

# *A*riose singers

*Michael McGushin*

director

a concert at

the solstice



*Robert Franson, Watercolor*

*“Something rich and strange...”*

*June 20 & 21, 2009   Resurrection Church   Aptos, California*



# ≡ Program ≡

## *I. Madrigals of Renaissance Italy*

Il bianco e dolce cigno (1539)

Jacques Arcadelt (c.1507-1568)

Chi salirà per me (1558)

Giaches de Wert (c.1535-1596)

Ecco mormorar l'onde (1590)

Claudio Monteverdi (c.1567-1643)

Che fa oggi il mio sole (1580)

Luca Marenzio (c.1553-1599)

Luci serene e chiare (1596)

Carlo Gesualdo (c.1566-1613)

## *II. Two madrigals on the poetry of Emily Dickinson by Elliott Carter (b. 1908)*

Heart Not So Heavy As Mine

Musicians Wrestle Everywhere

## *III. Selections from Fünf Gesänge, op. 104 by Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)*

Letztes Glück

Verlorene Jugend

Im Herbst

## ≡ Intermission ≡

## *IV. Quatre Motets (sur des thèmes grégoriens) by Maurice Duruflé (1902-1986)*

Ubi caritas

Tota pulchra es

Tu es Petrus

Tantum ergo

## *V. Three pieces for a cappella chorus by Nick Vasallo (b. 1979)*

De civitatibus op. 53 (2007)

Sunset, sunrise, blue skies op. 68 (2008)

Judicabo te op. 66 (2008)

## *VI. Three Shakespeare Songs by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)*

Full Fathom Five

The Cloud-Capp'd Towers

Over Hill, Over Dale

# Texts

## I. Madrigals of Renaissance Italy

Il bianco e dolce cigno (1539)

Jacques Arcadelt (c.1507-1568)

The white and gentle swan dies singing, and I  
Weeping reach the end of my life.  
What strange and diverse fate that he dies unconsoled,  
And I die blessed.  
Death, which in dying  
Fills me full of joy and desire.  
If in dying no other pain I feel  
With a thousand deaths a day I would be content.

*attributed to A. d'Avalos*

Chi salirà per me (1558)

Giaches de Wert (c.1535-1596)

Who will ascend for me, my Lady, to heaven  
To bring back my lost reason  
Which, since the dart was sent from your beautiful eyes  
To pierce my heart, every hour I am losing?  
Nor of such a loss do I complain,  
Provided it increases not, but remains at this degree;  
Though it is doubtful, if it should diminish more,  
That I shall go wandering, foolish, through the world.

*Ludovico Ariosto*

Ecco mormorar l'onde (1590)

Claudio Monteverdi (c.1567-1643)

Behold the murmuring waves  
And the trembling fronds  
In the breeze of dawn, and the young trees,  
And upon the green branches the pretty birds  
Sweetly sing,  
And the East laughs.  
Behold, already the dawn appears  
And is reflected in the sea  
And clears the sky  
And makes pearly the delicate ice  
And gilds the high mountains.  
O beautiful and fair dawn,  
The breeze is your messenger, and your breeze  
Restores every inflamed heart.

*Torquato Tasso*

Che fa oggi il mio sole (1580)

Luca Marenzio (c.1553-1599)

What accomplishes today my sun,  
What accomplishes my song and music,  
If they sing not of her glory and her name?  
Now these violets  
And these flowers I give to her  
That she may make of them a crown for her tresses.

*Anonymous*

Luci serene e chiare (1596)

Carlo Gesualdo (c.1566-1613)

Eyes serene and clear  
You burn me, yet my heart feels  
In the burning delight, not pain.  
Sweet words and dear  
You wound me, yet my breast feels  
Not pain in the wound, but delight.  
O miracle of love!  
A soul that is all afire and all bleeding  
Is consumed and grieves not, dies and languishes not.

*Anonymous*

*II. Two madrigals on the poetry of Emily Dickinson by Elliott Carter (b. 1908)*

Heart Not So Heavy As Mine

Heart not so heavy as mine,  
Wending late home,  
As it passed my window  
Whistled itself a tune,—

A careless snatch, a ballad,  
A ditty of the street;  
Yet to my irritated ear  
An anodyne so sweet,

It was as if a bobolink,  
Sauntering this way,  
Carolled and mused and carolled,  
Then bubbled slow away.

It was as if a chirping brook  
Upon a toilsome way  
Set bleeding feet to minuets  
Without the knowing why.

To-morrow, night will come again,  
Weary, perhaps, and sore.  
Ah, bugle, by my window,  
I pray you stroll once more!

*Emily Dickinson*

## Musicians Wrestle Everywhere

Musicians wrestle everywhere:  
All day, among the crowded air,  
I hear the silver strife;  
And—waking long before the dawn—  
Such transport breaks upon the town  
I think it that “new life!”

It is not bird, it has no nest;  
Nor band, in brass and scarlet dressed,  
Nor tambourine, nor man;  
It is not hymn from pulpit read,—  
The morning stars the treble led  
On time’s first afternoon!

Some say it is the spheres at play!  
Some say that bright majority  
Of vanished dames and men!  
Some think it service in the place  
Where we, with late, celestial face,  
Please God, shall ascertain!

*Emily Dickinson*

### *III. Selections from Fünf Gesänge, op. 104 by Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)*

#### Letztes Glück

Leaf upon leaf floats lifelessly,  
quietly and sadly from the trees;  
its hopes never satisfied,  
the heart dwells in dreams of spring.

Yet a sunny glance still lingers  
in the late-blooming rose bush,  
like one last bit of happiness—  
a sweet hopelessness.

*Max Kalbeck*

#### Verlorene Jugend

The mountains all bluster,  
the woods murmur all about—  
my days of youth,  
where have you so soon gone?

Youth, precious youth,  
you have flown from me;  
o lovely youth,  
so heedless was my mind!

I lost you regrettably,  
as when one takes a stone

and flings it away  
into a stream.

Perhaps a stone can be reversed in its course  
and return from the deep flood—  
but I know that youth  
will never do the same thing.

*Josef Wenzig (after a Slovak folk song)*

## Im Herbst

Somber is the autumn,  
and when the leaves fall,  
so does the heart sink  
into dreary woe.  
Silent is the meadow  
and to the south have flown  
all the songbirds, silent,  
as if to the grave.

Pale is the day,  
and wan clouds veil  
the sun as they veil the heart.  
Night comes early:  
for all work comes to a halt  
and existence itself rests in profound secrecy.

Man becomes gentle.  
He sees the sun sinking,  
he realizes that life is  
like the end of the year.  
His eye grows moist,  
yet in the midst of his tears shines  
streaming from the heart  
a blissful effusion.

*Klaus Groth*

IV. *Quatre Motets (sur des thèmes grégoriens) by Maurice Duruflé (1902-1986)*

Ubi caritas

Where charity and love are, God is there.  
Christ's love has gathered us into one.  
Let us rejoice and be pleased in Him.  
Let us fear, and let us love the living God.  
And may we love each other with a sincere heart.

Tota pulchra es

You are completely pure, Mary,  
and the stain of original sin is not within you.  
Your clothing is white like snow,  
and you face is like the sun.  
You are the glory of Jerusalem,  
you are the joy of Israel,  
you are honored by our people.

Tu es Petrus

You are Peter  
and upon this Rock I shall build my church.

Tantum ergo

Let us therefore venerate the Sacrament with bowed heads.  
And let the old practice yield to the new rite.  
Let faith provide a supplement for the failure of the senses.

To the Begetter and the Begotten be praise and jubilation,  
Salvation, honor, virtue also, and blessing, too.  
And to Him who proceeds from both let there be equal praise.

V. *Three pieces for a cappella chorus by Nick Vasallo (b. 1979)*

De civitatibus op. 53 (2007)

The groans of the dying rise from the city, and the souls of the wounded cry out for help.  
But God charges no one with wrongdoing.

*Job 24:12*

Sunset, sunrise, blue skies op. 68 (2008)

Sunset darkness  
day light breaks dark skies  
blue skies green eyes blue  
Sunset darkness sunrise  
day light breaks dark skies  
blue skies green eyes  
blue skies

*Nick Vasallo*

## Judicabo te op. 66 (2008)

The end is now upon you,  
and I will unleash my anger against you:  
I will judge you according to your ways,  
and bring abominations upon you.

*Ezekiel 7:3*

## VI. *Three Shakespeare Songs by Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)*

### Full Fathom Five

Full fathom five thy father lies,  
Of his bones are coral made;  
Those are pearls that were his eyes:  
Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea-change  
Into something rich and strange.  
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:  
Ding-dong.  
Hark! now I hear them,—ding-dong bell.

*The Tempest, Act I, Sc. 2*

### The Cloud-Capp'd Towers

The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,  
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind: We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep.

*The Tempest, Act IV, Sc. 1*

### Over Hill, Over Dale

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moone's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see;  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours;  
I must go seek some dew-drops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

*A Midsummer Night's Dream, Act II, Sc. 1*

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## *Join Ariose Singers!*

*Ariose occasionally has openings for skilled choral singers. Contact Michael McGushin at [director@ariosesingers.org](mailto:director@ariosesingers.org) if you are interested in auditioning.*

*Thanks!*

Thank you to Printsmith, First Congregational Church of Santa Cruz, Tom Listman, New Music Works, Robert Franson, and Resurrection Church.

### *Join Our Mailing List*

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# *Ariose* singers

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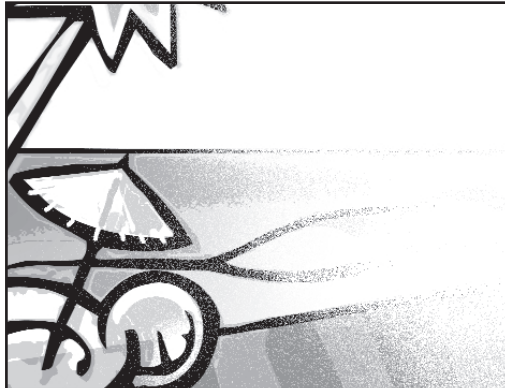
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