

10<sup>TH</sup> ANNIVERSARY SEASON

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# CERDDORION

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VOCAL ENSEMBLE

*Kristina Boerger*  
*Artistic Director*

PRESENTS

again



Sunday, May 8, 2005 - 4:00 p.m.  
The Oratory Church of St. Boniface  
190 Duffield Street  
Brooklyn, New York

Sunday, May 15, 2005 - 7:30 p.m.  
Merkin Concert Hall  
129 West 67<sup>th</sup> Street  
Manhattan, New York

# CERDDORION

## *2005–2006 Concert Season*

Please join us next season for concerts featuring Song of Songs texts, Passion and Resurrection music, and a program of works by New York composers.

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Nadia DiGiallonardo  
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Ellen Schorr

### ALTOS

Alison Cheeseman  
Susan Glass  
Panny King  
Cathy Markoff  
Myrna Nachman  
Kristina Vaskys  
Gretta Wren

### TENORS

Tim Hutfilz  
A. Lamar Kauffman  
Michael Klitsch  
Steve Parkey  
Eddie Rubeiz  
Chris Ryan

### BASSES

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Soyoung Choi  
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Ticket sales cover only a small portion of our ongoing musical and administrative expenses.

If you would like to make a tax-deductible contribution,  
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Cerddorion NYC, Inc.  
Post Office Box 946, Village Station  
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## Program

*Please reserve your applause until the end of each set.\*\*\**

In te, Domine, speravi	Jusquin d'Ascanio (ca. 1440–1521)
Non mi è grave il morire	Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)
	***
Inter brachia salvatoris mei	Heinrich Schütz (1585–1672)
Laudate pueri Dominum	Monique Gabus
	***
again (after Ecclesiastes)	David Lang
	***
Schein uns, du liebe Sonne <i>from Drei Volksliedsätze of 1929</i>	Arnold Schoenberg (1874–1951)
Contre qui, rose	Morten Lauridsen
	***
	—Pause—
Johnny, I Hardly Knew Ye	Traditional Irish, arranged by Alice Parker
Lamentations for a City <i>English horn, Jeremy Szabo</i>	Lisa Bielawa
	***
	—Pause—
Un prodigio les canto: Four Villancicos of Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz	Elliot Z. Levine
	I Pues está tiritando
	II Pues mi Diós
	III Aguas puras del Nilo
	IV Un prodigio les canto

## Program Notes

WELCOME TO THE FINAL CONCERT of Cerddorion's tenth anniversary year. To celebrate, we have designed each of our concerts this season to feature favorite selections from past programs as well as the premiere of a work we have commissioned of a New York composer. Our featured composer in November was Lisa Bielawa, while Elliot Z. Levine took center stage in February. Tonight's premiere is "again (after Ecclesiastes)" by David Lang. In addition, we are reprising the Bielawa and the Levine. It is the generosity of many of you here today that has made these pieces possible, and we think you deserve to hear them again, as much as they deserve to be heard.

What chamber singer in the Western art tradition fails to swoon at the mention of Josquin or Monteverdi? Our first two favorite "oldies" represent Cerddorion's substantial encounters in past concerts with these masters, one of whom propelled the Renaissance to its maturity and the other of whom left it behind him. Though both selections are in the Italian vernacular, the first is devotional and the second resoundingly secular.

"In te, Domine, speravi" is typically attributed to "Josquin d'Ascanio," which scholars have determined to be an alternate appellation for Josquin DesPrez indicating his period of service to Cardinal Ascanio Sforza in the early 1480s. This piece is catalogued among Josquin's secular works because it takes the musico-poetic form of a frottola, a genre inspired by Carnival street songs and—like the formes fixes of the Troubadours—recognizable by its rhyme scheme and by its pattern of alternation between musical verse and refrain. Frottole are typically in four parts, with the top line bearing the dominant melody. Intended to be more popularly accessible than the highest forms of the period, frottole shed polyphonic artifice for a markedly simple counterpoint. What, then, can we make of the devotional text? Under the influence of the mad reformer Savonarola, many frottole were disguised as laude, Italian vernacular prayers set to simple counterpoint for use by laypersons gathering of an evening to share in nonliturgical worship.

For the most educated laypersons in the next century, the choicest form of entertainment was the singing of madrigals around the table at social gatherings. In the polyphonic madrigal we see another Renaissance musical genre inspired by Medieval poetic form. The mature Italian madrigal was a polyphonic setting of Petrarchan verse (by Petrarch himself or by his 16th-century imitators) in lines of seven to eleven syllables. Typical madrigal poetry explored extreme opposites in emotional or natural phenomena (love/hate, life/death, sorrow/joy, fire/ice, storms/calm). Such vivid imagery challenged composers to develop new expressive techniques, including sudden harmonic shifts, free alternations between counterpoint and homophony, and a flexibility of rhythm designed to approximate natural speech cadences. *Non mi è grave il morire* comes from the second of Monteverdi's nine books of madrigals, throughout which his employment of such techniques grows more and more extreme.

The Italianate use of rhythm to approximate spoken prosody announces itself jubilantly at the opening of our second pair of reprises. Here we are singing in devotional Latin, but the composer – Cerddorion's beloved master Schütz—learned this aspect of his craft in Italy, where he went specifically to study the new techniques of dramatic text setting in the

## Kristina Boerger

KRISTINA BOERGER received her formative musical training from pianist Annie Sherter and holds the D.M.A. in Choral Conducting and Literature from the University of Illinois. Having served on the faculties of Lake Forest College and the Millikin University School of Music, she currently lectures in music history at Barnard College. She has been a guest conductor, adjudicator, and ensemble clinician in several U.S. cities, in Quebec City, and in Mar del Plata, Argentina.

As Founding Director of AMASONG: Champaign-Urbana's Premier Lesbian/Feminist Chorus (a community ensemble of 60 voices) Dr. Boerger conducted and produced two award-winning compact discs, appeared in several national venues, and toured the Czech Republic. Her work with this group is the subject of the documentary film *The AMASONG Chorus: Singing Out*, which has been touring festivals in the U.S., Canada, Europe, and Australia, and which was broadcast nationally on PBS this past June as the last installment of the season's Independent Lens series.

As a singer in a variety of styles, Dr. Boerger has appeared on stage with the Vox Vocal Ensemble, The King's Noyse, and Urban Bush Women, and on recording projects by Bobby McFerrin, Pan Morigan, and Early Music New York. She was recently featured as a soloist in a concert of premieres at Merkin Hall and heard in the recorded incidental music for Bartlett Sherr's production of *Pericles* at BAM. She is a regular member of the acclaimed early music ensemble Pomerium and of The Western Wind, a sextet renowned for its performing, recording, and educational activities.

This is Dr. Boerger's fifth season as Artistic Director of Cerddorion.

## Elliot Z. Levine

ELLIOT Z. LEVINE (b.1948), has been the baritone for the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble since its inception in 1969. He has appeared as a soloist with such groups as Musica Sacra, the Rome Opera, La Fenice, the Mannes Camerata, Music at Ascension, the Ensemble for Early Music, and the Folger Consort. He recently was the Bass soloist in Bach's B Minor Mass with the Kalamazoo Bach Festival. He received his M.M. from the Manhattan School of Music and his B.A. from Queens College, pursuing further studies in music education at the Orff School in Salzburg, conducting with Robert Hickok, and composition with Robert Starer at Brooklyn College. He has been awarded five Meet-the-Composer Grants. For 25 years he has been a conductor and coach at Western Wind Workshops at such institutions as Dartmouth and Smith Colleges and the University of Massachusetts, as well as at American Choral Directors Association conferences around the country. He has been composer-in-residence at the Church of St. Thomas More in N.Y.C. and the schools of Delmar, NY. Levine is published by Harold Flammer Inc., E.Henry David, Plymouth, Colla Voce, Willis Music Co, and Shadow Press. About the music, the composer writes:

I have been aware of the brilliant life of Sor Juana for over fifteen years. A composer friend has written an opera about her life which will be done some time soon by the N.Y. City Opera. What has impressed me about her life was her quest for self-fulfillment and a thirst to learn and transcend traditional gender roles in 17th-century Mexico. After reading many different poems (She was very prolific.), I decided on these Villancico texts from 1691, which were designed for music of her time that is still lost. I was attracted by their vivid imagery. These poems leapt off the page and demanded music out of me.

Two of the poems I chose are Christmas texts and two are for St. Catherine of Alexandria. I think Sor Juana identified with St. Catherine, who converted many Romans (including the Emperor's wife) and dazzled a court of scholars convened to discredit her. As Catherine was about to be tortured on the wheel, it flew apart; after this she was beheaded. Sor Juana, while a young lady-in-waiting at the court in Mexico City, was tested by a group of scholars on her prodigious knowledge of Latin, Greek, philosophy and theology. I would recommend browsing the Dartmouth College Web site [www.dartmouth.edu/~sorjuana/](http://www.dartmouth.edu/~sorjuana/). There is also an impressive biography by Octavio Paz.

In these pieces I have tried to capture some of the flavor of Spanish and Latin-American 17th century music while using a conservative contemporary harmonic language. I was intrigued by the challenge of writing for double chorus and having the conductor sing. It is one of life's great pleasures to be a colleague of Kristina Boerger in the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble. Her beautiful, clear singing and clear musical concepts inspired me to write these pieces for Cerddorion.

vernacular. Although the Italians were applying these skills chiefly to the new operatic genre, Schütz perceived their adaptability to Latin and German and their potential to enliven and modernize sacred music. Thus, in his hands, the stories of the Bible and the faith professions of the Lutheran became as vividly dramatic and as arrestingly emotional as any scene of love, intrigue, grief, or death heard on the stage. Like Monteverdi, Schütz had the desire and the skill to incorporate this more soloistic—sometimes even rather florid—style of singing within polyphonic structures. Listen, for example, to the expressive and pictorial roulades on the text *Ibi securus decantabo*. This motet, published in 1625, sets a prayer by Saint Augustine that trades on language from Psalm 130. Like the madrigal texts that drove compositional innovation fifty years earlier, this prayer attracts the composer by contrasting life and death and by offering images (*exaltabo te*) that can be vividly painted by musical metaphor.

It is Psalm 113 that provides the text for our second Latin offering. In this jubilant prayer, the Psalmist David exhorts the faithful to give praises from the sun's rising unto its setting. In the Benedictine rite, monks chanted this prayer every evening during the Vespers service at the lighting of lamps indoors. Famous choral settings of the prayer include those by Monteverdi and Mozart. When one hears the compositional strength and expressive interest of tonight's "Laudate pueri Dominum," one is nonplussed by Monique Gabus's relative obscurity. Gabus studied composition in the mid-twentieth century at the Conservatoire de Paris; her small *oeuvre* is distinguished by an emphasis on music for harp. As with the choral works of her more recognized compatriots, this motet reflects the influence of the vigorous revival of Gregorian chant studies at the Solesmes monastery; several passages feature modal melodies in bare unison or harmonized in parallel, first-inversion triads, an ancient technique called *fauxbourdon*. Gabus appends the Lesser Doxology to the end of the Psalm. Splitting the chronological difference between the revived antiquity and the atonal modernity of her day, she concludes her motet unapologetically on a root-position major triad.

When King David's son Qoheleth muses in Ecclesiastes I about the rising and the setting of the sun, he is more pessimistic than celebratory. In tonight's featured premiere, "again (after Ecclesiastes)," David Lang paraphrases seven verses from this chapter and sets them according to a model that he expects will speak for itself to anyone reading the text. Cerddorion has valued this composition for the particular kinds of attention it exacts from the singers as they cooperate to reveal and sustain its design.

Returning to favorite repertoire from past programs, we pair pieces by Arnold Schoenberg and Morten Lauridsen according to the themes of their texts. Both lament barriers to loving, one external and the other internal. "Schein uns, du liebe Sonne" opens a set of three folk-song settings—*Drei Volksliedsätze*—from 1929. During this period, Schoenberg wrote almost exclusively in his dodecaphonic style. These pieces, however, are loosely tonal. This is most probably because they were written on commission; vocal ensembles of the time had not yet developed the skills to sing atonal music. One might also regard this set among a few other examples from the period as a harbinger of the composer's return in 1936 to tonal harmony, which in his latter years he employed as often as serialism.

"Contre qui, rose" is from Lauridsen's *Chansons des Roses*, settings of five love poems in French by Rainer Maria Rilke. The poems themselves are through-composed, but in each case, Lauridsen selects particular lines for reiteration, setting them to recurring music to create a kind of refrain. The unfulfilled personhood identified in this poem has an allegory in Lauridsen's use of harmony. Though the piece is clearly in D-flat major, it is typically only on an occasional passing half-beat that we get all notes in the tonic triad (and not these alone)

simultaneously. There is but one real arrival to the home chord, occurring only at the Golden Mean of (two-thirds of the way into) the piece, this being complicated by added tones and giving way after three beats. The piece opens in the dominant, and when it closes there, too, it does so in first inversion and with a suspended tone. And here ends the music theorist's explanation of what even the lay listener will hear clearly as a question unanswered, a potential unfulfilled.

We preface Lisa Bielawa's *Lamentations for a City*, written about and in wartime, with an earlier form of the tune popularized during the Civil War as "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again." Here there is no "Hurrah," no glorification of military service. In fact, several of the many verses (not all heard here) that accrued to this traditional Irish tune are frankly grisly in describing the ravages of war upon the soldier's body. This arrangement by Alice Parker, an iconic figure in American choral music, was featured years ago in a Cerddorion program based on Early American song. With each successive verse, the texture becomes more complex, taking the listener on an emotional journey without ever leaving the seven tones of its mode, the natural minor scale.

The book of Lamentations, from the Hebrew Bible, describes the plight of Jerusalem after the Babylonian invasion in the ninth century B.C.E. In Medieval times, the Catholic church had a tradition of chanting Lamentations verses during the Tenebrae services of Holy Week. In the Renaissance, polyphonic Lamentations settings constituted one of the most significant choral genres, appearing in the works of Agricola, Victoria, Tallis, Byrd, Palestrina, and many others. The genre virtually disappeared in the Baroque after Couperin's lyrical *Leçons de ténèbres*, until a handful of twentieth-century composers, including Stravinsky (*Tbreni*) and Ginastera, revisited it. Bielawa's Lamentations, which may be the first from the current century, earn a significant place in the tradition of great choral settings begun in the 1500s. Continuing a compositional convention from the Renaissance, she gives a special, melismatic (curvilinear) treatment—as in an illuminated manuscript—to the intoned Hebrew letters of the alphabetical acrostic whose form organizes the first words of every verse in the book.

To conclude our anniversary concert with the sounds and thoughts of optimism, we present in full our commission from Elliot Z. Levine. When we first performed it in February, we presented only the first three movements. With the inclusion of the fourth and final movement, tonight amounts to a "second premiere" for the composer. One of Levine's greatest gifts is that when writing with a specific performer in mind, he chooses texts that he knows will touch that person's particular interests. After receiving the offer from Cerddorion to write for us, he spent many months searching for the "right" poems. Finally, with great excitement, he came across villancico texts of Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz, who has indeed long captured the imagination of this conductor. I would like to acknowledge here that Levine was among the earliest vocal-music professionals to support our ensemble, whether by lending the cachet of his name to a roster of prestigious "Friends of Cerddorion" or by stepping in as a ringer at the last minute when a bass turned up ill on concert night. It is fitting that our evening culminate in the joyful and lush harmonies he has made for us to share.

We are so happy you joined us this afternoon, and we hope that in our eleventh season we will see you,

*again,*

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## *Lisa Bielawa*

Composer LISA BIELAWA, also an avid reader and a vocalist, often takes inspiration for her work from literary sources and from close collaborations with performers. Her recent piece "Hurry," for soprano and five virtuoso instrumentalists with a text by Pasternak, was commissioned by Carnegie Hall and premiered in Weill Recital Hall last month. Bielawa's large-scale work for piano and chamber orchestra, "The Right Weather," an American Composers Orchestra Whitaker Commission, was premiered by the ACO and pianist Andrew Armstrong in Zankel Hall this February. This work was prompted by an excerpt from Pushkin's Eugene Onegin; other recent works have been responses to Kafka's diaries, H.G. Wells, Gertrude Stein, Greek tragedy, and the documentary histories of teenage girl visionaries throughout Western history. A recipient of the 2001 Copland Award, Bielawa is a founder and co-artistic director of the MATA Festival, which was New York Times reviewer Allan Kozinn's #1 Classical Pick of the Year this January. Her work has been performed by the Miami String Quartet at the Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center and by violinist/vocalist Carla Kihlstedt, and she has appeared as vocalist in her own work at American Music Week in Bulgaria; the Pacific Music Festival in Sapporo, Japan; the INFANT Festival in Novi Sad, Yugoslavia; the Bang on a Can Festival; and in the Hildegurles Electric Ordo Virtutum at the Lincoln Center Festival. She teaches very young composers through the Making Score program of the New York Youth Symphony, and as a vocalist she has premiered countless works by her composer colleagues.

About "Lamentations for a City," Bielawa writes:

The poet of the Lamentations of Jeremiah was witness to the fall of Jerusalem in 587 BCE. His descriptions of the details of suffering are painfully vivid, and his passionate eulogy to the wounded city takes its literary place alongside Euripides's heartbreaking verses to the fallen Troy or W. G. Sebald's searching inquiries into the rubble of Dresden. When I wrote these Lamentations I was on retreat in Umbria, a valley of walled cities with ghosts at every gate. The now-serene and quaint countryside has a deep history of brutality. When we see Renaissance paintings of cities, they appear abstracted to us, little units cradled, perhaps, in a saint's hand. But in Umbria these pictures seemed not so far from the truth. There I saw cities as they had been for millennia, until relatively recently: jewels on hilltops, elegantly poised for self-defense but mercilessly vulnerable when penetrated. Troy, Jerusalem, Perugia, Dresden, Hiroshima, New York, Baghdad, Beslan, Jerusalem again. Sometimes great poets witness the raping of great cities. But in September 2004 I turned instead to the hemorrhaging web media for crisis reports from cities all over the world. This language appears as background texture in "Lamentations for a City" to give testimony to the vitality of the human tradition of bringing cities to their knees through cruelty, treason, humiliation and destruction.

## David Lang

“There is no name yet for this kind of music,” writes music critic Mark Swed, but audiences around the globe are hearing more and more of David Lang’s work: in performances by such organizations as the Santa Fe Opera, the New York Philharmonic, the San Francisco Symphony, The Cleveland Orchestra, and the Kronos Quartet; at Tanglewood, the BBC Proms, The Munich Biennale, the Settembre Musica Festival, the Sidney 2000 Olympic Arts Festival and the Almeida, Holland, Berlin, Strasbourg and Huddersfield Festivals; in theater productions in New York, San Francisco and London; in the choreography of Twyla Tharp, La La La Human Steps, The Nederlands Dans Theater and the Royal Ballet; and at Lincoln Center, the South Bank Centre, Carnegie Hall, the Kennedy Center, the Barbican Centre, and the Brooklyn Academy of Music.

Recent projects include monumental musical environments like the dark and meditative amplified orchestra piece *The Passing Measures*; *The Difficulty of Crossing a Field*—an opera for the Kronos Quartet with libretto by Mac Wellman and direction by Carey Perloff; the critically acclaimed opera *Modern Painters* about the curious and tragic life of art critic John Ruskin; the evening-length piano solo *Psalms without Words*, and the bittersweet comic book opera *The Carbon Copy Building*, with cartoonist Ben Katchor, Bob McGrath and the Ridge Theater, and composers Michael Gordon and Julia Wolfe, and *World to Come*, a Carnegie Hall commission for cellist Maya Beiser, which Ms. Beiser is performing on an international tour. He is currently working on the opera *Anatomy Theater* with visual artist Mark Dion. Other recent works include *Loud Love Songs*, a concerto for percussionist Evelyn Glennie and the Eos Orchestra, which premiered in New York in April 2004 and *Fur*, a concerto for pianist Andrew Zolinsky and the BBC Symphony Wales, which had its world premiere in September 2004 in the UK.

Lang is co-founder and co-artistic director of New York’s legendary music festival, *Bang on a Can*, and *Composer-in-Residence* at the American Conservatory Theater in San Francisco. Born in Los Angeles in 1957, Lang holds degrees from Stanford University and the University of Iowa, receiving his doctorate from the Yale School of Music in 1989. He has studied with Jacob Druckman, Hans Werner Henze and Martin Bresnick. His work is recorded on the Sony Classical, BMG, Point, Chandos, Argo/Decca, CRI and Cantaloupe labels.

## Texts & Translations

### IN TE, DOMINE, SPERAVI

In te, Domine, speravi  
Per trovar pieta in eterno,  
Ma in un tristo e oscuro inferno  
Fui e frustra la boravi.  
Rotto e al vento ogni speranza;  
Veggio il ciel voltar mi in pianto,  
Suspir lachryme m’avanza.  
Del mio tristo sperar tanto  
Fui ferito, se non quanto  
Tribulando ad te clamavi:  
In te Domine, speravi.

In thee, O Lord, did I hope  
To find pity for ever;  
But in a sad and dark hell  
I was, and suffered in vain.  
Broken and thrown to the wind is all hope.  
I have seen heaven turn me to weeping.  
Only sighs and tears remain  
To me of my sad, strong hope.  
I was wounded, but in my sorrow  
I called upon thee.  
In thee, O Lord, did I hope.

### NON MI È GRAVE IL MORIRE

Non mi è grave il morire  
Anzi il viver m’annoia  
Donna per aquetar vostro desire  
Sapend’esser voler vostro ch’io moia  
Ben morrei più contento  
S’io fossi inanzi a voi di vita spento  
Et vi vedess’a sorte  
Lagrimar per pietà de la mia morte.

Dying does not trouble me.  
To the contrary, it is living that disturbs me.  
Lady, to quench your desire,  
Knowing it to be your will that I die,  
I should die much happier  
If my life were extinguished before you  
And I might see you perchance  
Shed tears of pity over my death.

*Text: B. Gottifred*

*Trans.: Daniela Noe*

## INTER BRACHIA SALVATORIS MEI

Inter brachia salvatoris mei  
et vivere volo et mori cupio.  
Ibi securus decantabo,  
exaltabo te, Domine,  
quoniam suscepisti me,  
nec delectasti inimicos meos super me.

In the arms of my Saviour  
I want to live and desire to die.  
There, safe, I will sing,  
I will praise You, Lord,  
because You took me up,  
and You did not delight in my enemies above me.

*trans. Jerise Fogel*

## LAUDATE PUERI DOMINUM

Laudate pueri Dominum,  
Laudate nomen Domini,  
Sit nomen Domini benedictum,  
ex hoc nunc et usque in saeculum.

A solis ortu usque ad occasum  
Laudabile nomen Domini  
Excelsus super omnes gentes  
Dominus, et super caelos gloria ejus.

Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster,  
Qui in altis habitat et humilia respicit in  
caelo et in terra?

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto  
Sicut erat in principio,  
et nunc et semper et in saecula saeculorum.  
Amen.

Praise the Lord, o ye children.  
Praise the name of the Lord.  
Let the name of the Lord be blessed  
now and forever.

From the rising of the sun to its setting place,  
the name of the Lord is to be praised.  
The Lord is exalted above all peoples  
and his glory is above the heavens.

Who is like the Lord our God,  
and regards the lowly in heaven and on earth?

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to  
the Holy Spirit. As it was in the beginning, is  
now, and ever shall be, world without end.  
Amen.

## *Cerddorion*

CERDDORION IS A MIXED chamber choir dedicated to outstanding performances of the best choral music. Now in its tenth season, it has become one of the most admired ensembles in the thriving New York choral music scene. As befits its name (*cerddorion* is Welsh for “musicians”), the ensemble aspires to musicianship in its fullest sense, using the human voice to explore and fulfill the expressive potential of the art. Audiences have come to know Cerddorion for its interpretive depth as well as its technical excellence, in repertoire that spans the chamber choral literature, from Medieval polyphony to new compositions. Past programs have focused on Josquin; Monteverdi; early American hymns and spirituals; double-choir works by Bach and Schütz; Brahms, Schubert, and Rheinberger; Delius, Elgar, and other post-Romantics; Hindemith and his contemporaries; and living composers including Robert Dennis, Tom Shake, and Giles Swayne.

Since its founding in 1995 by Susanne Peck, Cerddorion has attracted significant recognition and numerous invitations to collaborate with other prestigious artists. In 1998 and 1999, the group served as the resident teaching ensemble for the Dennis Keene Choral Festival in Kent, Connecticut. With the acclaimed early music ensemble Concert Royal, Cerddorion performed Bach’s *Cantata 140* and Purcell’s *Dido and Aeneas*. In 2001, Cerddorion lent its “ethereal sounds” (*Dance Insider*, 10/10/01) to *The War Council*, part of a site-inspired work produced by Dancing in the Streets in Brooklyn, in the first of several collaborations with the Christopher Caines Dance Company.

2004–2005

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se hizo un Lucifer.  
Esperen, aguarden,  
que yo lo diré.

Porque tiene el Diablo  
esto de saber,  
que hay mujer que sepa  
más que supo él.  
Esperne, aguarden,  
que yo lo diré.

Pues con esto, ¿ qué hace?  
Viene, y tienta a un Rey,  
que a ella la tentara  
a dejar su Ley.  
Esperen, aguarden,  
que yo lo diré.

Tentóla de recio;  
mas ella, pardiez,  
se dejó morir  
antes que vencer.  
Esperen, aguarden,  
que yo lo diré.

No pescuden más,  
porque más no sé,  
de que es Catarina,  
para siempre. Amen.

—*Sor Juana Inés de la Cruz (1648 – 1694)*

he made himself a morning star (Lucifer).  
Wait, hold on,  
for I will tell you.

Because the Devil knows  
at least  
that there are women  
who know more than he.  
Wait, hold on,  
for I will tell you.

What does he up and do?  
He comes to a king  
and tempts him to tempt her  
to leave her faith.  
Wait, hold on,  
for I will tell you.

He tempted her sorely;  
but she, by God,  
preferred to die  
than be vanquished.  
Wait, hold on,  
for I will tell you.

Ask me no more,  
for I only know  
that she is Catarina,  
forever and ever. Amen.

*Trans.: Robert Hilder*

### again (after Ecclesiastes)

people come and people go – the earth goes on and  
on  
the sun rises, the sun sets – it rushes to where it  
rises again  
the wind blows round, round and round – it stops,  
it blows again  
all the rivers run to the sea, but the sea is never full  
– from where the rivers run they run again

these things make me so tired – I can't speak, I can't  
see, I can't hear  
what happened before it will happen again  
I forgot it all before.  
I will forget it all again.

### SCHEIN UNS, DU LIEBE SONNE

*from "Drei Volksliedsätze"*

Schein uns, du liebe Sonne,  
Gib uns ein hellen Schein,  
Schein uns zwei Lieb zusammen,  
Die gern beinander sein!

Dort fern auf jenem Berge  
Leit sich ein kalter Schnee.  
Der Schnee kann nicht zerschmelzen,  
Denn Gotts Will muß ergehn.

Gotts Will, der ist ergangen,  
Zerschmolzen ist der Schnee,  
Gott g'seg'n euch, Vater und Mutter,  
Ich seh euch nimmermehr.

### CONTRE QUI, ROSE

*from "Les Chansons des Roses"*

Contre qui, rose,  
avez-vous adopté ces épines?  
Votre joie trop fine vous a-t-elle forcée  
de devenir cette chose armée?  
Mais de qui vous protége cette arme exagérée?

Combien d'ennemis vous ai-je enlevées qui ne la  
craignaient point?  
Au contraire, d'été en automne,  
vous blessez les soins qu'on vous donne.  
*Rainer Maria Rilke (1875-1926)*

*from Three Folk songs*

Shine upon us, you dear sun,  
give us your brightest light.  
Melt us in love together  
who so wish to be with each other!

There, far away on those mountains  
lies a cold snow.  
The snow cannot melt,  
for God's will must be done.

God's will, it has been done,  
The snow has melted,  
God bless you, Father and Mother,  
I shall not see you again.

Against whom, rose,  
have you assumed these thorns?  
Is it your too fragile joy that forced you  
to become this armed thing?  
But from whom does this exaggerated weapon  
defend you?

How many enemies have I lifted from you  
who did not fear it at all?  
On the contrary, from summer to autumn,  
you wound the care that I give you.  
*Trans.: Barbara and Erica Mubl*

## JOHNNY, I HARDLY KNEW YE

When goin' the road to sweet Athy,  
Hur-roo, Hur-roo,  
When goin' the road to sweet Athy,  
Hur-roo, Hur-roo,  
When goin' the road to sweet Athy,  
A stick in my hand and a drop in my eye,  
A doleful damsel I heard cry,  
Johnny, I hardly knew ye.

With your drums and guns and guns and drums,  
Hur-roo, Hur-roo,  
With your drums and guns and guns and drums,  
Hur-roo, Hur-roo,  
With your drums and guns and guns and drums  
The enemy nearly slew ye,  
Oh darling dear, you look so queer,  
Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

Where are your eyes that looked so mild,  
Hur-roo, Hur-roo,  
Where are your eyes that looked so mild,  
Hur-roo, Hur-roo,

Where are your eyes that looked so mild  
When my heart you so beguiled,  
Why did you skedaddle from me and the child,  
Why, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

With your drums and guns...

Where are the legs with which you run,  
Hur-roo, Hur-roo,  
Where are the legs with which you run,  
Hur-roo, Hur-roo,  
Where are the legs with which you run  
When you went for to carry a gun?  
Indeed your dancing days are done,  
Why, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

With your drums and guns...

I'm happy for to see you home,  
Hur-roo, Hur-roo,  
I'm happy for to see you home,  
Hur-roo, Hur-roo,

I'm happy for to see you home,  
All from the Island of Ceylon,  
So low in flesh, so high in bone,  
Faith, Johnny, I hardly knew ye!

## IV. Maitines de Santa Catarina de Alejandria, Oaxaca, 1691, Villancico Onceno

1- Un prodigio les canto.  
2- ¿ Que, qué, qué, qué ?  
1- Esperen, aguarden, que yo lo diré.  
2- ¿ Y cuál es ? ¡Diga aprisa, que ya rabio por saber!  
  
1- Esperen, aguarden, que yo lo diré.

### *Coplas*

Erase una Niña,  
como digo a usted,  
cuyos años eran,  
ocho sobre diez.  
Esperen, aguarden,  
que yo lo diré.

Ésta ( qué sé yo,  
cómo pudo ser),  
dizque supo mucho,  
aunque era mujer.  
Esperen, aguarden,  
que yo lo diré.

Porque, como dizque  
dice no se quién,  
ellas sólo saben  
hilar y coser...  
Esperen, aguarden,  
que yo lo diré.

Pues ésta, a hombres grandes  
pudo convencer;  
que a un chico, cualquiera  
lo sabe envolver.  
Esperen, aguarden,  
Que yo lo diré.

Y aun una Santita  
dizque era también,  
sin que le estorbase  
para ello el saber.  
Esperen, aguarden,  
que yo lo diré...

Pues como Patillas  
no duerme, al saber  
que era Santa y Docta,

## IV. Saint's Day of Catherine of Alexandria, Oaxaca, 1691, Eleventh Villancico

1- I will sing you a wonder,  
2- What, what, what, what?  
1- Wait, hold on, for I will tell you.  
2-What is it? Tell me quickly, for I'm dying to know!  
  
1- Wait, hold on, for I will tell you.

### *Verses*

I will tell your Grace  
of a girl  
whose age was  
ten plus eight.  
Wait, hold on,  
for I will tell you.

This girl (and I have  
no idea how),  
was very learned, they say,  
although she was a woman.  
Wait, hold on,  
for I will tell you.

For it is said  
that someone said  
that women only know  
how to spin and sew...  
Wait, hold on,  
for I will tell you.

Well, this girl could defeat great men  
in argument;  
for smaller minds  
are easy to inveigle.  
Wait, hold on,  
for I will tell you.

And she was a perfect saint  
they also say,  
and that her knowledge  
was no hindrance to her saintliness.  
Wait, hold on,  
for I will tell you.

But since Old Goat-Foot (the Devil)  
never sleeps, hearing  
that she was saintly and learned,

### III. Aguas puras del Nilo

*(Estribillo)*

Aguas puras del Nilo,  
parad, parad,  
y no le llevéis  
el tributo al Mar,  
pues él vuestras dichas  
puede envidiar.

¡No, no, no corráis,  
pues ya no podéis  
aspirar a más!  
¡Parad, parad!

*(Coplas)*

Soseiga, Nilo undoso,  
tu líquida corriente;  
tente, tente,  
párate a ver gozoso  
la que fecundas, bella,  
de la tierra, del Cielo, Rosa, Estrella.

Tu corriente oportuna,  
que piadoso moviste,  
viste, viste,  
que de Moisés fue cuna,  
siendo arrullo a su oído  
la onda, la espuma, el tumbo y el sonido...

No en frágil hermosura,  
que aprecia el loco abuso,  
puso, puso  
esperanza segura,  
bien que excedió su cara  
la de Ruth, Bethsabe, Thamar, y Sara.

A ésta, Nilo sagrado,  
tu corriente sonante  
cante, cante,  
y en concierto acordado  
tus ondas sean veloces  
sílabas, lenguas, números, y voces.

### III. Pure waters of the Nile

*(Refrain)*

Pure waters of the Nile,  
subside, subside,  
do not carry  
the tribute out to sea,  
for the sea may envy you  
your blessings.

No, cease your coursing,  
for you could not  
hope for a greater joy than this!  
Subside, subside!

*(Verses)*

Billowy Nile,  
slow your current down;  
hold still, hold still,  
stop yourself to gaze with pride  
on the one whom you nourish, beautiful one  
of the earth, of Sky, Rose, Star.

Awed, you moved your  
timely current,  
you see, you see,  
that was Moses's cradle,  
lulling his ear  
with wave and foam, ripple and hum.

Not in fragile beauty,  
so wrongly prized,  
did she place  
sure hope,  
yet of face she was fairer  
than Ruth, Bathsheba, Tamar, and Sarah.

To her, sacred Nile,  
may your sounding current  
sing, sing,  
and in tuned accord  
may your waves be swift  
syllables, tongues, measures, and voices.

*Trans. I, II, and III: Alan Trueblood*

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### LAMENTATIONS FOR A CITY

ALEPH (1:1)

A reading from the Lamentations of  
Jeremiah the prophet:

ALEPH

How lonely sits the city  
That was full of people!

How like a widow has she become,  
She that was great among the nations!  
She that was a princess among the cities  
Has become a vassal.

BETH (1:2)

She weeps bitterly in the night,  
Tears on her cheeks;  
Among all her lovers  
She has none to comfort her;  
All her friends have dealt treacherously  
with her.  
They have become her enemies.

DALETH (1:4)

The roads to Zion mourn,  
For none come to the appointed feasts;  
All her gates are desolate,  
Her priests groan;  
Her maidens have been dragged away,  
And she herself suffers bitterly in the  
night.

ZAYIN (1:7)

Jerusalem remembers in the days of her  
affliction and bitterness  
All the precious things that were hers  
from days of old

"no information about his condition is available"  
"he said such meetings are commonplace"  
"then they sent a tape that was supposed to contain their demands"  
"even in cases where the cause was known, records sometimes don't specify"  
"they offer moral support but no military training"

"he also urged national restraint"  
"he urged them to show love and respect for foreigners"  
"as the initial investigation showed"  
"both buses departed from the central bus station in the city"

"the central bus station in the city"  
"they were also aboard the plane"  
"records sometimes don't specify"  
"higher authorities were aware of abuses"

"they observed a minute's silence"  
"refusing to cooperate for fear of their lives"  
"refusing for years to cooperate"  
"have been there for months without being charged"

"they can be held indefinitely"  
"they were aware of abuses"  
"they take all necessary measures"  
"they observed a minute's silence"

"fighting broke out around 5"  
"for sure there will be retaliation"  
"found in the car"  
"further to the South"

"He said such meetings are commonplace"  
"He vowed to take revenge for Thursday's killings"  
"He announced instead that he was firing all his ministers"  
"He tried to return but was not allowed in"

"He hasn't spoken since"  
"He visited the center"  
"He urged them to show love and respect"  
"Hundreds of armed fighters"

"relations between the two countries are so close"  
"they routinely share classified information"  
"they can be held indefinitely if considered a security threat"  
"a danger looms that he could be held responsible"  
"heightened regional tensions"  
"raising the specter of a raid"  
"before the woman reported him"  
"the harsh criticism he received"

ALEPH (4:1)

How the gold has grown dim,  
How the pure gold is changed!  
The holy stones lie scattered  
At the head of every street.

YOD (2:10)

The elders of the daughter of Zion  
Sit on the ground in silence;  
They have cast dust on their heads  
And put on sackcloth;  
The maidens of Jerusalem  
Have bowed their heads to the ground.

“these comments are a basis for mutiny”  
“security forces will conduct multiple arrests”  
“sending a huge column of smoke up into the air”  
“a soldier must fulfill orders”

“security forces”  
“sending smoke”  
“sirens went off”  
“soldiers were escaping”

KAPH (2:11)

My eyes are spent with weeping;  
My soul is in tumult;  
My heart is poured out in grief

“because of the destruction of the daughter of my people”  
“the soldiers felt their lives were at risk”  
“no crime goes unpunished”  
“I don't know why this happened to us”  
“you traitor, stop pretending and wait”

“the destruction of the daughter of my people”  
“leave them out of this ugly game”  
“sending a huge column of smoke into the air”  
“the retaliation will be justified”  
“hundreds of armed fighters are ready”

“because of the destruction”  
“for sure there will be retaliation”  
“a soldier must fulfill orders”  
“explosives were found in the car”

“the destruction of the daughter of my people”  
“refusing for years to cooperate”  
“witnesses refusing for fear of their lives”  
“they are ready for future attacks”  
“I don't want to describe what I saw”

“I don't know why this happened.”  
“I don't want to describe what I saw”

MEM (2:13)

What can I say to you, to what compare you,  
O daughter of Jerusalem?  
What can I liken to you, that I may comfort you,  
O virgin daughter of Zion?  
For vast as the sea is your ruin;  
Who can restore you?

## UN PRODIGIO LES CANTO:

### FOUR VILLANCICOS OF SOR JUANA INÉS DE LA CRUZ

#### I. Pues está tiritando

Pues está tiritando amor en el hielo  
y la escarcha y la nieve me lo tienen preso,  
¿quién le acude?  
¡El agua!  
¡La tierra!  
¡El aire!  
¡No, sino el fuego! Pues al niño fatigan sus penas y  
males,  
y a sus ansias no dudo que alientos le falten,  
¿quién le acude?  
¡El fuego!  
¡La tierra!  
¡El agua!  
¡No, sino el aire!

Pues el niño amoroso tan tierno se abrasa,  
que respira en volcanes diluvios de llamas,  
¿quién le acude?  
¡El aire!  
¡El fuego!  
¡La tierra!  
¡No, sino el agua!  
Sí por la tierra el niño los cielos hoy deja,  
y no halla en qué descanse su cabeza en ella,  
¿quién le acude?  
¡El agua!  
¡El fuego!  
¡El aire!  
¡No, mas la tierra!

#### II. Pues mi Diós

Pues mi Diós ha nacido a penar, déjenle velar.  
Pues está desvelado por mí, déjenle dormir.  
Déjenle velar, que no hay pena, en quien ama,  
como no penar.

Déjenle dormir, que quien duerme,  
en el sueño se ensaya a morir.  
Silencio, que duerme.  
Cuidado, que vela.  
¡No le despierten, no!  
¡Sí le despierten, sí!

¡Déjenle velar!  
¡Déjenle dormir!

*The audience will be invited to join in singing the final phrase.*

#### I. Since Love is shivering

Since Love is shivering in the ice,  
and hoarfrost and snow have ringed him round,  
who will come to his aid?  
Water!  
Earth!  
Air!  
No, none but Fire! Since the Child is assailed by  
pains and ills,  
and is surely breathless before his woes,  
who will come to his aid?  
Fire!  
Earth!  
Water!  
No, none but Air!

Since the tender, loving Child burns with fever  
unto breathing volcanic torrents of flame,  
who will come to his aid?  
Air!  
Fire!  
Earth!  
No, none but Water!  
If today the Child leaves the heavens for the earth,  
and he finds no place there to rest his head,  
who will come to his aid?  
Water!  
Fire!  
Air!  
No, rather Earth!

#### II. Since my God

Since my God was born to pain, let him wake.  
Since he's wakeful for me, let him sleep.  
Let him wake, for there is no pain, in the one who  
loves, like not feeling pain.

Let him sleep, for he who sleeps  
practices in dreams for death.  
Be silent, for he sleeps.  
Take care, for he wakes!  
Do not wake him, no!  
You must wake him, yes!

Let him wake!  
Let him sleep!