MUSIC FOR CHOIR AND PERCUSSION

THE BOB COLE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC at California State University, Long Beach and the College of the Arts proudly present:

THE BOB COLE CONSERVATORY CHAMBER CHOIR
CSULB UNIVERSITY CHOIR
JONATHAN TALBERG, CONDUCTOR

UNIVERSITY PERCUSSION GROUP
DAVE GERHART, CONDUCTOR

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 2012 8:00PM
SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 2012 4:00PM

GERALD R. DANIEL RECITAL HALL
PLEASE SILENCE ALL ELECTRONIC MOBILE DEVICES.
The Bob Cole Conservatory Chamber Choir *(Saturday Only)*

*Trois Chansons de Charles d’Orléans* ................................................................. Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

I. Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder
II. Quant j’ai ouy le tambourin—Beth Wightwick, soprano
III. Yver, vous n’estes qu’un villain

Becky Hasquet, Rachel St. Marseille, Landon Shaw, Lyle Smith-Mitchell—quartet
Stephen Salts—conductor

**University Percussion Group (Sunday Only)**

_*...of the Earth*_ ........................................................................................................... Robert McClure (b. 1974)

**Chamber Choir and University Percussion Group**

*I Hate and I Love* ............................................................................................................. Dominick Argento (b. 1926)

I. I hate and I love
II. Let us live, my Clodia, and let us love
III. Greetings, miss, with nose not small
IV. My woman says she will be no one’s
V. Was it a lioness from the mountains of Libya
VI. You promise me, my dearest life
VII. Wretched Catullus, put an end to this madness
VIII. I hate and I love

*The Other Shore* ............................................................................................................. Carolyn Bremer (b. 1957)

World Premiere
Dave Gerhart—vibraphone

**15 MINUTE INTERMISSION**

The CSULB University Choir and University Percussion Group

Grace Byeon (Sunday) and Álannah Garnier (Saturday)—soprano
Steven Amie (Saturday) and Simon Barrad (Sunday)—baritone
JJ Lopez—tenor

*Carmina Burana* ............................................................................................................. Carl Orff (1895-1982)

*Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi*

1. O Fortuna
2. Fortune plango vulnera

*I. Primo vere*

3. Veris leta facies
4. Omnia Sol temperat
5. Ecce gratum

*Uf dem anger*

6. Tanz
7. Floret silva
8. Chramer, gip die varwe mir
9. Reie
Swaz hie gat umbe
Chume, chum geselle min
Swaz hie gat umbe
10. Were diu werlt alle min

II. In Taberna
11. Estuans interius
12. Olim lacus colueram
13. Ego sum abbas
14. In taberna quando sumus

III. Cour d’amours
15. Amor volat undique
16. Dies, nox et omnia
17. Stetit puella
18. Circa mea pectora
19. Si puer cum puellula
20. Veni, veni, venias
21. In trutina
22. Tempus est iocundum
23. Dulcissime

IV. Blanziflor et Helena
24. Ave formosissima
25. O Fortuna

PROGRAM NOTES
Trois Chansons de Charles d’Orléans
Published in 1908, the Trois Chansons by Claude Debussy embody many of the harmonic trends of the period. The texts are by Duke Charles d’Orléans of France, who was imprisoned following the Battle of Agincourt in 1415. Dieu! qu’il la fait bon regarder glows with emotion of love, Quant j’ai ouy le tambourin uses the choir as tambourines in attempt to rouse the weary soloist from slumber, and Yver, vous n’estes qu’un villain curses winter for its cruelty.

...of the Earth
...of the Earth is a non-pitched percussion quartet in which the bass drum is the only true drum in the ensemble and is shared by all four players. The title refers to the primitive nature of the instruments (wood, metal, calf skin). Each player has four “melodic” instruments (brake drums, cow bells, wood blocks, log drums). Also, each player has two “toys” and share china cymbals, a tam-tam, and a thunder sheet. The piece features two main motives in the “melodic” instruments that are developed and juxtaposed over a driving rhythmic backdrop. ...of the Earth was written during the fall of 2007.

I Hate and I Love
Dominick Argento is arguably one of the finest composers of vocal music in America. He studied in Italy as a Fulbright and Guggenheim Fellow, and won the Pulitzer Prize in Music in 1975 for his song cycle From the Diary of Virginia Woolf. Argento was in Florence when he began work on a commission from the Dale Warland Singers. Familiar with the exceptional versatility of the ensemble, Argento chose to set poems from Liber Catulli Veronensis by Catullus that exploit “the depth of passion of Catullus’s love and hatred for Clodia and the agony of his constant vacillation between these two extremes” (Dominick Argento, Walden Pond by The Dale Warland Singers, CD-ROM liner notes, Gothic Records, 2003).

Argento translated Catullus’s Latin poems into English and, as a true master of lyricism, organized them into a storm of raw emotions, varying from the purest love to the deepest despair. Feelings of infatuation, blissful contentment, jealousy, betrayal, reconciliation, and resignation are all truncated into a fifteen-minute exhibition. I Hate and I Love can be formally analyzed in sonata form, with an exposition, a lengthy development, and a recapitulation. A myriad of other forms are employed on the micro level to firmly establish the unique character of each movement. While remaining in the tonal harmonic scheme, Argento appropriately assigns moments of bi-tonality, whole tone relationship, sequence, inversion, and canonic material. The listener’s ear is influenced by recurring motives throughout the work, in addition to some
other compositional techniques like quotation (“Crucifixus” from Mass in b-minor by J.S. Bach is quoted in movement five at the text “with a heart so cold, so black”). Argento was asked to employ only a few instruments to accompany the mixed chorus, so he chose mostly non-pitched percussion instruments (gongs, triangles, cymbals, drums, woodblocks, etc.) to emphasize “the antiquity of the text and elemental emotions it deals with.”

“I think that music... began as an emotional language. For me, all music begins where speech stops.”
—Dominick Argento

The Other Shore  In June 2012, the Bob Cole Conservatory lost a beloved faculty member, percussionist Dr. Michael Carney. The Other Shore is written in his memory. Shortly after Dr. Carney’s passing, Jonathan Talberg and I discussed the possibility of this performance of Carmina Burana using the version for percussion and piano; he invited me to contribute a piece to the concert.

The text came first. The work is about impermanence and how a deep understanding of it can bring peace and healing. The phrase “the other shore” refers to Nirvana, a complex experiential Buddhist concept which includes freedom from suffering.

With some early drafts of the text in hand, I sat a seventeen-day silent retreat in Northern California. Even though the retreat focused on letting go of thoughts, music kept arising. Eventually, I gave up and listened. The section with the text “May you find peace in your heart” looped for several forty-five minute meditation sittings. As the music developed, the text migrated from “May you find peace in your heart” to “May I find peace in my heart,” becoming a personal mantra for the performers.

Though the work is officially dedicated to Michael and Grace Carney, it was written for the performers you hear today with profound gratitude from the composer. During Dr. Carney’s illness, the entire conservatory bonded as a family in support of him and the Carney family. Dr. Dave Gerhart requested and performs the solo vibraphone part to honor his friend and mentor. It is fitting that he serve as the bedrock of the piece, as he took on that role for the percussion department in the last two years.

Carmina Burana  Following the successful premiere of Carmina Burana in 1937, Carl Orff sent a message to his publisher: “Everything I have written to date, and which you have, unfortunately printed, can be destroyed. With Carmina Burana, my collected works begin.”

By the 1930s, Orff began to feel estranged from the progressive styles of 20th-century music that were so popular at the time. Instead, he turned to a more simplistic approach; he wrote strophic songs that rarely strayed from anything diatonic, with an emphasis on simple but percussive rhythmic structures. During this time, he wrote a set of three works including Catulli Carmina, Trionfo di Afrodite, and the most famous of them all, Carmina Burana.

In 1934, Orff first came across a 13th century collection of poems compiled at the Benedictine monastery in Benediktbeuren, Bavaria. “Carmina Burana,” which means “Songs of Beuren” in Latin, is an eclectic collection of over 200 poems and songs. Their themes range from religious ecstasy to secular love, lust, drunken debauchery, and bawdy humor. The text is comprised of Latin, medieval German, and some French with several of the poems mixing the languages together. Orff selected 24 of the poems and assembled a libretto with his friend, and poet, Michel Hoffman. The work is arranged into three principal sections: 1. Primo vere (Spring) and Uf dem Anger (On the Green); 2. In taberna (In the Tavern); and 3. Cour d’Amours (Court of Love). The best-known movement of the work, Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi (Fortune, Empress of the World), serves as the prologue and epilogue.

Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi depicts the revolution of the Wheel of Fate through a powerful repeated rhythmic figure that grows continuously to a climactic conclusion. After Fortuna plango vulnera (I lament the wounds that fortune deals), the first major section, Primo vere, begins. The music focuses on the rejuvenation of the earth, as well as link the spring equinox with emotions of passion and love. The subsection, Uf dem Anger, features songs full of flirtation and seductive promises. The next section, In Taberna, is performed solely by the men celebrating and condemning the effects of alcohol. The final section, Cour d’Amours, enters the seductive world of sensual pleasure, ending with the eventual submission of one’s desires in Dulcissime (Sweetest Boy). The grand hymnal praise, Blanzifor et Helena, is cut short by the intervention of imperious fate, as the opening chorus O Fortuna, like the revolution of the wheel, returns to close the work.

The reason behind the simplistic composition of Carmina Burana was to place music in the service of the text, and to permit the words to be clearly understood while they are being sung. Orff sought to depict the primitive, instinctive side of human life as well as create a musical idiom that would serve as a means “to lead away from the subjectivism and isolation of the individual to a stringent and universally valid collective experience.” In it, he envisioned a total music theater where music, words, and dance were equal partners in creating a theatrical spectacle. However, as we will hear it tonight, the work is performed in concert halls far more frequently than in theaters.

—note by Stacy Oh
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder
La gracieuse bonne et belle;

Pour les grans biens que sont en elle
Chascun est prest de la loyier,
Qui se pourroit d'elle lasser?
Tousjours sa beauté renouvelle.

Par de ça ne de là, la mer
Ne scay dame ne damoiselle
Qui soit en tous bien parfais telle.
C'est ung songe que d'i penser:
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

Quant j'ai ouy la tabourin
Sonner, pour s'en aller au may,
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray
Ne levé mon chief du coissin;

En disant: il est trop matin
Ung peu je me rendormiray:
Quant j'ai ouy le tabourin
Sonner pour s'en aller au may,

Jeunes gens partent leur butin;
De nonchaloir m'acointeray
A lui je m'abutineray
Trouvé l'ay plus prouchain voisin;

Quant j'ai ouy la tabourin
Sonner, pour s'en aller au may,
En mon lit n'en ay fait affray
Ne levé mon chief du coissin.

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un vilain
Esté est plaisant et gentil
En témoing de may et d'avril
Qui l'accompaignent soir et main.
Esté revet champs, bois et fleurs
De sa livrée de verdure
Et de maintes autres couleurs
Par l'ordonnance de nature.
Mais vous, Yver, trop estes plein
De nège, vent, pluye et grézil.
On vous deust banir en exil.
Sans point flater je parle plein,
Yver, vous n'estes qu'un vilain.

I Hate and I Love

I. I hate and I love
I hate and I love. Perhaps you will ask how that can be possible.
I do not know; but that is what I feel and it torments me.

II. Let us live, my Clodia, and let us love
Let us live, my Clodia, and let us love,
And let the censorious whispers of the old
Be to us as worthless as the gold of fools.

Suns can set, then rise anew:
But once our own brief light has dimmed
We shall sleep an eternal night.
III. Greetings, miss, with nose not small
Greetings, miss, with nose not small,
Foot not pretty, eyes not black,
Fingers not slender, mouth never resting,
Speech neither musical nor elegant –
Best greetings to you, miss!

And in Florence they call you a beauty?
And compare you with my own Clodia?

O what a gross and ignorant age!

IV. My woman says she will be no one’s but mine
My woman says she will be no one’s but mine,
Not even should Jupiter himself wish to seduce her.

She says: but what woman says to lover –
Write it on the wind or swift-running water.

V. Was it lioness from the mountains of Libya
Was it lioness from the mountains of Libya
Or was it Scylla who barks from the depths of her groin
Who gave birth to you with a heart so cold, so black,
A heart that feels only contempt for the voice of
Him who pleads to you in vain?

You: with a heart so fierce?

VI. You promise me, my dearest life, that is our love
You promise me, my dearest life, that is our love
Will endure, will be joyous and never-ending.

O great gods, make what she promises be true
And make it come from the bottom of her heart,
So that all our lives we will be able to keep
This sacred vow of eternal love.

VII. Wretched Catullus, put an end to this madness!
Wretched Catullus, put an end to this madness!
That which is over and lost, you must count lost forever:
Those radiant days that once shone upon you
When you hastened to follow the girl wherever she led you –
That same girl whom you loved as no other woman will ever be loved –
(Wretched Catullus, put an end to this madness!)
The countless delights in the sports of love,
When what you desired, she desired and desired just as much.
(Wretched Catullus!)
O, radiant indeed were the days that once shone upon you!

Now suddenly she no longer wants your love, and you, being helpless, must
Give up this longing, cease to pursue her,
Put an end to this torment and madness!
(Wretched Catullus!)

O immortal gods, if you truly have pity,
Tear out from my heart this pestilence, this plague
Whose insidious gnawing has driven all joy from my breast.

I no longer ask that this woman should love me,
Nor do I ask the impossible, that she be chase.
My only wish now is that I be healed, and this
Terrible pain be assuaged.

VIII. I hate and I love
I hate and I love. Perhaps you will ask how that can be possible.
I do not know; but that is what I feel and it torments me.

Liber Catulli Veronensis
(freely translated by the composer)

The Other Shore

This.
Even this
Arises and passes away,
Like the moon’s journey
Across the stream.

A shattered mirror.
I burn inside,
Burn down to ashes,
Down to the elements themselves.
A ship sailing without the stars at night.
I speak from the heart with turbulent anger.
My heart, created from matter
From the ashes of the elements.
Even the stars die.

The heaviness of my heart is a burden
Until I see that it’s just my heart’s burden.
All that separates us from death is one breath.
Birth and decay.
This will end. This will end. This will end.

May you have peace in your heart.
May I have peace in my heart.

Gone, gone, gone beyond,
Gone over to the other shore.
Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi

1. O Fortuna,
velut Luna
statu variabilis,
semper crescis
aut decrescis;
vita detestabilis
nunc obdurat
et tunc curat
ludo mentis aciem;
egestatem,
potentatem,
dissolvit ut glaciem.

Sors immanis
et inanis,
rota tu volubilis,
status malus,
vana salus
semper dissolubilis;
obumbrata
et velata
mihi quoque niteris;
nunc per ludum
dorsum nudum
feretur illam.

2. Fortune plango vulnera
stillantibus ocellis,
quod sua mihi munera
stillatibus ocellis,
semenque eteneris;
nunc a sommo corrui
quicquid tamen florui
flore coronatus;
prosperitatis vario
sed facie varis,
in Fortune solio
occasio calvata.

Sors salutis
et virtutis
mihi nunc contraria;
est affectus
et defectus
semper in angaria.
hac in hora
sine mora
cordae pulsum tangite!
quod per sortem
sine mora
hac in hora
semenque eteneris;
sed plerumque sequitur
fronte capillata,
verum est, quod legitur:
quod sua mihi munera
stillatibus ocellis,
sternit fortem,
quod per sortem
cordae pulsum tangite!

3. Veris leta facies
mundo propinatur,
hiemalis acies
victa iam fugatur,
vestitu vario
Flora principatur,
memorum dulcisono
que cantu celebratur.

Flore fusus gremio
Phoebus novo more
risum dat, hoc vario
iam stipatur flore
Zephyrus nectareo
spirans in odore.
certatim pro bravio
curramus in amore.

3. Ecce gratum
volvitur in rota.
quisquis amat taliter,
absent in remota.
sum presentialiter
et ex mente tota.
decemme fide
et tuo vere
vias prebet solitas,
iubet nos gaudere;
in solemni vere
rerum tanta novitas
deus puerilis.

et iocundis imperat
animus herilis
ad amorem properat
facies Aprilis,
nova mundo reserat
et iocundos integrus
deus puerilis.

4. Omnia sol temperat
iam gaudia millena.
chorus promit virginum
silve per amena,
salit cetus avium
prata iam serena,
flore rident vario
dulcis philomena,
curramus in amore.

certatim pro bravio
spirans in odore.
Zephyrus nectareo
iam stipatur flore
risum dat, hoc vario
Phoebus novo more
Lying in Flora’s lap
Phoebus once more
smiles, now covered
in many-colored flowers,
Zephyr breathes nectar-
scented breezes.
Let us rush to compete
for love’s prize.

The sun warms everything
pure and gentle,
once again it reveals to the
world April’s face,
the soul of man
is urged towards love
and joys are governed
by the boy-god.

All this rebirth in
spring’s festivity
and spring’s power
bids us to rejoice;
it shows us paths we know well,
and in your springtime
it is true and right
to keep what is yours.

Love me faithfully!
See how I am faithful:
with all my heart
and with all my soul,
I am with you
even when I am far away.
Whoever loves this much
turns on the wheel.

Behold, the pleasant
and longed-for
spring brings back joyfulness,
violet flowers
fill the meadows
the sun brightens everything,
sadness is now at an end!
Summer returns,
now withholds
the rigors of winter.
Lat mich iu gevallen! jungen man!
Seht mich an, also freudenriche!
Wol dir werlt, das du bist
lat mich iu gevallen! jungen man!
Seht mich an, und lat iuch in hohen eren
minnecliche frouwen!
Minnet, tugentliche man,
lat mich iu gevallen!

9. Reie
Swaz hie gat umbe, daz sint alles megede,
die wellent an man alle disen sumer gan!
Chume, chumse, geselle min, ih enbiete harte din,
chum, chumse, geselle min. Suzer rosenvarwer munt.
Swaz hie gat umbe, etc.

10. Were diu werlt alle min
von deme mere unze an den Rin,
des wolt imh darben, daz diu chünegin von Engellant
lege an minen armen.

On the Green
Dance
The noble wood burgeons
with flowers and leaves.
Where is the lover
I knew?
He has ridden off!
Oh! Who will love me?
The wood burgeons all over,
I am pining for my lover.
The wood turns green all over,
why is my lover away so long?
He has ridden off!
Oh woe, who will love me?

On Dem Anger
Uf Dem Anger
pares esse Paridis.
et letantes
gloriantes
simus iussu Cypridis
premio Cupidinis;
simus iussu Cypridis
et letantes
Taberna.

II. In Taberna
11. Estuans interius
ira vehementi
in amaritudine
logior mee menti:
factus de materia,
cinis elementi,
similis sum folio,
de quo ludunt venti.

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gloriantes
simus iussu Cypridis
premio Cupidinis;
simus iussu Cypridis
et letantes
Taberna.
12. Cignus Ustus Cantat
Olim lacus colueram, 
olim pulcher extiteram, 
dum cignus ego fueram.
miser, miser!
modo niger 
et ustus fortiter!
girat, regirat garcifer; 
me rogus urit fortiter; 
propinat me nunc dapifer.
miser, miser!
modo niger 
et ustus fortiter!
nunc in scutella iaceo, 
et volitare nequelo, 
dentes frendentes video.
miser, miser!
modo niger 
et ustus fortiter!
13. Ego sum abbatis Cucaniensis
et consilium meum 
est cum bibulis, 
et in secta Decii 
voluntas mea est, 
et qui mane me 
quesierit in taberna, 
post vesperam 
nudus egredietur, 
et sic denuatus 
veste clamabit:
Wafna, wafna! 
quid fecisti sors 
turrissima? 
nostre vite gaudia 
abstulisti omnia?
14. In taberna quando sumus, 
non curamus quid sit humus, 
sed ad ludum properamus, 
cui semper insidiasums. 
quid agatur in taberna, 
tib mutus is pincerna, 
hoc est opus ut queratur, 
si quid loquar, audiaturus.
quidam ludunt, quidam bibunt, 
quidam indiscreto vivunt. 
ex his quidam denuantur, 
quidam iebuientur, 
quidam saccis induuntur. 
ibi nullus timet mortem, 
sed pro Baccho mitunt sortem:
primo pro nummata vini; 
ex hac bibunt libertini, 
seme bibunt pro captivis, 
post hec bibunt ter pro vivis, 
quater pro Christianis cunctis, 
quintes pro fidelibus defunctis, 
sexies pro sororibus vanis, 
septies pro militibus silvanis.
The roasted swan sings
Once I lived on lakes,
once I looked beautiful
when I was a swan.
Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!
The cook turns me on the spit;
I burn fiercely over the pyre:
the steward now serves me up.
Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!
Now I lie on a plate,
and cannot fly anymore,
I see bared teeth:
Misery me!
Now black
and roasting fiercely!
Woe! Woe!
What have you done,
vilest Fate?
The joys of my life
you have taken all away.
Some gamble, some drink,
some behave loosely.
But of those who gamble,
some are stripped bare,
some win their clothes here,
some are dressed in sacks.
Here no one fears death,
but gambles in Bacchus’ name:
First is to the wine-merchant
the libertines drink,
second for the prisoners,
three for the living,
four for all Christians,
five for the faithful dead,
six for the loose sisters,
seven for the forest soldiers.
Next is to the wine-merchant
the libertines drink,
second for the prisoners,
three for the living,
four for all Christians,
five for the faithful dead,
six for the loose sisters,
seven for the forest soldiers.
8 for the errant brethren,
ine for the dispersed monks,
ten for the seamen,
eleven for the squabblers,
twelve for the penitent,
thirteen for the wayfarers.
To the Pope as to the king,
all drink without restraint.
The mistress, the master,
the soldier, the priest,
the man, the woman,
the servant with the maid,
the swift man, the lazy man,
the white man, the black man,
the settled man, the wanderer,
the stupid man, the wise man.
The poor man, the sick man,
the exile and the stranger,
the youngster, the old man,
the bishop and the deacon,
the sister, the brother,
the old lady, the mother,
this woman, that man,
a hundred drink,
a thousand drink.
Six hundred coins are not
enough for this aimless
and intemperate drinking.
Though we are cheerful,
everyone scolds us,
and thus we are destitute.
May our slanderers be cursed
not counted among the just.
III. Cour d’Amour
15. Amor volat undique, 
captus est libidine, 
juvenes, iuvencule 
captus est libidine.
parum sexcente nunmate 
durant, cum immoderate 
bibunt omnes sine meta.
Cupid flies everywhere
sized by desire.
Young men and women
are rightly coupled.
The girl without a lover
are rightly coupled.
The mistress, the master,
the soldier, the priest,
the man, the woman,
the servant with the maid,
the swift man, the lazy man,
the white man, the black man,
the settled man, the wanderer,
the stupid man, the wise man.
Day, night and everything
is against me,
the chattering of maidens
is against me,
Day, night and everything
is against me,
the chattering of maidens
is against me.
O friends, you mock me,
speaking as you please,
spare me, sorrowful as I am,
great is my grief,
advise me at least,
by your honor.
Your beautiful face makes
me weep a thousand times,
your heart is of ice.
As a cure,
I would be revived
by a kiss.
Cupid flies everywhere
sized by desire.
Young men and women
are rightly coupled.
The girl without a lover
are rightly coupled.
Cupid flies everywhere
sized by desire.
Young men and women
are rightly coupled.
Cupid flies everywhere
sized by desire.
17. Stetit puella
rufa tunica;
si quis eam tetigit,
tunica crepuit.
Eia!
stetit puella,
tamquam rosula;
facie splenduit
et os eius floruit.
Eia!

18. Circa mea pectora
multa sunt suspiria
de tua pulchritudine,
que me ledunt misere.

Manda liet,
manda liet,
min geselle
chumet niet.

vellet deus, vellent dii,
quod mente proposui.
ut eius virginea
reserassem vincula.

Manda liet,
manda liet,
min geselle
chumet niet.

If a boy with a girl
tarries in a little room,
happy is their coupling.
Love rises up,
and between them
prudery is driven away,
an ineffable game begins
in their limbs, arms, and lips.

20. Veni, veni, venias,
ne me mori facias,
hyrcce, hyrce, nazaza,
trillirivos...
pulchra tibi facies,
oculum acies,
capillorum series,
o quam clara species!
rosa rubicundior
lilio candidior,
ominibus formosior,
semper in te glorior.

21. In trutina mentis dubia
fluctuant contraria
lascivus amor et pudicitia.
secto digo, quod video,
collum iugo prebo;
ad iugum tamen suave
transeo.

22. Tempus est iocundum,
o virgines,
modo congaudete
vos iuvenes.

oh, oh, oh,
totus floreo,
iam amore virginali
totus ardeo,

Novus, novus amor
est, quo pereo.

mea me confortat
promissio,
mea me deportat
negatio.

23. Dulcissime,
totam tibi subdo me!

24. Ave formosissima,
gemma pretiosa,
ave decus virginum,

Ave mundi luminar,
ave mundi rosa,
Blanziflor et Helena,
Venus generosa!

Fortuna Imperatrix
Mundi

25. O Fortune, etc.
(same as #1 on page 7)

Fortune, Empress
of the World

O Fortune, etc.
(same as #1 on page 7)
**PERSONNEL**

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Beth Wightwick

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Emily Grandpré
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Ryan Denney
Nick Gilroy
Jeff Ramos

Brandon Rivera
Jazper Saldaña
Matt Williams
Dave Gerhart—vibraphone (*The Other Shore*)

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