

Happy Hour Chamber Concert
October 8, 2018 – 6:00 p.m.
Epiphany Lutheran Church
790 South Corona Street, Denver

SOLIS

An Acapella Vocal Ensemble

PROGRAM

Motets and Madrigals from the Renaissance Era *Music For Five Voices (Mostly)*

Part I

Sicut Cervus Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525-1594)
As the deer longs for the water brook, so longs my heart for thee, O God.

Lord to Thee I Make My Moan Thomas Weelkes (1575-1623)
Lord, to thee I make my moan, when dangers me oppress; I call, I sigh, 'plain and groan, trusting to find release. Hear now, O Lord, my request, for it is full due time, and let thine ears aye be pressed unto this prayer mine. Amen.

Velociter exaudi me Orazio Vecchi (1550-1605)
Swiftly hear me, Lord, my spirit has failed me.

Assumpta est Maria
Mary has been received into heaven; the angels rejoice, while praising the Lord they bless him.

Alleluia, laudem dicite
Alleluia, speak praise to our God. Alleluia, all his servants small and great. Alleluia, for our Lord God omnipotent has reigned. Alleluia, we rejoice, and let us exult and give him glory always. Alleluia.

Ave Virgo gratiosa
Hail, gracious Virgin, star brighter than the sun, glorious Mother of God, sweeter than a comb of honey, redder by far than a rose, whiter than a lily.

Omnis virtus te decorat
Every virtue adorns you, every saint honors you, Jesus Christ praises you high in the heavens above. Alleluia.

Domine, quando veneris
Lord, when you come to judge the earth, where will I hide myself from the face of your wrath? For I have sinned too much in my life.

Part II

Weep, O Mine Eyes

John Bennet (1575-1614)

Weep, o mine eyes, and cease not; alas these your springtides methinks increase not. O when begin you to swell so high that I may drown me in you?

Lasciate mi morire

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Let me die! And whom would you want to comfort me in such a cruel fate, in such great torment? Let me die!

O Mirtillo

O Mirtillo, Mirtillo, my love, if only you could see the inner life and feelings of her whom you call most cruel Amarilli; I know well that you would feel for her that same pity which you ask of her. Oh, our souls are too unhappy in love! What joy is there, my heart, in being loved? What joy is there for me in having so dear a lover? Why, cruel Destiny, do you divide us when Love unites us? And why do you unite us, treacherous Love, when Destiny divides us?

Zefiro torna (6th Book of Madrigals)

Zephyr returns and brings the sunshine back, and flowers and grass, his sweet companions, and warbling swallows, lamenting nightingales, and Spring, milk-white and scarlet. The meadow smiles, the sky is blue again, Jove regards his daughter with delight; Earth, air and water are filled with love and every animal renews his courtship. But for me, alas, the heaviest sigh returns, drawn from the depths of my heart by she who took its keys with her to heaven; and birdsong, and the flowers of the field, and the sweet sincerity of lovely women are as a desert and pitiless wild beasts.

J'aime la pierre precieuse

Claude le Jeune (1528-1600)

I love the precious stone and its delicious beauty: I love gold and what is more expensive still; I love the sure sufficiency and peaceful enjoyment of property or process there be; but still more than all that; I love with pure love the beautiful virtues of Antoinette.

Il est bel et bon

Pierre Passereau (1509-1547)

He is handsome and good, dear, my husband. There were two gossiping women in the village saying one to the other, "Do you have a good husband?" He doesn't scold me, or beat me either. He does the chores, he feeds the chickens, and I take my pleasure. Really, you have to laugh to hear the cries of the chicks and hens: co-co-co-co-dae, little flirt, what's this?