



EARLY MUSIC UNCORKED

SONGS OF LOVE AND NATURE



"Parnassus" Andrea Mantegna (1497)

CIRCA 1600 CHAMBER CHOIR

Robert Worth, director • Dominic Schaner, lutenist

FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 8 PM
Saturday Afternoon Club, Santa Rosa

SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 8 PM
Penngrove Clubhouse, Penngrove



Francesco del Cossa (c. 1430- c.1477) Allegory of April: Triumph of Venus, before 1470

Antoine Caron (1521-1599) Allegory of the Triumph of Spring, 1560s



Sonoma Bach Presents

*Early Music Uncorked:
Songs of Love and Nature*

featuring

Circa 1600

Green Mountain Singers

Sonoma Bach Quintet & Duo

Dominic Schaner, lute & theorbo

Robert Worth, director

Friday, April 25, 2014
Saturday Afternoon Club
Santa Rosa

Saturday, April 26, 2014
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Early Music Uncorked: Songs of Love & Nature

Welcome Song

All creatures now

John Bennet (b ?1575–80; fl 1599–1614)

Nature's Wonders

Selve beate

Heinrich Schütz (1585-1671)

Revoicy venir du printemps

Claude Lejeune (c. 1530-1600)

Cruel Love

Crud' Amarilli

Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)

Ride la primavera

Heinrich Schütz

Love Fulfilled

Lute solo: Fantasia del Divino

Francesco Canova da Milano (1497-1543)

Amor di propria man/La ninfa alhor/Così con lieto gioco

Peter Philips (c. 1560-1628)

Mein Schifflein

Johann Hermann Schein (1586-1630)

Dancing on the Green

Voici le vert et beau Mai

Jacques Mauduit (1557-1627)

Vedi le valli

Luca Marenzio (c. 1553-1599)

INTERMISSION

Dawn Spreads its Wings

Vezzosi augelli
Ecco mormorar l'onde
Chant des oyseaux

Giaches de Wert
Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1641)
Clément Janequin (c. 1485-1558)

Beautifullest Ladies

Lady when I behold
Lute solo: Preamble
Ich weiss mir ein Meidlein
Non vidi mai

John Wilbye (1574-1638)
Hans Newsidler (c. 1508-1563)
Orlando di Lasso (c. 1532-1594)
Luca Marenzio

Love and Loss

Theorbo solo: Prélude and Passacaille
Pleurez mes yeux
Zefiro torna

Robert de Visée (1655-c. 1732)
Dominique Phinot (c. 1510-c. 1555)
Claudio Monteverdi

Happy Endings

Chi chilichi?
Unlängst dem blinden Göttelein

Orlando di Lasso
Johann Hermann Schein

Song of Farewell

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending

Thomas Weelkes (c. 1575-1623)

Notes – Texts - Translations

Welcome to *Songs of Love and Nature!* This concert is part of our Early Music Uncorked series, in which we do away with the proscenium and the formality and join with you, our listeners, to create an atmosphere which is actually more reflective of the way this music might have originally been heard: With food, drink, chat, intrigue, and conviviality for all concerned. We invite you join us as active participants—don't be shy! If you enjoy something, say so! Lift a glass! Meet a new friend! Clap your hands! Dance a few steps!

Songs of Love and Nature features Renaissance and early Baroque music—literally, circa 1600—which explores the natural world in poetic and musical terms, and also explores our experiences of love—wonderful, fulfilling love, and star-crossed, painful love. In many of the songs, as was very common in the period, these two broad themes are brought together—Nature is presented as balm for the love-wracked, or as reminder of what once was, or as a rich stage upon which all the delights and vagaries of love can play out. If you've ever reclined on a hillside with your love watching a sunset, or snacked (and kissed) in a concealed grove, or poured out your loss and lament to the trees or to the stars (and who hasn't done these things), you know all about this already.

So we invite you to listen with your ears, your eyes, your heart, your mind, your soul for the messages from these our kin from times past, who too experienced all these things, and who share their thoughts and feelings and wisdom tonight with us from across four centuries.

We hope you enjoy our concert, and we hope you return next week to share some glorious Bach with us—see elsewhere in the program—and also next season for more great early music!

-Bob Worth

Welcome Song

All creatures now

John Bennet (b ?1575–80; fl 1599–1614)

The Triumphs of Oriana is an anthology, likely compiled in honor of Queen Elizabeth I, and published in 1601 by Thomas Morley. It is a collection of 25 madrigals by 23 composers.

All creatures now are merry-minded.
The shepherds' daughters playing,
The nymphs are fa-la-la-ing,
Yond bugle was well winded
At Oriana's presence each thing smileth.
The flowers themselves discover;
Birds over her do hover;
Music the time beguileth.
See where she comes
With flowery garlands crowned,
Queen of all queens renowned.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana:
Long live fair Oriana.
-Anonymous

Nature's Wonders

Selve beate

Revoicy venir du printemps

Heinrich Schütz (1585-1671)

Claude Lejeune (c. 1530-1600)

What's Schütz doing writing Italian madrigals? Well, as he put it himself many years later in the preface to his *Geistliche Chormusik* (1648), he attended the 'true university of music'—Italy! Specifically, his patron supported him as he spent several years in his early 20's in and around Venice, studying with the masters and absorbing the sun and the food and the expressive Italian character. His book of Italian madrigals was his first publication, and it's a doozy. In "Selve beate," he paints a delightful and vivid picture of the woods and the breeze.

Claude Lejeune welcomes in the Spring (the beautiful and amorous season) enthusiastically, presenting a veritable catalog of things that walk, fly, fish and slither, all in the dancing style of *musique mesurée*, in which the both rhythm of the music and the text are faithful to the poetic meters of classical antiquity.

Selve beate,
Se sospirando in flebili sussurri
A nostro lamentar vi lamentaste,
Gioite e tante lingue sciogliete,
Quante frondi scherzano al suon di queste,
Piene del gioir nostro aure ridenti.

-G.B. Guarini

*Revoici venir du Printemps.
L'amoureuse et belle saison.
Le courant des eaux recherchant,
Le canal d'été s'éclaircît:
Et la mer calme de ces flots,
Amolît le triste courroux:
Le Canard s'égai' se plongeant,
Et se lave coint dedans l'eau
Et la grû' qui fourche son vol,
Retraverse l'air et s'en va.*

Refrain

*Le Soleil éclaire luisant,
D'une plus sereine clarté:
Du nuage l'ombre s'enfuit,
Qui se jou' et court et noircît
Et forêts et champs et coteaux,
Le labeur humain reverdît,
Et la pré découvre ses fleurs.*

Refrain

*De Vénus le fils Cupidon,
L'univers semant de ses traits,
De sa flamme va réchauffer.
Animaux, qui volent en l'air,
Animaux, qui rampent au champs
Animaux, qui nagent aux eaux.
Ce qui mêmement ne sent pas,
Amoureux se fond de plaisir.*

Refrain

*Rions aussi nous: et cherchons
Les ébats et jeux du Printemps
Toute chose rit de plaisir:
Célébrons la gaie saison,*

Refrain

-J.A. de Baïf

Blissful woods
If sighing in faint whispers
you lamented to our lament,
Rejoice and loosen many tongues
as many as branches play at the sound of these
Laughing breezes, full of our joy.

*See again the coming of spring
The amorous and beautiful season.
The currents of water seeking
The canal of summer clears up.
And the sea calms these floods
Softens the sad ire.
The cheerful duck dives
And bathes quacking in the water.
And the crane that forks its flight
Again traverses the air and goes on.*

Refrain

*The sun shines gleaming
With a more serene clarity.
From the cloud the shadow flees,
It plays and runs and darkens,
And forests and fields and hills
Human labor makes green again,
And the meadow uncovers its flowers.*

Refrain

*Venus' son Cupid,
The universe sowing with his arrows,
With his flame will rekindle.
Animals which fly in the air,
Animals which crawl in the fields,
Animals which swim in the seas.
Even those that don't feel
Amorous melt in pleasure.*

Refrain

*Let's also laugh. And let's seek
The sports and games of Spring.
Everything smiles with pleasure.
Let's celebrate the joyful season,*

Refrain

Cruel Love

Cruda Amarilli
Ride la primavera

Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)
Heinrich Schütz

Guarini's moving poem, in which the spurned lover hears his lover's name echoed back to him by the natural world in which he has sung his love so often, is here set unforgettably by Wert, Monteverdi's senior colleague at Mantova. The ethereal opening passage, the descending chromatic lines on 'I shall die silently', and the final murmuring laments of the breeze are unmatched in the many other settings of this text.

In "Ride la primavera," Schütz again depicts Spring, and its many delights and wonders. But here there is a twist at the end, one which we'll come across later in the program as well (especially in "Zefiro torna"): All of these delights are turned into veritable ashes, as the lover confronts the fact that the object of his affections is cold and distant and definitely not his.

Cruda Amarilli,
Che col nome ancora
D'amar, ah! lasso! amaramente insegni;
Amarilli, del candido ligustro
Più candida e più bella,
Ma dell'aspido sordo
E più sorda, e più fera e più fugace,
Poi che col dir t'offendo,
l' mi morrò tacendo.
Ma grideran per me le piagge e i monti
E questa selva a cui
Sì spesso il tuo bel nome
Di risonar insegno.
Per me piangendo i fonti
E mormorando i venti,
Diranno i miei lamenti.
- G.B. Guarini

Ride la primavera,
Torna la bella Clori;
Odi la rondinella,
mira l'herbette e i fiori.
Ma tu Clori più bella,
Nella stagion novella:
Serbi l'antico verno,
Deh, s'hai cinto il cor di ghiaccio eterno.
Perchè, ninfa crudel, quanto gentile,
Porti negl'occhi il sol, nel volt aprile?
-G.B. Marino

Cruel Amaryllis,
Your name yet teaches one
To love, alas! Bitterly;
Amaryllis, than the white lily
More white, and more beautiful,
But than the mute asp
More mute and more fierce and more fleeting,
Since speaking I offend,
I shall die silently.
Yet the shores and the mountains
And these woods shall cry out for me
Whom so often taught them to repeat
The echo of your lovely name.
For me the fountains will weep,
And the winds will murmur,
As they tell of my laments.

Spring laughs,
The beautiful Clorinda returns;
Listen to the swallow
Behold the plants and flowers.
But you Clorinda, even more beautiful
In the new season.
Keep away from old Winter,
Oh, you have wrapped your heart with eternal ice.
Why, cruel nymph, so kind, do you carry
the sun in your eyes, April in your face?

Love Fulfilled

Lute solo: Fantasia del Divino Francesco Canova da Milano (1497-1543)
Amor di propria man/La ninfa alhor/Così con lieto gioco Peter Philips (c. 1560-1628)
Mein Schifflein Johann Hermann Schein (1586-1630)

Regarded as the “prince among lutenists” by his contemporaries, Francesco Canova Da Milano was the foremost lutenist of the Renaissance, one of the most important composers of instrumental music in sixteenth century Europe, and the first native-born Italian composer to receive international fame during the Renaissance. The “Fantasia del Divino” is one of his most famous pieces, as it was published throughout Europe for more than 100 years after his death. This piece explores the mi-fa-mi (half-step) motive through monothematic exposition. In 1536, Pope Paul III bestowed upon Francesco the title “Il Divino,” an epithet he shared with none other than Michelangelo.

Our three-part madrigal by Peter Philips sets an anonymous poem based upon a famous text by Guarini, “Tirsi morir volea.” Not to put too fine a point on it—but the poem is about multiple orgasm. In a quiet bower somewhere, the lovers meet; they embrace; one thing leads to another; they figure things out; and they end by ‘dying’ a thousand, thousand times. Peter Philips, another composer who attended the ‘true university of music’, has a wonderful time setting all this in six parts.

“Mein Schifflein” is from Schein’s collection, *Hirtenslust, o Diletti pastorali (Delights of a Shepherd)*. Schein did not travel to Italy, but he fully absorbed the Italian musical techniques and brought them to his own German lyrics with grace and sensitivity. A good proportion of Schein’s poems are positive, in the mold of, ‘Things used to be hard, now I have you, all is bliss, I sure I love you!’ “Mein Schifflein” uses nautical images to paint the storm-tossed lover who finds his safe harbor.

Amor di propria man congiunt'havea,
In loco chiuso duoi fidel'amanti
Per dar fin a lor pianti.
L'un era Tirsi e l'altro Galatea,
E per ch'ogn'un di lor havea desire
Di provar il morire,
Fu'l primo Tirsi a dire,
La sua ninfa gentil stringendo forte,
'Vita mia cara, io son vicin'a morte.

La ninfa alhor con voc'ebra d'amore,
Stringendosel'al petto,
Piena d'alto diletto,
Disse: 'Non far speranza del mio core,
Non mi far consumar a poco a poco.
Sia'l colp'eguale, poi ch'egual'è il foco.'

Così con lieto gioco
L'un e l'altro morio con viva speme
Di gioir mille volt'ancor insieme.

-Anonymous, based on a poem by G.B. Guarini

Mein Schifflein lief im wilden Meer,
geschlagen von Sturmwinden;
Das Segel war zerrissen sehr,
Kein Ruder konnt ich finden.
Kein Schiffman da vorhanden war,
Auf allen Seiten war Gefahr,
kein Sternlein ließ sich blicken:
Wie bet', wie gab ich gute Wort,
bis endlich durch gewünschten Port
mich Amor tät er quicken.
Drum ich dem Göttlein blind zu Dank
mein Herz vovier mein Lebelang.

-Anonymous, probably J.H. Schein

Love with his own hand had joined
In an enclosed bower two faithful lovers,
To put an end to their complaints.
One was Tirsi, the other Galatea,
And since each of them desired
To feel the pangs of death,
Tirsi first said,
As he held his sweet nymph close,
'My precious life, I am near to death.

The nymph, in a voice intoxicated with love,
Clasping him to her breast,
Full of intense delight,
Said: 'Do not leave my heart with hope alone,
Don't make me be consumed little by little,
Let the hurt be equal, since equal is the fire.'

Thus in joyful sport
The one and the other died
Of joy yet a thousand times together.

My little ship ran in the wild sea,
Struck by stormy winds;
The sail was badly torn,
I could find no rudder.
There was no skipper present,
Danger was on all sides,
There was no little star to be seen:
How I prayed, how I promised,
Until finally I approached the desired port
And Cupid revived me.
So I give thanks to the little blind god Cupid
From my heart my whole life long.

Dancing on the Green

Voici le vert et beau Mai
Vedi le valli

Jacques Mauduit (1557-1627)
Luca Marenzio (c. 1553-1599)

“Voici le vert et beau Mai” is another example of *musique mesurée*, featuring a refrain inciting all to jump, laugh, frolic and play, welcoming in the Spring. The use of *vers mesuré* and *musique mesurée* was an attempt to elevate modern poetry and song to the same standards as the much-lauded literature and drama of classical antiquity.

Marenzio’s “Vedi le valli” is a setting from Sannazaro’s *Arcadia*, in which the rejected and dejected Clonico is comforted by his friend, who’s trying to distract him from his unfaithful lover by mentioning all of the surrounding beauties, and inviting Clonico to join him in the athletic outdoor activities which apparently accompanied Spring in Arcadia. It’s interesting to note that, in this legendary land, everyone made music—we’d like to return to this ideal, please.

Voici le vert et beau Mai
conviant à tout soulas
tout est riant, tout est gai
roses et lis vont fleurir.
*Rions, jouons et sautons,
ébatons nous tous à l'envie de la saison.*

Roses et lis cueillir faut
pour lacer de beaux chapeaux
de beaux bouquets et tortis
dont réparés chanterons.

Refrain

En toutes parts les oiseaux
vont joyeux dégoisotant:
vont pleins d'amour s'ébaudir
en la forêt, sur les eaux.

Refrain

-J.A. de Baïf

Here is the green and lovely May
That incites all beauty,
All is laughing, all is gay,
Roses and lilies will bloom!
*Let's laugh, let's play, let's jump,
Let's all frolic, at the invitation of the season!*
Roses and lilies must we gather
To twine around our beautiful hats,
Lovely bouquets and garlands
Bedecked with which we sing.

Refrain

Everywhere the birds
Go joyously twittering:
And full of love rejoice
In the forest and on the waters

Refrain

Vedi le valli e i campi che si smaltano
Di color mille; e con la piva e'l crotalo
Intorno ai fonti l pastor lieti saltano.
Vedi il monton di Friso; e segna e notalo,
Clonico dolce: e non ti vinca il tedio;
Ch'in pochi di convien che'l sol percotalo.

-J. Sannazaro

See the vales and meadows brightly painted
With a thousand hues; and to pipe and cymbal
Merry shepherds dancing around the fountain.
There is Mount Frisus; note it and remember,
Sweet Clonicus: by tedium be not wearied;
In a few days, the sun will shine upon it.

Dawn Spreads its Wings

Vezzosi augelli
Ecco mormorar l'onde
Le chant des oiseaux

Giaches de Wert
Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1641)
Clément Janequin (c. 1485-1558)

Torquato Tasso's poem about a garden filled with birds was set many times. Wert's version is particularly charming, calling not so much upon onomatopoeic effects but upon a special, rich harmonic world which evokes the wonder of the observer at such a sight.

In "Ecco mormorar," again on a text by Tasso, Monteverdi creates something of a still-life at dawn, using notes and lyrical lines almost as if they were brushes and paint. And all this leads to the most wonderful setting of the crux of it all: Nature's power to restore and heal our wounded heart and spirit.

The famous "Le Chant des oiseaux" is a *tour de force* setting of a long poem about the glories of spring—aviary version. Many onomatopoeic sounds are united with appropriate little melodies, in addition to stories of each type of bird and its various activities. Finally, the much-reviled cuckoo is harassed for laying eggs in other birds' nests; the cuckoo has much to say in reply.

Vezzosi augelli infra le verdi fronde
Temprano a prova lascivette note
Mormora l'aura, e fa le foglie e l'onde
Garrir, che variamente ella percote.
Quando taccion gli augelli, alto risponde;
Quando cantan gli augei, più lieve scote.
Sia caso o d'arte, or accompagna, ed ora
Alterna i versi lor la musica ora.
-T. Tasso

Small, pretty birds among the verdant boughs,
Compete in modulating their sweet notes.
The breeze murmurs, and makes the foliage and
the stream stir variously as it strikes.
When the birds are silent, [the breeze] rises;
When the birds sing, it blows more softly.
By chance or by art, the breeze now accompanies,
Now alternates with the birds' music.

Ecco mormorar l'onde,
E tremolar le fronde
A l'aura mattutina, e gli arboscelli,
E sovra i verdi rami i vaghi augelli
Cantar soavemente,
E rider l'Oriente;
Ecco già l'alba appare,
E si specchia nel mare,
E rasserena il cielo,
E le campagne imperla il dolce gelo,
E gli alti monti indora:
O bella e vaga Aurora,
L'aura è tua messaggera, e tu de l'aura
Ch'ogni arso cor ristaura.
-T. Tasso

Now the waves murmur
And the boughs and the shrubs tremble
in the morning breeze,
And on the green branches the pleasant birds
Sing softly
And the east smiles;
Now dawn already appears
And mirrors herself in the sea,
And makes the sky serene,
And the gentle frost impearls the fields
And gilds the high mountains:
O beautiful and gracious Aurora,
The breeze is your messenger, & you the breeze's
Which revives each burnt-out heart.

*Réveillez vous cœurs endormis
Le dieu d'amour vous sonne.*

A ce premier jour de mai
Oiseaux feront merveilles
Pour vous mettre hors d'émoi
Débouchez vos oreilles
Et farirariron ferelijoli...
Vous serez tous en joie mis
Car la saison est bonne
Vous orrez à mon avis
Une douce musique
Que fera le roy mauvis
Le merle aussi l'étournel tourdi sera parmi
D'une voix authentique: tipiti chouti thoui...
Que dis-tu? Le petit mignon,
Le petit sansonnet de Paris. Sainte tête Dieu!
Quio, quio...
Qu'est là-bas, passe, vilain!
Il est temps d'aller boire.
Tôt, tôt, tôt Guillemette, Colinette
Sage, courtois et bien appris
Au sermon, ma maîtresse. Din dan
Sus madame à la messe
À saint Trotin montrer le tétin, le doux musequin.
Sainte Coquette qui caquette
Rire et gaudir c'est mon devis
Chacun s'y abandonne.

Rosignol du bois joli
À qui la voix résonne
Pour vous mettre hors d'ennui
Votre gorge jargonne:
Frian teo tu coqui oiti trr huit ticun turri quibi...
Tu fouquet fiti tar qui lara quio veleci oiti...
Trr turri qrr quibi frf fiti frf fouquet frf frian frf...
Fuyez regrets, pleurs et soucis
Car la saison est bonne.

Arrière maître cocu
Sortez de nos chapitre
Chacun vous est mal tenu
Car vous n'êtes qu'un traître.
Cocu, cocu, cocu...
Par trahison en chacun nid
Pondez sans qu'on vous sonne.
*Réveillez vous cœurs endormis
Le dieu d'amour vous sonne.*

-Anonymous, possibly C. Janequin

*Awaken, you sleeping hearts
The god of love is calling you.*

On this first day of May
Birds will make miracles
To take you away from emotion
Unstop your ears:
Fa la la...
You will all be moved to joy
Because the season is good
You will hear, in my opinion,
A sweet music
That the little royal thrush will make
The blackbird also, the starling will be among them
With a clear voice: tweet, tweet, tweet...
What are you saying? The little darling,
The little starling of Paris. Holy head of God!
Chirrup, chirrup.....
Who goes there? Pass, knave!
It is time to go drink.
Soon, soon, soon Willy and Colly,
Wise, courteous and well-learned.
To the sermon, my mistress. Ding dong
Get thee, my lady, to mass
To Saint Trotin show your tit, your sweet mouth.
Saint Coquette who cackles,
To laugh and rejoice is my device
Everyone will abandon himself.
Nightingale of the pretty wood
Whose voice resounds
To take you away from boredom
Your throat warbles:
Chirrup, chirrup...
Tweet, tweet...
Peep, peep...
Flee regrets, tears, and cares
Because the season is good.
Go back, master cuckoo!
Get out of our company!
Everyone is against you
Because you are nothing but a traitor.
Cuckoo, cuckoo...
By treachery in each nest
You lay without anyone calling you.
*Awaken, you sleeping hearts,
The god of love is calling you.*

Beautifullest Ladies

Lady when I behold
Lute solo: Preambel
Ich weiss mir ein Meidlein
Non vidi mai

John Wilbye (1574-1638)
Hans Newsidler (c. 1508-1563)
Orlando di Lasso (c. 1532-1594)
Luca Marenzio

Each of our three vocal pieces takes a different tack: Wilbye compares his lover's lips with a rose; the protagonist in Lasso's song is warned to keep away from this particular comely lady—she'll make a fool of him. And finally, we present Marenzio's indelible setting of a Petrarch sonnet, describing a quick and ever-so-tantalizing glimpse of Laura under a veil in the rain.

Considered one of the most important figures in 16th-century German lute music, Newsidler was the patriarch of a notable family of lutenists and composers. As a composer, lutenist, intabulator, and lute maker, his eight published books contain a rich and varied repertory, including music for beginners, an important method for lute, as well as virtuosic pieces of complex polyphony and ornamentation. The Preambel is from his first book published in 1536.

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
Which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,
And then behold your lips where sweet love harbours
My eyes presents me with a double doubting:
For, viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
Whether the roses be your lips or your lips the roses
-Anonymous

Ich weiß mir ein Meidlein hübsch und fein,
Hüt du dich!
Es kann wohl falsch und freundlich sein, *hüt du dich!*
Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich!
 Sie hat ein licht goldfarbenes Haar...
Und was sie red't, das ist nicht wahr...
 Sie gibt dir'n Kränzlein fein gemacht...
Für einen Narr'n wirst du geacht...
-Anonymous, possibly O. di Lasso

I know a maiden fair to see,
Take care!
She can both false and friendly be, take care!
Trust her not, she is fooling thee!
 She has hair of a golden hue...
And what she says, it is not true...
 She gives thee a garland woven fair,
It is a fool's-cap for thee to wear...

Non vidi mai dopo nocturna pioggia
gir per l'aere sereno stelle erranti,
et fiammeggiar fra la rugiada e 'l gielo,
ch'i' non avesse i begli occhi davanti
ove la stanca mia vita s'appoggia,
quali io gli vidi a l'ombra di un bel velo;
et sí come di lor bellezze il cielo
splendea quel dí, così bagnati anchora
li veggio sfavillare, ond'io sempre ardo.
-F. Petrarch

I never see the wandering stars
move through the calm air after night rain,
flaming more brightly among the dew and frost,
without seeing her eyes before me,
where the weariness of my life is soothed,
as I've seen them in the shadow of a lovely veil:
and as I saw the sky ablaze that day
with their beauty, so I see them still
sparkling through tears, so that I burn forever..

Love and Loss

Theorbo solo: Prélude and Passacaille
Pleurez mes yeux
Zefiro torna

Robert de Visée (1655-c. 1732)
Dominique Phinot (c. 1510-c. 1555)
Claudio Monteverdi

Lutenist, guitarist, theorbist, and viol player, Robert de Visée was a highly respected musician at the Court of Versailles, the esteemed chamber musician to Louis XIV, and the “Guitar Master of the King” to Louis XV. The Prélude and Passacaille come from the Saizenay manuscript (1699) and require the performer to improvise extensive ornamentation in the French Baroque style.

Dominique Phinot—a new composer to most of us—creates a powerful musical portrait of loss and lament. The lover mourns his Marguerite—flower of womanhood—as he vows to remain true to her memory. Phinot’s setting is filled with weeping, falling melodic lines. Monteverdi’s amous setting of Petrarch’s “Zefiro torna,” much like “Ride la primavera” in its theme of dissonance between inner and outer states, contains what to some of us is the greatest page of music in history—the last page of the piece—in which the savage beasts within the lover’s heart are depicted by plunging lines and powerful clashes.

Pleurez mes yeux,
Pleurez à chaudes larmes.
La Marguerite, en sa fleur de beauté
Qui d’Atropos a senti les alarmes,
Et de ses dards dure cruauté.
Et vous, mon coeur, qui gardez loyauté,
Portez un dueil que cette mort vous laisse.
Mais en dépit de sa déloyauté
Toujours vivra par los notre maitresse.
-Anonymous

Weep, mine eyes,
Weep many tears.
Daisy, in the flower of her beauty,
Has felt the warnings of Fate
And the hard cruelty of its arrows.
And you, my heart, who has remained loyal,
Bear a sorrow which this death leaves you.
But in spite of this betrayal,
It will always live by our mistress.

Zefiro torna e’l bel tempo rimena
e i fiori e l’erbe, sua dolce famiglia,
e garir Progne e pianger Filomena,
e primavera candida e vermiglia.
Ridono i prati e’l ciel si rasserena,
Giove s’allegria di mirar sua figlia,
l’aria e l’acqua e la terra è d’amor piena,
ogni animal d’amar si riconsiglia.
Ma per me, lasso, tornano i più gravi
sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge
quella ch’al ciel se ne portò le chiavi.
E cantar augelletti e fiorir piagge
e’n belle donne oneste atti soavi
sono un deserto e fere aspre e selvagge.
-F. Petrarch

Zephyr returns and with him fair weather,
and the flowers and grass, his sweet family,
and Procne’s warbling and Philomel’s plangent song,
and spring in all its white and crimson display.
The meadows laugh, the sky is serene;
Love delights in watching his daughter;
air and sea and earth are full of love;
every beast tells itself to find a mate.
Yet for me, alas, return those heaviest of
sighs, drawn from the depths of my heart
by she who has taken its keys to heaven;
and despite birdsong and fields of flowers
and the honest, gentle acts of fair maidens
are but a desert, filled with savage beasts.

Happy Endings

Chi chilichi?
Unlängst dem blinden Göttelein

Orlando di Lasso
Johann Hermann Schein

Well, we couldn't leave you in misery, could we? As a restorative, we offer two positive love stories. "Chi chilichi" is a comic song drawing on two characters from the *commedia dell'arte*—plus a problematic rooster. After some complications, a positive reconciliation is achieved.

Schein's song, like "Mein Schifflein," to a text of his own making and (in a more comic style), follows a similar theme: the fires of love have been extinguished; but that little trickster Cupid pecks away with his arrow of love, till—behold!—love is rekindled, conjugal bliss attained

Chi chilichi?
Cucurucu!
U scontienta, u beschina, u sprotunata, me Lucia!
Non sienta Martino galla cantara?
Lassa canta possa clepare,
porca te, piscia, sia cicata!
La dormuta, tu scitata.
Ba con dia, non bo piu per namolata.
Tutta notte tu dormuta,
Mai a me tu basciata.
Cucurucu!
Che papa la sagna,
Metter' ucelli entr'a gaiola.
Cucurucu!
Leva da loco, Piglia zampogna,
Va sonando per chissa cantuna:
Lirum, lirum, li.
Sona, se vuoi sonare!
Lassa carumpa canella!
Lasso Martino!
Lassa Lucia! U, Madonna--
Aticulum barbuni!
U, macera catutuni--
Sona, Son' e non gli dare.
Lirum lirum li.
La mogliere del pecoraro,
Sette peccor' a no danaro,
Se ce fusse Caroso mio,
Cinco pacor' a no carlino.
Auza la gamba, madonna Lucia,
Stiendi la mano, piglia zampogna,
Sauta no poco con mastro Martino!
Lirum, lirum, li.

-Anonymous

Lucia: Who's crowing?
Cock: Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Lucia: O woe is me, woe is me Lucia!
Martino, don't you hear the cock crowing?
Martino: (to Lucia) Let him crow, may he die,
(to the Cock) you ass, you pisser, I wish you'd go blind!
(to Lucia) I was asleep, you woke me up.
The Devil take you, I'm not in love anymore.
Lucia: You slept all night
without ever even kissing me.
Cock: Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Martino: If the Pope heard about it,
he'd have that bird put in a cage.
Cock: Cock-a-doodle-doo!
Lucia: (to the Cock) Away with you, take your pipes
go play somewhere else.
(to Martino, trying to seduce him): Lirum, lirum, li.
Martino: (Spoken): Play, if you want to! (Feeling
amorous, he teases Lucia) But watch out for the pipe!
Lucia: Poor Martino!
Martino: Poor Lucia! (wheedling) Oooo, my lady--
Lucia: Go stuff your beard!
Martino: Mmm, grind it up, baby--
Lucia: (she regrets exciting him) Play or leave me alone.
Martino (sings a song to seduce her.) Lirum lirum li.
'The shepherd's wife
wanted a penny for 7 sheep;
if it had been my little loved one,
it would have been a pug for 5 sheep.' (Improvising
new words): Lift up your leg, my lady Lucia,
stretch out your hand and touch my pipe,
dance a little with Master Martino!
Lirum, lirum, li. (They play energetically together.)

Unlängst dem blinden Göttelein
Sein Liebesfeur verlasch,
Nicht nur ein einig Fünkelein
Wollt blinken untr der Asch.
Amor, das Schälklein, inne ward
der Filli Herzelein
Pickt dran mit seinem Pfeil
so hart als an eim Feuerstein,
Bald fuhr heraus ein große Flamm,
Entzündet Herz und Pfeil zusamm.
-Anonymous, probably J.H. Schein

Recently the little blind god Cupid
Extinguished his fire of love,
Not even a single little spark
Glimmered under the ash.
Cupid, that little trickster, inside
Phyllis' little heart
Pecked with his arrow
As hard as flint,
Soon sparked a large flame,
Igniting heart and arrow together.

Song of Farewell

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending

Thomas Weelkes (c. 1575-1623)

Again, we thank you so much for attending our concert—we hope you've enjoyed yourself, and we hope that you'll keep an eye out for future *Uncorked* presentations. We end as we began, with another visit to the Triumphs of Oriana. Many of the endings in the collection are rousing; but Weelkes' is simply the best with its crowd scene of acclamation piling upon acclamation. We sing it for you with love, with very best wishes, and with our strong recommendation to get outside and do some frolicking!

As Vesta was from Latmos hill. descending,
She spied a maiden Queen the same ascending,
Attended on by all the shepherds' swain;
To whom Diana's darlings, running down amain,
First two by two, then three by three together,
Alone their goddess leaving, hasted thither;
And mingling with the shepherds of her train,
With mirthful tunes her presence did entertain.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana:
Long live fair Oriana.

-Anonymous

Of 6. Thomas Weelkes.

XVII.

CANTVS.



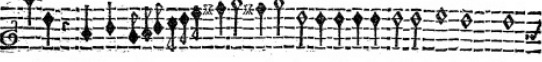
S *Vesta* was, from *Latmos* hill descending, from *Latmos*



hill, from *Latmos* hill descen- ding, She spied, she spied a



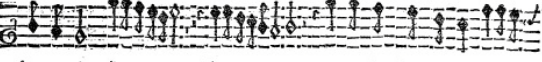
maiden *Queene*, the fame ascen- ding, a ascending, the fame ascen-



ding, the fame ascen- ding, Attended on by all the shepherds swain,



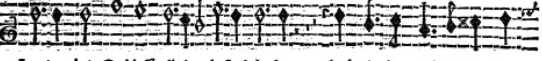
To whom *Diana's* darlings, darlings, Came running



down a maine, :||: came running down amaine, :||:



amaine, First two by two, then three by three together,



Leaving their *Goddesse* all alone fasted thethers, And mingling with the shepherds

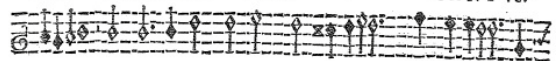


of her traine, With mirthfull tunes, mirthfull tunes, her preference entertaine. :||:

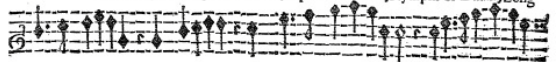
Of 6. Thomas Weelkes.

XVII.

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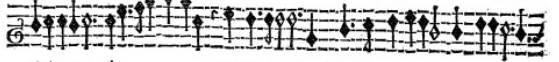
Then sing the shepherds and Nymphs of *Diana's*, Nymphs of *Diana*, Long



lue faire *Ori-a-na's*, faire *Ori-ana*, Long lue faire *O-ri-a-na's* :||:



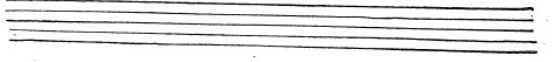
ij. *O-ri-a-na's* Long lue faire *Oriana's* :||: faire



Ori-a-na's :||: faire *O-riana*. Long lue faire *O-ri-ana*, faire *Ori-a-*



na's :||: Long lue faire *O-ri-a-na's*. Long lue faire *Ori-a- na's*.



D.ij.

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Robert Worth

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Lauren Haile
Paul Haile

Cheryl Moore

Dianna Richardson*
Robert Worth*

Lutenist, musicologist, and composer **Dominic Schaner** grew up on a small family farm in rural California. Here, in this infinite expanse of nature, he was introduced to music. During his following musical life, Dominic has given concerts as both a solo and ensemble musician throughout North America and the UK. In the Bay Area, he has collaborated with Schola Cantorum, MusicSources, members of Chanticleer, Marin Baroque, and Voices of Music. Dominic has lectured at Boston University, Harvard, the University of Dallas, and Palomar College. He was invited to perform a concert and present a paper of his entitled *Il Divino and the Modern Heresy* at the Early Music Vancouver Seminar. In his scholarly pursuits, he discovered unknown works by Luca Marenzio in the manuscript collections at Harvard. Dominic studied music in America and Europe with Catherine Liddell, David Tayler, Joshua Rifkin, Martin Perlman, and Victor Coelho. He has served as the guest artist & resident accompanist at the San Francisco Early Music Society's Medieval and Renaissance Seminar, and as the lute tutor at the Cambridge Early Music Summer School. Dominic founded and directs the *The Euphoria Project* and curates a radio show by the same name on KOWS 107.3 fm.

Robert Worth (music director) recently retired as Professor of Music at Sonoma State University, where he taught choral music and many other subjects for 29 years. He is the founding music director of Sonoma Bach. In addition to his work in the fields of choral and early music, Bob has a specialty in Kodály musicianship training, and for ten years ran the ear training program at SSU. Bob received his BA in music at SSU in 1980, and earned his MA in musicology at UC Berkeley. He has received numerous community and university honors, including SSU's Outstanding Professor Award for 1996-97 and Distinguished Alumni Award for 2007-08. After completing numerous collaborative projects with Jeffrey Kahane and the Santa Rosa Symphony, he was named to the position of choral director at the Santa Rosa Symphony in 2002.

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Sandro Botticelli (c.1445 – 1510): Allegory of Spring, c. 1482

Cornelis van Poelenburgh (1594 - 1667)
Young Girl as Flora, c1620



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Young Girl as Diana, 1615



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