



University of California, Davis  
Department of Music  
presents

UC Davis  
Early Music Ensemble

David Nutter, *director*

*Madrigals*  
*by Monteverdi and Giaches de Wert*

Saturday, 11 March 1995  
8:00 P.M.

St. Martin's Church,  
640 Hawthorn Lane, Davis

Admission Free



University of California, Davis  
The Department of Music  
presents the

# EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE

David Nutter, *director*  
with  
PHEBE CRAIG, harpsichord

## Program

- |                                                                                                                                                                                                                               |                                     |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|
| Oimè, se tanto amate<br><i>Il quarto libro de madrigali, 1603</i>                                                                                                                                                             | Claudio Monteverdi<br>(1567-1643)   |
| Solo e pensoso<br><i>Il settimo libro de madrigali, 1581</i>                                                                                                                                                                  | Giaches de Wert<br>(1535-1596)      |
| Giunto alla tomba<br><i>Il settimo libro de madrigali, 1581</i>                                                                                                                                                               | Giaches de Wert                     |
| T'amo, vita mia<br><i>Il quinto libro de madrigali, 1605</i>                                                                                                                                                                  | Monteverdi                          |
| Qui rise, o Tirsi<br><i>Il sesto libro de madrigali, 1614</i>                                                                                                                                                                 | Monteverdi                          |
| Rimanti in pace<br><i>Il terzo libro de madrigali, 1592</i>                                                                                                                                                                   | Monteverdi                          |
| Presso un fiume tranquillo<br><i>Il sesto libro de madrigali, 1614</i>                                                                                                                                                        | Monteverdi                          |
| ☞ intermission ☞                                                                                                                                                                                                              |                                     |
| Partita sopra l'aria di Ruggiero                                                                                                                                                                                              | Girolamo Frescobaldi<br>(1583-1643) |
| Lamento della Ninfa<br><i>Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi, libro ottavo, 1638</i>                                                                                                                                              | Monteverdi                          |
| O primavera: Canzone<br><i>L'undecimo libro de madrigali, 1595</i><br>O primavera, gioventù de l'anno<br>O dolcezze amarissime d'amore<br>Ma, se le mie speranze<br>E, s'altri non m'inganna<br>O lungamente sospirato invano | Giaches de Wert                     |

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St. Martin's Episcopal Church  
Davis



# UC Davis Early Music Ensemble

## Soprano

Margaret Grayden, Kirsten Hedegaard, Carole Hom, Jocelyn Oleander, Cecilia Seufert

## Alto

Jacki Amos, Diana Park, Emmett Rahl, Sunny Williams

## Tenor

Chad McDonald, Brook Ostrom, Frazier Stevenson

## Bass

Richard Mix, Neil Willits, Salvador Zepeda

Phebe Craig, harpsichord ♪ David Nutter, chitarrone

### Program note:

Brought to Italy as a youngster, the Flemish composer Giaches de Wert was in 1565 appointed *maestro di cappella* at the newly-constructed Palatine basilica of Santa Barbara at Mantua, assuming as well the duties of music director at the Gonzaga court. Wert was one of the most important composers of Italian secular music between Cipriano de Rore (his presumed teacher) and Claudio Monteverdi (his eventual successor at the court of Mantua), as his extravagant setting of Petrarch's sonnet *Solo e pensoso* bears ample witness. A frequent visitor to the rival court of Ferrara, Wert came into contact with the leading poets of his day. He was the first to set dramatic texts from Tasso's epic poem *Gerusalemme liberata* (*Giunto alla tomba* - the Christian knight Tancred's lament at the tomb of his beloved, the Saracen warrior Clorinda, whom he had mistakenly slain in combat). Guarini's "tragicomedy" *Il pastor fido* (completed in 1584; first published in 1589) is the source of four texts set in Wert's eleventh book of madrigals. The most extended of these, *O primavera*, in the composer's mature "narrative" style, sets the long soliloquy (marked *canzone*, or song, in the print) that opens the third act of *Pastor fido*, and in which Mirtillo (the "Faithful Shepherd" of the title) laments the vicissitudes of his love for Amarilli. ("You are there followed by a faithful shepherd, Look upon him, love him; he worships you," Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, v, ii).

Claudio Monteverdi was appointed a string player at Mantua about 1590, eventually assuming the directorship of the court's music in 1602. Like Wert, he provided the court with musical settings of the fashionable poetry of Guarini and Marino: epigrammatic madrigals laced with clever linguistic conceits (*Oimè, se tanto amate*), and semi-dramatic pastoral scenes relating the tormented loves of nymphs and shepherds. Monteverdi's Fifth Book of Madrigals (1605) contains the earliest *concertato* madrigals with obligatory basso continuo ('per clavicembalo, chitarrone o altro simile istromento'). In such works, the harmonic support provided by instruments allows solo, duet and trio textures to emerge from the polyphonic fabric (*T'amo, mia vita*). The Lamento della Ninfa, to a text by Rinuccini, the librettist of several the first operas (*Dafne, Euridice, Arianna*), is the first example of the use of an ostinato bass (here a descending fourth, or tetrachord) that was to become a characteristic feature of 17th-century operatic laments. Frescobaldi's Partita, or set of variations, is constructed over the "aria di Ruggiero," a bass melody that can support a variety of harmonic progressions and discant melodies, and used to recite epic verse (i.e., Ariosto's *Orlando furioso*).

### Texts & translations

Oimè, se tanto amate  
Di sentir dir "oimè",  
deh, perchè fate  
Chi dice "oimè" morire?  
S'io moro, un sol potrete  
Languido e doloroso "oimè" sentire;  
Ma se, cor mio, volete  
Che vita abbia da voi,  
e voi da me, avrete  
mill'e mille dolci "oimè".

Alas, if you take such pleasure  
in the word "alas,"  
then why would you slay  
the one who says "alas"?  
If I die, you will only hear  
a single, moaning, miserable "alas;"  
but if, my dear, you wish  
to let me live  
and wish to live for me, you shall have  
a thousand times a tender "alas".



Solo e pensoso i più deserti campi  
Vo misurando a passi tardi e lenti,  
E gli occhi porto per fuggir intenti  
Ove vestigio uman la rena stampi.

Altro schermo non trovo che mi scampi  
Dal manifesto accorger de le genti,  
Perché negli atti d'allegrezza spenti  
Di fuor si legge com'io dentro avvampi.

Sì ch'io mi credo omai che monti e piagge  
E fiumi e selve sappian di che tempre  
Sia la mia vita ch'è celata altrui.

Ma pur sì aspre vie né sì selvagge  
Cercar non so, ch'Amor non venga sempre  
Ragionando con meco, ed io con lui.

- Francesco Petrarca (1304-1374), *Canzoniere*, xxvii

Giunto alla tomba, ove al suo spirto vivo  
Dolorosa prigion il ciel prescrisse:  
De color, di calor, di moto privo  
Già marmo in vista al marmo il viso affisse,  
Al fin sgorgando un lagrimoso rivo,  
In un languido oimè proruppe, e disse:  
O sasso amato tanto, amaro tanto,  
Che dentro ha le mie fiamme, e fuor il pianto!  
Non di morte sei tu, ma di vivaci  
Ceneri albero, ov'è nascosto amore.  
Sento dal freddo tuo l'usate faci  
Men dolci sì, ma non men cald'al core.  
Deh prendi questi piant' e questi baci,  
Ch'io bagno di doglioso umore,  
E dalli tu poich'io non posso, almeno,  
All'amate reliquie ch'ai nel seno.

- Torquato Tasso (1544-1595), *Gerusalemme liberata*, xii, 96-7

"T'amo, mia vita!"  
La mia cara vita dolcemente mi dice,  
"T'amo, mia vita!"  
e in questa sola sì soave parola  
par che trasformi lietamente il core  
per farmi signore.  
"T'amo, mia vita!"  
O voce di dolcezza e di diletto;  
prendila tosto Amore;  
stampala nel mio petto.  
Spiri solo per lei l'anima mia:  
"T'amo mia vita" la mia vita sia.

- Guarini

Alone and bowed in thought, the loneliest fields  
I pace with leaden and with faltering steps,  
watchful, ever ready to escape  
if trace of human print be in the sand.

No other means I find to shield myself  
from overt public curiosity,  
for in the languid step and joyless face  
all can read my spirit's perturbation.

Indeed, I do not doubt that hills and fields,  
and streams and woods can sense the innermost  
workings of my mind, concealed from others.

But no path do I know so steep and rugged  
but Love will always be there at my side  
speaking to me as I speak to him.

Reaching the tomb that heaven had ordained  
to be a prison for his living spirit,  
he stood there wan and cold and motionless,  
his face, like marble, pressed against the marble,  
until, as streams of tears gushed from his eyes,  
he sighed a languid "Woe is me!" and said:  
O stone, so dearly loved, so bitter, too,  
my heart's within, my tears course over thee!  
Not of dead ashes, but of glowing embers  
harboring love, art thou the resting-place.  
Your cold touch tells me that my wonted passion  
burns less sweetly, yet still warms my heart.  
O take these tears and kisses  
that I bathe with a sorrowing stream,  
and bear thou them, at least, since I cannot,  
to the beloved remains in thy bosom.

"I love you, my love!"  
My dearest love said,  
"I love you, my love!"  
and with these words of passing sweetness  
it seemed my heart was joyously transformed  
to make me into a fine lord.  
"I love you, my love!"  
O sound of sweetness and delight,  
grasp it quickly, love;  
imprint it on my heart!  
only for you does my spirit live!  
"I love you, my life," be the love of my life.



Qui risi, o Tirsi, e qui ver me rivolse  
 Le due stelle d'Amor la bella Clori;  
 Qui per ornarmi il crin, de' più bei fiori  
 Al suon dele mie canne un grembo colse.  
 O memoria felice, o lieto giorno.  
 Qui l'angelica voce e le parole,  
 C'humiliaro i più superbi Tori;  
 Qui le Gratie scherzar vidi, e gli Amori  
 Quando le chiome d'or sparte raccolse.  
 O memoria felice, o lieto giorno.  
 Qui con meco s'assise, e qui mi cinse  
 Del caro braccio il fianco, e dolce intorno  
 Stringendomi la man, l'ama mi strinse.  
 Qui d'un bacio ferimmi, e'l viso adorno  
 Di bel vermiglio vergognando tinse.  
 O memoria felice, o lieto giorno.

- Giovanni Battista Marino (1569-1612)

"Rimanti in pace" a la dolente e bella  
 Fillida, Tirsi sospirando disse.  
 "Rimanti, io me ne vo; tal mi prescrisse  
 Legge, empio fat'aspra sort'e rubella."  
 Et ella hora da l'una e l'altra stella  
 Stilland'amaro humore, i lumi affisse  
 Ne i lumi del suo Tirsi e gli trafisse  
 Il cor di pietosissime quadrella.

Ond'ei, di morte sua faccia impressa,  
 Disse: "Ahi, come n'andrò senz'il mio sole,  
 Di martir in martir, di doglie in doglie?"  
 Ed ella, da singhiozzi e piant' oppressa,  
 Fievolmente formò queste parole:  
 "Deh, cara anima mia, chi mi ti toglie?"  
 - Livio Celiano (=Angelo Grillo)

Presso un fiume tranquillo  
 Disse a Fillena Eurillo:  
 Quante son queste arene,  
 Tante son le mie pene;  
 E quante son quell'onde,  
 Tante ho per te nel cor piaghe profonde.  
 Rispose, d'amor piena,  
 Ad Eurillo Fillena:  
 Quante la terra ha foglie,  
 Tante son le mie doglie;  
 E quante il cielo ha stelle,  
 Tante ho per te nel core vive fiamelle.  
 Dunque, con lieto core  
 Soggionse indi il pastore,  
 Quanti ha l'aria augelletti  
 Siano i nostri diletta  
 E quant'hai tu bellezze  
 Tante in noi versi Amor care dolcezze.  
 Sì, sì, con voglie accese  
 L'un e l'altro riprese:  
 Facciam concordi, amanti,  
 Pari le gioie ai pianti  
 A le guerre, le paci:  
 Se fur mille martir, sien mille i baci.  
 - Marino

Here lovely Clori smiled, O Thyrsis, here  
 she turned upon me those two stars of love;  
 here, to the sound of my pipes, she picked  
 a lapful of pretty flowers for my head.  
 Oh joyous memory, oh happy day!  
 Here spoke the angelic voice and uttered  
 words that tamed the fiercest bulls;  
 here I saw the Graces play, and cherubs,  
 when she bound her flowing golden hair.  
 Oh joyous memory, oh happy day!  
 Here she sat with me, and her she clipped  
 my waist in her dear arms, and when she gently  
 pressed my hand, it was my heart she pressed.  
 Here with a kiss she wounded me, and confusion  
 stained her lovely cheek with sweet vermilion.  
 Oh joyous memory, oh happy day!

"Stay, and peace be with you," Thyrsis said,  
 sighing, to the lovely, grieving Phyllis.  
 "Stay; I must go, for thus am I commanded  
 by the law, by fate, harsh, unopposable, unjust."  
 And she, from whose bright eyes  
 fell two bitter rivulets, gazed into the eyes  
 of her beloved Thyrsis, and transfixed  
 his heart with arrows of great piteousness.

At which, with death engraved upon his face,  
 he said: "Alas, how can I go without my sun,  
 from grief to grief, from pain to pain?"  
 And she, with sobs and tears oppressed,  
 feebly formed these words:  
 "Tell me, dear heart, who takes you from me?"

*Near a tranquil river  
 Eurillo said to Fillena:  
 My pains are as numerous  
 as are these sands;  
 and many as there are waves  
 are the deep wounds which rend my heart.  
 Full of ardour, Fillena  
 answered Eurillo:  
 My sufferings are as many  
 as the leaves of the world;  
 and many as there are stars in the heavens  
 are there living fires in my heart for you.  
 Then with a happy heart  
 the shepherd responded thus:  
 May our pleasures number as many  
 as there are birds in the sky;  
 and my love infuse us with sweet delights  
 no less plentiful than your beauties.  
 Their desires awakening, "yes" and  
 "yes" they said to each other;  
 Lovers, let us agree  
 to make our tears equal to our joys,  
 our wars as many as our peacemakings: may  
 a thousand martyrdoms become as many kisses.*



## LAMENTO DELLA NINFA

Non havea Febo ancora  
Recato al mondo il dì  
Ch'una donzella fuora  
Del proprio albergo uscì,  
Sul pallidetto volto  
Scorgea se il suo dolor,  
Spesso gli veniva sciolto  
Un gran sospir dal cor;  
Sì calpestando fiori  
Errava hor qua, hor là,  
I suoi perduti amori  
Così piangendo va:

Amor (dicea, il ciel  
Mirando il piè fermò),  
Amor, dov' è la fè  
Ch'il traditor giurò? (miserella)  
Fa che ritorni il mio  
Amor com' ei pur fu,  
O tu m'ancidi ch'io  
Non mi tormenti più. (miserella)  
No, non vo' più che i sospiri  
Se non lontan da me. (miserella)  
No, no che i martiri  
Più non dirammi affè.  
(Miserella, ah più no,  
Tanto gel soffrir non può!)  
Perché di lui mi struggo  
Tutt'orgoglioso sta,  
Che sì, che sì, se 'l fuggo  
Ancor mi pregherà. (miserella)  
Se ciglio ha più sereno  
Coei che'l mio non è,  
Già non richiude in seno  
Amor sì bella fè.  
Né mai sì dolci baci  
Da quella bocca havrai,  
Né più soavi, ah taci, (miserella)  
Taci, che troppo il sai.

Sì tra sdegnosi pianti  
Spargea le voci al ciel.  
Così ne' cori amanti  
Mesce amor fiamma e gel.

*Phoebus had not yet  
brought his light back to the world  
when a young maiden  
left her dwelling;  
her grief could be seen  
on her pale face,  
and she often loosed  
a great sigh from her heart  
as she wandered here and there,  
treading on the flowers,  
lamenting her lost love  
thus:*

*Love (she said, stopping  
and gazing at the skies),  
Love, where is the faith  
the traitor swore? (Unhappy maiden!)*  
*Let my love return to me  
as he was before,  
or kill me, so that I  
suffer torment no longer. (Unhappy maiden!)*  
*No, I don't want him to sigh  
except far from me; (Unhappy maiden!)*  
*nor that he will tell me,  
in faith, of his torments.*  
*(Unhappy maiden, ah no longer  
can she bear such coldness!)*  
*Because I am consumed with love for him,  
he is proud;  
and if I flee from him  
he will beg my love again. (Unhappy maiden!)*  
*If his new love  
be fairer than I,  
Love does not hold in his breast  
a more faithful love than mine.*  
*You shall never have such sweet  
kisses from those lips,  
nor more tender. Ah be silent (Unhappy maiden!)*  
*be silent, for you know it full well.*

*Thus, amidst her angry tears  
she lifted her voice to heaven.  
In this way in the hearts of lovers  
does Love mix flames and ice.*



## O PRIMAVERA

### *Mirtillo*

O primavera, gioventù de l'anno,  
Bella madre di fiori,  
D'erbe novelle e di novelli amori,  
Tu torni ben, ma teco  
Non tornano i sereni  
E fortunati di de le mie gioie;  
Tu torni ben, tu torni,  
Ma teco altro non torna  
Che del perduto mio caro tesoro  
La rimembranza misera e dolente.  
Tu quella se', tu quella  
Ch'eri pur dianzi sì vezzosa e bella;  
Ma non son io già quel ch'un tempo fui,  
Sì caro agl'occhi altrui.

O dolcezze amarissime d'amore,  
Quanto è più duro perdervi, che mai  
Non v'aver o provate o possedute.  
Come saria l'amar felice stato,  
Se 'l già goduto ben non si perdesse;  
O, quand'egli si perde,  
Ogni memoria ancora  
Del dileguato ben si dileguasse.

Ma, se le mie speranze oggi non sono,  
Com'è l'usato lor, di fragil vetro,  
O se maggior del vero  
Non fa la speme il desiar soverchio,  
Qui pur vedrò colei  
Ch'è 'l sol degl'occhi miei;

E, s'altri non m'inganna,  
Qui pur vedrolla al suon de' miei sospiri  
Fermar il piè fugace.  
Qui pur da le dolcezze  
Di quel bel volto avrà soave cibo  
Nel suo lungo digiun l'avidà vista;  
Qui pur vedrò quell'empia  
Girar inverso me le luci altère,  
Se non dolci, almen fère,  
E, se non carche d'amorosa gioia,  
Sì crude almen, ch'io moia.

O lungamente sospirato invano  
Avventuroso di, se, dopo tanti  
Foschi giorni di pianti,  
Tu mi concedi, Amor, di veder oggi  
Ne' begl'occhi di lei  
Girar sereno il sol degl'occhi miei.

O Spring, the year's youth,  
fair mother of flowers,  
of new leaves and of new loves,  
you have returned, but with you  
the serene and fortunate days of  
my joys have not returned.  
You have returned, and welcome,  
but nothing returns with you  
save the unhappy and painful remembrance  
of the dear treasure I have lost.  
You are unchanged, you who  
remain as fair and jocund as before;  
but I am no more what once I was,  
so gracious in her sight.

O bitter sweets of love,  
how much harder to lose you than never  
to have tried or possessed you.  
What a blessed state love would be  
if, once enjoyed, it never could be lost;  
Or, when lost,  
all memory  
of vanished love itself might vanish.

But if today my hopes (as mine are wont to be)  
are not of brittle glass,  
or (beyond truth itself) my hope  
spring from immoderate desire,  
here again I shall see her  
who is the light of my eyes.

And, lest I am deceived,  
here too I shall again see her  
flight stayed by the sound of my sighs.  
Here too will the long fast  
be broken by the longed-for sight  
of her sweet face;  
Here too I shall see that cruel one  
turn on me her proud eyes,  
if not to light, to burn,  
and, if not laden with amorous delight,  
cruel enough to kill me outright.

O sighed for long, in vain,  
auspicious day, if, after all my  
dark days of weeping,  
Love at last will grant me to behold  
in her bright eyes  
the sun of mine serenely turn.