

The Arch Street Irregulars

Helene Whitson, Director

*at the invitation of the
Berkeley Community Chamber Chorus*



present a selection of



A Cappella Renaissance Music

Sunday, June 15, 997

7:30 pm

**Live Oak Park
Berkeley, California**

PROGRAM

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.

All ye who music love Words by Thomas Oliphant (1799-1873)

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, etc.

Pase el agoa, ma Julieta (early 16th Century) from the *Cancionero Musical de Palacio* (c.1505-1520)

Anonymous

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.

La tricotea (16th Century) 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}

attributed to Alonso (fl. 1500)

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.

Il bianco e dolce cigno

Il bianco e dolce cigno
Cantando more ed io
Piangendo giung' al fin del viver mio,
Stran' e diversa sorte!
Ch'ei more sconsolato,
Ed io moro beato,
Morte che gioia tutto e di desire.
Se nel morir, altro dolor non sento,
Di mille mort' il di sarei contento.

Jacques Arcadelt (c.1510-c.1568)

The sweet white swan
while singing dies and I
while weeping come to my life's end.
Oh strange and diverse fate!
for he dies disconsolate
and I die blessed
a death which as I die
fills me completely with joy and desire.
If in dying I feel no other grief,
I should be glad to die a thousand deaths a day.

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.

Pavan: "Tant qui Vivray" poem by Clément Marot (c.1496-1544)

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!

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.

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.

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 sourire gracieux,
Viens tot me secourir, ou me faudra mourir.

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.

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.

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.

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

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]

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.

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.

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.

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.

While the bright 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."

If ye love me

Thomas Tallis (1505-1585)

If ye love me, keep my commandments,
and I will pray the Father,
and he shall give you another Comforter,
that he may bide with you forever:
e'en the spir't of truth.

Thus Saith my Cloris Bright
from his *First Set of Madrigals*, 1598

John Wilbye (1574-1638)

Thus saith my Cloris bright
When we of Love sit down and talk together;
Beware of Love, dear,
Love is a walking sprite,
And Love is this and that,
And O I wot not what,
And comes and goes again,
I wot not whither.
No no, these are but bugs to breed amazing,
For in her eyes I saw his torchlight blazing.

O hush thee, my babie
Words by Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832)

Sir Arthur Sullivan (1842-1900)

O hush thee, my babie, thy sire was a knight,
Thy mother a lady both gentle and bright,
The woods and the glens from the tow'rs which we see,
They are all belonging, dear babie, to thee.
O hush thee, my babie.

O hush thee, my babie, the time soon will come,
When thy sleep shall be broken by trumpet and drum,
Then hush thee, my darling, take rest while you may,
For strife comes with manhood, and waking with day.
O hush thee, my babie.

O fear not the bugle, though loudly it blows;
It calls but the warders that guard thy repose.
Their bows would be bended,
Their blades would be red,
Ere the step of a foeman draws near to thy bed.
O hush thee, my babie.

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Helene Whitson, Director

<i>Jane Ariel</i>	<i>Alto</i>
<i>Scott Perry</i>	<i>Tenor</i>
<i>Bill Whitson</i>	<i>Bass</i>
<i>Helene Whitson</i>	<i>Soprano</i>
<i>Lyle York</i>	<i>Soprano</i>
<i>Madelyn Weiss</i>	<i>Soprano</i>

Absent for this performance:

<i>Charles Henderson</i>	<i>Bass</i>
<i>Heather Irons</i>	<i>Soprano</i>

<http://www.choralarchive.org/ArchStIrregulars/>
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