

*The  
Arch Street  
Irregulars  
in concert with  
The Violettes*

*7 p.m. Sunday  
November 3, 2002  
at the Hurds*

*The Arch Street  
Irregulars*

*Soprano*

Ann Callaway  
Simona Nass  
Kathryn Singh  
Helene Whitson

*Alto*

Jane Ariel  
Lyle York

*Tenor*

Jim Lovekin  
Scott Perry

*Bass*

Charles Henderson  
Richard Mix  
Bill Whitson

*The Violettes*

Marilyn Becker  
Mary Elliott  
Ellen Farwell  
Helen Tyrrell  
Lyle York

## **Soar Away** ~ A. M. Cagle (1935)

---

I want a sober mind,  
An all sustaining eye,  
To see my God above,  
And to the heavens fly.

I'd soar away above the sky,  
I'd fly, and fly,  
To see my God above,  
I'd fly, fly, fly,  
To see my God above.

## **Hanacpachap cussicuinin** ~ Anonymous (Pub. Lima, Peru, 1631)

---

*The first piece of polyphonic music printed in the Western Hemisphere. Written in Quechuan, the imperial language of the Inca.*

Hanacpachap cussicuinin  
huaran cacta muchas caiqui  
Yu pai rurupucoc mall qui  
runa cunap suyacuinin  
call pan nacpa quemi cuinin,  
Huac ias caita.

*For the happiness of the upper world  
I'll kiss you a thousand times.  
The hope of the human race is an old tree that produces  
fruit in abundance,  
sustenance that gives strength.*

Uyarihuai muchas caita  
Diospa rampan Diospa maman  
Yuracto hamancaiman  
Yu pas calla, colpascaita  
Hua huar quiman suyuscaita  
Ricuchillai.

*What I ask for: listen to my suffering,  
Mother and guide of God,  
Flower and white light.  
Remember I keep watch over you,  
waiting for you to reveal your son.*

## **Xicochi xicochi** ~ Gaspar Fernández, (c. 1570–1629)

---

*Sung in the Tlaxcalan dialect of Nahuatl. The Tlaxcalan people were the enemies of the Aztecs. Fernández was a Portuguese-born composer who served as Chapelmaster of Mexico's Puebla Cathedral.*

Xicochi, xicochi, xicochi conetzintle,  
caomiz huihui joco in angelos me.  
Alleluia.

*Gently sleep, gently sleep, holy little babe.  
Make no cries of distress, littlest one, the angels are here.  
Alleluia.*

## **Circumdede runt me dolores mortis** ~ Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla (c. 1950–1664)

---

Circumdede runt me dolores mortis,  
et pericula inferni, invenerunt me.  
Invocavi Dominum, in tribulatione mea,  
et ad Deum meum clamavi.

*The sorrows of death have surrounded me,  
and the perils of Hell have found me.  
In my affliction I have called upon the Lord,  
and to my God I have cried.*

## **Stabat Mater dolorosa** ~ Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla (c. 1950–1664)

---

Stabat Mater dolorosa, iuxta crucem lacrimosa,  
dum pendebat Filius.  
Cuius animam, gementem,  
contristantem et dolentem,  
pertransivit gladius.

*The sorrowful Mother stood by the Cross,  
tearful, while her Son hung there.  
Through her sorrowful spirit,  
afflicted with sadness and grief,  
has passed a sword.*

**Velum templi scissum est** ~ Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla (c. 1950–1664)

---

Velum templi scissum est medium,  
et omnis terra tremuit.  
Latro de cruce clamabat dicens:  
Domine, memento mei dum veneris in regnum tuum.

*The veil of the Templee was rent in the middle  
and all the earth trembled.  
The thief cried out from the cross, saying:  
Lord, remember me when you come into your kingdom.*

**Magnificat** ~ Fernando Franco (1532–1585)

---

Magnificat anima mea Dominum.  
Et exultavit spiritus meus in Deo salutari meo.  
Quia respexit humilitatem ancillae suae:  
ecce enim ex hoc beatam me dicent omnes generationes.  
Quia fecit mihi magna qui potens est;  
et sanctum nomen ejus.  
Et misericordia ejus a progenie  
in progenies timen tibus eum.  
Fecit potentiam in brachio suo  
dispersit superbos mente cordis sui.  
De posuit potentes desede,  
et exaltavit humiles.  
Esurientes implevit bonis:  
et divites dimisit in anes.  
Suscepit Israel puerum suum,  
recordatus misericordiae suae.  
Sicut locutus est ad patres nostros,  
Abraham et semini ejus in saecula.

*My soul magnifies the Lord,  
and my spirit hath rejoiced in God my savior.  
For he hath regarded the lowliness of his hand-maiden:  
For henceforth all generations shall call me blessed.  
For he that is mighty hath magnified me,  
and holy is his Name.  
And his mercy is on them that fear him,  
throughout all generations.  
He has shown strength with his arm,  
he has scattered the proud  
in the imagination of their hearts.  
He has pulled down the mighty from their thrones  
and exalted the humble.  
He has filled the hungry with good things  
and sent the rich away empty.  
Remembering his mercy, he has helped his servant Israel,  
as he promised to our forefathers,  
Abraham and his seed, forever.*

Gloria Patri, et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto.  
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper  
et in saecula saeculorum. Amen.

*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.*

INTERMISSION

**Amo, Amas, I Love a Lass** ~ (Anon., Pub. London, 1764)

---

1. Amo, amas, I love a lass,  
As a cedar tall and slender,  
Sweet cowslip's grace  
is her nominative case  
And she's of the feminine gender.

2. Can I decline a nymph divine?  
Her voice as a flute is dulcis;  
Her oculus bright,  
her manus white,  
And soft, when I tacto, her pulse is.

Refrain:

*Rorum corum sunt divorum,  
Harum scarum Divo!  
Tag rag merry derry,  
perriwig and hatband!  
Hic hoc horum genitivo!*

(Refrain)

3. Oh how bella my puella,  
I'll kiss secula seculorum;  
If I've luck, sir,  
She's my Uxor!  
O dies benedictorum!

(Refrain)

**The West, a Nest and You** ~ Music by Billy Hill / Words by Larry Yoell (Pub. 1922)

---

The West, a nest and you, dear, oh what a dream 'twould be!  
A cozy little cottage beside the western sea.  
And who knows someday maybe, my dreams will all come true:  
A cradle and a baby, the West, a nest and you.

**When Francis Dances with Me** ~ Music by Violinsky / Words by Benny Ryan (Pub. 1921)

---

When Francis dances with me, hully gee, I'm as gay as can be. He takes me to dances 'cause that's what I love. I fit in his arms like a motorman's glove. Oh, the Bow'ry, the Bow'ry, we don't go there any more.	He wears a tuxedo and, gee, how it fits, He looks like the headwaiter up at the Ritz, And I wears a gown that's got twenty-eight slits, When Francis dances with me.
--	---

**Charm Me Asleep** ~ Music by Henry Leslie / Words by Robert Herrick (1591–1674)

---

Charm me asleep, and melt me so  
With thy delicious numbers,  
That, being ravish'd, hence I go  
Away in easy slumbers.

**To Music** ~ Music by George Dyson (1883–1964) / Words by Robert Herrick (1591–1674)

---

Charm me asleep, and melt me so  
With thy delicious numbers,  
That, being ravish'd, hence I go  
Away in easy slumbers.  
Ease my sick head,  
And make my bed,  
Thou power that canst sever  
From me this ill,  
And quickly still,  
Though thou not kill  
My fever.

**Due ròse fresch'e** ~ Music by Luca Marenzio (1553–1599) / Words by Petrarch (Sonnet 245)

---

Due ròse fresch'e còlte in paradiso  
L'altr'hier, nascend'il di primo di Maggio,  
Bel donno, è d'un amante antico e saggio,  
Trà duo minori egualmente diviso,  
Con si dolce parlar e con un riso  
Da far innamorar un huom selvaggio,  
Di sfavillant'et amoroso raggio,  
E l'un' e l'altro, fe' cangiare in viso.

*Two fragrant roses picked in paradise  
The other day as the first day of May dawned,  
A lovely gift from a lover old and knowing,  
Amid two young ones lay evenly divided  
With such sweet conversation and such a smiling glance  
As to make a savage man fall in love  
With their radiant and amorous beam,  
Making the one heart and the other to move.*

Non ved'un simil par d'amant'il Sole.  
Dicea, ridendo e sospirando insieme;  
E stringend' ambedue, volgeasi attorno.  
Così partia le ròse e le parole;  
On de'l cor lasso ancor s'allegre te me:  
O felice eloquentia! O lieto giorno!

*Never has the sun seen such lovers.  
He spoke, and laughing, and sighing both together;  
And holding both together, he turned around.  
And thus he separated roses and words;  
Whence the weary heart again rejoices in ecstasy;  
O sweet and happy conversation! O blessed day!*

**Valentine** ~ Music by Ann Callaway (2000) / Words by Petrarch (Sonnet 245)

---

*To R.M. Written for Bella Musica.*

Due ròse fresch'e còlte in paradiso  
L'altr'ier, nascendo il dí primo di maggio,  
Bel dono, e d'un amante antiquo e saggio,  
Tra duo minori egualmente diviso,  
Con si dolce parlar e con un riso,  
Da far innamorare un uom selvaggio,  
Di sfavillante et amoroso raggio,  
E l'une l'altro fe cangiare il viso.

"Non vede un simil par d'amanti il Sole."  
Dicea, ridendo e sospirando in seme;  
E stringendo ambedue, volgeasi a torno.  
Cosí partía le ròse e le parole;  
On d'el cor lasso ancor s'allegra e te me:  
O felice eloquenzia! O lieto giorno!

*Two fragrant roses picked in paradise  
The other day as the first day of May dawned,  
A lovely gift from a lover old and knowing,  
Amid two young ones lay evenly divided  
With such sweet conversation and such a smiling glance  
As to make a savage man fall in love  
With their radiant and amorous beam,  
Making the one heart and the other to move.*

*Never has the sun seen such lovers.  
He spoke, and laughing, and sighing both together;  
And holding both together, he turned around.  
And thus he separated roses and words;  
Whence the weary heart again rejoices in ecstasy;  
O sweet and happy conversation! O blessed day!*

**Ardo si, ma non t'amo** ~ Music by Claudio Monteverdi (1567–1643) / Words by Giovanni Battista Guarini

---

Ardo, si, ma non t'amo,  
Perfida e dispietata  
Indegnamente amata  
Da un si leal amante,  
Ah, non fia piú che del mio amor ti vante,  
Per ch'o già sa no il core  
E s'ardo, ardo di sdegno e non d'amore.

*I am burning, yes, but not with love for you.  
Perfidy comes with malice  
From one unworthy of love  
To me, so true and loving.  
Ah, boast no more how dearly I love you,  
For now I reclaim my heart,  
And burning, I burn with anger, and not with love.*

**Ricercar #3** ~ Giulio Segni da Modena (1498-1561)

---

*Played by the viol ensemble "The Violettes."*

**Bright Phoebus greets most clearly** ~ George Kirbye (c. 1565–1634)

---

Bright Phoebus greets most clearly  
With radiant beams fair Oriana sitting.  
Her apple Venus yeldeth as best befitting  
A Queen belov'd most dearly.  
Rich Pluto leaves his treasures,  
And Proserpine glad runs in her best array.  
Nymphs deck her crown with bay.  
Her feet are lions kissing.  
No joy can there be missing.  
Now Thetis leaves the mermaid's tunes admired.  
And swell with pride to see this Queen desired.  
Then sang the Shepherds and Nymphs of Diana:  
"Long live fair Oriana."

## **Il est bel et bon** ~ Pierre Passereau (c. 1509–1547)

---

Il est bel et bon commère, mon mari.  
Il estoit deux femmes toutes d'un pais.  
Disans l'une l'autre: avez bon mari.  
Il est bel et bon commère, mon mari.  
Il ne me courousse, ne me bat aussi.  
Il fait le ménage, Il donne aux poulailles,  
Et je prends mes plaisirs,  
Commère, c'est pour rire,  
Quand les poulailles crient:  
Petite coquette (cocococo dac), qu'est-ce ci?  
Il est bel et bon, commère, mon mari.

*"He is handsome and good, neighbor, my husband."  
(There were two women from the same region  
Saying to each other, "Do you have a good husband?")  
"He is handsome and good, neighbor, my husband."  
He doesn't annoy me or beat me,  
He does the housework and feeds the chickens  
While I enjoy myself.  
I tell you, neighbor, it's a laugh,  
When the chickens cry:  
'Little coquette (cock-a-doodle-do), what is this?'  
He is handsome and good, neighbor, my husband."*

## **Calme des nuits** ~ Camille Saint-Säens (1835-1921)

---

Calme des nuits, fraîcheur des soirs,  
Vaste scintillement des mondes,  
Grand silence des antres noirs  
Vous charmez les âmes profondes.  
L'éclat du soleil, la gaité,  
Le bruit plaisent aux plus futiles;  
Le poète seul est hanté  
Par l'amour des choses tranquilles.

*Calm of night, freshness of evening,  
Vast scintillation of galaxies,  
Great silence of dark caverns,  
You charm profound souls.  
Flashing sunlight, merrymaking  
And noise are the pleasures of fools;  
Only the poet is haunted  
By the love of tranquil things.*

## **Les fleurs et les arbres** ~ Camille Saint-Säens (1835-1921)

---

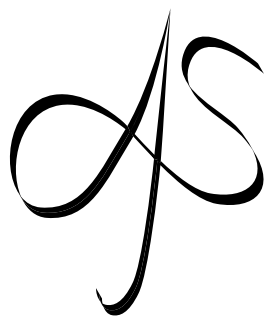
Les fleurs et les arbres,  
Les bronzes, les marbres,  
Les ors, les émaux,  
La mer, les fontaines,  
Les monts et les plaines  
Consolent nos maux.  
Nature éternelle  
Tu sembles plus belle  
Au sein des douleurs!  
Et l'art nous domine  
Sa flame illumine  
Le rire et les pleurs.

*Flowers and trees,  
Bronzes, marbles,  
Gold, enamels,  
The sea, fountains,  
Hills and plains  
Console our ills.  
Eternal nature,  
You seem more beautiful  
To one engulfed in sorrow!  
And art rules over us,  
Its flame illuminating  
Both laughter and tears.*

## **Easter Anthem** ~ William Billings (1746–1800)

---

The Lord is ris'n indeed. Hallelujah.  
Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first fruits of them that slept. Hallelujah.  
And did He rise? Hear, O ye nations, hear it, O ye dead. He rose.  
He burst the bars of death and triumph'd o'er the grave. Then I rose.  
Then first humanity triumphant past the crystal ports of light, and seiz'd eternal youth.  
Man, all immortal, hail. Heaven, all lavish of strange gifts to man,  
Thine's all the glory, man's the boundless bliss.



## THE PROGRAM

<i>A. M. Cagle</i>	Soar Away
<i>Anonymous</i>	Hanacpachap cussicuinin
<i>Gaspar Fernández</i>	Xicochi xicochi
<i>Juan Gutiérrez de Padilla</i>	Circumdederunt me dolores mortis Stabat mater Velum templi scissum est
<i>Fernando Franco</i>	Magnificat ( <i>voices &amp; viols</i> )

## INTERMISSION

<i>Anonymous</i>	Amo, Amas, I Love a Lass ( <i>men</i> )
<i>Hill &amp; Yoell</i>	The West, a Nest and You ( <i>men</i> )
<i>Violinsky &amp; Ryan</i>	When Francis Dances with Me ( <i>men</i> )
<i>Henry Leslie</i>	Charm Me Asleep
<i>George Dyson</i>	To Music
<i>Luca Marenzio</i>	Due ròse fresch'e
<i>Ann Callaway</i>	Valentine
<i>Claudio Monteverdi</i>	Ardo si, ma non t'amo
<i>Giulio Segni da Modena</i>	Ricercar #3 ( <i>viols</i> )
<i>George Kirbye</i>	Bright Phoebus greets most clearly
<i>Pierre Passereau</i>	Il est bel et bon
<i>Camille Saint-Saëns</i>	Calme des nuits Les fleurs et les arbres
<i>William Billings</i>	Easter Anthem