

Sunday, February 22, 2009, 3pm
Zellerbach Hall

Cecilia Bartoli, *mezzo-soprano*
Sergio Ciomei, *piano*

PROGRAM

Maria Malibran's *Salon Romantique*

Gioacchino Rossini (1792–1868) La regata veneziana, from *Péchés de vieillesse*
(Three songs in Venetian dialect)
(1857–1868)
I. Anzoleta avanti la regata
II. Anzoleta co' passa la regata
III. Anzoleta dopo la regata

Vincenzo Bellini (1801–1835) L'abbandono (1835)
Il fervido desiderio (aft. 1827)
Vaga luna
La farfalletta (1813)

Bellini Dolente immagine (1821)
Malinconia, ninfa gentile, from *Sei Ariette* (1829)
Ma rendi pur contento

Rossini Or che di fiori adorno (1831)

Rossini Beltà crudele (1821)
Canzonetta spagnuola (1821)
La danza, from *Les soirées musicales* (1835)

INTERMISSION

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848) Il barcaiolo, from *Nuits d'été à Pausilippe* (1836)
Amore e morte, from *Soirées d'automne à L'Infrascati* (1837)
La conocchia, from *Soirées d'automne à L'Infrascati* (1837)
Me voglio fa 'na casa, from *Soirées d'automne à L'Infrascati* (1837)

Rossini From *Péchés de vieillesse* (1857–1868)
Ariette à l'ancienne
L'ophteline du Tyrol
La grande coquette

Pauline Viardot-García (1821–1910) Havanaise
Hai luli!
Manuel del Pópulo Vicente Rodríguez García (1775–1832) Yo que soy contrabandista, from
El poeta calculista (1804)
Maria Malibran (1808–1836) Rataplan (1836)

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Gioacchino Rossini (1792–1868)
La regata veneziana: Three Songs in Venetian Dialect

After dazzling Europe with no fewer than 39 operas between 1808 and 1829, Rossini abruptly stopped composing at the hardly advanced age of 37. Except for a little volume of vocal entertainment pieces called *Les soirées [evenings] musicales* jotted down between about 1830 and 1835, he thereafter retired completely from creative activity, traveling extensively in Italy and France, and growing increasingly alarmed about the deteriorating state of his health. In 1855, he settled in Paris, and the following summer was ordered by his French doctors to seek relief at the baths in Wildbad, Kissingen and Baden. The treatment succeeded, and he moved into a new apartment in central Paris in the autumn of 1856 with a renewed invigoration for life and work, though he maintained a strict daily regimen of walking, rest, dining and receiving visitors. The only variation in his schedule came on Saturday evenings, when he hosted one of the most popular salons in the city—invitations to his *soirées samedi* were among the most eagerly sought by artists and socialites from all over Europe.

At his gathering of April 15, 1857, Rossini amazed the crowd by presenting to his devoted wife, Olympe, his first new composition in 22 years, a series of six different settings of a poem by Metastasio appropriately titled *Musique anodine* (“Music to Soothe Pain”). From that date until he died 11 years later, Rossini again composed with real enjoyment, devising some 180 little pieces for solo piano, instruments and various combinations of accompanied voices which he smilingly called *Péchés de vieillesse*—“Sins of My Old Age.” Though a few of these musical transgressions are serious in tone (*A Funeral Ode for Meyerbeer, A Deep Sleep, A Caress for My Wife*), most are deliberately humorous or satirical or even grotesque in both title and content. There are, among many others, a whole series of pieces named for various desserts and hors-d’oeuvres, a tongue-in-cheek programmatic number about *A Little Pleasure Trip in the Train* (Rossini hated trains), a *Little Castor Oil Waltz, An Abortive Polka* and *A Hygienic Prelude for Morning Use*. These delicious *morceaux* were eagerly served

to the guests at his Saturday soirées, but he refused to have them published during his lifetime, and after his death they were preserved in 13 manuscript volumes in the archive of his works in his native Pesaro.

Among the more ambitious vocal works included in the *Péchés* is the cantata for soprano and piano *La regata veneziana* (not to be confused with the eponymous song in *Les soirées musicales* to a text by Count Carlo Pepoli). *La regata veneziana* comprises a trio of songs sung by a girl before, during and after a traditional Venetian regatta urging her sweetheart to victory.

Vincenzo Bellini (1801–1835)
Seven Songs

Vincenzo Bellini was one of the triumvirate of composers—Rossini and Donizetti were the others—who carried the art of Italian opera to the heights of splendor during the early 19th century. Bellini was the most romantically sensitive of the three to the possibilities of long-breathed *cantabile* melodies, and his works are distinguished by a beautiful lyricism that elicits touching pathos. Richard Wagner wrote that Bellini’s melodies were “all heart, connected with words.” Bellini’s appearance and manner were an appropriate match for the melting emotionalism of his music, according to the late *New York Times* critic Harold Schonberg: “Slight, delicate, handsome, languishing, talented, he attracted worshippers, mostly of the opposite sex.” Bellini was a friend of Chopin, and, like that quintessential figure of romanticism, he died both very early and from tuberculosis. In addition to the ten operas upon which his fame rests, Bellini wrote a few instrumental works (of which the Oboe Concerto is the only one with any familiarity), numerous sacred pieces, a wedding cantata, a handful of vocal canons and about three dozen solo songs, called variously *romanza* or *ariette*.

The poignant *Labbandono* (“Abandonment”) of 1835, with an anonymous text, originated in sketches that Bellini made in 1830 for an operatic version of Victor Hugo’s drama *Hernani* that had to be aborted because of problems with the Italian censors. Verdi’s *Ernani* was premiered in 1844.

The delicate *Il fervido desiderio* (“The Fervent Desire”) was composed sometime after 1827 for the Contessa Sofia Voina, whose salon Bellini frequented when he was in Milan. The elegiac *Vaga luna*, dedicated to the Milanese writer and journalist Giulietta Pezzi, was written during the height of Bellini’s brief career.

Bellini wrote the charming *La farfalletta* (“Little Butterfly”), his first song, in 1813 for a childhood sweetheart to sing as part of a puppet theater entertainment while she mimed the actions of a girl trying to catch a butterfly for her boyfriend. *Dolente immagine di Fille mia* dates from 1821, during the time of Bellini’s study at the St. Sebastian Conservatory in Naples. It appeared in a publication of Ricordi three years later, the first of Bellini’s works to be printed, with a dedication to Nicolo Tauro, a friend and fellow student.

Malinconia is the opening number of the *Sei [Six] Ariette* that Bellini published in 1829. The set was dedicated to Mariana Pollini, who, with her husband Francesco, a retired piano teacher from the Milan Conservatory, was a close friend, almost a surrogate parent, for Bellini during his early adult years.

Ma rendi pur contento is Bellini’s tender setting of a text that the renowned 18th-century opera librettist Pietro Metastasio wrote in 1744 for *Ipermestra*, one of the nearly 80 operas by the famed German composer Johann Adolf Hasse, which tells of intrigue, rebellion and thwarted love in ancient Argos.

Rossini
Four Songs

Or che di fiori adorno (“Now Adorned with Flowers”), written in 1831, was one of the handful of pieces that Rossini composed in the years immediately after retiring from opera composition in 1829. The song’s subject and sylvan character are suggested by its subtitle: *La passeggiata*—“The Stroll.”

Rossini composed the deeply expressive *Beltá crudele* (“Cruel Beauty”) in 1821, at the height of his European renown, to a text by the poet N. di Santo-Mango, who also made Italian adaptations of some of Schubert’s songs. Rossini valued *Beltá*

crudele highly enough that he copied it into the daybooks of several friends as a memento.

The *Canzonetta spagnuola* (“Spanish Canzonetta”) was composed in 1821 in Rossini’s headquarters city of Naples, which was then ruled by the Spanish Bourbons.

Among the 12 vocal duets and solo songs that were collected in Rossini’s *Soirées Musicales* of 1835 is the whirling tarantella, *La Danza*.

Gaetano Donizetti (1797–1848)
Four Songs

“I shall have to write twelve *canzonette* as usual, to get twenty ducats for each, something that in times past I used to do while the rice was cooking.” The rather pragmatic words that Donizetti wrote to his brother-in-law, Antonio Vasselli, while working on a set of vocal pieces to be published in 1837 suggest a lack of commitment to the genre that is hardly borne out by the 250 engaging songs and vocal duets that he produced during his lifetime. (Mozart voiced similar complaints after accepting a commission for some flute pieces in 1778, and then produced some of his most infectious works.) These vocal miniatures were popular for both home entertainment and salon performance during Donizetti’s time, and he issued 15 collections of them throughout his career.

Il barcaio (“The Boatman”) was one of six songs included in Donizetti’s 1836 collection titled *Nuits d’été à Pausilippe*, named for Posillipo, a coastal town on the north shore of the Bay of Naples. The song, with a text by the lawyer and poet Leopoldo Tarantini, suggests the extremes of the boatman’s life, from its calm rhythms (set in the swaying meter of a barcarolle) to its dangerous tempests.

Amore e morte (“Love and Death”) comes from *Soirées d’automne à L’Infrascati*, published in 1837 in Naples and named for one of the city’s suburban districts. Donizetti provided a musical setting of almost operatic pathos for the poem by the northern Italian writer Giovanni Antonio Luigi Redaelli. *La conocchia* (“The Distaff”), in traditional Neapolitan dialect, comes from *Soirées d’automne à L’Infrascati*. The collection’s French title suggests that it was

intended for a European audience beyond Italy. *Me voglio fa 'na casa mie zo mare*, in Neapolitan dialect, was published in Naples in 1837 in a collection titled *Soirées d'automne*.

Rossini

Four Songs from *Péchés de vieillesse* ("Sins of My Old Age")

Ariette à l'ancienne ("Ariette in the Olden Style") is a lover's lament set to a text by the influential Swiss-born philosopher, writer and composer Jean-Jacques Rousseau. *L'orpheline du Tyrol* ("The Tyrolean Orphan Girl"), with a text by the poet, librettist and translator Émilien Pacini, tells the touching story of a motherless mountain girl for whom cold, hunger and sadness have not, apparently, sapped her ability to yodel. *La grande coquette*, with a sly text by Pacini, limns the sentiments of a flirtatious courtesan who claims to have "even made Pompadour tremble."

Pauline Viardot-García (1821–1910) Havanaise

Pauline Viardot-García—daughter of Spanish tenor Manuel García (the first Almaviva in Rossini's *Barber*) and sister of the younger Manuel García, Europe's most esteemed voice teacher, and the celebrated Maria Malibran—studied piano with Liszt, composition with Reicha, and singing with her father and brother. She made her concert debut in Brussels at age 16 and her operatic debut in London two years later, and quickly established herself as one of the most brilliant mezzo-sopranos of her day. In 1840, at 19, she married Louis Viardot, director of Paris' Théâtre-Italien, but that did not prevent her from beginning a life-long affair with the Russian writer Ivan Turgenev during her residency with the St. Petersburg Opera from 1843 to 1846. She returned to Paris in 1849 to premiere Meyerbeer's *Le prophète*, and subsequently scored great successes in Europe's leading opera houses, most notably as Beethoven's Leonore, Gluck's Alceste and Verdi's Lady Macbeth. In 1863, she retired from the stage and moved to

Germany with her husband (and Turgenev), where she performed in concert (including the premiere of Brahms's *Alto Rhapsody*), played piano duets with Clara Schumann, gave private organ concerts, and composed little operas to Turgenev's librettos. In 1871, she settled again in Paris, devoting herself to teaching, composing and presiding over one of the city's most highly regarded musical salons until her death in 1910. In addition to her half-dozen small-scale operas, Viardot-García composed choruses, piano pieces and about a hundred songs that reveal a confident and polished creative talent.

Manuel del Pópulo Vicente Rodríguez García (1775–1832)

Yo que soy contrabandista, from *El Poeta Calculista* ("The Calculating Poet")

Composed in 1804. Premiered on April 28, 1805, in Madrid, with the composer as soloist.

Manuel del Pópulo Vicente Rodríguez García was among the most extravagantly gifted musicians of the 19th century. Born in Madrid in 1805, he was largely self-taught but became one the leading tenors and most popular composers of his time, winning acclaim in Paris, London, Italy, the United States and Mexico after establishing a reputation in his native Spain with performances and compositions that distilled the essence of his native country's unique musical personality. García's more than 40 operas in Spanish, French and Italian were staged successfully in Europe and America, he triumphed in leading tenor roles before the day's most discriminating audiences, he premiered the roles of Leicester in Rossini's *Elisabetta Regina d'Inghilterra* and Almaviva in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and he was among the 19th century's most distinguished voice teachers: three of his own children—the mezzo-sopranos Maria Malibran and Pauline Viardot-García and the baritone Manuel Patricio Rodríguez García—won reputations on the operatic stage that have remained vivid to this day.

García's varied talents are nowhere better seen than in his own one-act "operatic monologue for tenor" of 1804, *El Poeta Calculista* ("The Calculating Poet"), in which he declaimed the

spoken monologue, sang, pantomimed, danced and acted; the author of the libretto is uncertain, but it may well have been written by García himself. James Radomski of California State University at San Bernardino, the leading authority on García, wrote, "The story describes a poor poet, who was working as a scribe for another poor poet who has just died. Having inherited his master's manuscripts, the poet/scribe 'calculates' how to use them to his good advantage. He thus embarks upon a magnificent daydream, imagining his future creations and ultimate success (both literary and financial). At the end he realizes the futility of a career as poet and leaves to seek employment as a night watchman." Among the most colorful of the poet's episodes is one in which he imagines himself to be a smuggler: *Yo que soy contrabandista*.

Maria Malibran (1808–1836) Rataplan

Composed in 1836.

During the single brilliant decade of her meteoric career—from her debut in London in Rossini's *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* in June 1825 until her premature death at age 28 in Manchester in September 1836 following a fall from a horse while she was pregnant—Maria Malibran was opera's *prima donna assoluta*. Rigorously trained by her father,

the famed Spanish tenor Manuel García, she created sensations in Europe's music capitals and in New York (where her father established a company in 1825 to give some of the earliest performances of Italian opera in America and where she married the wealthy merchant Eugène Malibran) in Rossini's *Tancredi*, *Otello*, *Il Turco in Italia*, *La Gazza Ladra*, *Semiramide* and *La Cenerentola*, Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, Meyerbeer's *Il Crociato in Egitto*, Bellini's *I Puritani*, *Norma*, *I Capuleti e i Montecchi* and *La Sonnambula*, Donizetti's *Maria Stuarda*, Beethoven's *Fidelio* and several works written specially for her by her father. She was ambitious, headstrong, passionate and possessed of a voice of enormous range and color that she used with a dramatic intensity that has made her one of opera's legendary figures. "Ah! That wonderful creature!" Rossini exclaimed. "With her disconcerting musical genius she surpassed all who sought to emulate her, and with her superior mind, her breadth of knowledge, and unimaginable fierceness of temperament she outshone all other women I have known."

Malibran was also a gifted pianist and a skilled composer who wrote several dozen songs, including *Rataplan* of 1836, a dazzling vocal showpiece that onomatopoeically recalls the cadence of a military drum.

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Gioacchino Rossini

La regata veneziana, from *Péchés de vieillesse***I. Anzoleta avanti la regatta**

Là su la machina xe la bandiera,
varda, la vendistu, vala a ciapar.
Co quela tornime in qua sta sera,
o pur a sconderte ti pol andar,

In pope Momolo, no te incantar.

Va voga d'anema la gondoleta,
né il primo premio te pol mancar.
Va là, recordite la to Anzoleta
che da sto pergolo te sta a vardar.

In pope, Momolo, no te incantar.
In pope, Momolo, cori a svolar!

II. Anzoleta co' passa la regatta

I xe qua, i xe qua, vardeli, vardeli,
povereli i ghe da drento,
ah contrario tira el vento,
i gha l'acqua in so favor.

El mio Momolo dov'elo?
Ah lo vedo, el xe secondo.
Ah! che smania! me confondo,
a tremar me sento el cuor.

Su coraggio, voga, voga,
prima d'esser al paletto
se ti voghi, ghe scometo,
tutti indrio ti lassarà.

Caro caro, par che el svola,
el li magna tuti quanti,
meza barca l'è andà avanti,
ah capisso, el m'à vardà.

III. Anzoleta dopo la regatta

Ciapa un baso, un altro ancora,
caro Momolo, de cuor;
qua destrachite che xe ora
de sugarte sto sudor.

Ah t'ò visto co passando
su mi l'ocio ti a butà

Three Songs in Venetian Dialect**I. Angelina Before the Regatta**

Over there the flag is flying,
look, you can see it, now go for it.
Bring it back to me this evening
or run away and hide.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't start gawping!

Row the gondola with heart and soul,
then you cannot help being first.
Go on, think of your Angelina
watching you from this arbor.

Once in the boat, Momolo, don't start gawping!
Once in the boat, Momolo, go with the wind!

II. Angelina When the Regatta Passes

They're coming, they're coming, look at them,
the poor things, they're nearly all in:
ah, the wind's against them
but the tide's running their way.

My Momolo, where is he?
Ah, I see him, in second place.
Ah! the excitement's too much for me,
my heart's racing like mad.

Come on, keep it up, row, row,
you must be first to the finish,
if you keep on rowing, I'll lay a bet
you'll leave all the others behind.

Dear boy, he's almost flying,
he's beating the others hollow
he's gone half a length ahead.
ah, now I understand: he's seen me.

III. Angelina After the Regatta

Here's a kiss for you, and another,
darling Momolo, from my heart;
now relax, because I must
dry the sweat from your body.

Ah, I saw you, as you passed,
throwing a glance at me,

e go dito respirando:
un bel premio el ciaparà.

si un bel premio in sta bandiera,
che xe rossa de color;
gha parlà Venezia intiera,
la t'a dito vincitor.

Ciapa un baso, benedeto,
a vogar nissun te pol,
de casada de tragheto
ti xe el megio barcarol.

**Vincenzo Bellini
L'abbandono***Text: Anonymous*

Solitario zeffiretto,
a che movi i tuol sospiri?
Il sospiro a me sol lice,
ché, dolente ed infelice,
chiamo Dafne che non ode
l'insoffribil mio martir.

Langue in van la mammoletta
e la rosa el il gelsomino;
lunge son da lui che adoro,
non conosco alcun ristoro
se non viene a consolarmi
col bel guardo cilestrino.

Ape industre, che vagando
sempre vai di fior in fiore, ascolta.
Se lo scorgi ov'ei dimora,
di' che riedi a chi l'adora
come riedi tu nel seno
delle rose al primo albor.

**Bellini
Il fervido desiderio***Text: Anonymous*

Quando verrà quel di
che riveder potrò
quel che l'amante cor
tanto desia?

Quando verrà quel di
che in sen t'accoglierò,
bella fiamma d'amor,
anima mia?

and I said, breathing again:
he's going to win a good prize,

Indeed, the prize of this flag
the red one;
all Venice is talking about you,
they have declared you the victor.

Here's a kiss, God bless you,
no one rows better than you,
of all the breed of watermen,
you are the best gondolier.

Abandonment

Lonely little breeze,
why do you sigh?
Sighs are meant for me alone,
for, grieving and unhappy,
I call on Daphnis, who does not hear
my unbearable suffering.

The violet, rose and jasmine
languish in vain;
I am far from the one I adore,
and have no relief
unless he consoles me
with the gaze of his light blue eyes.

Industrious bee, always flitting
from flower to flower, listen.
If you spy him,
tell him to return to the one who adores him,
as you return to the roses
at the first light of dawn.

The Fervent Desire

When will that day arrive
when I shall see once more
what my loving heart
so desires?

When will that day arrive
when I shall press you
to my breast, my beautiful loved one,
my beloved?

Bellini**Vaga luna***Text: Anonymous*

Vaga luna, che inargenti
queste rive e questi fiori
ed ispiri agli elementi
il linguaggio dell'amor;
testimonio or sei tu sola
del mio fervido desir,
ed a lei che m'innamora
conta i palpiti e i sospir.

Dille pur che lontananza
il mio duol non può lenir,
che se nutro una speranza,
ella è sol nell'avvenir.
Dille pur che giorno e sera
conto l'ore del dolor,
che una speme, lusinghiera
mi conforta nell'amor.

Bellini**La farfallotta***Text: Anonymous*

Fartalletta, aspetta, aspetta,
non volar con tanta fretta.
Far del mal non ti vogl'io;
ferma appagar il desir mio.
Vo baciarti e il cibo darti,
da' perigli preservarti.
Di cristallo stanza avrai
e tranquilla ognor vivrai.

L'ali aurate, screziate
so che Aprile t'ha ingemmate,
che sei vaga, vispa e snella,
fra tue eguali la più bella.
Ma crin d'oro ha il mio tesoro,
il fanciullo ch'amo e adoro.
E a to pari vispo e snello
fra i suo' eguali egli è il più bello.

Vo' carpirti, ad esso offrirti;
più che rose, gigli e mirti
ti fia caro il mio fanciullo,
ed a lui sarai trastullo.
Nell'aspetto e terso petto rose,
e gigli ha il mio diletto.
Vieni, scampa da perigli,
non cercar più rose e gigli.

Lovely moon

Lovely moon, your silver light
shines on these banks and these flowers,
you inspire the elements
to the language of love;
you alone are witness
to my ardent desire,
and tell the one I
love of my beating heart and my sighing.

Tell her that distance
cannot ease my pain,
and that if I cherish one hope
it is for the future alone.
Tell her too that day and night
I count the hours of pain,
and that one tempting hope
comforts me in love.

Little Butterfly*Translation: Kenneth Chalmers © Decca 1997*

Little butterfly, wait, wait,
don't fly off so quickly.
I don't mean to harm you,
stop and fulfill my wish.
I want to kiss you and feed you,
and save you from danger.
You shall have a room of crystal
and will always live in peace.

I know that April has adorned
your golden, speckled wings,
that you are pretty, lively and graceful,
the most lovely of all your kind.
But my beloved has golden locks,
the lad I love and adore.
And he is as lively and graceful as you,
the most handsome of all his kind.

I'm going to snatch you and offer you to him;
let my lad be dearer to you
than roses, lilies and myrtles,
and you will be his plaything.
My darling has roses and lilies
in the way he looks and in his pure heart.
Come, escape from danger
and look no more for roses and lilies.

↻

Bellini**Dolente immagine di Fille mia***Text: Maddalena Fumaroli*

Dolente immagine di Fille mia,
perché sì squallida mi siedì accanto?
Che più desideri? Dirotto pianto
io sul tuo cenere versai finor.

Temi che immemore de' sacri giuri
io possa accendermi ad altra face?
Ombra di Fillide, riposa in pace,
è inestinguibile l'antico ardor.

Bellini**Malinconia, from Sei Ariette***Text: Ippolito Pindemonte*

Malinconia, ninfa gentile,
la vita mia consacro a te;
i tuoi piaceri chi tiene a vile
a' piacer veri nato non è.

Fonti e colline chiesi agli dei;
m'udiro alfine, pago io vivrò,
nè mai quel fonte co' desir miei,
nè mai quel monte trapasserò.

Bellini**Ma rendi pur contento***Text: Pietro Metastasio*

Ma rendi pur contento
della mia bella il core
e ti perdono, amore,
se lieto il mio non è.
Gli affanni suoi pavento
più degli affanni miei,
perchè più vivo in lei
di quel ch'io vivo in me.

Rossini**Or che di fiori adorno**

Or che di fiori adorno
sorrìde il colle, il prato,
e dolce cosa intorno
girsene a passeggiar.

Sorrowful Likeness of My Phyllis

Sorrowful likeness of my Phyllis,
why do you sit at my side so disconsolately?
What more do you desire? I have poured
out rivers of tears on your ashes.

Are you afraid that I shall forget my sacred vows,
that I could be inflamed by another?
Shade of Phyllis, rest in peace,
my passion of old will never fail.

Melancholy, sweet nymph,
I consecrate my life to you;
he who despises your pleasures
is not born for true pleasure.

I asked the gods for fountains and hills;
they heard me at last, I shall live contented,
nor shall I ever wish to pass
beyond that spring or that hill.

Translation: Barbara Miller

Only make happy
The heart of my beloved
And I will pardon you, love,
If my own heart is not glad.
Her troubles I fear
More than my own,
Because I live more in her
Than I live in myself.

Now Adorned with Flowers

Now adorned with flowers
the hills and meadows smile,
and it is pleasant
to stroll around.

Placidi ovunque spirano
soavi zeffiretti,
s'adono gli augelletti
fra i rami a gorgheggiar.



Rossini
Beltà crudele

Text: Anonymous

Amori scendete,
propizi al mio core,
d'un laccio, d'un fiore
deh fatemi don.

Se Nice m'accoglie,
ridente, vezzosa,
le porgo la rosa,
le dono il mio core.

Se vuol poi l'ingrata
vedermi ramingo...
Che dico? ...la stringo
col laccio d'amor.

Rossini
Canzonetta spagnuola

Text: Anonymous

En medio a mis Dolores
Pintando estaba un día
Cuando la Musa mía
Me vino a atormentar.

Con dolor pues deajo
Obra siempre dichosa
Cuales de Lila mía
Las prendas celebrar.

Me mandó que pintara
Asunto sobrehumano
Pero lo mandó en vano:
Solo pude soñar.

Mi alma reconoce
La fuerza de la bella,
Mas mi perversa estrella
Me niega ya el cantar.

Con dolor pues deajo...

Everywhere tranquil breezes
softly blow,
and in the boughs
the little birds are heard warbling.

Cruel Beauty

Cupids, descend
to assist my heart's designs;
come, present me
with a ribbon and a rose.

If Nice should welcome me
with smiles and caresses,
I'll give her the rose,
I'll give her my heart.

But if the cruel girl prefers
to leave me all alone...
what then?...I'll bind her to me
with a love-knot.

Spanish Canzonetta

In the midst of my sorrows
I stood weeping one day
When my Muse
Came to torment me.

Sorrowfully I must abandon
The ever-joyous task
Of praising
The attributes of my Lila.

My Muse wishes me to depict
Something beyond human measure
But the wish is in vain:
It cannot be expressed.

My soul recognizes
The force of her beauty,
But my perverse fate
Does not allow me to sing it.

Sorrowfully I must abandon...

Rossini
La danza, from *Les soirées musicales*

Text: Carlo Pepoli

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, si salterà;
l'ora è bella per danzare,
chi è in amor non mancherà.

Già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
mamma mia, si salterà.
Presto in danza a tondo a tondo,
donne mie, venite quà;
un garzon bello e giocondo
a ciascuna toccherà.

Finchè in ciel brilla una stella,
e la luna splenderà,
il più bel con la più bella
tutta notte danzerà.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
già la luna è in mezzo al mare,
Mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia, si salterà;
Frinche, frinche,
mamma mia, si salterà.

Salta, salta, gira, gira,
ogni coppia a cerchio va,
Già s'avanza, si ritira,
e all'assalto tornerà.
Serra, serra colla bionda,
colla bruna va qua e là,
colla rossa va a seconda,
colla smorta fermo sta.
Viva il ballo a tondo, a tondo,
sono un re, sono un pascià,
E il più bel piacer del mondo,
la più cara voluttà.

Mamma mia, ecc.



Gaetano Donizetti
Il barcaiolo, from *Nuits d'été à Pausilippe*

Text: Leopoldo Tarantini

Voga, voga, il vento tace,
pura è l'onda, il ciel sereno,

The Dance

Translation: Kenneth Chalmers © Decca 1997

Now the moon is above the sea,
mamma mia, how we'll leap;
the time is perfect for dancing,
all those in love will be there.

Now the moon is above the sea,
mamma mia, how we'll leap.
Quickly dance in a ring,
my ladies, come here;
every one shall have
a handsome, lively lad.

As long as a star is twinkling in the sky,
and the moon is shining brightly,
the most handsome man and most beautiful girl
will dancing all night long.

Mamma mia, mamma mia,
now the moon is above the sea,
mamma mia, mamma mia,
mamma mia, how we'll leap;
Twang, twang,
mamma mia, how we'll leap.

Leap, leap, turn, turn,
each couple goes in a circle;
forward and back,
and return to the the attack.
Close the circle with the blonde girl,
here and there with the dark girl,
then perhaps with the redhead,
stand still with the pale girl.
Long live dancing in a ring,
I'm a king, I'm a pasha;
it's the greatest delight in the world,
the most precious pleasure.

Mamma mia, mamma mia, etc.

The Boatman

Row, row, the wind has stilled,
the waves are clear, the sky serene,

solo un alito di pace
par che allegri e cielo e mar:
voga, voga, o marinar.

Or che tutto a noi sorride
in sì tenero momento,
all'ebbrezza del contento
voglio l'alme abbandonar,
roga, voga, o marinar.

Voga, voga, il vento tace,
pura è l'onda, il ciel sereno,
solo un alito di pace
par che allegri e cielo e mar.

Chè se infiera la tempesta,
ambidue ne tragge a morte,
sarà lieta la mia sorte,
al tuo fianco io vuo' spirar:
voga, voga, o marinar.

Donizetti

Amore e morte, from *Soirées d'automne à L'Infrascati*

Text: Giovanni Antonio Luigi Redaelli

Odi d'un uom che muore,
odi l'estremo suon.
Quest'appassito fiore
ti lascio, Elvira, in don.
Quanto prezioso ei sia
tu déi saperlo appien.
Nel dì che fosti mia
te lo involai dal sen.

Simbolo allor d'affetto
or pegno di dolor.
Torna posarti in petto
questo appassito fior.
E avrai nel cor scolpito,
se duro il cor non è,
come ti fu rapito
come ritorna a te.

Donizetti

La conocchia from *Soirées d'automne à L'Infrascati* *Canzone napoletana*

Quann'a lo bello mio voglio parlare,
ca spisso me ne vene lu golio,
a la fenesta me mett'a filare,
quann'a lo bello mio voglio parlare.

it seems that only a peaceful breeze
stirs the sky and sea:
row, row, o boatman.

Now that everything smiles on us
at this tender moment,
I wish to abandon our souls
to a joyful ecstasy,
row, row, o boatman.

Row, row, the wind has stilled,
the waves are clear, the sky serene,
it seems that only a peaceful breeze
animates sky and sea.

For if the tempest roars,
and both of us are dragged down to death,
my fate will be a happy one,
for by your side I wish to die:
row, row, o boatman.

Love and Death

Hear the last words
of a man who is dying.
I leave you this faded flower,
Elvira, as a gift.
You well know
how precious it is.
On the day that you were mine
I stole it from your breast.

A symbol then of affection,
now a token of grief.
This faded flower returns
to rest in your breast.
And you will have engraved on your heart,
if your heart is not hardened,
how it was stolen from you
and how it returns to you.

The Distaff

When I want to speak to my sweetheart,
for I often feel the desire,
I sit at my window and spin,
when I want to speak to my sweetheart.

Quann'isso passa, po' rompo lo filo
e con 'na grazia me mett'a priare,
bello, peccarità, proitemillo,
isso lu piglia, e io lo sto a guardare.
E accossi me ne vao' mpilo mpilo a jemmè!

Donizetti

Me voglio fà 'na casa, from *Soirées d'automne*

Text: Giovanni Antonio Luigi Redaelli

Me voglio fà 'na casa miez' 'o mare
fravecata de penne de pavune.
Tra la la le la tra la la le la.

D'oro e d'argiento li scaline fare
e de prete preziuse li barcune.
Tra la la le la tra la la la la.

Quanno Nannella mia se va a facciare
ognuno dice, ognuno dice, mo' spona lu sole.
Tra la la la la tra la la la la.



Rossini

Ariette à l'ancienne, from *Péchés de vieillesse*

Text: Jean-Jacques Rousseau

Que le jour me dure
passé loin de toi!
Toute la nature
n'est plus rien pour moi.

Le plus vert bocage,
quand tu n'y viens pas,
n'est qu'un lieu sauvage,
pour moi, sans appas.

Rossini

L'orpheline du Tyrol, from *Péchés de vieillesse*

Text: Émilien Pacini

Seule, une pauvre enfant sans parents
implore le passant en tremblant.
"Ah voyez mes douleurs et mes pleurs!
Ma mère dort ailleurs sous les fleurs."
L'humble enfant orpheline a bien faim
et pour un peu de pain tend le main.
"Je chanterai mon vieux refrain:

When he comes past, I snap the thread,
and gracefully I ask,
my dear, please hand it back to me,
and as he picks it up, I just gaze after him.
And so this longing consumes me, day after day!

I wan to build a house surrounded by the sea,
made of peacock feathers and plumes.
Tra la la...

I shall make the stairs of gold and silver,
And the balconies of precious stones.
Tra la la...

When my Nannella leans out
everyone will say, now the sun has come out.
Tra la la...

Ariette in the Olden Style, from *Sins of My Old Age*

How long the days seem
when I am far from you!
Nature herself
now means nothing to me.

The greenest copse,
without you,
is a mere wilderness,
and holds no charm for me.

The Tyrolean Orphan Girl, from *Sins of My Old Age*

Alone, a poor child with no parents
Timorously begs from passers-by.
"Oh, see my pain and my tears!
My mother sleeps, far away, beneath the flowers."
The humble orphan girl is hungry
And holds out her hand for a little bread.
"I shall sing my old song:

Ah! loin de mon doux Tyrol,
mon cœur brisé prendra son vol.
L'écho muet des bois
n'entendra plus ma triste voix:
Ah! Dieu, j'espère en toi,
prends pitié, prends pitié de moi!

Ma mère, ton adieu en ce lieu
m'inspire mon seul vœu au bon Dieu.
À quinze ans tant souffrir c'est mourir,
ne peux-tu revenir me bénir?
Pourquoi le froid trépas et le glas
c'ont-ils saisie, hélas, dans mes bras?
Ton cœur glacé ne m'entend pas:
ah! la douleur et la faim
à mes tourments vont mettre fin;
ma mère, je te vois,
j'entends de loin ta douce voix:
Ah Dieu, j'espère en toi,
prends pitié, prends pitié de moi!"

La grande coquette, from *Péchés de vieillesse*

Text: *Émilien Pacini*

La perle des coquettes
ne fait que des conquêtes
dans ses riches toilettes
aux menuets de cour.
Pour moi tournent les têtes,
les cœurs sont pris d'amour.
Et je crois même qu'un beau jour
j'ai fait trembler Pompadour.

Dans une belle ivresse
plus d'un marquis s'empresse
à m'offrir sa tendresse,
je les dédaigne tous.
En vain chacun m'implore,
me jure qu'il m'adore
à genoux.
Je veux que l'on m'admire,
pour moi que l'on soupire;
de l'amour que j'inspire,
de ce brûlant délire
moi, je ne sais que rire.
Ma foi, tant pis pour eux!
Malheur aux amoureux!

A plus d'une rivale
je fus souvent fatale;
ma grâce triomphale
a séduit maint galant,
coquette sans égale,

Oh, far from the Tyrol that is dear to me,
my broken heart takes flight.
The silent echo of the woods
will hear my sad voice no more:
Oh Lord, my hope lies in you,
have pity, have pity on me!

Mother, your farewell from this place
carries with it my prayer to the Good Lord.
For me, just fifteen years old, such suffering is death,
will you never return to give me your blessing?
Why did the chill of death and the tolling knell
snatch you, alas, from my arms?
Your frozen heart cannot hear me:
Oh, grief and hunger
will soon end my suffering;
Mother, I see you,
in the distance I hear your sweet voice:
Oh Lord, my hope lies in you,
have pity, have pity on me."

The Great Coquette

The most magnificent coquette
conquers all in her path
with her splendid robes
while the minuet plays at court.
For me, heads turn
and hearts are captured.
I believe that one fine day,
I even made Pompadour tremble.

In the flower of intoxication,
more than one lord hastens
to make love to me,
but I hear none of them.
In vain does each implore me,
swear on his knees
his love for me.
I want to be admired,
and sighed for,
but this love they feel for me,
this burning frenzy,
it just makes me laugh.
Heavens, too bad for them!
Let lovers be miserable!

More than one rival
has been crushed by me;
my magnificent grace
has melted the heart of many a young knight.
For I am the coquette of all coquettes

qu'on aime qu'en tremblant.
On pleure, on se désole
aux pieds de son idole vainement.
Avec indifférence
j'aime à voir la souffrance
d'un cœur sans espérance,
en proie à la démente
implorant ma clémence,
mais sans me désarmer,
non, je ne veux jamais aimer.
Brillants Seigneurs, muguets de cour,
pour vous jamais d'amour,
et si vous me faites la cour,
n'espérez nul retour;
pour vous jamais d'amour!

↻

Pauline Viardot-García (1821–1910)

Havanaise

Text: *Louis Pomey*

Vente niña conmigo al mar
que en la playa tengo un bajel,
Bogaremos a dos en él
que allí sólo se sabe amar.
Ay rubita si tu supieras,
Ay rubita si tu supieras...Ah! Ah!
Vente niña, ecc.
Ay ay ay rubita, dame tu amar.

Sur la rive le flot d'argent
En chantant brise mollement,
Et des eaux avec le ciel
pur se confond l'azur!
Sois moins rebelle,
O ma belle, la mer t'appelle!
Ah! viens, viens, viens!
À ses chants laisse-toi charmer!
Ah, viens, c'est là qu'on sait aimé.
Ah oui, c'est là c'est là qu'on sait aimé, etc.

Sois, ma belle, moins rebelle,
Laisse-toi charmer,
Oui, laisse-toi charmer,
Ô belle!
C'est en mer que l'on sait aimé, etc.

Rubita, ay vente conmigo al mar,
Bogaremos a dos en él
que allí sólo se sabe amar!

that men must love, trembling.
They cry and lament
at the feet of their idol in vain.
Coldly, I like
to watch the torment
of a heart without hope,
driven to madness,
begging for mercy,
but I do not yield,
no, I will never love.
Great rulers, or courtly fops,
there will never be love for you,
and if you come courting me,
expect nothing as your reward;
I shall never love you.

Come with me, my child, to the sea.
for on the shore I have a boat;
we shall row it together,
for only there do people know how to love.
Ah, my fair one, if only you knew,
if only you knew...Ah, ah!
Come with me, my child, etc.
Ay ay, my fair one, give me your love.

Upon the bank the silver wave
gently breaks up while singing,
and the waters and the pure sky
merge in the azure distance!
Be less stubborn.
O my fair one, the sea calls you!
Ah! come, come, come!
Let yourself be charmed by its song, come,
it is there that people know how to love...

O my fair one, be less stubborn,
let yourself be charmed,
yes, let yourself be charmed,
o my fair one!
It is at sea that people know how to love...

Fair one, come with me to the sea,
we shall row together,
for only there do people know how to love.

Vente rubita, vente rubita,
vente al mar, al mar!

Viardot-García
Hai luli!

Text: Xavier de Maistre

Je suis triste, je m'inquiète,
Je ne sais que devenir,
Mon bon ami devait venir,
Et j l'attends ici seulette.
Hai luli! Hai luli!
Où done peut être mon ami?

Je m'assieds pour filer ma laine,
Le fil se casse dans ma main...
Allons ju filerai demain;
Aujourd'hui je suis trop en peine!
Hai luli! Hai luli!
Qu'il fait triste sans son ami!

Si jamais il devient volage
S'il doit un jour m'abandoner,
Le village n'a qu'à brûler,
Et, moi même avec le village!
Hai luli! Hai luli!
A quoi bon vivre sans ami?

Manuel del Pópulo Vicente Rodríguez García
Yo que soy contrabandista, from *El Poeta Calculista*

Text: Anonymous

Yo que soy contrabandista
y campo por mi respeto,
a todos los desafío
pues a naide tengo mio.
Ay, ay, ay, jaleo muchachos,
¿quién me merca algún hilo negro?
Mi caballo está cansao
y yo me marcho corriendo.
¡Ay, ay, ay, ay, que viene la ronda
y se movió el tiroteo!
Ay, ay, caballito mío, caballo mío, careto,
ay, jaleo, ay, jaleo, que nos cojen.
¡Ay, sácame de este aprieto!
¡Ay, caballito, jaleo,
ay, caballito, jaleo!

Come, my fair one, come,
come to the sea!

Willow-waley

I am sad, I am anxious,
I don't know what's to become of me,
my true friend was to have come,
and here I wait all alone.
Willow-waley! Willow-waley!
Where can my lover be?

I sit myself down to spin my wool,
the thread breaks in my hand...
come, I will spin tomorrow;
today I'm too full of sorrow!
Willow-waley! Willow-waley!
How sad it is without my lover!

If ever he turns fickle,
if one day he is to desert me,
the village only has to burn down,
and I with the village!
Willow-waley! Willow-waley!
What's the point of living without a lover?

I'm a Smuggler, from *The Calculating Poet*

Translation: Susannah Howe © Decca

I'm a smuggler
and I do as I please,
I defy one and all,
because I fear no one.
Ah, ah, ah, here's trouble, boys,
who'll buy my fine tobacco?
My horse is worn out,
and I set off at a run.
Ah, ah, ah, ah, for the patrol's on its way
and the shooting's begun!
Ah, ah, my little horse, my white-faced horse,
ah, here's trouble, they're catching us.
Ah, get me out of this scrape!
Ah, little horse, here's trouble,
ah, little horse, here's trouble!

Maria Malibran
Rataplan

Text: Anonymous

Rataplan, tambour habile,
rataplan, pataplan, pataplan,
rataplan, matin et soir,
rataplan, plan par la ville,
rataplan, plan plan, plan plan,
je vais toujours
tambour battant—
Rrrrrrrrrran plan plan, pataplan, etc.

Aux plaines des pyramides
j'ai mené tambour battant,
ranpataplan pataplan pataplan,
les français de gloire avides
à la victoire en chantant,
mais au sort toujours docile
me voilà dans mes foyers,
devenu tambour de ville,
de tambour de grenadiers.

Rataplan, etc.

Et quand de quitter la terre
enfin ce sera mon tour,
ranpataplan pataplan pataplan,
je désire qu'on m'enterre
à côté de mon tambour;
quand des anges les trompettes
sonneront le jugement,
je pourrai de mes baguettes
faire un accompagnement,
plan plan plan plan.

Rataplan, etc.

Translation: Susannah Howe © Decca

Ratatat, the skilful drummer,
ratatat, ratatat, ratatat,
ratatat, morning and night,
ratatat, tat through the town,
ratatat, tat-tat, tat-tat,
do I march,
always beating my drum—
Rrrrrrrrrrat tat tat, ratatat, etc.

To the plains of the pyramids
I led to victory, beating my drum,
ratatatat, ratatat, ratatat,
the French troops hungry for glory,
singing as they went,
but obeying my fate as ever,
here I am back home,
the town drummer now,
the grenadier drummer.

Ratatat, etc.

And when my time finally comes
to leave this earth behind,
ratatatat, ratatat, ratatat,
I want to be buried
alongside my drum;
when the angelic trumpets
sound the last judgment,
I'll be able to accompany them
with my drumsticks,
tat tat tat tat.

Ratatat, etc.



Decca / Uli Weber

For more than two decades, mezzo-soprano **Cecilia Bartoli** has undeniably been one of the leading artists in the field of classical music. All over the world, her new operatic roles, her concert programs and recording projects—in exclusivity with Decca—are expected with great eagerness and curiosity. The exceptional amount of six million CDs sold, more than 200 weeks ranking in the international pop charts, numerous Golden Discs, four Grammy Awards, eight Echos and a Bambi (Germany), two Classical Brit Awards (UK), the Victoire de la Musique (France), and many other prestigious awards reflect the immense success of her solo albums *Vivaldi*, *Gluck*, *Salieri* and *Opera proibita* and that she is firmly established as today's bestselling classical artist.

Thus, Ms. Bartoli brings classical music close to the hearts of millions of people throughout the world. Apart from that, she is proud that through their popularity, her projects have caused a widespread re-evaluation and rediscovery of the neglected composers and forgotten repertoire which she puts up for discussion.

It is not surprising that Herbert von Karajan, Daniel Barenboim and Nikolaus Harnoncourt were among the first conductors Ms. Bartoli worked

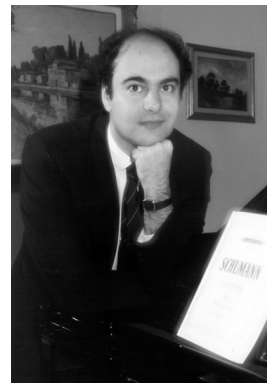
with. They noticed her talent at a very early stage when she had barely completed her vocal studies with her parents in her hometown, Rome. Since then, many more conductors, pianists and orchestras of highest renown have been her regular partners. In recent years, her work has begun to focus on collaborations with the most significant period instrument orchestras (Akademie für Alte Musik, Les Arts Florissants, Concentus Musicus Wien, Freiburger Barockorchester, Il Giardino Armonico, Kammerorchester Basel, Les Musiciens du Louvre, Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Orchestra La Scintilla). Projects with orchestras where Ms. Bartoli assumes the overall artistic responsibility have become increasingly important to her and were crowned by the jointly developed and performed programs with the Vienna Philharmonic.

Ms. Bartoli regularly sings in the most important concert halls in Europe, the United States and Japan. Her stage appearances include prestigious opera houses and festivals, such as the Metropolitan Opera in New York, the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, in London, La Scala in Milan, the Bavarian State Opera in Munich, the Salzburg Festival and the Zürich Opera House, where she has presented many of her operatic roles for the first time. Most recently, her roles have included Rossini's Fiorilla in *Il Turco in Italia* at Covent Garden and two Handelian heroines, Cleopatra (in *Giulio Cesare* with Marc Minkowski) and Semele (with William Christie), in Zurich.

Currently, Ms. Bartoli devotes her time to the early 19th century—the era of Italian Romanticism and *bel canto*—and especially the legendary singer Maria Malibran. Her 200th birthday on March 24, 2008, was marked by a historic day in Malibran's birthplace Paris: Ms. Bartoli sang three concerts in one day as the centerpiece of a Malibran Marathon at Salle Pleyel—collaborating with Lang Lang, Vadim Repin, Adam Fischer and Myung-Whun Chung—while the City of Paris showed her Barcelona Concert on a big screen outside the Hôtel de Ville, where Ms. Bartoli's mobile Malibran Museum was stationed to honor that special day. Further bicentenary events were the Grammy-nominated *Maria* CD, *The Barcelona Concert/Malibran Rediscovered* DVD, extensive concert tours as well as operatic appearances as Cenerentola, Sonnambula and Hálevy's Clari—in

a Malibran opera which had not been performed since 1829.

Cecilia Bartoli has been endowed with the Italian Knighthood and is an "Accademico effettivo" of Santa Cecilia, Rome, a French Chevalier des Arts et des Lettres and an Honorary Member of the Royal Academy of Music, London. Most recently, she was given the prestigious Italian prize "Bellini d'Oro" and a "Medalla de oro al merito en las bellas artes," one of the highest awards of the Spanish Ministry of Culture.



Pianist **Sergio Ciomei** was born in Genoa in 1965. He graduated piano in 1984, under the guidance of Franco Trabucco, winning a prize for the best diploma of the year. He then took part in master-classes held by Muriel Chemin, Piero Rattalino

and Andràs Schiff. He first achieved international acclaim in 1991, when he won the second prize at the International Mozart Competition in Salzburg's Mozarteum.

Alongside his piano activity, Mr. Ciomei studied harpsichord under Christophe Rousset and Jan Willem Jansen and fortepiano under Andreas Staier and Laura Alvini. From 1989 to 1994, he was assistant maestro to Frans Brüggen and Kees Boeke at the baroque music master-classes in Siena's Accademia Chigiana.

Mr. Ciomei has a busy concert schedule all around the world. As a piano and harpsichord soloist, he gives recitals and performs under the baton of maestros such as Brüggen, Fabio Biondi, Jean-Jacques Kantorow and Pino Klänge. As a chamber musician, he plays together with some of the leading artists of our time, such as Biondi, Boeke, Brüggen, Giovanni Antonini, Patrick Gallois and Maurice Steger. He has performed at such venues as the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Auditorio Nacional de Música, Berlin Philharmonie, Teatro Regio di Torino and the Salzburg Mozarteum.

Mr. Ciomei is one of the founding members of the ensemble Triple Concordia, and his recordings with this ensemble have won many awards around the world. He frequently collaborates with such prestigious baroque orchestras as Il Giardino Armonico, Europa Galante, Le Musiche Nove and La Scintilla at such venues as the Concertgebouw Amsterdam, Grand Théâtre de Genève, Wigmore Hall in London and Musikverein in Vienna.

Mr. Ciomei has made recordings for the Nuova Era, Opus 111, Dynamic, Cantus, Philharmonia, Stradivarius, EMI-Virgin, Challenge, Northwest Classics, Sony Classical, Decca and Harmonia Mundi labels. Recently, his recording of Mozart sonatas for fortepiano and violin, with Fabrizio Cipriani, has been described as "one of the finest Mozart recordings of all time" by the *Ontomo Guide* for the Best Chamber Music.

In 2001, Mr. Ciomei began a collaboration with mezzo-soprano Cecilia Bartoli, accompanying the great Italian singer in some of the world's most important concert halls. In 2004, they played a series of concerts in the United States and Russia, with concerts at great halls such as the Dorothy Chandler Pavillion and the Great Hall of Moscow. These performances won unanimous acclaim from both critics and audiences.

Since 1999, Mr. Ciomei has also been active as a conductor, mainly in the field of baroque music, performed on period instruments. His performances of Bach, Telemann, Handel and Mozart have been received enthusiastically all over Europe. He has been invited to conduct the Triple Concordia Orchestra in the next concert seasons, at the Festival "Antiqua" in Genoa, the Festival Handel in Halle and more, collaborating with such artists as Alfredo Bernadini and Giovanni Antonini.

Recently, Sergio Ciomei was invited by the Kammerorchester Basel as a guest conductor for several baroque projects. This has led to a recording for Sony Classical, the award-winning *Affetti Borocchi* with Marjana Mijanović, and a successful concert tour, with dates in the Berlin Philharmonic, with Ms. Mijanović and Sol Gabetta as soloists.