

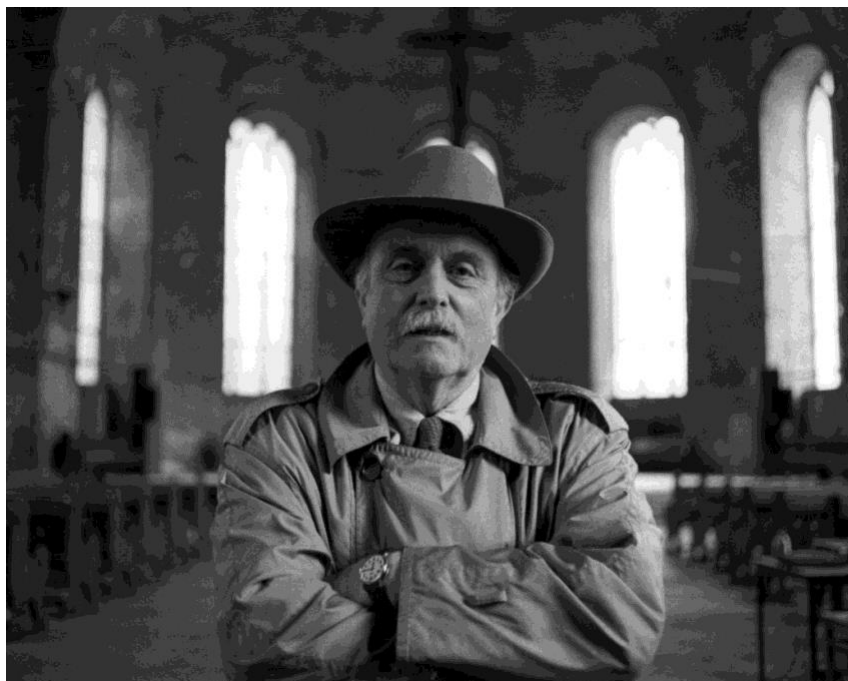
Collegium Musicum Spring 2021 Concert

May 11, 1pm Online

<https://weslevan.zoom.us/j/95915553436>

Webinar ID: 959 1555 3436

From Cantigas to the Cries of London: Generations of Song
featuring the premiere of a new work by Alvin Lucier (b. 1931)



Program

Latin Song

- Hildegard of Bingen (1098-1179), *Scivias* (morality play selections)
Anon. (pre-10th century), *Ave maris stella* (Marian hymn)
Anon. (c. 1224-34), *Play of Daniel* (liturgical drama selections)
Anon. (c. 1270), *Rosa das rosas* (from the Cantigas de Sancta Maria)
Anon. (c. 1230), *Fas et nefas* (from the Carmina burana MS)

Vernacular Song

- Giraut de Borneill (c. 1165-1210), *Reis Glorios* (troubadour song)
Beatriz de Dia (b. c. 1140), *A chanter* (trobaritz song)
Martin Codax (early 13th century), *Ondas do mare de Vigo* (a cantiga de amigo)
Anon. (c. 1300), *Bryd one brere* (lyric song)
Guillaume de Machaut (c. 1300-1377), *Contre de doulz moi de may* (lai)
Anon. (late 15th century), *Bon vin je ne te puis laisser* (chanson)

Early Polyphony

- Anon. (12th century), *Veri solis* (Aquitanian versus)
Anon. (13th century), *Sumer is icumen in* (Reading rota)
Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625), *Cries of London* (quodlibet, selections)

Modern Polyphony

- Alvin Lucier (b. 1931), *Antequam Abraham fieret ego sum* (premiere)

Collegium 2021: Kayla Caban (KC), Devanney Haruta (DH), Bianca Iannitti (BI), Sarah Linsly (SL), Silvia Mayo (SM), Hannah McKiernan (HM), Tessa Whelden (TW), Jane Alden (JA, director), Barbara Alden (BA, vocal coach); Lucier guests: Garrett Groesbeck, Ryan Seward, Stuart Wheeler

Hildegard of Bingen, <i>Scivias</i> (morality play) no. 3	<i>Anima:</i> O dulcis Divinitas, et o suavis vita, in qua perferam vestem preclaram, illud accipiens quod perdidit in prima apparitione, ad te suspiro, et omnes Virtutes invoco.	<i>The Soul:</i> O sweet divinity, o gentle life, in which I shall wear a radiant robe, receiving that which I lost in my first manifestation—I sigh for you, and invoke all the Virtues.	JA
no. 5	<i>Anima:</i> O libenter veniam ad vos, ut prebeatis michi osculum cordis.	<i>The Soul:</i> O let me come to you joyfully, that you may give me the kiss of your heart.	KC
no. 6	<i>Virtues:</i> Nos debemus militare tecum, o filia regis.	<i>Virtues:</i> We must fight together with you, royal daughter.	SM
no. 19/2	<i>Humility:</i> O filie Israhel, sub arbore suscitavit vos Deus; unde in hoc tempore recordamini plantationis sue. Gaudete ergo, filie Sion!	<i>Humility:</i> Daughters of Israel, God raised you from beneath the tree, so now remember how it was planted. Therefore rejoice, daughters of Zion.	DH
no. 21	<i>Humility:</i> Ego cum meis sodalibus bene scio, quod tu es ille antiquus dracho, qui super summum volare voluisti, sed ipse Deus in abyssum proiecit te.	<i>Humility:</i> My comrades and I know very well that you are the dragon of old who craved to fly higher than the highest one: but God himself hurled you in the abyss.	SL
no. 30	<i>Virtues:</i> O anima fugitiva, esto robusta, et indue te arma lucis.	<i>Virtues:</i> Fugitive Anima, now be strong: put on the armor of light.	BI
no. 32	<i>Que es, aut unde venis? Tu amplexata es me, et ego foras eduxi te. Sed nunc in reversione tua confundis me; Ego autem pugna mea deiciam te!</i>	<i>Devil sneaks back in and says:</i> <i>Que es, aut unde venis? Who are you? Where are you coming from? You were in my embrace, I led you out. Yet now you are going back, defying me but I shall fight you and bring you down! Ego autem pugna mea deiciam te!</i>	HM
no. 34	<i>Humility to Victory:</i> O Victoria, que istum in celo superasti, curre cum militibus tuis, et omnes ligate diabolum hunc.	<i>Humility:</i> Victory, you who once conquered this creature in the heavens, run now, with all your soldiery, and all of you bind this Fiend!	SL
no. 36	<i>Virtues:</i> O dulcissima bellatrix, in torrente fonte qui absorbit, lupum rapacem! O gloriosa coronata, nos libenter militamus tecum contra illusorem hunc.	<i>Virtues:</i> O sweetest warrior, in the scorching fountain that swallowed up the voracious wolf—glorious, crowned one, how gladly we'll fight against that trickster, at your side!	TW
no. 39	<i>Victory:</i> Gaudete o socii, quia antiquus serpens ligatus est.	<i>Victory:</i> Comrades, rejoice! The age-old snake is bound!	BI

<p><i>Ave maris stella</i> (Marian hymn)</p>	<p>Ave, maris stella, Dei mater alma, atque semper virgo, felix coeli porta.</p> <p>Sumens illud «Ave» Gabrielis ore, funda nos in pace, mutans Evæ nomen.</p>	<p>Hail, star of the sea, Nurturing Mother of God, And ever Virgin Happy gate of Heaven</p> <p>Receiving that "Ave" From the mouth of Gabriel, Establish us in peace, By transforming the name "Eva."</p>	<p>TW</p> <p>DH</p>
<p><i>Play of Daniel</i> (liturgical drama)</p> <p>p. 95</p>	<p><i>MANE TECHEL PHARES</i></p> <p>Vocate mathematicos Caldaeos et ariolos Auruspicis inquirete Et magos introducite</p> <p>Rex in aeternum vive, Adsumus ecce tibi!</p>	<p><i>a Right Hand appears in the King's sight writing on the wall</i></p> <p><i>MANE TECHEL PHARES</i></p> <p><i>When the King sees this, he cries out:</i> Call the mathematicians, the Chaldeans and the soothsayers. consult the augurers, and bring in the wise men.</p> <p><i>Then the Wise Men say to the King:</i> May the King live forever! Behold, we are here before you!</p>	<p>BA</p> <p>BI</p>
<p>p. 97-98</p>	<p>Cum Judaeae captivis populis Prophetiae doctum oraculis Danielem a sua patria Captivavit patris victoria Hic sub tuo vivens imperio Ut mandetur requirit ratio</p>	<p><i>the Queen:</i> Among the prophets of the captured Jewish people, there is an expert in oracles. Daniel was brought from his hometown in captivity at your father's victory. Now he lives here under your command and reason requires that he be sent for.</p>	<p>SL</p>
<p>p. 99</p> <p>conductus</p>	<p>Hic verus dei famulus Quem laudat omnis populus Cujus fama prudentiae Est nota regis curiae Cestui manda li rois par nos</p> <p>Pauper et exulans envois al roi par vos</p>	<p><i>All:</i> This is the true servant of God whom all the people praise, whose famed wisdom has been noticed by the King's court. The King has sent us to summon this man</p> <p><i>Daniel:</i> Poor and in exile I will go to the King with you</p>	<p>KC</p> <p>SM</p>
<p>p. 103</p> <p>conductus</p>	<p>Regis vasa referentes Quem Judaeae tremunt gentes Danieli applaudentes</p> <p>Gaudeamus Laudes sibi debitas referamus</p> <p>Regis cladem praenotavit Cum scripturam reseravit Testes reos comprobabit</p> <p>Et Susannam liberavit Gaudeamus...</p>	<p><i>All:</i> As we carry away the vessels of the King whom the people of Judea fear, we applaud Daniel.</p> <p>Let us rejoice and offer him the praises he deserves.</p> <p>He foretold the King's doom by reading the writing, he proved the false witnesses guilty</p> <p>and freed Susanna. Let us rejoice...</p>	<p>TW</p>

p. 111	Si sprevit legem quam statueram Det poenas ipse quas decreveram	<i>Hearing this, the King says, against his will:</i> If he has disobeyed the law I made, give him the punishment which is decreed.	DH
p. 111	Heu heu heu quo casu sortis Venit haec damnatio mortis Heu heu heu scelus infandum Cur me dabit ad lacerandum	<i>Then the Satraps seize Daniel and he, looking back to the King, says:</i> Alas, alas, alas! By what bitter fate comes this sentence of death? Alas, alas, alas! Unspeakable crime! Why does this fierce crowd give me to be torn apart by wild beasts?	SM
p. 112	Deus quem colis tam fideliter Te liberabit mirabiliter	<i>And the King, powerless to free him, says:</i> The God you serve so faithfully will save you by a miracle.	JA
p. 112	Hujus rei non sum reus Miserere mei Deus Eleyson Mitte Deus huc patronum Qui refrenet vim leonum Eleyson	<i>Daniel:</i> I am not guilty of this crime Have mercy upon me O God, have mercy! O God, send a guardian to hold back the lions in their strength, have mercy!	SM
p. 113	Novit Dei cognitio Quod Babylonem nescio Neque lacus est cognitus Quo Daniel est positus Surge frater ut cibum capias Tuas Deus vidit angustias Deus misit da Deo gratias Qui te fecit	<i>Habakkuk:</i> God in his wisdom knows that I don't know Babylon, nor do I know the pit where they have put Daniel. <i>Angel grabs Habakkuk by the hair, takes him to the pit, where he says to Daniel:</i> Arise brother, and take this food! God has seen your sufferings. God has provided, give God thanks for He made you.	BI
p. 115	Deum Danielis Qui regnat in saeculis Adorari jubeo A cunctis populis	<i>King:</i> I order that the God of Daniel, who reigns for eternity, shall be worshipped by all peoples.	HM
Anon., <i>Rosa das rosas</i> (cantiga de Santa Maria)	<i>Rosa das rosas e Fror das frores, Dona das donas, Sennor das sennores. Rosa de beldad' e de parecer e Fror d'alegria e de prazer, Dona en mui piadosa ser Sennor en toller coitas e doores. Rosa das rosas e Fror das frores, Dona das donas, Sennor das sennores.</i>	<i>Rose of roses and flower of flowers, Lady of ladies, Lord of lords. Rose of beauty and fine appearance And flower of happiness and pleasure, lady of most merciful bearing, And Lord for relieving all woes and cares; Rose of roses and flower of flowers, Lady of ladies, Lord of lords.</i>	BI
Anon., <i>Fas et nefas</i> (from <i>Carmina Burana</i>)	Fas et nefas ambulant Fere passu pari, Prodigus non redimit Vitium avari.	Right and Wrong go walking about, Almost in step together, The Prodigal does not make good The vice of the miser;	KC

	<p>Virtus temperantia Quadam singulari. Debet medium Ad utrumque vitium Cautè contemplari.</p> <p>Si legisse memoras Ethicam Catonis In qua scriptum legitur: “Ambula cum bonis”, Cum ad dandi gloriam Animum disponis Supra cetera Primum hoc considera Quis sit dignus donis.</p>	<p>Temperate Virtue All alone Seeks a middle course, While on either side Vice Cautiously contemplates.</p> <p>If you remember to have read The Ethics of Cato, In which it is said: “Walk with the good”, Then when you set your mind To the glory of giving, Above all else Consider this first: Who may be worthy of gifts?</p>	HM
<p>Guiraut de Bornelh, <i>Reis glorios</i> (alba)</p>	<p>Reis glorios, verais lums e clartatz, Deus poderos, Senher, si a vos platz, Al meu companh siatz fizels ajuda, Qu'eu non lo vi pos la nochs fo venguda, Et ades sera l'alba.</p> <p>Bel companho, si dormetz o velhatz? Non dormatz plus, suau vos ressidatz, Qu'en orient vei l'estela creguda Qu'amena.l jorn, qu'eu l'ai ben conoguda, Et ades sera l'alba.</p>	<p>Glorious king, true light and clarity, Almighty God, Lord, if it please You, Be a faithful aid to my companion, Because I have not seen him since the night came, And soon it will be dawn.</p> <p>Fair companion, are you sleeping or awake? Don't sleep any longer, but softly rouse yourself, For in the East I see the star arisen Which brings on the day, I know it well, And soon it will be dawn.</p>	SM
<p>Beatriz de Dia, <i>A chanter</i> (trobaritz song)</p>	<p>A cantar m'er de so qu'eu no volria, Tant me rancur de lui cui sui amia; Car ieu l'am mais que nulla ren que sia: Vas lui no.m val merces ni cortezia Ni ma beltatz ni mos pretz ni mos sens; c'atressi.m sui enganad' e trahia Com degr' esser, s'ieu fos dezavinens.</p> <p>Valer mi deu mos pretz e mos paratges E ma beltatz e plus mos fins coratges; Per qu'ieu vos man lai on es vostr' estatges Esta chanson, que me sia messatges: Ieu voill saber, lo mieus bels amics gens, Per que vos m'etz tant fers ni tant salvatges; Non sai, si s'es orgoills o mal talens.</p> <p>Mais aitan plus voill li digas, messatges, Qu'en trop d'orgoill ant gran dan maintas gens.</p>	<p>I must sing of what I do not want, I am so angry with the one whom I love, Because I love him more than anything: Mercy nor courtesy moves him, neither does my beauty, nor my worthiness, nor my good sense. For I am deceived and betrayed, As much as if I were ugly.</p> <p>My worth and my nobility should help me, My beauty and my fine heart; Therefore, I send this song down to you So that it would be my messenger. I want to know, my fair and noble friend, Why you are so cruel and savage to me; I don't know if it is arrogance or ill will.</p> <p>But I especially want you, messenger, to tell him, That many people are harmed by excess pride.</p>	TW
<p>Martin Codax, <i>Ondas do</i></p>	<p>Ondas do mar de Vigo,</p>	<p>"O sea waves of Vigo,</p>	KC

<p><i>mare de Vigo</i> (cantiga de amigo)</p>	<p>se vistes meu amigo? E ai Deus!, se verra cedo? Ondas do mar levado, se vistes meu amado? E ai Deus!, se verra cedo? Se vistes meu amigo, o por que eu sospiro? E ai Deus!, se verra cedo? Se vistes meu amado, por que ei gran coidado? E ai Deus!, se verra cedo?</p>	<p>have you seen my lover? O God, will he be back soon? O turbulent sea waves, have you seen my lover? O God, will he be back soon? Have you seen my lover, for whom I sigh? O God, will he be back soon? Have you seen my lover, whom I love so much? O God, will he be back soon?"</p>	
<p>Anon., <i>Bryd one brere</i> (Middle English lyric song)</p>	<p>Bryd one brere, brid, brid one brere, Kynd is come of love, love to crave Blythful bryd, on me thu rewe Or greyth, lef, greith thu me my grave. Hic am so blithe, so bryhit, brid on brere, Quan I se that hende in halle: Yhe is whit of lime, loveli, trewe Yhe is fayr and flur of alle. Mikte ic hire at wille haven, Stedefast of love, loveli, trewe, Of mi sorwe yhe may me saven Ioye and blisse were were me newe.</p>	<p>Bird on a briar, bird, bird on a briar, We come from love, and love we crave, Blissful bird, have pity on me, Or dig, love, dig for me my grave. I am so blithe, so bright, bird on briar When I see that handmaid in the hall: She is white-limbed, lovely, true, She is fair, and the flower of all. Might I have her at my will, Steadfast of love, lovely, true, She may save me from my sorrow; Joy and bliss would wear me new.</p>	<p>SL</p>
<p>Guillaume de Machaut, <i>Lai de Nostre Dame</i> (monophonic lai)</p>	<p>Contre ce doulz mois de may, Pour avoir le cuer plus gay Et plus joli, Et pour celle a qui m'ottri Weil faire un lay.... Dame, vierge et Mere appelee. En ciel en terre, en mer loee... <i>Fleur de tous biens enluminee, Estes, dont nostre vie est nee.</i></p>	<p>In this sweet month of May, To have a heart more joyful And beautiful, And for her to whom I give myself, I will compose a lai.... Lady, called Virgin and Mother, Praised in heaven, on earth, and at sea... <i>You are the flower enlightened by all goodness, from which our life was born.</i></p>	<p>DH</p>
<p>Anon., <i>Bon vin, je ne te puis laisser</i> (Bayeux MS)</p>	<p>Bon vin, je ne te puis laisser, Je t'ay m'amour donnee, Ane hauvoy! Je t'ay m'amour donnee. Souvent m'as fait la soif passer, Bon vin je ne te puis laisser, Ne soir ne matinée, Ane hauvoy! Ne soir ne matinée.</p>	<p>Good wine, I cannot forsake you, I have offered you my love, Hey, evohé! I have given you my love. Often have you quenched my thirst, Good wine, I cannot forsake you, Neither in the evening, nor in the morning, Hey, evohé! Neither in the evening, nor in the morning.</p>	<p>HM</p>

<p>Anon., <i>Veri solis radius</i> (Aquitanian versus)</p>	<p>Veri solis radius Et sol pleni luminis, Specular innoxius, Ventrem intrat Virginis. Sic Dei non alius, Filius fit hominis.</p> <p>Vernis, qui sub vespere Mundi iubar exerit, Ramum siccat hedere, Quo se Jonas operit. Non in umbra littere Spem salutis ingerit.</p>	<p>A beam of the pure sun, The sun of shining light, A ray of purity, Enters the womb of the Virgin. In just this way did God's Son Become the Son of man.</p> <p>In spring, at fall of night, The world-star rises, And dried the ivy frond, Where Jonah hid. It is not in the shadow of the word That he holds out hope for salvation.</p>	<p>DH & SL</p>
<p>Anon., <i>Sumer is icumen in</i> (Reading rota)</p>	<p>Sumer is icumen in, lhude sing cuccu! Groweth sed and bloweth med and springth the wude nu. Sing cuccu! Awe bleteth after lomb, lhouth after calve cu. Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth, murie sing cuccu! Cuccu cuccu; wel singes thu cuccu, ne swik thu naver nu!</p> <p>Pes: Sing cuccu; sing cuccu! Sing cuccu! Sing cuccu nu!</p>	<p>Summer is a-coming in, loudly sing, cuckoo! Grows the seed and blooms the meadow, and springs the wood anew. Sing, cuckoo! Ewe is bleating for the lamb, the cow lows for the calf; the bullock's leaping, buck's cavorting. Merry sing, cuckoo! Cuckoo, cuckoo; Well singest thou, cuckoo; do not ever cease now!</p> <p>Pes: Sing cuckoo! Sing cuckoo! Sing cuckoo! Sing cuckoo!</p>	<p>TW</p>
<p>Orlando Gibbons, <i>Cries of London</i></p>	<p>God give you good morrow, my masters, past three o'clock and a fair morning. New mussels, new lilywhite mussels. Hot coddlings, hot. New cockles, new great cockles, New great sprats, new. New great lampreys, New fresh herrings, New haddock, new, New thornback, new.</p> <p>Hot apple pies, hot. Hot pippin pies hot. Fine pomegranates, fine. Hot mutton pies, hot. Buy a rope. Rosemary and bays quick and gentle, Ripe chestnuts, ripe. Ripe walnuts, ripe. Ripe small nuts, ripe. White cabbage, white young cabbage white.</p>	<p>SM SL HM KC JA BI DH TW SM</p> <p>SL JA DH KC HM BI JA DH HM TW</p>	

	<p>White turnips, white young turnips, white.</p> <p>White lettuce, white young lettuce white. Buy any ink, will you buy any pens, very fine writing ink, will you buy any ink? Ha' ye any rats or mice to kill?</p> <p>Oysters, oysters, oysters, three-pence a peck at Bridewell dock, new Wallfleet oysters. Oyez! If any man or woman can tell any tidings of a grey mare with a long mane and a short tail; she halts down right before, and is stark lame behind; and was lost the thirtieth day of February. He that can tell any tidings of her, let him come to the Crier, and he shall have well for his hire. Will you buy any fine tobacco? Ripe damsons, fine ripe damsons Hard garlic, hard, Will you buy any Aqua Vitae, mistress? Buy a barrel of Samphire. What is't you lack? Fine wrought shirts or smocks? Perfum'd waistcoats, fine bone lace or edgings, sweet gloves, silk garters, very fine silk garters, fine combs or glasses.</p> <p>Old doublets, old doublets, old doublets, old doublets, old doublets, ha' ye any old doublets? Ha' ye any corns on your feet or toes? Fine potatoes, fine. Will you buy any starch or clear complexion, mistress?</p> <p>Poor naked Bedlam, Tom's acold, a small cut of thy bacon or a piece of thy sow's side, good Bess, God Almighty bless thy wits. Quick periwinkles, quick, quick, quick. Will you buy any scurvy grass? Buy a new almanack.</p> <p>Will you have any small coal?</p> <p>Good, gracious people, for the Lord's sake pity the poor women; we lie cold and comfortless night and day on the bare boards in the dark dungeon in great misery. Hot spice cakes, hot oatcakes. Lanterns and candlelight, hang out maids for all night. And so we make an end.</p>	<p>SM</p> <p>JA SL BI</p> <p>KC JA</p> <p>DH BA JA TW BA SL HM</p> <p>JA</p> <p>DH SM JA</p> <p>BA</p> <p>JA SL KC</p> <p>BI</p> <p>TW TW</p> <p>BI SM SM & SL</p>
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<p>Alvin Lucier (b. 1931), <i>Antequam Abraham</i></p>	<p>Antequam Abraham fieret ego sum</p>	<p>Before Abraham was, I am (John 8:58)</p>	<p>all</p>
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