



Love's Inspiration

How do I love thee?

Marybeth McCaffrey (MM),
Deb Farnham (DF),
Marty French (MF),
Lynn Pilcher (LP),
Melissa Chesnut-Tangerman (MCT)

music by Nathan Christensen (b. 1971)
text after Elizabeth Barrett Browning
(1806-1861)

Dickinson's Day

At Twilight
At Dawn
At Morning
At Afternoon
At Sunset

music by Ken Langer (b.1959)
text by Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)

Ann Regan (AR), MM, DF, MF, LP, MCT

Zefiro torna

AR, MM, Lynnette Combs (LC)

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1648)

All'armi, pensieri

LC, Ann Fitch (AF), Ron Thompson (RT)

Alessandro Melani (1639-1703)

Dame, que je n'os noumer

MM, DF, MF, LP, MCT, AR

Montpellier codex
(13th century French)

Ego flos campi

MM, DF, MF, LP, MCT, AR

music by Jacob Clemens (c. 1500-1556)
text from Song of Songs, 2, i-iii

~ Intermission ~

Stella splendens

O virgo splendens

Imperayritz

MM, DF, MF, LP, MCT, AR, AF,
Jeff Rehbach (JR), Chapin Kaynor (CK)

Llibre vermell (1399)

Domine Dominus noster, quam admirabile

MM, DF, MCT, MF, LC

Lucrezia Orsina Vizzana (1590-ca.1635)
"Componimenti Musicali" (1623)

O quam bonus es

AR, MM, LC

Chiara Margarita Cozzolani (1602-ca.1678)

Protector noster

MM, DF, MF, LP, MCT, AR, AF, LC

Lucrezia Orsina Vizzana

Loa, coro de las musas

MM, DF, MF, LP, MCT, AR, AF, LC, CK, JR, RT

Tomás de Torrejón y Velasco (1649-1728)
"La púrpura de la rosa"
Ópera estenada en Lima, 1701

Notes

Love's Inspiration emanates the earthly and religious passions of poets, composers and musicians living over the past millennium.

Romance inspired **Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806-1861)**. A lively child until she was 15, she suffered a spinal injury and languished at home until she was 39 years old, when she met a younger poet, Robert Browning. In spite of her possessive father, the literary couple eloped to Italy in 1846. Her immortal 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' ("How do I love thee? Let me count the ways") were addressed to her husband. *How do I love thee* swings in the 21st century through the talents of Nathan Christensen (b.1976) of Bartlesville, Oklahoma.

Language—the power of words— inspired **Emily Dickinson (1830-1886)**. For Dickinson, the complexity of the single, written word defined the limits of communication between human beings and, therefore, symbolized the isolation of the individual, a concept that can be seen in Dickinson's personal life. She wrote no poems until she was over thirty years old. They are remarkable for their condensation, vividness of image, and childlike responsiveness to experience. Vermont composer, **Ken Langer (b. 1959)** effectively encapsulates this effect in his musical cycle, *Dickinson's Day*. The poems he set reflect the details that caught her eye, the "small dramas of existence" that testify to Dickinson's life as a recluse. Bound together with contemporary harmonies, the texts describe nature as a show to which she has gained admission, "as 't were a tropic show".

Music combining the ciaccona pattern (slow Spanish dance) as a ground bass with a melody for two voices inspired **Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)**. The most popular and influential composer of his time, *Zefiro torna* published in 1632, represents one of his most popular hits. Monteverdi adds overtly imitative musical gestures (for murmuring stream, mountains, valleys, echoing caverns) and effectively combines two voices in duet. From greek mythology, Zephyr refers to the mildest and gentlest west wind; Phyllida and Cloris to country maidens; Thetis to the beautiful greek goddess who was sought after by Jupiter, but married a mortal, despite her efforts to escape him.

Love and war, the typical Baroque antithesis, inspired **Alessandro Melani (1639-1703)** to compose the cantata, *All'armi pensieri* for soprano with trumpet. The trumpet symbolizes war, and the voice, in singing of the pains of love, takes the part of love. Melani was the fourth of eight brothers. All were musicians and four were castrated and became soprano singers. He worked as maestro di cappella (chapel-master) in Rome for several churches over his lifetime.

Melodic and textual polyphony inspired trouvères to sing three poems simultaneously. The motet *Dame, que je n'os noumer* developed from the common medieval practice of troping—adding words to textless musical passages. It is from the **Montpellier Codex** a collection of thirteenth-century French polyphony. One of medieval music's leading manuscript sources, it contains more than 300 motets (from the French word, mot). It carries the trope concept to its vertical and horizontal limit, creating an effect not to be heard again until the eighteenth century, in the ensemble finales of Mozart's operas. We perform each voice independently to highlight the three melodies and allow these remarkable old sounds enough time to make their impression.

Song of Songs has inspired thousands of composers. An Old Testament text from the Song of Solomon, the chapter is full of love poems, or songs, of Israel. *Ego flos campi* by **Jacob Clemens (c. 1500-1557)** forms the bridge in our program from the secular to sacred. The woman and man express their love for each other in poems that reflect desire, admiration, and boasting. Each delights in describing the physical charms of the other. Both Jewish and Christian tradition found another level of meaning in the Song of Songs: the love between God and God's people.

Religious fervor inspired sacred love, characterizing the music of the *Llibre vermell* & two 17th century Italian nuns. We have selected three Spanish medieval songs for dancing and singing from the **Llibre Vermell**, the monastery library's collection of songs (codex), finished in 1399 bound in red velvet. *Stella Splendens, O Virgo*, and *Imperayritz* combine polyphonic devices with traditional songs whose lyrics were substituted by spiritual texts, as well as chants and canons. They were sung by large numbers of pilgrims who traveled to the Benedictine monastery of Montserrat, in the mountains of Catalonia, Spain because they believed in the wonder-working power of the black statue of the Virgin Mary erected around the year 1200.

Adoration and veneration are the objects of Domine *Dominus noster, quam admirabile* and *Protector noster* by **Donna Lucrezia Orsina Vizzana** (1590-1662). *Domine* was likely performed from a large private chapel joined to the public church, Santa Cristina, by three grated windows, which concealed the faces of the singing nuns but did not confine their voices. *Protector* may have been intended for the convent festival celebrating the convent's chief male saints, Benedict or Tomuald. Vizzana became a nun in the most musically renowned convent in Bologna, Italy and is the author of the only published musical collection by a Bolognese nun. She was sent to the convent at age eight after the death of her mother.

Devotion to Jesus and Mary as co-redeemers is the inspiration for the duet *O quam bonus es* by **Chiara Margarita Cozzolani** (1602-ca.1677). She presents the theme by combining text with imagery of the Fountain of Eternal Life: its origin in the milk of the Mother in delightful sweetness and nourishment; its completion in the blood from Christ's side transcending death and providing gentleness and goodness. Cozzolani left the largest (four editions) and most varied body of 17th century Milan, Italy convent music. She entered the convent of Saint Radegonda of Milan in 1619, the preeminent foundation for the practice of polyphony of the approximately 20 female monasteries in 17th century Milan.

South American rhythms and melodies combine to close our program through a sung allegorical celebration related to love affairs of classic mythology. *La Purpura de la Rosa* (The Blood of the Rose) is a Latin American Baroque opera by composer **Tomás de Torrejón y Velasco** (1649-1728) and librettist Calderon de la Barca and staged in Lima, Peru in 1701. Billed as "the first opera to be performed in the New World, *La Purpura de la Rosa* is a charming work that the Viceroy of Peru commissioned to celebrate the reign of the newly crowned Philip V on the occasion of his 18th birthday. The three muses, Calliope (muse of epic poetry), Urania (muse of astronomy) and Terpsichore (muse of choral dance and song) sing in alternation with the chorus, guitar, harpsichord, trumpets and percussion, the *Coro de las musas*.

We hope Love's Inspiration. . .

. . . *through the sweet harmony of Music:*
affords you pleasure, cheers drooping spirits, clears the face from clouds,
smooths the wrinkled brow, checks moroseness, promotes hilarity;
and of all the most pleasant things in the world ,
delights and enlivens your heart.

~ Giraldus Cambrensis, 12th century

Marybeth McCaffrey

Based on textual matter from the following sources:

Bulfinch, *Mythology* (Dell 1959); Kendrick, *Motets of Cozzolani* (Recent Researches in Music of the Baroque Era, 1998); The New Oxford Annotated Bible, (ed. Metzger, Murphy) (OUP 1991); McNaughton, Ruth E. *The Imagery of Emily Dickinson* University of Lincoln, Nebraska, 1949; Edward H. Tarr, 1977 (Melani); <http://researchpapers.hypermart.net/computers/>; <http://www.bartleby.com/227/0302.html> <http://www.americanpoems.com/poets/emilydickinson/>; <http://www.anonymous4.com/lovill.htm> (Program notes Susan Hellauer); <http://www.onr.com/user/steveh/vermell.htm>; <http://www.sarband.de/Programs/English/LlibreProgram.html>; <http://www.medieval.org/emfaq/beginlst/medieval.htm>; <http://www.micrologus.it/English/vermell.htm>; <http://music.acu.edu/www/iawm/pages/cozzolani.html>; <http://www.cnca.gob.mx/cnca/nuevo/2001/diarias/mar/230301/fchcm.html>.

Texts and Translations

Sonnets from the Portugese (XLIII)

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

I. At Twilight

Will there really be a morning?
Is there such a thing as day?
Could I see it from the mountains
If I were as tall as they?

Has it feet like water-lilies?
Has it feathers like a bird?
Is it brought from famous countries
Of which I have never heard?

Oh, some scholar! Oh, some sailor!
Oh, some wise man from the skies!
Please to tell a little pilgrim
Where the place called morning lies!

II. At Dawn

I'll tell you how the sun rose,—
A ribbon at a time.
The steeples swam in amethyst,
The news like squirrels ran.

The hills untied their bonnets,
The bobolinks begun.
Then I said softly to myself,
“That must have been the sun!”

III. At Morning

At last to be identified!
At last, the lamps upon thy side,
The rest of life to see!
Past midnight, past the morning star!
Past sunrise! Ah! what leagues there are
Between our feet and day!

IV. At Afternoon

From cocoon forth a butterfly
As lady from her door
Emerged—a summer afternoon—
Repairing everywhere,
Without design, that I could trace,
Except to stray abroad
On miscellaneous enterprise
The clovers understood.

Her pretty parasol was seen
Contracting in a field
Where men made hay, then struggling hard
With an opposing cloud,
Where parties, phantom as herself,
To Nowhere seemed to go
In purposeless circumference,
As 't were a tropic show.

And notwithstanding bee that worked,
And flower that zealous blew,
This audience of idleness
Disdained them, from the sky,
Till sundown crept, a steady tide,
And men that made the hay,
And afternoon, and butterfly,
Extinguished in its sea.

V. At Sunset

But how he set, I know not.
There seemed a purple stile
Which little yellow boys and girls
Were climbing all the while

Till when they reached the other side,
A dominie in gray
Put gently up the evening bars,
And led the flock away.

Zefiro torna

Zefiro torna e di soavi accenti
l'aer fa grato e' il pié discoglie a l'onde
e, mormorando tra le verdi fronde,
fa danzar al bel suon su'l prato i fiori.

Inghirlandato il crin Fillinde e Clori
note temprando lor care e gioconde;
e da monti e da calli ime e profonde
raddoppian l'armonia gliantri canori.

Sorge più vaga in ciel l'aurora, e'l sole,
sparge più luci d'or; più puro argento
fregia di Teti il bel ceruleo manto.

Sol io, per selve abbandonate e sole,
l'ardor di due begli occhi e'l mio tormento,
come vuol mia ventura, hor piango hor canto.

All'armi, pensieri*Aria*

All'armi, pensieri,
Ardire, mio core,
Pugnando si spero
Vittoria in amore.

La tromba
Rimbomba,
A guerra mi sfida
Bellezza homicida,
E intiman' l'assalto
Al petto di smalto
Due mori guerrieri.
All'armi, pensieri.

Quel dio si disarmi
Che nudo di fede
Si crede
Piagarmi
Con l'armi di barbari arcieri.
All'armi, pensieri.

Recitativo

Ma vana è ogni difesa,
Se con soave forza,
Dolce foco nel seno accende l'alma,
Et ogni ardore ammorza,
E di quei rai brillanti
Non men del cor sono i pensieri amanti.

Aria

Se d'un volto mi struggo all'ardore,
Nel core l'incendio estinguer non sò;
Discior le catene può
Chi brama le pene e bacia lo strale che'l sen gli piago.

Zephyr returns and with his sweet breath
freshens the air and ruffles the waters,
and, murmuring through the green branches,
makes the flowers in the field dance to his music.

Phyllida and Cloris, garlands decking
their hair, sound sweet and joyous notes;
and sonorous caverns re-echo the harmony
from high mountains and deep valleys.

Dawn rises more lovely in the heavens,
and the sun spreads more golden rays;
purer silver decks Thetis' fair cerulean mantle.

Only I, through desolate and lonely woods,
as my fate decrees, now weep, now sing
of the brightness of two lovely eyes and of my torment.

Aria

To arms, (my) thoughts,
Take up courage, my heart,
By fighting, let us hope
To gain victory in love.

The trumpet
Resounds;
A murderous beauty
Challenges me to a fight;
And two black warriors
Are declaring war
on a bosom of stone.
Take up arms, thoughts.

That god disarms himself
Who, deprived of any faith,
Thinks
That he can wound me
With the weapons of (two) barbarian bowmen.
To arms, thoughts.

Recitativo

But vain is any defense,
If, with gentle strength,
The soul kindles a sweet flame in the bosom,
And every boldness blunts,
And the loving thoughts are not less
Burning than those rays of the heart.

Aria

If I am consumed by the ardour of a face,
I cannot quench the fire in my heart;
He cannot loosen the chains
Who craves for the pains (of love)
and kisses the arrow which pierced his bosom.

Recitativo

Crescan' le fiamm' in seno,
Che fra le fiamm' avvolto
Olocausto il mio cor sarà d'un volto.
In un ciel di bellezza
La pietà venda meno,
Adorerò l'asprezza.

Vibri fulmini irato, e dardi scocchi,
Che sempre a questo core
Strali saran' gli sguardi, arso quegl'occhi.

Negl'arcani sovrani del cielo,
D'un bel volto a quest'alma penante
Registra l'empietà note d'affanni.
Tiranni v'amerò, lumi severi.

Aria

All'armi, pensieri,
Ardire, mio core,
Vittoria in amore
Pugnando si sperì.
All'armi, pensieri.

Dame que je n'os noumer

Triplum

Dame, que je n'os noumer,
quant porrai j'a vous parler,
sade blondete?
Au cuer sent une amourete,
qui souspirer
me fait et colour muer;
mais marveilles puis pense,
comment ce est, que riens tant
ne desir qu'a vous aler.
Et si sent plus engrever
mon mal, quant
plus prochaine estes de moi;
et par ce sai je et voi,
que du privé
larron ne se puet on garder.

Motetus

Amis, doc est engenree
en vo cuer tel volentés
qu'estre cuidiés refusés,
pur se que vous ai monstree
chiere autre, que ne volés.
Mais se bien saviés,
comment on doit retenir
amant, c'on crient departir,
entendre porriés,
que le fis par tel desir,
qu'enaigrir
vous fèisse en moi amer.
Fins cuers, ne veulliés cesser,
car aillours que vous chierir
ne puis penser!

Recitative

Let the flames blaze in my bosom,
For, wrapped in flames,
Holocaust my heart will be to a face.
In a heaven of beauty
Let pity fade away,
I will love harshness.

Let him (love) strike with anger and shoot spears,
So that always to this heart
Arrows will be her glances, bows her eyes.

In the sovereign mysteries of heaven,
The cruelty of a beautiful face towards this pained soul
Records signs of anguish.
I will want you as my tyrants, severe lights (eyes).

Aria

To arms, (my) thoughts,
Take up courage, my heart,
To gain victory in love
By fighting, let us hope.
To arms, (my) thoughts.

Lady, whom I dare not name,
when may I speak to you, charming
little blond?
My heart is full of loving feelings
which make me sigh
and change color.
Then I think of what a wondrous thing it is
that I desire nothing so much as to go to you.
And I feel
my pain worsen,
the closer you are to me,
From this
I know and see
that one cannot protect
oneself from a thief who is also an intimate.

Sweetheart, because I have acted toward you
in a way other than you would like,
certain ideas have
taken hold in your heart
so that you think you have been rejected.
But if you know how
one should go about keeping
a lover whom one fears to lose,
you would understand
that I acted thus
to sharpen
your love of me.
Dear heart, think not of ceasing your love,
For I can think of nothing
but cherishing you.

Tenor

Lonc tans a,
que ne vi m'amie;
trop me greva,
quant m'en covint partir,
car je l'aim et desir.
Trop m'aïr
quant pur li servir
m'estuet languir,
et si ne m'en puis tenir.
Quant la remir,
de cuer souspir,
si que tout me fait fremir;
car je l'aim de fin cuer sans mentir.
N'en puis joir,
Dieus, ne repentir;
si m'estuet souffrir
les maus, dont ne puis garir.

Ego flos campi

Ego flos campi et lilium convalium,
Sicut lilium inter spinas,
sic amica mea inter filias,
Sicut malus inter ligna silvarum,
sic dilectus meus inter filios.

Stella Splendens

Stella splendens in monte
ut solis radium miraculis serrato
exaudi populum.

Concurrunt universi gaudentes populi
divites et egeni grandes et parvuli
ipsum ingrediuntur ut cernunt oculi
et inde revertuntur gratiis repleti.

Princepes et magnates ex stirpe regia
saeculi potestates obtenta venia
peccaminum proclamant tundentes pectora
poplite flexo clamant hic: Ave Maria.

Praeliti et barones comites incliti
religiosi omnes atque presbyteri
milites mercatores cives marinari
burgenses piscatores praemiantur ibi.

Rustici arotiores nec non notarii
advocati scultores cuncti ligni fabri
sartores et sutores nec nonlanitici
artifices et omnes gratulantur ibi.

Reginae comitissae

It has been a long time
since I have seen my sweetheart.
It grieved me greatly
when I had to leave,
for I love and desire her.
I become distraught indeed
when I languish
for want of serving her,
and I cannot help it.
When I think of her,
I sigh so deeply from my heart
that I tremble all over.
For I love her with a true heart, free of any falsehood.
God, I can neither enjoy it
nor repent of it,
so I must suffer the pains
of which I cannot be cured.

(Song of Songs, 2, i-iii)

I am the flower of the field and the lily of the valley.
As a lily among thorn bushes,
so is my dear one among the maidens.
As an apple tree among other trees in a wood
so is my beloved among the young men

Intermission

Gleaming star of the mountain,
like a sunbeam miraculously glowing,
hear your people.

All of them come together, your joyous people;
rich and poor, high and low
climb the mountain as soon as they see it;
they return from it filled with grace.

Leaders and magnates of royal lineage,
great men of the world who possess grace,
proclaim their sins and beat their breasts
and cry, on bended knee: Hail Mary.

Prelates and barons with their celebrated retinues,
all monks and priests
soldiers, merchants, citizens, sailors,
townspeople and fisherman sing praises here.

Farmers, ploughmen and also scribes,
advocates, sculptors and all carpenters,
tailors and cobblers and all weavers;
all artisans rejoice here.

Queens, noblewomen,

illustres dominae potentes et ancillae
juvenes parvulae virgines et antiquae pariter viduae
conscendunt et hunc montem et religiosas.
Coetus hi aggregantur hic ut exhibeant vota
regratiantur ut ipsa et reddant aulam istam ditantes
hoc cuncti videant jocabilis
ornantes soluti redeant.

Cuncti ergo precantes sexus utiusque
mentes nostras mundantes
oremus devote virginem gloriosam
matrem clementiae
in coelis gratiosam sentiamus vere.

O Virgo splendens

O Virgo splendens hic in monte celso
Miraculis serrato fulgentibus ubique
quem fideles conscendunt universi.
Eya pietatis oculo placato
cerne ligatos fune peccatorum
ne inferorum ictibus graventur
sed cum beatis tua prece vocentur

Imperayritz de la ciutat joyosa

Imperayritz de la ciutat joyosa
de paradís ab tot gaug eternal
neta de crims, de virtuts habundosa
mayres de Dieu per obra divinal.
Verges plasen, ab fas angelical
axi com sotz a Dieu molt graciosa
placaus estar als fizels piadosa
pergant per lor al Rey celestial.

Verges ses par misericordiosa
de vos se tany quens defenats de mal
e no siats devas nos endenyosa
pels falliments que fem en general.
Mas quens cubrats ab lo manto real
de peitat pus quen ets cupiosa
car tots em fayts d'avol pasta fangosa
per que'l fallir es de carn humenal.

Rosa flagran de vera benenanca
fons de merce iamays ne defallen.
Palays d'onor on se fech l'alianca
de deu e d'hom per nostre salvamen.
E fo ver dieus es hom perfectamen
ses defallir en alcuna substanca.
E segons hom mori senes dubtanca
e com ver dieus levech del monimen.

Vexell de pats corona desperanca
port de salut be segur de tot ven
vos merexets de tenir la balanca
on es pesat be dreytureramen.
E pesa mays vostre fill excellen
mort en la crots per nostra deliveranca
quels peccats d'om en fayt nen cobejanca

illustrious ladies and their handmaidens
young girls, virgins, old women and widows,
climb the mountain as do nuns.
The assembly is gathered here to declare to you a vow,
and to give thanks; to fulfill this vow in this glorious place,
so that all may see you return in joy,
and that all may share your salvation.

So shall we all pray, both men and women,
and in true humility
acknowledge our sins to the glorious Virgin,
the mother of clemency,
so that we may be granted the favour of seeing Heaven.

O Virgin, resplendent on this high mountain,
glowing with miraculous wonders
where the faithful from everywhere climb;
ah, with your gentle loving eye behold
those caught in the bonds of sin,
let them not endure the blows of Hell,
but let them be among the blessed with your intercession.

Empress of the joyous cities of Heavens,
where happiness is eternal,
cleansed of sin, rich in virtues,
Mother of God by divine wish;
pleasing Virgin of angelic face,
since you are so gracious in God's eyes,
have pity on the faithful
who pray to the celestial King.

Peerless and merciful Virgin,
we trust in you to defend us from evil
and not to be enraged
by our failings.
Shelter us under your royal cloak
of mercy, since whoever is abundant in virtue
can improve common clay,
human flesh being weak.

Fragrant rose of true goodness,
source of never failing virtues.
Place of honour where the alliance was made
between God and man for our salvation;
and who saw God become a perfect man
without a single failing.
And who later saw men dead, without doubt,
and yet saw God arise from the tomb.

Ship of peace, crown of hope,
port of health, sure source of goodness,
you deserve to hold the scale
in which righteousness is weighed.
And your excellent son,
dead on the cross for our deliverance,
is heavier than the sins committed by men under cover

al be fidel confes e peniden.

Estel de mar qui los perillans guia
e'ls fay venir a bona salvetat
si Jesu Christ obehir no volia
co que per vos li sera supplicat
mostrats-li els pits don l'avets alletat
et tots los sants ab la gran jerarquia
de paradís qui us faran companya
tot quan voirets vos er ben autreyat.

Domine Dominus noster, quam admirabile

Domine Dominus noster quam admirabile est nomen tuum
in universa terra.

Quoniam elevata est magnificentia tua super caelos ex ore
infantium et lactentium perfectisi laudem propter inimicos
tuos ut destruas inimicum et ultorem.

Quam admirabile est nomen tuum in universa terra.

Quoniam videbo caelos tuos opera digitorum,
lunam et stellas quae tu fundasti.

Quam admirabile est nomen tuum in universa terra.

O quam bonus es

O quam bonus es, O quam suavis, O quam jocundus, mi Jesu;

O quam benigna es, O quam dulcis, quam deliciosa, O
Maria, diligenti, suspiranti, possidenti, degustanti te.

O me felicem, O me beatum. Hinc pascor a vulnere, hinc
lactor ab ubere, quo me vertam nescio. In vulnere vita, in
ubere salus, in vulnere quies, in ubere pax, in vulnere nectar,
in ubere favum, in vulnere jubilis, 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 laetificat. O vulnera, O
ubera, O sanguis, O lac, aurea vulnera, ubera dulcia.

Sanguis amabilis, nectare dulcior, manna jucundior.

Lac exoptabile, melle suavior, favo nobilior. Te amo, te
diligio, te cupio, te volo, te sitio, te quaero, te bibo, te gusto.

O me felicem, O me beatum, quo me vertam nescio. Hoc
sanguine pascor, hoc lacte reficiar, in vulnere vivam, in
ubere moriar. O potus, O cibus, O risus, O gaudium,; O
felix vita, beata mors.

of the faithful who confess and do penance.

Star of the sea who pilots us among perils,
enabling us to reach safe harbour,
if Jesus Christ does not wish to obey
what is requested through you
then show him the breasts that suckled him
and all the saints of the great hierarchy
of paradise who will be in your company
will grant everything you wish and much more.

(Psalm 8)

O Lord, our Lord, how admirable is Your name in all the world.

For the mouths of babes and infants exalt Your greatness. You
have created a bulwark against Your foes to destroy the enemy
and the avenger.

How admirable is Your name in all the world.

For I shall see Your heavens and the works of Your hands, the
moon and stars which You have created.

How admirable is Your name in all the world.

Translation by Craig A. Monson

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; now I
nurse at her breast; I do not know where to turn next. In His
wound is life; in her breast, salvation; in 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 Jesus;
in your breast, O Virgin.

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

His blood saves me; her milk purifies me; His blood revives
me, her milk restores me; His blood inebriates 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.

Desireable 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.

Translation by Robert L. Kendrick

Protector noster

Protector noster magnus coram Domino
et magna gloria virtutis eius.
Quoniam elegit eum et vocavit altissimus.
O bone Pastor Deo dilectus.
Custodi filios protectionis tuae.
Exultantes et magnificantes excelsa opera tua.
Narrate populi dicite gentes,
quam gloriosus Dominus in sanctis suis
et laudabilis et admirabilis in saecula.

Loa

Coro

*¡ Ha del coro de las nueve ninfas!
cuya dulce voz es al oído y al gusto
armónica suspensión:
los velos corred al templo de Apolo
veréis la atención con que Urania consagra a su culto
cuanto al compás y a la esfera debió.*

Calíope

Ya del monte en que habita
dejando el esplendor,
del templo a los umbrales
Calíope su influjo destinó.

¡ Ha del coro de las nueve ninfas!.....

Terpsícore

Ya del la cumbre sacra,
pináculo del sol,
la altiva cumbre deja
Terpsícore, al impulso de tu voz.

¡ Ha del coro de las nueve ninfas!.....

Calíope & Terpsícore

Pues al descender al templo,
sacra víctima formó
de los aromas de oriente
nuestra humilde adoración.

¡ Ha del coro de las nueve ninfas!.....

Calíope & Terpsícore

¡ Ha del sagrado templo!,
cuyo retiro halló
Urania tan propicio
que la sombra reduce a resplandor.

¡ Ha del coro de las nueve ninfas!.....

Urania

¿Quién hace a mis inquietudes
la injuria de que yo divierta
la tarea que, peregrina,
imprime mi atención?

Our great protector stands before the Lord
and great is the glory of his virtue.
For the most high elected and called him.
O good shepherd, God's beloved,
watch over the children in our protection,
exalting and glorifying your most lofty works.
Tell the people and say to the nations,
how great is the Lord in his saints
and how praiseworthy and wondrous throughout all ages.

Translation by Craig A. Monson

Chorus

*Hark to the choir of the nine nymphs!,
whose sweet voices offer harmonious suspension
to the ear and the senses:
remove the veil that covers the temple of Apollo and
you will see the concentration which Urania devotes to her cult,
both to music and to the spheres.*

Calliope

Leaving to the splendour
of the mountain where she lives,
Calliope was directed by your influence
to the threshold of the temple.

Hark to the choir of the nine nymphs!.....

Terpsichore

Down from the sacred summit,
pinnacle of the sun,
Terpsichore leaves the proud heights
at the invitation of your voice.

Hark to the choir of the nine nymphs!...

Calíope & Terpsícore

Upon descending to the temple,
our humble adoration
made an offering
of the perfumes of the East.

Hark to the choir of the nine nymphs!....

Calíope & Terpsícore

Hail to the sacred temple!,
whose retreat
Urania found so propitious,
for its shadows recede into brilliance.

Hark to the choir of the nine nymphs!....

Urania

Who so disturbs my inquiries
that I must be distracted from the
objects whose perpetual motion
focuses my attention?

*¡ Ha del coro de las nueve ninfas!
De la esfera luciente del fuego,
los rayos dorados anuncios del sol,
sin inciendos que abrasen,
alumbran el día que nace el planeta mayor.*

Urania

*¡ O tú, apacible lisonja del aire,
que enigmas persuade a mi confusión,
deja libre el sentido a mis dudas,
o deja sub alma a concepto y la voz!*

De la esfera luciente del fuego...

El Tiempo

*Ya el Tiempo a tu duda ofrece,
clara luz que incierta vió antes que fuese una vida
término a su esplendor.*

De la esfera luciente del fuego....

*El quinta planeta, Marte, de dos mundos superior,
se digna de que tu vista admire su perfección.*

España

*La siempre invencible España la corona le ofreció,
porque a su obediencia diese quilates su obligación.*

*¡ Viva, Felipo, viva!
¡ Viva el sucesor
del imperio que,
puésto a sus plantas,
seguro afianza su eterno blasón!*

Calíope & Terpsícore

*Todo el coro de la nusas
su influencia dedicó
a dar asunto a la fama
con la pluma y con la voz.*

¡ Viva, Felipo, viva! ¡ Viva el sucesor....

*¡ Viva, Felipo, y su nombre aclame el clarín de la fama veloz,
por invencible, por justo y benigno,
desde el oriente de su formación!*

¡ Viva, Felipo, viva! ¡ Viva el sucesor.....

*¡ Viva, viva!, y nuestro afecto,
rendido a la superior
majestad de su grandeza,
merezca aplauso y perdón.*

¡ Viva, Felipo, viva! ¡ Viva el sucesor.....

¡ Viva, Felipo, y su nombre aclame

¡ Viva, Felipo, viva! ¡ Viva el sucesor.....

edited by Louise K. Stein

*Hark to the choir of the nine nymphs!,
From the shining sphere of fire,
the golden rays, heralds of the sun,
without fires that burn,
light the day on which the greatest planet is born.*

Urania

*Oh, you pleasant flattery of the air,
whose enigmas entice my confusion,
leave my reason free to ponder these questions,
or leave my thoughts and my voice without a soul!*

From the shining sphere of fire,...

Time

*Now Time offers your doubts
a clear light, yet uncertain, that he saw even before a new life
was the cause for its splendour.*

From the shining sphere of fire,...

*The fifth planet Mars, ruler of two worlds,
is worthy that your eyes should admire his perfection.*

Spain

*Ever invincible Spain offered him the crown,
so that her obedience will yield carats to his obligation.*

*Long live Philip!
Long live the successor
to the empire who,
placed at his feet,
loyally assures his eternal glory!*

Calliope & Terpsichore

*All the choir of the Muses
dedicated its influence
to bring Fame to this event
with pen and voices.*

Long live Philip! Long live the successor ...

*Long live Philip! and may the trumpet of speedy Fame acclaim
his name as invincible, just, and kind,
from the Eastern hemisphere of his birth!*

Long live Philip! Long live the successor ...

*Long may he live! and may our
offering of affection, humble before
the superior majesty of his grandeur,
deserve applause and pardon.*

Long live Philip! Long live the successor ...

Long live Philip! and may the trumpet ...

Long live Philip! Long live the successor ...

Translated by Louise K Stein

The Performers

~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~ ~

✠ **MELISSA CHESNUT-TANGERMAN**, alto, started singing in groups at three, in nightly family ensembles that specialized in musical theater. Her choral skills were honed in her high school music classes and at Hamilton College. A resident of Middletown Springs, where Melissa and her husband Robin homeschool daughters Jenny and Malindi, Melissa currently sings in the Vermont Symphony Orchestra Chorus and Chamber Chorus, and with Robert De Cormier's nine-voice professional ensemble Counterpoint. She has recorded with Mr. De Cormier for Lawson-Gould music publishers and Arabesque Records. Melissa also plays guitar and sings with a trio, Alias:Grace, and a pop/rock band, The Vapours; she can occasionally be heard performing her own music at coffeehouses. Melissa teaches music and theater to Middletown Springs area home schoolers. In between rehearsals, Melissa works on her field-grown perennial business and is co-executive director of SolarFest, a weekend-long performance arts festival run on solar energy.

✠ **LYNNETTE COMBS** is organist at the First Universalist Church in Barre, Vermont and plays harpsichord with the Baroque trio Kammermusik.

DEBORAH FARNHAM, soprano, born to a musical family, learned the basics of voice and piano from her mother. Deborah was fortunate to sing with high school, church, and college music directors who loved their work and their students. She has sung in various groups and choruses while residing in Vermont, New York, the Virgin Islands, and Japan. The venues have ranged from concert halls to coffee houses to Shakey's Pizza in downtown Sapporo where she sang weekly gigs with a bluegrass band. When not singing with the celestial Sirens, or the Vermont Symphony Orchestra Chorus, Deborah works as Operations Manager for the Marketing and Sales Department of Bio-Tek Instruments in Winooski. She and her husband, proud grandparents of two grandkids, live in the hills of South Starksboro with their two dogs.

✠ **ANN FITCH**, soprano, has performed in Vermont since she arrived twenty years ago. Her favorite roles include: Lady Croom in "Arcadia", the Sorceress in "Dido and Aeneas", Geneva Lee Brown in "The 1940's Radio Hour", Casilda in "The Gondoliers", the waitress in "Death by Chocolate", and Girl in "The Emperor of Atlantis" which she toured with the Terezin Project and recorded on the Arabesque label. She has also recorded for Lawson-Gould, Warner Bros., and the Choral Excellence Series. Ann premiered the role of Edith last fall in "A Fleeting Animal: An Opera from Judevine" by composer Erik Nielsen and librettist David Budbill, where she hugely enjoyed being the uptight town busybody. With degrees in Choral Education and Applied Piano Pedagogy, Ann has an independent music studio in Montpelier, where she lives with her partner, Hutch, and her almost-17-year-old cat (the real ruler of the domicile). This is Ann's first opportunity to lure in audiences with the lovely Celestial Sirens.

✠ **MARTY FRENCH**, alto, grew up in a family of singers. Her parents met when both joined a small choral group, and later, passed the love of music on to their four children. By age 12 Marty began spending summers at Kinhaven Music Camp in Weston, Vermont, as a violin student. There she played chamber music and sang Bach cantatas, Palestrina, and madrigals. Currently Marty plays violin in a string quartet and sings with the VSO Chorus and Chamber Chorus, as well as the Chancel Choir of First Baptist Church in Burlington.

✠ **CHAPIN KAYNOR** studied music at Kinhaven Music School, McGill University, and the University of Massachusetts. He played French Horn with the Vermont Symphony Orchestra from 1971 to 1992 and has sung with the VSO Chorus since its inception in 1993. He has performed on Recorders and French Horn with many Vermont-based ensembles including the Kings Hill Consort and the VSO Brass Trio. He also works as a Senior Programmer/Analyst for Vermont Student Assistance Corporation. Instruments played in this concert: Recorders, Cornamuse.

✠ **MARYBETH MCCAFFREY**, soprano, founder and artistic director of Early Music Vermont's, celestial Sirens, credits her maternal grandmother, Loretto Whalen, Robert De Cormier, and public school music educators with nurturing her passion for singing. She has studied with Ellen Hargis and presently studies with Drew Minter. She has participated in master classes with the Anonymous 4 and Julianne Baird. Currently a member of the Vermont Symphony Orchestra Chorus and Chamber Singers, she has sung with numerous choral groups in Vermont and Massachusetts, since age 12. She has recorded with Mr. De Cormier for Lawson-Gould music publishers, Warner Brothers, Arabesque Records, and the Choral Excellence series. Marybeth has appeared as a soloist with various music festivals, including the Amherst Early Music Festival, in Heinrich Schütz's *Musikalischen Exequien*, under the direction of Joshua Rifkin. A licensed

attorney and certified music therapist, she presently works as health care policy analyst. She and her husband, Mark Reese, make their home in Lincoln.

✦ **LYNN PILCHER** alto, received her first musical training at the piano seated on her Grandmother Gordon's knee in Door County, Wisconsin. At seven, she began piano lessons with Alice Ladieu of Rutland, and later, organist Mildred Holmer Kronfeld. She attended Adamant Music School at age 13. Elementary and high school music teacher, Reta Coughenour, provided excellent training in music theory, band, and chorus. Lynn's love of music influenced her choice for higher education, St. Olaf College in Minnesota. She currently sings with numerous groups including the Vermont Symphony Orchestra Chorus. Lynn credits all of her wonderful teachers and their love of music in shaping her musical landscape. Lynn also enjoys the outdoors: she's hiked the Long Trail, cycled the length of Vermont, participated in three Canadian Ski marathons, and worked as a canoe guide in Minnesota's Boundary Waters. Lynn lives in Pittsford and works as a mental health counselor at Rutland County Women's Network.

✦ **ANN REGAN**, soprano, makes her home on the eastern side of the Green Mountains, in Barre, with her husband, Ron and their two teenagers. A long-time member and frequent soloist with the Onion River Chorus, Ann from time to time performs with other Vermont ensembles. In the fall of 2000, she appeared as a member of the Vermont Millennium Music Festival (VMMF) Chamber Chorus, and in conjunction with the festival, also performed as a soloist in a program of Baroque Music. Ann is especially grateful for the opportunity the festival provided to sing with people from the western side of the Green Mountains (Early Music Vermont). Long time home-schooling mom, Ann has finally retired from that occupation and is enjoying a slower pace of living, gardening, reading, volunteering at the school, and especially working on "celestial" singing.

✦ **JEFF REHBACH** is choir director at the Middlebury Congregational Church, and has also served as music director of the a cappella ensemble Trillium, Addison County Community Chorus, the Middlebury Community Players, and the Middlebury College Musical Players. He directs the Middlebury College Chamber Singers, and may be spotted singing with the Vermont Symphony Orchestra Chorus, Mad River Chorale, and Burlington Choral Society. He has participated as a singer and instrumentalist at Amherst Early Music Festival for the past two years. Jeff serves as Director of Information Technology Services at Middlebury College, where he has been employed since 1981.

✦ **RON THOMPSON** has played trumpet as a member National Symphony Orchestra, Washington, D.C. and as freelance member of the Juilliard Orchestra. He has studied trumpet at the Juilliard School and at Tanglewood. He has earned a M.A. in Adlerian Counseling and Psychotherapy and a B.S. in Electrical Engineering. Ron lives in Calais and works as a licensed psychologist and performance coach.

✦ *Special thanks to* **MICHAEL TRUELSEN**, designer of the EMV symbol and illustrator for our promotional materials and program. You may contact her about her work at mrtruelsen@excite.com.



The Celestial Sirens' name comes from John Milton's *Arcades* (1633); a poem carrying forward the personification of the music of the spheres —Sirens— from Greek mythology. Sitting perched in the rim of her sphere, each Siren sings a single note that in combination with the others forms the harmony of the firmament. . . *such sweet compulsion doth in musick lie*. The female singing trio, *Celestial Sirens* (Marybeth McCaffrey, Deborah Farnham, and Melissa Chesnut-Tangerman) with **EARLY MUSIC VERMONT** members derive love and inspiration from studying and performing early music.

***Celestial Sirens* & EARLY MUSIC VERMONT**

163 Waterworks Road, Lincoln, VT 05443

802.453.3016

info@earlymusicvermont.org

www.earlymusicvermont.org