

UCDAVIS
the Department of Music presents

UCD Early Music Ensemble

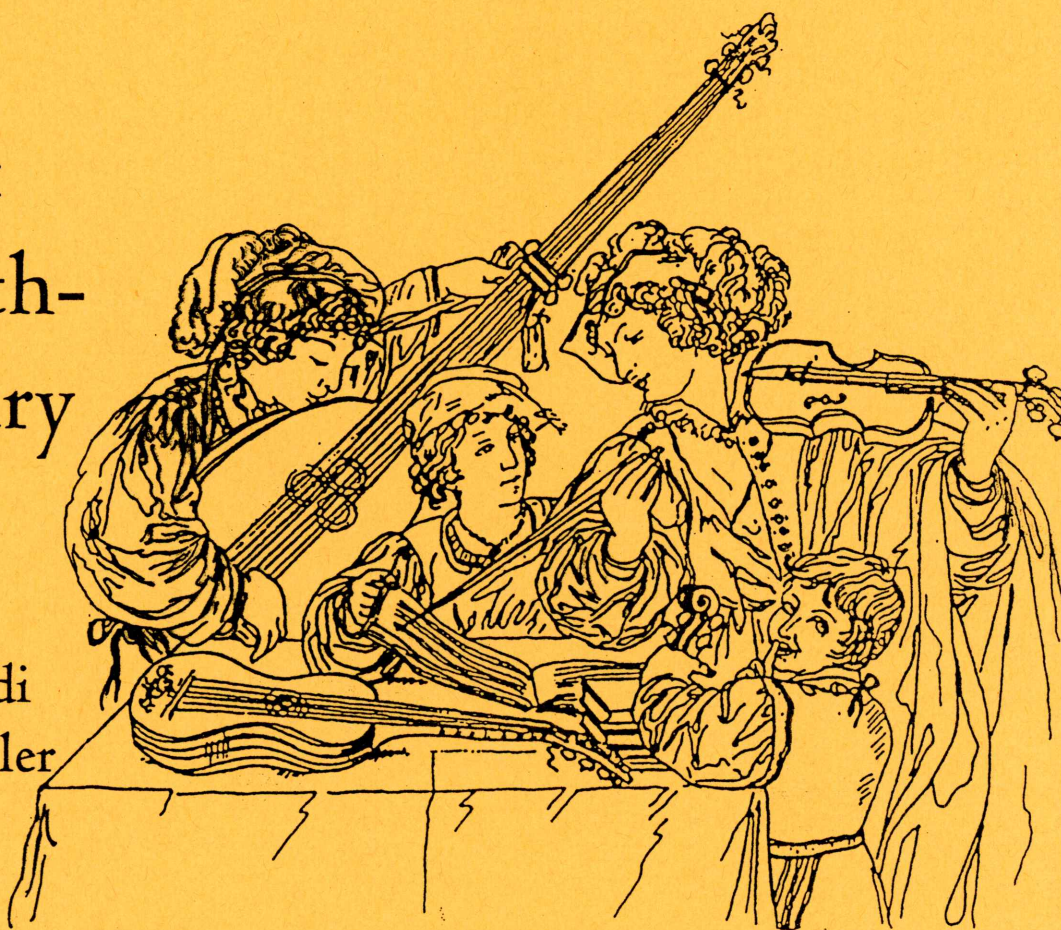
David Nutter, *director*

UCD Baroque Chamber Ensemble

Phebe Craig, *director*

Music of 17th- Century Italy

Monteverdi
Rosenmüller
Colonna
Vitali



Sunday, 15 March 1998 8 P.M.

St. Martin's Episcopal Church

640 Hawthorn Lane, Davis

Suggested Donation: \$5 / \$2.50 Students and Children

University of California, Davis
The Department of Music presents the UCD

Early Music Ensemble & Baroque Chamber Ensemble

David Nutter & Phebe Craig, *directors*

Music of 17th-century Italy

I: MUSIC FROM MANTUA AND VENICE

Piagn'e sospira
La piaga c'ho nel core
Quarto libro de madrigali, Venice 1603

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567 - 1643)

Si dolce è il tormento
Maledetto sia l'aspetto
Eri già tutta mia
Quel sguardo sdegnosetto
Scherzi musicali, Venice 1624 and 1632

Jeremy Wright, *tenor*
Carole Hom, *soprano*
John W. Ostrom, *tenor*
Cecilia Seufert, *soprano*

Monteverdi

Sonata seconda

Sinfonia

Alemanda

Correnta

Ballo

Sarabanda

Sonate da camera, Venice 1667

Johann Rosenmüller
(ca 1619 - 1684)

Ecco Silvio colei
Ma se con la pietà
Dorinda ah! dirò mia
Ecco piegando
Ferir quel petto, Silvio
Quinto libro de madrigali, Venice 1605

Monteverdi

intermission

II: MUSIC FROM BOLOGNA

Sonata a violoncello solo con il suo basso continuo

Grave, Allegro, Largo, Presto

John Lutterman, *cello*
Jeffrey Thomas, *organ*

Domenico Gabrielli
(1651 - 90)

O lucidissima dies

Motetti sacri, Bologna 1681

Cecilia Seufert, *soprano*

Giovanni Paolo Colonna
(1637 - 95)

Magnificat

Salmi concertati, Bologna 1677

Giovanni Battista Vitali
(1632 - 92)

Sunday, 15 March 1998

St. Martin's Episcopal Church, Davis

UCD Early Music Ensemble

Soprano

Jeannie Fishback, Carole Hom, Jocelyn Olander, Cecilia Seufert

Alto

Jacki Amos, Sheila Herd, Emmett Rahl, Annette Sander, Ellen Seeley, Carrie Yingling

Tenor

John W. Ostrom, Frazier Stevenson, Jeremy Wright

Bass

Daniel R. Smith, Neil Willits, Sal Zepeda

UCD Baroque Chamber Ensemble

Damian Ting, Evan Craves, Angelo Moreno, Ginger Cervantes, violin

Devin Hough, Marianne Batchelder, viola

Brenda Schillinger, cello

Cecilia Seufert, harpsichord



John Lutterman, cello, Jeffrey Thomas, organ, David Nutter, chitarrone

Program note

Music in 17th-century Italy presents a varied palette of styles and compositional techniques. Claudio Monteverdi, from about 1590 to 1612 a string player and principal court composer to the Gonzaga court at Mantua, is the dominant figure on the musical landscape. For the Mantuan court, Monteverdi wrote stage works (the operas *Orfeo* and *Arianna*), short strophic songs ("Scherzi musicali") and of course madrigals. The Fourth and Fifth books of madrigals, published respectively in 1603 and 1605, contain some of his finest music. Among the poets figure prominently Torquato Tasso and G.B. Guarini, whose epic verse provided composers with emotion-laden speeches with which to test and hone their skills at inventing a correspondingly emotion-laden music. We present two works from the Fourth book as a complementary pair though they are not so linked in the print. *Piagn'e sospir* is the speech of a princess of Antioch who loves the hero Tancredi and who has saved his life after his duel with Clorinda (the subject of Monteverdi's *Combattimento di Tancredi e Clorinda*). Later, seeking him everywhere, the princess resides with shepherds, as in the excerpted stanza. *Ecco Silvio* is a cycle in which the speeches of Dorinda and Silvio are presented as a series of five successive madrigals. The episode comes from Guarini's *Il pastor fido* (The Faithful Shepherd). We are to know that Silvio is thoughtlessly cruel to Dorinda, a girl who pursues him with deep affections. In order to gaze upon Silvio while he hunts, Dorinda disguises herself as an animal, and he wounds her severely by mistake. The dialogue that ensues encapsulates Silvio's change of heart. Monteverdi's Venetian period (in 1613 he was appointed maestro di cappella at St. Mark's Basilica) is represented by four short strophic songs that charm in their (apparent) simplicity and melodic grace. The first two are presented as a semi-theatrical dialogue.

The late 17th century is rich in developments. Operas were written in abundance (the first public opera house opened in Venice in 1637) and a wealth of instrumental music was produced with particularly fine examples from Corelli. Johann Rosenmüller was trained in Leipzig before moving south to Venice to work at St. Mark's and later at the Pio Ospedale della Pietà (1679-82). He was a younger contemporary of Schütz (the two knew each other well), and his works reveal the same curious combination of Italian and North European sensibilities. Liturgical music however remains as yet largely uncharted terrain. Bologna was a major center with its own school of composition headed by Maurizio Cazzati, appointed maestro di cappella at the cathedral of San Petronio in 1657. Cazzati caused to be assembled a large musical chapel comprising more than 30 performers to serve the needs of San Petronio. These include Cazzati's most famous pupil G.B. Vitali, an instrumentalist at San Petronio known primarily as a composer of string music, especially the trio sonata, and Domenico Gabrielli, regarded as the most prominent cellist of his era. Another native of Bologna, G.P. Colonna spent most of his working life at San Petronio, where he was appointed maestro di cappella 1674. All of these composers belonged to the Accademia Filarmonica, an organization established to patronize, stimulate, and consolidate all musical activity at Bologna and to maintain a high level of competence in composition, in particular the craft of counterpoint. *O lucidissima dies*, set to a text of uncertain liturgical function, is scored for solo voice, two violins and continuo. It is cast in sections, each with its own characteristics: recitative, a broad triple-meter largo, a tuneful aria with instrumental ritornello and a final recitative leading to a jaunty compound duple-meter Alleluia. Vitali's Magnificat is scored for three violins, viola, five voices with two tenor parts, and continuo. This work too is sectional with tutti sections, duets, trios and solos introduced by instrumental preludes (*sinfonia*). The work ends with a spritely fugue.

Texts and translations

Piagn' e sospira

Piagn' e sospira; e quand' i caldi raggi
Fuggon la greggia a la dolc'ombra assise:
Ne la scorza de' pini o pur de' faggi
Segnò l'amato nome in mille guise
E de la sua fortuna i gravi oltraggi
E i vari casi in dura scorza incise;
E in rileggendo poi le proprie note,
Spargea di pianto le vermiglie gotte.

She wept and sighed; and when the sun's hot rays
had fled the flock, in the cool shade she sat;
and in the bark of pine tree or of beech
she carved the beloved name a thousand times
and all the grievous blows that fate had dealt her,
one by one in the tough bark inscribed;
then, reading over her own lettering,
her rosy cheeks she bedewed with tears.

- Tasso: *Gerusalemme conquistata* VIII, 6

La piaga c'ho nel core

La piaga c'ho nel core,
Donna, onde lieta sei,
Colpo è degl'occhi tuoi,
Colpa dei miei;
Gl'occhi miei ti miraro,
Gl'occhi tuoi mi piagaro;
Ma come avien che sia
Comune il fallo e sol la pena mia?

For the wound in my heart,
my lady, which affords you happiness,
your eyes are to blame
and so are mine:
my eyes gazed upon you,
your eyes wounded me;
but is it not unjust that, though both
are guilty, I alone should suffer?

- Aurelio Gatti

Si dolce è 'l tormento

He

Si dolce è 'l tormento
Che in seno mi sta
Ch'io vivo contento
Per cruda beltà.
Ha mia fè sol per te.
Nel ciel di bellezza
S'accreschi ferezza
Et manchi pietà
Che sempre qual scoglio
All'onda d'orgoglio
Mia fede sarà.

*So sweet is the torment
I feel in my heart
that I live happily
for cruel beauty's sake.
except through you.
If in heavenly beauty
pride may grow
and pity be lacking,
then my faith shall ever be
a reef against which the
waves of pride may break.*

He

La speme fallace
Rivolgam' il piè
Diletto ne pace
Non scendano a me.
E l'empia ch'adoro
Mi nieghi ristoro
Di buona mercè:
Tra doglia infinita
Tra speme tradita
Vivrà mia fè.

*False hope
turns against me;
Neither pleasure or peace
are my lot.
And the cruel lady I adore
denies the fair recompense
that would restore me:
Between infinite pain
and betrayed hope
my faith will live on.*

Maledetto sia l'aspetto

She

Maledetto sia l'aspetto
Che m'arde tristo me!
Poich'io sento rio tormento
Poich'io moro ne ristoro
Maledetto sia l'aspetto
Che m'arde tristo me!

*Cursed be that look
that sets me on fire,
since I suffer cruel torment,
since I die and cannot be revived
Cursed be that look
that sets me on fire.*

She

Maledetta la saetta
Ch'impiego ne morro;
Così vuole il mio sole
Così brama chi disama
Quanto può - che farò?
Maledetta la saetta
Ch'impiego ne morro.

*Cursed be that dart
which poisons me.
So this is the desire of my sun,
who longs only to hate me as
much as he can - what shall I do?
Cursed be that dart
which poisons me.*

He

Per foco e per gelo
Riposo non ho
Nel porto del Cielo
Riposo haverò.
Se colpo mortale
Con rigido strale
La cruda beltate
Il cor m'impiegò
Cangiando mia sorte
Col dardo di morte
Il cor sanerò.

Se fiamma d'amore
Quel rigido core
Ch'il cor mi rapì.
Se nega pietate
La cruda beltate
Che l'alma invaghi
Ben fia che dolente
Pentita e languente
Sospirimi un dì.

Eri già tutta mia

Eri già tutta mia
Quel alma, quel core,
Chi da me ti desvia
Novo laccio d'amore.
O bellezza, o valore,
O mirabil constanza,
Ove sei tu?
Eri già tutta mia
hor non sei più
Ah che mia non sei più.

Sol per me gl'occhi belli
Rivolgevi ridenti
Per me d'oro i capelli
Si spiegavan ai venti
Oh fugaci contenti
Oh fermezza d'un core
Dove sei tu.
Eri già . . .

Il gioir nel mio viso
Ah che più non rimiri
Il mio canto il mio riso
È converso in martiri
O dispersi sospiri
O sparita pietate
Dove sei tu.
Eri già . . .

*Between fire and ice
I have no rest;
In the port of heaven
I will have rest.
If the mortal blow
of Cupid's stiff arrow
who ensnared my soul
pierced my heart
changing my lot,
then with Death's dart
I will heal my heart.*

*Though love's flame
by that obdurate heart
which captured my own;
though that cruel beauty
who ensnared my soul
denies me all pity,
perhaps she may sadly,
repenting and languishing,
sigh for me one day.*

She

Uomo rio morte mia
Vuol così chi ferì.
Prende gioco del mio foco;
Vuol ch'io peni, che mi sveni;
Morrò qui, fiero di.
Uomo rio morte mia
Vuol così chi ferì.

*Cruel one, by wounding me thus
you wish me dead.
You play with my passion;
you want me to suffer and faint;
I will die here, this merciful day
Cruel one, by wounding me thus
you wish me dead.*

*Once you were mine alone!
But that soul, that heart
you sent astray
with new trickery of love.
O beauty, o valour,
O marvelous constancy,
Where are you now?
Once you were mine alone
but now no longer,
Alas, mine no more.*

*Once to me alone your beautiful eyes
you turned brightly upon me;
For me alone your golden tresses
were blown by the breezes.
O fleeting happiness,
O the heart's conviction,
Where are you now?*

*The joy of my countenance,
no longer, alas, will you see again
for my song and my smile
have become but torments.
O dispersed sighs,
O disappeared pity,
Where are you now?*

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto

Quel sguardo sdegnosetto
Lucente e minaccioso,
Quel dardo velenoso
Vola a ferirmi il petto.
Bellezze ond'io tutt'ardo
E son da me diviso,
Piagatemi col sguardo,
Sanatemi col riso.

Armatevi pupille
D'asprissimo rigore,
Versatemi su'l core
Un nembo di faville.
Ma 'l labbro non sia tardo
A ravvivarmi ucciso.
Feriscami quel sguardo,
Ma sanimi quel riso.

Begl'occhi a l'armi,
Io vi preparo il seno.
Gioite di piagarmi
In fin ch'io venga meno;
E se da vostri dardi
Io resterò conquiso,
Ferischino quei guardi
Ma sanami quel riso.

Ecco, Silvio

Dorinda

Ecco, Silvio, colei ch'in odio hai tanto,
eccola in questa guisa
che la volevi a punto.
Bramastila ferir: ferita l'hai;
bramastila tua preda: eccola preda;
bramastil'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 fec' Amore:
puoi quest' or tu negar de la tua mano?
Non hai credut' il sangue
che versava per gli 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
dolcissima parola,
voce cortese e pia:
"Va in pace, anima mia!"

That haughty look,
brightly threatening;
that poisoned dart
flies to strike my breast,
beauty, for which I burn,
and am beside myself,
wound me with that look -
heal me with that smile.

Arm yourselves, eyes,
with the harshest severity;
pour onto my heart
a shower of sparks,
but let your lips not be slow
to revive me from death.
Strike me with that look,
but heal me with that smile.

Beautiful eyes, to arms!
I will prepare my heart for you.
Take delight in striking me
until I faint,
and if I lie
vanquished by your arrows
let those looks crush me -
but let that smile heal me.

Silvio, behold her whom you so hate,
is now in that precise condition
you desired.
You longed to wound her: you have wounded her;
you wanted her at your mercy: so she is;
finally, you wanted her dead.
What more do you want of her? What more can
Dorinda give? Oh cruel youth!
Oh pitiless heart! You did not believe
in the wound that Love inflicted through my love
for you: can you deny the authorship of this one?
You did not believe the bitter tears
that streamed from my eyes: Will you now
believe the blood that streams from my side?

But if your innate gentleness and courage
died not when pity died within your breast,
then deny me not, I pray you,
you whose heart is hard yet generous,
deny me not when I shall breathe my last,
a single sigh. O happy death,
if you sweeten it...with this one,
sweet word,
this gentle and pious voice:
"Depart in peace, beloved soul!"

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
che ti potei dar vita?
Pur "mia" dirò, che mia
sarai malgrado di mia dura sorte;
e se mia non sarai con la mia vita,
sarai con la mia morte.

Silvio

Ecco, piegando le ginocchie a terra,
riverente t'adoro;
e ti chieggo perdon, ma non già vita...
Ecco gli strali e l'arco;
ma non ferir già vita tu gli occhi e 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.

Dorinda

Ferir quel petto, Silvio?
Non bisognava agli occhi miei scovrirlo,
s'avevi 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 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 fera
oggi ha ingannato il tuo signore 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.

- Guarini, *Il pastor fido*, IV

Dorinda, ah, shall I call you "mine", though only
now do you become mine as I lose you
slain by my hand, and were not mine
when I could have given you life?
Now I shall call you "mine", for mine
you shall be despite my cruel fate:
and if while living you shall not be mine,
by my dying I shall make you so.

Now kneeling upon the ground,
humbly I adore you;
and ask of you forgiveness, but not life...
Behold the arrows and the bow;
but strike not at my eyes or hands...
guilty tools
but innocent of design; strike at my breast,
wound that monster,
the bitter enemy of love and pity;
would this heart that was so cruel to you:
behold, I bare my breast.

Wound that breast, Silvio?
You erred when you revealed it to my eyes,
if you desired that I should wound it.
O beauteous rock
upon which the waves and winds
of my tears and sighs
so often beat in vain!
Is it then true that you suffer
and feel pity?
Or am I deceived?...
But be you tender or as hard as marble,
I would not be deceived
by an exterior as fair as alabaster,
as your lord and mine today
was deceived by that wild beast.
I wound you? Rather may Love wound you,
for I cannot think of a revenge more sweet
than to see you in love.
Blessed be this day for which I have always longed!
Blessed be the tears and agony!
Your love I do desire, not my revenge.

O lucidissima dies

Recitative

O lucidissima dies,
O lux vere serena,
O semper fulgida aurora
quae diu exoptata mortalibus
inter flammæ caelestes, inter linguas ardentes
caelestem reddis amorem.

O brightest day,
O light truly fair
O everglittering dawn
who, long awaited by mortals
amidst the heavenly fires, amongst fiery tongues,
restores celestial love.

Aria

Orbi sacer reddit amor.
Inter flammas, inter estus,
ad amantes reddit estus verum numen
carus ardor.
Orbi sacer reddit amor.

Ad ardoris reddit munus.
Caeli flamma mundi Deus,
nova reddit luce laetus mundo
clarus Caeli fulgor.
Orbi sacer reddit amor.

Recitative

O felix vere dies,
O clara semper aurora.

Aria

O splendida aurora, O candida dies,
O iubar serenum, lux vere decora,
O candida dies, O splendida aurora.

O dies iucunda, O fulgidum iubar,
O mundi triumphum, O Caeli portentum,
O candida dies, O splendida aurora.

Recitative

O vere beatum,
O felicissimam diem.

Alleluia.

Magnificat

Magnificat anima mea Dominum.
Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo.
Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae:
ecce enim ex hoc beatam
me dicent omnes generationes.
Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est:
et sanctam nomen eius.
Et misericordia eius a progenie in progenies
timentibus eius.
Fecit potentiam in brachio suo:
dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.
Deposuit potentes de sede,
et exaltavit humiles.
Esurientes implevit bonis:
et divites dimisit inanes.
Suscepit Israel puerum suum,
recordatus misericordiae suae.
Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros,
Abraham et semini eius in saecula.
Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper,
et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

Sacred love returns to the world
Among the flames, amidst the heat;
the true godhead returns to ardent lovers,
the beloved flame.
Sacred love returns to the world.

The gift returns to ardent ones.
The flame of heaven, the God of the world
returns with new light to the world -
the joyful radiance of Heaven.
Sacred love returns to the world.

O truly happy day,
O dawn ever bright.

O gleaming dawn, O shining white day,
O calm radiance, O truly beautiful light,
O shining white day, O gleaming dawn.

O joyful day, O glittering radiance,
O triumph of the world, O sign from Heaven!
O shining white day, O gleaming dawn.

O truly blessed,
O most happy day.

Alleluia.

My soul doth magnify the Lord.
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For he hath regarded the lowliness of his hand-maiden.
For behold, from henceforth all generations
shall call me blessed.
For he that is mighty hath magnified me:
and holy is his Name.
And his mercy is on them that fear him
throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with his arm: he hath
scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat:
and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things:
and the rich he hath sent empty away.
He remembering his mercy
hath holpen his servant Israel.
As he promised to our forefathers,
Abraham and his seed, for ever.
Glory be to the Father, the Son, and to the Holy Ghost.
As was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be:
world without end. Amen.