

Anchorage Festival of Music Presents

Baroque Reflections

Sunday, October 18 at 4:00 PM

Kate Egan, soprano	Victoria Fraser, soprano
Laura Koenig, flute	Dawn Lindsay, violin
Linda Ottum, cello	John Lutterman, cello
Juliana Osinchuk, harpsichord	Joshua Stauffer, theorbo
Kelly Chase, dancer	

Sonata (Aria) in D Minor, K.32 [L.423/P.14]	Domenico Scarlatti
Sonata in D Major, K.492 [L. 14/P.443]	(1685–1757)

Juliana Osinchuk, harpsichord

Herr wenn ich nur dich hab, BuxWV 38	Dietrich Buxtehude
	(1637–1707)

Victoria Fraser, soprano	Laura Koenig, flute	Dawn Lindsay, violin
Linda Ottum, cello		Juliana Osinchuk, organ

Tu lo sai	Giuseppe Torelli
	(1658–1709)

Victoria Fraser, soprano Joshua Stauffer, theorbo

<i>Ite, procul abite, maestitiae</i>	Giuseppe Torelli
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Allegro “Ite, procul abite, maestitiae”
[Recitativo] “Beatissimae mentes”
Largo “Salve, mundi morentientis”
[Allegro] “Vos campi flores, odores reddite”

Kate Egan, soprano	Laura Koenig, flute	Dawn Lindsay, violin
Linda Ottum, cello		Juliana Osinchuk, harpsichord

Intermission – 10 minutes



Chaconne ou Passacaille from *Les Nations: La Française*

François Couperin
(1668-1733)

Kelly Chase, choreography and dance

Laura Koenig, flute
Linda Ottum, cello

Dawn Lindsay, violin
Juliana Osinchuk, harpsichord

Trio Sonata in G Minor

Largo–Vivace–Lento–Tempo giusto

Mrs. Philharmonica
(fl. 1715)

Laura Koenig, flute
Linda Ottum, cello

Dawn Lindsay, violin
Juliana Osinchuk, organ

Trio in D Minor, Op 3, No. 2

I. Allegro

John Antes
(1740–1811)

Laura Koenig, flute

Dawn Lindsay, violin

John Lutterman, cello

La Folie's "Aux langueurs d'Apollon" from *Platée*

Jean-Philippe Rameau
(1683–1764)

Kate Egan, soprano and the personification of madness

The Birks of Aberfeldy (Robert Burns)

Traditional/ Arr. Victoria Fraser

Victoria Fraser, soprano
Linda Ottum, cello

Laura Koenig, flute

Dawn Lindsay, violin
Juliana Osinchuk, harpsichord

“Placa l’alma” from *Alessandro*, HWV 21

George Frideric/k Handel
(1685-1759)

Kate Egan, soprano
Laura Koenig, flute
Linda Ottum, cello

Victoria Fraser, soprano
Dawn Lindsay, violin
John Lutterman, cello

Juliana Osinchuk, harpsichord

*The Anchorage Festival of Music wishes to thank our videographer, **George Stransky**, for lending his expertise and devoting countless volunteer hours to record, edit, create titles, and compile the sights and sounds for today's concert.*

Dieterich Buxtehude: Herr, wenn ich nur dich hab BuxWV 38

Psalm 73:25-26

Herr, wenn ich nur dich hab,
so frag ich nichts nach Himmel und Erden.
Wenn mir gleich Leib und Seel verschmachtet,
so bist du doch Gott allezeit meines Herzens
Trost und mein Heil.

Alleluia. Psalm 73:25-26

Lord, if only I have you,
I ask nothing more of heaven and earth.
When my body and soul grow weak,
God remains my heart's
comfort and my salvation.

Giuseppe Torelli: Tu lo sai

Tu lo sai quanto t'amai,
Tu lo sai, lo sai crudel!
Io non bramo altra mercè,
Ma ricordati di me,
E poi sprezza un infedel.

You know how I loved you,
You know it, cruel one!
I crave nothing more,
But for you to remember me,
So you, unfaithful one, live in scorn.

Giuseppe Torelli: *Ite, procul abite, maestitiae*

Ite, procul abite, maestitiae,
Claros reddite stellae splendores.
Adest nobis dies laetitiae,
Obmutescant inferni terrores.

Beatissimae mentes,
Ex horto coeli amoeno
Colligite iam flores,
Et stellas relucens.
Et in hac clara die
Pangiteserta Virgini Mariae,
Nam corona stellata
Meretur decorari
Maria Regina coeli tam beata.

Salve, mundi morientis
Saluberrima medicina.
Ed ad voces te colentes
Aures mellitas inclina.

Vos campi flores, odores, reddite.
Et castae Virgini coronam texite.
Alleluia.

Go, begone, sadness,
Offer up bright splendors to the star.
This is our day of happiness,
Let the terrors of Hell fall silent.

Most blessed souls,
From the lovely garden of Heaven
Now collect flowers
And shining stars.
And on this bright day
Make wreaths to the Virgin Mary.
For she, the most blessed Queen of Heaven,
Deserves to be honored
With a starry crown.

Hail, most healing medicine
Of a dying world.
And bend your lovely ears
Towards the voices honoring you.

Offer up flowers of the field and scents,
And weave a crown for the chaste Virgin.

Jean-Philippe Rameau: La Folie's "Aux langueurs d'Apollon" from *Platée* (1745)

Text: Adrien-Joseph Le Valois d'Orville

Formons les plus brillants concerts;
Quand Jupiter porte les fers
De l'incomparable Platée,
Je veux que les transports de son âme enchantée,
S'expriment par mes chants divers.

Essayons du brillant
Donnons dans la Saillie.

Aux langueurs d'Apollon, Daphné se refusa:
L'Amour sur son tombeau,
Éteignit son flambeau,
La métamorphosa.

C'est ainsi
Que l'Amour de tout temps s'est vengé,
Que l'Amour est cruel,
Quand il est outragé

Let us make the most splendid music;
With Jupiter enchained
By the incomparable Plataea,
I desire that the passions of his enchanted soul
Be expressed in my assorted songs.

Let's celebrate
With wild abandon.

Daphne refused Apollo's advances:
Love, lying on her tomb,
Extinguished the flame
And transformed her.

Thus it is
That Love has always sought vengeance,
That Love is cruel,
When outraged.

Robert Burns: The Birks of Aberfeldy

Chorus.

Bonnie lassie, will ye go,
Will ye go, will ye go,
Bonnie lassie, will ye go
To the birks of Aberfeldy!

Now Simmer blinks on flowery braes,
And o'er the crystal streamlets plays;
Come let us spend the lightsome days,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

While o'er their heads the hazels sing,
The little birdies blythely sing,
Or lightly flit on wanton wing,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

The braes ascend like lofty wa's,
The foaming stream deep-roaring fa's,
O'erhung wi' fragrant spreading shaws-
The birks of Aberfeldy.

The hoary cliffs are crown'd wi' flowers,
White o'er the linns the burnie pours,
And rising, weets wi' misty showers
The birks of Aberfeldy.

Let Fortune's gifts at randoe flee,
They ne'er shall draw a wish frae me;
Supremely blest wi' love and thee,
In the birks of Aberfeldy.

George Frideric Hande:l "Placa l'alma" from *Alessandro*, HWV 21 (1726)

Rossane

Placa l'alma, quieta il petto,
Pace, calme vuole amor.
La dolcezza spira affetto
La fieraizza dà timor.

Calm your spirit, and still thy breast;
For peace and true love calms,
Sweetness moves the soul to love;
Fear causes ferocity.

Lisaura

Son d'amore nella face
Calma, pace, non furor:
Quando alletta, arde il seno:
Ma diletta con l'ardor.

In Love's torch,
Peace and calm, not fury, reign;
When it inflames, the breast burns,
But delight comes with passion.

Lisaura: Sdegno il Core Non t'offenda!
Rossane: Ma l'amore Sol l'accenda!
Lisaura: Torna in calma.
Rossane Placa l'alma.
Lisaura, Rossane: Breve è sdegno
In nobil cor.
Rossane: Placa l'alma.
Lisaura: Quieta il petto.
Rossane: Pace,
Lisaura: calma
Lisaura, Rossane: Vuole amor.
Lisaura: Bel diletto,
Rossane Caro affetto,
Lisaura, Rossane: No, non nasce del rigor.
Rossane: Placa l'alma etc.

Let thy heart disown all wrath
Love alone should warm it
Be calm again.
Calm your spirit.
Rage is brief
In a noble heart.
Calm your spirit.
Still thy breast.
Peace,
Calm,
Are Love's demand.
Sweet delight,
Dear affection,
No, they are not born from harshness
Calm your spirit etc.