

AWAKEN

Music Online for Spring

Saturday 27 March 2021 1.00 pm

THE GESUALDO SIX

Owain Park *director*

Guy James, Andrew Leslie Cooper *countertenors*

Joseph Wicks, Josh Cooter *tenors*

Michael Craddock *baritone*

Samuel Mitchell *bass*

BEYOND THESE SHORES: A YORK TAPESTRY

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, GOODRAMGATE

Quam pulchra es

John Pyamour *fl. c.1418*

Qualis est delicta

Forest *fl. first half 15th century*

Tota pulchra es

John Plummer *c.1410–c.1484*

Veni Sancte Spiritus

John Dunstaple *c.1390–1453*

MERCHANT ADVENTURERS' HALL, FOSSGATE

Great Hall

Da pacem

Gilles Binchois *c.1400–1460*

Quis numerare queat

Loyset Compère *c.1445–1518*

Nymphes des bois

Josquin des Prez *c.1450/5–1521*

Chapel

Stella caeli

John Thorne *c.1519–1573*

ST OLAVE'S CHURCH, MARYGATE

Incipit Lamentatio

Plainchant

Lamentations

Antoine de Févin c.1470–1511/12

Lectio II: Gimel. Migravit Judas

Lamentations

Pierre de la Rue c.1452–1518

Lectio III: Daleth. Haec recolens in corde meo

Lamentations

Antoine Brumel c.1460–?1512-13

Lectio I: Heth. Cogitavit Dominus

YORK MINSTER

Infelix ego

William Byrd c.1540–1623

In 1438 the Archbishop of York sent a delegation of officials to the Council of Ferrara in Northern Italy. Only a few years later, a manuscript was copied by a Ferrarese scribe containing works by several English composers. The majority of English music of the late medieval period is found in manuscripts that originated in Northern Italy; the fact that these works survive in sources beyond these shores, often in clusters, is perhaps a recognition of an English national style. Later, the Court at Ferrara became a meeting place for some of the greatest musicians from across Europe, with many of the Franco-Flemish school passing through its gates.

Exploring stories contained in stained glass and manuscripts, reading tales of travelling merchants and musicians, and inspired by beautiful architecture and heritage, we present a musical tapestry inspired by the great city of York, celebrating cross-currents in an era of collaboration and discovery. Our programmes contextualise some of the 'jewels in the crown' of renaissance repertoire by tracing themes of pedagogy and patronage around Europe, featuring works by some of the greatest composers of the day.

© Owain Park

TEXTS & TRANSLATIONS

HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, GOODRAMGATE

Quam pulchra es (Pyamour)

Quam pulchra es et quam decora,
carissima in deliciis!
Statura tua assimilata est palmae,
et ubera tua botris.
Caput tuum ut Carmelus;
collum tuum sicut turris eburnea.
Veni, dilecte mi, egrediamur in agrum;
videamus si flores fructus parturierunt,
si floruerunt mala punica.
Ibi dabo tibi ubera mea. Alleluia.

How fair and how pleasant art thou,
O love, for delights!
This thy stature is like to a palm tree,
and thy breasts to clusters of grapes.
Thine head upon thee is like Carmel;
Thy neck is as a tower of ivory;
Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field;
let us see if the tender grape appear,
and the pomegranates bud forth:
there will I give thee my loves. Alleluia.

Qualis est delicta (Forest)

Qualis est dilectus meus ex dilectis
o pulcherrima mulierum?
Amicus meus candidus et rubicundus
electus ex millibus.
Leva eius sub capite meo
et dextera illius amplexabitur me.

What is my beloved more than other beloveds
O fairest of women?
My beloved is white and ruddy
The chief among ten thousand.
His left hand should be under my head,
And his right hand should embrace me.

Tota pulchra es (Plummer)

Tota pulchra es, amica mea,
et macula non est in te;
favus distillans labia tua;
mel et lac sub lingua tua;
odor unguentorum tuorum super omnia aromata:
jam enim hiems transiit,
imber abiit et recessit.
Flores apparuerunt;
vineae florentes odorem dederunt,
et vox turturis
audita est in terra nostra:
surge, propera, amica mea:
veni de Libano, veni, coronaberis.

You are altogether beautiful, my love;
there is no flaw in you.
Your lips distill nectar;
honey and milk are under your tongue;
the scent of your perfumes is beyond all spices.
For now the winter is past,
the rain is over and gone.
The flowers have appeared;
the flowering vines have given forth their
fragrance, and the voice of the turtle-dove
is heard in our land.
Arise, my love, my fair one;
come from Lebanon, come, you will be crowned.

Veni Sancte Spiritus (Dunstaple)

Superius

Veni Sancte Spiritus,
et emitte caelitus
lucis tuae radium.

Veni pater pauperum,
veni dator munerum,
veni lumen cordium.

Consolator optime,
dulcis hospes animae,
dulce refrigerium.

In labore requies,
in aestu temperies,
in fletu solacium.

O lux beatissima,
reple cordis intima
tuorum fidelium.

Sine tuo numine,
nihil est in lumine,
nihil est innoxium.

Lava quod est sordidum,
riga quod est aridum,
sana quod est saucium.

Flecte quod est rigidum,
fove quod est frigidum,
rege quod est devium.

Da tuis fidelibus,
in te confidentibus,
sacrum septenarium.

Da virtutis meritum,
da salutis exitum,
da perenne gaudium.

Superius

Come, Holy Spirit,
send forth the heavenly
radiance of your light.

Come, father of the poor,
come, giver of gifts,
come, light of hearts.

Greatest comforter,
sweet guest of the soul,
sweet consolation.

In labour, rest,
in heat, temperance,
in tears, solace.

O most blessed light,
fill the inmost heart
of your faithful.

Without your grace,
there is nothing in the light,
nothing that is not harmful.

Cleanse that which is unclean,
irrigate that which is dry,
heal that which is wounded.

Bend that which is inflexible,
warm that which is chilled,
correct what is deviant.

Give to your faithful,
those who trust in you,
the sevenfold gifts.

Grant the reward of virtue,
grant the deliverance of salvation,
grant eternal joy.

Motetus

Veni Sancte Spiritus,
et infunde primitus
rorem caeli gratiae.

Precantibus humanitus
salva nos divinitus
a serpentis facie

In cuius presentia
ex tua clementia
tectata sint peccata

Nostraque servicia
corda penitentia
tibi fac placata.

Languidorum consolator
et lapsorum reformatior
mortis medicina

Peccatorum perdonator
esto noster expurgator
et duc ad divina.

Contratenor & tenor

Veni creator Spiritus
mentes tuorum visita,
imple superna gratia,
quae tu creasti pectora.

Qui paraclitus diceris,
donum Dei altissimi,
fons vivus, ignis,
caritas et spiritalis unctio.

Tu septiformis munere,
dextre Dei, tu digitus
tu rite promisso Patris
sermone ditans guttura.

Accende lumen sensibus,
infunde amorem cordibus,
infirmi nostri corporis,
virtute firmans perpeti.

Motetus

Come, Holy Spirit,
and pour in first
the dew of the gate of heaven.

Divinely save us, praying,
in the way of humanity,
from the face of the serpent,

in whose presence,
by your clemency,
our sins may be hidden,

and our servitude,
with penitent hearts,
make you kindly disposed.

Consoler of the powerless
and reformer of the fallen,
remedy for death,

forgiver of sins,
be our purifier
and lead us to divine things.

Contratenor & tenor

Come, creator Spirit,
visit the minds of your people;
fill with heavenly grace
the breasts which you have made.

You who are called comforter,
the gift of God most high,
living fountain, fire, charity,
and spiritual unction.

You sevenfold in your gifts;
You, finger of God's right hand;
You, solemnly by the Father's promise,
enriching throats with speech.

Ignite a light for our senses,
pour love into hearts,
strengthening the weakness of our bodies
by your perpetual power.

Hostem repellas longius
pacemque dones protinus;
ductore sic te previo
vitemus omne noxium.

Per te sciamus da Patrem
noscamus atque Filium,
teque utriusque Spiritum
credamus omni tempore.

MERCHANT ADVENTURERS' HALL

Da pacem (Binchois)

Da pacem, Domine in diebus nostris,
Quia non est alius,
qui pugnet pro nobis,
Nisi tu Deus noster.

Drive far from us our enemy,
and grant us peace forthwith;
so that with you as our guide going before us,
we may avoid all harm.

Through you may we know the Father
and may we recognise the Son
and may we believe in you,
the Spirit of both for all time.

Quis numerare queat (Compère)

Quis numerare queat bellorum seva peracta,
dampna referta malis inreparabilibus?
Censeat ipse bonus
peressus talia,
sed qui illa sibi intulerit
censeat ipse malus.

Dicat quisque quod hec nobis Deus omnia fecit,
nostris peccatis premia digna ferens.

Audiit ipse tamen populi gemitus lachrymosos,
ad pacem versus, hincque misertus ei,
pacem donavit e celi culmine tractam,
quam nec mortales
sic dare sufficerent.

Ergo omnis populus nunc cum jubilo moduletur
et Domino laudes eximias referat.

Fundant preces Itali exorent precibus omnes,
queque es in terris natio
funde preces ad Dominum,

Give peace in our time, O Lord
Because there is none other
that fighteth for us
But only thou, O God.

Who could count the cruel deeds of the wars,
the damage filled with irreparable evils?
Let the good man himself count,
who has suffered such things,
but let the bad man count
who himself has inflicted them on him.

Anyone would say that God did all this to us,
bringing us the merited wages of sins.

He himself, however, heard the tearful groans
of the people, turned to peace, and hence,
pitying them, gave peace from the summit
of heaven drawn, which mortals
would not be able so to give.
Therefore let all the people sing for joy
and give back extraordinary praises to the Lord.

Prayers of the Italians, exhort all to prayer,
and every nation on earth
pour prayers to the Lord,

ut data pax sit duratura per evum,
neu modico leta tempore deinde gemas,
muneris et tanti ne si sis immemor
ipse lora trahat,
quare pacis habena cadat. Amen.

Da pacem Domine in diebus nostris,
quia non est alius qui pugnet pro nobis
nisi tu Deus noster.

Nymphes des bois (Josquin)

Nymphes des bois, déesses des fontaines,
Chantres experts de toutes nations,
Changez voz voix fort clères et haultaines
En cris tranchantz et lamentations.
Car d'Atropos tres terrible satrape
Vostr'Okeghem a trape en sa trape,
Le vray trésor de musique'et chief d'œuvre,
(Qui de tré pas dé sormais plus n'eschappe,)
Dont grant doumaige'est que la terre cœuvre.
Acoutrez vous d'abitz de deuil,
Josquin, Brumel, Perchon, Compère,
Et plorez grosses larmes d'œil;
Perdu avez vostre bon père.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE. AMEN.

Tenor

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Stella caeli (Thorne)

Stella caeli exstirpavit quae lactavit Dominum
Mortis pestem quam plantavit
primus parens hominum.
Ipsa stella nunc dignetur
sidera compescere,
Quorum bella plebem caedunt
dirae mortis ulcere.

that the given peace shall last forever,
lest you be joyful a little while and then groan,
and that if you be unmindful of so great a boon,
he himself may draw the lash,
whereby the reign of peace shall fall. Amen.

Give peace, O Lord, in our days;
for there is none other who fights for us,
but thee, our God.

Nymphes of the woods, goddesses of the fountains
singers renowned across all nations,
turn your voices most clear and high
to piercing cries and laments.
Because Atropos, the terrible satrape,
Has caught your Okeghem in her trap,
the true treasure and masterpiece of music,
(who from death no longer escapes,)
for whom great mourning covers the earth.
Put on your clothes of mourning,
Josquin, Brumel, Perchon, Compère,
and weep great tears from your eyes;
you have lost your good father.

MAY HE REST IN PEACE. AMEN.

Tenor

Give them eternal rest, Lord,
and let perpetual light shine on them.

The star of heaven who suckled the Lord
Has rooted out the plague of death
which the first parent of men planted.
May that very star now deign
to restrain the constellations
Whose wars kill the people
with the sore of terrible death.

O gloriosa stella maris,
a peste succurre nobis:
Audi nos, nam te filius nihil
negans honorat.
Salva nos, Jesu!
Pro quibus virgo mater te orat.

O glorious star of the sea,
save us from the plague.
Hear us, for thy Son honours thee,
refusing thee nothing.
Save us, Jesus, on whose behalf
the virgin mother beseeches thee.

ST OLAVE'S CHURCH

Plainchant

Incipit Lamentatio Jeremiae Prophetae

Here begins the Lamentation of Jeremiah the Prophet

Lamentations (Févin)

Lectio II

[Gimel.] Migravit Judas propter afflictionem,
et multitudinem servitutis;
habitavit inter gentes,
nec invenit requiem:
omnes persecutores ejus apprehenderunt eam
inter angustias.

[Gimel.] Judah has gone into captivity,
Under affliction and hard servitude;
She dwells among the nations,
she finds no rest;
All her persecutors overtake her
in dire straits.

Lamentations (La Rue)

Lectio III

[Daleth.] Haec recolens in corde meo,
ideo sperabo.
Misericordiae Domini,
quia non sumus consumpti;
quia non defecerunt miserationes ejus.
Novi diluculo,
multa est fides tua.
Pars mea Dominus, dixit anima mea;
propterea exspectabo eum.

[Daleth.] This I recall to my mind,
therefore I have hope.
Through the Lord's mercies
we are not consumed,
because His compassions fail not.
They are new every morning;
great is Your faithfulness.
'The Lord is my portion,' says my soul,
'Therefore I hope in Him!'

Lamentations (Brumel)

Lectio I

[Heth.] Cogitavit Dominus dissipare
murum filiae Sion;
tetendit funiculum suum,
et non avertit manum suam a perditione:
luxitque antemurale,
et murus pariter dissipatus est.
Jerusalem. Convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.

[Heth.] The Lord has purposed to destroy
the wall of the daughter of Zion.
He has stretched out a line;
He has not withdrawn His hand from destroying;
Therefore He has caused the rampart and wall to
lament; they languished together.
Jerusalem. Return to the Lord thy God.

YORK MINSTER

Infelix ego (Byrd)

Infelix ego, omnium auxilio destitutus,
qui caelum terramque offendi:
quo ibo? quo me vertam?
ad quem confugiam? quis mei miserebitur?
Ad caelum levare oculos non audeo,
quia ei graviter peccavi,
in terra refugium non invenio,
quia ei scandalum fui.
Quid igitur faciam? desperabo?
Absit, misericors est Deus,
pius est Salvator meus.

Solus igitur Deus refugium meum,
ipse non despiciet opus suum,
non repellet imaginem suam.

Ad te igitur, piissime Deus,
tristis ac maerens venio,
quoniam tu solus spes mea,
tu solus refugium meum.
Quid autem dicam tibi?
cum oculos levare non audeam?
verba doloris effundam,
misericordiam tuam implorabo et dicam:
miserere mei Deus, secundum magnam
misericordiam tuam.

Unlucky me! Bereft of all aid,
who against heaven and earth have offended.
Where shall I go? Where shall I turn?
To whom shall I flee? Who will have pity on me?
I do not dare to lift up mine eyes to the heavens,
because I have gravely sinned against them.
I find no refuge on earth,
because I have been a disgrace to it.
What, therefore, am I to do? Shall I despair?
Let it be far off: God is merciful;
my Saviour is kind.

Therefore, God alone will be my refuge:
he will not despise the work of his hands,
nor repel his own image.

Therefore, to thee, most loving God,
do I come, sad and grieving:
for thou alone art my hope,
thou alone my refuge.
But what am I to say to thee,
since I dare not lift up mine eyes?
I shall pour out words of sorrow,
implore thy mercy and say:
have mercy upon me, O God,
according to thy great mercy.