



Arizona State University

School of Music

The ASU Early Music Program
Presents

A Joint Recital of the
Harpsichord Studio
and the
Baroque Ensembles

Organ Hall

Monday, November 29, 1999 7:30 p.m.



PROGRAM

from Nouvelles Suites (1728) Jean-Philippe-Rameau
Allemande 1683-1764
Courante
Sarabande
Les Trois Mains

Marina Pintos

Three Songs Julio Caccini
O che felice giorno 1545-1618
Amarilli, mia bella
Con le luci d'un bel ciglio
Jeffrey Stevens, baritone
Marina Pintos, harpsichord

Premiere Ordre François Couperin
Allemande L'Auguste 1668-1733
Premiere Courante
Sarabande la Majestueuse
La Milordine (Gigue)

Natalya Shkoda

Partita in E Minor BWV 830 J. S. Bach
Allemande 1685-1750
Corrente

Marcelo Cesena

Sonata in G Major Michel Blavet
Adagio 1700-1768
Presto

Deborah Saggars, baroque flute
Christina Bausman, harpsichord

****there will be a ten minute intermission****

Sixième Ordre François Couperin
Les Moissonneurs
Les Langueurs-Tendres
Le Gazouillement
Les Baricades Mistérieuses

Yi-Chiu Chao

Sonata in G Major Hob. XVI/6 Joseph Haydn
Allegro 1732-1809

Gretchen Poulsen

Prelude and Fugue in C Minor WTC Book I J. S. Bach

Christina Bausman

Cantata, "Che non fa, che non può" Giovanni Legrenzi
1626-1690

Michele Baray, mezzo-soprano
Sean Henderson, harpsichord

Three Inventions J. S. Bach
C Major
D Major
D Minor

Pedro Piquero

Concerto in D minor BWV 1052 J. S. Bach
Allegro

Julia Ageyeva, harpsichord

The Baroque Ensembles are coached by John Metz with
the assistance of Barbara Bailey.

Performance Events Staff Manager
Paul W. Estes

Assistant Performance Events Staff Manager
Gary Quamme

Performance Events Staff
Steve Aubuchon, Dom Baker
Chris Contreras, Jennifer Cook
Elizabeth Maben, Jessica Wood



ARIZONA STATE UNIVERSITY

College of Fine Arts

School of Music

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EVENTS HOTLINE
CALL 965-TUNE (965-8863)

O what a joyous day! O what a happy return! A spent heart is revived: what sweetness I feel! O light of my life, o infinite joy of mine! (2) Behold, my love returns and adorns these banks. Behold the happiness of that glance I observe. O lovely, sweet eyes, eyes brighter than the sun! (3) Now indeed I feel in my breast not grief but pleasure. My bright, beautiful, twinkling star has returned. The sun, the dawn, everything life-giving to me has returned. (4) Now that god who inflames hearts makes my life sweet; Love, who used to keep it from me, now gives me your lovely face: my sweetheart, my love, my comfort and hope.

My lovely Amarillis! O heart's desire, do you not believe you are my love? Believe it! and if doubts assail, take this arrow of mine, open my breast, and you shall see written on my heart, "Amarillis is my love."

A pitiless beauty battles me with the lights of her lovely brow, with the vermilion of two divinely rosy cheeks, with two ruby lips, with beautiful tresses. (2) All the time she assaults me. O that on high Phoebus would spur on his warhorses! O that he would snuff out her flames in the sea and that the cruel one would hear my thoughts. (3) Ah! useless to flee far from her. Now I must labor so that Love will feather her wings: up, up, ye waters! and spread out your signs on the sea. (4) Who will now lend my life help? Even if I am powerless to flee, let no one say I have not the power to overcome such an opponent if I try.

Che non fa, che non può, Donna ch'è bella

For a beautiful woman, nothing is impossible. Heaven has given her an exquisite beauty, and Love has made her glance strong as arrows. The sum of her beauty entralls, whether she speaks or is silent. What is there that a woman with a beautiful face cannot contrive? She transfixes every heart and so great is the warmth of her glance that she torments even the most constant heart with her beautiful features. O heaven, is there an example of beauty more rare than my own cherished sun? Her gentle regard adds even to the most beautiful of April days. She reigns with adored rays from a throne where the splendor of her beauty inflames her attendants. Yes, one is forced to wonder languishing through such beauty. And how can anyone resist who comes upon her glance or hears her laugh? No, no one can escape the wound of a fatal arrow from the blind winged god. I do not know how to resist her.