


TEXAS EARLY MUSIC PROJECT

DANIEL JOHNSON, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

Complaints Through the Ages


PROGRAM (THE AYRING OF GRIEVANCES)


ALWAYS DOWLAND, ALWAYS DOLEFUL

If my complaints could passions mooue  John Dowland, 1563–1626; *First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597
Jenifer Thyssen, soloist, with Ensemble



FRENCH CHANSONS: OF PAYCHECKS & HUSBANDS


Si j'ay perdu mon amy  Josquin des Prez, c.1452/1455 – 1521
Male Singers

Adieu mes amours  Josquin des Prez; *Harmonice musices Oddecaton A*, Venezia (1504)
Ryland Angel & David Lopez, soloists
Stephanie Raby & John Walters, viols

Et quant je suis couchée  Anonymous, pub. 1532
Ensemble





LOVE'S PASSION


Ohimè dov'è il mio ben  Claudio Monteverdi, 1567-1643; *Il settimo libro de madrigali*, 1619
Poem by Bernardo Tasso, 1493-1569
Gitanjali Mathur & Meredith Ruduski, soloists, with Continuo



THE CIRCLE OF LIFE


The Winter of Life  Anonymous, *The Scots Musical Museum*, 1796;
poem by Robert Burns, 1759-1796; arr. D. Johnson
Ryland Angel, soloist, with Ensemble

O grief! Ev'n on the Bud  Thomas Morley, 1557-1603; *Canzonets or Little Short Aires to 5 and 6 Voices*, 1597
Vocal Ensemble

The Bonny Earl of Murray  Anonymous, *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733; arr. D. Johnson
Jenifer Thyssen, Cayla Cardiff, & Stephanie Prewitt, with Ensemble




THE SAILOR'S WIFE

Nu dobbert mijn Liefje op de Ree  Constantijn Huygens, 1596-1687;
poem G.A. Bredero, 1585-1618 arr. D. Johnson
Cayla Cardiff, soloist, with Meredith Ruduski & Stephanie Prewitt, with Ensemble



A PLEASING MELANCHOLY

Now, o now I needs must part  John Dowland; *First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597
Shari Alise Wilson, soloist, with Ensemble

 INTERMISSION (WHAT? ALREADY?) 

THE PAIN IN THE SPACE BETWEEN MY EARS

La teste m'y fait si grant mal 🎭 Anonymous; pub. Pierre Attaingnant,
Trente et six chansons musicales a quatre parties; Paris, 1530
Jenifer Thyssen, Robbie LaBanca, David Lopez, & Gil Zilkha



A TROUVÈRE & A CRANKY TROUBADOUR

Trop est mes maris jalos 🎭 Etienne de Meaux, 13th c.
Stephanie Prewitt, soloist

Fort m'enoia, s'o auzes dire 🎭 Lo Monge de Montaudon, fl. 1193-1210
Ensemble



DESERTED AT MIDNIGHT WITH THE RESULT BEING A BEAUTIFUL DESSERT

Si la noche haze escura 🎭 Anonymous; *Cancionero de Upsala*, 1556)
Jeffrey Jones-Ragona, Robbie LaBanca, & Thann Scoggin



THE JEALOUS LOVER

Usurpator tiranno 🎭 Giovanni Felice Sances, c.1600-1679; *Cantade Libro Secondo*, 1633
Jenny Houghton, soloist, with Continuo



LOVE AT A DISTANCE

Musing on the roaring Ocean 🎭 Anonymous; *The Scots Musical Museum*, 1788;
poem by Robert Burns; arr. D. Johnson
Erin Calata, soloist, with Ensemble

Depairte, depairte 🎭 Anonymous, 16th century; arr. D. Johnson
Cayla Cardiff, Ryland Angel, Daniel Johnson, & Thann Scoggin, with Continuo



BAD TIMING: A TRAGIC CONSEQUENCE

Plorate filii Israel 🎭 Giacomo Carissimi, 1604-1674; *Historia di Jephthe*, c. 1648
Choir with Continuo



I AM, THEREFORE I COMPLAIN

Pachelbel's Complaint 2018 🎭 Johann Pachelbel, 1653-1706 (*Canon and Gigue for 3 violins and basso continuo*)
Antonio Vivaldi, 1678-1741 (*Le quattro stagioni: Concerto No. 4 in F minor, Op. 8, RV 297: Winter, excerpt*)
Arr. D. Johnson, 2009, rev. 2018;
Texts by TEMP members and William Shakespeare, 1564-1616
Ryland Angel (Amintas), Gitanjali Mathur (Cassiopeia), & Brett Barnes (Narrator), soloists, with Ensemble

🎭 **FIN (THEY DIDN'T USE MY COMPLAINT!)** 🎭

TEXAS EARLY MUSIC PROJECT
COMPLAINTS

Special Guest:

Ryland Angel, *tenor & alto*

Elaine Barber, *harps*
Brett Barnes, *bass*
Erin Calata, *mezzo-soprano*
Cristian Cantu, *tenor*
Cayla Cardiff, *soprano*
Bruce Colson, *Baroque violin*
Therese Honey, *harps*
Scott Horton, *archlute, vibuela, & guitar*
Jenny Houghton, *soprano*
Daniel Johnson, *tenor*
Eric Johnson, *bass*
Jeffrey Jones-Ragona, *tenor*
Robbie LaBanca, *tenor*

Sean Lee, *alto*
David Lopez, *tenor*
Gitanjali Mathur, *soprano*
Stephanie Prewitt, *alto*
Stephanie Raby, *bass viol & Baroque violin*
Susan Richter, *alto & recorders*
Meredith Ruduski, *soprano*
Thann Scoggin, *bass*
Jenifer Thyssen, *soprano*
John Walters, *bass viol, vielle, & mandolin*
Shari Alise Wilson, *soprano*
Gil Zilkha, *bass*

Please visit www.early-music.org to read the biographies of TEMP artists.

III. CANTVS.

If my complaints could passions moue, or make loue fe wherein I suffer wrongs, had governd me to long.

O loue I lue and die in thee, thy grieft in my deepe kindnes breakes, yet thou dost mee my hart for thy vn-kindnes breakes, thou fault thou

hope when I despaire, and when I hope thou makst me hope in vaine, canst my hartes repaire, yet for redresse thou leift me full complainne.

Can loue be rich and yet I want,
Is loue my iudge and yet am I condemn'd?
Thou pleas't my hart, yet me dost scant,
Thou make'st a god, and yet thy power content'st.
That I do lue it is thy power,
That I desire it is thy worth,

If loue doth make mens lues too fowre
Let me not loue, nor lue henceforth:
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That thou that of my fall may heares be
May here despaire, which truly faith,
I was more true to loue, then loue to me.

VI. BASSVS.

If my complaints could passions moue, could passions moue, or make loue fe wherein I suffer wrongs, had governd me to long.

O loue I lue and die in thee, thy grieft in my deepe kindnes breakes, yet thou dost mee my hart for thy vn-kindnes breakes, thou fault thou

hope in vaine, full complainne.

TENOR.

If my complaints could passions moue, could passions moue, or make loue fe wherein I suffer wrongs, had governd me to long.

O loue I lue and die in thee, thy grieft in my deepe kindnes breakes, yet thou dost mee my hart for thy vn-kindnes breakes, thou fault thou

hope in vaine, full complainne.

C.

Dowland's "If my complaints could passions moue," from the *First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597 (Boston Public Library, G.401.51 Folio) The book was designed as a "table book" so that it could be set down flat on a table to be read by a small ensemble of musicians sitting around it in a circle. In order to facilitate this kind of performance, the parts for each member of the ensemble are printed in differing orientations.

INTRODUCTORY NOTES

“I am, therefore I complain.” It’s not that simple, of course, but humans have always had things to complain about, ranging from life-threatening and quality of life issues to invented or superficial annoyances that simply don’t fit into their idea of what “a good day” should hold. This concert illustrates with humor and poignancy just how consistent humankind has been in its complaining over the last thousand years or so—a mere blink of an eye in cosmic terms. While most of the selections deal with specific complaints or woes, such as a bad marriage, a hangover, unrequited love, departing, senseless death, and the like, the selections also reveal a satire on society as a whole. For example, the 12th-century troubadour song *Fort m’enoia s’o auzes dire* creates a mental image of its time, very much like a movie scene; but *that* time is not as unlike *our* time as we might expect. The details have changed, of course, but the emotions really haven’t.

The idea for this concert came about in 2008 from Stephanie Prewitt, whose mother heard an NPR radio segment about “Complaint Choirs” in Europe. After being completely captivated by the Helsinki Complaint Choir on YouTube, we decided that it would be fun to do a survey of musical complaints within our purview of “early music,” c. 1100–1800, and to find things that were either unique to their times or that connect us. One of the enlightening things I found is that, until relatively recently, people couldn’t complain “out loud” about the ruling class because the complainers might find that their heads were rather quickly separated from their shoulders. As a result, complaints were, for the most part, about lost love, heartache, and personal affairs; if a complaint was indeed about the powers-that-be, it was cloaked in satire and double entendre.

We decided it would be fun (and also necessary) to create our own satire on society for our 2009 concert, so TEMP members submitted personal complaints and we strained them down to a precious few using Pachelbel’s *Canon* as the musical basis. For this year’s concert, we’ve revised it a bit with additions and other changes, both textual and musical. In an effort to keep it a surprise as long as possible, we haven’t included the text for *Pachelbel’s Complaint 2018* in this program, but it will be shown via supertitles as we perform it. We hope you enjoy it and will recognize some of your very own complaints amongst ours!

Daniel Johnson
April, 2018

TEMP FOUNDER & ARTISTIC DIRECTOR



Daniel Johnson has performed and toured both as a soloist and ensemble member in such groups as the New York Ensemble for Early Music, Sotto Voce (San Francisco), and Musa Iberica (London). He has been the artistic director of the Texas Early Music Project since its inception in 1987. Johnson was also the director of the UT Early Music Ensemble, one of the largest and most active in the U.S., from 1986 to 2003. He was a member of the Higher Education Committee of Early Music America from 1996–2000. In 1998, he was awarded Early Music America’s Thomas Binkley Award for university ensemble directors and he was also the recipient of the 1997 Quattlebaum Award at the College of Charleston. Johnson serves on the faculty, staff, and the Executive Advisory Board of the Amherst Early Music Festival and has directed the Texas Toot workshops since 2002. He was inducted into the

Austin Arts Hall of Fame in 2009.



NOTES, TEXTS, & TRANSLATIONS

ALWAYS DOWLAND, ALWAYS DOLEFUL

John Dowland was a singer, lutenist, and composer of many of the most popular lute songs of the Elizabethan era. Dowland's music often centers on a melancholia that reflected his frustrations with his lack of a career at the English court. (He worked at the court of Christian IV of Denmark and was one of the highest paid members of the court.) He wrote a consort piece with the punning title *Semper Dowland, semper dolens* (*Always Dowland, always doleful*), which sums up much of his work. The piece *If my complaints could passions mooue* is the vocal version of his popular instrumental dance, *Captain Digorie Piper's Galliard*.

If my complaints could passions mooue ♪ John Dowland, 1563–1626; *First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597
(Here is the text as printed in the 1597 score; see if you can follow along with the reproduction on page 3.)

If my complaints could passions mooue,
Or make loue see wherein I suffer wrong:
My passions weare enough to prooue,
That my despayrs had gouernd me to long.
O loue, I liue and dye in thee;
Thy grieffe in my deepe sighes still speakes:
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in mee,
My hart for thy unkindness breakes.
Yet thou doest hope when I despaire,
And when I hope, thou makst me hope in vaine.
Thou saist thou canst my harmes repaire,
Yet for redresse, thou letst me still complaine.

Can loue be ritch, and yet I want?
Is loue my iudge and yet am I condemn'd?
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant;
Thou made a god, and yet thy power contemn'd.
That I do liue, it is thy power;
That I desire, it is thy worth.
If loue doth make mens liues too sowre,
Let me not loue nor liue henceforth:
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you, that of my fall may hearers be
May here despaire, which truly saith,
I was more true to loue then loue to me.



FRENCH CHANSONS: OF PAYCHECKS & HUSBANDS

Although **Josquin des Prez** was known as “the master of the notes,” he enjoyed a little musical humor as well. The first of these two chansons by Josquin is a lover’s complaint but with a sophisticated text. The second is a complaint about having to depart the court due to lack of payment from the head of the court—a common complaint from Medieval and Renaissance composers and artists. The bottom two parts are in imitation of the top voice, but they are also in canon at the 4th with each other. The virtuosic second part imitates and ornaments elements from the other parts and sometimes introduces new motives. The third piece in this set is a *chanson de mal-mariée*, which developed with the Medieval *trouvère* tradition and continued well into the Renaissance repertoire, not only in France, but throughout Europe. It hasn’t really gone away, has it? The following ‘bad-marriage’ song has the same ingredients as the medieval model, but it doesn’t offer the respite of a charming and gallant lover.

Si j’ay perdu mon amy & Josquin des Prez, c.1452/1455–1521

Si j’ay perdu mon amy,
Je n’ay point cause de rire.
Je l’ay si long temps servy.
Vray Dieu, qu’en volez vous dire?
Il y a an et demy
Qu’a mon gré l’avoys choisy.
Morte suis se je ne l’ay:
Qu’en volez vous donc dire de moy?

If I have lost my lover,
I have no reason to laugh.
I have served him so long.
True God: what would you say of it?
It is a year and a half
Since, to my joy, I chose him.
I am dead if I do not have him.
What would you then say about me?

Adieu mes amours & Josquin des Prez; *Harmonice musices Odbecatón A*, Venezia (1504)

Upper Voice:
Adieu mes amours, on m’atant,
Ma boursse n’enffle ne s’etend,
Et brief je suis en desarroy.
Jusquez a ce qu’il plaise au roy
Me faire avancer du content.

Upper Voice:
Farewell my loves, I am awaited,
My purse will not stretch and not grow.
And briefly I am in confusion
Until it should please the king
To forward me some cash.

Lower Voice:
Adieu mes amours,
Adieu vous command:
Adieu je vous dy jusquez au printemps.
Je suis en souci de quoy je vivray.
La raison pour quoy, je le vous diray:
Je n’ay point d’argent: vivray je du vent,
Se l’argent du roy ne vient plus souvent.

Lower Voice:
Farewell my loves,
I bid you farewell:
I say farewell to you until the spring.
I am worried about what I shall live on.
The reason for this I will tell you:
I have no more money: Shall I live on air
If money from the king does not come more often?

Et quant je suis couchée & Anonymous, pub. 1532

Et quant je suis couchée o mon villain mary,
Sans cesse suis noyée et aussi noise luy
Tant sanguigneusement:
Arriere villain, avant, avant.
Je pleure et maulditz l’heure
De quoy le villain vit tant,
Arriere villain, avant, avant.

And when I lie with my churlish husband,
He quarrels with me, and I with him
So violently:
Back, churl, come on.
I weep and curse the hour
That the churl lives so long.
Back, churl, come on.



LOVE'S PASSION

Claudio Monteverdi's *Seventh Book of Madrigals* is a progressive leap from the general definition of madrigals, as most of the pieces in the book are for two voices of the same range, a genre that Monteverdi explored with magnificent results, especially when the text called for interweaving dissonance and voice crossings to express pain. In *Ohimè dov'è il mio ben*, two sopranos sing over a simple *romanesca* harmonic pattern and the painfully ironic anguish of the poem is brilliantly realized.

Ohimè dov'è il mio ben ∞ Claudio Monteverdi, 1567-1643; *Il settimo libro de madrigali*; 1619;
poem by Bernardo Tasso, 1493-1569

Ohimè dov'è il mio ben, dov'è il mio core? Chi m'asconde il mio ben, e chi me'l toglie?	Alas, where is my beloved, where is my heart? Who has concealed my love and taken him away?
Dunque ha potuto sol desio d'honore Darmi fera cagion di tante doglie?	Can it be that my desire of honor alone Should bring me such grief?
Dunque han potuto in me, più che'l mio amore, Ambizioso'e troppo lievi voglie?	Can it be that in me, even more than love, That ambition and vainglory have prevailed?
Ahi sciocco mondo e cieco! Ahi cruda sorte, Che ministro mi fai della mia morte!	Alas, foolish, blind world! Alas, cruel fate, Which has made me minister of my own death!



THE CIRCLE OF LIFE

Scottish ballads of the late 18th century were enormously popular, not only in Scotland, but also in England and on the Continent—songs and tunes were arranged by composers such as Haydn and Beethoven. *The Scots Musical Museum* went through several printings as well as six different volumes between 1787-1803. The melodies were beautiful and singable (although many had ranges much wider than ordinary for the time), the texts were picturesque and passionate, and **Robert Burns's** popularity was so widespread that he became part of the publication team, contributing almost 200 poems and older collected songs to the publication. The three songs of this set concern the near universal complaint of aging and death, even with the added complication of murder! Some people age gracefully and feel no need to complain, so we don't get songs and poems from them!. Thomas Morley's miniature gem is fittingly darker in mood than most of his madrigals and canzonets, because it concerns death, presumably by disease. *The Bonny Earle of Murray* is relatively old among the Scottish ballads, and was written about the murder of the Earl of Moray (pronounced Murray) by his rival, the Earl of Huntly, in 1592. It was thought that Moray was involved in a plot against King James VI. The murder became a much-talked-about event in the area, with many varying accounts and romanticized additions.

The Winter of Life ∞ Anonymous, *The Scots Musical Museum*, 1796;
poem by Robert Burns, 1759-1796; arr. D. Johnson

But lately seen in gladsome green the Woods rejoiced the Day,
Thro' gentle showers the laughing Flowers in double pride were gay:
But now our joys are fled on winter blasts awa'!
Yet maiden May, in rich array, again shall bring them a'.

But my white pow nae kindly thows shall melt the Snaws of Age; My Trunk of eild, but buss or beild, sinks in Time's wintry rage; Oh, Age has weary Days and Nights o' sleepless pain. Thou golden time o' Youthful prime, why com'st thou not again!	(pow: head of hair) (buss: bush; beild: shelter)
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O grief! Ev'n on the Bud ♪ Thomas Morley, 1557-1603; *Canzonets or Little Short Aires to 5 and 6 Voices*, 1597

O grief! Ev'n on the Bud that fairly flowered
The Sun hath lowered;
And, ah, the Breast (which Love durst never venture)
Bold Death did enter.
Pity, O Heavens, that have my Love in keeping, my cries and weeping.

The Bonny Earle of Murray ♪ Anonymous, *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1733; arr. D. Johnson

Ye Highlands and ye Lowlands, oh! Where ha'e ye been,
They have slain the Earle of Murray, and they lay'd him on the Green.
He was a braw Gallant, and he rid at the Ring,
And the bonny Earle of Murray, oh! he might have been a King.

He was a braw Gallant, and he play'd at the Ba',
And the bonny Earle of Murray was the Flow'r amang them a'.
He was a braw Gallant, and he play'd at the Glove,
And the bonny Earle of Murray, he was the Queen's love.



THE SAILOR'S WIFE

Rarely do we know the names of both the poet and composer of works during the 17th century, but it is true of *Nu dobbert mijn Liefje op de Ree*. Gerbrand Adriaenszoon Bredero was an Amsterdam-born poet and playwright in the Dutch Golden Age. He wrote several plays and a many of his poems were set to music. **Constantijn Huygens** was born in The Hague and was famous as both a poet and composer. The picturesque poetry with its constant references to Greek mythology suggests variations in the accompanying instruments. The sailor's life was full of unknowns and constant danger. That must have served as a continuing source of stress and fear for family left behind, who were imagining the worst for their loved ones on the seas.

Nu dobbert mijn Liefje op de Ree ♪ Constantijn Huygens, 1596-1687;
poem G.A. Bredero, 1585-1618; arr. D. Johnson

Nu dobbert mijn Liefje op de Ree,
Op de woelende, springhende baaren,
Van de wyluchtighe, groote Zee
Dien hij, elacy! Nu sal bewaren.
Vaart heen, vaart voorde windt
En denkt altoos, waar datje sint
Op haar die u bemindt.

Och had ick twee ooghen als de Son,
Die de gantsche Wereld beschouwen,
Of dat ickje, troosje, volghen kon,
Ick zouw u steeds gheselschap houwen.
Maar of 't lichamelijck niet gheschiet—
Vermits de eerbaarheid 't mijn verbiedt—
Mijn Ziel en latet niet.

En al mis ik Dedalus kunst,
Die door de Lucht sijn Lief kon draghen,
Ick sal u gheleiden met mijn gunst,
Mijn waarste Lief, mijn wel behagen.
Waar ick ontslaghen van 't lodsich vleys
Mijn Geest trock met u op de reys,
Nu doetet mijn ghepeins.

Now my Love is floating on the ship,
On the restless, rising waves,
On the grand and spacious sea
That he, alas! must now go sail.
Sail away, as winds prevail,
And always think, where e'er you be,
On she who loves you.

Oh, had I two eyes like the Sun,
That I could survey the whole world,
Or if I could, dear one, follow thee,
I would be by thee constantly.
But if it can't be bodily—
For honor doth forbid me that—
My soul shall never love deny.

And though I lack Daedalus's art
Who could carry his love through the air,
I'll guide you with my truest love,
My favor and my pleasure merry.
Were I but free from fleshly bonds,
My spirit then would go with you
Where now my thoughts do wander.

Had ick Medeas Tovercracht
Ick sou Aeolus in sijn Klippen:
Bekollen mey sijn volle macht
Dat niet een wintje hem sou ontslippen.
Of borster een stoocker uyt sijn sack;
Die sou ick in u seylen strack,
Gaan sturen met ghemack.

De winden, 't water en de vloet,
Hippende Starren en vaste Polen:
Die worden nu mijn hoochste goet
Mijn Lief, mijn licht, mijn leven bevolen;
O goedertieren Gode vermaart
O regheerders van Hemel en aart
Mijn waarde Ceyx bewaart.

Alcyone u lieve Bruyt die schreyt
't Hart wil heur van droefheyte scheuren.
Om dattet das buldert, stormt, en wayt
Diet u Tortelduyfje niet van treuren.
O Ceyx! O Ceyx! Waardighen Man!
Wat hartseer gaat u Vroutjen an,
Die can u niet syn en can.

If I had Medea's witchcraft,
I would be Aeolus on his peaks:
I would put a spell on him
That not one little wind would escape him.
There would burst a strong gust from his sack;
I would send it into the sails to tighten them,
I would do it with ease.

The wind, the water, and the tide,
Twinkling stars in their fixed poles:
There became my highest good
My life, my light, my counselor;
O good-hearted God, most famous,
O ruler of heaven and earth,
Guard my dear Ceyx.

Alcyone your sweet bride weeps
The heart wants to tear her from sadness.
Because it thunders, storms, and blows
Your little turtle-dove knows only sorrow.
O Ceyx! O Ceyx! Worthy man!
What heart-pain happens to your little wife,
Who cannot be away from you.



A PLEASING MELANCHOLY

Now, o now I needs must part was originally an instrumental dance, known affectionately as the *Frog Galliard*. Reportedly its title has to do with a rejected suitor of Queen Elizabeth I, the Duc d'Alençon, whom the Queen referred to as her "frog." It was one of Dowland's most popular pieces and became so well known that some believed the tune to be a folk tune.

Now, o now I needs must part ♪ John Dowland; *First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, 1597

Now, o now I needs must part, parting though I absent mourn.
Absence can no joy impart, joy once fled cannot return.
While I live I needs must love, love lives not when hope is gone.
Now at last despair doth prove love divided loveth none.
Sad despair doth drive me hence, this despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence, it is she which then offends.

Dear, when I from thee am gone, gone are all my joys at once,
I loved thee and thee alone, In whose love I joyed once.
And although your sight I leave, sight wherein my joys do lie,
Till that death do sense bereave, never shall affection die.
Sad despair doth drive me hence, this despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence, it is she which then offends.

Dear, if I do not return, love and I shall die together,
For my absence never mourn, whom you might have joyed ever.
Part we must, though now I die, die I do to part with you.
Him despair doth cause to lie, who both lived and dieth true.
Sad despair doth drive me hence, this despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence, it is she which then offends.

🐸 INTERMISSION (WHAT? ALREADY?) 🐸

THE PAIN IN THE SPACE BETWEEN MY EARS

Surely we all know someone who has suffered through a hangover or migraine in the same manner as this fellow's complaint. The difference lies in the availability of a quick OTC remedy.

La teste m'y faict si grant mal ♪ Anonymous; pub. Pierre Attaignant,
Trente et six chansons musicales a quatre parties; Paris, 1530

La teste m'y faict si grant mal:
L'autre jour m'estoys couché,
Cuidant bien me reposer,
Ma femme commence a crier:
"Sus, reveillez vous, reveillez!"
Hé, Dieu, je suis en grant travail!
La teste m'y faict si grant mal!

My head aches so badly:
The other day I was lying down,
Thinking to take some rest,
My wife begins to yell:
"Up, wake up!"
Oh God, woe is me.
My head aches so badly!



A TROUVÈRE & A CRANKY TROUBADOUR

We continue our whirlwind tour of complaints with a 12th-century troubadour piece and a 13th-century trouvère piece from what is now France. In general, the poet/composers of the southern lands known as Occitania were called *troubadours*. Those in northern France were called *trouvères*, which is the old French equivalent of the word troubadours. The languages of the two regions were completely different but the compositional style and techniques of the north imitated that of the south, where the whole phenomenon of poet/composers began around 1100 and influenced the rest of Europe for several generations.

One of the most characteristic categories of trouvère songs were those of the *mal-mariée*—the bad marriage. These texts typically involve an unhappy wife, a jealous and somewhat boorish husband, and a charming lover, who the unhappy wife thinks will whisk her away from the bad-tempered husband.

Trop est mes maris jalos ♪ Etienne de Meaux; 13th c.

Trop est mes maris jalos,
Sorcuidez, fel et estouz,
Mes il sera par tens cous
Se je truis mon ami douz,
Li gentil, li savoros.
Mari ne pris rien.
Q'il n'aiment nul bien.
Je'l vos di: Dire fi
Doit on du vilain plain d'ennui.

My husband is very jealous,
Presumptuous, cruel and proud,
But he will, in time, be a cuckold
If I find my sweet lover,
The generous, charming one.
My husband I care naught for;
Husbands like nothing good.
I tell you: One should send
The boring churl packing.

Quant a la fenestre vois,
Il me guete trestoz jorz;
Sachiez q'il vit seur mon pois,
Car por lui pert mes amors.
Il set bien que j'aime aillors;
Or se puet desver,
Car je vueil amer.
Je'l vos di: Dire fi
Doit on du vilain plain d'ennui.

When I look out the window
He's spying on me all day long;
He is a real weight on me,
Because I lose my love on his account.
He knows perfectly well that I love elsewhere.
Now he can go crazy,
Because I want to love.
I tell you: One should send
The boring churl packing.

Por tot l'avoir de Cisteaus
Ne doit avoir cuer joli,
(Ce dit Estiene de Miauz)
Jolie dame mari,
Ançois doit avoir ami.

For all the wealth in Cîteaux
It is not fitting that a pretty heart
(So says Etienne de Meaux)
Or a fine lady take a husband;
Instead she must have a lover.

Et je l'en crerai,
Et ami avrai.
Je'l vos di: Dire fi
Doit on du vilain plain d'ennui.

And I will believe him,
And I will have a lover.
I tell you: One should send
The boring churl packing.

This rant from one of the more peculiar of the troubadour poets gives a crystal-clear view into the lives of the people of Occitania (and Europe in general) towards the end of the 12th century. Peire de Vic was a nobleman, monk, and troubadour from the Auvergne, where he became a Benedictine monk around 1180, hence his pen name, **Lo Monge de Montaudon**, meaning “the monk of Montaudon.” According to his poem, there was plenty to complain about because of bullies, show-offs, gossipers, the haughty, bad cooks, and other more colorful characters in the populace. One doesn't have to look very hard to find the same character flaws among our neighbors and celebrities, right? And although it's rare that we must flee on a heavily armored horse, we can all attest to the difficulty of running on an icy road or the disappointment in having a pot of soup with too little meat. In addition to the lyrics printed here, we will be providing an assortment of other portions of the poem. No translation will be necessary!

Fort m'enoia, s'o auzes dire ♪ Lo Monge de Montaudon, fl. 1193-1210 (excerpts)

Fort m'enoia, s'o auzes dire,
Parliers quant es avols servire;
Et hom que trop vol autr'aucire
M'enoia, e cavals que tire.

I am annoyed a great deal, if I dare say it,
By a babbler when he is a poor servant;
And one who wants too much to mistreat others
Annoys me, and the horse that balks.

Et enoia.m, per-vit' eterna,
Manjar ses foc, quan fort iverna,
Encar i a mais que m'enoia:
Cavalcar ses capa de ploia.
Et enoia.m, per Saint Dalmatz,
Avols hom en trop gran solatz,
E fivella ses ardaillo,
Qui no pot dormir quant a son,
Maior enoi non sai el mon.

And I dislike, by eternal life,
Eating without a fire, when it's mid-winter,
Yet there is more I dislike:
Riding horseback without a cape in the rain.
And I am annoyed, by Saint Delmas,
A vile man with too much joy,
And a buckle without a prong,
And when you can't sleep when you're sleepy,
That's the worst vexation the world knows.



DESERTED AT MIDNIGHT WITH THE RESULT BEING A BEAUTIFUL DESSERT

There are numerous love songs in the Medieval and Renaissance periods that transition from the darkness of night to the light of dawn. In the troubadour repertoire the category is known as an *alba*, a term that spread to other cultures as well. We present a popular gem from Iberia, published in the *Cancionero de Upsala*. Featuring close imitation and controlled dissonance, *Si la noche haze escura* aptly depicts the pain and confusion of heartbreak and ranks among the most beautiful pieces of the period.

Si la noche haze escura ♪ Anonymous; *Cancionero de Upsala*, 1556

Si la noche haze escura
Y tan corto es el camino,
Cómo no venís, amigo?

If the night is dark
And the road is short,
Why don't you come, my love?

La media noche es pasada
Y el que me pena no viene.
Mi desdicha lo detiene,
Que nascí tan desdicha,

Midnight has passed
And he who pains me comes not.
My wretchedness stops him,
I who was born wretched.

Hazeme bivar penada,
Y muéstraseme enemigo.
Cómo no venís, amigo?

He makes me live in pain,
And reveals himself as my enemy.
Why don't you come, my love?



THE JEALOUS LOVER

As more and more of his works are slowly discovered, edited, and recorded, **Giovanni Felice Sances** has become an increasingly popular and important composer, especially of solo cantatas and motets for small forces. He was a renowned singer in Italy before moving to Vienna, where he became assistant Kapellmeister in the imperial court. This love poem is tricky, as we initially think that the love interest, Lilla, is as devoted to the singer as he is to her and that she is deprived of his company. As the song progresses, it becomes slowly evident that the whole “affair” is a little one-sided. In current times, this would probably warrant a restraining order!

Usurpator tiranno 🌀 Giovanni Felice Sances, c.1600-1679; *Cantade Libro Secondo*, Venice, 1633

Usurpator tiranno della tua
Libertà sia, Lilla,
Altrui che da gl'imperi sui,
Non riceve il mio amor perdita o danno.

Although another is the tyrannous usurper
Of your freedom, Lilla,
Let him exercise his tyranny elsewhere,
My love will not be lessened or damaged.

Faccia'l geloso amante
Che non t'oda, ben mio,
Che non ti miri, saranno i miei sospiri
A suo dispetto d'amator costante.

Though the jealous lover decrees
I should not hear your voice, my beloved,
Or gaze on your face, in spite of him, my sighs
Will be those of a constant lover.

Procuri pur ch'io sia
Esule dal tuo affetto e dal tuo core;
Che non farà ch'amore
Abbandoni già mai l'anima mia.

He may well leave me exiled
From your affection and from your heart;
That will not mean that love
Will ever abandon my soul.

Di sdegno, in frà gl'ardori,
Armi la voce a strazii i miei rivolto,
Non potrà far, il stolto,
Che se ben tu non m'ami,
Io non t'adori.

Though he may harden his voice, in his passion,
In order to wound my soul,
He will never, in his foolishness,
Change the fact that even if you do not love me,
I still adore you.

Ma che val, ch'il rivale
Non mi possa impedir ch'io non ti brami,
Se per far ch'io non ami,
L'adorar giova poco,
Amar non vale.

But what does it matter whether my rival
Can or cannot prevent me desiring you,
To stop me from loving you,
My adoration helps little,
And my love not at all.

Meta de tuoi dilette
Fatto è novo amator, vago e felice,
A cui concede e lice
Il tuo voler del cor gl'ultimi accenti.

You have attained the object of your desire,
A different lover, charming and fortunate,
To whom your will and your heart
Grants the right to utter the last word.

Seguane ciò che vuole,
Adorerò com'adorai 'l tuo nome;
Le luci tue, le chiome
Saranno del mio cor catena e sole.

Let him do what he wants,
I shall continue to hold your name in adoration,
And your eyes, your hair
Will be both the bonds and the sunlight of my heart.

Si pur, Lilla, crudele,
Tenti per tormentarmi,
Angosce e affanni;
Non mi diranno gl'anni
Altro titolo mai che di fedele.

So dear Lilla, be cruel,
Try to torment me,
Cast forth anguish and pangs;
Yet the years that pass
Will grant me the name of a faithful lover.



LOVE AT A DISTANCE

In this set, we revisit the theme of long-distance love with another poem by Robert Burns. Distance was a more difficult obstacle to overcome before the days of air travel or Skype, but it spawned many lovely poems and songs as a means of comfort. The second song is a much older Scottish song dealing with separation due to less obvious reasons, but the pain (*peyn*) that it causes is unmistakable.

Musing on the roaring Ocean ♪ Anonymous; *The Scots Musical Museum*, 1788;
poem by Robert Burns; arr. D. Johnson

Musing on the roaring Ocean, which divides my love and me,
Wearying Heav'n in warm devotion, for his weal where'er he be. (weal: well-being)

Hope and Fear's alternate billow yielding late to Nature's law,
Whisp'ring Spirits round my pillow talk of him that's far awa.

Ye whom Sorrow never wounded, ye who never shed a Tear,
Care-untroubled, joy-surrounded, gaudy Day to you is dear.

Gentle Night, do thou befriend me; downy Sleep, the curtain draw:
Spirits kind, again attend me, talk of him that's far awa.

Depairte, depairte ♪ Anonymous, 16th century; arr. D. Johnson

Depairte, depairte, allace, I most depairte from hir
That hes my hairt with hairt full soir,
Agains my will in deid and can find no remeid, (in deid: indeed; remeid: remedy)
I wat the peyns of deid can do no moir. (wat: know; deid: death)

I go, allace, from sicht of hir sueit face,
The grund of all my grace and soverane. (grund: ground)
What chanss that may fall me, sall I ne'er mirry be
Unto the tyme I see my sueit agane.

I wat not whair I wandir heir and thair,
I weip and sich's rycht sair with panis smert. (sich: sigh; panis smert: sharp pain)
Now most I pass away in wild and wilsum way,
Allace this wofull day, we suld depairt.

Adew, sueit thing, my joy and comforting,
My mirth and sollesing of erdly gloir;
Fair weill, my lady bricht and my remembrance rycht,
Fair weill and haif gud nycht, I say no moir. (gud nycht: good night)



BAD TIMING: A TRAGIC CONSEQUENCE

Giacomo Carissimi had very few complaints that we know of. At the age of 24, Carissimi was offered a teaching post at the Jesuit *Collegio Germanica Ungarico* in Rome and the position of *maestro di cappella* at the college's church of Sant'Apollinare. He remained in that post for 44 years, until his death in January 1674. Many famous musicians of the time came to study with him, including Marc-Antoine Charpentier. However, for the last two centuries, his fame has rested almost entirely on only a single oratorio, *Historia di Jephthe*. The biblical story recounts Jephtha's battle against the Ammonites, during which Jephtha rashly vows that if he were to win the battle, he would offer to the Lord a sacrifice of the first person who greets him upon his return home. He leads Gilead to victory and there is much rejoicing. However, the first person to greet Jephtha when he arrives home is his only daughter. Jephtha finally realizes what his prideful vow to God has wrought. The daughter sings a moving lament and the oratorio ends with the chorus echoing her sorrow.

Plorate filii Israel ♪ Giacomo Carissimi, 1604-1674; *Historia di Jephthe*, c. 1648

Plorate filii Israel,
Plorate omnes virgines,
Et filiam Jephthe unigenitam,
In carmine doloris lamentamini.

Weep, you children of Israel,
Weep, all you virgins,
And for Jephtha's only daughter,
Lament with songs of anguish.



I AM, THEREFORE I COMPLAIN

Our reworked, revised, emended, amended, added to, subtracted from, re-revised, and modified a bit more *Pachelbel's Complaint* from 2009 will need no translation, though it will have supertitles! We knew that the music for the TEMP complaint should be something pleasing, offering a variety of potential melodic and rhythmic themes and yet contain complaints that are ubiquitous and instantly relatable. Perhaps even *too* ubiquitous and *too* instantly relatable. The complaints from Shakespeare's characters offer yet more evidence that some things never change.

Pachelbel's Complaint 2018 ♪ Johann Pachelbel, 1653-1706 (*Canon and Gigue for 3 violins and basso continuo*)
Antonio Vivaldi, 1678-1741 (*Le quattro stagioni: Concerto No. 4 in F minor, Op. 8, RV 297: Winter, excerpt*)
Arranged by Daniel Johnson, 2009, rev. 2018;
Texts by TEMP members and William Shakespeare, 1564-1616

👉 **FIN (THEY DIDN'T USE MY COMPLAINT!)** 👈

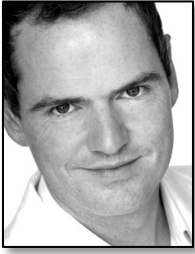


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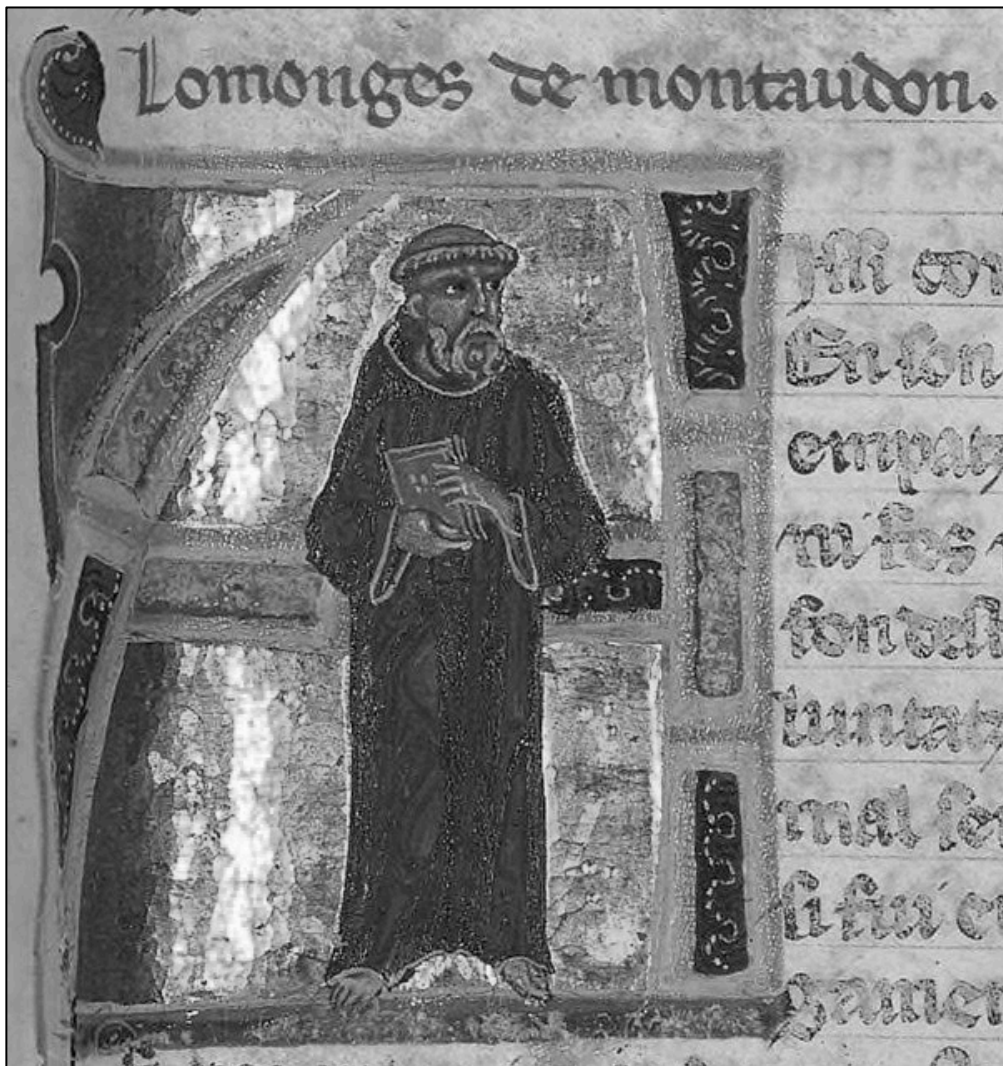
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The Grammy®-nominated tenor, countertenor, and composer **Ryland Angel** has built an international reputation on both the opera and concert stage, in repertoire ranging from the Baroque to operatic commissions at major opera houses, concert halls and festivals. He has created roles in many world premieres—most recently Gregory Spears' *Wolf-in-Skins*, the title role in *Tesla in New York* by Phil Kline and Jim Jarmusch, and new works by Tarik O'Regan and Gregory Spears. Angel has performed on over 50 recordings including music by Charpentier, Scarlatti, Stradella, Lorenzani, Peri, Händel, Monteverdi, Beaujoyeux, Bach, Rosenmüller, and Bobby McFerrin. Warner Brothers' forthcoming documentary *The Mystery of Dante* will feature his original score, as well as his voice on the title track.



"Lo monges de Montaudon" (Peire de Vic) from the 13th-century Chansonnier provençal [Chansonnier K] (Bibliothèque Nationale de France, BnF ms. 12473 fol. 121r)

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