But in a way, that kind of biographical element is quite pleasing.”

These biographical elements culminate and collide in the duo’s folkish arrangement of *Li Beirut*. For Shibe, it’s one of the most folkish pieces on the album. For Sulayman, it’s a reminder of his own father (who died in the summer of 2020). “To see how my parents never not wanted to be in Lebanon... a song like *Li Beirut* becomes very heartbreaking to me,” he says. “You don’t know if you’re American or Lebanese, but her music at least centers your emotions around it.” A similar feeling is at the heart of Chaker’s *A Butterfly in New York*, whose narrator is transported to his childhood of chasing butterflies in Baghdad when one of the creatures lands on his shoulder, 30 years and 6,000 miles later in New York. (“Why now?” the narrator wonders. “Does it know that I no longer run after butterflies?”)

A bit of the two musicians’ shared biography also comes together on *Broken Branches* with Britten’s *Songs from the Chinese*, a work which also serves as a good example of Orientalism and that nebulous spectrum between good-and-bad-faith cultural sampling. The fault doesn’t lie with Britten’s setting. Written originally for tenor Peter Pears and guitarist Julian Bream, the cycle avoids gilded exoticism in favor of a sparsely luminous tone—somewhere between John Dowland and Peter Grimes.

The texts themselves, however, were waywardly translated from Chinese by Arthur Waley, who was self-taught in the language and never ventured to east Asia. It’s the sort of armchair expertise that Said rallied against, but it also makes for a work worth exploring because of—rather than in spite of—its flaws. Which is exactly what Sulayman and Shibe did when they first met, ten years ago, as students at the Marlboro Music Festival assigned to work on the piece together. In studying both the beauty and the flaws of the Britten cycle, the duo also found that their own lack of one set cultural home became an asset rather than a deficit.

Despite a love for the music itself, they were able to hold it at a distance with a combination of generosity and detachment: What does hearing a work that could be charitably described as “of its time” tell us about our own time? And how might that guide us towards the future? And how much of these chronological elements are—much like the sub-surface root systems of trees—interlocked, intertwined, and even inseparable?

*El helwa di*

**SAYED DARWISH**

Born March 17, 1892, in Alexandria, Egypt

Died September 10, 1923, in Alexandria, Egypt

Text by Badea Khairy [dates unknown]

الطولة دي قامت تعجن في البدرية  
والديك بيدن كوكو كوكو في الفجرية  
يلا بنا على باب الله يا صنايعية  
يجعل صباحك صباح الخير يا اسطى عطية

صبح الصباح فتاح يا عليم  
والجيب ما فيه شي ولا مليم  
بس المزاج رايق وسليم  
باب الأمل بابك يا رحيم  
الصبر طيب عال، إيه غير الأحوال  
يا اللي معاك المال  
برضه الفقير له رب كريم

إيدي بايديك يا أبو صلاح  
ما دام معنا الله تعيش مرتاح  
خلي اتكالك على الفتاح  
ياله بنا ياله الوقت أهو راح

The beautiful one goes to make  
bread in the morning  
And the rooster cries “kukukuku”  
at dawn.

Let’s go, with the grace of God,  
oh workers;  
May your morning be beautiful,  
oh Master Ateya

Our morning is lovely;  
God permits it.  
Our pockets are empty  
— not even one penny —

But our mood is peaceful  
and serene.

We put our hope in the  
hands of God;  
If we are patient,  
all will change for the better.  
Oh, you who have wealth,  
Even the poor man has  
a generous God.

My hand is in yours, oh Abu Salah;  
As long as you rely on God,  
From my heart you’ll  
live in comfort.  
Leave it all to the powerful one.  
Let’s go to work, time is running out!

## TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

### *La mia turca*

La mia turca che d'amor  
non ha fè, torce il piè  
s'io le narro il mio dolor,  
ond'al doppio mio martoro,  
languendo, moro.

Poi rornita se ne sta  
e non vol che del sol  
goda di sua pur beltà,  
ond'al doppio mio martoro,  
languendo, moro.

Prendi l'arco invitto Amor,  
per pietà in lei fa  
che non sia tanto rigor,  
ond'al doppio mio martoro,  
io più non moro.

### *La prima vez*

#### **TRADITIONAL SEPHARDIC**

Text by Anonymous

La prima vez ke ti vidí  
De tus ojos me enamorí  
Da kel momento te ami  
Fina la tomba te amaré.

Aserkate mi kerida  
Salvadora de mi vida  
Deskubrite y hablame  
Sekretos de la tu vida.

### *Lamma bada yatathanna* (for Solo Guitar)

#### **TRADITIONAL ARAB ANDALUSIAN**

### *My Turkish girl*

My Turkish girl,  
who has no faith in love, walks away  
if I tell her of my pain,  
so, my suffering doubled,  
languishing, I die.

Then she stands alone,  
refusing even the sun  
the enjoyment of her beauty  
so, my suffering doubled,  
languishing, I die.

Take the mighty bow, Love,  
for pity's sake,  
make her less cruel,  
so, my suffering doubled,  
no longer I die.

The first time I saw you  
I fell in love with your eyes  
from that moment, I loved you  
and will love you to my tomb.

Come closer, my beloved,  
savior of my life.  
Discover yourself and tell me  
secrets of your life.

### *Music for a While*

#### **HENRY PURCELL**

Born September 10, 1659, in London, United Kingdom  
Died November 21, 1695, in London, United Kingdom  
Text by John Dryden [1631-1700]

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile.

Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd  
And disdain to be pleas'd  
Till Alecto free the dead  
From their eternal bands,  
Till the snakes drop from her head,  
And the whip from out her hands.

Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile.

### *Praeludium and Fantasia* (for Solo Guitar)

#### *Time Stands Still*

#### **JOHN DOWLAND**

Born January 2, 1563, in London, United Kingdom  
Died February 20, 1626, in London, United Kingdom  
Text for *Time Stands Still* is anonymous

Time stands still with gazing  
on her face,  
Stand still and gaze,  
for minutes, hours  
and years, to her give place:  
All other things shall change,  
but she remains the same,  
Till heavens changed  
have their course  
and Time hath lost his name.  
Cupid doth hover  
up and down blinded  
with her fair eyes.  
And Fortune captive at her feet  
contemn'd and conquer'd lies.

When Fortune, Love,  
and Time attend on,  
Her with my fortune, love and time  
I honour will alone.  
If bloodless Envy say:  
Duty hath no desert,  
Duty replies that Envy  
knows herself his  
faithful heart.  
My settled vows and spotless  
faith no fortune  
can remove.  
Courage shall show my  
inward faith, and  
faith shall try my love.

*Dalla porta d'oriente*

**GIULIO CACCINI**

Born October 8, 1551, in Lazio, Italy  
Died December 10, 1618, in Florence, Italy  
Text by Maria Menadori [n.d.]

Dalla porta d'oriente  
Lampeggiando in ciel usciva  
E le nubi coloriva  
L' alba candida e lucente,  
E per l'aure rugiadose  
Apria gigli e spargea rose.

Ch'a sgombrar l'oscuro velo  
Più soave e vezzosetta,  
Una vaga giovinetta  
Accendea le rose in cielo,  
E di fiamme porporine  
Feria l'aure matutine.

Era il crine a l'aria sparso  
Onde l'oro apria suo riso,  
E la neve del bel viso  
Dolce porpora havea sparso,  
E su'l collo alabastrino  
Biancheggiava il gelsomino.

Da le labbra innamorate,  
Muov' Amor con novi strali,  
E di perle orientali  
Se ne gian l'alme fregiate,  
Et ardeva i cor meschini  
Dolce foco di rubini.

Di due splendide facelle  
Tanta fiamma discendea,  
Che la terra intorno ardea  
Et ardeva in ciel le stelle;  
E se'l sole usciva fuori,  
Havrebb'arso il sole ancora.

L'alba in ciel s'adira e vede  
Che le toglie il suo splendore  
Questa nova alba d'amore,  
E già volge in dietro il piede,  
E stillar d'amaro pianto  
Già comincia il roseo manto.

From the gateway to the East  
she rose shimmering in the sky,  
colouring the clouds,  
the shining and pure dawn;  
and with her dewy breezes  
she opened lilies, scattered roses.

To clear the veil of darkness  
a beautiful young maiden,  
she was so delicate, so lovely,  
kindled roses in heaven;  
and with purple flames  
she pierced the morning air.

It was with her hair flowing in the air  
Where the gold opened her laughter,  
And on the snow the pretty face  
Sweet purple shed,  
And the neck of alabaster  
Whitened with jasmine.

From the lover's lips,  
Love moved with new darts,  
and all souls went adorned  
with oriental pearls;  
and in every miserable heart  
burned a sweet fire of rubies.

Of two splendid faces  
So much flame descended,  
That the earth around was burning  
And the stars burned in the sky;  
And if the sun came out,  
The sun would have burned again.

The dawn in heaven sees with rage  
how this new dawning of love  
robs her of her splendor;  
she turns her steps away  
and her rosy mantle starts  
to drip with bitter tears.

*Si dolce è'l tormento*

*La mia turca*

**CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI**

Born May 15, 1567, in Cremona, Italy  
Died November 29, 1643, in Venice, Italy  
Text by Carlo Milanuzzi [1551-1618]

*Si dolce è'l tormento*  
Si dolce è'l tormento  
Ch'in seno mi sta,  
Ch'io vivo contento  
Per cruda beltà.  
Nel ciel di bellezza  
S'accreschi fierezza  
Et manchi pietà:  
Che sempre qual scoglio  
All'onda d'orgoglio  
Mia fede sarà.

La speme fallace  
Rivolgami il piè,  
Diletto ne pace  
Non scendano a me,  
E l'empia ch'adoro  
Mi nieghi ristoro  
Di buona mercè:  
Tra doglia infinita,  
Tra speme tradita  
Vivrà la me fè.

Se fiamma d'amore  
Già mai non senti  
Quel rigido core  
Ch'il cor mi rapì,  
Se nega pietate  
La cruda beltate  
Che l'alma invaghì:  
Ben fia che dolente,  
Pentita e languente  
Sosprimi un dì.

*So sweet is the torment*  
So sweet is the torment  
that fills my heart,  
I can gladly live  
with her cruel beauty.  
In beauty's heaven  
vanity increases  
and pity gets lost:  
but always my faith  
will be a rock against  
the wave of pride.

False hope  
leads me onward,  
neither pleasure nor peace  
descends on me,  
and the cruel woman  
I adore denies me  
the relief of her favor:  
amid infinite pain,  
amid betrayed hopes  
my faith stays alive.

If the fire of love  
Has never been felt  
By the hard heart  
That's stolen mine,  
If I'm denied mercy  
By the cruel beauty  
That's charmed my soul:  
So let her suffer,  
Repenting and forlorn  
And sigh for me one day.