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YORK
EARLY
MUSIC
FESTIVAL
6 – 13 JULY

Utopia Ensemble

Salve Susato

National Centre for Early Music
Friday 12 July 6.00pm

Utopia Ensemble
Michaela Riener *soprano*
Bart Ulvyn *countertenor*
Adriaan De Koster *tenor*
Lieven Termont *baritone*
Guillaume Olry *bass*
Jan Van Outryve *lute*

Salve Susato:
Treasures from Antwerp's Golden Age

Mille regretz fera mon pauvre coeur	Tielman Susato c. 1510/15-?1570
Je suis aymé de la plus belle	Thomas Crecquillon c. 1505/10-c. 1557
Mort m'a privé	Crecquillon
Triste départ	Nicolas Gombert c. 1495-c. 1560
Mon Amy (Ronde)	Susato
Mille regretz	Josquin Des Prez c. 1450/55-1521
Les miens aussi (response to Mille regretz)	Susato
Si de present peine j'endure	Susato
Salve quae roseo serto (first part)	Susato
Missa In illo tempore: Sanctus	Susato
Hoboecken dans (Ronde)	Susato
Le bergier et la bergiere	Jean Lecocq fl. 1540-60
O wrede fortune ghy	Susato
Een Venus schoon	Jacobus Clemens c. 1510/15-1555/56
Perch'io veggio	Orlando Lasso ?1532-1594
Madonna mia	Lasso
Wo bistu (Ronde)	Susato
Ronde	Susato
Missa In illo tempore: Agnus Dei	Susato
Père eternal (prayer after a meal)	Susato

O wrede Fortune ('O Cruel Fortune') is the title of a chanson by Tielman Susato. Fortuna is the Roman goddess of chance or fate. Was it a twist of fate that Tielman Susato ended up in Antwerp in the sixteenth century and developed a flourishing music printing business there? Perhaps not; Antwerp was then virtually the centre of the world and attracted many talents. You had to be in Antwerp for both trade and culture. Although the name Susato may not be very familiar today, there are several aspects of him as a composer, as a music printer and publisher that remain underexposed. Susato is usually associated with instrumental music; as a vocal ensemble, Utopia likes to focus on his vocal music. There is, for example, the motet *Salve quae roseo*, a wonderful ode to Antwerp, in which Susato displays a fine example of craftsmanship. His five-part Mass *In illo tempore quum audisent apostoli* should also not be missed.

Utopia Ensemble also highlights the music printer and publisher Susato; many significant names are featured in his publications, including Lassus, Manchicourt, Gombert, Clemens, Crequillon and Josquin. The latter's famous chanson *Mille regrets* was published by Tielman Susato, who immediately provided it with a 'réponse'. We hope that this programme of (hidden) gems from the Golden Age of Antwerp will surprise you!

Mille regrets fera mon pauvre cœur

Mille regrets fera mon pauvre cœur,
puisque tu veux user de ta rigueur
en me laissant, pour faire ailleurs demeure.
Hélas, mon Dieu, permets donc que je meure
puisque je perds celui dont n'avais qu'heur.

My poor heart will know a thousand regrets,
For you wish to show your severity
And leave me, going to live elsewhere.
Alas, o God, let me die,
For I lose a man from whom I knew naught but
bliss.

Je suis aymé de la plus belle

Je suis aymé de la plus belle,
Qui soit vivant dessoubz les Cieulx,
Encontre tous faulx Envieulx
Je la soustiendray estre telle.

I am loved by the fairest lady
Of all those that live under Heaven;
I will defend her as such
Against all who are false and envious.

Mort m'a privé

Mort m'a privé par sa cruell'envye
D'ung medecin congnoissant ma nature,
Et m'a remis en si grand frenesy
Qu'en peu de temps j'ay bien changé pasture.
Riens ne my vault ma grande progeniture;
Vertu me couvre armée de patience,
Divin voloir passe humaine science.

Death in his cruel jealousy has deprived me
Of a physician who knew my nature,
And has caused me such great upset
That my appetite has swiftly disappeared.
My high rank is as naught to me,
May virtue, armed with patience, protect me,
Heaven's will is beyond human understanding.

Triste départ

Triste départ m'avoit mis en douleur,
mon corps estoit plus froit qui n'est le
marbre,
transi de dueil et sechant comm'ung arbre,
ma face'avoit perdu toute couleur.

My body has become colder than marble,
Numb with mourning and rigid as dead wood.
My face has lost all colour.

Mille regretz

Mille regretz de vous abandonner
Et d'eslonger vostre fache amoureuse,
Jay si grand dueil et paine douloureuse,
Quon me verra brief mes jours definer.

A thousand regrets in leaving you
And going so far from your loving face,
My great grief and grievous pain are such
that soon I will be seen to end my days.

Les miens aussi

Les miens (regretz) aussi brief verras decliner
voiant au vray que fortune envieuse
de nostre amour veult estre curieuse
pas ung deppart le faire decliner

You will see mine also lessen,
As I see clearly that curious fate
Was jealous of our love
And wished to diminish it with a departure.

Salve, quae roseo decora serto

Salve, quae roseo decora serto
Caeteras facile antecellis urbes.
Salve Antverpia, Salve amor, voluptas
salve voluptas, salve delictum,
decus, corona florentis patriae
O beata, salve.
Salve, Antverpia, gemma, flos, venustas
Europae.
Te Asiae Africaeque vasti
Mirantur populi, stupent remoto
quotquot huc veniunt ab orbe gentes.

Hail, you who are crowned with roses
And surpass all other cities easily.
Hail Antwerp, hail love,
Hail pleasure and delight,
Splendour and crown of your flourishing land,
O blessed one, all hail!
Hail, Antwerp, Europe's jewel,
Flower and delight.
The peoples who dwell in the lands of Asia and
Africa Are full of admiration; those who come
to visit you From every part of the world are
left speechless.

Sanctus

Sanctus, Sanctus, Sanctus,
Dóminus Deus Sabaoth!
Pleni sunt cæli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.
Benedictus, qui venit in nómine Dómini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

Le berger et la bergere

Le berger et la bergere sont a lombre dung
buisson
ilz sont si pres lung de laultre
qu'a grant peine les voit on.
La dame a dit a son mignon:
reprenons nostre allaine, le loup emporte
noz moutons
mon compaignon, pour dieu saulvez la laine.

O wrede Fortune

O wrede Fortune ghy doet my trueren nu,
daer ick eens die liefste plach te wesen
die is van my geworden schu.
Hou soud ick dys genesen
Ick meynde dat icks noyt en verdiende
daer is een ander int herte geresen
dit bin ick daegeliex aensinde
hou soud ick dies genesen.

Een Venus schoon

Een Venus schoon, / fraij van persoen,
Doet mij mijn herte breken
Met groot ghequel / duer haer opstel;
Dijs mij mijn ooghen leken.

Haer opsien claer
Doet mij, voerwaer,
In lijden swaer,
Het is eenpaer / ghebleken,
Leven confuis: / tes mij een cruys;

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of hosts!
Heaven and earth are filled with your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the
Lord. Hosanna in the highest.

The shepherd and the shepherdess
Are in the shade of a bush;
They are so close to each other
That they can hardly be seen.
The girl said to her sweetheart:
Let's catch our breath,
The wolf is carrying off our sheep;
My companion, for God's sake, save the wool.

O cruel fortune, now you make me weep,
She, the dearest one to whom I pledged myself
Now shies away from me.
How can I resolve this?
I thought that I have never deserved this.
There is another who has risen in her heart,
This I see and experience every day.
How can I resolve this?

A lovely Venus charming of manner,
Makes my heart break
And lament greatly by her resistance;
For this my eyes leak tears.

Her clear glance in truth causes me great
suffering,
It is fully apparent,
This muddled life is a cross I bear,

Dijs ick moet deerlijck sneven.
Sij wilt mij beschamen / sij bringt mij in
blamen;
Dijs ick moet druckelijck leven,
Om datse mij wilt begheven.

Perch'io veggio

Perch'io veggio et mi spiace,
che natural mia dote, a me non vale
ne mi fa degno d'un si caro sguardo
sforzo mi d'esser tale
qual a l'alta speranza si con face,
et al fuoco gentil, ond'io tutto ardo
s'al ben veloce et al contrario tardo
dispregiator di quant'il mondo brama,
per solcito studio posso farmi
potrebbe forse aitar mi,
nel benigno giuditio una tal fama,
certo il fin de miei pianti,
che non altronde, il cor doglioso, chiama
vien da begli occhi al fin dolci tremanti
ultima speme di cortesi amanti.

Madonna mia

Madonna mia, pietà chiam'et aita,
Ch'io moro e stento a torto, e pur volete.
Io grido e nol sentete,
'Acqua madonna al foco,
ch'io mi sento morire, a poco a poco.'

Vostra altiera beltà, sola infinita,
è causa ch'io me abbruscia, e'l consentete.
Io grido...

Hormai le scema l'affanata vita,
Nol credi, e con vostri occhi lo vedete.
Io grido...

Di chiedervi mercè son quasi roco,
sol della pena mia prendete gioco.
Pur grido in ogni loco

So I must honourably perish.
She want to shame me She casts blame on me;
So I must live under this pressure,
Because she wants me to die.

Since I see and am sad
That my natural gifts neither help
Nor make me worthy of a kindly glance,
I will force myself to adopt a manner
That befits high hopes
And the gallant fire in which I am consumed.
If I, a despiser of the world's desires,
Can by careful study make myself
Swift to good and slow to its opposite,
Perhaps my renown for benign judgment
Will one day come to my aid;
On the other hand, the end to weeping
That my sorrowful heart clearly seeks
Will come from sweet trembling eyes,
The ultimate hope of all courtly lovers.

My lady, I beg your pity and help,
For I struggle and die unjustly, yet this is your
will.
I cry out and you do not listen:
'Pour water, my lady, on these flames,
For I am dying little by little.'

Your lofty beauty, unique in its infinity,
Is the reason for my burning, and you allow it.
I cry ...

My troubled life now is fading, You do not
believe it, yet your eyes behold it.
I cry ...

I am almost hoarse from asking your pity,
But you treat my pain only as a game.
Yet I cry out everywhere

‘Acqua madonna al foco,
ch’io mi sento morire, a poco a poco.’

‘Pour water, my lady, on these flames,
For I am dying little by little.’

Agnus Dei

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi, dona nobis pacem.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, Have mercy upon us.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, Grant us peace.

Pere eternal

Pere eternal, qui nous ordonnes
n’avoir soucy du lendemain,
des biens que pour ce jour nous donnes
te mercions de cueur humain.

Or puis qu’il t’a pleu de ta main
donner au corps mangier & boire,
plaise toy du celeste pain
paistre nos âmes à ta gloire.

Eternal father, who has ordered us
To have no thought for the morrow,
We thank you from our human hearts
For the gifts you give us this day.
Since it has pleased you to give
Our bodies food and drink by your hand,
May it please you, to your glory,
To feed our souls with the bread of heaven.

Translations by Peter Lockwood

Utopia Ensemble

Based in Antwerp, the Utopia Ensemble unites five singers who have enjoyed years of experience with internationally renowned ensembles. Utopia specialises in vocal music from the sixteenth century: the profound expressiveness in polyphonic singing, where all voices are equally important, resulting in a rich and homogeneous sound. Since its foundation in 2015, Utopia has performed at Laus Polyphoniae in Antwerp and MA festival Bruges, and at festivals in Utrecht, Regensburg, Warsaw, Prague and Fribourg.

Utopia Ensemble takes its name from the book by Thomas More, who began writing the work in Antwerp in 1515. Inspired by the interesting and innovative ideas in the book, the ensemble also undertakes a social role. Amongst its projects and collaborations it organises the annual Utopia Festival Day, with a variety of music, visual arts, film and photography, and with lectures and debates on social themes. Utopia is ensemble-in-residence in the beautiful Church of Saint Paul in Antwerp, giving it a wonderful base for concerts and new projects.

Utopia Ensemble has collaborated with the early music label Ramée (Outhere Music) since 2021. Their latest CD, *Salve Susato*, released in autumn 2023, received a Diapason d'Or.

utopia-ensemble.be

Concerts by Utopia and Cappella Pratensis & I Fedeli, and the lecture by Professor Jennifer Bloxham are presented in association with the Alamire Foundation and AMUZ with support from the Flanders Government. We are grateful for their generous support.



YORK EARLY MUSIC FESTIVAL

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