

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

Early Music Ensemble

David Nutter, *director*; with Sarah Eyerly, *soprano*, Phebe Craig, *continuo*, and David Morris, *lirone*

Songs of Sundrie Natures

Program

Ave Maria	Josquin Desprez (ca 1450–1521)
Hor ch'è tempo di dormire. Canzonetta spirituale sopra alla nanna Curtio precipitato et altri capricii (Venice 1638)	Tarquinio Merula (ca 1595–1665)
Lulla, lullaby (Carol for Holy Innocents) Psalms, Sonets and Songs (London 1588)	William Byrd (1543–1623)
Se l'aura spira Primo libro di arie musicali (Florence 1630)	Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583–1643)
Dunque dovrò del puro servir mio: Aria di Romanesca Primo libro di arie musicali (Florence 1630)	Frescobaldi
pause	
Salve Regina	Jacob Obrecht (1457/8–1505)
Salve Regina Motetti (Venice 1638)	Giovanni Felice Sances (ca 1600–1679)
Usurpator tiranno: Cantada a voce sola sopra il Passacaglie Cantade (Venice 1633)	Sances
Accenti queruli: Cantada a voce sola sopra la Ciaccona Cantade (Venice 1633)	Sances
Christ rising again (Verse anthem for Easter Sunday) Songs of Sundrie Natures (London 1589)	Byrd

Friday, 2 June 2006

8 p.m.

St. Martin's Episcopal Church

The Early Music Ensemble

Soprano

Sarah Eyerly, Carole Hom, Elise Keddie, Stefanie Tomcich, Jane Wong

Alto

Jackie Amos, Helen Nutter

Tenor

Drew Stevens, Matt Vega, Holden Van Slyke

Bass

Richard Mix, Ryan Novero, Neil Willits

with

Sarah Eyerly, soprano

David Morris, lirone

Phebe Craig, organ and harpsichord

Texts and translations

Ave Maria

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

Hail Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with you, serene Virgin.

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

Hail to her whose conception,
full of solemn jubilation,
fills heaven and earth
with new joy.

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

Hail to her whose birth
was our solemn feast,
like the morning star, the light of day,
anticipating the true sun (Christ).

Ave, pia humilitas,
Sine viro fecunditas,
Cuius annuntiatio
Nostra fuit salvatio.

Hail, pious humility,
fruitful without a man,
whose annunciation
was our salvation.

Ave, vera virginitas,
Immaculata castitas,
Cuius purificatio
Nostra fuit purgatio.

Hail, true virginity,
immaculate chastity,
whose purification
purged our sins.

Ave, praeclara omnibus
Angelicis virtutibus,
Cuius fuit assumptio
Nostra glorificatio.

Hail, most excellent in all
angelic virtues,
whose assumption
was our glorification.

O Mater Dei,
Memento mei. Amen.

O Mother of God,
remember me. Amen

Hor ch'è tempo di dormire: Canzonetta spirituale sopra alla nanna.

Hor ch'è tempo di dormire
Dormi figlio e non vagire
Perchè tempo ancor verrà
che vagir bisognerà.

*Deh ben mio deh cor mio
fa la nina nina na.*

Chiudi quei lumi divini
Come fan gli altri bambini
Perchè tosto oscuro velo
priverà di lumi il cielo.

*Deh ben mio deh cor mio
fa la nina nina na.*

Over prendi questo latte
dalle mie mamelle intatte
perchè ministro crudele
ti prepara aceto e fiele.

*Deh ben mio deh cor mio
fa la nina nina na.*

Amor mio sia questo petto
hor per te morbido letto
pria che rendi ad alta voce
l'alma al Padre su la croce.

*Deh ben mio deh cor mio
fa la nina nina na.*

Posa hor queste membra belle
vezzosette e tenerelle
Perche poi ferì e catene
gli daran acerbe pene.

*Deh ben mio, deh cor mio
fa la nina nina na.*

Queste mani e questi piedi
Ch'hor con gusto e guadio vedi
Ahimè com'in varij modi
passeran acuti chiodi.

Questa faccia gratiosa
rubiconda hor più che rosa
Sputi e schiaffi sporcheranno
con tormento e grand' affanno.

Ah con quanto tuo dolore
sola speme del mio core
Questo capo e questi crini
passeran acuti spini.

Ah, ch'in questo divin petto
amor mio dolce e diletto
vi farà piaga mortale
empi lancia e disleale.

Dormi dunque figlio mio,
Dormi pur Redentor mio
perchè poi con lieto viso
si vedrem in Paradiso.

Hor che dorme la mia vita
Del mio cor gioia compita
Tacia ognun con puro zelo

Now it is time to sleep,
sleep, child and do not cry,
for in time you will see
that you will have reason to cry.

*Ah my dear, my darling,
sleep, lullaby.*

Close your eyes that are divine
as other babies do,
for soon a dark veil
will cover the light from the sky.

*Ah my dear, lullaby
sleep, lullaby.*

Or take this milk
from my blameless breasts
for a cruel fate
prepares for you gall and vinegar.

*Ah my dear, my darling
sleep, lullaby.*

My love, let my breast
be a soft bed for you
till you yield up in a loud voice
your soul to God on the cross.

*Ah my dear, my darling
sleep, lullaby.*

Stretch out your lovely limbs now,
soft and tender limbs
that later chains and irons
will inflict with bitter suffering.

*Ah my dear, my darling
sleep, lullaby.*

These hands and these feet
that now you see with pride and pleasure
will, alas, in various ways
be pierced by sharp nails.

This sweet face,
rosy red now rather than pink,
they will sully it with spitting and blows
to hurt and torment you.

Ah, with such pain,
only hope of my heart,
will your head and hair
be pierced by sharp thorns.

Ah, in this godlike breast,
my sweet love, my delight,
will an evil faithless spear
strike a mortal blow.

Sleep then my son,
sleep now my redeemer,
for later in happiness
we shall see each other in paradise.

Now that the life of my life sleeps,
my heart's joy complete,
in adoration all nature is silent

Tacian sin la terra e'l Cielo.
E fra tanto io che farò?
Il mio ben contemplerò
Ne starò col capo chino
Sin che dorme il mio Bambino.

even unto the earth and heaven.
And amongst this what shall I do?
I will watch over my beloved,
I will stay here with head bowed
while my baby sleeps.

Lulla, lullaby

Lulla, lullaby, my sweet little baby,
What meanest thou to crye?
La lulla, my sweet little baby.

Be still my blessed babe,
Though cause thou hast to mourne:
Whoes bloud most innocent to shed,
The cruel king hath sworne,
And lo, alas, behold,
What slaughter he doth make,
Shedding the bloud of infants all,
Sweet saviour for thy sake,
A king is borne, they say:
Which king this king wold kill,
O woe, and wofull heavie daie
When wretches have their will.

Lulla, lullaby.....

Se l'Aura spira tutta vezzosa

Se l'Aura spira tutta vezzosa,
La fresca Rosa ridente stà,
La siepe ombrosa di bei smeraldi,
D'estivi caldi timor hon hà.

When the spring breeze blows gracefully
the fresh rose laughs
under the shadow of the emerald hedge
Fearless of the summer heat.

A' balli liete venite
Ninfe gradite, fior di beltà,
Or, che si chiaro il vago fonte
Dall'alto monte al mar sen và.

Come to the happy dance,
you sweet nymphs, flowers of beauty
Now that the clear fresh waterfall from
the high mountain flows down to the sea.

Suoi dolci versi spiega l'Augello,
E l'Arbuscello fiorito stà
Un volto bello al ombra accanto
Sol si dia vanto d'haver pietà,
Al canto, Ninfe ridenti,
Scacciate i venti di crudeltà

The bird sings her sweet verses
and the hedge is in flower
Only one beautiful face sitting in the shade
is too proud to have pity.
Sing, sing, laughing nymphs
And chase the away the winds of cruelty.

Dunque dovrò del puro servir mio: Aria di Romanesca

Dunque dovrò del puro servir mio,
Crudel, or riportar tormenti e pene.

Cruel one, must my undivided servitude
now be rewarded by torment and pain?

O tradite speranze, o van desio,
Che sepolta nel duol l'alma mi tiene.

O betrayed hope, o vain desire, which
My spirit holds in sepulchral darkness.

Te, Amor, te solo ora incolpar degg'io,
Che mi' involi, tiranno, ogni mio bene.

You, love, you alone are to blame,
You who steal away all my riches.

Te, te incolpar degg'io, che prendi a gioco
Che m'arda il cor di crudeltade il foco.

Salve Regina

Salve, Regina, mater misericordiae:
Vita, dulcedo, e spes nostra, salve.
Ad te clamamus, exsules, filii Hevae,
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes,
in hac lacrimarum valle.
Eia ergo, advocata nostra, illos
tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte.
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui,
nobis post hoc exsilium ostende.
O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.

I blame you, you who make light
Of the cruel fire which burns my heart.

Hail, O Queen, mother of mercy
Our life, sweetness and hope.
We banished children of Eve call to thee,
To thee do we sigh, mourning and weeping
In this vale of tears.
O you, our advocate,
Turn on us thy merciful eyes.
And after this our exile show unto us Jesus,
the blessed fruit of thy womb.
O clement, O loving, O sweet Virgin Mary.

Usurpator tiranno: Cantada a voce sola sopra il Passacaglie

Usurpator tiranno
della tua libertà sia Lilla altrui
che da gl'imperi suoi
non riceve il mio amor perdita o danno.
Faccia 'l geloso amante
che non t'oda ben mio che non ti miri.
Saranno i miei sospiri
a suo dispetto d'amator costante.
Procuri pur ch'io sia
esule dal tuo affetto e dal tuo core,
che non farà d'amore
abbandoni già mai l'anima mia.
Di sdegno in fra gli ardori
armi la voce a stratii miei rivolto;
Non potrà far il stolto
Che se ben tu non m'ami io non t'adori.
Ma che val ch'il rivale
non me possa impedir ch'io non ti brami
Se per far ch'io non ami
l'adorar giova poco amar non vale.
Metà de' tuoi diletti
fatto e novo amator vago e felice
a cui concede è lice
il tuo voler del cor gl'ultimi accenti.
Seguane ciò che vuole;
adorerò com'adorai 'l tuo nome,
Le luci tue, le chiome
saranno del mio cor catena e sole.
Sii pur Lilla crudele;
tenti per tormentarmi angosce e affanni;
Non mi daranno gl'anni
altro titolo mai che di fedele.

Lilla, although another man is the tyrant
and usurper of your freedom,
yet my love receives no loss or hurt
from his dominion.
Though your jealous lover decree
that I should not hear your voice,
my love, or see you, my sighs, in spite
of him will be those of a constant lover.
Though he may bring about my exile
from your affection and from your heart,
yet he cannot make love
desert my thoughts.
Though in his passion he may harden his
voice with scorn at the thought of my
torments, yet the fool cannot prevent me
from loving you, even though you do not love me
But what does it matter that my rival
cannot hinder me from wanting you,
to stop me from loving you, my adoration
helps little, and my love not at all.
A new lover has become the goal
of your pleasure. Eager and happy
is he to whom your will and your heart
grants the right to utter the last word.
Come what may
I adore you as I adore your name,
your eyes and your tresses
Will become the chain and light of my heart.
Be as cruel as you like,
try to torment me with pains and sorrows,
I shall have as the years pass by
No other title than the faithful.

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
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."

Little chirping birds
unfold your discordant
complaints to the wind,
as I breathe my laments,
hot vital
sighs 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
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."

Christ rising

Christ rising again from the dead, now dieth not.
Death from henceforth hath no power upon him.
For in that he died but once to put away sin,
But in that he liveth, he liveth unto God.
And so likewise count yourselves dead unto sin,
But living unto God, in Christ Jesus our Lord.

Christ is risen again, the first fruits of them
That sleep, for seeing that by man came death,
By man also cometh the resurrection of the dead,
For as by Adam, all men do die;
So by Christ, all men shall be restored to life. Amen.

1 Corinthians xv.20-22; Romans vi.9-11