

Winter 2007 Concert

Please join us for our winter concert, titled "Mass Appeal," featuring William Byrd's *Mass for Four Voices*, Ralph Vaughan Williams' *Mass in G Minor*, and a "surprise" composite mass, featuring the work of five different composers in distinct style periods.

Sunday, February 25, 4:00 p.m. Brooklyn (location TBD)
Saturday, March 3, 8:00 p.m. Manhattan, Church of St. Luke in the Fields

For additional information, please visit our website: www.cerddorion.net.

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CERDDORION

VOCAL ENSEMBLE

Kristina Boerger
Artistic Director

PRESENTS

Music Divine



Sunday, November 12, 2006 - 4:00 p.m.
The Oratory Church of St. Boniface
190 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, New York

Saturday, November 18, 2006 - 8:00 p.m.
Church of St. Luke in the Fields
487 Hudson Street
Manhattan, New York

CERDDORION

SOPRANOS	ALTOS	TENORS	BASSES
Judith Cobb	Margaret Gianquinto	Tim Hutfilz	Phillip Cheah
Elizabeth Geisewite	Susan Glass	Michael Klitsch	Peter Cobb
Bonny Hart	Linnea Johnson	Steve Parkey	Dale Rejtmar
Amy Litt	Cathy Markoff	Eddie Rubeiz	Tom Samiljan
Wendy Reitmeier	Myrna Nachman	Chris Ryan	James Seiler
Michellanne Rothrock	Kristina Vaskys	Marty Silverberg	Larry Sutter
Ellen Schorr	Gretta Wren	Mark Stedman	

NOW IN ITS TWELFTH SEASON, CERDDORION is one of New York's most highly regarded choral ensembles. A chamber group of 28 mixed voices, it is known for its eclectic repertoire, encompassing music from the early Renaissance to the contemporary era. Audiences have come to appreciate the group's interpretive depth and technical excellence in many styles.

In addition to presenting its own varied programs, Cerddorion is frequently invited to perform with other acclaimed artists. Past collaborations include the North American premiere of Sir John Tavener's all-night vigil, *The Veil of the Temple*, performed at Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall (with Dessoff Choral Consortium and choristers from London's Temple Church); several appearances with the Christopher Caines Dance Company; baroque opera performances with the early music instrumental ensemble Concert Royal; and serving as the resident teaching ensemble for the Dennis Keene Choral Festival in Kent, Connecticut.

Cerddorion was selected to sing at the 2006 Eastern Divisional Convention of the American Choral Directors Association, where they presented the works they had commissioned of three New York composers for their 10th anniversary season.

2006–2007

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Kristina Boerger

An accomplished singer, conductor, and choral arranger, 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. She currently lectures in music history at Barnard College and teaches choral conducting at the Manhattan School of Music. She is also Artistic Director of New York's AMUSE, a volunteer ensemble for sixteen women's voices.

Her work in the 1990s as founding director of AMASONG: Champaign-Urbana's Premier Lesbian/Feminist Chorus, is the subject of the documentary film *The Amasong Chorus: Singing Out*, which after touring festivals in the U.S., Canada, Europe, and Australia has enjoyed repeated broadcast on PBS. Her work as a guest conductor and choral clinician has brought her most recently to the University of Illinois Chamber Singers, the Kalamazoo Bach Festival Society, and the Syracuse Schola Cantorum.

As a singer in a variety of styles, she has appeared on stage and on disc with The King's Noyse, Rocky Maffit, The Tallis Scholars, Early Music New York, Vox Vocal Ensemble, Bobby McFerrin, and Urban Bush Women. She is a member of the acclaimed early music ensemble Pomerium and of the Western Wind Vocal Ensemble, a sextet renowned for its performing, recording, and music education activities.

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

Program

We welcome your applause after each piece marked with an asterisk.

Penitence

Kyrie
Sancte Deus

Johannes Ockeghem (1410 – 1497)
Thomas Tallis (1505 – 1585)

**** * * * * *

Heavenly Descent

Rorate caeli desuper
Music Divine*

William Byrd (1543 – 1623)
Thomas Tomkins (1572 – 1656)

**** * * * * *

Conversations

Martin menait son pourceau
Arrête un peu, mon coeur*

Claudin de Sermisy (1490 – 1562)
Guillaume Costeley (1531 – 1606)

**** * * * * *

Love's Persistence

Tu dorado cabello*
Come le Fénix
Ferir quel petto, Silvio?*

Francisco Guerrero (1528 – 1599)
Jacques Mauduit (1557 – 1627)
Claudio Monteverdi (1567 – 1643)

**** * * * * *

INTERMISSION

Mourning

Quis dabit oculis
Versa est in Luctum

Ludwig Senfl (1486 – 1543)
Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548 – 1611)

**** * * * * *

Love's Paradise

Il bianco e dolce cigno*
All Lust und Freud
Mein G'müth ist mir verwirret*

Jacob Arcadelt (1505 – 1568)
Hans Leo Hassler (1564 – 1612)
Hans Leo Hassler

**** * * * * *

Nativity

O Magnum Mysterium*
A un Niño llorando*

Giovanni Gabrieli (1557 – 1612)
Francisco Guerrero

**** * * * * *

Rejoicing

Ego sum panis vivus
Odekha*

Juan Esquivel (1560 – 1613)
Salamone Rossi (1570 – 1630)

A UN NIÑO LLORANDO

A un niño llorando al yelo,
Van tres Reyes a adorar,
Porque el niño puede dar
reynos, vida, gloria y cielo.

To a little child crying in the icy cold
go three kings to adore him,
because the child can give us
Kingdoms, life, glory, and heaven.

Nasce con tanta baxeza,
Aunqu'es poderoso Rey,
Porque nos da ya por ley
Abatimiento y pobreza.

He is born in such lowliness
even though he is such a powerful king,
because now he commands us
To servility and poverty.

Por esta llorando al yelo,
Van tres Reyes a adorar,
Porque el niño puede dar
reynos, vida, gloria y cielo.

For this reason, though he cries in the icy cold,
three kings are going to adore him,
because the child can give us
Kingdoms, life, glory, and heaven.

EGO SUM PANIS VIVUS

Ego sum panis vivus
Qui de caelo descendi:
Si quis manducaverit ex hoc pane,
Vivet in aeternum.
Alleluia.

I am the living bread
Who came down from heaven:
Whoever shall eat of this bread
Shall live forever.
Alleluia.

ODEKHA

Odekha ki anitani
Vatehili lishua.
Even ma'asu habonim
Hayeta lerosh pinna.
Me'et adonai hayeta zot
Hi niflat be'eineinu.
Ze hayyom asa adonai,
Nagila venismekha vo.

I praise you, for you have answered me;
you have become my deliverance.
The stone that the builders rejected
has become the cornerstone.
This is the Lord's doing;
it is marvelous in our sight.
This is the day that the Lord has made;
let us rejoice and be glad in it.

Singing Credits

MEIN G'MÜTH IST MIR VERWIRRET

Mein G'müth ist mir verwirret
Das macht ein Jungfrau zart
Bin ganz und gar verirret,
Mein Herz das kränkt sich hart.
Hab' Tag und Nacht kein Ruh,
Für Allzeit grosse Klag,
Thu stets seufzen und weinen
In trauren Schier verzag.

Ach daß sie mich that fragen
Was doch die Ursach sei
Warum ich fuhr solch Klagen,
Ich wollt ihr's sagen frei
Daß sie allein die ist,
Die mich so sehr verwundet,
Könnt ich ihr Herz er weichen,
Würd ich bald wieder g'sund.

Reichlich ist sie gezieret
Mit schön Thegend ohn Ziel
Höflich wie sie gebüret
Ihr's gleichen ist nicht viel,
Für andern Jungfrauen zart
Führt sie allzeit den Preiß,
Wann ich's anschau, vermeine,
Ich sei im Paradeiß.

O MAGNUM MYSTERIUM

O magnum mysterium
et admirabile sacramentum,
ut animalia viderent Dominum natum,
jacentem in præsepio.

Beata virgo, cujus viscera meruerunt
portare Dominum Christum, Alleluia!

My head is spinning.
A tender maiden has undone me.
I am completely lost.
I am heartsick.
Day and night I have no rest,
an eternity of lamenting.
I constantly sigh and weep,
Lost in deep despair.

Ah, if she would but ask me
what the reason be
for all my lamenting,
I should tell her freely
that she alone is the one
who has wounded me so;
if I only could soften her heart,
I would suddenly become well again.

She is generously adorned
in beautiful white virtue without guile,
richly, as she deserves.
Few can match her.
Among other tender maidens,
she fetches the highest price.
When I look at her, believe me,
I am in Paradise.

trans: Lisa Albrecht and Kristina Boerger

O great mystery
and wondrous sacrament,
that the animals should see the newborn Lord
lying in a manger.

Blessed be the Virgin whose womb was worthy
to bear Christ the Lord. Alleluia!

Martin menait son pourceau:

Quartet: Elizabeth Geisewite, Margaret Gianquinto,
Chris Ryan, Phillip Cheah

Arrête un peu, mon coeur

Quintet: Ellen Schorr, Amy Litt, Tim Hutfilz,
Marty Silverberg, Tom Samiljan

Tu dorado Cabello

Trio: Ellen Schorr, Myrna Nachman, Tim Hutfilz

Come le Fénix

Quartet: Amy Litt, Tim Hutfilz,
Chris Ryan, Tom Samiljan

All Lust und Freud

Quartet: Bonny Hart, Kristina Vaskys,
Michael Klitsch, Larry Sutter

Mein G'müth ist mir verwirret

Quintet: Elizabeth Geisewite, Margaret Gianquinto,
Mark Stedman, Chris Ryan, Phillip Cheah

A un Niño llorando

Soloist: Judith Cobb

Program Notes

Ah, the musical Renaissance! It was in the early 15th century that the triad emerged as the basis of Western harmony, not to be abandoned by any composer until the 20th century. Until 1600 the vocal ensemble was the medium for the highest accomplishments of the greatest composers. It is in the flourishing of the Renaissance Mass, motet, and part-song that today's lovers of the Western *a cappella* art locate the richest roots of our pleasure.

In tonight's concert we present Renaissance masters of Italian, French, English, German, and Spanish provenance, offering both sacred and secular forms from each region. Our earliest composer was born during the transition from the Middle Ages to the Renaissance, and our latest died well into the Baroque period. We offer music written to heighten the solemn rituals of religious observers and to coarsen the social gatherings of polite company. A gamut of emotion finds expression in a multitude of forms, all relying on the finite set of rules for the generation of counterpoint as summarized in the mid-fifteenth century by the theorist Johannes Tinctoris.

We open with the grandfather in our sample, **Johannes Ockeghem (1410-1497)**, who belonged to the first generation of Franco-Flemish polyphonists. The **Kyrie** is the penitential prayer that opens the Mass, and this one is from Ockeghem's *Requiem*, the first complete polyphonic setting of the Latin Mass for the dead. Although triads sweeten the harmony throughout, all of the prayer's nine sections cadence in open octaves and fifths. There is even the occasional double-leading-tone cadence. Thus, the bare sound of Medieval counterpoint is still present here. A century later, the **Sancte Deus** of Englishman **Thomas Tallis (1505-1585)** begs God's mercy in one of the most shockingly lush cadences found anywhere, featuring a grinding simultaneous relation and two altered scale tones.

Both Tallis and his younger colleague **William Byrd (1543-1623)** served a monarchy whose official religion oscillated between Catholicism and Anglicanism during their careers as church musicians. Both composed adeptly for services in either tradition, and both were Catholics at heart. In Byrd's time, Catholics suffered active persecution, and several of his friends were burned at the stake for apostasy. Byrd himself, having garnered Queen Elizabeth's great favor, escaped martyrdom, even though he publicly espoused Catholicism and composed prolifically for the musical services of the many covert apostate chapels throughout England. His motets abound with reference to the Babylonian captivity, his analogy to the exiled status of his faith. We hear one such reference in the joyous **Rorate caeli desuper**. We pair this motet with a secular part-song by **Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656)**, who most likely studied with Byrd and who succeeded him as England's last great composer of Renaissance polyphony. His career, too, was shaped by the religious wars of the empire; his once-prolific composition of Anglican service music was muted by Cromwell's suppression of Anglicanism and by the anti-artistic values of the Puritan Commonwealth. His secular output includes viol consort music, keyboard music for the English Virginal School, and one sole book of madrigals. **Music Divine** displays Tomkins' command of all the sophisticated communicative techniques of the Italian madrigalists, who

ALL LUST UND FREUD

All Lust und Freud, die Lieb mir gibt
Für gut und gelt auf dieser Welt,
Fa la la la.
Wenn ich allein kann bei dir sein,
Sag ich ohn scheu mich dunckt ich sei
Merck mich mit fleiß im Paradeiß,
Fa la la la la la, fa la la la.

Dein goldgelbs Haar, dein Äuglein klar,
Dein Stirne rund, dein roter Mund,
Fa la la la.
Dein Zähnlein weiß, dein Wänglein heiß
Dein Hälßlein fein, dein Händchen klein,
Geb'n mir groß Freud, zu aller Zeit,
Fa la la la la la, fa la la la.

Mit Tugend fort, o edler Hort
Bist du geziert wie sichs gebürt,
Fa la la la.
Daß ich sag frei, ohn allen schon,
Auf dieser Erd, nicht g'funden werd,
Bei Arm und Reich, die dir sei gleich,
fa la la la la la, fa la la la

Every pleasure and joy Love gives to me
for all my worldly bounty.

When I can be alone with you,
I say without demur, methinks that I am –
mark my words – in Paradise.

Your yellow gold hair, your clear little eyes,
your curved brow, your red mouth,

your little white teeth, your hot little cheeks,
your delicate little throat, your fine little hand
give me great and enduring joy.

With surpassing virtue, o noble stronghold,
are you adorned as your birthright,

that I can freely say with all candor:
upon this Earth, there cannot be found
among rich or poor, any to equal you.

trans: Lisa Albrecht and Kristina Boerger

QUIS DABIT OCULIS

Prima Pars

Quis dabit oculis nostris fontem lacrymarum
et plorabimus coram Domino?
Germania, quid ploras,
Musica, cur siles?
Austria, cur induta veste reproba,
Moerore consumeris?

Secunda Pars

Heu nobis, Domine:
defecit nobis Maximilianus!
Gaudium cordis nostri conversum est in luctum
cecidit corona capitis nostril.

Tertia Pars

Ergo ululate, pueri; plorate, sacerdotes;
lugite, cantors; plangite, nobiles; et dicite:
Maximilianus, requiescat in pace.

VERSA EST IN LUCTUM

Versa est in luctum cithara mea,
et organum meum in vocem flentium.
Parce mihi Domine,
nihil enim sunt dies mei.

IL BIANCO E DOLCE CIGNO

Il bianco e dolce cigno cantando more.
Et io piangendo,
Giung'al fin del viver mio.
Stran'è diversa sorte,
Ch'èi more sconcolato,
Et io moro beato.
Morte, che nel morire,
M'empie di gioia tutt'è di desire.
Se nel morir altro dolor non sento,
Di mille mort'il di sarei contento.

Prima Pars

Who will give our eyes a wellspring of tears,
for us to weep before the Lord?
Germany, why do you weep?
Music, why are you silent?
Austria, why are you dressed in mourning,
consumed with grief?

Secunda Pars

Woe to us, Lord:
Maximilian has been taken from us.
The joy of our heart has turned to sorrow.
The crown has fallen from our head.

Tertia Pars

Therefore howl, children; weep, priests;
mourn, singers; lament, soldiers; and say:
“Maximilian – may he rest in peace.”

trans: Eddie Rubeiz

My harp is tuned for lamentation,
and my flute to the voice of those who weep.
Spare me, O Lord,
for my days are as nothing.

The gentle white swan, singing, dies.
And I, while weeping,
reach the end of my life.
Strange and different fate,
That he dies unconsolated,
And I die blessed.
Death, that in that dying,
Fills me with joy and all desire.
If in dying I feel no other pain,
A thousand deaths a day would content me.

defined the genre. You will hear expressive dissonance, sudden shifts of harmony and rhythmic density, a free alternation between homophony and polyphony, speech-like text settings, and word-painting. Typical of an Italian madrigal text, this poem highlights emotions or states of being that are mutually exclusive – in this case, love and lust.

Lust is our link to the next pair of pieces, two conversations communicated through French *chansons polyphoniques*. The explosion in popularity of the French secular part-song was ignited by Pierre Attaignant's publication in 1528 of *Chansons nouvelles*, a collection printed on his new, single-impression music press. In this efficient method, a fragment of a musical staff was combined with a note on each piece of type. Chansons were collected by members of the elite classes, part of whose polite education included learning to sight-sing. The singing of part-songs around the table became the entertainment of choice in high-class gatherings and often aided in flirtation and seduction. One supposes that **Martin menait son pourceau** by **Claudin de Sermisy (1490-1562)** might have been reserved until later in an evening, when the way to its ribald exchanges between the lovers Martin and Alix might have been lubricated by several cups of wine. Sermisy, like all the best composers of chanson, also wrote sacred music in service to royals and clergy. But he is best remembered for his secular pieces, and I find him notable for his imagination regarding pigs. (Anyone enchanted by *Martin menait* must consult his *Je ne mange point de porc*.) Meanwhile, **Guillaume Costeley (1531-1606)**, in **Arrête un peu mon coeur**, offers a more serious and poetic conversation, in the form of the dialogue, this one between a man and his heart as they argue over whether the beloved is his salvation or his nemesis.

Adversarial relationships constitute the theme of the next set, which opens with **Tu dorado cabelle** by Spaniard **Francisco Guerrero (1528-1599)**. Unlike his compatriots Morales and Victoria, Guerrero distinguished himself in secular composition as well as in the composition of Masses and motets. This delightful *cançion* for three treble voices is a teasing complaint of the cruelties and snares of worldly love. In **Come le Fenix** of **Jacques Mauduit (1557-1627)**, the poetic voice announces his powers to overcome any means of thwarting or killing him. This tune is harmonized homophonically and rhythmicized according to the practices of *musique mesurée*, a late-sixteenth-century fad among French followers of the poet Jean-Antoine de Baïf. The goal was to apply to the French language an accentual version of the quantitative principles of Greek and Latin verse. Striving for unity between poetry and music, composers of *musique mesurée* assigned one durational value to short syllables and a double value to long ones. Aficionados will recognize this lilting, irregular metrical effect as the same one governing Claude Le Jeune's *Revey venir du printemps*.) The style was limited in its ability to express what the words actually meant, and therefore it was short-lived. (A similar practice in German also surfaced, as is seen in the treatment of chorale tunes in Schütz's *Musikalische Exequien* and as will be heard later on this program.) Finally, we close our first half with the unsurpassed Renaissance composer of music about love and struggle, **Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)**. The nine books of madrigals he wrote throughout his career display his evolution from the mastery of Renaissance techniques to the experimentations that ultimately ushered in what we now identify as the Baroque style period. **Ferir quel petto, Silvio?** falls somewhere in the middle of this odyssey, within Book V, which was published in 1605. This scene, from Guarini's play *Il pastor fido*, features Dorinda and the unwilling object of her love, Silvio. Prior to this scene, Silvio has cruelly

scorned Dorinda. In this scene, he has accidentally shot an arrow through her breast, and to atone he offers her his breast for her vengeance. Her response to him is rendered here in the impassioned speech-like rhythms that foreshadow Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo*, the second-oldest extant opera, written two years later.

We open our second half in Germany, where Maximilian I was crowned Holy Roman Emperor in 1496 and where the large corps of musicians he hired to serve the Imperial chapel included **Ludwig Senfl (1486-1543)**. **Quis dabit oculis meis** is a motet lamenting the death of Maximilian, whose demise signified for his musicians something akin to the effect on contemporary artists of budget cuts to the NEA. The poetry is strikingly personal, specific, and doleful. While for most of this concert we have declined to adopt regional versions of Latin diction, we are adopting it here, expressly for the opportunity afforded by the extended exclamation *Hew*; in German Latin, it comes out sounding like a cherished expression of chagrin commonly heard in the mouths of many New Yorkers! Our companion piece to the Senfl is the motet **Versa est in luctum** from the beloved *Officium defunctorum* of **Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)**. The greatest polyphonist of Renaissance Spain, Victoria spent part of his career in Rome and, like Senfl, composed to the tastes of a potentate, Pope Paul III. In the middle of the century, Paul had convened the Trenten Council of bishops to strategize a response to the blazing success of the Reformation. To win the faithful back into its pews, the Church found it necessary to address, among other concerns, the practices of its composers. A set of Counter-Reformation guidelines emerged for the generation of sacred polyphony; these forbade large intervallic leaps, startling harmonic shifts, lengthy melisma, and anything else that might obscure the text or present it in the profane accents of so much secular music – particularly those lascivious madrigals! As a result, the music of Victoria (like that of his contemporary, Palestrina) is always elegantly balanced. Victoria spent the last decades of his life near Madrid, serving and cloistered with the Barefoot Sisters of Santa Clara under the spiritual leadership of the Dowager Empress Maria. It was for her death in 1605 that Victoria composed his Requiem.

Our next three pieces are part-songs extolling a perfect love. **Jacques Arcadelt (1505-1568)** was one of the *oltremontani*, Franco-Flemish composers imported “over the Alps” to glorify the wealthy courts and chapels of Italy. As a church musician, Arcadelt directed and composed for the choir of the Sistine Chapel. But his greatest popularity accrued to him through his part-songs in both French and Italian. His first book of madrigals for four voices received a record 34 printings. **Il bianco e dolce cigno** is a jewel of simplicity, declaimed in direct homophony until the poem's final lines about the “little death,” which are rendered in rhapsodic waves of counterpoint. We follow with two part-songs from **Hans Leo Hassler (1564-1612)**, a third-generation musician from a family in Nuremberg. Hassler was the first significant German composer to receive training in Italy, the locus of emerging musical fashion in the late Renaissance. In Venice he was a co-pupil, with Giovanni Gabrieli, of Giovanni's uncle Andrea, who was *maestro di cappella* at San Marco. **All Lust und Freud** and **Mein G'müth ist mir verwirret** come from the *Lustgarten neuer Teutscher Gesäng*, a collection of pieces for four to eight voices, mostly in the dance meters of the *balletto* and the *gagliarda*. In its complete form, *Mein G'müth...* has five verses whose initial letters provide the acrostic MARIA. Here is the metrical companion to Mauduit's *Come le Fénix*. Many will

FERIR QUEL PETTO

Ferir quel petto, Silvio
Non bisognava a gl'occhi miei scovrirlo
S'havevi pur desio ch'io te'l ferisci
O bellissimo scoglio
Già da l'onde e dal vento
De le lagrime mie de' miei sospiri
Si spesso in van percosso
È pur ver che tu spiri
E che senti pietate
O pur m'inganno
Ma sii tu pur o petto molle o marmo
Già non vo' che m'inganni
D'un candido allabastro il bel sembiante
Come quel d'una fera Hoggi
ha ingannato il tuo Signor e mio
Ferir io te? te pur ferisca amore
Che vendetta maggiore
Non so bramar
che di vederti amante
Sia benedetto il dì che da prim'arsi
Benedette le lagrime e i martiri
Di voi lodar non vendicar mi voglio

Wound that breast, Silvio?
You should not have uncovered it to my sight,
if you really wanted me to wound it.
O most beautiful sea-cliff,
by the waves and wind
of my tears and sighs
so heavily dashed in vain,
is it then true that you live and breathe?
And that you feel pity?
Or do I deceive myself?
But whether you be a yielding breast or marble,
I no longer wish to be deluded
by the fair appearance of white alabaster
as the appearance of the wild beast
has today deluded your master and mine.
I should wound you? Let Love wound you, rather,
for no greater revenge
could I desire than to see you in love.
Blessed the day I first blazed with passion!
Blessed my tears and sufferings!
I want to be fond of you,
not to avenge myself on you.

COME LE FENIX

Come le Fénix je suis
Qui de sa mort reprant vie,
Qui de sa cendre naistra.
Tuë, tuë, tuë moy,
Pour cela ne mourray.

La mesche d'Asveste suis,
Qui alumée ne perd rien,
De qui le feu ne meurt point.
Brule, brule, brule moy,
Pour cela ne mourray.

Celle vaillant drogue suis,
Qui se rechauffe dans l'eau,
Qui s'i ralume et nourrit.
Noyë, noyë, noyë moy,
Pour cela ne mourray.

Le diamant dur je suis,
Qui ne se romp du marteau
Ni du sizeau retanté.
Frappe, frappe, frappe moy,
Pour cela ne mourray.

Come la mort mesme suis,
Qui, qui la fuit, de pres suit:
Qui me refuit je poursuis.
Fuy, refuy, refuy, refuy,
Mort et vif te suivray.

Like the Phoenix am I:
Drawing life from its own death,
Born of its own ash.
Kill me, kill me, kill me,
Still, I won't die.

The asbestos wick am I
It burns, but loses nothing;
Its fire never dies.
Burn me, burn me, burn me,
Still, I won't die.

That hardy substance am I,
Which heats up in water,
Which finds light and fuel there.
Drown me, drown me, drown me,
Still, I won't die.

The hard diamond am I,
That breaks not under the hammer,
Or the tempered chisel.
Strike me, strike me, strike me,
Still, I won't die.

Like Death itself am I:
Flee it – it follows close behind.
Run from me, I'll pursue.
Flee me, flee me, flee me –
Dead or alive, I'll follow *you.*

trans: Eddie Rubenz

recognize this as the tune that was ultimately texted as the chorale *O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden*.

Hassler's classmate **Giovanni Gabrieli (1555-1612)** was born in Venice, where his career flourished and where he also died. He did, however, enjoy a brief stint at the Munich court. His reputation even further north was widespread, and it was his tutelage that Heinrich Schütz sought on his first Italian sojourn. In addition to writing in the standard vocal forms, Gabrieli produced several instrumental works that strongly influenced the emerging Baroque aesthetic. As organist at San Marco, he exploited that cathedral's architecture by writing antiphonal works for groups of musicians placed in the opposing choir lofts. This use of *chori spezzati*, identified as the Venetian style, is seen in the motet **O magnum mysterium**. The work is set for two choirs of four voice parts; the choirs alternately answer each other or align in a rich, eight-part texture. We pair this solemn contemplation of the nativity with Francisco Guerrero's **A un niño llorando**. Neither liturgical nor purely secular, this *villancico* is designed for the Advent-time devotions of lay people gathered in religious confraternities.

We close this concert with rejoicing in our mouths. **Juan Esquivel (1560-1613)** was born in Ciudad Rodrigo, and it is supposed that he was educated there under Juan Navarro, who was also Victoria's teacher. The most certain information we have about his life is his employment at the cathedral in Oviedo. One of the few Iberians to have his works printed, he produced three books of sacred music. **Ego sum panis vivus** celebrates the Christians' good news: that all who eat Christ's Eucharistic body will live forever in forgiveness of sin. We follow this with music of **Salamone Rossi "Ebreo" (1570-1630)**. An accomplished violinist, Rossi served the Gonzaga family at the court of Mantua (where he played in the orchestra for the premiere of Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo*). His compositions featuring two solo violins over basso continuo codified the Baroque trio principle. He was also a prolific composer of madrigals. For his value as a court musician, he was permitted free travel outside the ghetto, without the yellow badge other Jews were required to wear. A lover of Renaissance church polyphony, he mastered its style and brought it into the synagogue for the liturgical singing of Hebrew Psalm texts, which theretofore had been chanted monophonically and in scales particular to Jewish music. **Odekha**, one of the finest examples of Rossi's sacred output, reminds us – *nagilah* – to rejoice and be glad for this day.

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Texts & Translations

KYRIE

Kyrie eleison;
Christe eleison;
Kyrie eleison.

Lord, have mercy;
Christ, have mercy;
Lord, have mercy.

SANCTE DEUS

Sancte Deus, Sancte Fortis et Immortalis
miserere nobis.
Nunc, Christe, te petimus, miserere quaesumus.
Qui venisti redimere perditos
Noli damnare redemptos.
Quia per crucem tuam redemisti mundum.
Amen.

Holy, Mighty, and Immortal God,
Have mercy upon us.
Christ, have mercy, we bid you.
You who came to redeem the lost,
do not condemn those whom you have saved.
For by your cross, you have redeemed the world.
Amen.

trans: Eddie Rubeiz

RORATE CAELI DESUPER

Rorate caeli desuper
et nubes pluant justum.
Aperiat terra
et germinet salvatorem.
Benedixisti Domine terram tuam,
avertisti captivitatem Jacob.
Gloria Patri et Filio
et Spiritui Sancto,
sicut erat in principio
et nunc et semper
et in saecula saeculorum.
Amen.

Rain down, ye heavens, from above,
And let the clouds pour forth the just one.
Let the earth be opened
And the saviour be sown.
Lord, you have blessed your land,
You have turned back the captivity of Jacob.
Glory be to the Father and to the Son
and to the Holy Ghost,
as it was in the beginning,
is now, and ever shall be,
world without end,
Amen.

MUSIC DIVINE

Music divine, proceeding from above,
Whose sacred subject oftentimes is love,
In this appears her heavenly harmony,
Where tuneful concords sweetly do agree.
And yet in this her slander is unjust,
To call that love which is indeed but lust.

MARTIN MENAIT SON POURCEAU

Martin menait son pourceau au marché
avec Alix qui en la plaine grande,
pria Martin de faire le péché,
De l'un sur l'autre; et Martin lui demande:
"Et qui tiendra notre pourceau, friande ?"
"Qui?" dit Alix, "bon remède il y a!"
Lors le pourceau à sa jambe lia
Et Martin juche qui lourdement engage.
Le porc eut peur et Alix s'écria:
"Serre Martin, notre pourceau m'entraîne!"

Martin was taking his pig to the market
with Alix, who, in the open meadow,
bade Martin commit the sin
of lying one atop the other. And Martin asked her:
"And who will look after the pig, my dear?"
"Who?" said Alix. "I have a solution!"
So the pig was tied to her leg.
And Martin mounted with all his weight.
The pig was frightened, and Alix cried out:
"Grab me harder, Martin, or the pig will carry me off!"

ARRÊTE UN PEU MON COEUR

Arrête un peu mon coeur, où vas-tu si courant?
Je vais trouver les yeux qui saine me peuvent rendre.
Je te prie' attends moi, je ne te puis attendre,
Je suis pressé du feu qui me va dévorant.
Hélas, mon pauvre coeur, que tu es ignorant,
Tu ne saurais encor' ta misère comprendre.
Ces yeux d'un seul regard te réduiront en cendre,
Ce sont tes ennemis, t'iront ils secourant?
Envers ses ennemis si doucement on n'use.
Ces yeux ne sont point tels. Ha! c'est ce qui t'abuse.
Le fin Berger surprend l'oiseau par des apats.
Tu t'abuse toi meme, ou tu me porte envie:
Car l'oiseau malheureux s'envole à son trépas.
Moi, je vole à des yeux qui me donnent la vie.

Stay awhile my heart, whither are you running so fast?
I am going to find the eyes that can restore my sanity.
I beg you, wait for me. I cannot wait for you,
I am pressed by a devouring passion.
Alas my poor heart, how ignorant you are;
you don't know how to deal with your wretchedness.
Those eyes which with one look reduce you to ashes,
they are your enemies. Would they go to save you?
One does not treat one's enemies so sweetly.
These eyes are not like that. Ha! You are mistaken.
The crafty shepherd surprises the bird with his snares.
You are deceiving yourself or you are envious of me:
for the fortunate bird flies off to his death.
While I fly off to eyes that give me life.

TU DORADO CABELLO

Tu dorado cabello, zagala mia,
me tiene fuerte atado.
Suéltame pues el alma ya te he dado;
y si esto no hicieras, amor,
me quejaré cuán cruel eres.

Your golden hair, my girl,
has bound me up tightly.
Release me, for I've already given you my soul;
And if you won't do so, my love,
I will complain of your cruelty.