

CAPPELLA CLAUSURA

Performing Twelve Centuries of New Music

Amelia LeClair, DIRECTOR

La Donna La Dame

Italian and French Composers

Friday, May 1st @ 7:30pm,

GORDON CHAPEL, OLD SOUTH CHURCH, BOSTON

Saturday, May 2nd @ 8:00pm,

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(BENEFIT FOR FACING CANCER TOGETHER)

Sunday, May 10th @ 7:30pm

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Just recorded by **Public Radio International's** *Here and Now* host Robin Young speaks with Cappella Clausura director, Amelia LeClair about the story of cloistered composers. Featured on the radio program are pieces from both of Cappella CLAUSURA's CDs (available tonight at the door)

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ELIJAH

featuring David Kravitz, baritone

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Sanders Theatre, Cambridge (Free Parking)

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CAPPELLA CLAUSURA ENSEMBLE

Amelia LeClair, director

Sipra Agrawal, soprano

Laura Betinis, alto

Christina Calamaio, mezzo-soprano

Leah Hungerford, soprano

Emily Jaworski, soprano

Brooke Larimer, alto

Jeanne Lucas, soprano

Sudie Marcuse, soprano

Junko Watanabe, soprano

Jacque Wilson, mezzo-soprano

Barbara Englesberg, violin

Mai-Lan Broekman, gamba

Alice Mroszczyk, gamba

Catherine Liddell, theorbo

Hendrik Broekman, organ/harpsichord

Helena Froehlich, choreographer and dancer

Sally Sanford, musical advisor and coach

Catherine Liddell, musical advisor

Harpsichord by Hendrik Broekman,

1973, Lebanon, NH after Michel Richard, 1688, Paris

Please turn off cell phones and beepers

Cappella Clausura is a member of the Greater Boston Choral Consortium, a cooperative association of diverse choral groups in Boston and the surrounding areas. This program is also supported in part by a grant from the Newton Cultural Council, a local agency which is supported by the Massachusetts Cultural Council, a state agency.



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CAPPELLA CLAUSURA
LA DONNA, LA DAME

Please hold your applause between sets.

O dulcis amor Iesu - Caterina Assandra (published 1609) Sant' Agata, Pavia

Pecco Signor - Sulpitia Cesis (1577 - 1619?)

San Geminiano, Modena (Tuscany).

Concinant Linquae- Chiara Margarita Cozzolani (1602 - 1677)

S. Radegonda, Milan.

Laura Betinis, alto solo

O crux splendidior - Sulpitia Cesis

O quam bonus es - Chiara Margarita Cozzolani

Sipra Agrawal, soprano, Jacque Wilson, mezzo-soprano

Salve gemma confessorum - Sulpitia Cesis

Sonata duodecima – Isabella Leonarda ((1620-1704) S. Orsola, Novara
*Barbara Englesberg, violin, Mai-Lan Broekman, gamba, Catherine Liddell,
theorbo, Hendrik Broekman, organ*

* * * * **Intermission** * * * *

Aux vains attraitis - Jacquet de la Guerre

Leah Hungerford and Laura Betinis w/ ensemble a cappella

Contre la saison / Indiscrete Jeunesse – from *Susanne* – Jacquet de la Guerre

Emily Jaworski, soprano solo, Helena Froehlich, dance

Prelude & Chaconne, 'L'Inconstante' - Elisabeth Jacquet de la Guerre
(1665-1729) Paris

- from *Pieces de Clavecin*, 1687, extracted from the first suite, in d
Hendrik Broekman, harpsichord

Ainsi devant son maitre / Souvant la verite timide – from *Esther* -

Jacquet de la Guerre

Sudie Marcuse, soprano solo, Helena Froehlich, dance

Judith – complete cantate - Jacquet de la Guerre

Junko Watanabe, soprano solo

Barbara Englesberg, violin solo

Ecce iterum - chant extracted from *Se je Souspire*, arr. A. LeClair

Se je souspire / Ecce iterum – Margaret of Austria (1480-1530) Burgundy
vocal ensemble with Mai-Lan Broekman, gamba, Catherine Liddell, theorbo

The Program
- *Amelia LeClair*

ITALY

Monasteries for women in Milan were populated with the daughters of the elite, many of whom, in that atmosphere rich with the best education to be had for females, became excellent musicians despite the fact that musical education, as well, one must suppose, as other disciplines, remained spotty and outdated. Most of their teachers were men considered past lasciviousness, who nevertheless taught from behind screens. The locals came and listened from the *chiesa esteriore*, an outer auditorium with a hole in the convent wall through which only sound could pass. The Church may have tried to imprison its nuns, but the locals built rooms expressly for listening to their music. Their loyal public attended their concerts in droves, and even wrote about them. Sometimes the Church would enforce its ban and remove instruments or male teachers. Which brings us to the most remarkable characteristic of these compositions: they were written to be performed in a fickle Church climate in which instruments might be available one day and removed from the convent the next. The music had to work no matter what octave it was sung in, especially the bass line. The nuns used a variety of options: some women could sing quite low, or be doubled by an instrument. The bass parts could be raised up an octave and sung by altos. Tenor parts could be sung at pitch or up the octave, or whole pieces could be arranged and transposed up for soprano and alto voices. We have used many of these options in our performances.

O dulcis amor Iesu

Caterina Assandra, of Sant' Agata in Milano, was, together with Raffaella Aleotti, one of the first two Italian nuns to have entire collections of music published. Little is known about Assandra, but she was apparently well regarded in her day. Her name appears in a chapter called "other most famous Milanese musicians" in a contemporary account of the local nobility. This piece, from Opus 2, was written just before she entered the convent, and betrays the popularity of a sort of breathless devotion to Jesus as God but, too, as earthly lover.

O dulcis amor Jesu.

Dulce bonum dilecte mi
sagittis tuis confige me,
Moriar pro te ah mi Jesu
Trahe me rogo post te,
Inter flores pone me,
Ti Sol, tu spes, tu vita,
Tu bonitas infinita.

Oh sweet Jesus, sweet love
Sweet goodness, my beloved,
Pierce me with your arrows.
May I die for you.
Oh, my Jesus,
Pull me, I beg you, after you.
Place me amongst flowers.
You are the sun (Son), you are hope,
you are life.
You are infinite goodness

Pecco signor, O crux splendidior, Salve gemma confessorum

Sulpitia Cesis, of the Augustinian convent of S. Geminiano in Modena, wrote several books of motets, many of them for eight voices. Composers in the convent, as we mentioned, had to be aware of their usually limited musical forces,

but when they published they were also aware of their publisher's audience and so usually transcribed their works for publication as four part pieces to be sung by sopranos, altos, tenors and basses.

In *Pecco Signor*, Cesis explores the eight-part motet with supplication and penitence on her mind, and in her native language, which suggests to us a very specific local audience. Her message is clear: she ends her piece, on the words "lieta se'n voli..." in perfect 3 time, suggesting that heaven – or perfection – is within our grasp if we only return to God. Cesis uses both musical imitation and antiphonal choral singing to enhance what amounts to a very personal and intimate text.

In "O crux splendidior", Cesis turns to Latin to express her devotion to the Christian world's most tragic and enduring icon, that of Jesus crucified. Her music here is grand, both choruses sing extensively together and in imitation. The most obvious word painting occurs at the end when she gathers the antiphonal choirs together closer and closer on the text, "Save the present assembly gathered here..."

"Salve gemma confessorum" is a paraphrase of a well-known medieval sequence for a bishop. It was probably written for a bishop's visit. As with most of this music, it begins imitatively, and quickly becomes antiphonal.

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of the life of
Sharon Lee Kelley,
our great friend and guide.

Peccò Signor quest'alma,
Hor piagn'e graidà
Il suo grave fallire,
E tua clemenza
Tua pietà l'affida,
Che se col tuo morire
Già la tornast'in vita,
Hora gli prest'aita
Acciò disciolta dal corporeo velo
Lieta se'n voli a rivedert'in cielo.

O crux splendidior
Cunctis astris,
Mundo celebris,
Hominibus multum amabilis,
Sanctior universis,
Quæ sola digna fuisti
Portare talentum mundi;
Dulce lignum, dulces clavos,
Dulcia ferens pondera,
Salva præsentem catervam
In tuis hodie laudibus congregatam.

Salve gemma confessorum,
Lumen Christi, vox cælorum,
Tuba vitæ, lux doctorum,
præsul beatissime.
Qui te patrem venerantur
te ductore consequantur
vitam in qua gloriantur
beatorum animæ.
Amen

Concinant Linguae

O quam bonus es

Like many patrician young women of her day Chiara Cozzolani entered her neighborhood convent, S. Radegonda of Milan, in her teens and remained there until her death. At a relatively ripe forty years of age she published four editions of music. Why she waited is unknown, but given the constrictions of her time, she may have been simply unable to publish. Of all the works that have been rediscovered, those of Cozzolani show the finest composer's craft, the most musical of choices, the most skill and nuance in her treatment of the texts. These two motets are from the *Concerti Sacri* (1642). Cozzolani's texts, as the scholar

O Lord, this soul has sinned,
It now weeps and cries out
Its grave failings,
And entrusts itself to your clemency
And to your mercy,
For it with your death
You once returned to life,
Now come to its aid
So that, unbound by its bodily veil,
It may fly happily to see you again in
heaven

O Cross,
Splendid beyond the stars,
Celebrated throughout the world,
Most worthy of the love of men,
Most holy of all things,
You who alone were worthy
To bear the ransom of the world.
Sweet wood, sweet nails,
Bearing so sweet a weight,
Save the present assembly
Gathered here today to sing your
praises.

Hail, jewel of the confessors,
Light of Christ, voice of the heavens,
Trumpet of life, light of the learned,
Most blessed bishop.
Those who in you worship a father,
Having you as a guide,
May be guaranteed that (eternal) life
in which
The souls of the blessed are glorified.
Amen.

Robert Kendrick has observed, are “...in line with northern Italian devotional writing after 1630... pervaded by an intense, internalized spirituality, with emphasis on the corporeality of Christ’s Passion, the individual body as the locus or theater for his redemptive action, and the intercessory role of the Virgin Mary.” “Concinant linguæ” references psalms 117 and 131, exhorting all to enter into the joy of Paradise through the gate that is Jesus. It is a florid work, for a virtuososinger.

“O quam bonus es” is an amazing work that juxtaposes and adores the two fluids of salvation: Jesus’ blood and Mary’s milk. The text is not Cozzolani’s, but she sets it in such an impassioned, expressive way that her intense belief in this dogma is clear, at the same time her skill with a telescopic form of what later came to be called recitative/aria is evident.

Concinant linguæ verbum bonum, verbum melleum, verbum lacteum; jubilent corda, stillent labia dulcedinem amoris divini, et gaudio cuncta exiliant tanto irradiata Mariæ splendore.

Frondeant arbores, floreant lilia, rubeant rosæ, germinant campi, rideant prata. Surgat Auster, perflent venti, flumina plaudant, resonent valles, cantibus avium.

Vos principes cæli, pompa solemnī ducite choreas, agite triumphum, dum nos in terris modulantes ter canimus himnum:

Te laudamus, te benedicimus, te adoramus, virgo fæconda, intacta sponsa, casta puerpera; gaudia matris habens, O Maria, cum virginitas honore. Te laudamus, O Maria, te benedicimus, O Maria, te adoramus, O Maria.

O quam bonus es, o quam suavis, o quam jocundus, mi Jesu; O quam benigna es, O quam dulcis, quam deliciosa, o Maria, diligentī; suspiranti, possidenti, degustanti te.

O me felicem, o me beatum. Hinc pascor a vulnere, hinc lactator ab ubere, quo me vertam nescio. In vulnere vita, in ubere salus, in vulnere quies, in ubere pax, in vulnere nectar, in

Let tongues sound a good word, a honeyed word, a milky word; let hearts rejoice, let lips drip the sweetness of divine love, and filled with joy, let them be gladdened because of Mary’s radiant splendor.

Let trees put forth leaves, let lilies flower, let roses grow red, let the fields bud, let the meadows laugh. Let the South Wind arise, let the winds blow, let the rivers rejoice, let the valleys resound with the songs of birds.

You princes of heaven, lead your choirs in a solemn procession, celebrate the triumph, while we musicians on earth sing a hymn:

We praise you, we bless you, we adore you, fertile virgin, untouched spouse, chaste child-bearer. You have the joys of a mother, O Mary, with the honour of virginity.

We praise you, O Mary, we bless you, O Mary, we adore you, O Mary.

O how good you are, o how soft, o how joyful, my Jesus; O how kindly you are, o how sweet, how delightful, O Mary, in seeking, sighing, possessing, enjoying you.

O happy blessed me. Now I graze from His wound, quiet; in her breast, peace; in His wound, nectar; in her breast, honey; in His wound, rejoicing; in her breast, joy; in the wound

of ubere favum, in vulnere júbilus, in
ubere gaudium, in vulnere Jesus, in
ubere, Virgo.

O me felicem, o me beatum, quo me
vertam nescio.

Sanguis emundat, lac me purificat,
sanguis me recreat, lac refocillat,
sanguis inebriat, lac me lætificat. O
vulnera, o ubera, o sanguis, o lac,
aurea vulnera, ubera dulcia.

Sanguis amabilis, nectare dulcior,
manna jucundior.

Lac exoptabile, melle suavior, favo
nobilius. Te amo, te diligo, te cupio,
te volo, te sitio, te quæro, te bibo, te
gusto.

O me felicem, o me beatum. quo me
vertam nescio. Hoc sanguine pascar,
hoc lacte reficiar, in vulnere vivam, in
ubere moriar.

O potus, o cibus, o risus, o gaudium, o
felix vita, beata mors.

Jesus; in your breast, O Virgin.
O happy blessed me; I do not know
where to turn next.

His blood now saves me; her milk
purifies me; His blood revives me; her
milk restores me; His blood inebri-
ates me; her milk makes me joyous.
O wounds, o breasts, o blood, o milk,
golden wounds, sweet breasts.

O lovable blood, sweeter than nectar,
happier than manna.

Desirable milk, sweeter than honey,
more refined than the honeycomb.

I love you, I seek you, I desire you,
I want you, I thirst for you, I seek you,
I drink you, I enjoy you.

O happy blessed me, I do not know
where to turn next.

May I feed on this blood, may I be
refreshed by this milk, may I live in
His wound, may I die in her breast.

O drink, o food, o laughter, o joy; o
happy life, blessed death.

Sonata duodecima

Isabella Leonarda, a nun of the Collegio di Sant' Orsola (Ursulines) in Novara, was the most prolific of the nun composers, with over 200 pieces to her credit. It has been posited that the Ursulines were not cloistered: that would explain Leonarda's extraordinary output as well as her personal overseeing of it all. This piece is a virtuoso one for violin solo and basso continuo.

FRANCE

Elisabeth Jacquet de la Guerre was an extraordinarily gifted composer, perhaps composing her first opera at the age of twenty. In 1708 when her cantatas were published she was well established as harpsichordist, singer and composer in the French court of Louis XIV.

In addition to many many works for keyboard, Jacquet de la Guerre wrote six sacred cantatas, three of which deal with heroic women of the Bible. Her skilled writing in each very different piece displays immense compassion for her heroine as well as for her plight. Note that each cantate consists of recitatives and "da capo" arias, (ABA form) with the exception of "Judith" which adds some instrumental movements.

Aux vains attraits –

This little piece, in ABAB form, is one of the “airs sérieux”, a popular form, much like the English lute song. The texts of airs sérieux deal with love, pastoral scenes or political satire, in contrast to the airs a boire, which were strophic, syllabic songs with texts of a light, frivolous nature, and were, of course, far more popular. Little is known about this particular piece, but it is among the first of the vocal pieces to be rediscovered, along with the sacred and secular cantatas. We hope many more works will be found!

Aux vains attraits

D'une nouvelle ardeur,
Eh, comment pourrais-je me rendre?
Quand on vous a donné son coeur,
Est-on libre de le reprendre?

To the vain attractions of a new passion

Oh how could I give myself?
When one has given you one's heart
Is one free to take it back again?

Contre las saison / Indiscrette jeunesse - from *Susanne*

“Susanne” is a cantata based on the story of Susanna and the elders, from the Book of Daniel, the perfect excuse for many painters to depict a beautiful nude at her bath. De la Guerre's heroine is an innocent bather ogled by two lascivious old men, judges, who accuse her, when she spurns their advances, of adultery. At her trial, because of her appropriate modesty she says nothing in her own defense, but she prays to God for help. Young Daniel, seeing her plight, saves her from death by tricking the old men into betraying their lies. This is the first recitative and aria from the cantate: the nature of Susanne's voyeurs and the ironic endurance of lust into old age are justly pondered. Note that the dance begins in baroque style and moves, as Susanne frees herself and begins to fully enjoy the water and her privacy, to modern style.

Recit:

Contre la saison trop ardente
Susanne, d'une eau claire
empruntoit la fraîcheur;
et cachez pour la voir,
deux Viellards qu'elle enchante,
d'un regard attentif irritoient leur
ardeur.

Recit:

In the heat of the day
Susanna sought refreshment
in clear water,
And hidden to watch her
two old men whom she enchanted
With an attentive gaze inflamed their
ardor.

Air:

Indiscrette Jeunesse,
Qui suivez les Amours,
Ne croyez pas que la vieillesse,
Contre-eux vous garde aucun secours.

Air:

Indiscreet Youth,
You who follow Love;
Do not think that old age
Gives you any help against it.

Celuy qu'Amours entraîne,
Dans son jeune printemps,
Traîne toujours sa chaîne,
Jusqu'à ses derniers ans.

He whom Love enthralles
In his young springtime
Still drags Love's chain
Until his last years.

Prelude

Chaconne, 'L'Inconstante'

These two delightful pieces are from de la Guerre's Pieces de Clavecin, 1687, extracted from the first suite, in d minor. Interestingly, the cover page names the composer "Mademoiselle de la Guerre". Elisabeth Jacquet, although married to Marin de la Guerre, signed this edition using her maiden name. Her publisher seems to grant her the status of an individual by giving her the title Mademoiselle (Miss) together with her married name.

Ainsi devant son maitre / Souvant la verité timide – from *Esther*

The cantata "Esther" is remarkable in its study of the woman who saves Israel by understanding the power of feminine beauty. Because of her great beauty she is able to initiate a discussion with her husband the King Assuerus - something a woman might be killed for attempting - and convince him that he should not wage war on the Jewish people who are, unbeknownst to him, her people. The king's advisor, Aram, has used lies to convince the king otherwise. In this final excerpt from the cantata, Esther has succeeded, and all kings are warned to listen carefully for truth, and chase down lies wherever they may hide.

Recit:

Ainsi devant son Maître,
Esther a trouvé grace,
La fortune des Juifs bien-tôt change
de face;
Et le perfide Aman, de leur sang
alteré,
Epreuve avec la mort qui punit son
audace,
L'affront qu'à l'Innocent il avoit
préparé.

Air:

Souvant la verité timide
Du trône n'ose s'approcher;
Si vous voulez qu'elle vous guide,
Roys, c'est à vous de la chercher.

Cacher le mensonge perfide
Qui la force de se cacher.

Recit:

Thus before her master Esther has
found grace;
The fortune of the Jews is soon
reversed;
And the perfidious Haman, deprived
of their blood,
Undergoes, with the death that pun-
ished his audacity,
The shame that he prepared for the
innocent.

Air:

Often timid truth
Dares not approach the throne;
If you wish it to guide you,
Kings, it is up to you to seek it:

Drive out the perfidious lie
That obliges it to hide itself.

Judith

"Judith" is based upon the story of Judith and Holofernes, the subject of so many painters. Again, a beautiful young Jew saves her people through courage, intelligence and ever useful flirtation. Holofernes is waging war on the Jewish people. They are hungry and desperate. Judith and her maid steal into enemy camp to bring food and drink to Holofernes. Her beauty conquers him and he becomes drunk and amorous. She is patient. After he finally passes out she cuts off his head and brings it back to her people in the same basket in which she brought

the food and wine. When his people see his head the next day they scatter and flee. De la Guerre paints this gory tale with a broad brush: note in particular her use of the violin as a tiptoeing agent (Sommeil) as well as a sword (Movement marqué) to do the cutting.

Recit:

Tandis que de la faim ou la guerre la
livre,
Bethulie alloit expirer,
Le Cruel qui l'assiege avoit fait
preparer
Un superbe festin où Judith doit le
suivre.
Sans elle il ne sçauroit plus vivre,
Et déjà son amour ose se déclarer.

Air:

La seule victoire
Me rendoit heureux,
Et sans vous a gloire
Eût borné mes voeux.

Mais la gloire est vaine
Prés de vois attraits,
J'aime mieux ma chaîne,
Que tous ses bien faits.

Recit:

Enfoncez le trait qui le blesse
Judith, jetez sur luy les regards les
plus doux,
Hâtez, hâtez l'yvresse,
Qui doit le livrer à vos coups.

Ne le voyez-vous pas charmé de sa
conquête,
Qui boit l'amour et le vin à long
traits?
Mais vainement l'Impie au triomphe
s'apprête,
Déjà de ses pavots épais,
Le sommeil a couvert sa tête.

Sommeil

C'en est fait le repos, le silence, la
nuit;
Vous livrent à l'envi cette grande
victime,

Recit:

While famine or war dispatched it,
Bethulie was going to die;
The cruel one who besieges the city
had prepared
A superb feast where Judith must at-
tend him.
Without her he could not live any
longer,
And already his loves dare to reveal
itself.

Air:

Victory alone
Made me happy,
And without glory
Would have limited my desires.

But glory is vain
Beside your attractions,
I prefer my chain
To all its benefits.

Recit:

Drive in the dart that wounds him,
Judith, cast on him the sweetest
glances,
Hasten, hasten the drunkenness
That must deliver him to your blows.
Don't you see him charmed by her
conquest,
He who drinks love and wine in long
draughts,
But in vain the impious one prepares
himself for triumph.
Already with its thick poppies
Sleep has covered his head.

Sleep

It is done; rest, silence, night
Deliver this great victim to you, as
you wished;

Armez-vous, armez-vous et d'un bras
magnanime,
Eteignez dans son sang l'amour qui
l'a séduit.

Recit mesuré:

Judith implore encor la celeste puis-
sance,
Son bras prêt à fraper demeure sus-
pendu;
Elle fremit de la vengeance,
Soutenez son coeur éperdu.
O Ciel! Qui l'inspirez, soyez son as-
surance!

Air:

Le coup est achevé
Quelle gloire éclatante,
Judith est triomphante,
Israël est sauvé!

Pour ce Guerrier trop tendre,
Il n'est plus de reveil,
La mort vient de le prendre
Dans les bras du sommeil.

Recit:

Courez, courez Judith,
Que le rien ne vous arrête,
Un peuple allarmé vous attends;
Allez sur vos remparts arborer cette
tête
Le présage assuré d'un triomphe plus
grand.

Air:

Chantons, chantons la gloire
Du seul maître des Rois,
Non, ce n'est qu'à ses lois
Qu'obeit la victoire.

Son pouvoir souverain
Triomphe des obstacles;
Et la plus foible main
Suffit pour ses miracles.

Arm yourself with a strong arm
Extinguish in his blood the love that
has seduced him.

Measured recit.

Judith again implores the heavenly
power,
Her arm, ready to strike, remains
suspended;
She trembles with vengeance.
Sustain her distraught heart,
O heaven! You who inspire her, be
her assurance!

Air:

The blow is struck,
What a glorious victory:
Judith is triumphant,
Israel is saved!

For this too tender warrior,
There is no more awakening,
Death has taken him
In the arms of sleep.

Recit:

Run, run, Judith, let nothing stop you.
An alarmed people awaits you;
Go, mount this head on your ramparts,
The sure omen of a greater triumph.

Air:

Sing, sing the glory
Of the only master of kings;
No it is only His laws
That victory obeys.

His sovereign power
Triumphs over obstacles;
And the weakest hand
Is sufficient for His miracles.

Se je souspire / Ecce iterum

Margaret of Austria, for whom the entire entry in Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians is "Patron of music, member of the Habsburg family", was regent of the Netherlands, and a powerful woman in her day. She was also an amateur poet, musician, and artist. Her patronage encouraged and supported many artistic endeavors, among them a channsonnier written for her in 1516, which included musical settings by her court composer, Pierre de la Rue, in which is found this very intimate, first person lament. Because it is musically in a style very different from de la Rue, it is presumed to be Margaret's composition. The text alludes to the grief she feels at the loss of her brother Phillippe, who died only a short time after her husband. You might imagine Margaret in her private room, a small votive altar under a chapel-like overhang, on one wall. Perhaps she weeps, and prays, and writes. Written as a medieval macaronic motet (in two languages), the bass line, "Ecce iterum", is the "cantus firmus", or chant, in Latin. The first half of the chant appears to be freely written, not from chant sources. The second half is a familiar chant on "O vos omnes", still extant in the Liber Usualis. We will sing the entire cantus as unmeasured chant first, and then play the full motet.

Ecce iterum novus dolor accedit!
Ne satis erat infortunissime
Casaris filie conjugem amisisse
Dilectissimum; nisi etiam fratrem
Unicum mors acerba surriperet.
Doleo super te, frater mi Philippe,
Rex optime; nec est qui me consoletur.

Behold, again a new sorrow comes!
It was not enough for the most
Unfortunate daughter of the Emperor
To have lost her dearest husband;
Bitter death must steal even her only brother.
I mourn thee, my brother Philippe, greatest
King;
Nor is there anyone to console me.

O vos omnes qui transitis per viam,
Attendite et videte si est dolor
Sicut dolor meus!

O ye who pass this way,
Attend and see if there is any sorrow like
Unto my sorrow!

Se je souspire et plaingz,
Disant, "Helas, aymy!"
Et par champs et par plains
Je plains mon doulx amy.
Sur tous l'avoir eslu,
Mais fiere destinée
Par mort le m'a toulou,
Dolente Infortunée.

Thus I sigh and lament,
Saying, "Alas, woe is me!"
And in the fields and plains
I grieve for my sweet friend.
He was chosen above all,
But proud destiny has by death
Taken him from me,
The sad, unfortunate one.

Mes chantz son de deuil plans;
Bon jour n'ay de demy.
Vous quie oyés me plaintes,
Ayez pitie de my!

My songs are full of sorrow;
I have neither a good day nor half.
You who hear my laments,
Have pity on me!

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