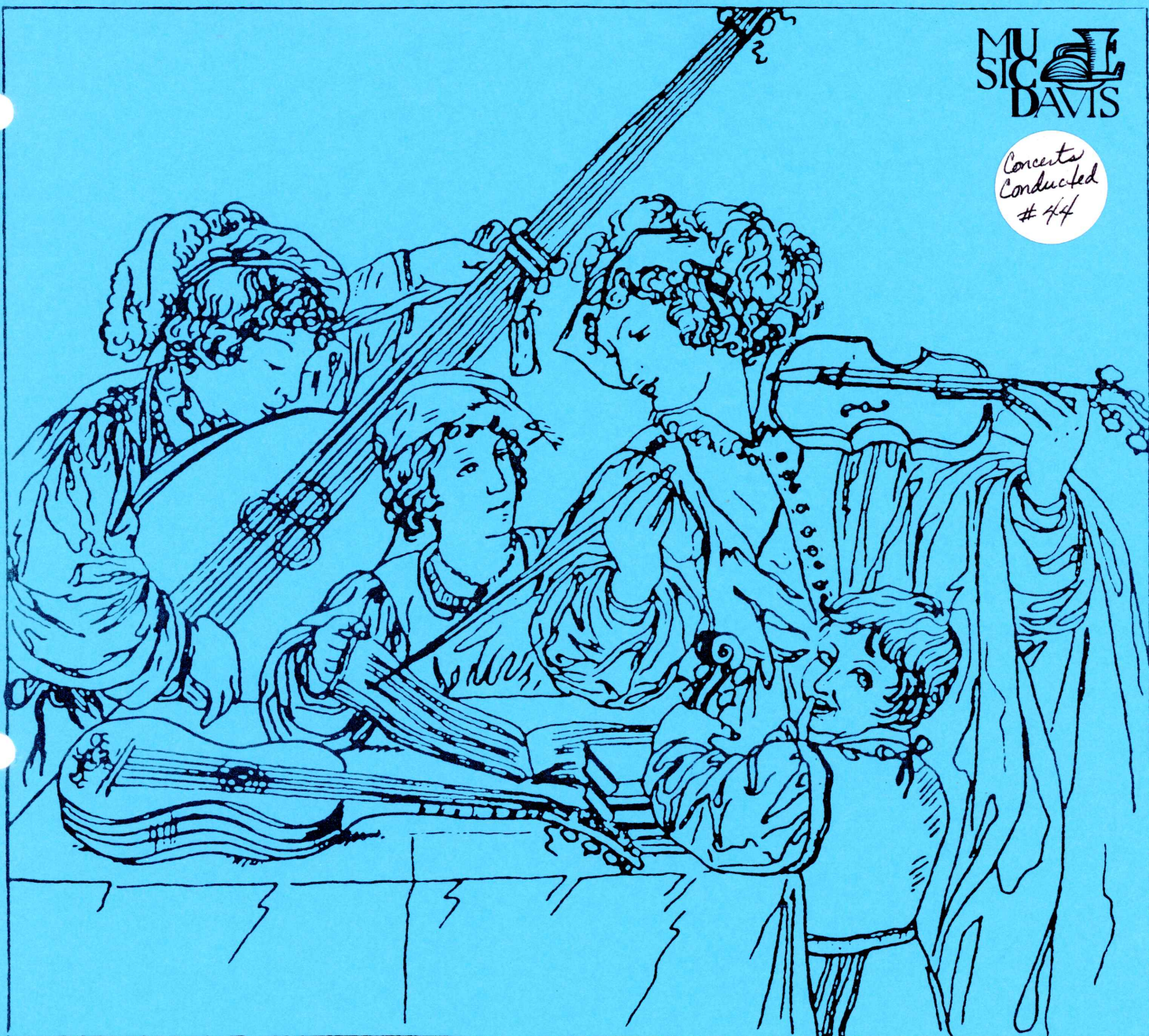


MUSIC
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University of California, Davis
The Department of Music presents

EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE

David Nutter and Robert Samson Bloch, directors
in a program of works by

CARLO GESUALDO

PRINCE OF VENOSA

Luca Marenzio and Orazio Vecchi

Saturday, 7 March 1987, 8:00 P.M.
Church of St. Martin, Episcopal

Admission Free
640 Hawthorn Lane, Davis

Concerts
Conducted
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University of California, Davis
The Department of Music
presents

THE EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE
David Nutter and Robert Samson Bloch, *directors*
with Dona Lee Brandon, *organ*

VIRTUOSO MUSIC OF THE LATE RENAISSANCE

PROGRAM

Padoana Gentil Madonna; Gamba Gagliarda; La Caracossa; Le forze d'Hercole; Passamezzo de Mistro Rigo	Giovanni Pacoloni (<i>fl.</i> 1564) Anon. (<i>Intabolatura nova</i> , 1551)
Madonna mia pietà	Orlando di Lasso (1532-1594)/ Emanuel Adriaensen
My Lord Willoughby's Welcome Home	John Dowland (1563-1626)
Ave, dulcissima Maria (<i>Sacrarum cantionum</i> , 1603)	Carlo Gesualdo (<i>ca.</i> 1561-1613)
Ricercare cromatico (<i>Fiori musicali</i> , 1635)	Girolamo Frescobaldi (1583-1643)
Omnes amici mei Caligaverunt oculi mei Tenebrae factae sunt (<i>Responsoria</i> , 1611)	Gesualdo

INTERVAL

Sinfonia à5 (<i>Intermedii et concerti</i> , 1591)	Luca Marenzio (1553-1599)
O dolcezze amarissime d'amore (<i>Il settimo libro de madrigali</i> , 1595)	Marenzio
Gagliarda del Principe di Venosa	Gesualdo
Mercè grido piangendo (<i>Madrigali libro quinto</i> , 1611)	Gesualdo
Two Sinfonie à6 (<i>Intermedii et concerti</i> , 1591)	Cristofano Malvezzi (1547-1599)
Mascherata della Malinconia et Allegrezza (<i>Dialoghi</i> , 1608)	Orazio Vecchi (1550-1605)

St Martin's Episcopal Church

8 p.m.

Saturday March 7, 1987

THE EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE

<i>Soprano</i>	<i>Alto</i>	<i>Tenor</i>	<i>Bass</i>
Carole Hom	Naomi Braun	Eric Greve	Ron Alexander
Lisa Lambro	Violet Grgich	John Ostrom	Carl Bulkin
Kathy McCoy	Mary Ann Long	Elwood Overholt	Tom Kaiser
Jennifer Moffit	Adrea Stapp	Neil Willits	Tony Pollock
Helen Nutter			Lee Riggs
Debbie Stone			

Ron Alexander, *lute; tenor viol*
 Robert Bloch, *treble viol*
 Diana Dallman, *treble and bass viol*
 Richard Darsie, *lute*
 Violet Grgich, *bass viol*

Richard Janes, *bass viol*
 Virginia Janes, *bass viol*
 Jeanette Leifson, *tenor viol*
 David Nutter, *lute*
 Vic Spain, *treble viol*

Program note

The titled dances (e.g., *La Caracossa*) for lute and keyboard are all based on popular tunes of the day; Pacoloni's *Longe elegantissima [...] tribus testudinibus ludenda carmina*, printed at Louvain by Pierre Phalèse in 1564, contains dance tunes arranged for three lutes (tuned D, C and A); the *Intabolatura nova* (Venice, 1551) contains a similar repertory of dances arranged for keyboard. The dances are sectional with ornamented repeats. Orlando di Lasso's *Madonna mia pietà*, first printed in 1555, is an example of the *canzone villanesca alla napolitana*, and was later arranged for three lutes (tuned in D, G and A) by Emanuel Adriaensen (*Pratum musicum*, 1584). My Lord Willoughby's Welcome Home is a setting for two lutes of a jig tune known as "Rowland;" Lord Willoughby, the dedicatee, returned to England from the Low Countries in 1589. Frescobaldi's *Ricercare cromatico* ("ricercare" means to "seek out," here a chromatic theme) is a work intended to be performed after the Credo at Mass.

The life and works of Carlo Gesualdo, Prince of Venosa, nobleman and composer, murderer and melomane, seem inextricably entwined. Gesualdo's double aristocratic assassination in 1590 of his wife (and cousin) Maria d'Avalos and her noble lover, Fabrizio Carafa, the Duke of Andria, surprised "in flagrante delicto di flagrante peccato," was an event that secured for all time the notoriety of the man. That his equally notorious music speaks for his life (the artist as hero, or in Gesualdo's case, as "anti-hero"), or that events in his life may be said to explain his music, are notions bred of nineteenth-century romanticism. The chromatic style of the late madrigals, and their ostentatious display of cleverness, irregularity and complexity, equally inform (albeit in diluted form) his religious music. The *Responsoria*, which contravene the liturgical decree that ordains renunciation of all ornament during Holy Week, were meant to be privately performed in Gesualdo's castle, and were intended for one listener, the composer himself. For his madrigals, Gesualdo chose epigrammatic texts charged with anxiety, longing and grief; the music, correspondingly, is immediate, searingly intense but of short duration. By contrast, Luca Marenzio's madrigals belong to the tradition that great poetry (Guarini's artifice-laden *Il pastor fido* was the most celebrated poem of the day) deserves great music. Orazio Vecchi's *Mascherata della Malinconia et Allegrezza* (for which he also wrote the text) was performed outdoors by costumed maskers taking the part of the principal protagonists, Melancholy and Cheerfulness, for a wedding celebration at Modena in 1604. The action is simple. Melancholy, with her retinue of gloomy widows, is to be banished from the earth by Cheerfulness and the nuptial gods; what in fact transpires is that Melancholy is converted by the power of music (the strophic *balletto*) to a happy state. *And long live love!*

-DN

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Madonna mia pietà

Madonna mia pietà chiam' et aita
Ch'io moro e stento a torto e pur volete
Io grido e nol sentete;
Acqua, Madonna, al foco
Ch'io mi sento morire a poco a poco.

My lady, have mercy on me and help me,
for I am dying wrongly killed and yet you wish it.
I cry out, and yet you do not hear my cry;
Douse water on my fire, my lady,
for I feel that I am slowly dying.

Di chiedervi mercè son quasi roco
Sol della pena mia prendete gioco
Pur grido in ogni loco:
Acqua, Madonna, al foco
Ch'io mi sento morire a poco a poco.

My voice is hoarse from begging for pity
but you only mock my sufferings,
yet I still cry out:
Douse water on my fire, my lady,
for I feel I am slowly dying.

Ave, dulcissima Maria

Ave, dulcissima Maria,
vera spes et vita,
dulce refrigerium!
O Maria, flos virginum,
Ora pro nobis Jesum.

Hail, most gentle Mary,
true hope and light,
cool fount of refreshment!
O Mary, true flower among virgins,
pray to Jesus for us.

Omnes amici mei (Good Friday, Responsory 1)

Omnes amici mei dereliquerunt me, et praevaluerunt insidiantes mihi: tradidit me quem diligebam:
Et terribilibus oculis plaga crudeli percutientes, aceto potabant me.
Versus: Inter iniquos projecerunt me, et non pepercerunt animae meae.

All my friends have forsaken Me, and they that lay in ambush for Me have prevailed: he whom I loved hath betrayed Me: And with fierce looks they have cruelly struck Me, and given Me vinegar to drink.

Versus: They have cast Me out among the wicked, and have not spared My life.

Caligaverunt oculi mei (Good Friday, Responsory 9)

Caligaverunt oculi mei a fletu meo: quia elongatus est a me, qui consolabatur me: Videte, omnes populi, si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.
Versus: O vos omnes, qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor similis sicut dolor meus.

My eyes are darkened by My tears: for He is far from Me that comforted Me: See, O all ye people, if there be a sorrow like unto My sorrow.

Versus: O all ye that pass by, behold and see if there be a sorrow like unto My sorrow.

Tenebrae factae sunt (Good Friday, Responsory 5)

Tenebrae factae sunt, dum crucifixissent Jesum Judaei: Et circa horam nonam exclamavit Jesus voce magna: Deus meus, ut quid me dereliquisti? Et inclinato capite, emisit spiritum.
Versus: Exclamans Jesus voce magna, ait: Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum.

Darkness covered the earth, whilst the Jews crucified Jesus: And about the ninth hour, Jesus cried with a loud voice: My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me? And bowing His head, He gave up the ghost.

Versus: Jesus crying with a loud voice, said: Father, into Thy hands I commend My spirit.

O dolcezze amarissime d'amore

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 quando egli si perde
ogni memoria ancora
del dileguato ben si dileguasse!
Ma le mie speranze oggi non sono,
com'è l'usato lor, di fragil vetro,
qui pur vedrò colei
ch'è il sol degli occhi miei.
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 quel empia
girar inverso me le luci altère,
se non dolci, almen fère,
e se non carche d'amorosa gioia,
si crude almen, ch'i' moia.
Oh lungamente sospirato invano
avventuroso di, se, dopo tanti
foschi giorni di pianti,
tu mi concedi, Amor, di veder oggi
ne' begli occhi di lei
girar sereno il sol degli occhi miei!
(Guarini, *Il pastor fido*)

Mercè grido piangendo

Mercè grido piangendo
Ma chi m'ascolta?
Ahi lasso, io vengo meno;
Morrò dunque tacendo.
Deh, per pietade almeno,
Dolce del cor tesoro,
Potessi dirti pria ch'io mora:
"io moro!"

O bitter-sweets of Love! Far worse it is
To lose, then never to have tasted blisse.

But O how sweet were Love, if it could not
Be lost, or being lost could be forgot!
Though if my hopes (as mine are wont to be)
Are not of glasse, or my love make me see
Them through a multiplying glasse; If I
Be not deceiv'd both by my self, and by
Another: Here I shall that Sun behold
Which I adore, impart her beams of gold
To my blest sight, behold her flying feet
Stop at my sad notes; here upon the sweet
Food of that lovely face I shall suffice
After a tedious fast my greedy eyes.
Here, here behold that proud one on me turn
Her sparkling lamps, if not to light, to burn.
And if not fraught with amorous delight,
So kindly cruell as to kill outright.
Yet were't but just, that after so much pain
As I have hitherto endur'd in vain,
Thou Love at length shoudst make the Sun appear
To this benighted earth serene and cleer.

(Fanshawe, *The Faithful Shepherd*)

Weeping, I cry for mercy
but who is there to hear me?
Alas, I grow weaker;
I shall die, therefore, in silence.
Ah! at least for pity's sake,
sweetest lady of my heart's desire,
before dying may I say to you:
"I die!"

**MASCHERATA DELLA MALINCONIA
ET ALLEGREZZA**

Malinconia

Queste lagrim' amare
Ch'escono fuor da queste luci meste
Rigand' il nero manto,
Son tante perle care;
(Ahi, se 'l sapeste)
La cetra vostra volgerest' in pianto.

Allegrezza

Dite a che piangete
E sospirate,
Vedove sconsolate
In vesti nere,
E perché non gioire
Più tosto che languire?
Miserelle,
Pazzarelle
Che voi sete;
Ché si suol dire:
Mille sospir non vaglian
un piacere.

Malinconia

Anzi ne par soave
Il cordoglio e la pena,
Ch'ogn'acerbo dolore
N'è cib' et esca al core
Che l'allegrezza affrena.

Allegrezza

Il fior del viso
Dal duol conquiso,
Tutt'è cangiato
Dal primo stato.
Hor non spirate
Da noi pietate.

Malinconia

Ah, crudeltà infinita,
Ch'anco l'umanità ci nieg' aita;
Ma noi farem, col sospirar eterno,
Se non si mov' il Ciel, placar l'Inferno.

Allegrezza

Forse che cangierete
Il gran martire
Ch'a poco a poco
Vi fa morire
In riso e 'n gioco,

**MASQUERADE OF MELANCHOLY
AND CHEERFULNESS**

Melancholy

These bitter tears
issuing from these sad eyes,
making furrows on my black cloak,
are so many precious pearls;
(alas, if you knew it)
your music would change to weeping.

Cheerfulness

Tell us why you weep
and sigh,
disconsolate widows
dressed in black,
and why not be happy
rather than sad?
Miserable,
lunatic ladies
that you are;
for it is said:
"A thousand sighs are not worth as much as
one pleasure."

Melancholy

Mourning and misery
are just as sweet,
for every bitter sorrow
is food and allurement to the heart
which cheerfulness brakes.

Cheerfulness

The bloom of your face
is subdued by grief,
entirely changed
from how it used to be;
now do not hope for
pity from us.

Melancholy

Ah, the endless cruelty;
even humanity denies us help;
but if Heaven is not moved, we shall appease
the underworld with our eternal sighing.

Cheerfulness

Perhaps you may change
the great suffering
that little by little
is bringing you to death,
to laughter and joy,

Se fuggirete
Ogn'harmonia
Che mesta sia
Vivendo sempre
In amorse tempore.

Malinconia

Deh, spiegateci i canti e l'allegrezze
Che l'alm' al duolo avezze
I contenti d'amor gustino alquanto.

Balletto

Allegrezza

Chi vuol viver in gioia
Fugga la pena,
Fugga la noia,
Ché l'allegrezza
Dà contentezza
A l'alme e al core;
E viva l'Amore.

Chi brama lunga vita
Segue il piacere
Con fronte ardita,
Poi che per prova
Diletta e giova
A tutte l'hore;
E viva l'Amore.

Perché il cor si dilegua
Che non ha mai
Pace né tregua,
Sempre sospira,
O che delira,
E al fin si muore;
E viva l'Amore.

Questo è un sano consiglio
Ch'a l'Allegrezza
Si dia di piglio,
Ché non havrai
Affanni o guai
Dentro e di fuore;
E viva l'Amore.

Malinconia

Hor la mestitia nostr'è volt' in gioia.

Malinconia ed Allegrezza

O ben felice e fortunato Amore,
Che in un moment' alegra
e attrist' il core,
E viva l'allegrezza' a tutte l'hore.

if you abandon
all musics
of sadness
and live forever
in loving harmonies.

Melancholy

Ah, show us the songs and mirth
so that our souls, accustomed to grief,
may enjoy something of the delights of love.

Ballet

Cheerfulness

Whoever wishes to live in joy,
flee from sorrow,
flee from care,
because cheerfulness
gives contentment
to heart and soul;
and long live love!

Whoever wishes for long life,
follows pleasure
with a bold face,
since as proof
it amuses and delights
at all times;
and long live love!

For the heart disintegrates
that never has
peace or repose,
always sighing,
or raving,
and dies at the end;
and long live love!

This is wise counsel
that from cheerfulness
one should profit,
because you will never have
sorrow nor pain,
inside or out;
and long live love!

Melancholy

Now our sadness is changed to joy.

Melancholy and Cheerfulness

O happy and fortunate Love,
that at the same time both saddens
and cheers our hearts,
long live cheerfulness at all times!