Wesleyan Collegium Musicum

Jane Alden, Director

Jasmine Lovell-Smith and Cris Ramos Flores,
Teaching Assistants

Sopranos: Mary Foster
Jasmine Lovell-Smith
Gabrielle Misiewicz
May Treuhaft-Ali

Tenors: Nathan Friedman
Brian Lee
Cris Ramos Flores
Robert Roth
Darian Sanders

Alto: Karen Cook
Meredith Hughes
Ellen Lueck
Dina Maccabee
Cathering Morita

Basses: Chris Delaney
Jacob Feder
Ben Hudson
Daniel Maseda
Ethan Yaro

Guest instrumentalists from the Wesleyan Consort:
Carver Blanchard, Stan Scott, Dora Hast, and Mark Slobin

Music from Hampton Court and
Renaissance Naples

April 29, 2014
Memorial Chapel, Wesleyan University,
Middletown, Connecticut
Program

John Taverner (c. 1490-1545), Kyrie ‘LeRoy’

Taverner, Western Wind Mass, Gloria

Carlo Gesualdo (1560-1613), Ave, dulcissima Maria

Taverner, Western Wind Mass, Credo

Gesualdo, Ave, regina caelorum

Taverner, Western Wind Mass Sanctus

Gesualdo, Maria, mater gratiae

Taverner, Western Wind Mass Agnus Dei

intermission

Sheryngham (active 1480-1500), Ah gentle Jesu

Robert Fayrfax (1464-1521), Somewhat musing

Oscar Chilesotti Collection, Allemanda

Anon., I am a jolly foster

William Cornysh (d. 1523), Ah Robin

Cornysh, Blow thy horn

Matthew Locke (1621-1677), The Little Consort in C Major:

(Pavan, Ayre, Courante, Saraband)

Henry VIII (1491-1547), Pastime with good company

Taverner, Dum transisset

Notes

This program reaches across the centuries to bring together works from the royal court of Henry VIII and a maverick, criminal seventeenth-century Italian aristocrat, Carlo Gesualdo, famed equally for the lurid double murder of his wife and her lover and his extraordinary, harmonically revolutionary music.

English composers before the Reformation did not normally set the Kyrie, as this was usually troped with an additional text in honour of a particular Saint or Feast, and therefore usually sung to plainchant. Kyrie LeRoy is based on a ‘square’ (the name perhaps deriving from the notation in breves), a Kyrie melody used at Lady Mass, and around which the composer John Taverner wove rich polyphony.

Taverner’s Western Wind Mass is one of three early Tudor masses derived from the beautiful song known as “Westron Wynde”. The words of the song (modernised here) are an interesting basis for a sacred composition: it is essentially a love song which encourages the wind and the rain to do their worst, so long as the singer and lover can be together:

Western wind when will thou blow,
The small rain down can rain.

Christ, if my love were in my arms,
And I in my bed again.

The use of a secular tune as cantus firmus in a sacred composition, though quite common on the continent, was extremely rare in England. In Taverner’s setting the tune is heard 36 times throughout the work, 9 times in each movement, and switches between different voices (though never in the alto). Taverner demonstrates a superb sense of numerical proportion: all 4 movements are similar length (c. 100 bars in each), counterbalanced by a seemingly endless source of melodic, harmonic and rhythmic invention in the freely-composed voices. Each variation is self-contained and runs into the next without extra material. This makes the music quite sectional, alternating solo and full passages, but with the melody always present.

Music from the early Tudor court is contained in three manuscripts, including the famous Henry VIII songbook, compiled in the decade after Henry VIII’s coronation. The songs are courtly versions of popular tunes, featuring outdoorsy themes such as hunting and sport, as well as love. This is music for a young, virile court and characterises the frivolity and passion of Henry VIII’s early years on the throne.

Texts and translations
**Taverner, Western Wind Mass, Kyrie**

*Kyrie eleison.*
Lord have mercy on us.

*Christe eleison.*
Christ have mercy on us.

*Kyrie eleison.*
Lord have mercy on us.

**Taverner, Western Wind Mass, Gloria**

Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis. Laudamus te.

Domine Deus, Rex coelestis, Deus Pater omnipotens; Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe; Domine Deus, Agnus Dei, Filius Patris. Qui tollis peccata mundi, miserere nobis. Qui tollis peccata mundi, suscipe deprecationem nostram.

Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis. Quoniam tu solus Sanctus, tu solus Dominus, tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe, cum Sancto Spiritu in gloria Dei Patris. Amen.

**Taverner, Western Wind Mass, Credo**

Credo in unum Deum, Patrem omnipotentem, factorem coeli et terrae, visibilium omnium et invisibilium. Et in unum Dominum Jesum Christum, Filium Dei unigenitum, et ex Patre natum ante omnia saecula. Deum de Deo, lumen de lumine, Deum verum de Deo vero; genitum, non factum, consubstantialem Patri, per quem omnia facta sunt: qui propter nos homines, et propter nostram salutem, descendit de coelis. Et incarnatus est de Spiritu Sancto ex Maria Virgine; et homo factus est. Crucifixus etiam pro nobis sub Pontio Pilato, passus et sepultus est. Et resurrexit tertia die, secundum Scripturas. Et ascendit in coelum; sedet ad dexteram Patris. Et iterum venturus est cum gloria judicare vivos et mortuos, cujus regni non erit finis. Et expecto resurrectionem mortuorum, et vitam venturi saeculi. Amen.

**Gesualdo, Ave, dulcissima Maria**

Ave, dulcissima Maria, vera spes et vita, dulce refrigerium! O Maria, flos virginum, ora pro nobis Jesum.

Hail, most gentle Mary, true hope and light, and cool fount of refreshment. O Mary, flower among virgins, pray for us to Jesus.

**Gesualdo, Ave, Regina caelorum**

Ave, Regina caelorum, Ave, Domina angelorum. Salve, radix sancta, Ex qua mundo lux est orta. Gaude, gloriosa, Super omnes speciosa.

Hail, Queen of heaven, hail, Mistress of the angels. Hail, holy root, from which light has sprung for the world. Rejoice, glorious lady,
Vale, valde decora, lovely above all women.
Et pro nobis semper Christum Hail, most comely one,
exorta, and ever pray for us to Christ.

**Taverner, Western Wind Mass, Sanctus**

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus 
Deus Sabaoth. Pleni sunt coeli et 
terra gloria tua. Hosanna in excelsis. 

Benedictus qui venit in nomine 
Domini. Hosanna in excelsis.

**Gesualdo, Maria, mater gratiae**

Maria, mater gratiae, 
Mater misericordiae, 
Tu nos ab hoste protege, 
Et hora mortis suscipe.

**Taverner, Western Wind Mass, Agnus Dei**

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: 
Miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi: 
Dona nobis pacem.

**Sheryngham, Ah, gentle Jesu**

“Ah, gentle Jesu!”
Who is that, that doth me call? Lord, on all sinful, here kneeling on knee,
“I, a sinner, that oft doth fall.” Thy death remembering of* humble affection, 
What would’st thou have? O Jesu grant of thy benignity 
“Mercy, Lord, of thee I crave.” That thy five wells plenteous of fusion*, 
Why, lov’st thou me? Called thy five wounds by computation 
“Yea, my Maker I call thee.” May wash us all from surfeits reprovable. 
Then leave thy sin, or I will* thee, 
For thy death remembring of* humble affection, out of 
* reject 

**Fayrfax, Somewhat Musing**

Somewhat musing,
And more mourning, 
In rememb’ring 
Th’unsteadfastness; 
This world being 
Of such wheeling, 
Me contrarilying; 
What may I guess? 
I fear doubtless 
Remedyless, 
Is now to seize 
My woeful chance; 
For unkindness 
Withoutenless, 
And no redress, 
Me doth advance. 
With displeasance 
To my grievance 
And no surance 
Of remedy; 
Lo, in this trance, 
Now in substance, 
Such is my dance, 
Willing to die. 
Me thinketh truly 
Bounden am I, 
And that greatly, 
To be content; 
Saying plainly, 
Fortune doth wry 
All contrary 
For mine entent. 
My life was lent 
To an entent, 
It is nigh spent; 
Welcome, Fortune!

Yet I ne went 
Thus to be shent; 
But she it meant 
Such is her wone.

Anon., I am a jolly foster 
I am a jolly foster* 
I am a jolly foster, I am a jolly foster, 
And have been many a day 
And foster will I be still, 
For shoot right well I may.

Wherefore should I hang up my bow, 
upon the greenwood bough? 
I can bend and draw a bow, 
and shoot well enough: 
I am a jolly foster.

Wherefore should I hang up my arrow 
Upon the green wood lind? 
I have strength to make it flee, 
And kill both hart and hind: 
I am a jolly foster.

Wherefore should I hang up my horn 
Upon the green wood tree? 
I can blow the death of a deer as well 
As any that ever I see: 
I am a jolly foster.

Wherefore should I tie up my hound 
Upon the green wood spray? 
I can lodge and make a suit 
As well as any in May: 
I am a jolly foster.

Cornysh, Ah, Robin
Ah, Robin, gentle, Robin,
Tell me how thy leman doth
and thou shalt know of mine.

My lady is unkind I wis,
Alack why is she so?
She lov' th another better than me,
and yet she will say no.

Ah, Robin, gentle, Robin,
Tell me how thy leman doth
and thou shalt know of mine.

I cannot think such doubleness
for I find women true,
In faith my lady lov' th me well
she will change for no new.

Ah, Robin, gentle, Robin,
Tell me how thy leman doth
and thou shalt know of mine.

Cornysh, Blow thy Horn

Blow thy horn, hunter,
And blow thy horn on high!
There is a doe in yonder wood,
In faith she will not die:

Now blow thy horn, hunter,
Now blow thy horn, jolly hunter!

Sore this deer stricken is,
And yet she bleeds no whit;
She lay so fair, I could not miss,
Lord, I was glad of it:
Now blow...

As I stood under a bank,

The deer shoff on the mead;
I struck her so that down she sank
But yet she was not dead.
Now blow...

There she go' th! See ye not,
How she go' th over the plain?
And if ye lust to gave a shot,
I warrant her bairain.
Now blow...

He to go and I to go,
But he ran fast afore;
I bade him shoot and strike the doe,
For I might shoot no more.
Now blow...

To the covert both they went,
For I found where she lay;
An arrow in her haunch she hent,
For faint she might not bray.
Now blow...

I was weary of the game,
I went to tavern to drink;
Now, the construction of the same--
What do you mean or think?
Now blow...

Here I leave and make an end
Now of this hunter's lore:
I think his bow is well unbent,
His bolt may flee no more.
Now blow...

Henry VIII, Pastime with Good Company

Pastime with good company
I love, and shall until I die.
Gruch* who lust but none deny, 
So God be pleas’d thus live will I.

For my pastance, 
hunt, sing, and dance, 
my heart is set
All goodly sport, 
for my comfort, 
who shall me let?

Youth must have some dalliance, 
of good or ill some pastance. 
Company methinks then best, 
all thoughts and fancies to digest. 
For idleness, 
is chief mistress 
of vices all 
Then who can say 
but mirth and play 
is best of all.

Company with honesty, 
Is virtue, vices to flee. 
Company is good and ill, 
but every man hath his free will. 
The best ensue, 
the worst eschew, 
my mind shall be 
Virtue to use, 
vice to refuse, 
thus shall I use me

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Taverner, *Dum transisset Sabbatum*

*Dum transisset sabbatum Maria* 
Magdalene, et Maria Jacobi, et 
Salome emerunt aromata, ut 

When the Sabbath was past Mary 
Magdalene, and Mary the mother of 
James, and Salome had bought sweet 
spices, that they might come and

---

*anoint Jesus, alleluia.*

Et valde mane una sabbatorum, 
veniunt ad monumentum orto iam 
sole.

Ut venientes ungerent Jesum, 
alleluia.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui 
Sancto.

Alleluia

(Third Respond at Matins, Easter Day)