



**Intesa**

***A Merry Conceit***

**Bedern Hall**

**Sunday 15 December 11.00am**

**Intesa**  
**Lucine Musaelian & Nathan Giorgetti** *viols, voices*

***A Merry Conceit***

Aravot luso	<b>Nerses Shnorhali</b> 1102-73
Miraculous Love's Wounding	<b>Thomas Morley</b> 1557/8-1602
El Cant dels Ocells	<b>Traditional</b> Catalonia
Es ist ein Ros entsprungen	<b>Michael Praetorius</b> 1571-1621
Maria, dolce Maria	<b>Francesca Caccini</b> 1587-1641
Shogher jan	<b>Traditional</b> Armenia
Urakhatsir Srбуhi	<b>St Movses Khorenatsi</b> 5th century
Canzonetta spirituale sopra alla nanna	<b>Tarquinio Merula</b> 1594/5-1665
Time Stands Still	<b>John Dowland</b> 1563-1626
Les Voix Humaines	<b>Marin Marais</b> 1656-1728
The King of Denmark's Delight	<b>Tobias Hume</b> c.1569-1645
A Merry Conceit	
Morning Light	<b>Lucine Musaelian</b> b. 1997
All Through the Night	<b>Traditional</b> Wales

A Merry Conceit explores the path to light and hope in the midst of dark and wintry weather, beginning with a twelfth-century Armenian chant called ԱՌԱՄԼՈՒՆ [ըԼԱՍ] ('Light of Morning') which speaks about the search for light. *El Cant dels Ocells* addresses the emergence of light through the birth of Jesus. With *Es ist ein Ros entsprungen* we continue to celebrate the birth of Jesus and praise Mary through the special ode *Maria, dolce Maria* by Giulio Caccini's daughter Francesca. *Shogher*

*Jan*, a traditional Armenia piece celebrates the coming of the cool weather and the return of loved ones.

The fifth-century chant, Ուրախացիր, սրբուհի ('Rejoice, holy one') was originally notated in Armenian *khaz* or neume notation and was transcribed in 1875 as a part of the Vagharshapat collection of chant, revealing a delicate and haunting melody. Tarquinio Merula's *Canzonetta spirituale sopra alla nanna* is an even more haunting lullaby that Mary sings to her Son, warning Him of his fated crucifixion. This is accompanied by a relentless repeating bassline throughout.

*Time Stands Still* is a lute song by John Dowland dedicated to Elizabeth I. This ode honours the Virgin Queen and the Virgin Mary alike, praising their steadfastness and beauty. Marin Marais' *Les Voix Humaines* is an ode to human voices, and might also refer to an organ stop that creates a murmuring, vibrato sound.

The final set begins with two pieces by Scottish composer Tobias Hume, who was a soldier, viol player, and an amateur composer. These playful dances, *King of Denmark's Delight* and *A Merry Conceit* come from Hume's collection of pieces for two viols, *Poeticall Musicke* published in 1607, where the viol parts are notated in tablature. The programme closes with an original song called *Morning Light* and the popular Welsh lullaby *Ar Hyd y Nos* ('All through the Night').

## Aravot Luso

Առաւօտ լուսոյ,  
Արեգակն արդար,  
Առ իս լոյս ծագեա:

Բղիսումն ի ԶօրԷ,  
Բղիսեա ի հոգւոյս,  
Բան գեգ ի հաճոյս:

Գանձոյ ողորմութեան  
Գանձիդ ծածկելոյ  
Գտող զիս արա:

Դուռն ողորմութեան  
Դաւանողիս բաց,  
Դատեցո վերնոցն

O morning of light,  
O thou righteous sun,  
Shed on me thy light.

O Father's Spirit,  
Pour forth from my soul  
Words pleasing to thee.

Treasure of mercy,  
Of thy hidden wealth  
Make me a finder.

The door of mercy  
Open thou for me,  
With angels rank me.

*trans. Archbishop Tiran Nersoyan*

## El Cant dels Ocells

Al veure despuntar  
el major lluminar  
en la nit més ditxosa,  
els ocellets cantant,  
a festejar-lo van  
amb sa veu melindrosa.

L'àguila imperial  
se'n vola cel adalt,  
cantant amb melodia,  
dient: Jesús és nat,  
per treure'ns de pecat  
i dar-nos alegria.

Repon-li lo pardal:  
Avui, nit de Nadal,  
és nit de gran contento!  
El verdum i el lluer  
diuen cantant, també :  
Oh, quina alegria sento!

**Es ist ein Ros entsprungen,**  
aus einer Wurzel zart,  
wie uns die Alten sungen,  
von Jesse kam die Art  
Und hat ein Blümlein bracht  
mitten im kalten Winter,  
wohl zu der halben Nacht.

Das Röslein, das ich meine,  
davon Isaias sagt,  
ist Maria die reine,  
die uns das Blümlein bracht.  
Aus Gottes ew'gem Rat  
hat sie ein Kind geboren  
wohl zu der halben Nacht

In seeing emerge  
The greatest light  
During the most celebrated of  
nights,  
The little birds sing.  
They go to celebrate Him  
With their delicate voices

The imperial eagle  
flies high in the sky,  
singing melodically,  
saying, 'Jesus is born  
To save us all from sin  
And to give us joy'.

The sparrow responds,  
'Today, this Christmas Eve,  
Is a night of good cheer!'  
The greenfinch and the siskin  
Say in singing, too,  
'Oh, what joy I feel!'

Lo, how a rose e'er blooming,  
From tender stem hath sprung.  
Of Jesse's lineage coming,  
As men of old have sung;  
It came, a flow'ret bright,  
Amid the cold of winter,  
When half spent was the night.

Isaiah 'twas foretold it,  
The Rose I have in mind,  
With Mary we behold it,  
The virgin mother kind;  
To show God's love aright,  
She bore to men a Saviour,  
When half spent was the night

*trans. Theodore Baker*

### **Maria, dolce Maria**

Maria dolce Maria, come soave tanto  
Ch'e pronunciar t'in paradisi core  
Nome sacrato e Santo  
Ch'el cor m'infihammi di celeste amore  
Maria mai sempr'io canto  
Ne puo la lingua mia piu felice parola  
Trarmi dal sen gia mai che dir  
Che dir Maria  
Nome ch'ogni dolor tempr'a e consola  
Voce tranquilla ch'ogni affano acqueta  
Ch'ogni cor fa sereno, ogn'alma lieta

Maria, sweet Maria, a sweet name  
that in speaking fills your heart  
with rapture, sacred and holy  
name  
that enflames my heart with  
heavenly love.  
Maria, never as long as I sing  
Can my voice draw from my  
breast a more joyful word than to  
say Maria,  
Name that tempers and consoles  
every sorrow,  
Calm voice that stills every grief,  
Makes every heart serene, every  
soul joyful.

### **Shogher Jan**

Ամպել ա, ձուն չի գալի, Շողէր ջան,  
Սարիցը տուն չի գալի, Շողէր ջան,  
Դու շորորա՛, դուն օրորա՛ Շողէր  
ջան,  
Ամպի տակին ձուն կերեւա, Շողէր  
ջան:

It's cloudy, it's not snowing, dear  
Shogher,  
He is not coming home from the  
village, dear Shogher,  
Dance, lull, dear Shogher,  
The snow is showing below the  
mountain, dear Shogher.

Սիրտս կըրակով լըցված, Շողէր  
ջան,  
Աչքիս քուն չի գալի, Շողէր ջան,  
Դու շորորա՛, դուն օրորա՛ Շողէր  
ջան,  
Ամպի տակին ձուն կերեւա, Շողէր  
ջան:

My heart is filled with fire, dear  
Shogher,  
My eyes don't want to sleep, dear  
Shogher,  
Dance, lull, dear Shogher,  
The snow is showing below the  
mountain, dear Shogher.

Սարի գլխին ձուն եկավ, Շողէր  
ջան,  
Շեկիկ յարըդ տուն եկավ, Շողէր  
ջան,  
Ուն կերեւա, ձուն կերեւա, Շողէր  
ջան,  
Բերդի տակին տուն կերեւա, Շողէր  
ջան:

It has snowed at the top of the  
mountain, dear Shogher,  
Your blonde lover came home,  
dear Shogher,  
We see a lot, we see snow, dear  
Shogher,  
A house is showing at the bottom  
of the fortress, dear Shogher.

Աշունն եկավ սարիցը, Շողէ՛ր ջան:  
Տերև թափեց ծառիցը, Շողէ՛ր ջան:  
Ուն կերևա, ձուն կերևա, Շողէ՛ր  
ջան:  
Շողոն դարդով լըցվել ա, Շողէ՛ր  
ջան:

Autumn came down from the  
mountain, dear Shogher,  
Leaves fell from the trees, dear  
Shogher,  
We see a lot, we see snow, dear  
Shogher,  
A house is showing at the bottom  
of the fortress, dear Shogher

*trans. anonymous*

### **Urakhatsir Srбуhi**

Ուրախացիր, սրբուհի, Գաբրիելի  
աւետեօքն. որ քարոզեացն  
զգալուստ արքային Տեառն ի  
յերկնից:

Rejoice holy lady in Gabriel's  
good news! He has proclaimed  
the coming of the King, the Lord  
of heaven.

Ուրախ լեր բերկրեալ ամենասուրբ  
կոյս. որ ծնար աշխարհի  
զարդարութեան արեգակն. որ  
լուսաւորեաց զազգս որդւոց  
մարդկան:

Rejoice and be glad most holy  
Virgin, who gave birth to the sun  
of righteousness of the world. He  
has shined light on the human  
race.

*trans. Very Rev. Fr. Daniel Findikyan*

### **Canzonetta spirituale sopra alla nanna**

Hor ch'è tempo di dormire, dormi mi  
figlio e non vagire,  
perche tempo ancor verrà, che vagir  
bisognerà.  
Deh ben mio, deh cor mio fa, fa la ninna  
ninna na.

Now that it is time to sleep, sleep  
my son and don't cry,  
For the time will come soon  
enough, when crying is needed.  
And so, my dearest heart: Lullaby  
and sleep.

Chiudi quei lumi divini, come fan gl'altri  
bambini,  
perché tosto oscuro velo priverà di lume  
il chielo.  
Deh ben mio, deh cor mio fa, fa la ninna  
ninna na.

Close those divine eyes as other  
babies do,  
For soon a thick veil will deprive  
the sky of light.  
And so, my dearest heart: Lullaby.

O ver prendi questo latte dalle mie  
mammelle intatte,  
perche ministro crudele ti prepara aceto  
e fiele,  
Deh ben mio, deh cor mio fa, fa la ninna  
ninna na.

Or take this milk from my  
immaculate breasts,  
For a cruel magistrate is preparing  
vinegar and gall for you.  
And so, my dearest heart: Lullaby  
and sleep.

Amor mio, sia questo petto hor per te  
morbido letto,  
pria che rendi ad alta voce l'alma al Padre  
su la croce.  
Deh ben mio, deh cor mio fa, fa la ninna  
ninna na.

Posa hor queste membra belle vezzosette  
e tenerelle,  
perche poi ferì e catene gli daran acerbe  
pene.  
Deh ben mio, deh cor mio fa, fa la ninna  
ninna na.

Queste mani e questi piedi ch'or con  
gusto e gaudio vedi,  
Ahime, com'in varii modi passeran acuti  
chiodi  
Questa faccia graziosa rubiconda, hor più  
che rosa  
Sputi e schiaffi sporcheranno con  
tormento e grand'afanno

Ah con quanto tuo dolore, sola speme del  
mio core,  
questo capo e questi crini passeran acuti  
spini.

Ah ch'in questo divin petto, amor mio  
dolce diletto,  
vi farà piaga mortale, empia lancia e di  
sleale.  
Dormi dunque, figliol mio, dormi pur,  
redentor mio,  
perchè poi con lieto viso ci vedrem in  
Paradiso.

Hor che dorme la mia vita, del mio cor  
gioia compita,  
taccia ognun con puro zelo, taccian sin la  
terra e'l cielo.  
E fra tanto, io che farò? Il mio ben  
contemplerò,  
ne starò col capo chino fin che dorme il  
mio bambino

My love, let this breast be a soft  
bed for you  
Before, you raise your voice and  
give your soul to the Father.  
And so, my dearest heart: Lullaby  
and sleep.

Rest now your beautiful limbs, so  
charming and tender,  
For later irons and chains will  
cause them bitter pains.  
And so, my dearest heart: Lullaby  
and sleep.

Those hands and those feet which  
you now see with zest and joy,  
Alas, in how many ways will sharp  
nails pierce them.  
This graceful face, ruddier than a  
rose:  
Spit and slaps will defile it, with  
great torture and great suffering.

Ah, with how much pain for you,  
only hope of my heart,  
This head and this brow will be  
pierced by sharp thorns.

Ah, for in this divine breast, love of  
mine, sweet and dear,  
An impious, traitorous spear will  
make a mortal wound.  
Sleep then my son, sleep then, my  
saviour,  
For later, with joyful faces, we will  
see each other in Paradise.

Now that you are sleeping, my life,  
complete joy of my heart,  
Let us all with pure zeal, be silent:  
even the earth and Heaven.  
Meanwhile, what shall I do? I will  
watch my dear,  
Remaining with my head bowed,  
for as long as my child sleeps.

### **Time Stands Still**

Time stands still with gazing on her face.  
Stand still and gaze, for minutes, hours and years to her give place.  
All other things shall change but she remains the same.  
Till heavens changed have their course and Time hath lost his name.  
Cupid doth hover up and down, blinded with her fair eyes.  
And Fortune captive at her feet contemned and conquered lies.

Whom Fortune, Love, and Time attend on,  
Her with my fortunes, love, and time I honour will alone.  
If bloodless Envy say Duty hath no desert,  
Duty replies that Envy knows herself his faithful heart.  
My settled vows and spotless faith no fortune can remove,  
Courage shall show my inward faith, and faith shall try my love.      Anon

### **Morning Light**

You are like the morning light on a cold winter's day,  
After a never-ending night you take uncertainties away.  
You beam right through my unadjusted eyes like you knew I'd cried,  
Now they're open wide.  
I'd never know you like I do if day and night did not collide.

Sometimes I feel I don't know anything,  
I just know tomorrow you'll appear, nature's glistening chandelier,  
Shedding light on a path I did not see the night before,  
I don't need anything more.

I fell asleep, drifting in a deep November far away, remembering that day.  
'Wake up, it's just another dream!' but even so, the feeling stays.

Sometimes I feel I don't know anything,  
I just know tomorrow you'll appear.  
You're the unabashed smile,  
The 'hey, it's been a while.'  
You're the steadfast tin soldier,  
The eyes of the beholder.

You're the 'God, it's good to see you,  
After all we've been through,'  
You're the light, my morning light.      *Lucine Musaelian*



## **All Through the Night (Ar Hyd y Nos)**

Sleep, my love, and peace attend thee  
All through the night.  
Guardian angels God will lend thee  
All through the night.  
Soft the drowsy hours are creeping,  
Hill and vale in slumber sleeping,  
I my loving vigil keeping,  
All through the night.

Love to thee my thoughts returning,  
All through the night,  
All for thee my heart is yearning,  
All through the night.  
Though sad fate our lives may sever,  
Parting will not last forever,  
There's a hope that leaves me never,  
All through the night.

Deep the silence 'round us spreading,  
All through the night.  
Dark the path that we are treading,  
All through the night.  
Still the coming day discerning  
By the hope within us burning,  
To the dawn our footsteps turning  
All through the night.

Star of faith the dark adorning,  
All through the night.  
Lead us fearless towards the morning,  
All through the night.  
Though our hearts be wrapped in sorrow  
From the hope of dawn we borrow  
Promise of a glad tomorrow,  
All through the night.

## **Intesa**

Intesa was formed in 2023 at the Royal Academy of Music by Lucine Musaelian and Nathan Giorgetti with the goal of celebrating the viol's combination with the voice. Intesa is an Italian word meaning 'understanding', or a meeting of minds. This ethos of collaboration and agreement is embodied in the duo's programming, where folk

and early music repertoire are placed side-by-side, bringing together European and Armenian traditions through narrative and self-accompaniment.

Since their founding, Intesa were awarded the 2023-24 Chamber Music Fellowship at the Royal Academy of Music, won second prize at the #GeneraciónSMADE competition in Estella (Spain) and was one of five winners of the Tunnell Trust Awards in 2024.

Intesa perform regularly in the UK and internationally. They have performed several sold-out concerts at Handel Hendrix House and Fidelio Cafe, and have been invited to perform at the York Early Music Festival and at the Leeds Conservatoire. Overseas engagements have included two performances at the Utrecht Fringe Early Music Festival, a residency at Ferrandou Musique, a concert at Vilalte Festival, and a New York debut concert in the Harold Pratt House and Peterson Hall as part of an Armenian General Benevolent Union event celebrating Armenian culture, and the Gotham Early Music Scene Midtown Concerts series. In January 2025, they will perform in Vienna as part of the Resonanzen early music festival.

During a short residency in York, Intesa are giving short informal concerts in Explore York libraries (Tang Hall, Central Explore, Acomb, Clifton) on Monday 16 and Tuesday 17 December. For details:

<https://ncem.co.uk/baroque-around-the-books/>



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