



# SONOMA Bach

PRESENTS

**CIRCA 1600**

FRIDAY, MAY 15, 8 PM

SUNDAY, MAY 17, 7 PM

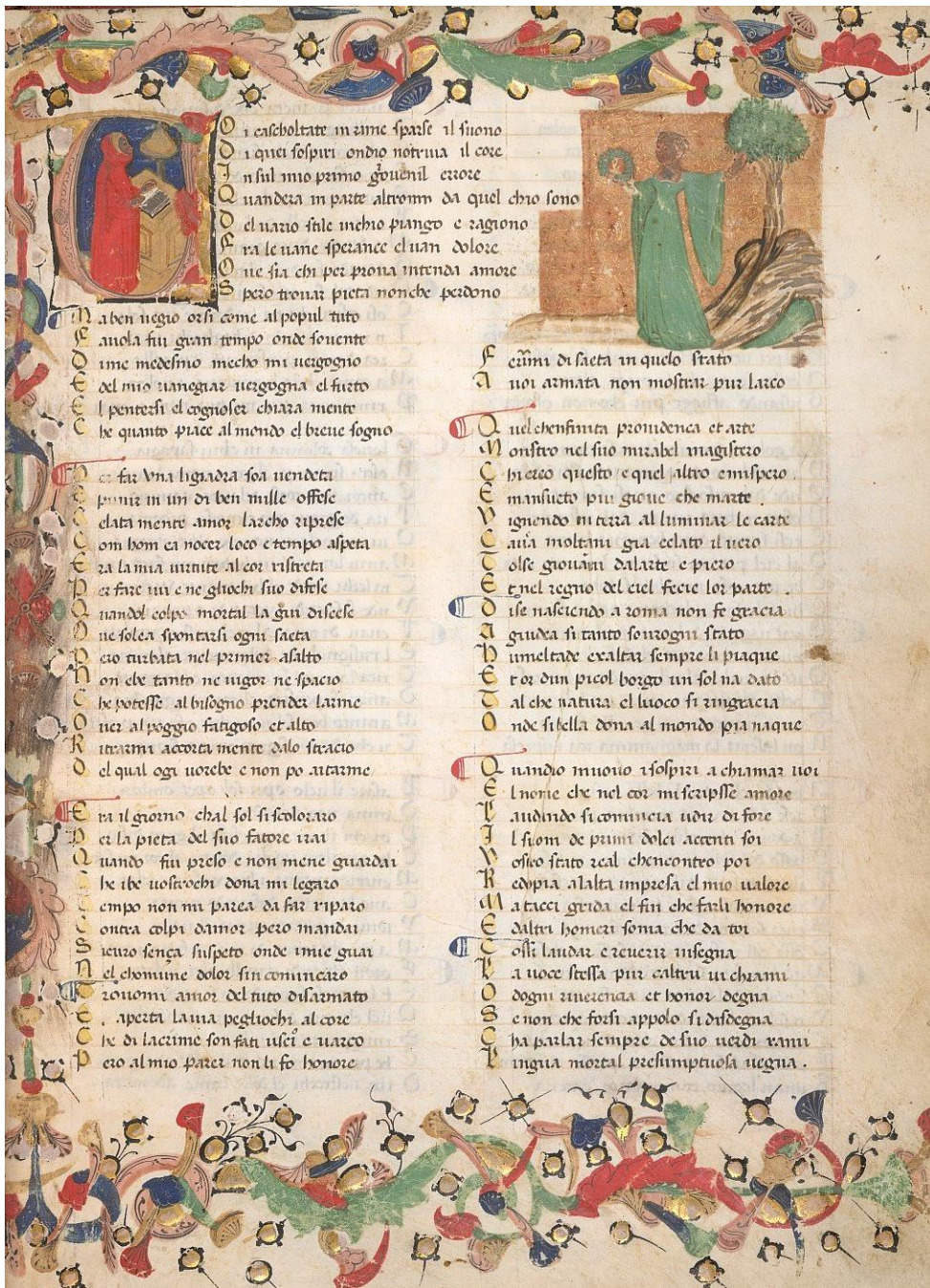
Schroeder Hall, Green Music Center



THE ITALIAN MADRIGAL:

# PETRARCA, TASSO, GUARINI





King's 321 (1400: Venice, Italy): Beginning of Petrarcha's *II Canzoniere*. Initial includes an image of Petrarcha before a lectern with an open book. Right hand miniature depicts his muse Laura, beside a laurel tree.



PRESENTS

*Out of Love and In Again*

The Italian Madrigal: Petrarca, Tasso, Guarini

FEATURING

Circa 1600

Directed by Robert Worth

Friday, May 15, 2015 at 8pm  
Sunday, May 17, 2015 at 7pm  
Schroeder Hall, Green Music Center  
Sonoma State University

# *Out of Love and In Again*

## The Italian Madrigal: Petrarca, Tasso, Guarini

*The audience is kindly requested to hold any applause until the end of each grouping.*

*The wind goin' over my hand*

Voi ch' ascoltate

Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)  
text: Francesco Petrarca (1304-1374)

*To dance their lives out in a single flight*

Bella angioletta

Carlo Gesualdo (1566-1613)  
text: Torquato Tasso (1544-1595)

Là dove sono i pargoletti Amori

Luca Marenzio (1553-1599)

Mentre mia stella

text by Tasso  
Gesualdo  
text: Giovanni Battista Guarini (1538-1612)

*Love is a thing that can never go wrong*

Ah dolente partita

Wert  
text: Guarini

Stracciami pur il core

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)  
text: Guarini

Occhi del mio cor

Gesualdo  
text: Guarini

*Night-piece*

Non si levava

Monteverdi  
text: Tasso

Consumando mi vo'

Marenzio  
text: Petrarca

Usciva homai

Wert  
text: Tasso

Zefiro toma *A memory of harp-song and flowers* Marenzio  
text: Petrarca

INTERMISSION

Crud' Amarilli *When I hear your name* Marenzio  
text: Guarini

Vago augeletto *And the rain falling, more silently than tears* Wert  
text: Petrarca  
Valle che de' lamenti Wert  
text: Petrarca

Hor vedi Amor *Fire us with ice, burn us with snow* Marenzio  
text: Petrarca  
S'andasse Amor a caccia Claudio Monteverdi  
text: Tasso  
Apollo, s'ancor vive Marenzio  
text: Petrarca

Dolce spirto d'amore *These legs, for instance, are mine* Gesualdo  
text by Guarini  
Non sono in queste rive Monteverdi  
text by Tasso  
Volgea l'anima mia Monteverdi  
text by Guarini

Nova angeletta *Into love and out again* Marenzio  
text: Petrarca

# A Welcome Message

We're so glad you've joined us for this special concert! What's so special about it? Well, the music and poetry, for one. But further, the singers of Circa 1600 are so excited to perform our program for you in this beautiful new space—Schroeder Recital Hall. Although many of us sang with the Sonoma Bach Choir in the Schroeder Opening last August, this is Circa's first concert set here. And (we hope you'll agree!) this hall is just perfect for what we do—intimate, live, precise, scaled much like the public rooms in 16<sup>th</sup>-century Italian palaces in which our repertoire was first performed.

We began by selecting three of the poets most dear to the hearts of the Italian madrigalists—Petrarca, Tasso, and Guarini. You can find further information about these authors in the biographies section of this program. It all started with Francesco Petrarca (in English: Petrarch), the 14<sup>th</sup>-century scholar and poet, who fell blindingly and instantly into love with the beautiful Laura, and spent most of the rest of his life worshipping her from afar, and writing his thoughts and feelings down in the many poems which he collected in his *Canzoniere*. Two centuries later, Guarini and Tasso were still standing on Petrarca's shoulders (so to speak) as they wrote their epic plays from which much of tonight's poetry is drawn.

As our concert title suggests, it's all about love. It's not that other topics are not present (nature, the gods, celebration, mourning); but all of these are presented through the lens of love lost; or love found; or love once found now lost; and what'll I do, what'll I do?

If this sounds familiar, it's because so much of poetry throughout the ages (not to mention song lyrics), right up to the present day, is concerned with the same damn thing. It's the perennial topic, a fundamental part of the human condition. And for this reason, we can open a window direct from our own hearts and minds into this poetry and its musical settings.

Have you ever been in love? Ever spent a night in the open with your beloved? Ever shouted your love (or your bereavement) to the trees, the flowers, the animals? I remember in high school one jilted lover writing I LOVE YOU [INSERT NAME HERE] in letters three feet high on a very prominent downtown wall. Is that so different from Guarini's protagonist (in 'Crud' Amarilli') teaching the stones and waters and winds to sound out his beloved's name?

Or, after a protracted breakup during which you felt flayed and frayed and all done-up, have you ever felt (finally!) that you could and would rise again, like the phoenix in 'Stracciami pur il core'? Or yet again, what about that incredible feeling, indelibly depicted in 'Volgea l'anima mia', of knowing that one's love, freely and fully given, is freely and fully returned?

All these and more are embodied in tonight's poetry—in Italian, of course, often couched in metaphorical language, and using locutions and circumlocutions which can at times be difficult to follow. So, as a listener, how to navigate? How to find the core, the gist, the kernel of universal experience which can serve as a golden thread to draw us in?

Luckily for us, we have guides—four wonderful guides—to this poetry: Carlo Gesualdo, Luca Marenzio, Claudio Monteverdi, Giaches de Wert, our four peerless composers (see Biographies). Think of these musicians as friends, colleagues, people who have spent a lot of time with the poetry and are excited to share with us what they think of it, what it means to them. Just not in words—in music.

And such music! Writing in the late 16<sup>th</sup>-century polyphonic style, each composer's music embodies his *maniera*, his personal style. This was an acknowledged goal of the time, as it was in painting and architecture and even clothing and home decor. One can imagine the composer analyzing a poem, thinking it through: What's in this? What is special here? Where are the essential places—the turning points, the outcries, the lockings of eyes? And how can I set these to music in my own style, in a way that will amaze and astound my listeners? How can I weld word and music together into arrows, straight to the mind and heart?

I've always felt that a good approach to this type of music is to check out the poem, noting special spots, and then see what the composer did—how did the thought/feeling become embodied in music? It's almost as though the music becomes a gloss on the poem, something like incredible marginal notes which can help us connect, understand, feel.

There are so many fine examples in our repertoire tonight: The longing in Wert's 'Ah dolente partita'; the heart-tearing savagery of Monteverdi's 'Stracciami pur il core'; Marenzio's slashing, falling lines in his rendering of Petrarca's 'All this beauty is but ashes' at the end of 'Zefiro torna'; the sheer sensuality of Gesualdo's 'Dolce spirto d'amore.'

For further information and commentary about each piece, please see the notes interleaved with the texts and translations further on in this program; there I've tried to set out a few of these special moments as a possible guide; but you will no doubt find many of your own which I haven't yet found. It's a deep pool we're swimming in together—

Again, our many thanks to you for attending our concert. We hope you enjoy it! We also hope to see you in a few weeks for our season-ending production of Bach's immortal *Saint John Passion*. And, of course, we're hoping to see you at some or all of the concerts in our upcoming 25<sup>th</sup> Anniversary Season!

--Robert Worth

# Composer and Poet Biographies

**Carlo Gesualdo**, Prince of Venosa, was an Italian composer famed for his chromatic madrigals and motets. Gesualdo's extant works include 19 *sacrae cantiones* for five voices, 20 for six and seven voices, 27 Holy Week responsories for six voices, and 125 madrigals for five voices. Not only were the madrigals the most numerous part of his production, but they were also reissued more frequently than the sacred pieces. Gesualdo's melancholy nature often led him to lyrics of overwhelming sadness. By using chromatic tones, even earlier associated with intense feelings, he heightened the expressiveness of the poetry through music.

**Giovanni Battista Guarini**, a Renaissance court poet, is with Torquato Tasso, credited with establishing the pastoral drama. In 1597 he entered the service of Alfonso II, Duke of Ferrara, as courtier and diplomat and later replaced Tasso as the court poet. Guarini retired to his ancestral farm, the Villa Guarini, where he wrote his celebrated pastoral drama, *Il pastor fido* ("The Faithful Shepherd"). The work had immediate success and became one of the most famous and widely translated and imitated works of the age.

**Luca Marenzio** was a composer whose madrigals are considered to be among the finest examples of Italian madrigals of the late 16th century. Marenzio published a large number of madrigals, villanelles, and five books of motets. He developed an individual technique and was skilled in evoking moods and images suggested by the poetic texts of the madrigals. He exerted a strong influence on Claudio Monteverdi, Carlo Gesualdo, and Hans Hassler, and was much admired in England.

Born in Cremona in 1567, **Claudio Monteverdi** served at the court of the Dukes of Mantua from the early 1590s until 1612, when he moved to Venice as *maestro di cappella* at the basilica of St Mark, a position he retained until his death in 1643. His importance as a proponent of the *seconda prattica*, the new concerted music characteristic of the early Baroque, is unquestioned, as is his pre-eminence in the development of the new form of opera that sprang from the combination of music and rhetoric in the art of Italian monody.

**Francesco Petrarca** (In English: Petrarch) was an Italian scholar, poet, and humanist who contributed to the emergence of Renaissance lyric poetry. Influenced by his interest in the classics, many of Petrarca's poems are highly allegorical and constructed using Italian forms such as *terza rima*, *ballate*, *sestine*, and *canzoni*. His poetry investigates the connection between love and chastity in the foreground of a political landscape, though many are driven by emotion and sentimentality.

**Torquato Tasso**, an Italian poet of the sixteenth century, is best known for his poem, *La Gerusalemme liberata* ("Jerusalem Delivered"). He completed his studies at the University of Bologna, from where he later received an invitation, in 1565, to join the brilliant court of the Este at Ferrara, where he remained for many years. In his last years, he lived in Mantua and then wandered restlessly throughout Italy searching for ideal working conditions at other courts. He died at a monastery in Rome in 1595, just one day before he was to have been crowned poet laureate.

**Giaches de Wert** was a prolific composer, producing a large number of both sacred and secular works of various types. Because much of his sacred music was written for the exclusive use of Santa Barbara, all but one of his seven masses and his more than 125 hymns were published after his death. Of his sacred music, only his three collections of motets were published during his lifetime. As a result, Wert is especially recognized for his madrigals, canzonets, motets, and other occasional vocal pieces.



# Texts and Translations

(Notes by Robert Worth)

## *The wind goin' over my hand*

Recitation: *Sea Love*—Charlotte Mew (1869-1928)

We open with Wert's setting of the very first poem from Petrarca's *Canzoniere*. The poem sets the stage for the 366 poems in Petrarca's collection, as Wert's setting sets the stage for our concert—the narrator tells us that he will speak of love and its travails; begs our forgiveness and pity; and relates that all the delights of the world are but a brief dream. Wert sets the poem in a sort of speech-style, opening up to independent counterpoint only upon occasion, so that one clearly gets the sense of a narrated tale.

**Voi ch'ascoltate in rime sparse** il suono  
di quei sospiri ond'io nudriva 'l core  
in sul mio primo giovanile errore  
quand'era in parte altr'uom da quel ch'i' sono,

del vario stile in ch'io piango et ragiono  
fra le vane speranze e 'l van dolore,  
ove sia chi per prova intenda amore,  
spero trovar pietà, nonché perdono.

Ma ben veggio or sí come al popol tutto  
favola fui gran tempo, onde sovente  
di me mesdesmo meco mi vergogno;

et del mio vaneggiar vergogna è 'l frutto,  
e 'l pentersi, e 'l conoscer chiaramente  
che quanto piace al mondo è breve sogno.  
—*Giaches de Wert; text by Francesco Petrarca*

You who hear the sound, in scattered rhymes,  
of those sighs on which I fed my heart,  
in my first vagrant youthfulness,  
when I was partly other than I am,

I hope to find pity, and forgiveness,  
for all the modes in which I talk and weep,  
between vain hope and vain sadness,  
in those who understand love through its trials.

Yet I see clearly now I have become  
an old tale amongst all these people, so that  
it often makes me ashamed of myself;

and shame is the fruit of my vanities,  
and remorse, and the clearest knowledge  
of how the world's delight is a brief dream.

## *To dance their lives out in a single flight*

Recitation: *The Mortal Lease*—Edith Wharton (1862-1937)

Here we gather three songs about things celestial. Gesualdo's setting of *Bella angioletta* generally matches the lightness of its subject, flitting from branch to branch; but balances this with a certain seriousness when the poet refers to his 'heavy weight,' from which he is hoping to be relieved. In *Là dove sono*, Marenzio happily paints a crowd scene of little

Cupids, placing the refractory teasing lover among them. The cosmic images of *Mentre mia stella* are reflected by Gesualdo in little bursts of phrase, until the final scene in which the lover imagines himself as all the stars in the sky looking down on his love gives rise to an extreme expansion of range and spacing and a dance-like rhythm.

**Bella angioletta, da le vaghe piume**

Prestane al grave pondo  
Tanto ch'io esca fuor di questo fondo  
O possa in qualche ramo  
Di te cantando dire:  
"Io amo, io amo!"  
— Carlo Gesualdo; text by Torquato Tasso

Pretty little angel, from your light feathers  
Lend some to my heavy weight  
That I may rise from these depths,  
Or may on some branch,  
Singing, say to you:  
'I love! I love!'

**Là dove sono i pargoletti amori**

Ed altri ha teso l'arco,  
Altri saetta al varco,  
Altri polisce le quadrella d'oro,  
Voi parete un di loro  
Scherzando scherzand'in verde colle  
O 'n riva ombrosa fra la turba vezzosa;  
E se voi non avete aure e saette  
Le dolci parolette e i dolci sguardi  
Son facelle e strali  
E i bei pensieri  
in voi son piume ed ali.  
—Luca Marenzio; text by Tasso

Where the little cupids are to be found  
and where one has drawn the bow,  
another has an arrow at the ready  
and a third is polishing the golden darts,  
it is as if you were one of them,  
disporting yourself on a green hillside  
or on a shady bank among the charming throng;  
and if you have no golden arrows,  
your sweet words and alluring glances  
are fire-brands and darts  
and beautiful thoughts  
in you are feathers and wings.

**Mentre, mia stella, miri**

i bei celesti giri,  
il ciel esser vorrei  
perchè tu rivolgessi  
fiso negli occhi miei  
le tue dolci faville,  
lo vagheggiar potessi,  
mille bellezze tue con luci mille.  
— Carlo Gesualdo; text by Giovanni Battista Guarini

As, my star, you watch  
the beautiful celestial bodies turn,  
I wish that I were heaven,  
So that if you were to turn  
And hold my eyes  
With your sweet gaze,  
I could look down upon  
Your thousand beauties through a thousand stars.

*Love is a thing that can never go wrong*

Recitation: *Comment*—Dorothy Parker (1893-1967)

Yes, well, maybe not **never!** Wert's *Ah dolente partita* features one of the most famous poems of the late 16<sup>th</sup>-century, set to music by dozens of composers. The brimming emotions and longing for a 'lively death' are brilliantly portrayed by Wert in the falling lines,

the lingering cadences and the inexorable urgency of the piece. Monteverdi sets *Stracciami pur il core*, the ultimate 'I can take anything you can dole out' poem with ferocity and near-violence, closing with the inspiring rising lines representing the rise of the phoenix—new life! life without you!—from the ashes. Gesualdo sets *Occhi del mio cor*, Guarini's poem of sexual frustration, with a broad palate, alternating tender addresses with passionate outcries and demands, and ending with a descent into death, painted in the patented dark and strange harmonies for which the composer is most famous.

### **Ah, dolente partita!**

Ah, fin de la mia vita!  
Da te parto e non moro?  
E pur i' provo  
La pena de la morte.  
E sento nel partire  
Un vivace morire  
Che dà vita al dolore,  
Per far che moia immortalmente il core.  
—Wert; text by Guarini

O grievous parting!  
O end of my life!  
I leave you, but why do I not die?  
Yet I feel  
The pain of death.  
And I feel in parting  
A lively death  
That gives life to sorrow,  
So that the heart may die immortally.

### **Stracciami pur il core;**

ragion è ben, ingrata,  
che se t'ho troppo amato  
porti la pena del commesso errore.  
Ma perchè stracci fai de la mia fede?  
Che colpa ha l'innocente?  
Se la mia fiamma ardente  
non merita mercede,  
ah, non la merta il mio fedel servire?  
Ma straccia pur, crudele:  
non può morir d'amor alma fedele.  
Sorgerà nel morir quasi fenice  
la fede mia piú bella e piú felice.  
—Claudio Monteverdi; text by Guarini

Tear out my heart, then;  
It's right, indeed, ungrateful man,  
that if I have loved you too much  
I must bear the pain of the fault committed.  
But why do you make rags of my faith?  
What blame falls on the innocent?  
If my ardent passion  
merits no reward,  
surely my faithful service deserves it?  
But tear away, you cruel creature:  
a faithful lover cannot die of love.  
In dying, my lovelier and happier faith,  
like the phoenix, will rise again.

### **Occhi del mio cor vita**

Voi mi negate, oimè, l'usata aita!  
Tempo è ben di morire, a che più tardo?  
A che serbate il guardo?  
Forse per non mirar come v'adoro.  
Mirate almen ch'io moro!

Eyes, life of my heart,  
You are denying me, alas, the necessary help!  
The time is right for dying; why tarry longer?  
For what reason do you hold back your gaze?  
Perhaps to avoid seeing how much I adore you.  
At least see that I die!

## Night-piece

Recitation: *Night-piece*—Frances Horovitz (1938-1983)

Night and darkness, in all their many guises and meanings, are favorite topics of our poets and madrigalists. Here we begin with a pre-dawn scene which, beginning with sleepy stretching and heavy eyes, recalls every detail of a wonderful night of loving; the music reflects each turn and twist and embrace. Marenzio's famous setting of a Petrarca *sestina* verse features two outstanding musical images: the opening painful suspensions depicting the ever-wandering lost soul; and the all-encompassing scalar lines near the end, which gradually grow to occupy all available space, making vivid the idea that one's tears could wash away the landscape. Finally, in Wert's setting of Tasso's night poem, we experience night as comforter, restorer, 'cradling the sleep of mortals.' Here we have Wert displaying his absolutely characteristic harmonic sensibilities, unlike those of any other madrigalist—a rich and reassuring world in which we want to remain.

### **Non si levava ancor l'alba novella**

né spiegavan le piume  
gli augelli al novo lume,  
ma fiammeggiava l'amorosa stella,  
quando i duo vaghi, e leggiadretti amanti,  
ch'una felice notte aggiunse insieme,  
come Acanto si volge in vari giri,  
divise il novo raggio;  
e i dolci pianti  
nell'accoglienze estreme,  
mescolavan con baci e con sospiri  
mille ardenti pensier, mille desiri.  
Mille voglie non paghe,  
in quelle luci vaghe,  
scopria quest'alma innamorata, e quella.  
—Monteverdi; text by Tasso

The new dawn had not yet risen,  
nor had birds stretched their wings  
to the new sun,  
but the loving star was still alight  
when the two fair and graceful lovers,  
whom a merry night had joined together  
in as many twists and turns as an Acanthus,  
were separated by the new light;  
and the sweet cries  
in the final embraces  
mixed with kisses and sighs,  
a thousand burning thoughts, a thousand yearnings.  
A thousand unfulfilled desires  
did each loving soul find  
in the other's beautiful eyes.

### **Consumando mi vo di spiaggia in spiaggia**

el dí pensoso, poi piango la notte;  
né stato ò mai, se non quanto la luna.  
Ratto come imbrunir veggio la sera,  
sospir' del petto,  
et de li occhi escono onde  
da bagnar l'erbe, et da crollare i boschi.  
—Marenzio; text by Petrarca

Wasting away I go from shore to shore  
thoughtful all day, then weeping all night:  
and have no more repose than has the moon.  
As soon as I see the darkness of evening,  
From my breast come sighs,  
from my eyes come waves  
to bathe the grass, and wash away the woods.

**Usciva omai dal molle e fresco grembo**  
de la gran madre sua la notte oscura,

Leaving now the soft and cool arms  
Of its great mother, the dark night

aure lievi portando e largo nembo  
di sua rugiada preziosa e pura;  
e scotendo del vel l'umido lembo,  
ne spargeva i fioretti e la verdura,  
e i venticelli, dibattendo l'ali,  
lusingavano il sonno de' mortali.  
—*Wert; text by Tasso*

Carried gentle breezes and a great well  
Of its precious and pure dew;  
And removing the moist trimmings from the veil,  
It scattered little flowers and leaves,  
And the gusts of wind, beating their wings,  
Cradled the sleep of mortals.

### *A memory of harp-song and flowers*

Recitation: From *An Old Man Remembers*—Frances Horovitz

Petrarca's famous poem, reflecting the classic theme of a terrible dissonance between outer and inner ('it's so gorgeous out here, but I feel wretched'), is set, according to its form, in two parts. In the first part, Marenzio provides quick, dance-like rhythms and sweet harmonies to paint all the little details of a beautiful summer day. At the opening of the second part, however, the inner state of the protagonist becomes clear; in fact, all these beauties are nothing but pain and reminders of better times. The closing page should be in the Musical Hall of Fame.

**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'allegra 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, tomano 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.  
—*Marenzio; text by Petrarca*

Zephyr returns, and brings the fair weather back,  
The flowers, the grass, and all his sweet progeny,  
And Procne's chirp and Philomel's lament;  
White and vermilion, Spring is renewed.

The meadows smile, the heaven is clear and bright;  
Jove delights his daughter to behold.  
Air, water and the earth are full of love;  
All creatures again respond to its spell.

But alas!, to me the deepest sighs return  
Which from my heart's remotest depths she draws,  
Who took keys when she went hence to heaven;

Thus birdsong and the flowers of the fields,  
And the winsome ways of ladies fair and true  
Are a desert, and beasts harsh and savage.

INTERMISSION

## *When I hear your name*

Poem: *When I hear your name*—Gloria Fuertes (1917-1988)

Guarini's poem, *Cruda Amarilli*, was one of the most popular madrigal texts of the entire period—over 35 settings were made. Some of these are among the best and (at the time) most controversial madrigals. The extreme emotions of the text, the many images of nature and grief, and the powerful idea of the natural surroundings joining with the lamenting lover—and even continuing after his death—in singing out the beloved name all create possibilities galore for the composer. Monteverdi's setting became famous as one of the pieces publicly criticized by Artusi, a reactionary trying to uphold the old style in the face of (gasp!) modernism. Wert's setting is one of the tour de forces of the entire madrigal literature. And here we have Marenzio, in his inimitable style, alternately crying out and submitting, wrenching us with chromaticism (especially at the end), with long chains of dissonance, and with sweet remembrance of joys past.

### **Cruda Amarilli,**

Che col nome ancora  
D'amar, ah! lassol' amaramente insegna;  
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 morirò tacendo.

Ma grideran per me le piagge e i monti  
E questa selva a cui  
Si spesso il tuo bel nome  
Di risonar insegno.  
Per me piangendo i fonti  
E mormorando i venti,  
Diranno i miei lamenti;  
Parlerà nel mio volto  
La pietade e 'l dolore;  
E, se fia muta ogn' altra cosa, al fine  
Parlerà il mio morire,  
E ti dirà la morte il mio martire.  
—Marenzio; text by Guarini

### Cruel Amaryllis,

The one whose name 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 you,  
I shall die silently.

Yet the shores and the mountains cry out for me,  
And these woods, to whom  
so often your lovely name  
I taught to repeat.  
For me the fountains will weep,  
And the winds will murmur,  
As they tell of my lament;  
In my face will speak  
Pity and sorrow;  
And if all else is silent, finally  
My death shall speak,  
And death will tell you of my suffering.

## *And the rain, falling more silently than tears*

Recitation: *The Storm*—Margaret Stanley-Wrench (1916-1974)

There is a particular vein of love lyric which I wanted to call 'I talk to the trees.' (Cooler heads prevailed.) The previous song was an example, as are the following two pieces. The idea is that the lover is out in nature, observing and drawing parallels, using animals and birds and plants and geography as metaphors upon which to hang human feelings, and also sometimes to teach us how to survive. In *Vago augelletto*, the song of a small bird serves as a spark for the poet's lament. He wishes the bird was aware of his unhappiness, and would come to share his grief. In *Valle che de' lamenti*, beast of the ground, of the air, of the water, and even the rivers and the valleys provide a frame for happy memories and present sorrows. Some outstanding musical features include the delicate manner in which Wert represents the tiny bird; the unforgettable chromatic opening of *Valle*; and, following directly, the flowing setting of the word 'fiume' (river), making crystal-clear that the word is a metaphor for tears.

### **Vago augelletto che cantando vai,**

over piangendo, il tuo tempo passato,  
vedendoti la notte e'l verno a lato  
e'l dí dopo le spalle e i mesi gai,  
se, come i tuoi gravosi affanni sai,  
cosí sapessi il mio simile stato,  
verresti in grembo a questo sconsolato  
a partir seco i dolorosi guai.

—Wert; text by Petrarca

Little wandering bird that goes singing  
your time gone by, with weeping notes,  
seeing the night and the winter near,  
and the day and the happy months behind you,  
if, knowing your own heavy sorrows,  
you could know of my state like your own,  
you would fly to this disconsolate breast  
to share your grievous sadness with me.

**Valle che de' lamenti miei** se' piena,  
fiume che spesso del mio pianger cresci,  
fere selvestre, vaghi augelli et pesci,  
che l'una et l'altra verde riva affrena,  
aria de' miei sospir' calda et serena,  
dolce sentier che sí amaro riesci,  
colle che mi piacesti, or mi rincesci,  
ov'anchor per usanza Amor mi mena.

—Wert; text by Petrarca

Valley so filled with all my laments,  
river so often swollen with my tears,  
wild beasts, wandering birds and fish,  
reined in by these two green river-banks,  
air warmed and calmed by my sighs,  
sweet path that ends in such bitterness,  
hill that pleased me, that now saddens,  
where by habit Love still leads me.

## *Fire us ice, burn us with snow*

Recitation: *Fire us with ice, burn us with snow*—Mary Monk (c.1677-1715)

Three songs invoking deities... The first two ask the God of Love's assistance in courting the 'most beautiful ladies' (some of whom have perhaps been resistant to prior efforts in this department). Monteverdi and Monteverdi respond, perhaps predictably (but delightfully), with playful counterpoint, paired duets, rapid-fire dialog, and snappy endings. *Apollo* is something different. It's a sort of reflection upon the myth of Apollo and Daphne. (Quick review: Lovestruck God; chaste maiden; timely transformation [by dad] into laurel tree.) The poet asks Apollo to shine his light down (he is the sun-god after all) so that we can see a strange miracle: The laurel/lady shading herself with her own beautiful branches. The song is filled with special moments, such as the painting of 'harsh cold and bitter weather'; but nothing tops the ending depicting the miracle in absolutely miraculous Monteverdian harmonies.

### **Hor vedi, Amor, che giovenetta donna**

tuo regno sprezza, et del mio mal non cura,  
et tra duo ta' nemici è sí sicura.

Tu se' armato, et ella in trecchie e 'n gonna  
si siede, et scalza, in mezzo i fiori et l'erba.

I' son pregion; ma se pietà anchor serba  
l'arco tuo saldo, et qualchuna saetta,  
fa di te et di me, signor; vendetta.

—*Marenzio; text by Petrarca*

### **S'andasse Amor a caccia,**

Grechin a lassa avria per suo diletto  
e de le dame seguiria la traccia,  
ché vago e pargoletto  
è questo come quello  
e leggiadretto e bello.  
Vezzozetto Grechino,  
se pur vuol tuo destino  
ch'egli sia cacciatore,  
prendi costei mentre ella fugge Amore  
—*Monteverdi; text by Tasso*

### **Apollo, s'anchor vive il bel desio**

che t'infiammava a le thesaliche onde,  
et se non ài l'amate chiome bionde,  
volgendo gli anni, già poste in oblio:

Now you see, Love, that this young lady  
scorns your rule, and cares nothing for my hurt,  
and feels safe between two of her enemies.

You are armed, and she in loose hair and gown  
sits barefoot amongst the flowers and grass.

I'm imprisoned: but if there's mercy still,  
raise your bow, and with a few arrows  
take vengeance, my lord, for me and you.

Were Love to go hunting,  
he'd bring Grechin along for fun,  
and would follow the ladies' tracks,  
for fair and playful  
are both the one and the others,  
and delightful and beautiful.  
Charming Grechino,  
if your fate wishes  
that Love be a hunter,  
catch that lady as she flees from Love.

Apollo, if the fair desire lives yet  
With which you burned by the Thessalian spring,  
And if, with passing years, that golden hair  
Which once you loved you do not now forget:



dal pigro gielo et dal tempo aspro et rio,  
che dura quanto 'l tuo viso s'asconde,  
difendi or l'onorata et sacra fronde,  
ove tu prima, et poi fu' invescato io.

E per virtù de l'amorosa speme  
Che ti sostenne nella vita acerba,  
Di quest' impressionl'aere disgombrà;  
Si vedrem poi per meraviglia insieme  
Seder la donna nostra sopra l'erba  
E far de le sue braccia a se stess' ombra.  
—Marenzio; text by Petrarca

From numbing frost and weather harsh and vile,  
Which last as long as you conceal your face,  
Defend the branches, sacred and revered,  
Where you first, and then I became ensnared.

And by the grace of amorous hopes,  
Which sustained you in a wretched life on earth,  
Lift from the air this over-lying cloud,  
And we shall see by a miracle together  
Our lovely lady seated on the grass  
And making her own shade with her arms.

### *These legs, for instance, are mine*

Recitation: *After Love*—Maxine Kumin (1925-2014)

Kind of nice to get to this part, huh? Sometimes love DOES work out! Sometimes hearts join together, not to be sundered. Gesualdo's *Dolce spirito d'amore* seems to catch what one might call a blissful moment of intimacy. Surely no clothes are involved here. Monteverdi's setting of *Non sono in queste rive* again takes us outdoors, for a session of singing and kissing against a backdrop of wind and water and flowers. And finally, Monteverdi's great dialog setting of Guarini's requited-love poem, *Volgea l'anima mia*. What could be more expressive of that moment when we know our love is truly reciprocated than the last passage of this piece? Makes me want to sigh, every time.

**Dolce spirito d'amore**  
in un sospir accolto.  
Mentre io miro il bel volto,  
spira vita al mio core.  
Tal acquista valore  
da quella bella bocca,  
che sospirando tocca.  
—Gesualdo; text by Guarini

Sweet spirit of love,  
captured in a sigh,  
while I gaze on her fair face  
breathes life into my heart.  
Thus it takes courage  
from that lovely mouth  
which, sighing, it touches.

**Non sono in queste rive**  
fiori così vermigli  
come le labbra de la donna mia,  
né 'l suon de l'aure estive  
tra fonti e rose e gigli  
fa del suo canto più dolce armonia.  
Canto che m'ardi e piaci,  
t'interrompano solo i nostri baci!  
—Monteverdi; text by Tasso

There are not upon these shores  
flowers as red  
as my mistress' lips,  
nor does the sound of summer winds  
amidst fountains, roses, and lilies  
produce sweeter harmonies than her singing.  
Song that inflames and pleases me,  
may our kisses alone interrupt you.

**Volgea l'anima mia soavemente**

Quell suo caro, e lucente  
Sguardo, tutto beltà, tutto desire,  
Verso me scintillando.  
E pareo dire:  
"Dam' il tuo cor,  
Che non altrond' io vivo."  
E mentre il cor sen vola ove l'invita  
Quella beltà infinita,  
Sospirando gridai:  
"Miserò e privo del cor,  
Chi mi dá vita?"  
Mi rispos' ella in un sospir d'amore:  
"Io, che son il tuo core."  
—Monteverdi; text by Guarini

My beloved gently turned  
That dear and radiant  
Glance, full of beauty, full of desire,  
Towards me sparklingly,  
And seemed to say:  
"Give me your heart,  
for nothing else gives me life."  
And while my heart flew to where it was invited  
By that infinite beauty,  
Sighing I cried out:  
"Unhappy one, and deprived of my heart,  
Who will give me life?"  
She answered me with a loving sigh:  
"I, for I am your heart."

*Out of love and in again*

Recitation: *Theory*—Dorothy Parker

This guy is just walking along, see, having decided (probably with good reason) to be alone for a while—maybe a long while. Then along comes this pretty girl (happens to have wings), with a light in her eyes that's just way too hard to resist. And on and on we go—

**Nova angeletta sovra l'ale accorta**

scese dal cielo in su la fresca riva,  
là 'nd'io passava sol per mio destino.

Poi che senza compagna et senza scorta  
mi vide, un laccio che di seta ordiva  
tese fra l'erba, ond'è verde il camino.

Allor fui preso;  
et non mi spiacque poi,  
sí dolce lume uscia degli occhi suoi.

A new young angel carried by her wings  
descended from the sky to the green bank,  
there where I passed, alone, to my destiny,

When she saw I was without companion,  
or guard, she stretched a noose, woven of silk,  
in the grass, which paved the path.

Then I was captured:  
and later it did not displease me,  
so sweet a light issued from her eyes.

# Performers

## Circa 1600

Peg Golitzin	Harriet Buckwalter	Michael Fontaine	L Peter Deutsch
Anna Golitzin	Cinzia Forasiepi	Kristofer Haugen	David Kittelstrom
Rebecca Matlick	Lauren Haile	Ole Kern	Robert Worth
Dianna Richardson	Shawna Miller		

**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.

**Robert Worth** recently retired as Professor of Music at Sonoma State University, where he taught choral music and many other subjects for 27 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. He is a composer and arranger of both choral music and jazz, and his vocal jazz arrangements have been performed by many groups throughout California and beyond. 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 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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