

No Latin Required:
RENAISSANCE MUSIC FOR EVERYONE

Радуйся, Невесто Неневестная
Nu bede vi den Helligånd
Q'dusha
Nunc dimittis
Psaume 42: Quemadmodum cervus desiderat

Traditional Valaam Chant
Mogens Pedersøn (c. 1583–1623)
Salamone Rossi (c. 1570–1630)
Thomas Tomkins (1572–1656)
Claude Goudimel (c. 1514–1572)

Se vi duol il mio duolo
Ah, dolente partita
Je ris et si ay larme a l'oeil
Ah, dear heart
Draw on, sweet night

Carlo Gesualdo (c. 1560–1613)
Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)
Josquin des Prez (c. 1450–1521)
Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)
John Wilbye (1574–1638)

Intermission

En tanto que de rosa açuçena
Io d'odorate
Tmeiskin was jonck
Strike it up, Tabor
Come, Sirrah Jack, Ho
Sumer is icumen in

Francisco Guerrero (1528–1599)
Maddalena Casulana (c. 1544–c. 1590)
Heinrich Isaac (c. 1450–1517)
Thomas Weelkes (1576–1623)
Weelkes
Anonymous (mid-13th century)

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott
When David Heard
Mein himmlischer Vater
Dios itlazo nantzine

Gaspar Othmayr (1515–1553)
Weelkes
Othmayr
Don Hernando Franco (16th century)

Applause is encouraged after each set.

PROGRAM NOTES

For this concert, Musica Spei departs from our usual repertoire of Renaissance sacred music sung in Latin, instead opting for Renaissance music in any language BUT Latin. This means that much of the music postdates the Reformation begun in early 16th century, and thus we include sacred music sung in the vernacular of a number of countries. The program begins with a chant in Old Church Slavonic; the first set includes hymns and settings of some common texts such as the Nunc dimittis and a paraphrase of Psalm 42—in Danish, Hebrew, English and French. The first half concludes with a set of secular music that is melancholy or even painful—in Italian, French and English.

The second half commences with some wistful secular songs in Spanish, Italian, and Dutch, and then moves to songs in English that are just plain fun. We invite you to welcome spring with us and experience the fun first hand by singing along with an English—middle English anyway!—fun song printed on the back cover of your program.

We close with a set of sacred music in German, English and finally Nahuatl—the language of the ancient Aztecs—complete with drums, recorders and antlers! This final number can also be heard on our new CD, *The Spirit Delights*, available for the first time this evening. Come have some refreshments and pick up your copy of our latest compilation of music from concerts over the past several years.

Incidentally, we told a little white lie here: there is actually a smidgen of Latin in this concert. Can you find it? Make note of your discovery on a piece of paper you will find at the post-concert reception, where we'll draw one name from among the correct answers, and the winner will receive a copy of Musica Spei's newest CD.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Радуйся, Невесто Неневестная.
Traditional Valaam chant

Sung in old church Slavonic

<p>Марие, Мати Христа, Истинного Бога. <i>Воздерживаться:</i> Радуйся, Невесто Неневестная.</p> <p>Ааронов Жезле прозябший, Сосуде тихой радости. <i>Воздерживаться</i></p> <p>Всех сирых и вдов Утешение, в бедах и скорбех помощи. <i>Воздерживаться</i></p> <p>Священная и Непорочная, Владычице Всепетая. <i>Воздерживаться</i></p> <p>Приклони ко мне милосердие Божественного Сына. <i>Воздерживаться</i></p> <p>Ходатаице спасения, припадая взываю Ти. <i>Воздерживаться</i></p>	<p>Mary, Mother of Christ, the true God: <i>Refrain:</i> Rejoice, O virgin bride.</p> <p>Miraculous scepter, which sprang into bloom: <i>Refrain</i></p> <p>You are a consolation to all widows, help in hardship and sorrow: <i>Refrain</i></p> <p>Sacred virgin, hailed by all: <i>Refrain</i></p> <p>Bestow the mercy of your Son upon me: <i>Refrain</i></p> <p>I beg you, grant me salvation: <i>Refrain</i></p>
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Nu bede vi den Helligånd
Mogens Pedersøn (c. 1583–1623)

Sung in Danish

<p>Nu bede vi den Helligånd, Alt om dem Kristelige tro og ret forstand, det os Gud bevare og sin nåde sende, Når vi heden fare av dette ælende, Kyrieleis.</p> <p>Du værdige livs giv os dit skin, Lær os at kende Kristum Jesum alene, At vi med hannem blive vor kære Frelsermand, som os monne indlede til det forjætte land, Kyrieleis.</p> <p>Du ypperste Trøster i all vor nød, Hjælp at vi forsmå verdens spot og Usselhed, At vi bestandig blive på vor sidste ende når vi med Djævelen kive om dette Ælende, Kyrieleis.</p>	<p>We now pray to the Holy Spirit about the Christian faith and in a right mind, that God will save us and send His grace, when we must depart from the misery of this existence, Lord have mercy.</p> <p>You worthy source of life, give us Your shining light; teach us to know only Jesus Christ that we can be with Him, our dear Savior, who would lead us to the Promised Land, Lord have mercy.</p> <p>You, utmost bringer of comfort in all our need, help us that we may disdain the ridicule and infamy of the world that we may remain steadfast in faith on our final journey when we quarrel with the Devil about the misery of this existence, Lord have mercy.</p>
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Translation: Pia Liptak

Q'dusha

Salamone Rossi (c. 1570–1630)

Sung in Hebrew

<p>קדושה כְּתוּר יִתְּנוּ לְךָ הַמּוֹנֵי מַעֲלָה עִם קְבוּצֵי מִטָּה : כְּבוֹדוֹ מְלֵא עוֹלָם מִשְׁרָתָיו שׁוֹאֲלִים זֶה לָּזֶה אֵיךְ מְקוּם כְּבוֹדוֹ : מִמְקוֹמוֹ הוּא יִפֶּן לַעֲמוֹ הַמִּיחְדִּים אֶת שְׁמוֹ עָרַב וְבוֹקֵר תָּמִיד בְּכָל יוֹם : אֶחָד אֱלֹהֵינוּ הוּא אֲבִינוּ הוּא מְלַכְנוּ הוּא מוֹשִׁיעֵנו הוּא יִשְׁמִיעֵנו בְּרַחֲמָיו שְׁנֵית לַעֲיֵנֵי כָּל חַי : אֲנִי יי אֱלֹהֵיכֶם : יְמַלֹּךְ יי לְעוֹלָם אֱלֹהֵיךְ צִיּוֹן לְדוֹר וָדוֹר הַלְלוּיָהּ</p>	
<p><i>Transliteration:</i> Keter yitnu lakh hamonei ma'ala 'im k'vutsei matta. K'vodo male 'olam m'shar'tav shoalim ze laze ayye m'kom k'vodo. Mimm'qomo yifen l'ammo hamyachadim et sh'mo 'erev vavoker tamid b'khol yom. Echad eloheinu hu avinu hu malkenu hu moshi'enu hu yashmi'enu v'ra chamav shenit l'einei khol chai. Ani Adonai eloheikhem. Yimlokh Adonai l'olam elohayikh tsiyyon l'dor vador. Hal'lujah</p>	<p>A crown will be given to you by throngs on high and by assemblies below. His glory pervades the universe; His servants ask one another: Where is the place of glory? From His place He will turn to his people, who proclaim the unity of His name, evening and morning, always, every day. One is our God; He is our Father, he is our King, he is our Savior. He will tell us In His mercy, again before all living things, "I am the Lord your God." The Lord shall reign forever; your God, O Zion, for all generations, Hallelujah.</p> <p style="text-align: right;"><i>Translation: Shalom Rackovsky</i></p>

Nunc dimittis

Thomas Tomkins (1572–1656)

Sung in English

<p>Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word. For mine eyes have seen thy salvation, which thou hast prepared before the face of all people; To be a light to lighten the Gentiles and to be the glory of thy people Israel.</p> <p>Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be world without end, Amen.</p>
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Psaume 42: Quemadmodum cervus desiderat
Claude Goudimel (c. 1514–1572)

Sung in French

Ainsi qu'on oit le cerf bruire, Pourchassant le frais des eaux, Ainsi mon coeur qui soupire, Seigneur après tes ruisseaux, Va toujours criant, suivant Le grand, le grand Dieu vivant Hélas donques, quand sera-ce Que verray de Dieu la face?	As one hears the deer roar while endlessly chasing the refreshing waters, So my heart which sighs, Lord, after your streams, goes always crying aloud, following the great living God. Alas then! When will it be that I shall see the face of God?
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Se vi duol il mio duolo
Carlo Gesualdo (c. 1560–1613)

Sung in Italian

Se vi duol il mio duolo Voi sola, anima mia, Potete far che tutto gioia sia. Deh, gradite il mio ardore, Ch'arderà lieto nel suo foco il core, E quel duol che vi spiace In me sia gioia, in voi diletto e pace.	If my sorrow saddens you, you, my beloved, are the only one who can turn my sorrows all to joy. Alas, accept my passion: My heart will gladly burn in its fire, and that sorrow which displeases you will turn to joy in me, and in you to delight and peace of mind.
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Ah, dolente partita
Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643)

Sung in Italian

Ah, dolente partita! ah, fin de la mia vita! da te parto e non moro? E pur io provo la pena de la morte, e sento nel partire un vivace morire, che da vita al dolore per far che moia immortamente il core.	Ah, painful parting! Ah, end of my life! From thee I leave and I don't die? But I feel The pain of death And I feel on leaving A lively dying, Which gives life to pain To let my heart immortally die.
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Je ris et si ay larme a l'oeil
Josquin des Prez (c. 1450–1521)

Sung in French

Je ris, et si ay larme a l'oeil, je chante sans avoir plaisir, je dance au son de desplaisir, je m'esbas et si n'ay que deuil.	I laugh, yet I have a tear in my eye; I sing without having joy; I dance to the sound of vexation; I rejoice, yet have nothing but sorrow.
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Ah, dear heart
Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)

Sung in English

Ah, dear heart, why do you rise? The light that shines comes from your eyes, The day breaks not, it is my heart, to think that you and I must part. O, stay, or else my joys will die and perish in their infancy.	
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Draw on, sweet night
John Wilbye (1574–1638)

Sung in English

Draw on, sweet night, best friend unto those cares that do arise for 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 of darkness, find some ease from paining,
And while thou all in silence dost enfold, I then shall have best time for my complaining.

INTERMISSION

En tanto que de rosa açucena
Francisco Guerrero (1528–1599)

Sung in Spanish

En tanto que de rosa y azucena
se muestra la color en vuestro gesto,
y que vuestro mirar ardiente, honesto
enciende el corazón y lo refrena;

y en tanto que el cabello, que en la vena
del oro se escogió, con vuelo presto,
por el hermoso cuello blanco, enhiesto,
el viento mueve, esparce y desordena;

coged de vuestra alegre primavera
el dulce fruto, antes que el tiempo airado
cubra de nieve la hermosa cumbre.

Marchitará la rosa el viento helado,
todo lo mudará la edad ligera,
por no hacer mudanza en su costumbre.

As long as the colour of roses and lilies
can be seen on your face,
and your ardent, chaste eyes
inflammé my heart and restrain it;

and as long as your hair –singled out from veins
of gold, is blown, scattered and disarranged
by the wind over your beautiful,
white and slender neck:

gather the sweet fruit of your joyful spring
before angry time
covers with snow your beautiful crown.

The cold wind will wither the rose,
swift time will change everything
so as not to change its usual custom.

Io d'odorate
Maddalena Casulana (c. 1544 – c. 1590)

Sung in Italian

Io d'odorate fronde de bei fiori
Che la felice arabbia in grembo asconde
Te sacra un gran altar tra verde alhori
Che arda mai sempre qui vicin al onde.

E de le nimphe de la nobil Clori
Meco la piu leggiadro in queste sponde
Canterà, canterà le tue lodi ad una
Fin che col sol il ciel tutto si in bruna.

I, from fragrant foliage of beautiful flowers
That hide happy rage in my lap
Consecrate to you a great altar among green laurels
That forever burns here beside the waves.

And of the beautiful nymphs of noble Cloris
the most elegant one, on these shores with me,
will sing your praises one after another
Until with the sun all the sky darkens.

Tmeiskin was jonck
Heinrich Isaac (c. 1450–1517)

Sung in Dutch

Tmeiskin was jonck, wel van passe, niet te groet. Ic quam gheloepen met eenem spronck. Ic custe se an haren roede mont. Scoen lief, ghy compt zo seldom. Ey ridder, seyt so edel ghenoot, hu liefde quelt my totter doet.	The maiden was young, just the right size, not too big. I came bounding towards her and kissed her on her mouth so red. 'Beloved, you come so rarely, my knight, you are such a noble prince: alas, love's longing is killing me.'
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Strike it up, Tabor
Thomas Weelkes (1576–1623)

Sung in English

Strike it up, Tabor, and pipe us a favour! Thou shalt be well paid for thy labour. Lusty Dick Hopkin, lay on with thy napkin, the stitching cost me but a dodkin. I mean to spend my shoe sole to dance about the Maypole! I will be blithe and brisk! I'll leap and skip, hop and trip, turn about in the rout, until very weary joints can scarce frisk. The morris were half undone, were't not for Martin of Compton. O well said jigging Al'ce. O pretty Jill, stand you still! Dapper Jack means to smack. How now? Fie! fie! fie! fie! you dance false.

Come, Sirrah Jack, Ho!
Weelkes

Sung in English

Come, sirrah Jack, ho! Fill some tobacco. Bring a wire and some fire! Haste, haste away, quick I say! Do not stay! Shun delay! For I drank none good today. Fill the pipe once more, My brains dance Trench-more. It is heady, I am giddy. My head and brains, back and reins [kidneys], joints and veins from all pains it doth well purge and make clean. I swear that this tobacco Tis perfect Trinidado. By the very weary Mass never never never was Better gear than is here. By the rood, for the blood, it is very very good, tis very good Then those that do condemn it, or such as not commend it, Never were so wise to learn good tobacco to discern; Let them go pluck a crow, and not know as I do the sweet of Trinidado.
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Sumer is icumen in
Anonymous

Sung in English

Sumer is icumen in, Lhude sing Cucu; Groweth sed and bloweth med, and springth the wode nu, Sing Cucu;	Spring has arrived, Loudly sing, cuckoo! The seed is growing And the meadow is blooming, And the wood is coming into leaf now, Sing, cuckoo!
Awe bleteth after lomb, Louth after calve cu; Bulloc sterteth bucke verteth,	The ewe is bleating after her lamb, The cow is lowing after her calf; The bullock is prancing, The billy-goat farting,
Murie sing Cucu. Cucu, Cucu, wel singes thu Cucu, Ne swik thu naver nu.	Sing merrily, cuckoo! Cuckoo, cuckoo, You sing well, cuckoo, Never stop now.
Sing Cucu nu, sing Cucu! Sing Cucu nu, sing Cucu!	Sing, cuckoo, now; sing, cuckoo; Sing, cuckoo; sing, cuckoo, now!

Ein feste Burg ist unser Gott
Gaspar Othmayr (1515–1553)

Sung in German

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott, Ein gute Wehr und Waffen; Er hilft uns frei aus aller Not, Die uns jetzt hat betroffen. Der alt' böse Feind, Mit Ernst er's jetzt meint, Gross' Macht und viel List Sein' grausam' Rüstung ist, Auf Erd' ist nicht seinsgleichen.	A Mighty Fortress is our God, A great shield and weapon; He freely helps us in every adversity, That now concerns us. The old evil enemy, Now means serious business, Great power and much cunning, Are his cruel armor, On earth there is none like him.
Mit unsrer Macht is nichts getan, Wir sind gar bald verloren; Es steit' für uns der rechte Mann, Den Gott hat selbst erkoren. Fragst du, wer der ist? Er heißt Jesu Christ, Der Herr Zebaoth, Und ist kein andrer Gott, Das Feld muss er behalten.	With our power is nothing done, We are soon completely defeated; But the right man fights for us, Whom God himself predestined. Do you ask who he is? His name is Jesus Christ, The Lord Sabaoth, There is no other God, And He must keep the field.
Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär' Und wollt' uns gar verschlingen, So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr, Es soll uns doch gelingen. Der Fürst dieser Welt, Wie sau'r er sich stellt, Tut er uns doch nicht, Das macht, er ist gericht't, Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.	And though the world is full of devils, Who want to completely devour us; But we don't fear too much, It should work out for us alright. The prince of this world, As angry as he is, Does nothing to us, Because he is judged, One little word can fell him.

When David Heard
Weelkes

Sung in English

When David heard that Absalon was slain, he went up to his chamber over the gate, and wept. And thus he said:
O, my son Absalon, would God I had died for thee. O Absalon, my son, my son.

Mein himmlischer Vater
Anonymous

Sung in German

Mein himmlischer Vater, ewiger, barmherziger Gott, du hast mir deinen lieben Sohn, unsern Herrn Jesum Christum geoffenbaret, Den hab ich gelehrt, den hab ich bekannt, den lieb ich, und den Ehre ich für meinen lieben Heiland und Erlöser, welchen die Gottlosen verfolgen, schänden, Nimm mein Seel hin zu dir. Also hat Gott die Welt geliebt, daß er seinen einigen Sohn für sie gegeben hat. In manus tuas, Domine, commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me Deus veritatis	My heavenly Father, eternal, merciful God, who hast revealed to me Thy beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ, whom I have come to know and love, and to revere and honor as my dear savior and redeemer, whom the godless persecute and profane, take my soul to Thee. God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son for it. Into your hands, Lord, I commend my spirit; the God of Truth has redeemed me.
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Dios itlazo nantzine
Don Hernando Franco (16th century)

Sung in Nahuatl (language of the native Aztecs)

Dios itlazo nantzine, cemihcac ichpochtle, cenca timitz totlatlauhtilya mato panximotlatolti.	Beloved Mother of God, Eternal Virgin, most exalted, May you intercede at the appointed time In the realm of the dead for us and our ancestors.
Yn il huicac ixpantzinco, Inmotlazo conetzin, Jesu Christo.	In heaven you are in the honored presence Of your beloved child, Jesus Christ.
Ca om pa timo yeztica y mi na huactzinco; yn motlazo conetzin y Jesu Christo.	Because there your heart is close To your beloved child, Jesus Christ.

Musica Spei would like to thank Pia Liptak for her assistance with the Danish text of “Nu bede vi den Helligånd” and Shalom Rackovsky for his assistance with the Hebrew text of “Q’Dusha.”

ABOUT MUSICA SPEI

Formed in Rochester, New York in the summer of 1995, Musica Spei explores early sacred choral music literature, sharing it with audiences throughout central and western New York. Performing without a conductor, the group develops its interpretations in a collaborative fashion based on communication and interaction among its singers. Repertoire ranges from simple chant to complex polyphony with settings of texts in Latin and other languages representing Renaissance composers from Western Europe and beyond. Musica Spei gives life to the exquisite sacred and secular music of the Renaissance, rendering it more accessible and more immediate to its listeners with each performance.

Every summer since 1995, Musica Spei has sponsored Renaissance Summer Sings at Saint Anne Church for members of the community who enjoy singing this repertoire.

Check our website: www.musicaspei.org, for more information about additional upcoming concerts, summer sings, and the gala Fifteenth Annual Rochester Early Music Festival, to be presented in the fall of 2015.

The members of Musica Spei are Jeanne Beddoe, Jim Blake, Lynette Blake, Tyler Cassidy-Heacock, Mary Cowden, Juli Elliot, Joe Finetti, Christopher Gold, Jeff Harp, Carrie Haymond, Lisa Jadwin, Eric Lobenstine, Mary Mowers, Howard Spindler, Brian Story and Jeff Tabor. Steve Marcus is artistic guide emeritus.

Copies of Musica Spei’s newest CD *The Spirit Delights* are available for purchase after the performance, and members of the group will be happy to answer questions or discuss today’s music.

Musica Spei is grateful that, for almost 20 years, the Saint Anne community has supported Musica Spei with rehearsal space and the opportunity to perform in the acoustically magnificent sanctuary, as a member of the “Choir in Residence” program. We are especially grateful to Father Gary Tyman and Nancy DeRycke, the leaders of the Our Lady of Lourdes / Saint Anne Cluster of Communities of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Rochester, for their on-going support and encouragement.

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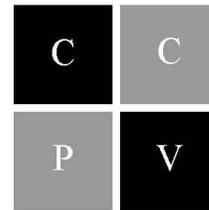
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Sumer is icumen in

1

Anonymous

[1] [2]

Su - mer is i - cum - en in Lhu - de sing Cu - cu,

[4] [3] [4]

Grow - eth sed and blow - eth med, and springth the wo - de nu,

[7]

Sing Cu - cu; Aw - e ble - teth af - ter lomb, Lhouth

[10]

af - ter cal - ve cu; Bul - loc ster - teth buc - ke ver - teth,

[13]

Mur - ic sing Cu - cu. Cu - cu, Cu - cu,

[16]

wel sing - es thu Cu - cu, Ne swik thu nav - er nu.

Accompaniment

[19] [1] [2]

Sing Cu - cu nu sing Cu - cu.