

MUSIC

Capriccio Stravagante

a concert by the UC Davis Early Music
Ensemble, David Nutter, director, and
the UC Davis Baroque Ensemble,
Michael Sand and Phebe Craig,
directors

**Friday, June 4, 2004
8 p.m., St. Martin's Episcopal Church,
640 Hawthorn Lane, Davis**

Musical extravagances from Old Europe and the New World featuring
fandangos, xacaras, villancicos, ciacconas, battles, drinking songs and more!
With music by Cererols, Padilla, Monteverdi, Sances, Biber, Farina,
Merula, Marini and Soler.

Tickets: \$16 general, \$8 students and children, by suggested donation at the
door only.

CAPRICCIO STRAVAGANTE

songs and dances from Old Europe and the New World

Early Music Ensemble, David Nutter, *director*

Baroque Chamber Ensemble, Phebe Craig & Michael Sand, *directors*

Program

Agnus Dei from Missa "La Bassadanza"

Henricus Isaac
(Flanders or Brabant, ca 1450-55 - Florence, 1517)

Ave color vini clari

Juan Ponce
(ca 1476 - after 1520)

Oy comamos y bebamos (villancico)

Juan del Encina
(Salamanca, 1468 - León, 1529)

Ciaccona

Tarquinio Merula
(Cremona, 1594 - Cremona, 1665)

Zefiro torna, ciaccona

Scherzi musicali, Venice 1632

Claudio Monteverdi
(Cremona, 1567 - Venice, 1643)

Accenti queruli, cantata sopra la ciaccona

Cantade ... libro secondo, Venice 1633

Giovanni Felice Sances
(Rome, ca 1600 - Vienna, 1679)

Battalia (1673)

Preludium: Adagio-Presto

Die liederliche Gesellschaft von allerley Humor

Presto - Der Mars - Aria - Presto - Die Schlacht

Lamento der verwundten Musquetirer

H.I.F. Biber
(Bohemia, 1644 - Salzburg, 1704)

intermission

Vaya, vaya de cantos de amores (villancico)

Jose de Agurto y Loaysa
(Mexico City, ca 1625 - Toluca, ?1695)

Serafin que con dulce harmonia (marizápalos)

Joan Cererols
(Catalonia, 1618 - Montserrat, 1676)

Entre muchas sabandijas (villancico para la Epifanía)

Tomás Miciezes
(Palencia, 1624 - Madrid, 1667)

Capriccio stravagante (Ander Theil, Dresden 1627)

La Lira - Il Fiferino - Lira variata - La Trombetta

La Clarino - Die Herrpauken - La Gallina - Il Gallo

Il Flautino pian piano - Il Tremulanto - Fiferino della Soldatesca

e il Tambura - Il Gatto - Il Cane - La Chitarra Spagniola

Carlo Farina
(Mantua, ca 1604 - Vienna, 1639)

Fandango

Antonio Soler
(Gerona, 1729 - El Escorial, 1783)

UC Davis Early Music Ensemble

Soprano

Sarah Eyerly, Carole Hom, Elise Keddle, Uta Russell, Jocelyn Olander, Marta Zumwalt

Alto

Jacki Amos, Amanda Donev, Felicity Lyons, Eleni Nikitas, Helen Nutter

Tenor

Mark Grote, Siwa Msangi, Brook Ostrom

Bass

Christopher Chun, Peter Kaplan, Fernando Martin-Pastor, Richard Mix, Neil Willits

UC Davis Baroque Ensemble

Phebe Craig and Michael Sand, directors

violin

Andrew Lentz, An (Andy) Tan, Brie Hassall, Beth Levy, Wesley Wang, Devin Hough

viola

Devin Hough, Marianne Batchelder, Miho Echizen

violoncello

John Lutterman, Aaron Benevidez

bass

Christine Wang

with

Marvin Andino and Sam Nichols, guitars

Cathy Clayton, harp, Regina Sikora, harpsichord & Andy Nathan, percussion

Program note

Ecclesiastical authorities from medieval times onwards were wont to inveigh against the improper introduction into the liturgy of secular elements - dancing, for instance. Turning this criticism on its head, Isaac's Missa La Bassadanza (basse danse in French) cleverly incorporates into the mass proper the kind of music that was normally improvised over a tune of a fixed number of beats, the basse danse *tenor*, that functioned as the structural basis for the gliding steps of the "low dance". The music of the Agnus II, for three voices, reproduces note for note a known 15th century instrumental "bassadanza" called "La Spagna"; here (as in the other movements) the bass line (the "Spanish" tune) moves very slowly, the active upper parts in the improvisatory imitative patterns and jerky rhythms that characterize this dance.

The Villancico is a Spanish vernacular musical and poetic form consisting of several stanzas (*coplas*) framed by a refrain (*estribillo*) at the beginning and end, giving an overall *ABA* structure. Originally derived from a medieval dance lyric of the virelai type and associated with rustic or popular themes, the villancico was extensively cultivated in secular polyphonic music of the late 15th century and the 16th (Hoy comamos y bebamos). In second half of the 16th and 17th centuries devotional and religious themes gained in importance and the form became used increasingly for sacred compositions in the vernacular which were introduced into the liturgy on feast days (Vaya, vaya de cantos de amores). Cerrero's Serafin que con dulce harmonia is a villancico of the type known as "marizápalos" - a Spanish dance-song and musical pattern used as the basis for instrumental variations; the tune and bass line are common to all such settings, whereas the arrangement and text (originally secular) could vary. Entre muchas sabandijas is intended for Epiphany (January 6) and charmingly recounts the efforts of one stubborn Portuguese to insert himself into the scene in the manger and address the Christ child (note the musical "rocking" of the cradle) on behalf of his nation and his king.

The "ciaccona" is a term applied to a repeating bass pattern over which composers wrote a series of variations. (A good example known to most Christmas shoppers is the Pachelbel "Canon.") The lively bass pattern used by Monteverdi as the basis for Zefiro torna became an instant hit and was much imitated (e.g., Sances, Merula and many others).

Carlo Farina's Capriccio stravagante (*Ander Theil*, 1627) consists of a group of descriptive pieces linked by short dance-style sections. The pieces imitate the sounds of instruments and animals (cat, dog, hen, lyre, clarino, military drum, Spanish guitar, and so on), exploiting the violin's potential in an innovative way by using expressive techniques such as glissando, pizzicato, tremolo and double stopping, and particular effects like *col legno* and *sul ponticello*. Biber's *Battalia* of 1673 is described by the composer as "The dissolute reveling of musketeers, march, the battle, and lament of the wounded, imitated with airs and dedicated to Bacchus" (as is Ave color vini clari).

Written for strings in nine parts and continuo the work employs special effects including rebounding pizzicato in the double basses as well as the expected rapid note repetitions; the second movement is a soldierly sing-song with everyone singing a different song at once; the suite ends on a subdued note with the descending semitones of *Lamento der vernundten Musquetirer* (Lament of the wounded Soldiers).

Texts and translations

Ave, color vini clari

Ave, color vini clari,
Ave, sapor sine pari,
Tua nos inebriari
Digneris potencia.
O quam felix creatura
Quam perduxit vitis pura,
Omnis mensa sit segura
In tua presencia.
O quam placens in colore,
O quam fragrans in odore,
O quam sapidum in ore,
Dulce linguis vinculum!
Felix venter quem intrabis,
Felix gutur quod rigabis,
O felix os quod lababis,
O beata labia!
Non potantes confundemus
In eterna secula. Amen.

Hail color of clear wine,
Hail flavor without equal,
May your power deign
to make us drunk.
O happy creature
born of the virgin vine,
Let every table be safe
in your presence.
How pleasing in color,
How fragrant to smell,
How savory to taste,
Sweet chains for the tongue!
Happy the stomach you enter,
Happy the throat you pour down,
Happy the mouth that will taste you,
O blessed lips!
Let us never be confounded
as we drink for ever and ever. Amen.

Hoy comamos y bevamos

Hoy comamos y bevamos,
y cantemos y holguemos,
que mañana ayunaremos.

Today, let us eat and let us drink,
Let us sing, and let us rejoice,
For tomorrow we will fast.

Por honra de Sant Antruejo
paremonos hoy bien anchos.
Embutamos estos panchos,
recalquemos el pellejo:
que costumbre es de concejo
que todos hoy nos hartemos,
que mañana ayunaremos.

In honor of St. Carnival
Let us today loosen our belts,
Let us fill up our stomachs,
Let us stretch the skin of our bellies;
It is a local custom
That today we should be replete
For tomorrow we will fast.

Honremos a tan buen santo
porque en hambre nos acorra:
comamos a calca porra,
que mañana hay gran quebranto.
Comamos, bevamos tanto
hasta que reventemos,
que mañana ayunaremos.

Let us honor then a saint so good
So that he may assuage our hunger;
Let us eat, and let us gaily gorge,
For tomorrow there will be great restraint.
Let us eat and drink so much
That it will finally make us fart
For tomorrow we will fast.

Beve Bras, mas tu Beneito.
Beva Pedruelo y Lloriente.
Beve tu primeramente:
quitarnos has desse preito.
En beber bien me deleito:
daca, daca, beberemos,
que mañana ayunaremos.

Drink then, Bras, and you more, Bencito.
Drink Pedrelo and you Lloriente.
And you drink first;
Let us all agree.
To drink for me is a great delight;
Give her, let us all drink,
For tomorrow we will all fast.

Tomemos hoy gasajado,
que mañana vien la muerte;
bevamos, comamos huerte,
vamonos carra el ganado.
No perderemos bocado,
que comiendo nos iremos,
Y mañana ayunaremos.

Let us take pleasure today,
For tomorrow comes death;
Let us drink, let us eat heartily,
And then let us return to our flock.
Let us not lose a mouthful,
For we will go off eating,
And tomorrow we will fast.

Zefiro torna

Zefiro torna, e di soavi accenti
l'aer fa grato e l'piè discioglie a l'onde,
e, mormorando tra le verdi fronde,
fa danzar al bel suon su 'l prato i fiori.

Inghirlandato il crin Fillide e Clori
note temprando amor care e gioconde;
e da monti e da valli ime e profonde
raddoppian l'armonia gli antri canori.

Sorge più vaga in cil l'aurora, e 'l sole,
sparge più luci d'or; più puro argento
fregia di Teti il bel ceruleo manto.

Sol io, per selve abbandonate e sole,
l'ardor di due begli occhi e 'l mio tormento,
come vuol mia ventura, hor piango, hor canto.
(Ottavio Rinuccini)

Accenti queruli

Accenti queruli
Spiegate all'aure,
O augeletti garruli
Com'io lamenti
Caldi sospiri,
Del cor respiri.
Vital, mando dal seno, ai venti.
Miei sospir', miei respir, o miei lamenti.

Andate languidi
Nel duol soli e ite
Alla mia Lidia;
Dite ch'io spiro,
Dite ch'io moro,
Pien di martiro,
Senza fatal ristoro.
Ch'io spiro con martir, dite ch'io moro.

Che forse placida
Qual pria fu rigida
Ai pianti, a' gemiti
Vi darà pace, vi darà vita
Nè più si audace
Dirà: Non merta aita
Ma all' audace in amor dò pace e vita.

Ch'in sguardo rigido
Bellezze angeliche
Furò dell' anima,
Trasse l'ardore
Squarciò'l bel velo,
Rubò l'onore
Con finto zelo,
O mio ardor, O mio onor, squarciato velo.

Zephyr returns and with sweet accents
makes pleasant the air and ruffles the waves,
and, murmuring among the green boughs,
makes the meadow flowers dance to sweet sound.

With garlanded tresses Phyllis and Cloris
sing sweet and joyful notes of love;
and from the high mountains and deep valleys
the singing caverns redouble their strains.

Yet fairer the dawn rises in the sky, and the
sun sheds more golden light; purer silver
adorns Thetis's fair cerulean cloak.

Only I, in deserted and lonely woods
beweep and sing, as my fate decrees,
the fire of two fair eyes and my torment.

Little chirping birds,
unfold your discordant
complaints on 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.
How I, without compensation,
sigh with sufferings - say that I die.

Now, perhaps, she will be
placated - she who has been
frigid to tears and howls.
She will give peace and 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, of my honor, my torn veil."

Dirà così la misera.
A voi sospiri rispondete a lei:
Lidia, se taci ancor, vergine sei;
Che quando sfogai teco l'ardor mio,
Altri non fù che Lidia, Amor ed io.

Vaya vaya de cantos de amores
Vaya vaya de cantos de amores.
Vaya vaya de gustos vaya pastores
al sol divino que raya de noche.
Vaya de glorias
vaya de fiestas
vaya de gustos pastores
vaya de amores pastores.

Coplas

Sol que a Belen ylluminas
en la mitad de la Noche
gloriosamente obstando
en cada raio mill soles.

Enhorabuena tus luces
ylluminen a los hombres
los que a tu Oriente esperaron
y a tu lucimiento adoren.

Enhorabuena felice
en sus braços te coloque.
La Aurora candida y pura
a quien por Madre conoces.

Y pues ya canoras aves
en metricas dulces voces
de tu Oriente solemnisan
los peregrinos albores.

Vaya vaya de cantos de amores ...

Serafin que con dulce harmonia

Estribillo

Serafin, que con dulce harmonia
la Vida que nace requebrando estas;
cántale glorias mirándole en penas,
que amante y quejoso, su alivio es un ¡ay!
¡ay, ay, ay!

Coplas

Tan fragantes, lucientes y bellas
en cielo y en tierra distantes se ven
las estrellas vestir de colores,
las flores brillar y las selvas arder.

En albergue, aunque pobre dicolso
en nuevos afectos se mira esta vez
una luna que alumbra el empireo,
y un sol que de aljófár guarnece sus pies.
¡Ay, ay, ay!

Thus the miserable girl
will speak, and you, sighs, will respond to her:
"Lidia, 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."

What songs of love
What gladness of shepherds
To the divine sun that shines by night.
What glories
What festivities
What gladness of shepherds
What love of shepherds

Sun that illuminated Bethlehem
In the midst of the night
Gloriously exhibiting
in each light a thousand suns.

May your light
illuminate those men
who waited for your rising sun
and worshipped your brilliance.

May she happily
place you in her arms;
Dawn, clear and pure,
whom you know as Mother.

And so the melodious birds
in measured sweet voices
celebrate your sunrise
of extraordinary dawn light.

Refrain

Seraphim you who with sweet harmony
are paying court to the new-born Life,
sing of glory to him as you watch him suffer,
for, in his love, his sole comfort is a sigh.
Ah, ah, ah!

Stanzas

From afar in heaven and earth,
fragrant, gleaming and beautiful,
the stars seem to be bedecked with colors,
the flowers seem to gleam and the woodlands sparkle.

In a stable, blessed though poor,
now shine with renewed affection
a moon lighting up the heavens
and a sun embellishing his feet.
Ah, ah, ah!

En los brazo de alma más pura,
picado de amor un hermoso clavel
desabrocha el color encarnado
del nácar precioso que quiere verter.

Oh! mil veces dichosa la culpa,
en cuya sentencia ha llegado a tener
por descargo un tesoro infinito:
un Dios por padrino y un Niño por juez.
¡Ay, ay, ay!

Llora el sol y la aurora se alegra,
la pena y el gozo en sus ojos se ven;
que es afecto muy propio del alma
llorar y reír al amanecer.

Un jazmín entre espinas y abrojos
nos da testimonio en metáfora fiel,
que entre humanos y graves pesares
siempre hay escondido un divino placer.
¡Ay, ay, ay!

Hoy el hombre suspenso y absorto
ignora, cobarde, lo mismo que ve:
pues mirar tan divino lo umano
es cosa que apenas se puede entender.
Una noche de siglos tan largos
dobladas las luces habrá menester,
y por eso amanecen dos soles
que bañan de luz el portal de Belén.

Serafin....

Entre muchas sabandijas

Entre muchas sabandijas
que han llegado con los Reyes,
un portugués muy finchado,
enfadando a todos viene.

Escutad, mi niño querido,
as voces sonoras de miña canzaon
y os tembrores de o frío,
y os rigores de a neve
al incendio que de o peito exaló
si non se deriten, arei que se tempren.

Coplas

Falaime mi niño primero que a o reyes
y que a onraro veño por los portugueses,
porque todos son, los que onran a o mundo,
los de esta nazaon.

Si un palazio fora aqueste portal
mi Rey os vineira a mano a besar
pero pode ser que el e por venir,
e lo manda fazer.

Entre muchas sabandijas.....

In the arms of the purest of souls
a beautiful carnation touched by love
reveals the crimson color
of the pearly drops it sheds.

Oh, a thousand times fortunate is original sin
since the sentence it was given has now received
a discharge through an infinite treasure:
God as godfather and a Son as judge.
Ah, ah, ah!

The sun weeps and the dawn rejoices,
pain and joy can be seen in their eyes,
for weeping and laughing are emotions
proper for the spirit.

A jasmine amidst the thorns and thistles
is a faithful metaphor that bears
witness for us that amidst the grave cares of human life
there always lies hidden a divine delight.
Ah, ah, ah!

Today man, amazed and spell-bound,
fails to grasp what with his very eyes he can see;
for the sight of humanity made so divine
is something which almost passes understanding.
A night of time so infinite
must needs have twice as many lights,
and so two suns rise
to bathe the gate of Bethlehem in light.

Amongst the many lowlifes
joining the arrival of the Kings
there is a particularly annoying Portuguese
who has everybody enfuriated.

"Listen, beloved Child,
to the resonating voices of my song,
to the tremblings of winter,
to the rigours of snow
that, if they are not melted by your heart's fire,
I will make sure are toned down.

Talk to me first, my child, rather than to the Kings
that I have come to honor you on behalf of the
Portuguese because all of us, who are honorable,
pray to you.

If this humble stable were a palace
my King would come to kiss your hand;
but though it may be that he is about to come,
I have been sent in his place."