

TEXAS EARLY MUSIC PROJECT

DANIEL JOHNSON, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR

It's About Time: *Companions*

(Arrangements & Added Polyphony by D. Johnson, except as noted)

Music Direction & Daniel Johnson
Producers & Meredith Ruduski & Daniel Johnson
Story & Script & Daniel Johnson with Meredith Ruduski
Stage Director & Phil Groeschel
Choreography & Movement & Toni Bravo
Lighting & Christopher Brockett & Wendy Brockett
Stage manager & Jacob Primeaux
Supertitles & Ethan Thyssen

ACT I

OVERTURE



SCENE 1: ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS ... THERE WAS ... AND YET THERE WAS NOT

IN A DREAMSCAPE



SCENE 2: AN IBERIAN WEDDING GATHERING, MARCH 31, 1492

THE DEPORTATION

INTERMISSION

ACT II

OVERTURE



SCENE 1: PROMENADE INTERNATIONAL

A PLEASING MELANCHOLY



SCENE 2: CAFÉ DES AMANTS: FRANCE



SCENE 3: ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS ... THERE WAS ... WASN'T THERE?

EPILOGUE

TEXAS EARLY MUSIC PROJECT
IT'S ABOUT TIME: *COMPANIONS*

Special Guests:

Ryland Angel, *tenor & alto*
Toni Bravo, *choreographer & dancer*
Jordan Moser, *dancer*
Mary Springfels, *treble viol*
Peter Walker, *bass*

The Singers (Featured Soloists *)**

Erin Calata, *mezzo-soprano ****
Cristian Cantu, *tenor*
Cayla Cardiff, *soprano ****
Heath Dill, *bass*
Rebecca Frazier-Smith, *alto*
Jenny Houghton, *soprano ****
Daniel Johnson, *tenor ****
Eric Johnson, *bass*
Jeffrey Jones-Ragona, *tenor ****
Morgan Kramer, *bass*

Robbie LaBanca, *tenor ****
Sean Lee, *alto ****
David Lopez, *tenor*
Hannah McGinty, *soprano*
Gitanjali Mathur, *soprano ****
Susan Richter, *alto*
Meredith Ruduski, *soprano ****
Jenifer Thyssen, *soprano ****
Shari Alise Wilson, *soprano ****
Gil Zilkha, *bass ****

Sara Schneider, *reader*

The Orchestra

Elaine Barber, *harp*
Bruce Colson, *Baroque violin*
Victor Eijkhout, *recorders*
Therese Honey, *harp*
Scott Horton, *archlute, vibuela, & guitar*
Jane Leggiero, *bass viol*

Josh Peters, *oud & percussion*
Stephanie Raby, *tenor viol & Baroque violin*
Susan Richter, *recorders*
John Walters, *bass viol, vielle, & mandolin*
Shari Alise Wilson, *piano*

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

NOTES, TEXTS, & TRANSLATIONS

(Arrangements and polyphony by D. Johnson except as noted)

All it takes is 1 song to bring back 1,000 memories.

My love for early music can be traced to music history courses in college when we were studying all periods of music, ancient through modern. I remember one day walking past the performance hall on campus at Texas Tech and hearing something that I had never heard before—something that completely washed over and through me and lit up some ‘memory’ I had from another time. More importantly, I instinctively felt I *knew* who the performer was somewhere deep inside; eventually, I saw her, and although she wasn’t someone I had been introduced to, there was an enigmatic recognition and connection. And, yes, we’re still friends. As it turned out, the piece that had grabbed my attention and held me motionless was Johannes Brahms’s *Intermezzo, Op. 118, No. 2 (1893)*—hardly *early music* but the memory of this pensive, Romantic-era piano piece was and remains distinctive.

Perhaps that was the conceptual beginning of *It’s About Time*: a celebration of Western art music from its earliest days through the instruments, voices, campfires, cathedrals, palaces, and concert halls over the past ten centuries. It’s a musical journey through time, a metaphysical journey, a dreamer’s journey through musical sounds from more than one lifetime. There have been three incarnations of this program, from 1998, 2000, and 2002. All three versions explored the same nonlinear sampling of both history and music, and with equally diverse repertoires.

It’s About Time: Companions is a concert with theatrical aspects, including representational costuming, stage movement, and dance. Reality is ethereal, synchronicities are the norm, dreams are reality, and the music is beautiful. Expect the unexpected as we explore the musical and theatrical dreamscape of a young woman who dreams of encountering her missing love in different times and places throughout history. The narrative is fairly simple: the search for lost love across the centuries and across several geographical areas. Several different singers throughout the time-traveling journey embody the *heroine* who is identified by the blue shawl. One is forlorn for an absent love who is away for a prolonged period, perhaps even fatally so. She finds comfort in sleep and in an extended and informational lucid dream. Another version of the *heroine* is a young Sephardic woman in 1492 who is prevented from marrying her Catholic fiancé and is exiled; the scene is set on March 31, 1492, the day the Alhambra Decree was announced. Yet another of the *heroines*, in a more modern setting, has a vague but overwhelming feeling of recognition and connection—similar to a *déjà vu*, but with deeper and more complicated effects. The chronological order of the events isn’t really crucial to our plot.

Many are familiar with the psalm setting *Miserere mei, Deus* by Gregorio Allegri (1582-1652), distinguishable by the alternation of plainchant with a five-voice choral section and also with a soloistic four-voice choir in which the soprano soars to a high C before floating down to a pedal point high G. It’s spectacular and moving, but it only vaguely resembles the original version as Allegri composed it. Over the centuries, someone (or several composers) inserted various early Baroque ornamentation practices, which became concretized as the “authentic” version. We are using the Allegri *Miserere mei, Deus* as an organizational device throughout the concert, but never in the pervasive, “modern-day” version, and never complete—the longest excerpt is only two minutes in length. The first occurrence of the *Miserere mei, Deus* in the Overture of Act I is from Allegri’s original, unadorned version, around which all the others are based. All of our versions employ the bass line and figured bass as the foundation, even in the more contemporary-sounding settings. Our versions are used either as musical bridges between pieces or as Greek chorus-style commentary on events that are happening or will happen in the plot.

Another quite beautiful piece that bears examination (and repeating in the concert) is the opening piece of the Overture: a quirky *In nomine* by Picforth (first name unknown), who is assumed to be a 16th-century English composer who worked in the 1580s. Each of the five voices contains one repeating note value through the entire piece, i.e., the values differ in each of the five parts. The lowest part contains only dotted half notes, the upper part contains only quarter notes, one of the inner voices contains only dotted quarter notes, and so on. The effect is that of instability and searching: perfect for the theme of this concert. The *In nomine* also opens Act II, but with some rhythmic changes and improvisatory dialogue among the instruments.

There are many other unusual pieces, along with unexpected partnering of pieces for the sake of continuity, synchronicity, and musical fun. Pairing a passionate Sephardic song with an aria by Georges Bizet might seem unusual, but the melodic modes match, the gist of each text is complementary, and the slight rhythmic altering of the Sephardic piece enabled a smooth segue. The combination of the Bach *Violin Concerto* with *I’ll Be Seeing You*

was trickier. It was inspired by a memory of the sense of loss in the movie *Truly Madly Deeply* and by a bit of whimsy in which the melody of the elegant and wistful *I'll Be Seeing You* just inserted itself.

One of the most recognizable and frequently used devices of the early Baroque period is the ground bass, a repeating harmonic pattern in the *basso continuo* over which creative melodic variations can be made, often in an improvisatory style. The *passacaglia* ground bass in a major key often creates a pervasive sense of calm, even though the lyric of the song might be heartbreaking. We have used this iconic device to combine three beautiful 17th-century pieces with texts in French, English, and Italian that express contrasting elements of love, hope, loss, and distress. Some mild adjustments were needed in each of the three pieces so that they could coexist, although the final bars of our triptych consist mostly of the incredible dissonance and release of the ending bars of the duet that ends Claudio Monteverdi's *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*.

Good music doesn't come with an expiration date. We celebrate music of past times for its ability to connect with modern lives and modern needs; we celebrate music of more recent times for the same reasons and to illustrate our similarities to past times. I also love music that makes a connection to an emotion or a recollection, even though it may be delicate and vague. *It's About Time: Companions* celebrates the sounds of Medieval, Renaissance, and Baroque times as they segue into the melodies and harmonies of the Classical, Romantic, and Modern eras. We present a metaphysical emotional dreamscape by means of juxtapositions of incongruities, with music wafting through the centuries, with melodies, harmonies, and musical themes resurfacing here and there, demonstrating the connections to times past and times future.

I told you the story of my early encounter with the Brahms piece. A more recent inspiration for the concept of the *It's About Time* concerts has a local imprint. In the 1990s, there was a radio show that I would listen to as I was waking up (or was drifting in and out of consciousness, thanks to the snooze bar.) The host of the radio show, John Aielli, explored music from Medieval through Modern periods, secular and sacred, chant and blues, etc., and often created a near-hallucinogenic blurring of the time periods and individual songs. It was brilliant, paradoxical, informative, and creative. KUT's *Eklektikos* ran for several hours in the morning and John explored many of the same temporal and cultural links that connect us with other times and places and, more importantly, our perceptions of those connections.

The theme for TEMP's 19th season is *Time Pieces: A Journey Through Musical Memories*, in which we explore the elements of music that can take one back to a unique, memorable moment in time. We hope you enjoy our time-traveling concert with its tincture of theatricality, a few pinches of whimsy, and a lot of love.

Daniel Johnson
February 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.


ACT I
OVERTURE

In nomine  Picforth, fl. 1580s
Orchestra

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] (Unadorned Original)  Gregorio Allegri (1582-1652); Text: Psalm 51, excerpts
Singers

| | |
|---|--|
| Miserere mei, Deus, | Have mercy upon me, O God, |
| Secundum magnam misericordiam tuam; | After thy great goodness; |
| Domine, labia mea aperies: | Thou shalt open my lips, O Lord: |
| Et os meum annuntiabit laudem tuam. | And my mouth shall shew thy praise. |
| Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti: | But lo, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: |
| Incerta et occulta sapientiae tuae manifestasti mihi. | And shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly. |

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] (Interlude for Harps)  Gregorio Allegri
Orchestra

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt]  Gregorio Allegri; poem Bernart de Ventadorn, (c.1135-1194)
Peter Walker, soloist, with viol consort and chorus

| | |
|--|---|
| Pero el sap mo mal e ma dolor, | But still she knows of my pain and my sorrow, |
| E can lo plai, | And when she pleases, |
| Mi fai ben et onor, | She bestows on me grace and honor, |
| E can li plai, eu m'en sofert ab mens, | And when it pleases her, I submit to even less, |
| Per so c'a leis non avenha blastens. | So that no blame may come to her. |

Non è tempo d'aspettare  Marchetto Cara (1470-1525)
Shari Alise Wilson, soloist

| | |
|------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| Non è tempo d'aspettare | When wind and weather are set fair, |
| Quando s'ha bonazza e vento. | 'Tis no time for waiting. |
| Che si vede in un momento | For everything can change |
| Ogni cosa variare. | In the twinkling of an eye. |
| Non è tempo d'aspettare | When wind and weather are set fair, |
| Quando s'ha bonazza e vento. | 'Tis no time for waiting. |
| Se tu sali fa pur presto, | If you are leaving, go quickly, |
| Lassa dir che dire vuole. | Let what needs to be said, be said. |
| Questo è noto e manifesto | 'Tis all too well known |
| Che non durano le viole, | That violets do not live forever, |
| E la neve al caldo sole | And that beneath a hot sun |
| Sòle in acqua ritornare. | Snow is apt to turn back into water. |
| Non è tempo d'aspettare | When wind and weather are set fair, |
| Quando s'ha bonazza e vento. | 'Tis no time for waiting. |



SCENE 1: ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS ... THERE WAS ... AND YET THERE WAS NOT

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] (Unadorned Original) ♪ Gregorio Allegri

Sean Lee, Rebecca Frazier-Smith, Cristian Cantu, & Morgan Kramer

| | |
|---|--|
| Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti: | But lo, thou desirest truth in the inward parts: |
| Incerta et occulta sapientiae tuae manifestasti mihi. | And shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly. |

Ay luna que reluces ♪ Anon.; *Cancionero de Uppsala*, 1556

Janifer Thyssen, Ryland Angel, Jeffrey Jones-Ragona, & David Lopez, soloists, with viols & vibuela

| | |
|---|---|
| Ay, luna que reluces, toda la noche m'alumbres. | Oh, shining moon, all night long you give me light. |
| Ay, luna tan bella, | Oh, moon so beautiful, |
| Alumbresme a la sierra; | You give me light up in the mountains; |
| Por do vaya y venga! | Wherever I come and go! |
| Toda la noche m'alumbres. | All night long you give me light. |

Wenn ich steh' so ganz allein ♪ D Johnson; poem by Der von Kurenberg (fl. mid-12th century)

Erin Calata, soloist, with viols & harp

| | |
|--|--|
| Wenn in meiner Nachthemd ich steh' so ganz allein, | When I stand alone in my dressing-gown, |
| Und an dich bedenke adler Ritter mein, | And I think of you, my knight, |
| Dann rötet sich mein Untlitz der Rof, | My color rises up in a flush, |
| Am dornstrauch gleich. | Like a blushing rose on a thorny bush. |
| Und es wird das Herz mir | And my heart lays claim |
| An traurigen dedanken reich. | To a mighty share of desire and despair. |

IN A DREAMSCAPE

Intermezzo, Op. 118, No. 2 in A major [excerpt] ♪ Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)

Shari Alise Wilson, piano

What wondrous love ♪ Anonymous, *A General Selection of the Newest and Most Admired Hymns and Spiritual Songs*

Now in Use, 1811, and *Southern Harmony*, 1835

Men's Chorus

What wondrous love is this, oh my soul!
What wondrous love is this!
That caused the Lord of bliss to bear the dreadful curse for my soul.

To God and to the Lamb, I will sing,
To God and to the Lamb, who is the great "I Am",
While millions join the theme, I will sing.

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] ♪ Gregorio Allegri; poem from Sumari *Song of Origins*

Gitanjali Mathur, soloist, with viol consort

Out of the knowing darkness of unknowing,
There we lifted ourselves, rising on the webs of our thoughts.

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] ♪ Gregorio Allegri

Meredith Ruduski, Sean Lee, David Lopez, & Peter Walker

| | |
|---|--|
| Incerta et occulta sapientiae tuae manifestasti mihi. | And shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly. |
|---|--|

Ave Maria mater Dei ♪ William Cornysh, d.1523; excerpt, *Eton Choir Book*
Men's Chorus

Ave Maria, Mater Dei, Regina caeli,
Domina mundi...
Sed tuam sanctissimam voluntatem adimplere. Amen.

Hail Mary, Mother of God, Queen of heaven,
Mistress of the world...
Let us fulfill your most holy will. Amen.

E no sagrado en Vigo ♪ D Johnson; poem from *Cantigas d'amigo*, by Martim Codax (13th c.)
Women's Chorus with orchestra

E no sagrado en Vigo
Baylava corpo velido,
Amor ei.

In Vigo and on holy ground
A body fair danced round and round,
All in love am I.

En Vigo no sagrado
Baylava corpo delgado,
Amor ei.

In Vigo, in this holy place,
Danced a body so slim and full of grace,
All in love am I.

Baylava corpo velido,
Que nunca ouver amigo,
Amor ei.

A body fair danced round and round
That had never a friend found,
All in love am I.

Baylava corpo delgado,
Que nunca ouver amado,
Amor ei.

Danced a body so slim and full of grace,
That had never a love found,
All in love am I.

Que nunca ouver amigo,
Ergas no sagrad' en Vigo,
Amor ei.

That had never a friend found,
And danced there on holy ground,
All in love am I.

Que nunca ouver amado,
Ergas en Vigo no sagrado,
Amor ei.

That had never a love found,
And danced in this holy place,
All in love am I.



SCENE 2: AN IBERIAN WEDDING GATHERING, MARCH 31, 1492

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] ♪ Gregorio Allegri; poem Bernart de Ventadorn, (c.1135-1194)
Singers

Cor e cors e saber e sen
E fors' e poder i ai mes.

Heart and body, intellect and instinct,
Strength and power, all these have I engaged.

Amante felice ♪ Giovanni Stefani (fl. 1610-1630), *Affetti amorosi*; Venice, 1618
Ryland Angel & Gitanjali Mathur, soloists, with violins & continuo

Bella mia, questo mio core
Per voi vive e per voi more
Che voi sete per mia sorte,
La mia vita e la mia morte.

My beauty, my heart
Lives for you and dies for you;
For where my fate is concerned,
You are my life and my death.

Col bel guardo mi ferite,
Col bel guardo mi guarite,
Quando dunque mi mirate,
Morte e vita, ohimè mi date.

With an appealing glance you hurt me,
With an appealing glance you heal me,
And so, when you look at me,
You bring me, alas, both life and death.

Anzi in dubbio ancor io vivo
S'io son morto o s'io son vivo:
Ma sia quel che vuole il fato,
Vivo e morto a voi m'ho dato.

And I even live in doubt
As to whether I am dead or alive:
But whatever becomes my fate,
Alive or dead I gave myself to you.

Bella mia, questo mio core
Per voi vive e per voi more;
Che voi sete per mia sorte,
La mia vita e la mia morte.

My beauty, my heart
Lives for you and dies for you;
For where my fate is concerned,
You are my life and my death.

Whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad ♪ Anonymous, *The Scots Musical Museum*, 1788; poem by Robert Burns
Jenifer Thyssen, soloist

O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad,
Tho' father and mither should baith gae mad,
O whistle, an' I'll come to you, my lad.
Come down the back stairs when ye come to court me;
Come down the back stairs, and let naeboddy see,
And come as ye were na' coming to me.

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] ♪ Gregorio Allegri
Hannah McGinty, Shari Alise Wilson, Cristian Cantu, & Eric Johnson

Incerta et occulta sapientiae tuae manifestasti mihi.

And shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.

Avre tu puerta cerrada ♪ Sephardic, Anonymous; Esmirna *with*

Je crois entendre encore ♪ Georges Bizet (1838-1875); *Les pêcheurs de perles*, 1863
Gil Zilkha & Jeffrey Jones-Ragona, soloists

Avre tu puerta cerrada,
Qu'en tu balcón ninguna luz aclara.
Ma el amor a tí te vela.
Partemos, Roza, partemos de aqui.

Open your closed door,
For there is no light on your balcony.
But love watches over you.
Let us depart, Roza, let us leave this place.

Si es por agradarte,
Na la mi sangre pronto por verter;
Si la mi sangre no te pudo convencer,
Na la mi muerte, con gran plazer.

In order to please you,
Here is my blood, ready to be spilled;
If my blood could not convince you,
Here is my death, with great pleasure.

Segue into:

Je crois entendre encore,
Caché sous les palmiers,
Sa voix tendre et sonore,
Comme un chant de ramiers.

Segue into:

I think I still hear,
Hidden under palm trees,
Her voice soft and sonorous,
Like a song of wood pigeons.

Ô, nuit enchanteresse,
Divin ravissement,
Ô, souvenir charmant,
Folle ivresse, doux rêve!
Charmant souvenir!

Oh, enchanting night,
Divine rapture,
Oh, delightful memory,
Mad euphoria, sweet dream!
Delightful memory!

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] ♪ Gregorio Allegri; Text: Psalm 51, v.10, excerpt
Singers

Cor mundum crea in me, Deus:
Et spiritum rectum innova in visceribus meis.

Make me a clean heart, O God:
And renew a right spirit within me.

Scalerico de oro ♪ Sephardic; Traditional Wedding Song
Gitanjali Mathur & Shari Alise Wilson, soloists, with women singers and orchestra

Scalerico de oro, de oro y de marfil
Para que su va la novia
A dar *kiddushin*.
Refrain: Venimos a ver, venimos a ver;
Y gozen y logren
Y tengan mucho bien.

Little golden stairs, of gold and ivory
So our little bride will ascend
To take her wedding vows.
Refrain: We've come to see, we've come to see;
May they have joy and prosperity
And may they have much abundance.

La novia no tiene dinero;
Que nos tenga un *mazal* bueno,
Que nos tenga un *mazal* alto.
Refrain: Venimos a ver, venimos a ver;
Y gozen y logren
Y tengan mucho bien.

The bride has no money for a dowry;
May they have good fortune,
May they have plenty of good fortune.
Refrain: We've come to see, we've come to see;
May they have joy and prosperity
And may they have much abundance.

La novia no tiene contado;
Que nos tenga un *mazal* bueno,
Que nos tenga un *mazal* alto.
Refrain: Venimos a ver, venimos a ver;
Y gozen y logren
Y tengan mucho bien.

The bride has no riches;
May they have good fortune,
May they have plenty of good fortune.
Refrain: We've come to see, we've come to see;
May they have joy and prosperity
And may they have much abundance.

Esta montaña d'enfrente ♪ Anonymous; Sephardic, Jerusalem
Cayla Cardiff, soloist

Esta montaña d'enfrente
S'aciende y va quemando.
Allí pedrí al mi amor,
M'asento y vo llorando.

The face of this mountain
Is being devoured by fire.
It is there that I lost my love,
I sit and cry.

Secretos quero descubrir,
Secretos de mi vida;
El cielo quero por papel,
La mar quero por tinta,
Los árboles por péndola,
Para 'scrivir mis males.
No hay quen sepa mi dolor,
Ni ajenos ni parientes.

I wish to reveal my secrets,
The secrets of my life;
I want the sky for paper,
I want the sea for ink,
The trees for pens,
To write of my misfortunes.
None can know my sadness,
Neither relatives, nor anyone else.

THE DEPORTATION

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] (Interlude for Strings) ♪ Gregorio Allegri
Viol Consort

Lament on a ground:

Vos mépris chaque jour ♪ Michel Lambert, 1610-1696 *with*

No more shall meads ♪ Nicholas Lanier, 1588-1666 *and with*

Pur ti miro ♪ Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643); *L'Incoronazione di Poppea*, 1642
Jenny Houghton, Sean Lee, & Shari Alise Wilson, soloists, with continuo

Vos mépris chaque jour me causent mille alarmes, Your scorn each day causes me a thousand alarms,
Mais je chéris mon sort, bien qu'il soit rigoureux. But I cherish my fate, even though it is severe.
Je mourrois de plaisir si j'estois plus heureux. I would die of pleasure if I were happier.

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers, nor sweetness live in rosy bowers,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing, nor April violets paint the grove,
When once I leave my Celia's love.

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers, nor sweetness live in rosy bowers,
Love shall his bow and shafts lay by, and Venus' doves want wings to fly:
The sun refuse to show his light, and day shall then be turn'd to night.

Pur ti miro, pur ti stringo, I gaze at you, I possess you,
Pur ti godo, pur t'annodo; I press you to me, I enchain you;
Più non peno... No more grieving...

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] ♪ Gregorio Allegri; Text by William Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, paraphrase
Meredith Ruduski, soloist

All the world's a stage, and all of us are merely players; we have our exits and our entrances.

♡ INTERMISSION ♡



ACT II OVERTURE

In nomine ♪ Picforth
Orchestra

Simple Gifts ♪ D Johnson; Text and Tune by Joseph Brackett (1797–1882) in 1848
Cayla Cardiff, soloist, Shari Alise Wilson, piano

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] ♪ Gregorio Allegri
Singers

Incerta et occulta sapientiae tuae manifestasti mihi. And shalt make me to understand wisdom secretly.



SCENE 1 ∞ PROMENADE INTERNATIONAL

The day it dawes ∞ Anonymous, Scotland; 15th century
Orchestra

Over the Rainbow ∞ Harold Arlen (1905-1986); lyrics by Yip Harburg (1896-1981); arr. by ?;
Singers

Canarios ∞ Anonymous; 16th c., England?
Orchestra

Come under my plaidy ∞ *The Scots Musical Museum*, 1788
Meredith Ruduski, soloist

Come under my plaidy, the night's ga'en to fa'; (plaidy: blanket)
Come in frae the cauld blast, the drift and the snaw;
Come under my plaidy, and lye down beside me;
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me for twa.
Come under my plaidy, and lye down beside me,
I'll hap ye frae ev'ry cauld blast that will blaw;
O come under my plaidy, and lye down beside me,
There's room in't, dear lassie, believe me for twa.

Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! auld Donald, gae 'wa!
I fear na' the cauld blast, the drift, nor the snaw.
Gae 'wa wi' your plaidy! I'll no lye beside ye,
Ye may be my gutchard, auld Donald, gae 'wa. (gutchard: Godfather)
I'm ga'en to meet Johnny, he's young and he's bonny,
He's been at Meg's bridal, fou trig and fou braw!
O there's nane dance sae lightly, sae gracefu', sae tightly,
His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw!

Dear Marion, let that slee stick saft to the wa',
Your Jock's but a gowk, and has naething ava'. (ava: at all)
The haill o' his pack he has now on his back,
He's thretty, and I'm but threescore and twa. (thretty: thirty)
Be frank now and kindly, I'll busk you aye finely; (busk: adorn)
At kirk or at market they'll few gang sae braw;
A bein house to bide in, a chaise for to ride in, (bein: comfortable)
And flunkies to tend ye as aft as ye ca'.

My father's ay tell'd me, my mither, and a',
Ye'd mak' a gude husband, and keep me ay braw,
It's true I loo Johnny, he's gude and he's bonny,
But wae's me! Ye ken he has naething ava. (ken: know)
I hae little tocher, you've made a gude offer, (tocher: dowry)
I'm now mair than twenty, my time is but sma',
Sae gie me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thought ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa!

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] ∞ Gregorio Allegri; Text: Psalm 51, v.16, excerpt
Singers

| | |
|---|--|
| Deus salutis meae... | O God, thou that art the God of my health... |
| Et exultabit lingua mea justitiam tuam. | And my tongue shall sing of thy righteousness. |

Un sarao de la chacona: A la vida bona ♪ Juan Arañés, c.1580-c.1650

Cayla Cardiff, soloist

Un sarao de la chacona
Se hizo el mes de las rosas,
Hubo millares de cosas
Y la fama lo pregoná.
A la vida vidita bona,
Vida, vámonos a chacona.

An evening chacona party
Was held during the month of roses,
Thousands of things happened
And everybody still talks about it.
To the good life, darling,
Let's dance the chacona.

Porque se casó Almadán
Se hizo un bravo sarao;
Dançaron hijas de Anao
Con los nietos de Milán.
Un suegro de Don Beltrán
Y una cuñada de Orfeo
Començaron un guineo
Y acabólo una amaçona
Y la fama lo pregoná.

Because Almadán got married
A great party was held;
And Anao's daughters
Danced with Milán's grandsons.
Sir Beltrán's father-in-law
And Orfeo's sister-in-law
Began to dance the guineo
And a tomboy finished it,
And everybody still talks about it.

A la vida vidita bona,
Vida, vámonos a chacona.

To the good life, darling,
Let's dance the chacona.

A PLEASING MELANCHOLY

Seems like old times ♪ Words and Music by Carmen Lombardo (1903-1971) ♪ John Jacob Loeb (1910-1970)

Jenny Houghton, soloist

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] ♪ Gregorio Allegri

Singers

Et spiritum rectum innova in visceribus meis.

And renew a right spirit within me.

I'll Be Seeing You ♪ Words and Music by Irving Kahal and Sammy Fain (1938) *with*

Violin Concerto in A minor, BWV 1041 ♪ J.S. Bach (1685-1750)

Ryland Angel, soloist, with viol consort

Anima Rising ♪ D Johnson; *Canticum Canticorum* 5: 1-8 [excerpts]

Gitanjali Mathur, soloist, with Chant Choir: Heath Dill, Eric Johnson, David Lopez, & Peter Walker

Veniat dilectus meus in hortum suum...

I have come into my garden...

Eat, O friends, and drink: Drink deeply, O lovers!

Ego dormio, et cor meum vigilat.

I am sleeping, but my heart watcheth:

Vox dilecti mei pulsan- tis!

The voice of my beloved knocking!

I slept, but my heart was awake. Hark! My beloved is knocking:

“Open to me, my sister, my love, my dove, my perfect one...”

“Aperi mihi, soror mea, amica mea,
Columba mea...quia caput meum...noctium.”

“Open to me, my sister, my love,
My dove... For my head...night.”

“For my head is wet with dew, my locks with the drops of the night.”

I had put off my garment, how could I put it on? I had bathed my feet, how could I soil them?

Lavi pedes meos, quomodo inquinabo illos?
Dilectus meus misit manum suam per foramen,
Et venter meus intremuit ad tactum eius.

I have washed my feet, how could I defile them?
My beloved put his hand through the key hole,
And my insides lurched at his touch.

My beloved put his hand to the latch; and my heart was thrilled within me.
I arose to open to my beloved. And my hands dripped with myrrh;
My fingers with liquid myrrh, upon the handles of the bolt.

Pessulum osti, aperui...meo;
At ille declinaverat atque transierat.

I opened to my beloved,
But my beloved turned aside, and was gone.

I opened to my beloved. But my beloved had turned and gone.

I beg of you, daughters of Jerusalem: If you find my beloved, tell him I am sick with love.

Quia amore languedo.

I am sick with love!

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] (Interlude for Harps and Viols) ♪ Gregorio Allegri
Orchestra



SCENE 2 ♪ CAFÉ DES AMANTS ♪ FRANCE

A small café ♪ Edmund Goulding (1891-1959); text by Mack Gordon (1904-1959)
Men's Chorus

Du chocolat! ♪ Marc-Antoine Charpentier 1643-1704; from *Les Plaisirs de Versailles* [1682; H.480]
Robbie LaBanca, Peter Walker, Gitanjali Mathur, & Meredith Ruduski, soloists

Un serveur:
Venez, dieu des festins, apaisez leurs querelles.

One of the waiters:
Come, god of feasts, appease their quarrels.

Maître d':
Que vos débats ici ne fassent point d'éclats!
Et je vous donnerai, mes belles,
A toutes deux du chocolat!

Head Waiter:
Let your disputes not cause commotion here!
And I will give, my beauties,
Both of you some chocolate!

La Musique:
Du chocolat? Dieu nous en garde,
De crainte qu'on en donne à cette babillarde.
Moi-même, je le dis,
Je n'en veux point goûter.
Son caquet échauffé ne pourrait s'arrêter.

Music:
Chocolate? God forbid
That he give any to this chatterbox.
As for myself, I tell you,
I do not wish to taste any.
She would never cease her hot-air chatter.

La Conversation:
Le chocolat est bon, cher Comus.
Il me tarde que par votre crédit
J'en puisse un peu tâter.
Comus, l'écouter c'est s'amuser à la moutarde.
Du chocolat! Que par votre crédit
J'en puisse un peu tâter.

Conversation:
Chocolate is good, dear Comus.
By your influence
I long to taste a little.
Comus, to listen to her is to waste good time.
A little chocolate! By your influence
I long to taste a little.

La Musique:

Non, Comus! Dieu nous en garde.
Son caquet échauffé ne pourrait s'arrêter.

Maître d':

J'ai des confitures liquides
Que prisent les goûts les plus fins.
De tartes et de massepains
J'ai d'assez hautes pyramides
Et j'en dispose ici
Comme dieu de festins.

Music:

No, Comus! May God preserve us from that!
She would never cease her hot-air chatter.

Head Waiter:

I have liquid jams
That the finest palates prize.
Of tarts and marzipan,
I have many lofty pyramids.
And I have them here in my disposal
As god of feasts!

Aux plaisirs, aux délices, bergères ♪ Pierre Guédron (c.1570-c.1620) *with*

Les Temps des Fleurs (Dorogoi dlinnoyu) ♪ Boris Fomin (1900-1948)

Jenifer Thyssen, Jenny Houghton, & Ryland Angel, soloists

Shari Alise Wilson & Erin Calata, soloists

Aux plaisirs, aux délices, bergères,
Il faut estre du temps ménagères!

Dans une taverne du vieux Londres,
Où se retrouvaient des étrangers,
Nos voix criblées de joie
Montaient de l'ombre,
Et nous écoutions nos coeurs chanter.

Aux plaisirs, aux délices, bergères,
Il faut estre du temps ménagères:
Car il s'escoule et se perd d'heure en heure,
Et le regret seulement en demeure.
A l'amour, aux plaisirs, aux boccage,
Employés les beaux jours de vostre âge.

Et puis sont venus les jours de brume
Avec des bruits étranges et des pleurs.
Combien j'ai passé de nuit sans lune
À chercher la taverne dans mon coeur?
Refrain: C'était le temps des fleurs,
On ignorait la peur,
Le lendemain avait un goût de miel.
Ton bras prenait mon bras,
Ta voix suivait ma voix.
On était jeune et l'on croyait au ciel.

Ce qui vit, qui se meurt, qui respire,
D'amour parle, ou murmure, ou soupire,
Aussi le coeur qui n'ent sent la pointure,
S'il est vivant, il est contre nature.
A l'amour, aux plaisirs, aux boccage,
Employés les beaux jours de vostre âge.

As regards pleasures and delights, shepherdesses,
You must consider your time carefully!

In a tavern of old London,
Where strangers used to meet,
Our voices were riddled with joy
And rising from shadows,
And we listened to our hearts singing.

As regards pleasures and delights, shepherdesses,
You must consider your time carefully:
For it flows away and is lost hour after hour,
And all that remains is sorrow.
In love, in pleasure, in shady groves,
Spend the fair days of your youth.

And then these hazy days came
With strange noises and tears.
How many nights with no moon have I spent
Looking for the tavern in my heart?
Refrain: It was the time of the flowers,
We did not know fear,
When every day tasted like honey.
Your arm took my arm,
Your voice followed my voice.
We were young and we believed in Heaven.

Whatever lives, dies, breathes,
Speaks of love, or murmurs, or sighs;
The heart that does not feel love's sting,
If indeed alive, is against nature.
In love, in pleasure, in shady groves,
Spend the fair days of your youth.

Et ce soir je suis devant la porte
De la taverne où tu ne viendras plus;
Et la chanson que la nuit m'apporte
Mon coeur déjà ne la connaît plus.
Refrain: C'était le temps des fleurs,
On ignorait la peur,
Le lendemain avait un goût de miel.
Ton bras prenait mon bras,
Ta voix suivait ma voix.
On était jeune et l'on croyait au ciel.
Ce qui vit, qui se meurt, qui respire...

Refrain: C'était le temps des fleurs,
On ignorait la peur,
Le lendemain avait un goût de miel.
Ton bras prenait mon bras,
Ta voix suivait ma voix.
On était jeune et l'on croyait au ciel.

And tonight I'm at the front door
Of the tavern you'll no longer come to;
And the song that the night brings me
Is no longer known by my heart.
Refrain: It was the time of the flowers,
We did not know fear,
When every day tasted like honey.
Your arm took my arm,
Your voice followed my voice.
We were young and we believed in Heaven.
Whatever lives, dies, breathes...

Refrain: It was the time of the flowers,
We did not know fear,
When every day tasted like honey.
Your arm took my arm,
Your voice followed my voice.
We were young and we believed in Heaven.



SCENE 3: ONCE UPON A TIME THERE WAS ... THERE WAS ... AND THERE WASN'T AGAIN

Ground on a Dream 🎶 Anonymous, pub.1852

Erin Calata, soloist

Miserere mei, Deus [excerpt] 🎶 Gregorio Allegri

Singers

Et exultabit lingua mea justitiam tuam.

And my tongue shall sing of thy righteousness.

EPILOGUE

Who Knows Where the Time Goes? 🎶 Sandy Denny (1947 – 1978)

Daniel Johnson, soloist & Scott Horton, guitar

🎶 FINE 🎶

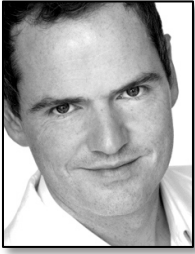


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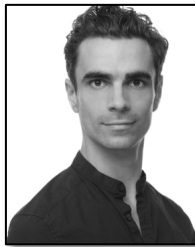
SPECIAL GUEST ARTISTS



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.



Maria Antonietta (Toni) Bravo is an internationally recognized choreographer, dance teacher, dance education lecturer and instructor of dance teachers. She holds a bachelor's degree in Chemistry and a diploma in physical therapy nursing from Mexico City. She began researching about period dance, choreography, and educational and physical development theories during her time at UT Austin, where she received a master's degree in Theatre History with a minor in Dance Pedagogy. Since 1975, she has taught and performed as a professional dance artist in Mexico, England, Israel, Costa Rica, Germany, Spain and throughout the United States. Find out more at www.diversespacedance.com.



Jordan Moser is a performer and artist in a number of mediums. A former dancer with Ballet Austin, Jordan has an extensive background in classical and contemporary dance. Also a musician, he has composed music for a number of dance works along with three albums of his own. In 2016, he earned a BA in Humanities from St. Edwards University. He holds a position as Audience Content Coordinator at Ballet Austin where he produces video content for the company. Currently, he is working on his first major collaboration with Ballet Austin's director, Stephen Mills, directing three films to accompany April's world premiere *Exit Wounds*.



Mary Springfels remembers hearing New York Pro Musica perform early music for the first time when she was 14 years old. She immediately fell in love with it and began learning early music instruments in college. For most of her adult life, Mary Springfels has devoted herself to the performance and teaching of early music repertoires. She earned her stripes performing with many influential pioneering ensembles, including the New York Pro Musica, the Elizabethan Enterprise, Concert Royal, and the Waverly Consort. For twenty years, she directed the innovative Newberry Consort, and can be heard on dozens of recordings. She has taught and performed in summer festivals throughout the US, among them the San Francisco, Madison, and Amherst Early Music Festivals, the Texas Toot, the annual Conclaves of the Viola da Gamba Society of America, and the Pinewoods Early Music Week.



Described as a “rich-voiced” and “vivid” singer by a recent *New York Times* review, and an “impressive” and “exciting” piper by clevelandclassical.com, **Peter Walker** enjoys a varied career as a singer of folk, early, and classical music. Recent performances include Balthasar and Habbakuk in *The Play of Daniel* with Gotham Early Music, soloist in Handel's *Messiah* (Hudson Valley Philharmonic), singing and piping in *Sacrum Mysterium: A Celtic Christmas Vespers* (Apollo's Fire) and in *Latin American Christmas* (Early Music New York). Highlights include appearances with Early Music New York, Handel and Haydn Society, Staunton Music Festival, Three Notch'd Road, Stamford Symphony Orchestra, and Skylark Vocal Ensemble. He has performed with TEMP since 2014. Peter is the founder and director of the medieval ensemble Marginalia.

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