



Three Singers
Adam de Coster c. 1615



St. Cecilia
Gramatica c. 1625



A Consort of Women
Master of the Female Half Lengths c.1540



Cumaeen Sibyl
Domenichino c.1641



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Early Music Uncorked:
Musica Transalpina

FEATURING

Circa 1600
directed by Robert Worth

Friday, April 20, 2018 & Saturday, April 21, 2018
Schroeder Hall, Green Music Center
Sonoma State University

MUSICA TRANSALPINA

PART ONE: THE MADRIGAL AT HOME LUCA MARENZIO (1553—1599)

Regrets

I lieti amanti e le fanciulle tenere.....*Il primo libro de madrigali à 4 voci* (1585)

O voi che sospirate a miglior notti.....*Il secondo libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1581)

Gia torna a rallegrar l'aria e la terra.....*Il secondo libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1581)



Dying for Love

Basciami mille volte.....*Il quinto libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1585)

Tirsi morir volea.....*Il primo libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1580)

Liquide perle Amor da gl'occhi sparse.....*Il primo libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1580)



Crash

Udite, lagrimosi Spirti d'Averno.....*Il sesto libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1594)

Dissi a l'amata mia.....*Il primo libro de madrigali à 4 voci* (1585)

Dolorosi martir, fieri tormenti.....*Il primo libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1580)



Paradise on Earth

Madonna mia gentil.....*Il primo libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1580)

Scaldava il sol di mezzo giorno.....*Il terzo libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1582)

Leggiadre ninfe e pastorelli amanti.....*Il quinto libro de madrigali à 6 voci* (1591)



INTERMISSION

PART TWO: THE MADRIGAL ABROAD WEELKES, WILBYE, MORLEY AND MORE

The Journey North

What doth my prettie darling?.....Luca Marenzio—*Il primo libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1580)
As reprinted and translated in *Musica transalpina* (1588)

A la strada, o Dio!.....Luca Marenzio—*Il secondo libro delle canzonette à 3 voci* (1585)

Fyer, fyer.....Thomas Morley—*The First Booke of Balletts to Five Voyces* (1595)
Themes derived from Luca Marenzio's 'A la strada' (see above)

Hard by a crystal fountain.....Thomas Morley—*The Triumphes of Oriana to 5 and 6 Voices* (1601)
Adaptation and expansion of Giovanni Croce's 'Ove tra l'herbe e fiori'—*Il trionfo di Dori* (1592)



Love Problems

Oft have I vow'd.....John Wilbye—*The Second Set of Madrigales to 3–6 voices* (1609)

Like two proud armies.....Thomas Weelkes—*Madrigals of 5 and 6 Parts* (1600)

O, what shall I doe.....John Wilbye—*The Second Set of Madrigales to 3–6 voices* (1609)

Thule, the period of cosmography.....Thomas Weelkes—*Madrigals of 5 and 6 Parts* (1600)



Frisk It Apace

Fly not so swift.....John Wilbye—*The Second Set of Madrigales to 3–6 voices* (1609)

Why are you Ladies staying.....Thomas Weelkes—*Madrigals of 5 and 6 Parts* (1600)



An International Style

Qual vive Salamandra.....Jan Peterzoon Sweelinck—*Rimes françoises et italiennes à 2-4 voci* (1612)
Based upon Marenzio's eponymous madrigal—*Il primo libro de madrigali à 6 voci* (1581)

Il dolce mormorio.....Peter Philips—*Il primo libro de madrigali à 6 voci* (1596)

Feritevi, viperette mordaci.....Heinrich Schütz—*Il primo libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1611)

WELCOME!

Thanks so much for coming to our concert. We're excited to share with you the results of our investigations of the madrigal on both sides of the Alps, and to share with you some music that (we hope) will just about take the top of your head off!

What is a madrigal, anyway? Many people would first think of 'Fa-la-la-la', a common (and most profound) lyric found in a certain kind of secular song from the Renaissance—a light and sassy style, mostly about love and cavorting and nymphs and shepherds pursuing pleasure out in the countryside. Fun, for sure; but perhaps somewhat lacking in depth.

In 16th-century Italy—the cradle of the madrigal—that sort of song would be called a *canzonetta*—a 'little song.' Many hundreds of these verse-form songs were composed and published, and they were quite popular for casual musical fun-making (no doubt accompanied by other types of fun).

But the real *madrigale* was something different. Madrigals were not based upon a repeating verse-form, but rather were settings of through-composed poetry. And such poetry! Inspired by the great Francesco Petrarca (1304—1377), a treasure trove of Italian poetry was produced throughout the 16th-century, including sonnets and odes and elegies and entire plays filled with pictorial, passionate verse.

Much of the poetry was indeed pastoral, and love was often the topic; but love in all its forms and manifestations and richness, from happy, fulfilled love to painful rejection. And beyond love, crucial human issues of life and death, nature and human society, kindness and cruelty, hope and despair, chastity and sexuality, were explored in poetic terms.

The composers lapped it up with a spoon. Many hundreds of books of madrigals were published, exploring and amplifying the poetry in musical terms. From relatively modest beginnings—musical settings not greatly different from the lighter forms—a rich, powerful musical style developed, capable of heightening the effect of a powerful poem by musical means, of carrying the message of poetry on the wings of music straight into a listener's heart.

And although there emerged a common musical language, each composer was expected to develop his/her own *maniera*, a personal approach differentiated in any of a number of ways from that of his/her contemporaries. The importance placed upon *maniera* was a crucial element in the evolution of the language, as each artist opened up a new approach, these effects could be adopted by others.

In this manner, sometimes evolutionary and sometimes revolutionary, the musico-poetic language grew in richness and (at times) strangeness as wondrous effects were invented and incorporated into the style.

When we embarked upon this project, we realized that in order to trace the movement of the madrigal to England and elsewhere in northern Europe, we would need to present a picture of the madrigal at home—in Italy. And who to best represent that picture than Luca Marenzio? A master of the mature madrigal style, Marenzio developed his own personal approaches to pictorial text-setting, to chromaticism, to matters of musical form, and to expressing the ineffable—the unsayable in the cracks which words can't express—through his music.

And so the first half of our concert is devoted to Luca Marenzio, drawing from many of his books of madrigals to present a portrait in sound and poetry of the character of the Italian madrigal in the late 16th-century.



In 1588, Nicholas Yonge published his groundbreaking *Musica Transalpina*, which presented many Italian madrigals in English singing versions. This was followed in short order by a second volume, and by a series of *Italian Madrigals Englished*, by the important poet Thomas Watson. At this distance, it is hard to imagine the huge effect these publications had upon musical life in England. The madrigal basically stormed across the English Channel and instantly became the latest musical thing.

The madrigal had not been unknown in England—books of Italian madrigals had been published there—but the availability of the genre in English somehow unlocked the market. Over the ensuing 20 years or so, many books of madrigals were published in England, and these were snapped up for domestic use at a great rate. Composers such as Thomas Weelkes—already well-established as a peerless composer of sacred music—jumped on the bandwagon, as did John Wilbye, who specialized in the new style. Thomas Morley was ever at the forefront, as a composer, a publisher and a music theorist and pedagogue.

The English madrigal developed along similar lines to the Italian genre, but tended to be lighter, due in large part to its poetry. While the Italian madrigal had long been based upon skilled and often inspired verse, the English madrigal did not often tap into the rich veins of the British poetic traditions, but rather employed light verse created to be set to music.

However, there are many exceptions to this general rule, and we have sought out some of the richest and most searching examples of the English madrigal. We begin our second half with a glimpse at the madrigal's arrival in England—a Marenzio composition 'Englished'; a light Morley setting based upon a light Marenzio piece; and a much larger Morley work (from the *Triumphes of Oriana*) inspired by a Giovanni Croce madrigal from an Italian collection.

Having established the arrival of the genre in England, we present prime examples by two of the finest English madrigalists, John Wilbye and Thomas Weelkes. As you'll hear, the two composers, while operating within the prevailing style, each created his own *maniera*, distinct and uniquely effective.

Finally, we present a snapshot of developments elsewhere in Europe. In the Netherlands, the Englishman Peter Philips published an entire book of 6-voice madrigals, from which we draw the haunting *Il dolce mormorio*. Jan Pieterszoon Sweelinck, organist and choir director at the Oude Kerk in Amsterdam, published both original madrigals and arrangements of Italian models, including his 3-voice re-working of Marenzio's *Qual vive salamandra*. And we close with Heinrich Schütz' exciting *Feritevi*, from his very first publication, a book of madrigals published in Venice during his stay there as a student of Giovanni Gabrieli.

We hope you enjoy this wonderful music, and we also hope that you return to hear our season-ending *A Tale of Two Cities* (June 2-3), in which (as a sort of bookend to *Musica Transalpina*) we trace the movement of the great Venetian polychoral style across the Alps to Dresden and point north.

-Robert Worth, music director

Notes, Texts, and Translations

PART ONE: THE MADRIGAL AT HOME LUCA MARENZIO (1553—1599)

Regrets

We open with a set of Marenzio madrigals which deal—each in its own way—with the topic of regret. *I lieti amanti* describes through poetic and musical terms the way things used to be ‘back in the day’, ending with a sardonic, old-codger comment upon how everything is going downhill. *O voi che sospirate*, based upon a Petrarchan verse, speaks in the voice of one who is so in torment that death is a longed-for release. And the sad protagonist of *Gia torna a rallegrar*, noticing the signs of returning spring, feels at each lovely detail nothing but grief.

I lieti amanti e le fanciulle tenere.....*Il primo libro de madrigali à 4 voci* (1585)

I lieti amanti e le fanciulle tenere
givan di prato in prato ramentandosi
il foco e l'arco del figliol di Venere.

The happy lovers and the tender maids
Wandered amid the meadows, remembering
The ardour and the bow of Venus' son.

Non era gelosia, ma sollazzandosi
movean i dolci balli a suon di cetera,
e 'n guisa di colombi ogn' hor baciandosi.

They felt no jealousy, but with delight
They danced sweet dances to the lyre's sound.
And like doves, they billed and cooed.

O pura fede, o dolce usanza vetera!
Hor conosco ben io che 'l mondo instabile
tanto peggiora più, quanto più invetera.
--*Jacopo Sannazaro (1458—1530)*

O pure faith, o sweet the olden days!
Now I know well that the unstable world
Gets worse the older it gets.

O voi che sospirate a miglior note.....*Il secondo libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1581)

O voi che sospirate a miglior note,
ch' ascoltate d'amore o dite in rime,
pregate non mi sia più sorda Morte,
porto de le miserie e fin del pianto:
muti una volta quel suo antico stile,
ch' ogni huom attrista, e me può far sì lieto.
--*Francesco Petrarca (1304—1374)*

O all of you who sigh for better nights,
who listen about Love or write in rhymes,
pray Death to be no longer deaf to me,
the port of misery, the end of tears;
for once let her give up her ancient style
that brings sorrow to all, but can make me glad.

Già torna a rallegrar l'aria e la terra.....*Il secondo libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1581)

Già torna a rallegrar l'aria e la terra
Il giovinetto April carico di fiori
Il Mar s'acqueta,
il giel fugge sotterra
Scherzan le vaghe Ninfe e i lor Pastori
Tornan gli augelli a l'amorosa guerra,
Lieti a cantar nei matutini albori.

Now returns to make the air and earth rejoice
The youthful April, laden with flowers;
The sea becomes still,
the ice flees underground,
The pretty nymphs and their shepherds sport,
The birds return to their amorous strife,
Happy to sing in the glow of dawn.

Et io piango la notte e son' dolente,
Tosto che'l sol si scopre in Oriente.
--*Anonymous ottava rima*

And I!—I weep in the night, and am sad,
As soon as the sun reveals himself in the East.



Dying for Love

The well-known association in Renaissance verse of death and orgasm has given rise to many wry comments and elbow-nudgings. But death can mean many things in madrigal poetry—pain over lost love, deep regret, loss of consciousness, literal death—and, yes, sometimes it can refer to orgasm. We offer three madrigals which include the word *morte*. *Basciami mille volte* invokes the image of a kiss which can bring such sweetness that ‘the soul faints’. *Tirsi morir volea*—one of the most-frequently set of all madrigal poetry—is (in a sense) a poster-child for the prurient interpretation; but with the delightful twist of being about simultaneously fulfilled sex. In the famous *Liquide perle*, Cupid causes pearls of moisture to fall from the beloved’s eyes, failing however to quench the fires of desire.

Basciami mille volte.....*Il quinto libro de madrigali à 5 voci (1585)*

Basciami mille volte,
Con quelle dolci tue labbra rosate,
Piene di vaghe voglie innamorate.
E se l'alma mia presa
D'insolita dolcezza verràà meno,
Stringemi tosto al delicato seno.
Ma s'avien poi ch'io mora,
Dolce la sorte fia, dolce la stella,
Che morte mi darà sì dolce e bella.
--*Anonymous madrigale*

Kiss me a thousand times,
With your sweet rosy lips,
Full of lovely and enamoured desire.
And if my captured soul
Faints from unaccustomed sweetness,
Hold me close to your delicate breast.
But if it should happen that I die,
Sweet be the destiny, sweet the star,
That will give me such a lovely, sweet death.

Tirsi morir volea.....*Il primo libro de madrigali à 5 voci (1580)*

Tirsi morir volea,
Gl'occhi mirando di colei ch'adora;
Ond'ella, che di lui non meno ardea,
Gli disse: "Ohimè, ben mio,
Deh, non morir ancora,
Che teco bramo di morir anch'io."
Frenò Tirsi il desio,
Ch'havea di pur sua vita al' hor finire;
E sentia morte, e non potea morire.
E mentre fisso il guardo pur tenea
Ne' begl'occhi divini
Et nettare amoroso indi bevea,
La bella Ninfa sua, che già vicini

Thyrsis desired death,
looking into the eyes of the girl he adored,
when she, who burned no less for him,
said to him, "Alas, my dear,
oh, do not die yet,
for I desire to die with you."
Thyrsis reined in his desire
which was about to end his life,
but he felt death in not being able to die.
And while he kept his gaze fixed on those
beautiful divine eyes
and drank the amorous nectar,
his beautiful nymph, who felt

Sentea i messi d'Amore,
Disse, con occhi languidi e tremanti:
"Mori, cor mio, ch'io moro."
Le rispose il Pastore:
"Et io, mia vita, moro."

Così moriro i fortunati amanti
Di morte sì soave e sì gradita,
Che per anco morir tornaro in vita.
--*Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538—1612)*

Liquide perle Amor da gl'occhi sparse.....*Il primo libro de madrigali à 5 voci (1580)*

Liquide perle Amor da gl'occhi sparse
In premio del mio ardore;
Ma lass' ohimè che 'l core
Di maggior foco m'arse
Ahi, che bastava solo
A darmi morte il primo ardente duolo.
--*Lelio Pasqualino (1549—1607)*

love's beckonings drawing nigh,
said with languid and trembling eyes,
"Die, my heart, for I die."
The shepherd answered her,
"And I, my life, die."

So the fortunate lovers died,
so sweet and welcome a death,
that they returned to life to die again.

From her eyes, Cupid scattered liquid pearls
as recompense for my ardour;
but, alas, how my heart
burns with a stronger fire,
ah, since the first intense pain
sufficed to bring on my death.



Crash

Here we have three pieces about love and life gone awry, each of which depicts (in very different ways) human response to adversity. In *Udite lagrimosi Spirti d'Averno*. Marenzio deploys his considerable skills in chromaticism to paint a musical picture of torment and pain. *Dissi a l'amata mia* uses a much milder and even tender language to portray a love scene which twists at the end. And in *Dolorosi martir*, Marenzio turns renders the lover's howls of despair into a wilderness of musical pain and desolation.

Udite lagrimosi Spirti d'Averno.....*Il sesto libro de madrigali à 5 voci (1594)*

Udite lagrimosi Spirti d'Averno, udite
Nova sorte di pena e di tormento.
Mirate crudo affetto
In sembiante pietoso.

La mia donna, crudel più dell'inferno,
Perch' una sola morte
Non può far satia la sua ingorda voglia
(E la mia vita è quasi
Una perpetua morte),
Mi comanda ch'io viva,
Perché la vita mia
Di mille morti il dì ricetta sia.
-- *Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538—1612)*

Hear, o weeping infernal spirits, hear
A new tale of torment and of pain.
See what cruel emotion
In such a piteous countenance.

My lady, more cruel than hell,
For a single death
Will not satisfy her avid desire
(and my life is almost
A perpetual death),
Commands that I live,
Because my life
Is filled with a thousand deaths a day.

Dissi a l'amata mia.....*Il primo libro de madrigali à 4 voci (1585)*
 Dissi a l'amata mia, lucida stella,
 Che più d'ogn' altra luce,
 Et al mio cor adduce
 Fiamme, strali e catene,
 Ch'ogn'hor mi danno pene:
 “Deh! morirò, cor mio.
 Sì, morirai, ma non per mio desio.”
 --*Giovanni Battista Moscaglia (c.1550—1589)*

I told my love, shining star
 Who is stronger than any other light,
 And to my heart draws
 Flames, arrows and chains,
 That every hour give me pains:
 “Ah, I will die, my heart.
 Yes, you will die, but not at my desire.”

Dolorosi martir, fieri tormenti.....*Il primo libro de madrigali à 5 voci (1580)*
 Dolorosi martir, fieri tormenti,
 Duri ceppi, empi lacci, aspre catene,
 Ov'io la notte i giorni, hore e momenti
 Misero piango il mio perduto bene;
 Triste voci, querele, urlì e lamenti,
 Lagrime spesse e sempiternè pene
 Son' il mio cibo e la quiete cara
 Della mia vita, oltr' ogni assentio amara.
 --*Luigi Tansillo (1510—1568)*

Bitter agonies, fierce torments,
 harsh traps, cruel snares, rasping chains,
 through night and day, at all hours and every
 moment I lament my lost love wretchedly
 Sad voices, complaints, howlings and wailings,
 tears frequently-shed and never-ending misery
 nourish me, and the serene tranquility
 of my life is bitter as wormwood.



Paradise on Earth

Ah! And now (having earned it, so to speak), we arrive in the land of peace and plenty, of love blissfully returned, of a lazy sunny day, of a gorgeous landscape filled with flowers, with dancing, with celebration.

Madonna mia gentil.....*Il primo libro de madrigali à 5 voci (1580)*
 Madonna mia gentil, ringratio Amore
 Che tolto m' abbia il core
 Dandolo a voi ch'avete
 Non sol beltà ma sete
 Ornata di virtù tal che m'avviso
 Stando in terra godere il Paradiso.
 --*Anonymous madrigale*

My sweet lady, I thank Love
 Who has taken my heart,
 Giving it to you,
 Who are not only beautiful,
 But adorned with such virtue that I seem,
 While standing on earth, enjoying paradise.

Scaldava il sol di mezzo giorno.....*Il terzo libro de madrigali à 5 voci (1582)*
 Scaldava il sol di mezzo giorno l' arco
 Nel dorso del Leon suo albergo caro,
 Sotto 'l boschetto più di frondi carco
 Dormia 'l pastor con le sue greggi a paro;
 Giaceva il villanel de l'opra scarco.
 Vie più di posa che di spighe avaro;

The midday sun was warming his arch
 on the back of Leo, his favorite abode,
 in the woods heavily burdened with branches
 the shepherd slept with his flock nearby;
 the peasant was stretched out tired from work,
 more greedy for rest than for corn;

Gl'augei, le fere,
ogn'huom s'asconde e tace,
Sol la Cicala non si sente in pace.
--Luigi Alamanni (1495—1556)

the birds, the wild creatures,
every man hides himself and falls silent;
only the cicada does not feel at peace.

Leggiadre Ninfe e Pastorelli amanti.....*Il quinto libro de madrigali à 6 voci* (1591)

Leggiadre Ninfe e Pastorelli amanti
che con lieti sembianti
in quest'ombrosa valle all'onde chiare
divino fonte hoggi vi trasse Amore
a scegliere fior da fiori
per tesser ghirlandette e coronare
la mia Ninfa gentile.
Mentre vezzosi Satiri e Silvani
nei lor' abiti strani
danzan con mod' humile,
voi cantate, spargendo e rose e fiori:
“Viva la bella Dori!”
--Lorenzo Guicciardi (dates unknown)

Graceful nymphs and amorous shepherds,
their faces glowing with happiness
in this valley of limpid waters rising from
deep springs, today brought you to Cupid,
so as to choose the best of the flowers
with which to interlace garlands
in order to crown my delicate nymph.
While charming Satyrs and Wood elves,
garbed in their strange attire,
dance respectfully,
you sing, and scatter roses and flowers.
Long live the beautiful Dori.



INTERMISSION



PART TWO: THE MADRIGAL ABROAD WEEKES, WILBYE, MORLEY AND MORE

The Journey North

As noted in the ‘Welcome!’ note above, we begin the second half of our concert with a set depicting the arrival of the new style which was to capture the English musical imagination. With *What doth my prettie darling*, we continue our exploration of Marenzio, destined to become a favorite throughout Europe; but here in an English version from *Musica Transalpina*. And we present two adaptations by Thomas Morley of Italian material: His famous *Fyer, fyer*, based largely upon Marenzio’s canzonetta, *A la strada, o Dio!*; and his elaboration (almost a re-imagination) of Giovanni’s Croce madrigal from *Il Trionfo di Dori*, the collection which inspired Morley to produce *The Triumphes of Oriana* in honor of Queen Elizabeth.

What doth my prettie darling?.....Luca Marenzio—*Il primo libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1580)
As reprinted and translated in *Musica transalpina* (1588)

What doth my prettie darling?
What doth my song and chanting,
That they sing not of her the praise
and vaunting?

To her I give my violets,
And garlands sweetly smelling,
For to crown her locks, pure gold excelling.

A la strada, o Dio!.....Luca Marenzio—*Il secondo libro delle canzonette à 3 voci* (1585)

A la strada, o Dio!

Aiut', ohime,
Ch'io son tradito;
O poverino me,
Ch'io son ferito !

To the streets, o God!

Help, alas,
For I am betrayed;
O poor me,
For I am wounded!

Fyer, fyer!.....Thomas Morley—*The First Booke of Balletts to Five Voyces* (1595)

Themes derived from Luca Marenzio's 'A la strada, o Dio!' (see above)

Fyer, fyer! My heart!

Fa la la la la.

O, help, alas, O, help!

Ay me! I sit and cry me,
and call for help, alas,
but none comes nigh me.

Fa la la la la.

I burne, alas I burne!

Ay me! Will none come quench me?

And cast, cast water on,
Alas! And drench me.
Fa la la la la.

Hard by a crystal fountain...Thomas Morley—*The Triumphes of Oriana to 5 and 6 Voices* (1601)

Adaptation & expansion of Giovanni Croce's 'Ove tra l'herbe e fiori'—*Il trionfo di Dori* (1592)

Hard by a crystal fountain,

Oriana the Bright lay down a-sleeping.

The birds they finely chirped, the winds
were stilled;

sweetly with these accenting the air was filled.

This is that Fair, whose head a crown
deserveth, which Heav'n for her reserveth.

Leave, shepherds, your lambs keeping,

upon the barren mountain,

and nymphs attend on her and leave
your bowers,

for she the shepherd's life maintains and yours.

Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana:
Long live fair Oriana!



Love Problems

John Wilbye and Thomas Weelkes each produced a relatively small number of madrigals; but these are of extraordinarily high quality. Each composer has his own distinctive style—Wilbye tends toward the intimate, while Weelkes often depicts things on a grand scale. In *Oft have I vow'd* and *O, what shall I doe*, Wilbye provides us with touching inner glimpses of a pining soul, painted in delicate musical term. Weelkes' *Like two proud armies* uses a spectacular, bellicose vocabulary to depict the grand poetic conceit of a battle between the opposing forces of 'your beauty' and 'my reason'. And in *Thule, the period of cosmography*, Weelkes pulls out all the stops to portray all the hot spots of the world, none of which compare to the lover's heart which 'with love doth frye'.

Oft have I vow'd.....John Wilbye—*The Second Set of Madrigales to 3–6 voices* (1609)

Oft have I vow'd how dearly I did love thee,
And oft observ'd thee with all willing duty,
Sighs I have sent, still hoping to remove thee:
Millions of tears I tender'd to thy beauty,

Yet thou of sighs and silly tears regardless,
Suff'rest my feeble heart to pine with anguish,
Whilst all my barren hopes return rewardless,
My bitter days do waste, and I do languish.

Like two proud armies.....Thomas Weelkes—*Madrigals of 5 and 6 Parts* (1600)

Like two proud armies marching in the field,
joining a thund'ring fight, each scorns to yield;
So in my heart, your beauty and my reason,
one claims the crown,
the other says 'tis treason.
But O your beauty shineth as the sun
and dazzled reason yields as quite undone.

O, what shall I doe.....John Wilbye—*The Second Set of Madrigales to 3–6 voices* (1609)

O, what shall I do, or whither shall I turn me?
Shall I make unto her eyes?
O, no, they'll burn me!
Shall I seal up my eyes and speak my part?
Then in a flood of tears I drown my heart,
For tears being stopped will swell for scope,
Though they overflow love, life and hope,
By beauty's eye
I'll choose to die.
At thy feet I fall, fair creature rich in beauty,
And for pity call; O kill not love and duty.
Let thy smooth tongue fan on my sense
thy breath,
to stay thine eyes from burning me to death.
But if mercy be exiled
From a thing so fair compiled,
Then patiently
By thee I'll die.

Thule, the period of cosmography.....Thomas Weelkes—*Madrigals of 5 and 6 Parts* (1600)

Thule, the period of cosmography,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulfurious fire
Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the sky;
Trinacrian Aetna's flames ascend not higher.
These things seem wondrous,
yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze,
with love doth fry.
The Andalusian merchant, that returns
Laden with cochineal and China dishes,
Reports in Spain how strangely Fogo burns,
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes!
These things seem wondrous,
yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze,
with love doth fry.



Frisk It Apace

Wilbye and Weelkes here take on lyrics which depict dancing—and make the most of the opportunity. In *Fly not so swift*, Wilbye's lover is not too jealous to notice the Satyrs 'coasting the downs'; while Weelkes' *Why are you ladies staying* is nothing but a romp, pure and simple.

Fly not so swift.....John Wilbye—*The Second Set of Madrigales to 3–6 voices* (1609)

Fly not so swift, my dear, behold me dying,
If not a smiling glance for all my crying,
Yet kill me with thy frowns.
The Satyrs o'er the lawns
full nimbly dancing,
Frisk it apace to view thy beauty's glancing.
See how they coast the downs.
Fain wouldst thou turn
and yield them their delight,
But that thou fear'st lest I should steal a sight.

Why are you Ladies staying.....Thomas Weelkes—*Madrigals of 5 and 6 Parts* (1600)

Why are you Ladies staying,
And your Lords gone a-maying?
Run apace and meet them
And with your garlands greet them.
'Twere pity they should miss you,
For they will sweetly kiss you.

Hark! hark! I hear some dancing
And a nimble morris prancing,
The bagpipe and the morris bells,
That they are not far hence us tells.
Come, let us all go hither,
And dance like friends together.



An International Style

The Italian madrigal style spread not only to England, but to all parts of Europe and beyond. We close with a sampling of this vast repertoire. *Qual vive salamandra* is Sweelinck's skillful reworking of a 6-voice madrigal by Marenzio; Peter Philips—an Englishman who spent much of his life in the Netherlands—became extremely skilled at providing musical setting for Italian poetry, as in the dreamy *Il dolce mormorio*; and the young Heinrich Schütz, in his first publication, brought forth one of the most exciting collections of Italian madrigals ever, including the snappy, sassy *Feritevi, vipерette mordaci*.

Qual vive Salamandra Sweelinck—*Rimes franaises et italiennes,  2-4 voci* (1612)

Based upon Marenzio's eponymous madrigal—*Il primo libro de madrigali  6 voci* (1581)

Qual vive Salamandra in fiamma ardente,
E ne gioisce poi.
Cosi il mio core in voi,
Che la sua fiamma sete assai lucente.
Ardendo ha vita, e duol alcun non sente.
O che felice sorte,
Viver in fiamma, e non haver la morte.

As the salamander lives in burning fire,
And takes delight therein,
So my heart in you,
Who are indeed its brightest flame,
Has life in burning, and feels not a jot of pain.
O what a happy fate,
To live in flame, and not to have death.

Il dolce mormorio.....Peter Philips—*Il primo libro de madrigali  6 voci* (1596)

Il dolce mormorio,
Che fanno l'acque lente
Di quest' e di quel rio,
altro certo non  che'l sussurrare
de' lascivi amorette;
E de la tepid' aura lo spirare,
De l'ali  il ventilare.
Seco i vaghi augelletti
cantano dolcemente,
Scherzand' intorno al leggiadretto fiore,
'Qui vive, vive qui, qui vive Amore'.

The gentle murmur
made by the slow-moving waters
of certain streams,
to be sure, is no different from the
whisper of wanton little cupids;
and the breath of the warm breeze
is the rustle of their wings.
With them, the pretty little birds
sing sweetly,
fluttering around the graceful flower:
'Here lives, lives here, here lives Love'.

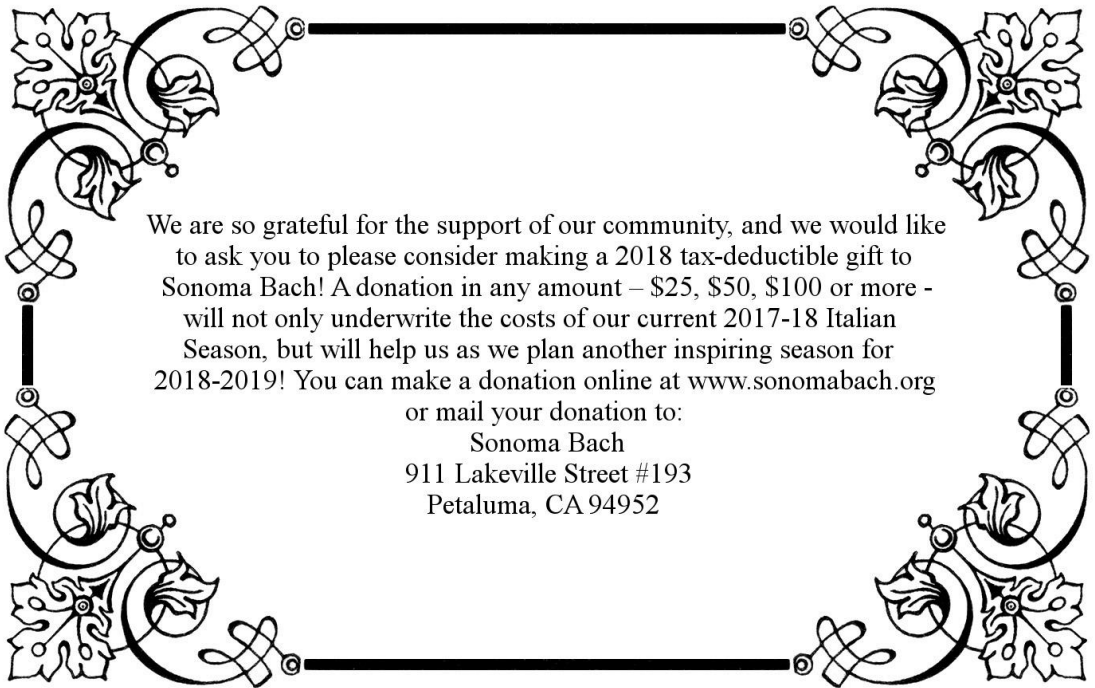
Feritevi, viperette mordaci.....Heinrich Schütz—*Il primo libro de madrigali à 5 voci* (1611)

Feritevi, viperette mordaci.
Dolci guerriere ardite
Del diletto e d'amor; bocche sagaci
Saettatevi pur vibrat' ardenti,
L'armi vostre pungenti.

Ma le morti sien vite,
Ma le guerre sien paci,
Sien saette le lingue,
E piaghe i baci.

Wound each other, murderous vipers.
Sweet warriors burn
With delight and love; shrewd mouths
Shoot each other as well with burning arrows,
With your sharp weapons.

But the dead will be alive,
But the wars will be peace,
The arrows will be tongues,
and the wounds will be kisses.



We are so grateful for the support of our community, and we would like to ask you to please consider making a 2018 tax-deductible gift to Sonoma Bach! A donation in any amount – \$25, \$50, \$100 or more - will not only underwrite the costs of our current 2017-18 Italian Season, but will help us as we plan another inspiring season for 2018-2019! You can make a donation online at www.sonomabach.org

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Circa 1600

directed by Robert Worth

Circa 1600 is a chamber choir, focused upon the nexus between the Renaissance and the Baroque. The group's primary repertoire is drawn from the 16th and 17th centuries, with occasional forays backward to the 15th century and forward up to and including the music of JS Bach. Guiding lights include Josquin Desprez, Claudio Monteverdi, and Heinrich Schütz.

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Peg Golitzin
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Dana Alexander
Harriet Buckwalter
Cinzia Forasiepi
Lauren Haile
Shawna Herve

Mark Considine
Michael Fontaine
Kristofer Haugen
Ole Kern

L Peter Deutsch
David Kittelstrom
Justin Margitich
Tim Marson

Robert Worth is the founding music director of Sonoma Bach. In 2010, he retired as Professor of Music at Sonoma State University, where he taught choral music and many other subjects for 29 years. In addition to his work in the fields of choral and early music, Bob has a specialty in musicianship training, and for ten years ran the ear training program at SSU.. He was deeply involved in the Green Music Center project in its early years, serving as consultant to the architects on such issues as acoustics, choral performance facilities and the Cassin pipe organ. Bob received his BA in music at SSU in 1980, and his MA in musicology at UC Berkeley in 1982.



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St. Cecilia and Angel, Gentileschi, c. 1617



A Musical Party, Gerard van Kuijl, 1625



Singing Boy, Hendrick Terbrugghen, 1627



Concert on a Balcony, Gerrit von Honthorst, 1624

Upcoming Events

Season Finale: A Tale of Two Cities
Saturday, June 2, 2018 & Sunday, June 3, 2018



Midsummer Night Sings 2018
Wednesday nights beginning July 11



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