

THE COLLEGIUM MUSICUM

Prosody, Poetry, Melody

A DANCE WITH CHANGING PARTNERS

A Prosodic Survey in Words and Music

Λ D P H I L L I D E N

Cuius mihi nomen superantis annum
lenus albani cadus. est in hortu
hylli nec tendis apum coronis.
et hederis uis
ulta. qua crines religata fulges;
idet argento domus; ara castis
metu uerbis. aue immolato

Montpellier MS 425. Horatian ode [IV, ix]
set to the melody of the hymn *Ut queant laxis*.

FAIRCHILD CHAPEL

1 9 8 4

4:30 P.M.

SATURDAY, MAY 5

SUNDAY, MAY 6

PROCESSIONAL: *Ut queant laxis*

*Ut queant laxis resonare fibris
Mira gestorum famuli tuorum
Solve polluti labiis reatum.
Sancte Iohannes.
(Paul the Deacon, c.720-799)*

Hymn for John the Baptist

So that they may be able to sing clearly
of the wonders of your life,
free your servants' polluted lips from sin,
Holy John.

COLLEGIUM

I. SOME CLASSICAL PROTOTYPES: A CONFLICT OF QUANTITY
AND ACCENT

THE SAPPHIC STROPHE [11.11.11.5.]:

ODE to the melody of *Ut queant laxis*:

Montpellier MS 425

(10th century)

*Est mihi nonum superantis annum
Plenus Albani cadus; est in horto,
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis;
Est hederæ vis*

*Multa, qua crinis religata fulges;
Ridit argento domus; ara castis
Vincta verbænis avet immolato
Spargier agno.*

(Horace, 65-8 B.C.; *Odes* IV: xi)

I have a jar that is filled with Alban wine,
more than ten years in aging; in my garden,
Phyllis, there is parsley for weaving garlands;
plenty of ivy

to tie your hair so that your beauty will shine;
the house winks with silver; the altar is wreathed
with sacred leaves, longing to be sprinkled
with blood from a lamb.

(Translation, Joseph P. Clancy)

Mary Kate Ballard, Bettina Bluemel, *sopranos*

INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLE

ODE: *Integer vitæ*

Bartolomeo Tromboncino

(c.1470-1535)

*Integer vitæ scelerisque purus
Non eget mauris jaculis nec arcu
Nec venenatis grævida sagittis
Fusce phætra,*

*Sive per Syrtis iter æstuosus
Sive facturus per inhospitalem
Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus
Lambit Hydaspes.*

(Horace, *Odes* I: xxii)

A clean record and a clear conscience
can do without Moroccan javelins
or bow and quiver stuffed with poisoned arrows,
my dear Fuscus,
whether one's way is through the blazing sand of
Africa, the unwelcoming heights of Caucasia,
or through the land of legends where the Indus
pours its waters.

(Tr., Clancy)

Paul Patanella, *baritone*

INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLE

HYMNS *Iste Confessor* and *Ut queant laxis* to the melody *Iste Confessor*:

*Iste Confessor Domini, sacratu,
Festa plebs cuius celebrat
Hodie lætus meruit secreta
Scadere cæli.*

(Anonymous)

The sacred confessor of the Lord,
whose festival is celebrated by people of the world,
on this joyful day he merited
to ascend into heaven.

WOMAN'S CHORUS

Ut queant laxis . . .

Free from guilt . . .

MEN'S CHORUS

HYMN *Ut queant laxis* to the melody *Iste Confessor*:

Guillaume Dufay

(c.1400-1474)

Ut queant laxis . . .

*Nuntius celso veniens Olympo,
Te patri magnum fore nasciturum
Nomen et vitæ seriẽ gerendæ
Ordine promit.*

(Paul the Deacon)

Free from guilt . . .

A messenger came from high heaven
and told your father of your inherent greatness,
the name you would bear, and the course of life
you were to lead.

Britt Raphling, *soprano*

INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLE

SYSTEMA SAPPHICUM MINUS from *Harmoniae poeticae*:

Paul Hofhaimer
(1459-1537)

[Jam satis terris nivis atque dirae
Grandinis misit Pater et rubente
Dextera sacras iaculatus arces
Terruit urbem.]
(Horace, *Odes* I: ii)

[More than enough, the omens of snow and sleet
sent by the Father to earth: His right hand glowed
as he hurled his bolts at our sacred hills; the city
trembled with terror.]
(Tr., Clancy)

RECORDER CONSORT

READING to Hofhaimer's *Systema Sapphicum minus*:

[Sappho sings her song to the Muses and Aphrodite:]
Newly fledged, her visible song, a marvel,
Made of perfect sound and exceeding passion,
Sweetly shapen, terrible, full of thunders,
Clothed with the wind's wings. . . .
All withdrew long since, and the land was barren,
Full of fruitless women and music only.
Now perchance, when winds are assuaged at sunset,
Lulled at the dewfall,
By the grey sea-side, unassuaged, unheard of,
Unbeloved, unseen in the ebb of twilight,
Ghosts of outcast women return lamenting,
Purged not in Lethe.
Clothed about with flame and with tears, and singing
Songs that move the heart of the shaken heaven,
Songs that break the heart of the earth with pity,
Hearing, to hear them.
(Algernon Charles Swinburne, 1837-1909; *Sapphics*)
Beth Garfinkel, Peter Goehring, *readers*

THE ELEGIAC DISTICH [Dactylic Hexameter and Pentameter]:

In the hexameter rises the fountain's silvery column
In the pentameter aye falling in melody back.
(Samuel Taylor Coleridge, 1772-1834; *The Ovidian Elegiac Metre*)

Odi et amo, quare id faciam

Carl Orff
(1895-1982)

Odi et amo, quare id faciam, fortasse requiris.
Nescio, sed fieri sentio, et excrucior.
(Catullus, c. 84-54 B.C.; *Carmina*: LXXXV)

I hate and I love. Why? you may ask but
It beats me. I feel it done to me and I ache.
(Tr, Ezra Pound, 1885-1972)

CHORUS

Elegisches Distichon from *Varia carminum genera*:

Ludwig Senfl
(c. 1486-1543)

Ruth Miller, *soprano*
Kara Sherwood, Margaret Vetare, *harps*

READING to Senfl's *Elegisches Distichon*:

These lame hexameters the strong-wing'd music of Homer?
No—but a most burlesque barbarous experiment.
When was a harsher sound ever heard, ye muses, in England?
When did a frog coarser croak upon our Helicon?
Hexameters no worse than daring Germany gave us,
Barbarous experiment, barbarous hexameters.
(Alfred Lord Tennyson, 1809-1892; *Hexameters and Pentameters*)
Jeffrey Bennett, *reader*

HYMN: *Gloria, laus, et honor*

Christopher Tye
(c. 1500-c. 1572)

[Gloria, laus, et honor tibi sint,
rex Christe redemptor,
Cui puerile decus prompsit
Hosanna pium.]

Plebs Hebraea tibi cum
palms obvia venit:
Cum prece, voto hymnis
adsumus ecce tibi.
(Theodulph of Orleans, c. 821)

[All glory, laud, and honor to thee,
Redeemer, King,
To whom the lips of children
made sweet hosannas ring.]

The people of the Hebrews
with palms before thee went;
Our praise and prayer and anthems
before thee we present.
(Tr., Neale, 1861)

Ruth Miller, *soprano*
GAMBA CONSORT

THE PHALAECEAN HENDECASYLLABLE [///.///.///...]:

Let us live, my Clodia

Dominick Argento
(written 1981)

Let us live, my Clodia, and let us love,
And let the censorious whispers of the old
Be to us as worthless as the gold of fools.
Let us live . . .
Suns can set, then rise anew:
But once our own brief light has dimmed,
We shall sleep an eternal night.
Let us live . . .
(Catullus, *Carmina*: V)

CHORUS

My sweetest Lesbia

Thomas Campion
(1567-1620)

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love,
And, though the sager sort our deeds reprove,
Let us not way them: heav'ns great lampes doe divide
Into their west, and strait againe revive,
But soone 'as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleepe one ever-during night.
(Tr., Thomas Campion)

Thelonius Griffin, *baritone*
Joel Rosenbaum, *lute*

Hendecasyllabus Phalaeceus

Ludwig Senfl

Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus,
Rumoresque senum severiorum
Omnes unius aestimemus assis!
Soles occidere et redire possunt:
Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,
Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
(Catullus, *Carmina*: V)

Melinda Matthews, Kara Sherwood, *sopranos*
Margaret Conable, *alto* James Kowalski, *bass*

READING to Senfl's *Hendecasyllabus Phalaecus*:

Look, I come to the test, a tiny poem
All composed in the meter of Catullus
All in quantity, careful of my motion,
Like the skater on ice that hardly bears him . . .

(Alfred Lord Tennyson, 1809-1892; *Hendecasyllables*)
Sally Ann Denmead, *reader*

II. OCTOSYLLABICS: AN AMBROSIAN LEGACY

[8.8.8.8.]

HYMN: *Veni redemptor gentium*

Veni, redemptor gentium,
Ostende partum virginis,
Miretur omne saeculum:
Talis partus decet deum.

(Ambrose of Milan, c. 340-397)

Come thou Redeemer of the earth,
And manifest thy virgin-birth:
Let every age adoring fall;
Such birth befits the God of all.

(Tr., J. M. Neale)

WOMEN'S CHORUS

HYMN to melody of *Veni, redemptor gentium*:

"Michael Weisse is a good poet, with somewhat erroneous views on the Sacrament." (Martin Luther)

Von Adam her so lange Zeit
war unser Fleisch vermaledit.
Seel und Geist bis in Tod verwundt,
am ganzen Menschen nichts gesund.

(Michael Weisse, 1531)

From Adam to now, so long a time
Was our flesh damned.
Soul and spirit in death wounded,
Nothing right with all mankind.

MEN'S CHORUS

HYMN: *Veni, redemptor gentium*

Heinrich Finck
(1445-1527)

CORNETTO AND SACKBUT ENSEMBLE

CHORALE: *Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland*

Lukas Osiander
(1534-1604)

Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland,
Der Jungfrauen Kind erkannt,
Dass sich wunder alle Welt,
Gott solch Geburt ihm bestellt.

(Martin Luther, 1524)

Savior of the nations, come,
Virgin's Son, make here thy home.
Marvel now, O heaven and earth,
That the Lord chose such a birth.

(Tr., William Reynolds)

Kara Sherwood, Melinda Matthews, *sopranos*
Margaret Conable, *alto* James Kowalski, *bass*

HYMN: *Veni, creator spiritus*

Pentecostal Hymn

Veni, creator spiritus
Mentes tuorum visita:
Imple superna gratia
Quae tu creasti pectora.

(Ambrose of Milan ?)

Creator, Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come pour thy joys on human kind.

(Tr., John Dryden, 1631-1700)

Kara Sherwood, *soprano*

CHORALE: *Komm, heiliger Geist, o Schöpfer du*

Hugo Distler
(1908-1942)

Komm, heiliger Geist, o Schöpfer du,
Sprich deinen armen Seelen zu;
Erfüll mit Gnaden, süßer Gast,
Die Brust, die du geschaffen hast.
Zünd uns ein Licht an im Verstand,
Entflamm das Herz in Liebesbrand,
Stärk unser schwaches Fleisch und Blut
Durch deiner Gottheit starken Mut.

Come, Holy Spirit, Creator,
Speak to your poor souls;
Fill with grace, sweet guest
The breast, which you have shaped.
Kindle in us a light of understanding.
Inflame the heart in love's fire,
Strengthen our weak flesh and blood
through the strong spirit of your divinity.

Shoshana Kaminsky, *soprano* Gabriella Newes, *alto*
Michael Höllinger, *baritone*
Jonathan Perry, Roger Stratton, *recorders*

HYMN: *Jam lucis orto sidere*

Jam lucis orto sidere
Deum precemur supplices,
Ut in diurnis actibus,
Nos servet a nocentibus.
(Ambrose of Milan)

Now that the sun has risen,
let us humbly beseech God,
that in our daily acts
He may preserve us from harm.

PARODY: *Jam lucis orto sidere*

Jam lucis orto sidere,
Statim oportet bibere:
Bibamus nunc egregie
Et rebibamus hodie.

Now that the sun has risen,
we must drink without delay.
Let us drink in earnest now
and drink again today.

Kara Sherwood, *soprano* Paul Patanella, *baritone*

PARODY: *Jam lucis orto sidere*

Orlando di Lasso
(1532-1594)

Jam lucis orto sidere,
Statim oportet bibere,
Ergo bene erimus,
Si bene potaverimus.
Si quis plessit non biberit,
Salvus esse non poterit,
Bibamus ergo egregie,
Et rebibamus optime,
Ut in somni requie,
Possimus esse hodie,
In qua nemo valeat,
Nisi laetari gaudeat,
Nisi bibat et rebibat,
Et rebibendo bibat,
Bibe semel et secundo.
Donec nihil sit in fundo.
Ergo noster frater,
Bibamus ter, quater,
Bibamus, bibamus, et rebibamus,
Et in potatione gaudeamus.

Now that the sun has risen
we must drink without delay;
then we all will be well,
if we drink well.
If one does not drink until full,
he cannot be saved.
Let us drink in earnest now
and again even better.
As in a repose of sleep
may we be today.
Let no one thrive
unless he rejoices,
and drinks and drinks again,
and drinks once again.
Drink once, twice,
until there is nothing left.
Therefore, our brother,
let us drink thrice, four times.
let us drink and drink again
and let us revel in a drinking bout.

CHORUS

III. DECASYLLABICS: AN ENGLISH MANIA

HEROIC COUPLETS [10.10.10.10.]:

SONG: XXII: *O Lord of Hosts and God of Israel*

Orlando Gibbons
(1583-1625)

O Lord of Hosts, and God of Israel,
Thou who between the Cherubins dost dwell.
Of all the world thou God alone art King,
And heav'n and earth unto their form didst bring.
(G. Wither, fl. 1600; adaptation of *Hezekiah's Prayer*
from *Isaiah* XXXVII: 16)

CHORUS

Fair is the rose set to SONG XXII:

Gibbons

Fair is the rose, yet fades with heat or cold.
Sweet are the violets, yet soon grow old.
The lily's white, yet in one day 'tis done.
White is the snow, yet melts against the sun.
(Anonymous)

Mary Kate Ballard, *soprano*

CHORUS

MADRIGAL: *Fair is the rose*

Gibbons

Fair is the rose . . .
 So white, so sweet is my fair mistress' face,
 Yet altered quite in one short hour's space.
 So short-lived beauty a vain gloss doth borrow,
 Breathing delight today, but none tomorrow.

CHORUS

READING IN COUPLETS:

But most by Numbers judge a Poet's Song,
 And *smooth* or *rough*, with them, is *right* or *wrong*;
 In the bright *Muse* tho' thousand *Charms* conspire,
 Her *Voice* is all these tuneful Fools admire,
 Who haunt *Parnassus* but to please their Ear,
 Not mend their Minds; as some to *Church* repair,
 Not for the *Doctrine* but for the *Musick* there.
 These *Equal Syllables* alone require,
 Tho' oft the Ear the *open Vowels* tire,
 While *Expletives* their feeble Aid do join,
 And ten low Words oft creep in one dull Line,
 While they ring round the same *unvary'd Chimes*,
 With sure *Returns* of still *expected Rhymes*.
 Where-e'er you find *the cooling Western Breeze*,
 In the next Line, it *whispers thro' the Trees*;
 If *Crystal Streams* with *pleasing Murmurs* creep,
 The Reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with *Sleep*. . . .
 (Alexander Pope, *An Essay on Criticism*, 337-56; 1711)

Jennifer Brady, Margaret Conable, *readers*

ARIA: *Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd* (Act III, *Indian Queen*)

Henry Purcell
 (c. 1659-1695)

Seek not to know what must not be reveal'd;
 Joys only flow where Fate is most conceal'd;
 Too busy man wou'd find his sorrows more,
 If future fortunes he shou'd know before:
 For by that knowledge of his destiny,
 He wou'd not live at all, but always die;
 Enquire not then, who shall from bonds be freed,
 Who 'tis shall wear a crown, or who shall bleed:
 All must submit to their appointed doom,
 Fate and misfortune will too quickly come;
 Let me no more with powerful charms be prest,
 I am forbid by Fate to tell the rest.

(John Dryden, 1695)

Sally Ann Denmead, *soprano*
 Yukiko Shimazaki, *oboe, continuo*

READING: A CRITIC OF JOHN DRYDEN

Methinks the ghost of Horace there I see,
 Lashing this Cherry cheek'd Dunce of fifty-three;
 Who, at that age, so boldly durst profane,
 Who with base hir'd Libel, the free Satyr's Vein. . . .
 How low thy Farce! and thy blank Verse how mean!
 How poor, how naked did appear each Scene!
 Even thou didst blush at thy insipid stuff,
 And laid thy dullness on poor harmless Snuff.
 No Comick Scene, or humour hast thou wrought;
 Thou'st quibbling Bawdy, and ill breeding taught;
 But Rime's sad downfall has thy ruine brought.

(Thomas Shadwell, *The Medal of John Bayes*, 1682)

Michael Höllinger, *reader*

BIRTHDAY ODE FOR QUEEN MARY: *Our dear religion*
from *Now does the glorious day appear*

Purcell

Our dear Religion with our Law's defence,
To God her zeal, to man benevolence
Must her above all former monarchs raise
To be the everlasting theme of praise.

(Thomas Shadwell, 1689)

Beth Garfinkel, *soprano* Gabriella Newes, *alto* Jeffrey Bennett, *baritone*

INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLE

READING: A CRITIC OF THOMAS SHADWELL

[Flecknoe, a recently deceased poet, contemplates his successor to the throne of dullness.]

Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
Mature in dullness from his tender years;
Shadwell alone of all my sons is he
Who stands confirmed in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.

(John Dryden, *Mac Flecknoe*; 1682)

Peter Gibeau, *reader*

IV. THE SEQUENCE: PAIRED PROSODY

SEQUENCE: *Verbum bonum et suave*

12th Century

Verbum bonum et suave
Personemus, illud Ave
Per quod Christi fit conclave
Virgo, mater, filia.

(Anonymous)

The beneficent and sweet word
let us utter, that AVE
by which she became the dwelling-place of Christ,
she the virgin, mother, and daughter.

WOMEN'S CHORUS

MOTET: *Verbum bonum et suave*

Adrian Willaert
(c. 1490-1562)

Verbum bonum . . .
Per quod Ave salutata
Mox concepit fecundata
Virgo, David stripe nata,
Inter spinas lilia.
Ave, veri Salomonis
Mater, vellus Gedeonis,
Cujus magi tribus donis
Laudant puerperium.

The beneficent and sweet word . . .
Greeted by that AVE,
she was made fertile and conceived,
that virgin, born of the house of David,
a lily among thorns.
AVE, for the true Solomon's
mother, the fleece of Gideon,
whom the wise men with their three gifts
praise for child-bearing.

CHORUS

PARODY: *Vinum bonum et suave*

Jean Richafort
(c. 1480-1548)

Vinum bonum et suave
Bibit abbas cum priore,
Coventus de pejore
Bibit cum tristitia.
(Anonymous, 12th century)

Wine that's good and sweet
the abbot drinks with the prior;
while the brotherhood inferior quality
drinks with sullenness.

Thomas Jordan, *tenor*
Christopher Ertelt, Peter Goehring, Jeffrey Bennett, *baritones*

KRUMMHORN CONSORT

V. SOME FIXED FORMS

TERZA RIMA [aba bcb cdc, etc.]:

Quivi sospiri

Luzzasco Luzzaschi
(1545-1607)

Quivi sospiri, pianti, ed alti guai
Risonavan per l'aer senza stelle,
Per ch'io al cominciar ne lagrimai.

Therein deep sighing, weeping,
groans loud and fearful
Were resounding through air
no stars did brighten,
Whence pity my eyes at first
made sad and tearful.

Diverse lingue, orribili favelle,
Parole di dolore accenti d'ira
Voci alte e fioche, e suon di man con elle.

Each nation's language,
base dialects that frighten,
Sad words of bitter sorrow,
foul anger's accents,
Shrill voices and hollow,
and hands the din to heighten.

(Dante, *Inferno* III: 22; c. 1310)

(Tr., Gustave Reese)

Christopher Ertelt, *reader*

Bettina Bluemel, *soprano* Margaret Vetare, *alto*
Martin Thomson, *tenor* Thelonious Griffin, *baritone*
Peter Gibeau, *bass*

READING: *Terza rima*

So spake they: idly of another's state
Babbling vain words and fond philosophy;
This was their consolation; such debate
Men held with one another; nor did he,
Like one who labors with a human woe,
Decline this talk: as if its theme might be
Another, not himself, he to and fro
Questioned and canvassed it with subtlest wit;
And none but those who loved him best could know
That which he knew not, how it galled and bit
His weary mind, this converse vain and cold;
For like an eyeless nightmare grief did sit
Upon his being; a snake which fold by fold
Pressed out the life of life, a clinging fiend
Which clenched him if he stirred with deadlier hold;—
And so his grief remained—let it remain—untold.
(Percy Bysshe Shelley, *Prince Athanase*; 1817)

Shoshana Kaminsky, Gabriella Newes, *readers*

SESTINA	[i]	[ii]	[iii]	[iv]	[v]	[vi]	[Tornada]:
	a	f	c	e	d	b	b-e
	b	a	f	c	e	d	d-c
	c	e	d	b	a	f	f-a
	d	b	a	f	c	e	
	e	d	b	a	f	c	
	f	c	e	d	b	a	

Lo ferm voler qu'el cor m'intra

Arnaut Daniel
(fl. 1200)

[i:]

. . . intra
. . . on gla
. . . s'arma
. . . veria
. . . oncle
. . . cambra.

The firm desire, that in my heart *enters*,
no beak can tear out, nor no *nail*
of the slanderer, who speaks and loses his *soul*;
and since I dare not beat him with switch or *rod*,
then secretly at least where I shall have no *uncle*,
I'll delight in joy, in a garden or *chamber*.

[ii:]

. . . cambra
. . . intra
. . . oncle
. . . l'ongla
. . . veria
. . . l'arma . . .

When I recall the *chamber*
that I know, to my loss, no man *enters*,
but is more impeding than brother or *uncle*,
there's no part of me that doesn't tremble, even my *nail*,
as the child before the rod:
I fear that I won't be [his] enough, with all my *soul*.

[Tornada:]

. . . d'ongl' e d'oncle
. . . veri' a l'arma
. . . cambra intra.

Arnaut sends a song of the *nail* and *uncle*
to please her who with her *rod* holds his *soul*
to his Desired, whose reputation in every *chamber enters*.
(Tr., Linda M. Paterson)

Mary Kate Ballard, *soprano*

INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLE

MADRIGAL: *Darà la notte il sol*

Claudio Monteverdi
(1567-1643)

[iii:]

. . . terra
. . . Glauco
. . . seno
. . . tomba
. . . pianto
. . . cielo.

By night the sun will light the *earth*,
The moon will shine by day before *Glauco*
Abandons kissing and honoring that *breast*
Which was the nest of love, which by the heavy *tomb*
Was weighed down. Now alone with heavy sighs, with *weeping*
Be kind to him for the pain, O *heaven*!

(Scipione Agnelli, 1610)

Kathryn Wheeler, *soprano* Margaret Vetare, *alto*
Martin Thomson, *tenor* Thelonious Griffin, *baritone*

CHORUS

READING: *Sestina*

[i:]

Speakin' in general, I 'ave tried 'em *all*—
The 'appy roads that take you o'er the *world*.
Speakin' in general, I 'ave found them *good*
For such as cannot use one bed too *long*,
But must get 'ence, the same as I 'ave *done*,
An' go observin' matters till they *die*.

[ii:]

What do it matter where or 'ow we *die*,
So long as we've our 'ealth to watch it *all*—
The different ways that different things are *done*,
An' men and women lovin' in this *world*;
Takin' our chances as they come *along*,
An' when they ain't, pretendin' they are *good*? . . .

[iv:]

But, Gawd, what things are they I 'aven't *done*!
I've turned my 'and to most, an' turned it *good*,
In various situations round the *world*—
For 'im that doth not work must surely *die*;
But that's no reason man should labor *all*
'Is life on one same shift—life's none so *long* . . .

[vi:]

It's like a book, I think this bloomin' *world*,
Which you can read and care for just so *long*,
But presently you feel that you will *die*
Unless you get the page you're readin' *done*,
An' turn another—likely not so *good*;
But what you're after is to turn 'em *all*.

[Tornada:]

Gawd bless this *world*! Whatever she 'ath *done*—
Excep' when awful *long*—I've found it *good*,
So write, before I *die* "E like it *all*!"

(Rudyard Kipling, 1865-1936; *Sestina of the Tramp-Royal*)

Vance Lehmkuhl, *reader*

MADRIGAL CYCLE: *Giovene donna*

Luca Marenzio

(1553-1599)

[iii:]

All' hor saranno i miei pensier'

. . . riva
. . . Lauro
. . . gl'occhi
. . . neve
. . . chiome
. . . anni.

Then my thoughts will have come to *shore*
When green leaves are not to be found on a *laurel*:
When I have a quiet heart and dry *eyes*:
We shall see the fire freeze and burning *snow*.
I have not so many hairs in these *locks*
As I would be willing, in order to see that day, to wait *years*.

[iv:]

Non fur giammai

. . . gl'occhi
. . . anni
. . . neve
. . . riva
. . . Lauro
. . . chiome.

Never have there been seen such lovely *eyes*,
Either in our age or in the first *years*:
They melt me as the sun does the *snow*:
Whence there comes forth a river of *tears*
Which love leads to the foot of the harsh *Laurel*,
Which has branches of diamonds and gold *locks*.

(Petrarch, 1304-1374; *Il Canzoniere*, *Sestina II*)

CHORUS

OTTAVA RIMA [abababcc]:

READING:

Nothing's so difficult as a beginning
In poesy, unless perhaps the end;
For oftentimes when Pegasus seems winning
The race, he sprains a wing, and down we tend,
Like Lucifer when hurled from Heaven for sinning;
Our sin the same, and hard as his to mend,
Being Pride, which leads the mind to soar too far,
Till our own weakness shows us what we are.

But Time, which brings all being to their level.
And sharp Adversity, will teach at last
Man,—and, as we would hope,—perhaps the Devil,
That neither of their intellects are vast:
While Youth's hot wishes in our red veins revel,
We know not this—the blood flows on too fast;
But as the torrent widens toward the Ocean,
We ponder deeply on each past emotion.

(Lord Byron, *Don Juan* IV: i,ii; 1821)

Kara Sherwood, James Kowalski, *readers*

OCTAVE: *Ma che? squallido, e oscuro*

Sigisimondo d'India
(c. 1580-1629)

[Erminia discovers the body of her beloved Tancred:]

Ma che? squallido e oscuro anco mi piaci.
Anima bella, se qui intorno gire,
Se odi il mio pianto, a le mie voglie audaci
Perdona il furto e'l temerario ardire;
Da la pallide labbra i freddi baci,
Che si caldi sperai, vo' pur rapire.
Parte torrò di sue ragioni a morte,
Baciando queste labbra esangui e smorte.

(Torquato Tasso, *Gerusalemme liberata* XIX: 107; 1575) (Tr., Joseph Tusiani)

Mary Kate Ballard, *soprano*

INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLE

THE SONNET:

READING OF SHAKESPEARIAN FORM [abab cddc efef gg]:

Scorn not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;
The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The Thing became a trumpet; whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!
(William Wordsworth, 1827)

Kathryn Wheeler, *reader*

PETRARCHAN FORM [abba abba cde cde]:

Quest è quel locho amore

Francesco d'Ana
(fl. 1500)

FRONTE:

Quest'è quel locho amore, se te ricorda,
Ove, per dar principio a più mio male,
De tua man me tirasti tanti strali
Ch'al' arco non bastò sol una chorda.
Et qui la voglia al suo mal troppo ingorda
Si levò a volo non havendo l'ali,
Aui cadde ch'i pensier son tutti frali
Se'l poter col voler ben non s'accorda.
(Anonymous)

This is the place, love, if you remember,
where, to begin to increase my misfortune,
with your very hand you drew at me so many an
arrow
that one string did not suffice for the bow.
And here my desire, much too eager, to its misery
rose in flight and had no wings;
here it fell, for thoughts are always frail
if ability does not accord with will.

SIRIMA [to D'Ana's music]:

The sonnet is a crown, whereof the rhymes
Are for Thought's purest gold the jewelstones;
But shapes and echoes that are never done
Will haunt the workshop as regret sometimes
Will bring with human yearning to sad thrones
The crash of battles that are never won.
(Edwin Arlington Robinson, *Children in the Night*; 1890-97)

Kathryn Wheeler, *mezzo-soprano*
Joel Rosenbaum, *lute*

VI. SOME CURIOUS PARTNERS

GUTENBERG FESTIVAL, LEIPZIG, 1840, The 400th Anniversary of the Invention of Printing:

FESTGESANG: *Vaterland, in deinen Gauen*

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy
(1809-1837)

Vaterland, in deinen Gauen,
brach der gold'ne Tag einst an,
Deutschland, deine Völker sah'n
seinem Schimmer niederthauen.
Gutenberg, der deutsche Mann,
Gutenberg, der grosse Mann,
zündete die Fackel an.

Ob die Finsterniss sich wehrt,
ob sie führet tausend Streiche,
ob sie wüthet sich empört,
sie erblasst, sie sinkt als Leiche,
doch gekrönt sie Siegesheld,
steht das Licht vor aller Welt,

Gutenberg, du wackrer Mann,
Gutenberg, du wackrer Mann,
du stehst glorreich auf dem Plan.

Fatherland, in your realm,
the golden age once broke forth,
Germany, your people saw
its gleam fall.
Gutenberg, the German man,
Gutenberg, the great man,
ignited the torch.
Though darkness resists,
though it strikes a thousand blows,
though it rages and rises in fury,
it pales and sinks like a corpse,
when the crowned victorious hero,
stands as the light before all the world.
Gutenberg, you worthy man,
Gutenberg, you worthy man,
you stand gloriously on the field!

MEN'S CHORUS

BRASS ENSEMBLE

THE ANACREONTIC SOCIETY, LONDON, 1775:

CONSTITUTIONAL SONG: *To Anacreon in Heaven*

Composer unknown
(18th century)

To ANACREON in Heav'n where he sat in full Glee,
A few Sons of Harmony sent a Petition,
That He their inspirer and Patron would be;
When this Answer arriv'd from the JOLLY OLD GRECIAN:
"Voice, Fiddle, and Flute, no longer be mute,
I'll lend you my Name and inspire you to boot,
And besides I'll instruct you like me, to intwine,
The Myrtle of VENUS with BACCHUS'S Vine."

(Ralph Tomlinson, 1778)

Mary Kate Ballard, Bettina Bluemel, Beth Garfinkel, *sopranos*
Martin Thomson, *tenor*

CHORUS, INSTRUMENTAL ENSEMBLE

READING: *Metrical Feet*

Trochee trips from long to short;
From long to long in solemn sort
Slow *Spondee* stalks; strong foot! yet ill able
Ever to come up with *Dactyl* trisyllable.
Iambics march from short to long;—
With a leap and a bound the swift *Anapaests* throng;
One syllable long, with one short at each side,
Amphibrachys hastes with a stately stride; . . .

(Samuel Taylor Coleridge, *Lesson for a Boy* [Derwent]; 1806)

Thomas Jordan, *reader*

AMPHIBRACH TETRAMETER CATALECTIC:

Anonymous

. . . If Derwent be innocent, steady, and wise,
And delight in the things of earth, water and skies;
Tender warmth at this heart, with these metres to show it,
With sound sense in his brain, may make Derwent a poet.

(Coleridge, *ibid*)

CHORUS

A TOWER OF BABEL (WITH EXPLETIVES DELETED):

ROTA: *Perspice Christicola / Sumer is icumen in / Winter is icumen in* Reading Abbey MS
(Mid-13th century?)

Perspice Christicola que dignatio,
Celicus agricola pro vitis virio

Filio
Non parcens exposuit
Mortis exitio.
Qui captivos semivivos a supplicio
Vite donat,
et secum coronat in celi solio.

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu,
Groeth sed, and bloweth med,
And springth the wode nu.
Sing cuccu,
Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve, cu:
Bulloc sterterh, bucke verteth
Murie sing cuccu. Cuccu, cuccu.
Wel singes thu cuccu,
Ne swik thu naver nu.
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu, nu
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu, nu.

Behold, Christian, what an honor!
The Heavenly Husbandman, for the blemish in
the vine,
His Son
did not spare but exposed Him
to the destruction of death.
[The Son] half-living captives [of hell] from torment
restores to life
and crowns them with Himself on the throne of
Heaven.

Winter is icummen in,
Lhude sing Goddamm,
Raineth drop and staineth slop,
And how the wind doth ramm!
Sing: Goddamm.
Skiddeth bus and sloppeth us,
An ague hath my ham.
Freezeth river, turneth liver,
Damn you, sing: Goddamm.
Goddam, Goddamm, 'tis why I am, Goddamm,
So 'gainst the winter's balm.
Sing goddamm, damm, sing Goddamm,
Sing goddamm, sing goddamm, DAMM.
(Ezra Pound, *Ancient Music*, 1916)

Sally Ann Denmead, Mary Kate Ballard, *sopranos*
Martin Thomson, *tenor*
Jeffrey Bennett, *baritone*

RECESSIONAL: *Sumer is icumen in*

COLLEGIUM

* * * * *

PROGRAM NOTES

I. Some Classical Prototypes: A Conflict of Quantity and Accent

The quantitative meters from Greek and Latin classical poetry have exerted a persistent influence upon poets and composers. The Sapphic strophe and the elegiac distich share a significant place in Christian hymnody. The Horatian ode in Sapphic meter which appears on our program cover can be combined with the melody associated with *Ut queant laxis* because the hymn is constructed in the same meter. Melodies of hymns in the same meter were frequently interchanged. Dufay's *Ut queant laxis*, set to one of the melodies now associated with *Iste Confessor*, provides one example.

Hofhaimer and Senfl devised a series of short musical works to be used in teaching the various meters found in the Horatian odes. A number of later German and English poets—Goethe, Schiller, Coleridge, and Tennyson among them—attempted to substitute classical quantitative meters for the qualitative accents in modern language. Although most of the experiments were not totally successful, some, such as Swinburne's *Sapphics*, resulted in poetry of considerable significance.

II. Octosyllabics: An Ambrosian Legacy

Melody and poetry have been vital, if inconstant, partners in association with prosody. Ambrose of Milan constructed all of his hymns in stanzas of four octosyllabic lines so that any

hymn could then be sung to the same melody. A memorable tune can subtly etch into the subconscious any words to which it is set. Hymns, TV commercials, political jingles, and patriotic songs provide ample evidence of this mnemonic power. During the Reformation, Luther and Weisse borrowed familiar melodies from the Roman church as the music to carry the Protestant doctrine often embedded in their texts; one Jesuit admitted fearing Luther's chorales far more than his sermons. *Von Adam her so lange Zeit* and *Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland* are examples of conversions of an Ambrosian hymn. Luther, however, shortened his German lines to seven syllables. *Jam lucis orto sidere*, yet another Ambrosian hymn, was parodied into a medieval drinking song in octosyllables. A later expanded version set by Lassus generally abandons the original meter but still retains several lines from its irreverent predecessor.

III. Decasyllabics: An English Mania

Rhyming couplets of decasyllables originated in France and were introduced into England by Chaucer. They developed into an English mania by the time of Dryden and Pope and have been a prominent feature in English poetry until the present day. Gibbons' *Song XXII* was designed to accompany any text in decasyllables. We have put it to the test by assigning it the opening lines of the composer's madrigal *Fair is the rose*. The bitter dispute between Dryden and his fellow poet laureate, Shadwell, has been permanently documented in heroic couplets. Henry Purcell, having set music to the poetry of both combatants, stands between them as a curious kind of neutral intermediary.

IV. The Sequence: Paired Prosody

An outgrowth of texts added to the melisma of the final vowel in the Alleluia of the mass, the sequence gradually assumed a more independent role, not unlike a hymn. The sequence did not, however, unfold in stanzas but rather in pairs of lines of varying lengths. The later sequences also frequently shared some similar melodic units. *Verbum bonum* opens with the same music as the famous *Lauda Sion Salvatorem*. Richafort's *Vinum bonum* and Willaert's *Verbum bonum* are contrapuntal elaborations of this same sequential melody. Richafort's text, however, is a medieval parody of the original and laments the disparity between the quality of wine drunk by the abbot and prior and that assigned to the brotherhood.

V. Some Fixed Forms

Prosody provides a common bond that unites poets over the centuries. Shelley successfully reemployed the *terza rima* of Dante's *Divine Comedy*. Use of the *sestina* identifies Kipling with Petrarch and the troubadour Arnaut Daniel, its creator. Common interest in the *ottava rima* establishes a tie from Yeats and Byron back to Tasso and Ariosto. A poem of Wordsworth affirms that he, Milton, Shakespeare, Spenser, Tasso, Camões, Petrarch, and Dante all shared a mutual respect for the sonnet.

The frottolists at the beginning of the sixteenth century devised melodic formulas that could accommodate the text of any *sonnet* or *ottava rima*. In this spirit, we have fit the two tercets of a sonnet by Edwin Arlington Robinson to the music of Francesco d'Ana. D'India's setting of one of Tasso's octaves from *Gerusalemme liberata* is clearly a later outgrowth of this practice but with the music skillfully altered to match the specific emotions conveyed by the text.

VI. Some Curious Partners

Some of our most familiar songs have resulted from alliances of words with music originally intended for quite a different purpose. The music for *Hark the Herald Angels Sing* was first written as a chorus honoring Gutenberg's invention of printing. The melody of our national anthem was initially associated with a drinking song for the Anacreontic Society of London. *The Star-Spangled Banner* moves in amphibrach tetrameter catalectic, a meter used on several occasions by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. A portion of Coleridge's poem *Lesson for a Boy* adapted to the Anacreontic melody serves as a reminder that all belong to the same metrical family. The famous *Rota Sumer is icumen in* apparently originally carried the Latin text *Perspice Christicola*. Ezra Pound's *Ancient Music* is a biting satirical parody in the same meter. Our final work restores all three texts to the same music.

COLLEGIUM MUSICUM

L. D. Nuernberger, *director*
Peter Gibeau, *assistant director*

SINGERS

Mary Kate Ballard
Jeffrey Bennett
Jennifer Brady
Bettina Bluemel
Margaret Conable
Sally Ann Denmead
Scott Ellegood
Christopher Ertelt
Beth Garfinkel
Peter Gibeau
Peter Goehring
Thelonius Griffin
Michael Höllinger
Shoshana Kaminsky
Thomas Jordan

James Kowalski
Vance Lehmkuhl
Melinda Matthews
Ruth Miller
Gabriella Newes
Paul Patanella
Emilysue Pinnell
Britt Raphling
Joel Rosenbaum
Ben Saferstein
Craig Seaman
Kara Sherwood
Lisa Sylvester
Martin Thomson
Margaret Vetare

Kathryn Wheeler

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Bettina Bluemel, *recorder*
Margaret Conable, *vielle*
Jonathan Dawe, *krummborn*
Sally Ann Denmead, *sackbut*
Elizabeth Eddins, *viola da gamba*
Christopher Ertelt, *organ*
Peter Gibeau, *krummborn, viola da gamba, burdy-gurdy, violone*
Beth Garfinkel, *recorder*
Alexis Jacobsohn, *cornetto, trumpet*
Daniel Jagendorf, *viola da gamba*
Abram Kaplan, *krummborn*
Paul Patanella, *krummborn, sackbut, bass trombone*

Margaret Vetare, *harp*

Luca Pellegrini, *krummborn*
Jonathan Perry, *recorder*
Emilysue Pinnell, *vielle*
David Platt, *viola da gamba*
Carolyn Rabson, *viola da gamba*
Joel Rosenbaum, *lute*
Ben Saferstein, *percussion*
Craig Seaman, *sackbut, trombone*
Kara Sherwood, *harp*
Yukiko Shimazaki, *oboe*
Roger Stratton, *recorder*
Daniel Tepper, *cornetto, trumpet*