

DIVERTIMENTO ENSEMBLE

# Young Performers on Digital Stage

16 concerts

2 March > 15 June

[www.divertimentoensemble.tv](http://www.divertimentoensemble.tv)

## TEXT

**Martedì 16 marzo**  
**Felicita Brusoni,**  
**soprano**

*Divertimento Ensemble*

Direttore artistico **Sandro Gorli**

**Brian Elias** (1948)

*Peroration per soprano solo* (1973)

And now, thou excellent the Governor!

(Push to the peroration) *coeterum*

*Enixe supplico*, I strive in prayer,

*Ut dominus meis*, that unto the Court,

*Benigna fronte*, with a gracious brow,

*Et oculis serenis*, and mild eyes,

*Perpendere placeat*, it may please them weigh,

*Quod dominus Guido*, that our noble Count,

*Occidit*, did the killing in dispute,

*Ut ejus honor tumulatus*, that

The honour of him buried fathom-deep

In infamy, *in infamia*, might arise,

*Resurgeret*, as ghosts break sepulchre!

*Occidit*, for he killed, *uxorem*, wife,

*Quia illi fuit*, since she was to him, opprobrio...

*Tanti illi cordi fuit*, did he take,

*Suspicio*, the mere fancy men might have,

*Honoris amittendi*, of fame's loss,

*Ut potius voluerit filia*

*Orbari*, that he chose to lose his child,

*Quam illa incederet*, rather than she walk

The ways an, *inhonesta*, child disgraced,

*Licet non sponte*, though against her will.

*Occidit*, killed them, I reiterate –

*In propria domo*, in their own abode,

*Ut adultera et parentes*, that each wretch,

*Conscii agnoscerent*, might both see and say,

*Nullum locum*, there's no place, *nullumque esse*

*Asylum*, nor yet refuge of escape,

*Impenetrabilem*, shall serve as bar,

*Honori loeso*, to the wounded one

In honour; ...

*Occidit*, killed, I round you in the ears,

*Quia alio modo*, since by other mode,

*Non poteret ejus existimatio*,

There was no possibility his fame,  
*Loesa*, gashed griesly, *tam enormiter*,  
*Ducere cicatrices*, might be healed: ...

*Occidit denique*, ...

[Robert Browning, lines from *Dominus Hyacinthus*]

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**Riccardo Dapelo** (1962)

*...zu klugen Gestirnen per soprano ed elettronica* (1997)

Einst dem Grau der Nacht enttaucht  
Dann schwer und teuer und stark vom Feuer  
Abends voll von Gott und gebengt  
nun ätherlings vom Blau umschauert,  
entschwebt über Firnen, zu klugen Gestirnen

[Paul Klee, from a painting]