

University of California, Davis
The Department of Music
presents

MUSIC, WORDS & THE STAIRCASE
The lower stair That scal'd by steps of Gold to Heav'n Gate

program

Ave Maria

Josquin Desprez
(1440-1521)

Robert Fayrfax
(1464-1521)

Aeternae laudis lilium

Johannes Ockeghem
(1410-1497)

William Byrd
(1543-1623)

Alma redemptoris mater

Agnus Dei from the Mass for Four Voices

The Early Music Ensemble, David Nutter, *director*

Concerto for Violin in E major (Ingrid Tracy, *violin*)
Allegro

Johann Sebastian Bach
(1685-1750)

Concerto for Oboe in E minor (Claudia Engel, *oboe*)
Andante
Allegro molto
Largo
Allegro molto

Georg Philipp Telemann
(1681-1767)

Orchestra of the Age of Anxiety, Stephen Schultz, *director*

Attila József - Fragments

György Kurtág
(born 1926)

Susan Narucki, *soprano*
Artist-in-Residence, 1992

Renaissance Recorder Consort of the Early Music Ensemble
(Emily Burns, Darlene Franz, Margaret Grayden, Phyllis Jestice)

Sextet in B-flat major, Op. 18
Allegro ma non troppo

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Fugue in C major
(Darlene Franz & Claudia Engel, oboes, Rebecca Littman, bassoon)

Johann Sebastian Bach

ALMA REDEMPTORIS MATER

Alma redemptoris mater,
quae pervia coeli porta manes,
et stella maris, succurre cadenti
surgere qui curat populo.
Tu quae genuisti natura mirante,
tuum sanctum genitorem.

Virgo prius ac posterius,
Gabrielis ab ore sumens illud Ave
peccatorum miserere.

Gentle mother of the redeemer
remaining an accessible gateway to heaven
and star of the sea, who provides help to
the fallen and raises up the people.
You who in a wonderful way,
bore your holy parent.

Virgin before and after
taking that 'hail' from Gabriel's mouth
pity our sins.

AGNUS DEI

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi,
dona nobis pacem.

Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.
Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world,
have mercy upon us.
Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world,
grant us peace.

AVE MARIA

Ave Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum, Virgo serena.

Ave cuius conceptio.
Solemni plena gaudio.
Caelestia, terrestria,
Nova replet laetitia.

Ave cuius nativitas
Nostra fuit solemnitas,
Ut lucifer lux oriens
Verum solem praeveniens.

Ave pia humilitas,
Sine viro faecunditas.
Cujus annuntiatio
Nostra fuit salvatio.

Ave vera virginitas,
Immaculata castitas.
Cujus purificatio
Nostra fuit pergatio.

Ave paeclara omnibus
Angelicus virtutibus.
Cujus fuit assumptio
Nostra glorificatio.

O Mater Dei,
Memento mei.

Amen.

Hail Mary, full of grace.
The Lord is with you, gentle Virgin.

Hail, whose conception.
Full of solemn joy.
Fills the heaven, the earth.
With new rejoicing.

Hail, whose birth
Was our festival,
As the light-bringing rising light
Coming before the true sun.

Hail pious humility.
Fertility without a man.
Whose annunciation
Was our salvation.

Hail true virginity.
Unspotted chastity.
Whose purification
Was our cleansing.

Hail, famous with all
Angelic virtues,
Whose assumption was
Our glorification.

O Mother of God.
Remember me.

Amen.

AETERNAE LAUDIS LILIUM

Aeternae laudis lilium	Gentle Mary, eternally the lily
O dulcis Maria,	to be praised, the voice of Angels
Te laudat vox angelica,	praises you, the holy nurse of
Nutrix Christi pia.	Christ.
Jure proliis gloriae	Let music duly sound to the glory
Detur harmonia,	of your child,
Salus nostrae memoriae	His agony is the salvation
Omni agonia	of our whole life.
Ave radix, flos virginum,	Hail, flower of maidens, our sacred
O sanctificata;	foundation;
Benedicta in utero	You were created blessed for your
Materno creata	mothering womb, holy
Eras sancta puerpera	and immaculate in childbirth,
Et inviolata,	Virgin greatly beloved of your
Tuo ex Jesu Filio	Son Jesus.
Virgo peramata.	—
Honestis caeli precibus	Maiden, you are worshipped in
Virgo veneraris,	the fulsome prayers of heaven, and
Regis excelsi filii	you take delight in the sight of
Visu jocundaris;	your Son the supreme king. You
Ejus divino lumine	are nowhere deprived of his divine
Tu nusquam privaris;	light;
Gaude sole splendidior	rejoice unique virgin,
Virgo singularis.	brighter than the sun.
Issachar quoque Nazaphat	Issachar, Nazaphat and Ismaria
Necnon Ismaria,	were born of the stem of Jesse,
Nati ex Jesse stipite	from which came Mary,
Qua venit Maria,	and Mary daughter of Cleophas.
Atque Maria Cleophae.	—
Sancto Zacharia,	From holy Zacharia,
A qua patre Elizabeth,	and Elizabeth, daughter of
Matre Sophonia	Sophonia,
Natus est Dei gratia	by the grace of God was born
Johannes Baptista;	John the Baptist; who was alive
Gaudebat clauso domino	while the Lord was still
In matrice cista.	enclosed in his mother's womb.
Lineae ex hoc genere	John the Evangelist was of the
Est evangelista	line of this family.
Johannes. Annae filia	From this Mary,
Ex Maria ista	daughter of Ann,
Est Jesus Dei Filius	was Jesus the Son of God
Natus in hunc mundum;	born into this world.
Cujus cruxis tumulo	By the burial of His blood
Mundatur in mundum;	He was purified against the world;
Conferat nos in gaudium,	He brings us into joy and
In aevum jocundum,	into everlasting happiness,
Qui cum Patre et Spiritu	who with the Father and the Holy
Sancto regnat in unum.	Spirit reigns in One.
Amen.	Amen.

1.

Kásásodik a viz, kialakul a jég
és bűneim halállá állnak öszsze.

2.

Sokan voltak és körülvettek,
álmomban engen kinevettek:
"He-he, he-he,
hát ennél van a kincs,
ami nincs!"

3.

Hétért - magamat kérdem -
adoze hatot?
Játszom. Azé az érdem
ki játsz hatott.

4.

Az idő
futva terem mint a bab.

5.

Költő szerelme szalmaláng,
azért oly sebes és falánk.

6.

En ámulok,
hogy elmulok.

7.

Szólj hát, mit tegyek én,
hogy szeress,
ha sirva fakadok, ne nevess.
Mint a motor, mely már begyulladt,
de nincsen útja és nem indulhat,
olyan vagyok s ha bátrabb volnék
értelmetlen szavakat szólnék.

8.

A nyárfak közt ezüst habokkal
az édes szellő folydogál,
s csak fürdik benne
aranyos tagokkal az óriási nyár.

9.

Vadász szemünkre lányok térde les
és haragomban megölnék egy tündért
holott talált és lukas életünkért
belátom ölni meg nem érdemes.

10.

Tizenöt éve irok költeményt -
és most, amikor költő lennék végre,
csak állok itt a vasgyár szegletén
s nincsen szavam a holdvilágos égre.

The water thickens, swelling into ice,
and my sins gather into death.

Many came and pressed around me
in my dreams they laughed and mocked me:
"Ha-ha-ha, he-he-he,
so he is the one
with the treasure
that's nothing!"

For seven - I ask myself -
will you give six, pray?
I'm playing. The merit is his
who was able to play.

Time
sprouts on the run, like beans.

The poet's love is blazing straw,
hence its greed and devouring speed.

Amazed am I
that I shall die.

Tell me, what should I do
to make you love me,
if I should weep, don't mock me.
Like a car with engine racing
but there's no road, no way of starting,
that's me, and were I bolder
my words would lack all sense or order.

The sweet breeze purls along
among the poplars, silver-foamed,
and the gigantic summer
just bathes in it, golden-limbed.

Girls' knees stalk our predatory eyes
and in my fury I could kill an angel,
though for this leaky, foundling life
it isn't - I admit - worth killing.

Fifteen years, I've been writing verse
now, when I might at last become a poet
I just stand here by the ironworks,
and have no words for the moonlit sky.

11.

Oly lágy as este, mint egy szöllőszem,
gurul puhán emlékeim között.
Egy szőke est. De már nem emlékszem...

The evening is soft as a grape,
rolling gently among my memories.
A blond evening. But I can't remember...

12.

Es ámulok,
hogy elmulok.

And amazed am I
that I shall die.

13.

Segítsetek, hogy meg ne öljem,
hogy hirtelen ki ne töröljem
a világ képeiközül.

Help me, all of you, not to kill her,
not to expunge her suddenly
from among the world's images.

14.

Nincs közöm senkihez,
szavam szálló penész,
vagyok mint a hideg,
világos és nehéz.

I'm a stranger and alone,
my words are floating mold.
I'm clear and hard,
like the cold.

15.

Lesz lagy hus smellé ifjú kalarábé,
ököör hizik és nő a csalamádé
de az már a mi porunkból fakad.

There'll be tender meat with young
kohlrabi, the ox grows fat and the
green maize swells,
but all this grows from our dust now.

16.

Nem! Nem! kellene kiáltoznom
s azt suttomgom: igen, igen,
hogy a sors ringatózást hozzon
a tenger sirás vizeiben.

No! no! I ought to cry,
yet I whisper: yes, yes,
so that fate might bring a gentle
rocking to this sea of tears.

17.

A kerten, hallatlan semmit idézve,
bálvány höség borong,
pókhálót fog kisci rancos kezével
s untan legyint a lomb.
A tócsa finoman bolyhos a portól.

The heat looms above the garden,
an idol conjuring a never-heard Void:
with its wrinkled little hand
the branch grasps a spider's web
and waves, resigned.
A fine dust fuzzes the puddle.

18.

Irgalom, édesanyám, mama, nézd,
jaj kész es a vers is!

Mercy, dear mama, look, oh no,
this poem too is done!

19.

Kásásodik a viz, kialakul a jég
es büneim halállá állnak öszsze.

The water thickens, swelling into ice,
and my sins gather into death.

20.

Enek, hajolj ki ajkamon
s te bánat ne érj el csak holnap.
Mélyebbre kell meg hajlanom,
hogy semmit nem tudón daloljak.

Song, lean out of my lips
and sorrow, don't reach me til tommorow.
I must bow down still further
to be able to sing
without knowing anything.