

University of California, Davis
The Department of Music presents

UCD Early Music Ensemble

David Nutter, director

Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)

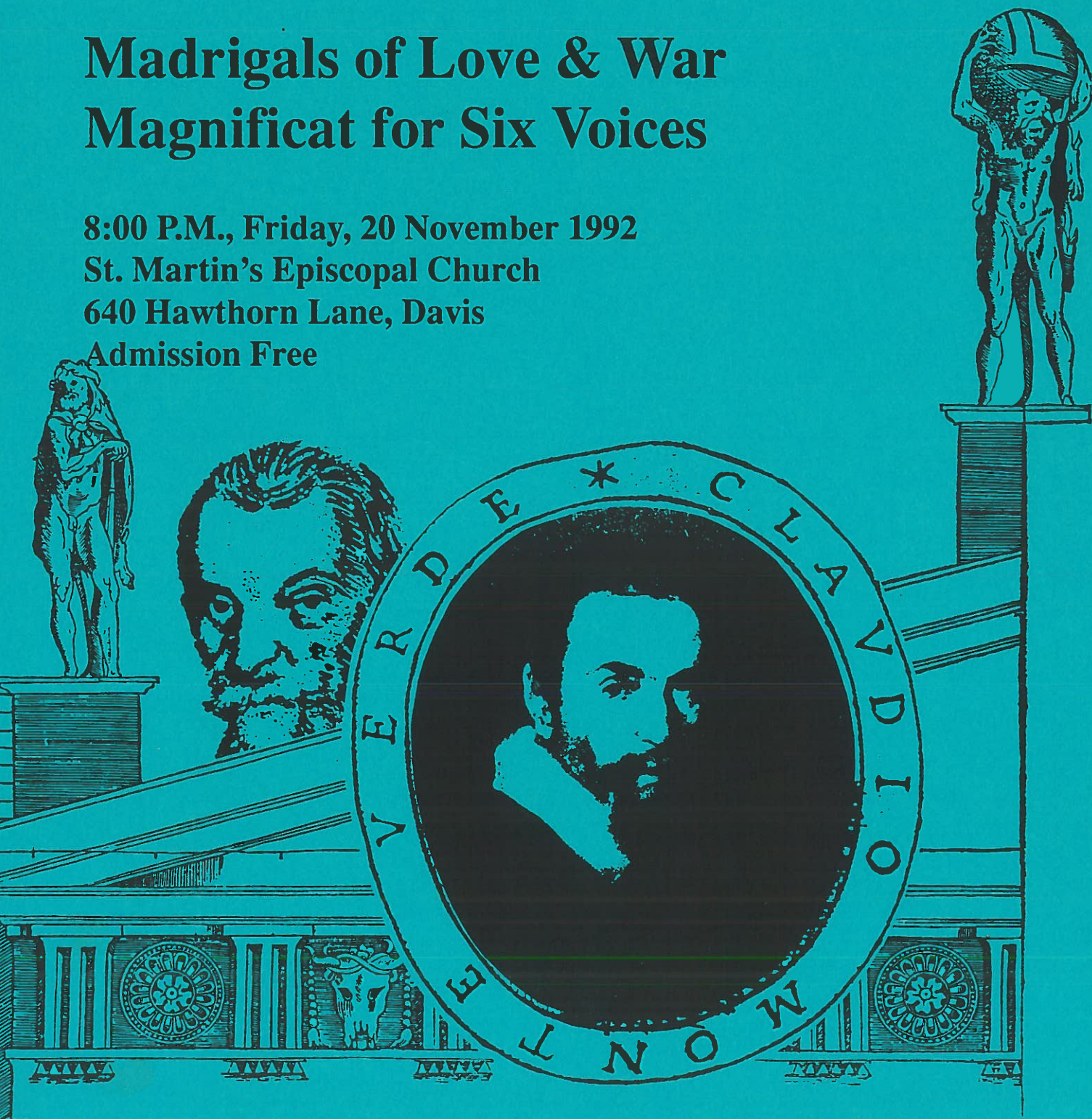
Madrigals of Love & War Magnificat for Six Voices

8:00 P.M., Friday, 20 November 1992

St. Martin's Episcopal Church

640 Hawthorn Lane, Davis

Admission Free



The University of California, Davis
The Department of Music presents

THE EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE

David Nutter, *director*

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI

(1567-1643)

MADRIGALS OF LOVE & WAR

Concerto. Settimo libro de' madrigali, 1619

Tempro la cetra
(Brook Ostrom, tenor)

A quest'olmo, a quest' ombre et a quest'onde

Parlo, misero, o taccio?
(Martha Horst, Suzanne Elder, Kari Kaarna)

Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi, 1638

Hor che'l ciel e la terra

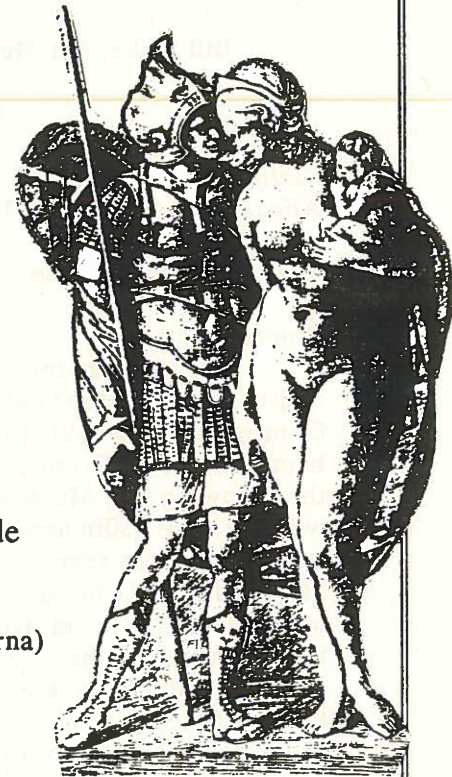
*** intermission ***

VESPERAE BEATAE MARIAE VIRGINIS

Vespro della beata virgine, 1610

Laetatus sum

Magnificat



Friday, 20 November, 1992
Admission free

8 p.m.

St. Martin's Episcopal Church
Davis

THE EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE

soprano

Alice Van Alstine, Valerie Brons, Margaret Grayden, Carole Hom, Holly Robinson, Colleen Terry

alto

Darlene Franz, Tasha Jablonski, Emmett Rahl, Rebecca Hernandez Welsh

tenor

Bill Blake, Art McGuinness, Steve Messano, Brook Ostrom, Tom Phinney, Dan Stern

bass

Kari Kaarna, Don Meyer, Tim True, Neil Willits

Violins

Alice Bercikova, Ingrid Tracy

Organ & Harpsichord

Steve Weigt

Recorders

Darlene Franz, Margaret Grayden

The Department of Music thanks the Elizabeth Rudisill Homann fund for its support of this concert

Program notes

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. 1993 will mark the 350th anniversary of the composer's death (Venice, 29 November, 1643).

After his remove to Venice, Monteverdi's secular output shifted in focus. His Sixth Book of Madrigals (1614), of purely Mantuan content, includes the five-voice version of Ariadne's celebrated lament from the opera *Arianna* (1608) and a madrigal cycle on the death of Caterina Martinelli, who was to have sung the title role.

In contrast to the intense, death-haunted pathos of the madrigals of the Sixth Book, those of the Seventh (*Concerto. Il settimo libro de madrigali*, 1619) embrace a more cheerful theme, albeit a bitter-sweet one, the various states of mind caused by love. The book opens with a sonnet, *Tempro la cetra*, that serves as prologue for the action to follow: with his song the god of love causes Mars to sleep harmlessly in the lap of Venus. Thus Eros, born of Mars and Venus, now infuses and conditions all states of mind save anger; love is operant in the wistful memory of happier times (*A quest'olmo*) or in the swooning torments of *Parlo, misero, o taccio?*.

But the god of war was to awake. In 1624 Monteverdi set the famous combat between Tancred and Clorinda from Tasso's epic poem, *Gerusalemme liberata*, in which he first explored an 'agitated' (*concitato*) style of music that could express the emotions of anger and vexation. Quoting as inspiration Plato's 'harmony which imitates the voice and accents of a man going bravely into battle' (preface: *Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi*, 1638), Monteverdi sought to imitate the sounds of war with the use of rapidly repeated notes. But 'having considered that our mind has three principal passions or affections - anger, temperance, and humility or supplication' Monteverdi now sought to write correspondingly 'agitated, tempered, and languid' music in which his three principal passions could find expression (*Hor che'l ciel*).

Monteverdi's Marian Vespers, published in 1610 with a dedication to Pope Paul V, comprise the usual liturgical sequence of five psalms, the hymn Ave maris stella, and two settings of the Magnificat, one for seven voices and instruments, and a simpler version with organ accompaniment only, performed tonight. Interpolated among these items are small-scale sacred concerti, apparently antiphon substitutes to the psalms and the Magnificat. The psalms and Magnificat are based on plainsong melodic formulas, known as 'tones,' to which the various verses of unequal length were chanted. The psalm tone for *Laetatus sum* (with some chromatic alteration) is stated straightforwardly at the outset over a 'walking bass,' reappearing thereafter in various musical contexts. In the Magnificat the tone appears clearly stated in each section, giving rise to a series of variations over a recurrent melody.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS:

Tempro la cetra

Tempro la cetra, e per cantar gli onori
di Marte alzo talor lo stil e i carmi.
Ma invan la tento e impossibil parmi
ch'ella già mai risoni altro che amore.

Così pur tra l'arene e pur tra' fiori
note amoroze Amor torna a dettarmi;
né vuol ch'io prenda ancor a cantar d'armi,
se non di quelle, ond'egli impiaga i cori.

Or l'umil plettro e i rozzi accenti indegni,
Musa, qual dianzi, accorda in fin ch'al canto
de la tromba sublime il Ciel ti degni.

Riede ai teneri scherzi, e dolce intanto
lo Dio guerrier, temprando i ferì sdegni,
in grembo a Citerea dorma al tuo canto.

G. B. Marino (1569-1625)

A quest'olmo

A quest'olmo, a quest'ombre ed a quest'onde,
ove per uso ancor torno sovente,
eterno i' deggio, ed avrò sempre in mente
quest'antro, questa selva e queste fronde.

In voi sol, felici acque, amiche sponde,
il mio passato ben quasi presente
Amor mi mostra, e del mio foco ardente
tra le vostre fresch'aure i semi asconde.

Qui di quel lieto dì soave riede
la remembranza, allor che la mia Clori
tutta in dono se stessa e 'l cor mi diede.

Già spirar sento erbetto intorno e fiori,
ovunque o fermi il guardo o mova il piede,
de l'antiche dolcezze ancor gli odori.

G. B. Marino, Sonetti amorosi xxxiii

Parlo, misero, o taccio?

Parlo, misero, o taccio?
S'io taccio, che soccorso avrà il morire?
S'io parlo, che perdono avrà l'ardire?
Taci: che ben s'intende
chiusa fiamma tal hor da chi l'accende.
Parla in me la pietade,
parla in lei la beltade;
E dice quel bel volto al duro core:
chi può mirarmi, e non languire d'amore?

G. B. Guarini (1538-1612)

I temper my lyre, and now and again
elevate my style and rhyme to sing the glory of Mars.
But in vain I sound it, and in vain it seems
that it should resound but of love.

Thus whether among sands or among flowers
nought but amorous airs does Love dictate;
nor does he wish that I should sing of arms,
if not of those with which he pierces hearts.

As before, O Muse, tune now my humble plectrum
and rough unworthy voice, till Heaven itself
deem it worthy of the sublime trumpet's song.

Returning to tender jests, Love now tempers
the fierce wrath of the warrior god, while
sweetly, to his song, Mars sleeps in Venus's lap.

To this elm, to these shades and to these waves,
in this place where I often return,
I am ever grateful; and I shall always have in mind
this grotto, this wood and these leafy bowers.

Only in you, smiling waters, friendly banks,
almost as if she were here, does Cupid reveal to me
my beloved one, and hides amongst the cool
breezes the seeds of my burning desire.

Here I return to the memory of that happy day
when my Cloris gave herself and her heart
completely to me.

All about me I am aware of grasses and flowers
that, wherever one may look or may tread,
still emit the scents of ancient sweetnesses.

Should I, poor wretch, speak out or hold my tongue?
If I keep silence, is torment not in vain?
If I speak out, will boldness be forgiven?
Stay silent: for a smothered fire is clear
at once to one who has lit the flame herself.
I heed the promptings of mercy,
she heeds the promptings of beauty;
and the handsome face says to the stony heart:
who can see me and not pine with love?

Hor che 'l ciel e la terra

Hor che 'l ciel e la terra e 'l vento tace,
E le fere e gli augelli il sonno affrena,
Notte il carro stellato in giro mena,
E nel suo letto il mar senz'onda giace.

Voglio, penso, ardo, piango; et chi mi sface
Sempre m'è innanzi per mia dolce pena:
Guerra è il mio stato, d'ira e di duol piena,
E sol di lei pensando ho qualche pace.

Così sol d'una chiara fonte viva
Move 'l dolce e l'amaro ond'io mi pasco,
Una man sola mi risana e punge;

E perch'è 'l mio martir non giunga a riva,
Mille volte il dì moro, et mille nasco,
Tanto de la salute mia son lunge.

Francesco Petrarca, Rime CLXIV

Laetatus sum (Psalm 121)

Laetatus sum in his quae dicta sunt mihi:
in domum Domini ibimus.
Stantes erant pedes nostri
in atriis tuis, Jerusalem.
Jerusalem, quae aedificatur ut civitas,
cuius participatio eius in idipsum.
Illuc enim ascenderunt tribus Domini,
testimonium Israel, ad confitendum nomini Domini.
Quia illic sederunt sedes in iudicio:
sedes super domum David.
Rogate quae ad pacem sunt Jerusalem,
et abundantia diligentibus te.
Fiat pax in virtute tua,
et abundantia in turribus tuis.
Propter fratres meos et proximos meos,
loquebar pacem da te.
Propter domum Domini Dei nostri,
quaesivi bona tibi.
Gloria Patri et Filio: et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio et nunc et semper:
et in secula saeculorum. Amen.

Magnificat

Magnificat anima mea Dominum.
Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo.
Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae:
ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.
Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est:
et sanctam nomen eius.
Et misericordia eius a progenie in progenies
timentibus eus.
Fecit potentiam in brachio suo:
dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.
Deposuit potentes de sede,
et exaltavit humiles.
Esurientes implevit bonis:
et divites dimisit inanes.
Suscepit Israel puerum suum,
recordatus misericordiae suae.
Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros,
Abraham et semini eius in saecula.
Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper,
et in secula saeculorum. Amen.

Now, when heaven and earth and the wind are silent,
And sleep overtakes the wild beasts and the birds,
when Night drives her starry chariot around
and the sea lies still in its bed,

I wake, I think, I burn and I weep; and she who
destroys me is always there as my sweet torment.
War is my state, full of anger and grief;
only thinking of her brings me any peace.

Thus from one clear, living spring comes both
the sweet and the bitter on which I feed;
a single hand heals me and punishes me;

and, so that my torment knows no end,
a thousand times each day I die and am revived,
so far am I from salvation.

I was glad when they said unto me:
We will go into the house of the Lord.
Our feet shall stand in thy gates:
O Jerusalem.
Jerusalem is built as a city:
that is at unity in itself.
For thither the tribes go up, even the tribes of the Lord:
to testify unto Israel, to give thanks unto the Name of our Lord.
For there is the seat of thy judgement:
even the seat of the house of David.
O pray for the peace of Jerusalem:
they shall prosper that love thee.
Peace be within thy walls:
and plenteousness within thy palaces.
For my brethren and companions' sakes:
I will wish thee prosperity.
Yea, because of the house of the Lord our God:
I will seek to do thee good.
Glory to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost.
As was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be:
world without end. Amen.

My soul doth magnify the Lord.
And my spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.
For he hath regarded the lowliness of his hand-maiden
For behold, from henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.
For he that is mighty hath magnified me:
and holy is his Name.
And his mercy in on them that fear him:
throughout all generations.
He hath showed strength with his arm:
he hath scattered the proud in the imagination of their hearts.
He hath put down the mighty from their seat:
and hath exalted the humble and meek.
He hath filled the hungry with good things:
and the rich he hath sent empty away.
He remembering his mercy
hath holpen his servant Israel.
As he promised to our forefathers,
Abraham and his seed, for ever.
Glory to the Father and to the Son: and to the Holy Ghost.
As was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be:
world without end. Amen.