

University of California, Davis
The Department of Music presents

EVOCATIONS OF ANTIQUITY

RENAISSANCE SETTINGS OF
CLASSICAL AND HUMANISTIC
LATIN POETRY

THE EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE
DAVID NUTTER, DIRECTOR

SATURDAY, 14 MARCH 1992
8:00 P.M. ADMISSION FREE
ST MARTIN'S CHURCH
640 HAWTHORN LANE, DAVIS



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The Department of Music
presents the

EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE

David Nutter, *director*

EVOCATIONS OF ANTIQUITY

Program

Constant Penelope
Penelope to Ulysses

William Byrd
(1543-1623)

Aspicias utinam quae sit scribentis imago
Dido to Aeneas

Bartolomeo Tromboncino
(ca 1470-ca 1535)

Fusta - Bandera

Francesco Bendusi: *Opera nova de balli* (1553)

Cum rides, mihi basium negasti

Bartolomeo Tromboncino

Con l'angelico riso

Philippe Verdelot
(ca 1470-ca 1552)

Dido's speeches from the *Aeneid*, Book IV

At trepida et coeptis

Jacques Arcadelt
(1505-1568)

Dulces exuviae

Josquin Desprez
(ca 1450-1521)

Dolci spoglie

Giaches de Wert
(1535-1596)

Dissimulare etiam sperasti

Cipriano de Rore
(1516-1565)

intermission

Prophetiae Sibyllarum

Orlando di Lasso
(1532-1594)

Huc me sydereo descendere iussit Olympo

Josquin Desprez

Canzon prima: La Capriola
Canzon settima

Fiorenzo Maschera
Libro primo de canzoni da sonare (1582)

Ut cibet Invernum mater Natura famatum

Jan Nasco
(1510-1561)

Canamus et bibamus

Jachet Colebault
(1483-1559)

Saturday, 14 March 1991
Admission Free

8 pm

St. Martin's Church
Hawthorn Lane, Davis

THE EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE

SOPRANO:	Margaret Grayden, Carole Hom, Mary Kramer, Helen Nutter, Helena Park
ALTO:	Darlene Franz, Rebecca Hernandez, Rebecca J. Littman, Emmett Rahl
TENOR:	Kevin Krajewski, Stephen Messano, Brook Ostrom, Tom Phinney
BARITONE:	Cliff Eveland, Tim True, Neil Willits
BASS:	Kari Kaarna, Don Meyer, Josh Watanabe
RECORDERS:	Emily Burns, Darlene Franz, Margaret Grayden, Phyllis Jestice
LUTES:	Richard Darsie, David Nutter

The Department of Music thanks the Elizabeth Rudisill Homann fund for its support of this concert

Program note:

This concert explores Renaissance musical settings of classical Latin texts, as well as 15th and 16th-century Latin poems modeled on the example of classical antiquity. The Renaissance sought a rebirth of learning through the retrieval, study, and imitation of the literature of classical antiquity. One trend was the new interpretation and interest in history first manifested in collections of *exempla* of great men, such as Boccaccio's *De casibus virorum illustrium* and the *Trionfi* of Petrarch, in which famous men were presented according to a moral and philosophical order. Famous women too found a place in humanistic studies. Boccaccio's *De claris mulieribus* ('Concerning famous women') contains the lives of 104 women, and was the first collection of woman's biographies ever written. The new interest in man and the world in which he lived strongly affected the outlook of Renaissance artists. In Florence in the 1450s Andrea del Castagno painted a series of famous men and women drawn from antiquity (e.g., the Cumaean Sibyl) and the life of his own times; in 1500 Perugino painted at Perugia a gallery of heroes derived from the works of Livy and Plutarch. This same impulse - to portray in the visual arts the heroic past - also informs the musical settings of the famous speeches of classical heroines. These are readings of texts that, through the enhancing power of music, create the semblance of verisimilitude.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Penelope to Ulysses

Constant Penelope sends to thee careless Ulysses,
Write not again, but come sweet mate thyself to revive me.
Troy we do much envy, we desolate lost ladies of Greece;
Not Priamus, nor yet all Troy, can us recompence make.
Oh! that he had when he first took shipping to Lacedaemon,
That adulter I mean, had been o'erwhelmed with waters;
Then had I not lain now all alone, thus quivering for cold,
Nor used this complaint, nor have thought the day to be so long.

English translation in quantitative hexameters after Ovid: *Heroïdes*, I, 1-8
William Byrd: *Psalmes, Sonets, & songs of sadnes and pietie* (London: Thomas East, 1588)

ASPICIAS UTINAM

Dido Aeneae

Aspicias utinam quae sit scribentis imago;
scribimus, et gremio troycus ensis adest,
perque genas lachrymae strictum labuntur in ensem,
qui iam pro lachrymis sanguine tinctus erit.
Quam bene conveniunt Fato tua munera nostro!
Instruis impensa nostra sepulchra brevi.
Nec mea nunc primum feriuntur pectora telo;
ille locus saevi vulnus amoris habet.
Anna soror, soror Anna, meae male conscia culpa,
iam dabis in cineres ultima dona meos.
Nec consumpta rogis inscribar: Elyssa Sychaei;
hoc tamen in tumuli marmore carmen erit:

Praebuit Aeneas et causam mortis et ensem;
ipsa sua Dido concidit usa manu.

Ovid: *Heroides* VII, 183-196

Bartolomeo Tromboncino: *Canzoni, sonetti, strambotti et frottole libro tertio* (Rome: Antico, 1513)

CUM RIDES MIHI

Ad Bathyllam

Cum rides, mihi basium negasti,
cum ploras, mihi basium dedisti;
una in tristitia libens benigna es,
una in laetitia volens severa es.
Nata est de lacrimis mihi voluptas,
de risu dolor. O miselli amantes,
sperate simul omnia et timete.

Giovanni Pontano (1427-1503): *Hendecasyllabi*, liber primus, XV

B. Tromboncino: *Frottole...con tenori & bassi tabulati...per cantar & sonar nel lauto* (Rome: Antico ca. 1520)

CON L'ANGELICO RISO

Con l'angelico riso
A me negasti i dolci baci sancti;
Et coi penosi pianti
Benignamente mi baciasti el viso.
Sol' il cor lieta da pietà diviso,
Havete a vostra voglia et sola pia,
Sete ne l'aspra noia.
Da le lacrime gioia
Hebb', et dal riso acerba pena ria.
O lassi, o lassi amant', in seme prema
Sempr' a vo' il cor, ohmè, speranza et tema.

Lodovico Martelli (after Pontano: *Cum rides mihi*)

Philippe Verdelot: *Il primo libro de madrigali* (Venice: Scotto, 1533)

Dido to Aeneas

Could you but see now the face of her who writes these words!
I write, and the Trojan's blade is ready in my lap.
Over my cheeks the tears roll and fall upon the drawn steel,
which soon shall be stained with blood instead of tears.
How fitting is your gift in my hour of fate!
You furnish forth my death at a cost but slight.
Nor does my heart for the first time feel a weapon's thrust;
it already bears the wound of cruel love.
Anna my sister, wretched sharer in the knowledge of my
fault, soon shall you give to my ashes the last boon.
Nor when I have been consumed upon the pyre,
shall my inscription read: Elissa, wife of Sychaeus;
yet there shall be on the marble of my tomb these lines:
From Aeneas came the cause of her death, and from
him the blade; from the hand of Dido herself came
the stroke by which she fell.

To Bathylla

When you laugh, you deny me a kiss,
when you weep, you give me a kiss;
in sadness you are kind and generous,
in happiness you deny me.
My pleasure is born of tears,
and my grief of smiles. O unhappy lovers,
everything brings you hope and fear together.

With an angelic smile
You denied me your sweet, blessed kisses.
And with painful sighs
You graciously kissed my face.
You alone command a happy heart,
Bereft of compassion, and you alone are kindly
in bitter weariness.
From my tears I had joy
And from laughter wicked, bitter pain.
O unhappy, O unhappy lovers,
Hope and fear always, alas, weigh upon your heart.

AT TREPIDA ET COEPTIS

At trepida et coeptis immanibus effera Dido
sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementis
interfusa genas et pallida morte futura,
interiora domus inrumpit limina et altos
conscendit furibunda gradus ensemque recludit
Dardanum, non hos quaesitum munus in usus.
Hic, postquam Iliacas vestis notumque cubile
conspexit, paulum lacrimis et mente morata
incubuitque toro dixitque novissima verba:
'Dulces exuviae, dum fata deusque sinebat,
accipite hanc animam meque his exsolve curis.
Vixi et quem dederat cursum fortuna peregi,
ut nunc magna mei su terras ibit imago.'

Virgil: *Aeneid* IV, 642-654

Jacques Arcadelt: *Sixiesme livre de chansons* (Paris: Le Roy & Ballard, 1559)

DULCES EXUVIAE

'Dulces exuviae, dum fata deusque sinebat,
accipite hanc animam meque his exsolve curis.
Vixi et quem dederat cursum fortuna peregi,
ut nunc magna mei su terras ibit imago.'

Virgil: *Aeneid* IV, 650-654

Josquin Desprez: British Library, Ms. Royal 8 G VII

DOLCI SPOGLIE

'Dolci spoglie, felic'e care tanto,
Mentr'al ciel piacqu'e fui da lui gradita,
Prendet'or questa miserabil' vita
E qui fin abbia il duol, le pen'e 'l pianto.
Viss' ho 'l mio corso
Ed ho fornito quanto mi diè natura;
Or vo' nell'altra vita.
Vindicat' ho Sicheo,
Vist' ho fornita la terra
Di ch'ancor mi glori'e vanto.
Felice, ahimè, troppo felic' er' io
Se le navi Troiane il nostro lido
Con quel crudel mai non avesser visto.'
Così disse, premend' al petto Dido la spada,
Che mostrò di sangue un rio
D'ira, d'odio, d'amor, di pianto misto.

Lorenzo Gualtieri (paraphrase of *Dulces exuviae*)

Giaches de Wert: *Il primo libro de' madrigali a quattro voci* (Venice: Scotto, 1561)

But Dido, desperate, beside herself with awful
undertakings, eyes bloodshot and rolling, and her quivering
cheeks flecked with stains and pale with coming death,
now burst across the inner courtyard of her palace.
She mounts in madness the high pyre, unsheathes
the Dardan sword, a gift not sought for such an end.
And when she saw the Trojan's clothes and her familiar bed,
she checked her thought and tears a little,
lay upon the couch and spoke her final words:
'O relics, dear while fate and god allowed, receive my spirit
and free me from these cares; for I have lived and journeyed
through the course assigned by fortune. And now my Shade will
pass, illustrious, beneath the earth.

'O relics, dear while fate and god allowed, receive my spirit
and free me from these cares; for I have lived and journeyed
through the course assigned by fortune. And now my Shade will
pass, illustrious, beneath the earth.

Sweet relics, so beloved and dear
while it pleased the heavens and I pleased him,
receive now my unhappy spirit,
and free me from these pains, cares and tears.
I have lived my course, and
have reached the end of my natural days;
Now I pass to the life beyond.
I have avenged Sichaeus,
I have seen my land prosper,
glorious and proud.
Happy, alas, too happy was I
ere I saw that cruel man
and the ships of Troy touch our coasts.'
Thus Dido spoke, piercing with the sword her breast
from whence flowed a river of blood
mixed with anger, hatred, love and grief.

DISSIMULARE ETIAM SPERASTI

'Dissimulare etiam sperasti, perfide, tantum
posse nefas tacitusque mea decedere terra?
Nec te noster amor nec te data dextera quondam
nec moritura tenet crudeli funere Dido?

Quin etiam hiberno moliris sidere classem
et mediis properas Aquilonibus ire per altum,
crudelis? Quid, si non arva aliena domosque
ignotas peteres, et Troia antiqua maneret,
Troia per undosum peteretur classibus aequor?

Mene fugis?

Per ego has lacrimas dexteramque tuam te
(quando aliud mihi iam miserae nihil ipsa reliqui),
per conubia nostra, per inceptos hymenaeos,
si bene quid de te merui, fuit aut tibi quicquam
dulce meum, miserere domus labentis et istam,
oro, si quis adhuc precibus locus, exue mentem.'

Virgil: *Aeneid* IV, 305-319

Cipriano de Rore (1516-1565): Munich, Bayerische Staatsbibliothek, Mus. Ms. B (1559)

Alessandro Striggio: *Il cicalamento...con un Lamento di Didone ad Enea per la sua partenza* (Venice, 1567)

from *The Sibylline Prophecies*

Prologue

Carmina chromatico quae audis modulata tenore
Haec sunt illa quibus nostrae olim arcana salutis
bis senae intrepido cecinerunt ore Sybillae.

Sibylla Persica

Vergine matre satus, pando residebit asello,
Iucundus princeps, unus qui ferre salutem
Rite queat lapsis; tamen illis forte diebus
Multi multa ferent, immensi fata laboris.
Solo sed satis est oracula prodere verbo:
Ille Deus casta nascetur virgine magnus.

Sibylla Libyca

Ecce dies venient, quo aeternus tempore princeps,
Irradians sata laeta, viris sua crimina tollet,
Lumine clarescet cuius sinagoga recente:
Sordida qui solus reserabit labra reorum,
Aequus erit cunctis, gremio rex membra reclinet
Reginae mundi, sanctus, per saecula vivus.

Sibylla Delphica

Non tarde veniet, tacita sed mente tenendum
Hoc opus, hoc memori semper qui corde reponet,
Huius pertentant cur gaudia magna prophetae
Eximii, qui virginea conceptus ab alvo
Prodibit, sine contactu maris. Omnia vincit
Hoc naturae opera: at fecit, qui cuncta gubernat.

Prophetiae Sibyllarum ab Orlando de Lasso, pia memoriae, musico excellentissimo, quatuor vocibus, chromatico more, singulari confectae industria. Et per Rudolphum, eius filium ac serenissimi utriusque Bavariae ducis organistam diligenti adhibita castigatione, typis datae (Munich: Nicolai Henrici, 1600)

'Deceiver, did you even hope to hide so harsh a crime,
to leave this land of mine without a word?
Can nothing hold you back - neither your love, the hand
you pledged, nor ever the cruel death that lies in wait for Dido?

Beneath the winter sky are you preparing a fleet to rush away
across the deep among the north winds, you who have no
feeling? What! Even if you were not seeking out strange fields
and unknown dwellings, even if your ancient Troy were still
erect, would you return to Troy across such stormy seas?

Do you flee me?

By tears, by your right hand
(this sorry self is left with nothing else)
by wedding, by the marriage we began,
if I did anything deserving of you or anything of mine
was sweet to you, take pity on a fallen house, put off
your plan, I pray - if there is still place for prayers.'

De Oracula Sibyllina

These are the songs which proceed chromatically. They are
the poems in which the twelve Sibyls, one after the other,
once sang the hidden mysteries of our salvation.

Persian Sibyl

The son of a virgin mother will sit on a crooked-backed
ass. He will be the joyful Prince, the only one who will
rightly be able to bring salvation to the fallen. In those
days many will make prophecies about many great feats.
Yet it suffices for the oracle to utter but a single
prediction: God Himself will be born of a virgin.

Libyan Sibyl

Behold the days are coming when the Eternal Prince shining
on the happy fields, will take away the sins of mankind.
Then the synagogue will become brighter with a new light.
This happy Prince will unlock the lips of those who have
been condemned. He will be just to all men. Now may this
King, holy and living for all ages, rest at the bosom
of the Queen of the World.

Delphic Sibyl

He will come without delay, yet whoever understands
why the prophets of the Most High God rejoice over this
event must hold his silence. Conceived without the intervention
of a man, He will come forth from the womb
of a virgin. This deed far exceeds all that is natural, but
the one who performs it is the one who rules all things.

HUC ME SYDEREO

Huc me sydereo descendere iussit Olympo,
hic me crudeli vulnere fixit amor.
Languet, nec quisquam nostro succurit amori,
quem nequeunt durae frangere iura crucis.
Pungentem capiti Dominum gestare coronam
fontis amor docuit, verbera tanta pati.

Felle sitim magni regis saciavit amaro;
pectus ut hauriret lancea fecit amor.
De me solus amor potuit perferre triumphum;
ille pedes clavis fixit, et ille manus.
Si cupis ergo animi mihi signa rependere grati,
dilege pro tantis: sat mihi solus amor.

Maffeo Veggio (1407-1458): *Antoniade*

Cantus firmus (Holy Week Antiphon):
Plangent eum quasi unigenitum
quia innocens Dominus occisus est.

De Autumno

Ut cibet Invernum mater Natura famatum
multa magazzenis stipat edenda suis.
Formichetta trahit segetum ad granaria somas,
mellaque caeratis condit apetta casis.
Stramina pro bobus mangianda bovarus adunat,
idque facis pegoris, bel pegorare, tuis.
Rumor ab obscuris cantinis maximus exit,
dum cerchiant vino vasa paranda novo.
Mustolenta replet graspis fameia tinazzos,
Todeschique canunt: - Ehu ohe, trincher io.

Teofilo Folengo ('Merlin Cocai,' 1491-1544): *Maccheronnee*, 1517

Giovan Nasco: *Il secondo libro d'i madrigali a cinque voci* (Venice: Antonio Gardano, 1557)

CANAMUS ET BIBAMUS

Canamus et bibamus, quo melius dormiamus.
Bibite, cantores! Trich, trich, io, io, io!
Bibamus ergo, iterum bibamus!
Implete pocula usque ad summum
et totum bibite vinum.
Bibamus ergo! Brindamus cantores
bibamus et rebibamus, quo melius dormiamus.

From starry Olympus love made me come down,
and here transfixed me with a cruel wound.
I languish, and no one helps our love, that
cannot be broken by the strict laws of the cross.
Love taught the Lord to wear the crown that
pierced his head, and to bear heavy scourgings.

It was love that quenched the great King's thirst with gall;
and pierced his breast with the thrust of the lance.
Only love could triumph over me;
love pierced the feet with nails, and love pierced the hands.
If you wish to show me signs of gratitude,
understand above all: love alone suffices me.

Let them lament him as a first-born son,
for the innocent Lord is slain.

Autumn

Mother Nature fills her storehouses with many
things to eat in order to feed hungry Winter.
The ant drags the burden of its harvest to the granary,
and the bee collects in waxen cells its honey.
The cowherd stuffs the loft with hay to feed his cows,
as do you, good shepherd, for your lambs.
From the dark workshops comes the noise of carpentry:
the sounds of new wine casks being circled with iron hoops.
Musty bunches of grapes fill the vat
and the Germans sing: - Ehu ohe, let's drink!

Let's sing and drink, the better to sleep.
Drink, singers! *trich, trich, io, io, io.*
Let us drink, then, and drink again!
Fill the cups up to the brim
and drink all the wine.
Drink, then! Let's drink a toast to the singers,
We drink and drink again, the better to sleep.

Jachet of Mantua (Colebault): *Libro secondo de la Croce* (Rome: Valerio Dorico, 1531)