

The New Queen's Ha'Penny Consort
Elvyn Blair, Director



&

The Arch Street Irregulars

Helene Whitson, Director



present a program of

Renaissance Music
Instrumental & Choral

Saturday, March 1, 1997

7:30 pm

Admission Free

**Fruitvale Presbyterian Church
2735 MacArthur Blvd, Oakland
(Corner of Coolidge Ave and MacArthur Blvd)**

New Queen's Ha'Penny Consort

Elvyn Blair, Director

Edward Blair	Alto, tenor recorders, percussion Arranger, transcriber & publisher
Elvyn Blair	Bass recorder
Robert Blair	Tenor recorder
Ian Crane	Bass recorder
Robin Goodfellow	Soprano, alto recorders; former Director
Charles Henderson	Soprano, alto, tenor recorders; Arranger
Ernest Isaacs	Alto recorder
Keith Myers	Tenor recorder
Mary Myers	Soprano recorder
Kay Wetherwax	Tenor recorder

Arch Street Irregulars

Helene Whitson, Director

Jane Ariel	Alto
Charles Henderson	Bass
Alison Howard	Alto
Heather Irons	Soprano
Scott Perry	Tenor
Bill Whitson	Bass
Helene Whitson	Soprano
Lyle York	Soprano

PROGRAM

Ensemble

Pastime with Good Company
tune from collection of dances by Pierre Attaignant

setting and words by Henry VIII

Pastime with good company
I love, and shall until I die.
Gruch who lust, but none deny;
So God be pleased, thus live will I;
 For my pastance,
 Hunt, sing and dance
 My heart is set
 All goodly sport
 For my comfort:
 Who shall me let?

Youth must have some dalliance,
Of good or ill some pastance;
Company methinks then best
All thoughts and fancies to digest,
 For idleness
 Is chief mistress
 Of vices all:
 Then who can say
 But mirth and play
 Is best of all?

Company with honesty
Is virtue, vices to flee;
Company is good and ill
But every man hath his free will.
 The best ensue,
 The worst eschew,
 My mind shall be;
 Virtue to use,
 Vice to refuse,
 Thus shall I use me.

New Queen's Ha'Penny Consort

Passomezo la Douce
Ronde II: "Mon Amy"

French, 16th Century

Anonymous

from *Danserye* (1551) (*The Third Music Book -Das dritte musikbüchlein*)

Tielman Susato (c.1500-c1561)

Basse Dance I: *Erstis Tanzbuch* (1530)

Pierre Attaignant (fl. early 16th century)

Arch Street Irregulars

All ye who music love

Words by Thomas Oliphant

Baldassare Donato (1548-1603)

All ye who music love,
And would its pleasures prove;
O come to us who cease not daily,
From morn till eve to warble gaily:

Come lads and lasses all,
Obey the tuneful call;
O come to us who cease not daily,
etc.

Fa la la la la la,
Fa la la la la la la la la,
Fa la la la la la la la la,
Fa la la la la la la la la.

Toutes les nuitz

Clément Janequin (c.1475-c1560)

Toutes les nuitz tu m'es presente
Par songe doux et gratieux,
Mais tous les jours tu m'es absente,
Qui m'est regret for ennuyeux.

Night after night, your presence thrills me
As in a sweet and pleasing dream,
But all day long your absence chills me,
And my regret becomes extreme.

Puis donc que las nuitz,
Que la nuit me vault mieulx
Et que je n'ay bien que par songe,
Dormez de jour, o pauvres yeulx!
A fin que san cesse je songe

More and more the night I prize
So that I may enjoy my dreaming.
Sleep the day through, O my poor eyes,
And let there be no end to dreaming.

La tricotea (16th Century)

attributed to Alonso (fl. 1500)

**a drinking song, text apparently a burlesque hodgepodge
of Castilian, Catalan and Italian, and rhyming nonsense verse
from the *Cancionero Musical de Palacio* [c.1505-1520]**

La tricotea,
sa' Martin la vea.
Abres un poc al agua y señalea.
La bota senbra tuleta,
la señal de un chapiré.
Ge que te gus per mundo spesa.
La botilla plena,
Dama, qui mai na, cerrali la vena.
Orli, cerli, trum, madama,
cerlicer, cerrarli ben,
Votra ami contrari ben.
Niqui, niqui don formagidón, formagidón.
Yo soy monarchea, de grande nobrea.
Dama, por amor,
dama bel se mea
dama yo la vea.

La Tricotea
May San Martin see it.
Open [the window] a bit toward the water [harbor]
and signal him.[?]
The wineskin looks limp:
a sign [it needs filling up?].
[I want to see the world spin?].
The full bottle: mistress,
Never shut off his vein.
Orli, cerli, trum madonna,
[Shut him up?], close him off good.
Your lover, [contradict him well?].
Rotten old cheese.
I am a monarch, of great renown,
Madame, for the sake of love, be mine.
Madame, so that I may see you.

Pase el agoa, ma Julieta (early 16th Century)

Anonymous

from the *Cancionero Musical de Palacio* (c.1505-1520)

Pase el agoa, ma Julieta, Dama,
Pase el agoa, Venite vous à moi.
Ju me'n anai en un vergel,
Tres rosetas fui colier:
Ma Julioleta, Dama,
Pase el agoa: Venite vous à moi.

Come across the water, my Lady Julietta.
Come across the water, Come to me.
I went into the garden
I picked three roses.
My Lady Julietta,
Cross over the water : Come to me.

**Villancico: Ju me leve un bel maitín (15th Century)
macaronic text in Castilian, French & Catalan
arr. & tr. by Robert L. Goodale**

Anonymous

Dindirin, dindirin, dindirin daña,
Dindirindin.

Ju me leve un bel maitín
Matineta per la prata.
Encontré le ruyseñor
Que cantava so la rama.
Dindirindin.

Ruyseñor, le ruyseñor,
Fácteme a questa embaxata.
Y diga olo a mon ami,
Que ju ja so maritata.
Dindirindin.

Dindirin, dindirin, dindirin daña,
Dindirindin.

In the morning I arose,
And I walked among the meadows;
There I met a nightingale
Who was singing in the treetops.

Nightingale, O nightingale,
Carry this message for me.
Tell my lover this for me:
That I am already married.

New Queen's Ha'Penny Consort

Hymnus ("In Festis Unius Martyres")

arr. by Erich Katz

Guillaume Dufay (ca.1400-1474)

Carmen in Sol

Heinrich Isaac (1445-1517)

Fortuna 'las (Gentil Madonna)

Johannes Bedyngham (fl. 1459-60)

from *Cancionero de Montecassino*, Court of Naples (c.1480-1500)

Chanson: "Dont vient Cela"
poem by Clément Marot (?1496-1544)
published in *Danserye* (1551) by Tielman Susato

Claudin de Sermisy (ca.1490-1552)

Dont vient cela, belle, je vous supply,
Que plus a moy ne vous recommandez.
Toujours seray de tristesse remply,
Jusques a tant qu'au vray me lemandez;
Je croy que plus d'amy ne demandez,
Ou mauvais bruyt de moy on vous revelle,
Ou vostre cueur a fait amour nouvelle.

How does it happen, beautiful, I beg you,
That you no longer seek my company?
I shall always be filled with sadness
Until the day you call me back and mean it;
I think you no longer need a lover,
Or that someone has slandered me to you,
Or that your heart has found a new love.

Pavan: "Tant qui Vivray"
poem by Clément Marot

Claudin de Sermisy (ca.1490-1552)

Tant que vivrai en âge florissant.
Je servirai d'amour le roi puissant,
En faits, en dits, en chansons et accords.
Par plusieurs jours m'a tenu languissant,
Mais après deuil m'a fait rejouissant.
Car j'ai l'amour de la belle au gent corps,
Son alliance, c'est ma finance:
Son coeur est mien, Le mien est sien.
Fi de tristesse, Vive liesse, puisqu'en amours,
puisqu'en amours, a tant de biens!

While I am in my prime
I will serve the mighty god of love
in deed, word, song, and harmony.
For a long time he left me languishing;
but afterwards he made me rejoice,
for now I have the love of a shapely beauty.
Her alliance is pledged to me,
Her heart is mine, and mine is hers.
Fie on sadness, long live gladness,
For there is so much good in love.

Quand je la veux servir et honorer.
Quand par écrits veux son nom decorer.
Quand je la vois et visite souvent,
Ses envieux n'en font que murmurer;
Mais notre amour n'en saurait moins durer.
Autant ou plus en emporte le vent,
Malgré en vie, toute ma vie
Je l'aimerai, Et chanterai:
C'est la première, C'est la dernière
Que j'ai servie, Que j'ai servie, Et servirai.

When I want to serve and honor her,
When by writings her name exalt,
When I see and visit her often,
It excites murmurings of envy,
But our love can endure that.
Whatever fortune may bring,
In this life, all my life,
I will love her and sing of her:
She is the first, she is the last,
Whom I serve and will serve.

Pavan: "Belle qui tiens ma vie"
publ. by Thoinot Arbeau in *Orchesographie* 1588

Belle qui tiens ma vie captive dans tes yeux,
Qui m'a l'ame ravie d'un sourir gracieux,
Viens tot me secourir, ou me faudra mourir.

Fair one, my life is captive in your eyes,
My soul is ravished by your lovely smile,
Come quick to help me, lest I die.

Pourquoi fuis-tu, mignarde, si je suis près de toy,
Quand tes yeux je regarde je me perds dedans moy.
Car tes perfections, changent mes actions.

Why flee, my dear, when I am near?
In your eyes, I am lost,
In your perfections, transformed.

Approche donc, ma belle, approche toy mon bien,
Ne me sais plus rebelle puisque mon coeur est tien,
Pour mon mal appaiser, donne moy un baiser.

Come near, my fair one, come close, my love,
Don't hesitate, my heart is yours,
Ease my suffering with a kiss.

[translation by Lyle York, Scott Perry & Jane Ariel]

Isbruck, ich muss dich lassen**Heinrich Isaac (c.1450-1517)****Version A: 1st & 3d verses; Version B: 2d verse (recorders)**

Isbruck, ich muss dich lassen,
 Ich fahr dahin mein Strassen,
 in fremde Land dahin.
 Mein Freud is mir genommen,
 die ich nit weiss bekommen,
 wo ich im Elend bin.

Mein Trost ob allen Weiben,
 dein tu ich ewig bleiben,
 stet treu, der Ehren fromm.
 Nun, muss dich Gott bewahren,
 in aller Tugend sparen,
 bis dass ich wiederkomm.

Innsbruck, I must leave you;
 I go on my way,
 away to strange lands;
 my joy is taken from me;
 I know not what awaits me
 where I shall be alone.

My comfort above all things
 is to be with you always
 and stay true to your devout spirit;
 now may God be merciful to you
 and spare you in all things
 until I come again!

Intermission

Ensemble

Lure Falconers: Hawking for the Hearne and Ducke
 from *A Brief Discourse...* by Thomas Ravenscroft, 1614
 transcribed & transposed into playable edition by Ed Blair

John Bennet (born c.1575-80, fl.1599-1614)

Lure, Falconers, lure! give warning to the Field.
 Let fly, let fly! make mounting Hearnies to yield.
 Die, fearful Ducks, and climb no more so high,
 The Nyas Hawk will kiss the Azure sky.
 But when our Soar-Hawks fly and stiff winds blow,
 Then long too late we Falconers cry hey lo!

Technical terms used in hawking:
 Lure = To call the hawk back, using a "lure" of feathers
 attached to a long cord or thong
 Hearnies = herons
 Nyas-hawk = eyas-hawk, one raised by a buzzard
 Soar-hawk = first-year bird

New Queen's Ha'Penny Consort

Galliarda from *Vierstimmege Suite* (1614)**Melchior Franck (1573-1639)****Selections from *Terpsichore* (1612)****Ballet: CCLXVIII**

arr. by Michael Praetorius Kreuzbergensis (M.P. C.)(1571-1621)

Gavottes 3&4

arr. by Pierre Francisque Caroubel (F.C.)(d.1611)

Courante: CLVII "Mistress Winter's Jump" composer unknown; middle parts ("incerti") by Michael Praetorius**Country dance "I care not for these ladies"**

played here in the madrigal setting by Campion

Thomas Campion (1562-1620)from Rosseter's *First Book of Ayres* (1601)**Bourees 8 & 9: XXXII**

arr. by Michael Praetorius (M.P.C.)(1571-1621)

Arch Street Irregulars

While that the sun with his beams hot
from his *Songs of Sundry Natures* (1589)

While the bright sun, with his beams hot,
Scorched the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon the shepherd late forgot,
Sitting beside a crystal fountain,

ed. by Norman Greyson

William Byrd (1543-1623)

In shadow of a green oak tree;
Upon his pipe this song played he.
“Untrue love, adieu, love.
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.”

We be soldiers three
from *Deuteromelia* [2d part of collection of canons, rounds & catches], London, 1609

We be solders three,
Pardona moy, je vous an pree,
Lately come forth of the Low country,
With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Here, good fellow, I drink to thee,
Pardona moy, je vous an pree,
To all good fellows wherever they be,
With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-c.1635)

And he that will not pledge me this,
Pardona moy, je vous an pree,
Pays for the shot whoever it is,
With never a penny of money,
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Charge it again, boy, charge it again
Pardona moy, je vous an pree,
As long as there is any ink in your pen,
With never a penny of money
Fa la la la lantido dilly.

Vezzosi augelli text from Torquato Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*
from his *Eighth Book of five-voice madrigals*, Venice, 1586)

Vezzosi augelli infra le verdi fronde
Tempran' a prova lascivette note.
Mormora l'aura, e fa le foglie e l'onde
Garrir, che variamente ella percote.
Quando taccion gl'augelli alto risponde;
Quando cantan gl'augei, più lieve scote;
Sia caso od' arte, or accompagn', ed ora
Alternata i versi lor, la Musica ora

Giaches de Wert (1535-1596)

The joyous birds, hid under greenwood shade,
Sung merry notes on every branch and bow.
The wind that in the leaves and waters plaid
With murmur sweet, now sung, and whistled now,
Ceased the birds, the wind loud answer made:
And while they sang, it rumbled soft and low;
Thus were it hap or cunning, chance or art,
The wind in this strange musick bore his part.

All creatures now
from *Triumphs of Oriana*, ed. by Thomas Morley (1601)

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;

John Bennet (born c.1575-80, fl.1599-1614)

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.

Je voy des glissantes eaux

Je voy des glissantes eaux les ruisseaux;
Couler soubz un doux murmure,
Je voy de mille couleurs
Mille fleurs parer la gaye verdure.
Je voy du ciel le flambeau, clair et beau,
Qui nous rit et nous caresse.
Je voy toute chose en soy hors d'esmoy,
Fors que moy pour ma maitresse.

Guillaume Costeley (1531-1606)

I behold the streamlet run in the sun;
Babbling in the summer morning
I behold the flowers gleam in the stream
Ev'ry verdant bank adorning.
I behold the torch of day take his way
With a dazzling smile to cheer one,
And I know that ev'ry elf, save myself,
Has a chance to see my dear one.

Ma maitresse hélas, pourquoy loin de moy
Va reluyre votre face?
Suis je point de tout mon coeur
Serviteur de votre par faicte grace?
Croyez, maitresse, croyez, où soyez,
Que n'aurez jamais sans vice.
Coeur plus entier que le mien
Qui veut bien mourir pour votre service.

Lady mine why must thou flee far from me,
That must die of grief and distress?
Am I not this side the grave but the slave
Of my lady and my mistress?
O my queen where e'er you go sure you know
Though a hundred loves you cherish.
There is none more true than I 'neath the sky,
Who at thy command would perish.

New Queen's Ha'Penny Consort

- Meadowlands Galiarde** Ed Blair (1966-)
after a medieval chant tune ('Kyrie') taught in workshop by William Mahrt
- In Nomine** Robert White (c.1538-1574)
originally for viols
transcribed into modern edition by Ed Blair
- Thus Saith my Cloris Bright** John Wilbye (1574-1638)
from his *First Set of Madrigals*, 1598

Ensemble

- Adieu sweet Amaryllis** John Wilbye (1574-1638)
from his *First Set of Madrigals*, 1598
- Adieu, adieu, sweet Amarillis,
For since to part your will is:
O heavy tiding;
Here is for me no bidding:
Yet once again, ere that I part with you,
Amarillis, Amarillis sweet, adieu.
- April is in my mistress' face** Thomas Morley (1557?-1602)
from his *First Book of Madrigals for Four Voices*, 1594
- April is my mistress' face,
And July in her eyes hath place.
Within her bosom is September,
But in her heart, a cold December.
- Weep, oh mine eyes** John Bennet (born c.1575-80, fl.1599-1614)
from his collection *Madrigals to Four Voices*, 1599
- Weep O mine eyes and cease not:
Alas these your springtides, methinks increase not.
O when begin you
To swell so high that I may drown me in you.
- A Round of Three Country Dances in one** Thomas Ravenscroft (c.1582-1635)
from *Melismata* [3d part of collection of canons, rounds & catches], London, 1611
- Sing after fellows as you hear me,
A toy that seldom is seen-a;
Three country dances in one to be,
A pretty conceit as I ween-a.
- Robin Hood, Robin Hood, said Little John,
Come dance before the Queen-a;
In a red petticoat and a green jacket,
A white hose and a green-a.
- Now foot it as I do Tom boy Tom,
Now foot it as I do Swithen-a;
And Hick thou must trick it all alone,
Till Hey ho the cramp-a.
- The cramp is in my purse full sore,
No money will bide therein-a,
And if I had some salve therefore,
O lightly then would I sing-a;
Hey ho the cramp-a.
- Jubilate Deo omnis terra** Peter Phillips (1561-1628)
from *Cantiones Sacrae...Octonis Vocibus...* (Antwerp, 1613)
transcribed and edited by John Cannell
- Jubiláte Deo, omnis terra;
servíte Dómino in laetítia.
Intráte in conspectu eius in exultatióne,
qua Dóminus ipse est.
- Rejoice in the Lord all the earth;
serve the Lord joyfully.
Enter his presence with exultation,
since he is the Lord indeed.