

UCDavis Department of Music presents the UC/D

Early Music Ensemble

David Nutter, director

Baroque Ensemble

Phoebe Craig & Michael Sand, directors

Songs of Love and War

Program

Altri canti d'Amor

Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi (Venice 1638)

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

Dagli abissi del mio core (Richard Mix, bass)

Diporti di Euterpe overo Cantate & ariette a voce sola (Venice 1659)

Barbara Strozzi
(1619 - 1677)

Sonata prima

Sonate concertate in stil moderno (Venice 1629)

Dario Castello
(fl/Venice, early 17th century)

Lamento della Ninfa (Sarah Eyerly, Siwa Msangji, Philip Sternberg, Nathaniel Johnson)

Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi

Monteverdi

Sonata prima della La Lucemina contenta

Sonate, correnti et arie, op.4 (1645)

Marco Zicellini
(1603-1680)

Laudate Dominum (Psalm 150) Sarah Eyerly, soprano

Selva morale et spirituale (Venice, 1641)

Monteverdi

Ch'io t'ami più della mia vita

Deh! bella e cara (seconda parte)

Ma tu, più che mai (terza, et ultima parte)

Il quinto libro de madrigali (1605)

Monteverdi

Movete al mio bel suon: Ballo (Siwa Msangji, poet)

Madrigali guerrieri et amorosi

Monteverdi

Sunday, 18 May 2003

8 p.m.

St. Martin's Episcopal Church

UCD Early Music Ensemble

Soprano

Carole Hom, Sarah Eyerly, Laura Navarrete, Rhiannon Powell, Uta Russell, Jessica Sickel, Anna Sun,
Teresa Tam, Marta Zumwalt

Alto

Jacki Amos, Nicole Chun-Nelson, Amanda Donev, Elise Keddie, Gabrielle Nevitt

Tenor

Siwa Msangi, Philip Sternberg, John Patrick Torres

Bass

Nathaniel Johnson, Richard Mix, Emmanuel Padilla, Eric Talevich, Neil Willits

UCD Baroque Ensemble

Violin: Michael Sand, Dianne Lehmann, Brie Hassell, Andrew Lentz,

Viola: Devin Hough, Marianne Batchelder

Cello: Aaron Benevides, Emily Morris

Harpsichord: Phebe Craig

Program note

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* (1607) and *Arianna*, written in 1608 for the wedding of Prince Francesco Gonzaga and Margarite of Savoy. 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, a position he held until his death (Venice, 29 November, 1643).

Altogether Monteverdi published eight books of madrigals. Of these the Fifth Book of 1605, with its powerful settings of dramatic monologues from Guarini's pastoral play *Il pastor fido*, achieved instant notoriety when several of its madrigals were cited as prime examples of "the imperfections of modern music" by the reactionary critic Artusi. At issue was the composer's brilliant if unconventional use of dissonance as a means of enhancing musically the meaning of the words. The exploration of new musical means to "represent" the emotions conveyed by words culminated in the varied content of the Madrigals of Love and War, dedicated to the newly-crowned Austrian emperor Ferdinand III. In the preface Monteverdi explained that while the musical style of his day was well fitted to express love and passion, it was less well fitted to express the contrary emotions of anger, disdain and war. To this end he devised a new "agitated" style - the *stile concitato* - combining the repeated hammer strokes of the Pyrrhic measure of Greek poetry with the conventional fanfares and diatonic harmonies of Renaissance battle music (*Altri canti d'Amor*). The resulting "warlike genus," effected through reiterated notes played (or sung) in rapid succession, is Monteverdi's invention.

The ballet *Movete al mio bel suon* 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 written by Ottavio 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 the strophic opera prologue and is punctuated by an instrumental ritornello. The vocal ballet proper ("Movete al mio bel suon") is divided into two sections of which the second is a musical variant of the first. The Lamento della Ninfa is written in the "theatrical style" (*genere rappresentativo*). Framed by narrative statements, the lament unfolds over a repeating four-note descending bass pattern that was to become the stock in trade of operatic laments.

Dario Castello's sonatas, among the earliest for solo violin, are sectional with much of the writing resembling the ornate vocal style of the period. Uccellini's exploration of more distant keys, unusual in string music of the time, is notable. He also used piquant chromaticisms and false relations. Barbara Strozzi lived from childhood with Giulio Strozzi, of a Florentine noble family but residing in Venice. Strozzi was a poet, and Barbara (perhaps his daughter) set many of his verses. He founded an academy, the Unisoni, partly to give her an outlet for her performances and compositions.

Texts and translations

Altri canti d'Amor, tenero Arciero

Altri canti d'Amor, tenero Arciero,
I dolci vezzi sospirati baci
Narri gli sdegni e le bramate paci
Quand'unisce due alme un sol pensiero.

Let others sing of Love, the tender archer,
of the sweet caresses, the sighing kisses;
let him narrate the quarrels and delightful making-up
When two souls unite in a single thought.

Di Marte furibondo e fiero
I duri incontri e le battaglie audaci
Fo nel mio canto bellicoso e fiero
Strider le spade e bombeggiar le faci.

Of Mars, wild and raging
of harsh encounters and brave battles,
I make my martial, fierce song,
Of the drawing of swords and flashing lightning.

Tu, cui tessuta han di Cesare alloro
La corona immortal, mentre Bellona
Gradite il verde ancor novo lavoro

You, whose immortal crown is woven
from the laurels of Caesar, while Bellona [the sister of Mars]
receives the green and still-new work,

Che mentre guerre canta e guerre suona,
O gran Fernando, l'orgoglioso choro
Del tuo sommo valor canta e ragiona.

as she sings and sounds of war,
O grand Ferdinand, the proud chorus
Sings and recounts your supreme valor.

La crudele, che non sente, non vede, non parla

The cruel lady, who feels not, sees not, speaks not

Dagli abissi del mio core
strepitosi e con gli accenti
a spiegarti il mio dolore,
a narrarti i miei tormenti.
Ma tu, bella crudel, sorda ti fai:
orrechia che non vuol non sente mai

From the depths of my heart
sound the clamoring accents
that explain to you my pain,
that tell you of my torments.
But you, cruel beauty, pretend deafness:
the unwilling ear hears nothing.

Nel l'inferno più profondo
tormentato Amor mi tiene
d'ogni male a torto abondo,
son immense le mie pene.
Ma tu, bella crudel, cieca ti fai:
un occhio che non vuol non vede mai.

In deepest hell Cupid
tortures me and without reason
keeps me full of woe so that
my sufferings are immense.
But you, cruel beauty, feign blindness:
the unwilling eye sees nothing.

Con un "sì" potresti solo
eloquente parlatrice
con un "sì" togliermi il duolo,
con un "sì" farmi felice.
Ma tu, bella crudel, muta ti fai:
la bocca che non vuol non parla mai.

Only you with a "yes,"
eloquent lady,
can with a "yes" relieve my pain,
can with a "yes" make me happy.
But you, cruel beauty, stay silent:
the unwilling mouth never speaks.

Lamento della Ninfa

Non havea Febo ancora
Recato al mondo il dì
Ch'una donzella fuora
Del proprio albero uscì,
Sul pallidetto volto
Scorgeasi il suo dolor,
Spesso gli venia sciolto
Un gran sospir dal cor;
Si calpestrando fiori
Errava hor qua, hor là,
I suoi perduto amori
Così piangendo va:

*Phoebus had not yet
brought his light back to the world
when a young maiden
left her dwelling;
her grief could be seen
on her pale face,
and she often loosed
a great sigh from her heart
as she wandered here and there,
treading on the flowers,
lamenting her lost love
thus:*

Amor (dicea, il ciel
Mirando il piè fermò),
Amor, dov'è la fè
Ch'il traditor giurò? (miserella)
Fa che ritorni il mio
Amor com'ei pur fu,

*Love (she said, stopping
and gazing at the skies),
Love, where is the faith
the traitor swore? (Unhappy maiden!)
Let my love return to me
as he was before,*

O tu m'ancidi ch'io
 Non mi tormenti più. (miserella)
 Non, non vo' più sospiri
 Se non lontan da me. (miserella)
 No, no che i maritiri
 Più non dirammi affè.
 (Miserella, ah più no,
 Tanto gel soffrir non può!)
 Perché di lui mi struggo
 Tutt'orgoglioso sta,
 Che sì, che sì, se 'l fuggo
 Ancor mi pregherà. (miserella)
 Se ciglio ha più sereno
 Colei che'l mio non è,
 Già non richiude in seno
 Amor sì bella fè.
 Né mai sì dolci baci
 Da quella bocca havrai,
 Né più soavi, ah taci, (miserella)
 Taci, che troppo il sai.

Sì tra sdegnosi pianti
 Spargea le voci al ciel.
 Così ne' cori amanti
 Mesce amor fiamma e gel.

- Ottavio Rinuccini

Psalm 150

Laudate Dominum in sanctis eius;
 laudate eum in firmamento virtutis eius.
 Laudate eum in virtutibus eius;
 laudate eum secundum
 multitudinem magnitudinis eius.

Laudate eum in sono tubae;
 laudate eum in psalterio et cithara.
 Laudate eum in tympano et choro:
 laudate eum in cordis et organo.

Laudate eum in cymbalis benesonantibus;
 laudate eum in cymbalis jubilationis.
 Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum!
 Alleluia.

Ch'io t'ami

Ch'io t'ami e t'ami più de la mia vita,
 se tu no'l sai, crudele,
 chiedelo a queste selve
 che tel diranno, e tel diran con esse
 le fère lor e i duri sterpi e i sassi
 di questi alpestri monti,
 ch'io sì spesse volte
 intenerito al suon de' miei lamenti.

Deh! bella e cara e sì soave un tempo
 cagion di viver mio, mentr' al ciel piaque,
 volgi una volta e volgi
 quelle stelle amorose,
 come le vidi mai, così tranquille
 e piene di pietà, prima ch'io muoia,
 ché 'l morir mi sia dolce.
 E dritt' è ben che, se mi furo un tempo
 dolci segni di vita, or sien di morte
 quei bell'occhi amorosi;

or kill me, so that I
 suffer torment no longer. (Unhappy maiden!)
 No, I don't want him to sigh
 except far from me; (Unhappy maiden!)
 nor that he will tell me,
 in faith, of his torments.
 (Unhappy maiden, ah no longer
 can she bear such coldness!)
 Because I am consumed with love for him,
 he is proud;
 and if I flee from him
 he will beg my love again. (Unhappy maiden!)
 If his new love
 be fairer than I,
 Love does not hold in his breast
 a more faithful love than mine.
 You shall never have such sweet
 kisses from those lips,
 nor more tender. Ah be silent (Unhappy maiden!)
 be silent, for you know it full well.

Thus, amidst her angry tears
 she lifted her voice to heaven.
 In this way in the hearts of lovers
 does Love mix flames and ice.

O praise God in his holiness:
 praise him in the firmament of his power.
 Praise him in his noble acts:
 praise him according
 to his excellent greatness.

Praise him in the sound of the trumpet:
 praise him on the lute and harp.
 Praise him in the cymbals and dances:
 praise him upon the strings and pipe.

Praise him upon the well-tuned cymbals:
 praise him on the loud cymbals.
 Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord.

If thou knowest not that I love thee
 more than my life, cruel one,
 ask of these woods
 and they will tell you, and so will
 the wild beasts, the rough scrub and the stones
 of these mountains,
 which so many times
 my laments have moved to pity.

Ah, my beauty, my dear one once my sweet reason
 for living, when that it pleased heaven;
 turn once more, o turn
 those loving eyes on me
 as thou wert wont to do, so calm
 and full of pity, ere I die,
 that my dying be made sweet;
 'tis right, that as I once read life,
 now should I read death
 in those beautiful, loving eyes;

e quel soave sguardo,
che mi scorre ad amare,
mi scorga anco a morire;
e chi fu l'alba mia,
del mio cadente di l'espero hor sia.

Ma tu, più che mai dura,
favilla di pietà non senti ancora;
anzi t'inaspri più, quanto più prego.
Così senza parlar dunque m'ascolti?
A chi parlo, infelice, a un muto sasso?
S'altro non mi vuoi dir, dimmi almen: "Mori!";
e morir mi vedrai.
Quest'è ben, empio Amor, miseria estrema
che sì rigida ninfa
non mi risponda, e l'armi
d'una sola sdegnosa e cruda voce,
sdegni di proferire
al mio morire.

Guarini, *Il pastor fido*, III, iii, 296-362

Ballo: Volgendo in ciel

POETA

Volgendo in ciel per immortal sentiero
Le ruote della luce alma e serena
Un secolo di pace il sol rimena
Sotto il Re novo de 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 Re gli ecclesi 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.

BALLO A 5 VOCI CON DOI VIOLINI

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 di nemi e procelle:
D'aure olate e 'l 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.

and that the sweet glance
that witnessed my love
should now witness my death;
and that she who was my dayspring should of my
fading day now be the evening star.

But thou, more harsh than ever,
hast now no spark of pity;
Rather, thy harshness increases with my prayers.
Hast thou no work to answer me?
To whom am I speaking, then, unhappy man, a dumb stone?
If thou wilt say nought else, at least say: "Die!"
and I shall die.
This, O villainous Love, is the extreme of wickedness.
when such an unyielding girl
answers me not, and you arm her
only with scornful, cruel words,
yet scorn to pronounce
my death.

POET

*Turning in heaven in its immortal course
on 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 hours,
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 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.*