

THE EARLY MUSIC GUILD PRESENTS

# MILLENNIUM

Lisa Cardwell Pontén, soprano  
Jennifer Fanning, soprano  
Doug Fullington, alto  
Kenneth Peterson, tenor  
David Stutz, baritone

In its debut performance

With guest artists:  
Lorentz Lossius, tenor  
Byron Schenkman, harpsichord

## An Exploration of Madrigals from the 14th - 20th Centuries

Saturday, May 15, 1993  
Gethsemane Lutheran Church  
9th and Stewart, Seattle  
8:00 p.m.

## PROGRAM

### *Trecento Madrigals and forerunners of the madrigal:*

c Quando i oselli canta  
I cani sono fuori  
Quel fronte signorille in paradiso  
Si come seti bella  
Lirum bililirim

Anon. 14th c.  
Johannes Ciconia (ca. 1335-1411)  
Guillaume Dufay (ca. 1400-1474)  
Costanzo Festa (ca. 1490-1545)  
Rossino Mantovano (fl. 1510)

### *Sixteenth-century Italian madrigals:*

Il bianco e dolce cigno  
Grave pen' in amor  
Alla riva del Tebro  
Leggiadre Ninfe

Jakob Arcadelt (ca. 1514-1567)  
Cipriano de Rore (1516-1565)  
Giovanni da Palestrina (1525-1594)  
Luca Marenzio (1553-1599)

### *The madrigal in England:*

Chi salira per me  
Who can ascend (from *Musica Transalpina*, 1588)  
I go before my darling  
Draw on, sweet night  
As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending

Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)  
Wert  
Thomas Morley (1557-1603)  
John Wilbye (1574-1638)  
Thomas Weelkes (1575-1623)

## INTERMISSION

### *"Manneristic" madrigals:*

Interdette speranz' e van desio  
Se vittoria si belle  
Asciugate i begli occhi  
Zefiro torna el bel tempo

Sigismondo d'India (1582-1629)  
Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)  
Carlo Gesualdo (1560-1613)  
Monteverdi

### *"Retrospective" madrigals:*

O Morte  
Cupid, look about thee  
Love (a "Celtic" madrigal)

Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)  
John Stainer (1840-1901)  
Lorentz Lossius

### *Encore:*

"Amor vittorioso"

Giovanni Bastoldi  
(1554-1609)

## PROGRAM NOTES

My first experience with the word "madrigal" seems to have been as a junior high school student; the name of the small vocal ensemble at the local high school was the "madrigal singers". Although I did not know at that time the meaning of the word, I auditioned for the group, and found myself one of the two of my entering class in the ensemble. It was somewhat ironic that, although the group didn't sing anything that we would properly call madrigals, it was at this time that I actually sang some real madrigals -- it was in a small group of five or six singers that provided appropriate music between parts of various plays entitled "An Evening With Shakespeare". As I progressed through my musical education, I sang in groups called "madrigal", both at the University of Puget Sound (where madrigals were not sung), and at the University of Washington (where madrigals formed the lion's share of the repertoire). It was at the University of Washington that I was able to see, almost on a daily basis, my advisor, Alec Harman, transcribing and editing sixteenth-century madrigals directly from microfilm of original prints and manuscripts. He edited many of the compositions we are singing tonight.

The word "madrigal" has almost become synonymous with secular vocal music, and it is no surprise that so many small chamber groups call themselves "madrigal singers". The more restricted meaning of "madrigal" is a particular poetic and musical form, first in fourteenth-century Italy, and then used later in the sixteenth century (albeit to describe an entirely different form). The early forms of the word ("madriale", "matricale") were associated with either the concept of a piece of music not based on a pre-existing cantus firmus ("materialis", not "formalis"), or perhaps "cantus matricalis", a song in the mother tongue. Almost from the beginning, the subject matter was almost always amorous, and often associated with a pastoral setting; such is the case in the two fourteenth-century madrigals *Quando i oselli* and *I cani*. The typical trecento madrigal consisted of several verses to the same melody, followed by a last verse with new melody, often in a different meter. Dufay's lovely *Quel fronte* shows that music with Italian words continued to be written during the fifteenth century, and, although between the ages of the madrigal, helps to bridge the gap harmonically between the early pieces, and the early sixteenth-century pieces by Festa and Mantovano. Both *Si come seti bella* and *Lirum, bililirum* are "proto-madrigals" from different perspectives: the former has points of imitation that were to become characteristic of the madrigal, while *Lirum* is typical of a genre of strophic, homophonic music that led to the *balletti* and the English *ayre* later in the century.

The typical sixteenth-century madrigal was based on an amorous, serious text, used both imitative sections as well as homophony, and became the primary genre of secular vocal music. Even composers like Palestrina took time off from their composition of masses and motets to write books of madrigals. The rise of the classic madrigal parallels the rise in importance of native Italian composers. Such was the popularity of the madrigal, that a collection was published by Nicholas Yonge with popular Italian madrigals to English words (*Musica Transalpina*, or "music from across the Alps"). This began a very significant madrigalist period in English music, culminating in such pieces as Weelkes' *As Vesta Was*. This was from a collection called the *Triumphs of Orianna*, dedicated to Elizabeth I; this publication of 1602 was patterned after an Italian collection from 1592, in which every piece ended with "viva Dori" (our Marenzio piece is an example). "Dori" became "Orianna", and references to the "Virgin Queen" abound.

The madrigals in the group called "mannerist" were published as "madrigals", but display much of the features of the early baroque: excessive chromaticism, virtuosity, and use of the basso continuo for support, or, as in *Se vittorie*, as an integral part of the ensemble. The emphasis is on dramatic declamation of the text.

Modern composers have often turned for inspiration to the madrigal. No one knows why or when Scarlatti wrote his set of eight madrigals, but he seems to have been inspired by older madrigal texts, which he recast in late seventeenth-century harmonies. Stainer actually pokes some fun at the "madrigal revival" of Victorian England. Lorentz Lossius' inspiration for *Love* (which is the third of a set of madrigals he wrote this spring) is Celtic music. Starting with a single melody, he gives us the sound of what "Celtic polyphony" may be like.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

### Quando i oselli canta

Quando i oselli canta  
La pasturele vano a la campagna,  
Quando i oselli canta.

When the birds sing,  
the shepherdesses go into the country,  
when the birds sing.

Fan girlande de erba  
Frescheta verde, et altre belle fiore,  
Fan girlande de erba.

They make garlands of herbs,  
fresh and green, and pretty flowers too,  
they make garlands of herbs.

Quest' e quel dolce tempo  
Ch'amor mi prese d'una pasturella,  
Quest' e quel dolce tempo.

It was in this sweet season  
that I fell in love with a certain shepherdess,  
it was in this sweet season.

Basar la volsi e deme de la roca.

I turned to kiss her and she hit me with her distaff.

### I cani sono fuora

I cani sono fuora per le mosse.  
Piangiti, volpe, i lacci e le tayole,  
Che per i vostri semi aveti scole.

The dogs are out by the valleys.  
Weep, foxes, on account of the traps and the snares,  
for you have a lot to teach to your children.

Guardise a chi la tochi, a questa caca,  
Che a ciascun tratto non se da riscosse,  
Ne le commensura se da le percosse.

Let him beware who comes across this hunt,  
for there is no ransom for the taken,  
and the beatings are not light.

Tristo chi per mal far si fa bisorso;  
Ma pur el cielo si fara so corso.

Woe to him who in order to do evil takes a devious road,  
for heaven will have its own way.

### Quel fronte signorille in paradiso

Quel fronte signorille in paradiso  
Scorge l'anima mia,  
Mentre che in suo balia  
Streto mi tiene mirando il suo bel viso.

My soul beholds that noble brow in paradise,

while her lovely face  
keeps me in her power gazing fixedly.

Iochi trapassa tutti dei altri el viso  
Con si dolce armonia,  
Che i cor nostri s'en via  
Pian pian in suso vanno in paradiso.

In eyes and face she surpasses all others  
with such sweet harmony  
that our hearts depart  
very softly upward to paradise.

### Si come seti bella

Si come seti bella, gentil madonna,  
Fust' anchor pietosa.  
Qual ha il mondo di voi piu bella cosa?  
Donque che crudeltade  
Spenga tanta beltade,  
Et privi'l mondo del suo prim' honore:  
Hai che no vogl' amore.

One as beautiful as you, gentle lady  
can yet be pitiable.  
What is there in the world more beautiful than you?  
Yet cruelty might quench  
that great beauty,  
depriving the world of its greatest wonder:  
Ah, that I had that love.

### Lirum bililirim

Lirum bililirim, bililirim, lirum, lirum, lirum  
Deh, si soni la sordina.  
Tu m'intendi ben, Pedrina,  
Ma non gia per il dovurum.

Lirum bililirim, bililirim, lirum, lirum, lirum  
Ah, play the muted strings.  
You hear me well, Petrina --  
and not just out of duty.

Les ses an che t'vo mi ben  
E che t'son bon servidor

For six years I have loved you  
and been your faithful servant,

Ma t'aspet che l'so ben  
Ch'al fin sclopi per amor.  
Deh, non da plu tat dolor,  
Tu sa ben che dig il virum. Lirum....

Quant a pensi al temp passat  
E che to servita in daren,  
A m'doni desperat  
Al demoni da l'inferen.  
Ma s'non m'aidi ques in veren  
E mi vo da te partirum. Lirum...

### **Il bianco e dolce cigno**

Il bianco e dolce cigno cantando more, et io  
Piangendo giungo al fin del viver mio.  
Strano e diversa sorte ch'ei more sconsolato,  
Et io moro beato.  
Morte, che nel morire  
Mi empie di gioia tutto e di desire.  
Se nel morir altro dolor non sento  
Di mille morte il di sarei contento.

### **Gravi pene in amor**

Gravi pene in amor si provan molte,  
di che patito io n'ho la maggior parte,  
e quelle in danno mio si ben raccolte,  
ch'io ne posso parlar come per arte.  
Pero s'io dico e s'ho detto altre volte,  
e quando in voce a quando in vive carte,  
ch'un mal sia lieve, un altro acerbo e fiero,  
date credenza al mio giudicio vero.

### **Alla riva del Tebro**

Alla riva del Tebro, giovanetto vid'io,  
vago pastor, vago pastore giovanetto,  
mandar tai voci fuore:  
"Saziati, O cruda Dea, della mia acerba e rea,  
ma dir non poote morte, ch'il duol l'ancise."  
Ahi, miserabil sorte!

### **Leggiadre ninfe**

Leggiadre ninfe e pastorelli amanti,  
Che con lieti sembianti,  
In questo ombroso valle all' onde chiare  
Divino fonti oggi vi trasse amore,  
A sceglier fior da fiore  
Per tesser ghirlandette e coronare.  
La mia Ninfa gentile, mentre vezzosi satiri e silvani  
Ne i loro abiti strani danzan con moda umile,  
Voi cantate spargendo e rose e fiori,  
"Viva, viva la balla Dori."

### **Chi salira per me**

Chi salira per me, Madonn' in cielo  
A riportarn' il mio perdut' ingegno.  
Che, poi ch'usci da' bei vostr' occhi il telo  
Che'l cor mi fisse, ognor perdendo vegno?  
Ne di tanta jattura mi querelo,

but I'm still waiting for you,  
and I shall surely burst with love.  
Ah, don't give me more grief;  
you know very well that I speak the truth.

When I think of the time that has passed  
and how I've loved you in vain,  
I throw myself in desperation  
to the demons of hell;  
and if you don't come to my aid this winter,  
I shall leave you.

The white and gentle swan dies singing, and I  
weeping reach the end of my life.  
What strange and diverse fate that he dies unconsolated,  
and I die blessed.  
Death, which in dying  
fills me full of joy and desire.  
If in dying no other pain I feel,  
with a thousand deaths a day I would be content.

Of all the many grievous pains of love  
I have myself endured the greater part.  
So vivid is the recollection of  
My pangs, that on this theme I am expert.  
So, when I write, as in my verse above,  
Or when I speak, of matters of the heart,  
Calling some sorrows anguish, others slight,  
You may believe my judgement to be right.

On the bank of the Tiber, a youth I see,  
A charming shepherd, a charming youthful shepherd,  
Voicing his feeling there:  
"Be satisfied, O cruel Goddess, with my woe and pain.  
But a dead man cannot say that sorrow kills him."  
Alas, wretched fate!

Ye graceful nymphs and shepherds oh so loving,  
and with gay glances roving  
enjoy this shady valley where clearly shineth  
the fount to which love is now thee directing,  
where, flower from flowers selecting, you weave your  
garlands charming, and crowns designeth.  
Then my nymph, my sweet treasure, satyrs and sylvans all  
the while appearing, their exotic garb wearing, dancing a  
modest measure, thou then singest, the while bestrewing  
flowers, "Welcome, welcome to these fair bowers."

Who will ascend for me, my Lady, to heaven  
to bring back my lost reason  
which, since departed from your beautiful eyes the dart  
that my heart pierced, every hour I am losing?  
Nor of such a loss do I complain,

Pur che non cresca, ma stia a questo segno;  
Ch'io dubito, se piu se va scemando,  
Che stolto me n'andro pel mond' errando.

### Who will ascend to heaven

Who will ascend to heav'n and there obtaine me,  
My wittes forlorne and silly sense decayed?  
for since I took my wound that sore doth payne me,  
from your fayre eyes, my sprites are all dismayed.  
Nor of so great a loss I do complaine me,  
if it encrease not, but in some bounds be stayed,  
but if I still grow worse I shall be lotted  
to wander through the world, fond and assotted.

### Draw on, sweet Night

Draw on, sweet Night, best friend unto those cares,  
That do arise from painful melancholy.  
My life so ill through want of comfort fares,  
That unto thee, I consecrate it wholly.  
Sweet Night, draw on!  
My griefs when they be told  
To shades and darkness, find some ease from paining.  
And while thou all in silence dost enfold,  
I then shall have best time for my complaining.

### Interdette speranz' e van desio

Interdette speranz' e van desio,  
Pensier fallace, liev'ingorde voglie,  
Lagrima triste e voi, sospir'e doglie,  
Dat'ormai fin al lasso viver mio.

E se per me non val forza d'oblio  
Ne per isdegn'il nodo si discioglie,  
Prenda morte di me l'ultime spoglie,  
Pur ch'abbia fin mio stato acerbo e rio.

Usin le stell'e'l ciel tutte lor prove,  
Ch'a quel ch'io sento mi parann'un gioco;  
Da si profonda part'il duol si move.  
Gitta pur l'ard'Amor, i strali e'l foco,  
O pra'l tuo ingegn'e le tue forze altrove,  
Che nova piaga in me non ha piu loco.

### Se vittorie si belle

Se vittorie si belle han le guerre d'amore,  
fatti guerrier, mio core,  
e non temer degli amorosi strali  
le ferite mortali.  
Pugna, sappi ch'e gloria  
il morir per desio della vittoria.

### Asciugate i begli occhi

Asciugate i begli occhi,  
Deh, cor mio, non piangete  
Se lontano d voi gir mi vedete!  
Ahi, che pianger debb'io misero e solo  
Che partendo da voi m'uccide il duolo.

provided it increases not, but remains at this degree;  
For I doubt, if more it diminishes,  
that foolish I shall go through the world wandering.

### I goe before my darling

I goe before my darling.  
Follow thou to the bowre in the close alley,  
Ther wee will together  
Sweetly kisse each eyther,  
And like two wantons dally.

### As Vesta was

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 came running down amain,  
First two by two, then three by three together,  
Leaving their goddess all alone, hasted thither;  
And mingling with the shepherds of her train,  
With mirthful tunes her presence entertain.  
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana:  
Long live fair Oriana!

With forbidden hope, vain longing  
futile thoughts, burning desires,  
sad tears, and wailing and sighing  
I make an end to my wretched life.

And if the force of forgetfulness no longer works for me,  
and the entanglements of my life are not to be released,  
may death take my last remains  
so that my bitter sad existence has an end.

May the stars and the heavens use all their skills  
to change into a game what I feel  
from so profound a depth;  
may ardent love throw its darts and its fire,  
and change your plots and your power to another direction.  
But in me there is no room for more suffering.

If love's wars have such beautiful victories,  
become a warrior, my heart,  
and do not fear the mortal wounds  
made by the arrows of love.  
Fight in the knowledge that it is glorious  
to die of desire for victory.

Dry your beautiful eyes,  
come, dear heart, weep not  
though I go far away!  
Alas, 'tis I must weep, wretched and alone,  
for in leaving you I die of grief.

### **Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena**

Zefiro torna, e'l bel tempo rimena  
E i fiori e l'erbe, sua dolce famiglia,  
E garrir 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 e d'amor piena;  
Ma per me, lasso, tornano i piu gravi  
Sospiri, che del cor profondo tragge  
Quella ch'al ciel se ne porto le chiavi:  
E cantar augelletti, e fiorir piagge,  
E'n belle donne oneste atti soavi,  
Sono un deserto, e fere aspre e selvagge.

### **O morte**

O morte, agl' altri fosca, a me serena.  
Scaccia con il tuo stral, lo stral d'amore.  
O morte, agl'altri fosca, a me serena.  
Spenza il tuo ghiaccio l'amoroso ardore,  
Spezzi la falce tua la sua catena.

### **Cupid, look about thee**

Now, now, Cupid, look about thee!  
Thy kingdom is decaying. Fa, la, la...  
Now, now, Cupid, look about thee!  
Young men begin to flout thee, and turn their deeds to  
saying. Fa, la, la...  
In men there is no passion,  
Love is so out of fashion. Fa, la, la...

Zephyr returns and ushers in fair weather  
flowers and grass, his charming companions,  
and warbeling Procne and weeping Philomel  
and the fresh and ruddy spring.  
The meadows smile and the sky grows calm;  
Jove rejoices to see his daughter;  
air, water, and earth are full of love;  
every living thing falls in love again.  
But for me, alas, return the heaviest sighs which she who  
took the keys of my heart to heaven drew from its depths.  
The singing of the birds, the blooming of the hillsides  
are to me a desert, and gracious acts of fair, noble ladies  
those of harsh and savage beasts.

O death, to others you are dark, to me light.  
Chase with thy dart the dart of love.  
O death, to others you are dark, to me light.  
Thine icy coldness extinguishes the glow of love,  
And thy scythe bursts her chains.

### **Love**

Lorentz Lossius, 1990

we make love  
as powerful as herbs  
and innocent  
as boiling water

and I must pour  
this fresh green liquor  
into the fine boned  
cup of your palm

but do not stir it  
with your unsheathed finger  
let me not press so hard  
against the glass

shall we whistle  
watch the darkening  
ripple of bitters  
and sweet herbs

shall we sip love  
swirling hot, or wait  
to drink it settled  
warm and strong

## BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

The group MILLENNIUM was formed this year to sing a wide range of vocal music, only limited in time by our name. Sopranos **Lisa Cardwell Pontén** and **Jennifer Fanning** met as singers in the Collegium Musicum at the University of North Carolina, and then went on to pursue masters' degrees: Lisa in vocal performance from Indiana University, and Jennifer in English literature at the University of Washington. **Doug Fullington, David Stutz,** and **Kenneth Peterson** met as members of the Compline Choir at St. Mark's Cathedral, where all take turns as cantor for the Compline Service. Doug is busy finishing his Master's Degree in Musicology at the University of Washington, something Ken remembers doing about twenty years ago. He is also active as a church choir director, and the director of the Tudor Choir. Lisa is on the staff of St. James Cathedral, and has been featured on several programs this year, including a program of medieval music for Advent, in which she, Doug, and David performed Spanish cantigas. David and Ken share careers in computer programming, and aspire to be gentlemen farmers in Redmond and Bothell respectively. David, who has recently moved here from Chicago, can be heard on a new recording of Cornago's *Missa Mapa Mundi* by His Majesties Clerkes and the Newberry Consort on the Harmonia Mundi Label. Lisa, who was recently married to Loren Pontén, will share duties with her husband this summer on the faculty of Midsummer Musical Retreat in Port Townsend. Our guest tenor, **Lorentz Lossius**, tells me that he was born in Trondheim, Norway, skied to school, moved to Australia at the age of eight, and has lived in London and New York; he has sung with many ensembles, including the Gregg Smith Singers. Lorentz, David, and Ken all share the experience of installing electric fence, which may lend some verve to their performance. Our guest harpsichordist, **Byron Schenkman**, is new to Seattle this year, but already well-known through his stunning performances; he was a finalist in the Bodky International Early Music Competition and his first solo CD was recently released on the Focus label. Both he and his wife Ingrid, a violinist, studied at Indiana University, where they knew Lisa (this brings us full circle). Byron and Ingrid will be joined by two other artists in a concert next week.

Notes by Kenneth Peterson

This concert is co-sponsored by the King County Arts Commission and made possible by donations from  
Nicholas J. Bez and other individual donors to the Early Music Guild Assistance Program