

University of California, Davis
The Department of Music
University Cultural Relations
present

The Early Music Ensemble

David Nutter, *director*

Christopher Bowers-Broadbent

Artist-in-Residence, *organ*

PROGRAM

Toccata secundi toni	Giovanni Gabrieli (1553-1612)
O bone, o dulcis, o benigne Jesu (SWV 53) <i>Cantiones sacrae</i> , 1625	Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672)
Christ rising again <i>Songs of Sundrie Natures</i> , 1589	William Byrd (1543-1623)
Voluntary for double organ	Henry Purcell (1659-1695)
Funeral Sentences Man that is born of a woman In the midst of life Thou knowest, Lord	Henry Purcell

☞ *intermission* ☞

Toccata cromatica per l'Elevazione	Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583-1643)
Se tu, Silvio crudel <i>L'Ottavo libro de' madrigali</i> , 1624 Se tu, Silvio crudel Ma, se con la pietà Dorinda, ah! dirò "mia" Ferir quel petto, Silvio? Silvio, come son lassa!	Sigismondo D'India (1582-1629)
Die mit Tränen säen <i>Fontana d'Israel</i> , 1623	Johann Hermann Schein (1586-1630)

Saturday, 12 March 1994
Admission Free

8 p.m.

St. Martin's Episcopal Church
Hawthorn Lane

The Early Music Ensemble

Soprano

Valerie Brons, Winnie Fung, Carole Hom, Cecilia Seufert, Colleen Terry

Alto

Diana Park, Emmett Rahl, Sunny Williams

Tenor

Colin Johnson, Kevin Krajewsky, John W. Ostrom, Neil Willits, Salvador Zepeda

Bass

Todd Hodges, Ben Lamorte, Richard Mix



Christopher Bowers-Broadbent, organ, has maintained a total commitment to the contemporary music scene throughout his career. He has commissioned many composers and given world premieres of works by Arvo Pärt, Henryk Gorecki, Philip Glass, Gavin Bryers, Steven Montague, Robert Simpson, Priaux Rainier, and Alun Hoddinott. He has appeared with *The Hilliard Ensemble* on several recordings of works by Pärt, and these were followed by *Trivium*, his first solo album, and two more releases last year. Mr. Bowers-Broadbent received his education from King's College in Cambridge and London's Royal Academy of Music, where he later taught from 1976-92. He has held the appointment of Organist to the West London Synagogue since 1973, and to Gray's Inn since 1983. He appeared previously in Davis in the first *Theatre of Voices Festival* in 1992.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

O BONE, O DULCIS, O BENIGNE JESU (*Invocatio nominis sanctissimi Jesus*)

O bone, o dulcis, o benigne Jesu
te deprecor per illum tuum sanguinem
pretiosum quem pro nobis miseris
effundere dignatus es in ara crucis;
ut abjicias omnes iniquitates meas.

O good, sweet, mild Jesu,
by that precious blood which
you deigned to pour forth for us miserable
people on the altar of the Cross;
I pray you to cast away our wickednesses.

Et ne despicias humiliter te petentem
et hoc nomen tuum sanctissimum:
Jesus invocantem.

And not despise him who humbly seeks thee,
calling upon this your most holy name:
Jesu.

- ascribed to Bernard of Clairvaux (d.1153)

CHRIST RISING AGAIN

Christ rising again from the dead, now dieth not. Death from henceforth hath no pow'r upon him,
for in that he died, he died but once to put away sin, but in that he liveth, he liveth unto God.
And so likewise count yourselves dead unto sin, but living unto God, in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Christ is risen again, the first fruits of them that sleep, for seeing that by man came death,
by man also cometh the resurrection of the dead. For as in Adam, all men do die,
so by Christ, all men shall be restored to life. Amen.

- Romans 6, vv.9-11 (adapted)

FUNERAL SENTENCES

Man that is born of a woman hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up and is cut down like a flow'r; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and ne'er continueth in one stay. (Job 14: 1-2)

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom may we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord, who for our sins are justly displeased? Yet, O Lord, most mighty, O holy, and most merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter pains of eternal death.

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts; shut not thy merciful ears unto our pray'rs; but spare us, Lord most holy, O God most mighty, O holy and most merciful Saviour, thou most worthy Judge eternal, suffer us not, at our last hour, for any pains of death, to fall away from thee.

- Book of Common Prayer

SE TU, SILVIO, CRUDEL

Dorinda. Se tu, Silvio, crudel, mi saettasti,
Quel ch'è tuo saettasti,
E feristi quel segno
Ch'è proprio del tuo strale.
Quelle mani, a ferirmi,
Han seguito lo stil de' tuoi begli occhi.
Ecco, Silvio, colei che 'n odio hai tanto,
Eccola in quella guisa
Che la volevi a punto.
Bramastila ferir: ferita l'hai;
Bramastila tua preda: eccola preda;
Bramastila alfin morta: eccola a morte.
Che vuoi tu più da lei? Che ti può dare
Più di questo Dorinda? Ah garzon crudo!
Ah cor senza pietà! Tu non credesti
La piaga che per te mi fece Amore:
Puoi questa or tu negar de la tua mano?
Non hai creduto il sangue
Ch' i' versava dagli occhi:
Crederai questo, che 'l mio fianco versa?

Dorinda. Ma, se con la pietà non è in te spenta
Gentilezza e valor, che teco nacque,
Non mi negar, ti prego,
Anima cruda sì, ma però bella,
Non mi negar a l'ultimo sospiro
Un tuo solo sospir. Beata morte,
Se l'addolcissi tu con questa sola
Voce cortese e pia:
"Va' in pace, anima mia!"

Silvio. Dorinda, ah! dirò "mia", se mia non sei
Se non quando ti perdo e quando morte
Da me ricevi, e mia non fosti allora
Ch' i' ti potei dar vita?
Hor "mia" dirò, ché mia
Sarai mal grado di mia dura sorte;
E, se mia non sarai con la tua vita,
Sarai con la mia morte.
Tutto quel che 'n me vedi,
A vendicarti è pronto.
Con quest' armi t'ancisi,
E tu con queste ancor m'anciderai.
Ti fui crudele, ed io
Altro da te che crudeltà non bramo.
Ti disprezzai superbo:
Ecco, piegando le ginocchia a terra,
Riverente t'adoro:
E ti chieggo perdon, ma non già vita.
Ecco gli strali e l'arco;
Ma non ferir già tu gli occhi o le mani,
Colpevoli ministri
D'innocente voler; ferisci il petto,
Ferisci questo mostro,
Di pietade e d'amore aspro nemico;
Ferisci questo cor che ti fu crudo:
Eccoti il petto ignudo.

Cruel Silvio, if you had struck my heart,
You would have struck what is thine,
And hit that mark
Which is proper for thy arrow.
Those hands to wound me
Thy fair eyes have taught.
Here, Silvio, is she whom you so detest.
Here she is in exactly that state
Which you desired.
You wished to wound her: wound her you have;
You desired her as your prey: here is your prey;
Finally, you desired her dead: and here she is dead.
What more do you want of her? What can
Dorinda give you more than this? O cruel boy!
Oh heart without pity! You did not believe
The wound which for you Love gave me:
Can you in this hour deny that it was by your hand?
You did not believe the blood
That flowed from my eyes;
Will you believe that which pours from my side?

But if, together with pity, kindness and valor,
Which are born with you, are not dead in you,
Do not deny me, I pray you,
Cruel but beautiful soul,
Do not deny me at my last sigh
A single sigh from you. Blessed death,
if you would but soften it with these
words, words kind and compassionate:
"Go in peace my soul."

Dorinda, ah! I will say "mine", even though you
are mine only when I lose you, only when you
receive death by me, and were not mine when
I could give you life.
However, I will say "mine", for you will be
mine despite my bitter fate.
And if you will not be mine in my life,
You will be mine in my death.
All that you see in me
Is ready to revenge you.
With these arrows you were murdered;
With these you now murder me.
I have been cruel to thee, and I
From you desire nothing but cruelty.
With pride I scorned thee:
Here bending my knees to earth
Reverently I adore you;
And I ask for your forgiveness but not my life.
Here are the arrows and the bow;
But do not strike the eyes and the hands,
Guilty ministers of innocent will,
Rather pierce this breast,
Strike this monster
Harsh enemy of pity and of love;
Pierce this heart which to you was cruel:
Here is my bare bosom.

Dorinda. Ferir quel petto, Silvio?
 Non bisognava agli occhi miei scovrirlo,
 S'avevi pur desio ch'io tel ferissi.
 O bellissimo scoglio,
 Già da l'onda e dal vento
 De le lagrime mie, de' miei sospiri
 Sì spesso invan percosso,
 È pur ver che tu spiri
 E che senti pietate? O pur m'inganno?
 Ma sii tu pure o petto molle o marmo,
 Già non vo' che m'inganni
 D'un candido alabastro il bel sembiante,
 Come quel d'una fèra
 Oggi ingannato ha il tuo signore e mio.
 Ferir io te? Te pur ferisca Amore,
 Chè 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.
 In te vivrà il cor mio,
 Né, pur che vivi tu, morir poss'io.

Dorinda. Silvio, come son lassa! A pena posso
 Reggermi, oimè!, su questo fianco offeso.

Silvio. Sta' di buon cor, ch'a questo
 Si troverà rimedio. A noi sarai
 Tu cara soma, e noi a te sostegno.
 Linco, dammi la mano.

Linco. Eccola pronta.

Silvio. Tienla ben ferma, e del tuo braccio e mio
 A lei si faccia seggio.
 Tu, Dorinda, qui posa;
 E quinci col tuo destro
 Braccio il collo di Linco, e quindi il mio
 Cingi col tuo sinistro; e sì t'adatta
 Soavemente che 'l ferito fianco
 Non se ne dolga.

Dorinda. Ahi, punta
 Crudel che mi trafigge!

Silvio. A tuo bell'agio
 Acconciati, ben mio.

Dorinda. Or mi par di star bene.

Silvio. Dimmi, Dorinda mia: come ti punge
 Forte lo stral?

Dorinda. Mi punge, sì, cor mio;
 Ma nelle braccia tue
 L'esser punta m'è caro e 'l morir dolce.

- G.B. Guarini, *Il pastor fido*

Wound that breast, Silvio?
 There was no need to bare it to my eyes,
 Had you indeed desired that I wound it.
 O most beautiful rock
 Where formerly the winds and waves
 Of my tears and sighs
 Beat so often in vain,
 Is it indeed true that you breathe
 And feel pity, or am I mistaken?
 But whether your breast be soft or of marble,
 I do not wish to be deceived
 By the appearance of white alabaster
 Just as a wild beast
 Today deceived your lord and mine.
 I wound you? Rather does Love wound you,
 Since I cannot desire a greater vengeance
 Than to see you a lover.
 Blessed be the day that brought the first flames!
 Blessed by my tears and suffering!
 I wish to praise you, not to revenge myself.
 In you my heart will live,
 And cannot die whilst thou art alive.

Silvio, I shall faint! Only with pain
 Can I stand, with this wounded thigh.

Take heart, since for this
 A remedy will be found. To us you will be
 a sweet burden, and we thy crutches.
 Linco, give me thy hand.

There it is.

Hold fast and from our arms
 Let us make a chair.
 Rest here, Dorinda;
 And thus with your right arm
 Embrace Linco's neck, and with
 Thy left take mine; now place
 Thy body tenderly, that the hurt part
 May not be strained.

O cruel dart,
 How it pierces me!

Sit more comfortably,
 my love.

It is good now.

Tell me, my Dorinda,
 How is it now?

It pains, yes, my love;
 But to be in your arms
 The pain is dear and death sweet.

Die mit Tränen säen werden mit Freuden ernten.
 Sie gehen hin und weinen und tragen edlen
 Samen und kommen mit Freuden
 und bringen ihre Garben.

- Psalm 126 (*In convertendo*), 5-6.

They that sow in tears: shall reap in joy.
 He that now goeth on his way weeping and beareth
 forth good seed: shall doubtless come again with joy,
 and bring his sheaves with him.

Program note

In 1609 Heinrich Schütz was sent by his patron and employer, Landgrave Moritz of Hessen-Kassel, to study composition in Italy with Giovanni Gabrieli, organist at St. Mark's Basilica, Venice, and whose Toccata opens the program. This apprenticeship with Gabrieli resulted in a book of five voice madrigals, the testing ground of the most modern idiom. After his return to Germany in 1615, Schütz he was appointed Kapellmeister at Dresden. *O bone, o dulcis* comes from the *Cantiones Sacrae* of 1625, a collection of private devotional works to texts drawn from the prayers and scriptural passages assembled in the *Precaiones* of the Lutheran theologian Andreas Musculus.

Johann Hermann Schein's career paralleled in many ways that of Schütz, though he suffered from ill health and was to die at a comparatively early age; his most important appointment was as Thomaskantor at Leipzig (1616-1630), a position later occupied by J. S. Bach. Like Schütz, Schein was influenced by Italian models. The title page of his *Fontana d'Israel (Israelis Brünlein)* notes that the music has been "composed in special, graceful Italian madrigal manner."

Byrd's *Christ rising* is an example of the English "verse anthem," in which portions of the text are assigned to soloists, here the two upper voices, in alternation with the full choir. The text is found in the Book of Common Prayer of 1552, where it replaces the Venite ("O come let us sing unto the Lord") at Matins during Easter.

Purcell's quite extraordinary setting of the anthem *Man that is born of a woman* appears to have been written about 1680 while the composer was in his late 'teens. The Funeral Sentences in question are those found in the Book of Common Prayer, and are to be said or sung by the priest and clerks as the body is laid to rest.

Purcell's Voluntary for double organ (i.e., two manuals: the "Chair" or little organ, and the Great organ) is sectional: a slow fuge, a free middle section, and a fast Italianate fugal movement to close.

Girolamo Frescobaldi, organist at St. Peter's in Rome, was the most influential keyboard composer of the first half of the 17th century. His chromatic Toccata serves as introduction to the yet bolder music of Sigismondo d'India. Perhaps the least familiar name on tonight's program, d'India was born in Palermo and styled himself a "nobile siciliano." He appears to have led a peripatetic existence as singer and composer before settling in 1611 at the court of Carlo Emanuele I, Duke of Savoy, at Turin. D'India's output includes three books of solo songs, as well as eight books of madrigals. The madrigal cycle in five sections, *Se tu, Silvio, crudel*, to words from Guarini's pastoral play *Il pastor fido* ("The faithful shepherd") is considered to be one of his most remarkable achievements as a composer.

This first part of this concert will be sung from the back of the church, and the second part from in front of the altar. If there is a conceptual framework to be perceived, it is to be found in the texts themselves, their realization in music, and the human conditions they portray.