

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

Early Music Ensemble

David Nutter, *director*

Program

The Lamentations of Jeremiah for Maundy Thursday of Holy Week (1585) Orlando di Lasso
(1530 – 1594)

The First Lamentation: *De lamentatione Hieremiae Prophetæ*

The Second Lamentation: *Zain. Recordata est Hierusalem*

The Third Lamentation: *Lamed: O vos omnes*

Si dolce è 'l tormento (*Quarto scherzo delle ariose vaghezze*, Venice 1624) Claudio Monteverdi
Amy Harris (1567 – 1643)

Nigra sum sed formosa (Vespers of the Blessed Virgin, Venice 1610) Monteverdi
Stephanie Beattie

Accenti queruli sopra la ciaccona (*Cantade*, Venice 1633) Giovanni Felice Sances
Emma Gavenda (1600-1679)

Si sì ch'io v'amo (*Madrigali e canzonette a due e tre voci*, Venice 1651) Monteverdi
Dan Phillips, Brook Ostrom, Matt Zavod

Non vedrò mai le stelle (*Concerto settimo libro de madrigali*, Venice 1619) Monteverdi
Brook Ostrom, Dan Phililps

Pianto della Madonna: Stabat Mater dolorosa (*Motetti a voce sola*, Venice 1638) Sances
Emma Gavenda

Ecco mormorar l'onde (*Secondo libro de madrigali*, Venice 1590) Monteverdi

A un giro sol (*Quarto libro de madrigali*, Venice 1603)

Rimanti in pace (*Terzo libro de madrigal*, Venice 1592)



Sunday, 17 May 2009

3 p.m.

St. Martin's Episcopal Church

The Early Music Ensemble

Soprano

Stephanie Beattie, Kirstin Haag, Britney Haapanen, Amy Harris, Carole Hom, Elise Keddie
Emily Murakami, Andressa Vidigal, Tess Weathers

Alto

Jacki Amos, Jenny Estremera, Amanda Donev, Emma Gavenda, Kelsey Guindon
Jessica Mellinger, Helen Nutter, Susanna Peeples, Michele Ranns

Tenor

Brook Ostrom, Thomas Hill, Daniel Phillips, Kevin Yu, Matthew Zavod

Bass

Dominick DiCarlo, Ron Holmberg, Dave Jones, Neil Willits

Phebe Craig, harpsichord and organ - Matthew Quarles Brown, harpsichord

program note

Orlando di Lasso (Roland de Lassus) was born at Mons (Hainault) in 1532. From the age of twelve he served various courts in Italy (Mantua, Milan, Naples), eventually being appointed chapel master at St. John Lateran, Rome, in 1553. His first works were published at Antwerp in 1555, and a year later he joined the court of Duke Albrecht V of Bavaria at Munich. In 1563 Lassus took over the leadership of the chapel, a position he was to hold for the next 30 years. His five-voice Lamentations were published in 1585. The Lamentations, ascribed to Jeremiah, were written by several poets between 587 and 539 BC. These poems constitute an elegy on the destruction of the Temple by Nebuchadnezzar's Chaldean hordes, a calamity that brought with it the fall of Jerusalem and the Babylonian Captivity. In the liturgy of the Roman Catholic Church the climax of the Lenten period is reached in the three days prior to Easter Sunday, when the Old Testament verses of mourning of the prophet Jeremiah (Threni, Lamentationes) are sung as lessons for the first Nocturn of Matins on Maundy Thursday, Good Friday, and Holy Saturday. Each day of the lamentations consists of three lessons, each of which ends with a quotation from Hosea: "Jerusalem, Jerusalem, return to the Lord thy God." The verses are preceded by a Semitic letter (Aleph, Beth, etc.), a mnemonic and incantatory device. In Lasso's setting, these letters act as structural devices, the music constituted of motivically-similar musical material, either stated directly or in inversion. The verses, austere but plangent, contain a multitude of textual images with certain words or phrases being singled out for dramatic treatment by the composer.

After the mad ravings of Jeremiah we thought a little levity was in order. Hence we present a selection of solos, duets, trios and madrigals by Monteverdi, mostly complaining of unrequited love. Claudio Monteverdi was born at Cremona in 1567. Appointed in 1590 a string player to the household of Vincenzo Gonzaga, Duke of Mantua, Monteverdi became *maestro della musica* to the Gonzaga court in 1601. His duties included the production of courtly entertainments, the most lavish being the operas *Orfeo* and *Arianna*. Dismissed in early 1612 by Vincenzo's successor, Francesco, in the following year Monteverdi was appointed *maestro di cappella* at St. Mark's Basilica, Venice, a position he held until his death on 29 November, 1643.

Giovanni Felice Sances was trained at the German College in Rome between about 1609-14. By 1636 he was a tenor in the chapel of Emperor Ferdinand II, and continued to serve at the imperial court under the emperor's successors Ferdinand III and Leopold I. He was appointed vice-Kapellmeister in 1649, and in 1669 succeeded Antonio Bertali as imperial Kapellmeister, a position that he held until his death a decade later. The cantata *Accenti queruli* borrows the dance-like bass pattern of Monteverdi's ciaccona *Zefiro torna* (for two tenors and continuo), but with quite different results. The descending bass ostinato A-G-F-E is Monteverdi's invention (Lamento della Ninfa). In his stunning setting of the *Stabat Mater* Sances expands this to a chromatic six-note descending pattern (A-G#-G-F#-F-E), similarly used by Purcell (Dido's lament) and Bach (Crucifixus from the B-minor Mass).

eme spring 2009

texts and translations

Hieremiae prophetae lamentationes

Lamentatio prima, primi diei

Incipit lamentatio Hieremiae Prophetae

Aleph

Quomodo sedet sola civitas plena populo:
facta est quasi vidua domina gentium:
principis proviciarum facta est sub tributo.

Beth

Plorans ploravit in nocte, et lachrymae
ejus in maxillis ejus: non est
qui consoletur eam ex omnibus caris ejus:
Omnes amici ejus spreverunt eam
et factu sunt ei inimici.

Gimel

Migravit Judas propter afflictionem,
et multitudinem servitutis:
habitavit inter gentes, nec invenit requiem:
omnes persecutores ejus apprehenderunt
eam inter angustias
Hierusalem, Hierusalem, convertere
ad Dominum Deum tuum.

Lamentatio secunda, primi diei

Zain

Recordata est Hierusalem dierum afflictionis suae,
et praevaricationis, omnium desiderabilium
suorum, quae habuerat a diebus antiquis,
cum caderet populus ejus in manu hostili,
et non esset auxiliator.

Vederunt eam hostes, et deriserunt sabbatha ejus.

Heth

Peccatum peccavit Hierusalem, propterea
instabilis facta est.

Omnes qui glorificabant eam, spreverunt illam,
quia viderunt ignominiam ejus:

Ipsa autem gemens et conversa est retrorsum.

Teth

Sordes ejus in pedibus ejus, nec recordata est finis sui.

Deposita est vehementer: non habens consolatorum.

Vide, Domine, afflictionem meam,
quoniam erectus est inimicus.

Hierusalem, Hierusalem, convertere
ad Dominum Deum tuum.

The Lamentations of Jeremiah

The First Lamentation of the First Day

Here begins the lamentation of the Prophet Jeremiah

Aleph

How does the city sit alone, that was full of people:
she has become like a widow, she that was great among
the nations: the leader of the provinces has become a vassal.

Beth

She weeps, she weeps in the night, and
her tears lie on her cheeks:
there is none to comfort her, even among her own flesh.
All her friends have scorned her
and become her enemies.

Gimel

Judah has departed because of torment
and great slavery:
she has dwelt among the heather but has not found rest.
All her pursuers seized her
in her perplexity.
O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, turn
to the Lord your God.

The Second Lamentation of the First Day

Zain

In the days of her torment and her distraction,
Jerusalem remembered all her longed-for desires
which she possessed in days of old: when
her people fell into the hands of the enemy,
and she had no helper.

The adversaries saw her and mocked at her sabbaths.

Heth

Jerusalem has sinned greatly, therefore
she has been made weak.

All who honored her, despised that,
for they saw her disgrace:

again she sighs and turns backward.

Teth

Her squalor is in her feet: she has not remembered her ending.
She has fallen violently: not having a comforter.

O Lord, see my torment:
for the enemy is triumphant.
O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, turn
to the Lord your God.

Lamentatio tertia, primi diei

Lamed

O vos omnes, qui transitis per viam,
attendite, et videte, si est dolor sicut dolor meus.
Quoniam vindemiavit me, ut locutus est
Dominus in die irae furoris sui.

Mem

De excelsu misit ignem in ossibus meis,
et erudivit me: expandit rete pedibus
meis, convertit me retrorsum:
posuit me desolatua tota die moerore confectam.

Nun

Vigilavit jugum iniquitatum mearum: in manu
ejus convolutae sunt, et impositae collo meo.
Infirmata esta virtus mea: dedit me
Dominus in manu, de qua non potero surgere.
Hierusalem, Hierusalem, convertere
ad Dominum Deum tuum.

Nigra sum

Nigra sum sed formosa filiae Jerusalem
Ideo dilexit me Dominus
Et introduxit in cubiculum suum
Et dixit mihi: surge amica mea et veni.
Jam hiems transiit, imber abiit et recessit,
Flores apparuerunt in terra nostra,
Tempus putationis advenit.

- Song of Songs 1, 4; 2, 3; 2, 11-12

Non vedrò mai le stelle

Non vedrò mai le stelle
ne' bei celesti giri,
perfida, ch'io non miri
gli occhi che fur presenti
alla dura cagion de' miei tormenti,
e ch'io non dica a lor: o luci belle,
deh siate sì rubelle
di lume a chi rubella è sì di fede,
ch'anzi a tant'occhi e tanti lumi
ha core tradire amante sotto fe' d'amore.

Sì sì ch'io v'amo

Sì sì ch'io v'amo
occhi vaghi occhi belli
Sì sì ch'io bramo
vostri nodi tenaci
aurei capelli
e null'altro desio
che sia vostro il mio cor

The Third Lamentation of the First Day

Lamed

O, all you who pass by, attend
and see if there is sorrow like to my sorrow.
For he has gathered me, as the
Lord has spoken, in the day of his fierce anger.

Mem

From on high he has sent fire into my bones,
and taught me: he has spread a net for my feet,
and turned me back:
he has made me desolate, to mourn all the day long.

Nun

He has guarded the yoke of my iniquities: by his hand
are they coiled, and placed upon my neck.
My strength has failed: the Lord has
given me into hands from which I am unable to rise.
O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, turn
to the Lord your God.

I am dark-skinned but comely, daughters of Jerusalem,
Therefore have I pleased the Lord
And he has brought me into his chamber
And said to me: arise my love and come.
For now the winter is past, the rain is over and gone,
The flowers have appeared in our land,
The time of pruning is come.

I shall never gaze at the stars
as they turn in their heavenly course,
betrayed, that I don't see
the eyes that were present
at the hard reason of my torments,
nor shall I say to them: o beautiful eyes,
alas, you are so rebellious you defy light
that rebellion is also an act of faith,
but rather many eyes and lights
has the heart to betray a lover under the guise of love

Yes, yes, I love your
beautiful eyes, charming eyes
Yes, yes I desire
your tenacious knots
of golden tresses
and I desire nothing else
that you be my love

come egli e' mio

Si sì ch'io spero
occhi dolci occhi amati
sì sì ch'è vero
ch'ognor voglio adorarvi
occhi beati
e null'altro desio
che sia vostro il mio cor
come egli è mio.

O viva fiamma

O viva fiamma, o miei sospiri ardenti,
O petto pien di duol, o spirti lassi,
O pensier d'ogni speme ignudi e cassi,
O strali del mio cor fieri e pungenti,

O bei desir de l'onorate menti,
O vane imprese, o dolorosi passi,
O selve, o piagge, o fonti, o fiumi, o sassi,
O sola mia cagion d'aspri tormenti.

O vaghe erbette, o fiori, o verdi mirti,
O loco un tempo a me dolce e giocondo
O v'io già sparsi diletto canto.

O voi, leggiadri ed amorosi spirti,
S'alcun vive qua giù nel basso mondo,
Pietà vi prenda del mio acerbo pianto!

Accenti queruli: Cantada sopra la Ciaccona

Accenti queruli
Spiegate all'aure,
O augeletti garuli;
Com'io lamenti,
Caldi sospiri
Vital del cor respiri.
Mando dal seno ai venti
Miei sospir, miei respir, o miei lamenti.
Andante languidi
Nel duol solliciti alla mia Lidia,
Dite ch'io sospiro
Dite ch'io moro
Pien di martiro senza fatal ristoro.
Che forse placida
Qual pria fu rigida
Ai pianti, ai gemiti,
Vi darà pace
Vi darà vita;
Ne più si audace
Dirà: "non merta aita

as I am yours.

Yes, yes I hope
sweet eyes, beloved eyes
that it may be true
that I will always adore you
blessed eyes
and I desire nothing else
than that you should have my heart
as mine is yours.

O living flame, o my burning sighs,
o bosom full of pain, o feeble spirits,
o broken thoughts devoid of all hope,
o arrows of my heart, fierce and sharp,

O lovely desire of honored thoughts,
o vain undertakings, o painful steps,
o beasts, sands, fountains, rivers, rocks,
you alone cause of my bitter torments.

O winsome herbs, o flowers, o myrtle green
O once sweet and playful place
where once I sang a most pleasing song.

O you, spirits love-sick and pleasing,
should you live down here in the world below
take pity on my bitter lament.

Little chirping birds
unfold your discordant
complaints to the wind,
as I breathe my laments,
hot vital
signs from the heart.
Send my sighs, my breath and my laments
forth from my breast to the winds.
Go! To my Lydia,
languishing in grief alone,
and say how I sigh,
how I die
full of suffering without hope of respite.
Now, perhaps, she will
be placated, she who has been frigid
to tears and to howls.
She will give peace,
she will give life
and no longer so audacious, she will say:
"you don't deserve help, but to one so bold

Ma all'audace in amor dò pace e vita.
Ch'in sguardo rigido
Bellezze angeliche
Furo' dall'anima,
Trasse l'ardore,
Squarciò'l bel velo
Rubò l'honore
Con finto zelo
O mio ardor, o mio honor squarciato velo."
Dirà così la misera,
E voi sospiri, rispondet' a lei:
"Lidia se taci ancor, vergine sei;
Che quando sfogai teco l'ardor mio
Altri non fu che Lidia, Amor et io."

Pianto della Madonna

Stabat Mater dolorosa
iuxta crucem lacrimosa,
dum pendebat Filius.

Cuius animam gementem
contristatam et dolentem
pertransivit gladius.

O quam tristis et afflicta
fuit illa benedicta
mater Unigeniti!

Quae moerebat et dolebat
pia mater cum videbat
nati poenas incliti.

Quis est homo qui non fleret,
Christi matrem si videret
in tanto supplicio?

Quis non posset contristari,
piam matrem contemplari
dolentem cum Filio?

Pro peccatis suae gentis
vidit Iesum in tormentis
et flagellis subditum.

Vidit suum dulcem Natum
moriendo desolatum,
dum emisit spiritum.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
me sentire vim doloris
fac, ut tecum lugeam.

in love I will give peace and life.
With a rigid glance
he stole the angelic
beauty from my soul
he drew out my passion,
he tore apart my beautiful veil.
He stole my honor
with false zeal.
O my passion, oh my honor, my torn veil".
Thus the miserable girl will speak
and you, sighs, will respond to her:
"Lydia, if you keep silent, you are still
a virgin; for when I vented my passion with
you, no one was there but Lydia, Love, and I.

Lament of the Madonna

The grieving Mother
stood beside the cross weeping
where her Son was hanging,

Through her weeping soul,
compassionate and grieving,
a sword passed.

O how sad and afflicted
was that blessed Mother
of the Only-begotten!

Who mourned and grieved,
the pious Mother,
with seeing the torment of her glorious Son.

Who is the man who would not weep
if seeing the Mother of Christ
in such agony?

Who would not be have compassion
on beholding the devout mother
suffering with her Son?

For the sins of His people
she saw Jesus in torment
and subjected to the scourge.

She saw her sweet Son
dying, forsaken,
while He gave up His spirit.

O Mother, fountain of love,
make me feel the power of sorrow,
that I may grieve with you.

Fac ut ardeat cor meum
in amando Christum Deum
ut sibi complaceam.

Sancta mater, istud agas,
Crucifigi fige plagas
cordi meo valide.

Tui Nati vulnerati
tam dignati pro me pati
poenas mecum divide.

Fac me vere tecum flere
Crucifixo condolere,
donec ego vixero.

Iuxta crucem tecum stare
te libenter sociare
in planctu desidero.

Virgo virginum praeclara,
mihi iam non sis amara;
fac me tecum plangere.

Fac ut portem Christi mortem,
passionis eius sortem
et plagas recolere.

Fac me plagis vulnerari,
cruce hac inebriari
ob amorem Filii.

Inflammatum et accensum,
per te, Virgo, sum defensus
in die iudicii.

Fac me cruce custodiri,
morte Christi praemuniri,
confoveri gratia.

Quando corpus morietur,
fac ut animae donetur
paradisi gloria. Amen.

Grant that my heart may burn
in the love of the Lord Christ
that I may greatly please Him.

Holy Mother, grant this of yours,
that the wounds of the Crucified be well-formed
in my heart.

Grant that the punishment of your wounded Son,
so worthily suffered for me,
may be shared with me.

Let me sincerely weep with you,
bemoan the Crucified,
for as long as I live.

To stand beside the cross with you,
and for me to join you
in mourning, this I desire.

and the remembrance of His wounds.
to me, now, be not bitter;
let me mourn with you.

Grant that I may bear the death of Christ,
grant me the fate of His passion
and the remembrance of His wounds.

Let me be wounded with distress,
inebriated in this way by the cross
and the blood of your Son,

Lest I be destroyed by fire, set alight,
then through you, Virgin, may I be defended
on the day of judgement.

Let me be guarded by the cross,
fortified by the death of Christ,
and cherished by grace.

When my body dies,
grant that to my soul is given
the glory of paradise. Amen.

Si dolce è 'l tormento
 Che in seno mi sta
 Ch'io vivo contento
 Per cruda beltà.
 Nel ciel di bellezza
 S'accreschi fierezza
 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.
 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.*

La speme fallace
 Rivolgam' il piè
 Diletto ne pace
 Non scendano a me.
 E l'empia ch'adoro
 Mi niegi 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.*

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

*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
 pierced my heart
 changing my lot,
 then with Death's dart
 I will heal my heart.*

Se fiamma d'amore
 Già mai non senti
 Quel rigido core
 Ch'il cor mi rapì.
 Se nega pietate
 La cruda beltate
 Che l'anima invaghì
 Ben fia che dolente
 Pentita e languente
 Sospirimi un dì.

*Though love's flame
 was never felt
 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.*

Rimanti in pace

“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.

“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.

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)

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?”

Ecco mormorar l'onde

Ecco mormorar l'onde
 E tremolar le fronde,
 A l'aura mattutina e gli arborscelli
 E sovra i verdi rami i vaghi augelli
 Cantar soavemente
 E rider l'oriente
 Ecco già l'alba appare
 E si specchia nel mare
 E rasserena il cielo

Here the waves murmur
 and the foliage and shrubs tremble
 in the morning breeze;
 and on the tree branches the pretty birds
 sing sweetly;
 and the Orient smiles.
 Behold, the day has dawned
 and is reflected in the sea
 and brightens up the sky

E imperla il dolce gelo
E gli alti monti indora
O bella e vaga aurora
L'aura è tua messaggera e tu de l'aura
Che ogni arso cor ristaura.

- Torquato Tasso

A un giro sol

A un giro sol de' begl'occhi lucenti
ride l'aria d'intorno,
e 'l mar s'acqueta e i venti,
e si fa il ciel d'un altro lume adorno,
sol io le luci ho lagrimose e meste.
Certo quando nasceste
così crudel e ria,
nacque la morte mia.

- G. B. Guarini

and beads the sweet frost
and gilds the tall mountains.
O beautiful and lovely dawn,
the gentle breeze is your herald and you of the breeze
which refreshes every burnt heart.

At a single glance of those beautiful, beaming eyes
the atmosphere all around became cheerful,
the sea and winds grow calm,
and the sky is adorned with a new light;
I alone remain with tearful and sad eyes.
Certainly when you were born
so cruel and wicked,
my death was born.