

Double Reed Ensemble and Early Music Ensemble

Tuesday, April 30, 2024

7:30 p.m.

Haddock Performance Hall

Program

***Music for the Royal Fireworks*, HWV 351 George Frideric Handel**
(1685-1759)

- I. Overture*
- II. Bourrée*
- III. La Paix*
- IV. La Réjouissance*

Lionel Hampton School of Music Double Reed Ensemble

Claire Jaramillo, Tayla Martell, Izzy Urrutia, Ella Wong, and Fahime Taghavi, oboes

Connor Allen and Luke West, English horns

Katherine Bryant, Keenan Edwards, Thomas Smith, Rachel Weiss, bassoons

Caleb Casner, contrabassoon

Dora Proud and Javier Rodriguez, directors

***Trattenimenti per camera* (1660) Maurizio Cazzati**
(1616-1678)

- XIII. Passacaglia*

***Hor ch'è tempo di dormire* (1638)..... Tarquinio Merula**
(ca. 1594-1665)
arr. Or trans.

***Stabat Mater* (1736) Giovanni Battista Pergolesi**
(1710-1736)

- I. Stabat mater dolorosa*
- II. Cujus animam gementem*
- III. O quam tristis et afflicta*
- IV. Quae moerebat et dolebat*
- V. Quis est homo*
- VI. Vidit suum dulcem natum*
- VII. Eja mater fons amoris*
- VIII. Fac ut ardeat cor meum*
- IX. Sancta mater, istud agas*
- X. Fac ut portem Christi mortem*
- XI. Inflammatus et accensus*
- XII. Quando corpus morietur*

***Se el alba sonora (1719)*..... Tomas de Torrejón y Velasco**

(1644-1728)

arr. Patrick Brandl Suárez

Early Music Ensemble
Mikaila Calhoun, soprano
Karolyn Clifford, mezzo-soprano
Patrick Brandl Suárez, counter-tenor, alto recorder, and harpsichord
Holden Barber, harpsichord
Gus Jones, flute
Aidan Steinkamp, violin
Eric Thorsteinson, viola
Miranda Wilson, cello

Text translations

***Merula, Hor ch'è tempo di dormire (Now it's time to sleep).* Translation adapted from jeniferthyssen.com**

Now that it is time to sleep, sleep my darling and don't cry, for a time will come when you need to cry. So, my darling, my heart, close those delightful eyes, like the other children do, because swift, dark veils will soon hide the light of heaven. So, my darling, my heart, take the milk from my untouched breasts, as cruel rulers will prepare for you sourness and bitterness. So, my darling, my heart, my love, have this breast, as your morbid bed will take you to higher voices, the soul and the father underneath the cross. So, my darling, my heart, now rest this beautiful and endearing and tender body. Later, hard chains will give it horrible pain. So, my darling, my heart, these hands and feet I look at with joy and happiness; alas, in different ways, sharp nails will pierce them. This gracious face, more rosy-red than roses, will take spitting and smacking with torment and great suffering. Ah, how your pain will despair, my heart when this head and this hair will feel the sharp thorns. Ah, in this blissful bosom, love is my delight. To you, the scars of death will be brought by false spears. Sleep, my son, to relieve me, and we will see each other with joyful eyes in Paradise. Now that my life is asleep, from my heart joy erupts. I touch and comfort you with pure spirit, quiet as heaven and earth. Meanwhile, what else can I do but wait with a bowed head, until my baby sleeps.

***Pergolesi, Stabat mater.* Translation courtesy of Choral Public Domain Library.**

The grieving Mother stood weeping beside the cross where her Son was hanging. Through her weeping soul, compassionate and grieving, a sword passed.

O how sad and afflicted was that blessed Mother of the only-begotten, who mourned and grieved, seeing and bearing the torment of her glorious child.

Who is it that would not weep, seeing Christ's Mother in such agony? Who could not feel compassion on beholding the Holy Mother suffering with her Son?

O Mother, fountain of love, make me feel the power of sorrow, that I may grieve with you. Grant that my heart may burn in the love of Christ my God, that I may greatly please Him. The Mother stood, a red rose, weeping beside the cross, seeing Him bear a criminal's fate, who was guilty of no crime.

And as she stood, full of heart, grieving beside her son, the people cried, "Crucify, crucify!" O how grievous was your pain, Virgin full of sorrows, when you recalled former joys now turned to sadness.

There was no color in you, Mother, when your Son stood detained, yet content at Satan's overthrow. Hence, best-beloved Lady, beseech your Son, who takes away all the sins we have committed, with sweet prayer, that, wiping away our faults, He might plant grace in us, and fulfil this promise in our eternal rest. Amen.

Torrejón y Velasco, *Se el alba Sonora*

Duet: If the sonorous dawn is encrypted in my voice, listen, young ones, to the sound of the murmur. That delights, recreates, inspires the crystal, influences the bird, whispers in the flower. For my life and my love sleep among the straw; listen, young ones, to the sound of the murmur, and without waking him, shape the song that gladdens the valleys, enlightens the mountains, and is a harbinger to men of their redemption.

Recitative: Let the cold fog yield as the pale night steals the transparent chariot from the dawn. It boasts of another light greater than the day, and since it enjoys this sun that improves it, a new salute unravels to a new dawn.

Aria: Sing, sing, sing, nightingale; flutter, flutter, flutter, golden curls; and greet the better sun. And suspended in the melodious, explain to the feathered chorus the greatness of his love.