



University of California, Davis
The Department of Music presents

The Early Music Ensemble

David Nutter, director

E.J. Koford, assistant director

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI: MADRIGALS

of **Love** and **War**

*and instrumental works by his contemporaries -
Grillo, Maschera, and Giovanni Gabrieli*

Friday, June 1, 1984

St. Martin's Episcopal Church, Hawthorn Lane, Davis



8:00 p.m.

Admission Free

CONCERTO

D E M A D R I G A L I

THE UNIVERSITY EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE
DAVID NUTTER, director; E. J. KOFORD, assistant director

DI CLAUDIO MONTEVERDE

& Con altri *** PROGRAM *** generide Canti

Canzon "La Basgapera" (1605)

G.D. Rognoni Taeggio
(fl. 1600-1626)

Presso un fiume tranquillo (Marino; Sesto libro, 1614)
Fillena: Kathy Dreyer; Eurillo: Ivan Sandoval

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Two Fantasie a tre (1585)

Giovanni Bassano
(c. 1558-1617)

Damigella tutta bella (Chiabrera; Scherzi musicali, 1607)
Lidia, spina del mio core

Claudio Monteverdi

O rosetta, che rosetta (Chiabrera)

Gerry Prody, Elizabeth Martin, Neil Willits

Canzona settima (1608)

G. B. Grillo
(d. 1622)

Lamento d'Arianna (Rinuccini; Sesto libro, 1614)

Claudio Monteverdi

Lasciatemi morire (Prima parte)

O Teseo, o Teseo mio (Seconda parte)

Dove, dove è la fede (Terza parte)

Ahi, che non pur risponde (Quarta e ultima parte)

*** INTERMISSION ***

Canzona quarta (1608)

G. B. Grillo

Mentre vaga Angioletta (Guarini; Madrigali guerrieri e amorosi, 1638)
Gerry Prody and Carol Kessler, sopranos

Claudio Monteverdi

Canzon "La Spiritata" (1608)

Giovanni Gabrieli
(1553/6-1612)

Hor che 'l ciel e la terra (Petrarch; Madrigali guerrieri, 1638)

Claudio Monteverdi

Così sol d'una chiara fonte viva (Seconda parte)

Grey Brothers and Ivan Sandoval, tenors

Introdutione al ballo (Madrigali guerrieri, 1638)

Claudio Monteverdi

Entrata

Volgendo il ciel (text after Rinuccini; Poet: Grey Brothers)

Ballo: Movete al mio bel suon

Friday, 1 June, 1984

8 p.m.

St. Martin's Episcopal Church, Davis



DEO GRATIA



THE EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE

soprano: Kathy Dreyer, Carol Kessler, Sherry Kowallis, Helen Nutter, Gerry Prody
alto: Carrie Cramer, Elizabeth Martin, Elizabeth Morris, Gail Simmons
tenor: Grey Brothers, Ivan Sandoval
bass: Thomas Kaiser, Steven Kenner, Neil Willits

Cynthia Bates, violin
Sarah Brosier, viol
Lorraine Brown, viol
Carrie Cramer, harpsichord
Wade Dowdell, recorder
Robert Dussault, bass



Brenda Johnson, recorder
E. J. Koford, recorder
Patricia Nash, viol, violin
D. A. Nutter, viol
Lisa Serafini, violin
Fred Weyman, recorder

Program notes

In 1608 Monteverdi collaborated with the poet Ottavio Rinuccini to produce the first opera on a tragic theme, Arianna (Ariadne). Of the music, only the celebrated lament of the heroine survives. Monteverdi later arranged the lament as a five-voice madrigal and published it in his Sixth book of madrigals (1614). The result is a brilliant synthesis of the individually externalized emotionalism of the theater and the collective internal pathos of the polyphonic madrigal. We are to know that Ariadne, daughter of King Minos of Crete, has been abandoned on the island of Naxos by the Athenian prince Theseus, with whom she is in love and whom she had helped to slay the Minotaur.

Playfully Arcadian, the "concerted" (i.e.; with basso continuo) seven-voice dialogue Presso un fiume tranquillo from the same book presents a novel, semi-operatic solution to the musical setting of texts mixing narrative and direct speech. Less frothy but equally delightful are the Scherzi musicali (Musical jokes, 1607), a collection of strophic three-voice "canzonette" supplied with instrumental ritornelli.

Monteverdi's Madrigali guerrieri e amorosi (Madrigals of Love and War, 1638) is a retrospective collection of works written over a period of 30 years. It is a manifesto for his theories of the three humors of music: molle, temperato and concitato (soft, moderate and agitated). All three emotional states are contrasted in his fine setting of Petrarch's sonnet Hor che'l ciel e la terra. From this same collection comes the duet Mentre vaga Angioletta. The poem, by the Ferrarese court poet Guarini and entitled "Gorgia di cantatrice" (songstress's throat), describes the varied vocal techniques of a virtuoso singer, one Angioletta. Monteverdi's response to the challenge posed by the imagery of the poem was to write one of the most extravagant and technically demanding of all his duets; his own dictum, that "the words are the master of harmony," is taken here to its logical, though nearly self-parodistic, extreme. The ballet Volgendo il ciel appears to have been written for, or shortly after, the coronation of the Habsburg Ferdinand III as Roman King in 1636. For the text, Monteverdi adapted two sonnets originally written by Rinuccini for the birthday of Henri IV of France. The introduction, sung by the "poet" (and which contains stage directions such as "here the nymph hands the poet a lute"), resembles a strophic opera prologue of the period and is punctuated by an instrumental ritornello. The vocal ballet proper, divided into two sections of which the second is a musical variant of the first, lacks a purely instrumental dance between the sections. Monteverdi calls for a "Canary, a Passamezzo or some other dance" here; we have concocted a suite of three ritornelli drawn from the Scherzi musicali and Monteverdi's opera Orfeo.

The instrumental "canzona" was a speciality of North Italian and especially Venetian composers. Based on a vocal model, the French (or "Parisian") chanson, it characteristically begins with an imitative dactylic pattern and is cast in contrasting sections, some of which repeat.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Presso un fiume tranquillo
Disse a Fillena Eurillo:
"Quante son queste arene,
Tante son le mie pene;
E quante son quell'onde,
Tante ho per te nel cor piaghe profonde."
Rispose, d'amor piena,
Ad Eurillo Fillena:
"Quante la terra ha foglie,
Tante son le mie doglie;
E quante il cielo ha stelle,
Tante ho per te nel core vive fiamelle."
"Dunque," con lieto core
Soggionse indi il pastore,
"Quanti ha l'aria augelletti
Siano i nostri dilette
E quant'hai tu bellezze
Tante in noi versi Amor care dolcezze."
"Sì, sì," con voglie accese
L'un e l'altro riprese;
"Facciam concordi, amanti,
Pari le gioie ai pianti
A le guerre, le paci:
Se fur mille martir, sien mille i baci."
Giovann Battista Marino (1569-1625)

Damigella
Tutta bella
Versa, versa quel bel vino
Fa che cada
La rugiada
Distillata di rubino.
Gabiello Chiabrera (1552-1638)

Lidia, spina del mio core
Onde amor mi straccia e punge
Di dolcissimo licore
Pur tal'hor la piaga m'unge
E senz' arte o sugo d'herbe
Il dolor mi disacerba.
anon.

O rosetta, che rosetta
Tra 'l bel verde di tue frondi
Vergognosa ti nascondi
Come pura donzelletta
Che sposata ancor non è.
Chiabrera

Near a tranquil river
Eurillo said to Fillena:
"My pains are as numerous
as are these sands;
and many as there are waves,
are the deep wounds which rend my heart."
Full of ardor, Fillena
answered Eurillo:
"My sufferings are as many
as the leaves of the world;
and many as there are stars in the heavens
are there living fires in my heart for you."
Then with a happy heart
the shepherd responded thus:
"May our pleasures number as many
as there are birds in the sky;
and may Love infuse us with sweet delights
no less plentiful than your beauties."
Their desires awakening "yes" and
"yes" they said to each other;
"Lovers, let us agree
to make our tears equal to our joys,
our wars as many as our peacemakings:
may a thousand martyrdoms become as many kisses."

Lovely maiden,
pour out this
good wine:
let the dew fall,
distilled from rubies.

Lidia is a thorn in my heart
with which Love tears and pierces me:
but sometimes the wound
salves me with sweet liquor
and without science or herbal juices
my pain loses its bitterness.

O little rose,
you hide yourself bashfully
amid your green leaves
like a pure maiden
that is not yet married.

Lamento d'Arianna

Lasciatemi morire,
Lasciatemi morire;
E chi volete voi che mi conforte
In così dura sorte,
In così gran martire?
Lasciatemi morire.

O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
Sì che mio ti vo' dir, che mio pur sei,
Benché t'involi, ahì crudel a gli occhi miei.
Volgiti, Teseo mio,
Volgiti, Teseo, oh Dio!

Volgiti indietro a rimirar colei
Che lasciato ha per te la patria e il regno,
E in queste arene ancora,
Cibo di fere dispietate e crude,
Lascerà l'ossa ignude.
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
Se tu sapessi, oh Dio!
Se tu sapessi, ohimè!, come s'affanna
La povera Arianna,
Forse, forse pentito
Rivolgeresti ancor la prora al lito.
Ma con l'aure serene
Tu te ne vai felice, et io qui piango;
A te prepara Atene
Liete pompe superbe, ed io rimango
Cibo di fere in solitarie arene;
Te l'uno e l'altro tuo vecchio parente
Stringeran lieti, et io
Più non vedrovvi, o madre, o padre mio.

Dove, dove è la fede,
Che tanto mi giuravi?
Così ne l'alta sede
Tu mi ripon de gli avi?
Son queste le corone
Onde m'adorni il crine?
Questi gli scettri sono,
Queste le gemme e gli ori:
Lasciarmi in abbandono
A fera che mi strazi e mi divorì?
Ah Teseo, ah Teseo mio,
Lasceraì tu morire,
In van piangendo, in van gridando aita,
La misera Arianna
Che a te fidossi, e ti die' gloria e vita?

Ahi, che non pur rispondi!
Ahi, che più d'aspe è sordo a' miei lamenti!
O nembi, o turbi, o venti,
Sommergetelo voi dentr'a quell'onde!
Correte, orche e balene,
E de le membra immonde
Empiete le voragini profonde,
Che parlo, ahì!, che vaneggio?
Misera, ohimè! che dieggio?
O Teseo, o Teseo mio,
Non son, non son quell'io,
Non son quell'io che i ferì detti sciolsi:
Parlò l'affanno mio, parlò il dolore;
Parlò la lingua sì, ma non già 'l core.

HOR CHE' L CIEL

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;
Veglio, penso, ardo, piango; e chi mi sface
Sempre m'è innanzi per mia dolce pena:
Guerra è'l mio stato, d'ira e diol 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 perchè'l mio martir non giunga a riva,
Mille volte il dì moro e mille nasco;
Tanto dalla salute mia son lunge.

Ariadne's Lament

Let me die,
O let me die!
Who would you wish to comfort me
In so harsh a fate,
In such grievous torment?
Let me die.

O Theseus, O my Theseus,
For I will call you mine since mine you still are
Although, alas, cruel one, you flee from my sight.
Turn back, my Theseus,
Return, Theseus; oh heaven!
Turn back and look again on her
Who for you left her homeland and her kingdom,
And who now on these shores,
The prey of pitiless and fierce wild beasts,
Will leave her bare bones.
O Theseus, O my Theseus,
If you knew, O God!
If you knew, alas!
How poor Ariadne suffers,
Perhaps, perhaps you would still,
Repentant, turn your prow back to the shore.
But with gentle breezes you go
Blithely on your way, and I am here weeping;
For you Athens prepares joyful,
Splendid celebrations, while I remain,
The prey of wild beasts, on solitary shores;
You will joyfully embrace
Both your aged parents, while I
Shall never again see either my mother or my father.

Where, where is the fidelity
You so often swore to me?
Is this how you restore me
To my ancestors' exalted throne?
Are these the crowns
With which you adorn my hair,
Are these the sceptres,
These the gems and the gold,
To leave me, desert me,
To be torn and devoured by wild beasts?
Ah Theseus, my Theseus,
Will you leave to die,
Vainly weeping, vainly crying for help,
The wretched Ariadne, who put
Her trust in you and gave you glory and life?

Alas, he still does not answer!
Ah, he is deaf as a serpent to my laments!
O storm-clouds, O whirlwinds, O gales,
Submerge him beneath those waves!
Hasten, monsters and whales,
And fill the bottomless depths
With his foul limbs.
What am I saying? Ah, what is this raving?
Alas! Woe is me, what am I asking?
O Theseus, my Theseus,
It was not I, it was not I,
Not I who uttered those savage words;
It was my grief, my anguish, that spoke;
My tongue spoke, yes, but not my heart.

Now that heaven and earth and the wind are silent
And sleep holds in check the animals and birds,
Night is circling in its starry chariot
And the sea lies waveless in its bed;
I am awake, I think, I burn, I weep; and she who undoes me
Is always before me, to my sweet pain:
War is my condition, full of anger and grief;
And only thinking of her do I have any peace.

Thus, from a single clear and vital fountain
Arise the sweet and bitter on which I feed;
A single hand cures me and stabs me.
And in order that my suffering does not reach its goal,
A thousand times a day I die and a thousand I am born;
So far off am I from my salvation.

Mentre vaga Angioletta
ogn' anima gentil
cantando alletta,
corre il mio core
e pende tutto dal suon
del suo soave canto;
e non so come intanto
musico spirito
prende fauci canore
e seco forma e finge,
per non usata vita (via),
garula e maestrevol armonia,
tempra d'arguto suon
pieghevole voce
e la volge e la spinge,
con rotti accenti
e con ritorti giri,
qui tarda e là veloce
e tall'hor mormorando
in basso e mobil suono
e, alternando fughe
e riposi e placidi respiri,
hor la sospende e libra
hor la preme hor la rompe,
hor la raffrena,
hor la saetta e vibra,
hor in giro la mena
quando con modi tremoli e vaganti
quando fermi e sonanti.
Così cantando e ricantando il core,
o miracol d'amore,
è fatto un usignolo
e spiega già
per non star mesto, il volo.

Giambattista Guarini (1538—1612)

BALLO: MOVETE AL MIO BEL SUON

POETA:

Volgendo in ciel per immortal sentiero
Le ruote della luce alma e serena
Un secolo di pace il sol rimena
Sotto il Ré novo del Romano Impero.
Su mi si rechi omai del grand'Ibero
Profonda tazza inghirlandata e piena,
Che correndomi al cor di vena in vena
Sgombra da l'alma ogni mortal pensiero.

Venga la nobil cetra: il crin di fiori
Cingimi, O Filli. Io ferirò le stelle
Cantando del mio Ré gli eccelsi allori.
E voi che per beltà, donne e donzelle,
Gite superbe d'immortali honori,
Movete al mio bel suon le piante snelle.

Sparso di rose il crin leggiadro e biondo,
E lasciato dell'Istro il ricco fondo,
Vengan l'humide ninfe al ballo anch'elle.

CHORUS:

Movete al mio bel suon le piante snelle.
Sparso di rose il crin leggiadro e biondo,
E lasciato dell'Istro il ricco fondo,
Vengan l'humide ninfe al ballo anch'elle.
Fuggan in sì bel dì nemi e procelle:
D'aure olate el mormorar giocondo
Fat'eco al mio cantar; rimbombi il mondo
L'opre di Ferdinando eccelse e belle.

Ei l'armi cinse e su destrier allato
Corse le piagge, e su la terra dura
La testa riposò sul braccio armato.
Le torri eccelse e le superbe mura
Al vento sparse e fe' vermiglio il prato
Lasciando ogni altra gloria al mondo oscura.

While lovely Angioletta
with her singing delights
all refined souls,
my heart hastens
and hangs upon the sound
of her sweet song;
and meanwhile, I know not how,
the spirit of music
takes melodious voices
and with them forms and shapes
eloquent and masterly harmony
in an unusual way,
tempering with quicksilver sound
her flexible voice,
turning it aside and urging it on,
with broken accents
and with twists and turns,
here slowed down, there quick,
sometimes murmuring
in deep and changing sounds,
and alternating flights
with repose and peaceful breathing,
now suspending it and holding it poised,
now pressing it down, now breaking it off,
now restraining it,
now shooting it forth like an arrow,
vibrating, now leading it in a circle,
sometimes in a tremulous and rambling way,
sometimes firmly and sonorously.
Thus the heart, singing ever and again,
O miracle of love,
becomes like a nightingale
and, so as not to remain mournful,
now takes to flight.

POET:

Turning in heaven in its immortal course
Its wheels of beneficent and serene light,
The sun brings back an age of peace
Under the new King of the Roman Empire.
Come, let me now be given a deep cup,
Garlanded and full, of the great Ebro,
That running from vein to vein to my heart
It may clear from my soul every mortal thought.

Let the noble lyre come: wreath my hair
With flowers, O Phyllis. I shall strike the stars
Singing the lofty laurels of my King.
And you, ladies and maidens, who through your beauty
Walk proudly in immortal honors,
Move your slender feet to my beautiful playing.

Their lovely blonde hair dotted with roses,
Leaving the rich bed of the Danube,
Let the watery nymphs, too, come to the dance.

CHORUS:

Move your slender feet to my beautiful playing.
Their lovely blonde hair dotted with roses,
Leaving the rich bed of the Danube,
Let the watery nymphs, too, come to the dance.
Let rainclouds and storms flee on such a fine day:
Let the merry murmur of perfumed breezes
Echo my song; let the world celebrate resoundingly
The lofty and beautiful deeds of Ferdinando.

He girded on arms and on a winged steed
He traveled the coasts, and on the hard ground
He rested his head on his armored arm.
Lofty towers and proud walls
He scattered to the winds and encrimsoned the field,
Obscuring all other glories in the world.