

THE BOB COLE CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC AT  
CALIFORNIA STATE UNIVERSITY, LONG BEACH AND THE COLLEGE OF THE ARTS PROUDLY PRESENT:



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# MUSIC FOR CHOIR AND PERCUSSION

THE BOB COLE CONSERVATORY CHAMBER CHOIR  
CSULB UNIVERSITY CHOIR

JONATHAN TALBERG, CONDUCTOR

UNIVERSITY PERCUSSION GROUP

DAVE GERHART, CONDUCTOR

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 27, 2012 8:00PM

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 28, 2012 4:00PM

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GERALD R. DANIEL RECITAL HALL

PLEASE SILENCE ALL ELECTRONIC MOBILE DEVICES.

# PROGRAM

## 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 Alannah 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

#### **Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi**

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.

—note by Michael Ushino

### ...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.

—note by Robert McClure

### 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

—note by Stephen Salts

## 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.

—note by Dr. Carolyn Bremer

## 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 *Fortune 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

# TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

## Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder

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 louer.  
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 parfaits telle.  
C'est ung songe que d'i penser:  
Dieu! qu'il la fait bon regarder!

## Quant j'ai ouy la tabourin

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' ay ouy le tabourin  
Sonner pour s'en aller au may,

Jeunes gens partent leur butin;  
De nonchaloir m'accointeray  
A lui je m'abutineray  
Trouvé l'ay plus prouchain voisin;  
Quant j'ay ouy le 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

Yver, vous n'estes qu'un vilain;  
Esté est plaisant et gentil  
En témoing de may et d'avril  
Qui l'accompagnent 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.

*God! what a vision she is;  
graceful, good and beautiful!*

*For all the virtues that are hers  
everyone is quick to praise her.  
Who could tire of her?  
Her beauty constantly renews itself;*

*On neither side of the ocean  
I know of any girl or woman  
who is in all virtues so perfect;  
it is a dream even to think of her;  
God! what a vision she is.*

*When I hear the tambourine  
sound, calling us to May,  
in my bed I took no note,  
not lifting my head from the pillow*

*Saying, "It is too early,  
I'll fall asleep again."  
When I hear the tambourine  
sound, calling us to May;*

*Let the young people share their plunder;  
I will become acquainted with Indifference  
And share myself with him;  
I have found him to be my closest neighbor  
When I hear the tambourine  
sound, calling us to May,  
in my bed I took no note,  
not lifting my head from the pillow.*

*Winter, you're nothing but a villain!  
Summer is pleasant and nice,  
as May and April testify,  
accompanying her at evening and morning.  
Summer dreams of fields, woods, and flowers,  
covered with green  
and many other colors,  
by nature's command.  
But you, Winter, are too full  
of snow, wind, rain, and hail.  
You should be banished into exile!  
Without flattery, I speak plainly—  
Winter, you're nothing but a villain!*

### 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.



## Carmina Burana

### Fortuna Imperatrix Mundi Fortune, Empress of the World

**I. O Fortuna,**  
velut Luna  
statu variabilis,  
semper crescis  
aut decrescis;  
vita detestabilis  
nunc obdurat  
et tunc curat  
ludo mentis aciem;  
egestatem,  
potestatem,  
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  
fero tui sceleris.

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  
sternit fortem,  
mecum omnes plangite!

**2. Fortune plango vulnera**  
stillantibus ocellis,  
quod sua mihi munera  
subtrahit rebellis.  
verum est, quod legitur:  
fronte capillata,  
sed plerumque sequitur  
occasio calvata.

in Fortune solio  
sederam elatus,  
prosperitatis vario  
flore coronatus;  
quicquid tamen florui  
felix et beatus,  
nunc a summo corruui  
gloria privatus.

Fortune rota volvitur:  
descendo minoratus;  
alter in altum tollitur;  
nimis exaltatus  
rex sedet in vertice -  
caveat ruinam!  
nam sub axe legimus  
Hecubam reginam.

O Fortune,  
like the moon  
you are variable,  
ever waxing  
and waning;  
hateful life  
first oppresses  
and then soothes  
as fancy takes it;  
poverty  
and power,  
it melts them like ice.

Fate, monstrous  
and empty,  
you whirling wheel,  
you are malevolent,  
well-being is in vain  
and always fades to nothing,  
shadowed  
and veiled  
you plague me too;  
now through the game  
I bring my bare back  
to your villainy.

In health  
and virtue,  
Fate is against me  
I am driven on  
and weighted down,  
always enslaved.  
So at this hour  
without delay  
pluck the vibrating strings;  
since Fate  
strikes down the strong man,  
let everyone weep with me!

I lament Fortune's blows  
with weeping eyes,  
for the gifts she made me  
she perversely takes away.  
It is written in truth,  
that she has a fine forelock,  
but, when it comes to seizing  
an opportunity, she is bald.

On Fortune's throne  
I used to sit raised up,  
crowned with many-colored  
flowers of prosperity;  
though I may have flourished  
happy and blessed,  
now I fall from the peak,  
deprived of glory.

The wheel of Fortune turns:  
I go down, demeaned;  
another is raised up;  
far too high up  
sits the king at the summit  
let him fear ruin!  
for under the axis is written  
Queen Hecuba.

### I. Primo Vere

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

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

Cytharizat cantico  
dulcis philomena,  
flore rident vario  
prata iam serena,  
salit cetus avium  
silve per amena,  
chorus promit virginum  
iam gaudia millena.

**4. Omnia sol temperat**  
purus et subtilis,  
nova mundo reserat  
facies Aprilis,  
ad amorem properat  
animus herilis  
et iocundis imperat  
deus puerilis.

rerum tanta novitas  
in solemnibus vere  
et veris auctoritas  
iubet nos gaudere;  
vias prebet solitas,  
et in tuo vere  
fides est et probitas  
tuum retinere.

ama me fideliter,  
fidem meam nota  
de corde totaliter  
et ex mente tota.  
sum presentialiter  
absens in remota.  
quisquis amat taliter,  
volvitur in rota.

**5. Ecce gratum**  
et optatum  
ver reducit gaudia,  
purpuratum  
flore pratum,  
sol serenat omnia,  
iam iam cedant tristitia!  
estas redit,  
nunc recedit  
hyemis sevitia.

iam liquescit  
et decrescit  
grando, nix et cetera,

### In Springtime

The merry face of spring  
turns to the world,  
sharp winter  
now flees, vanquished;  
bedecked in various colors  
Flora reigns,  
the harmony of the woods  
praises her in song.

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.

In harp-like tones sings  
the sweet nightingale,  
with many flowers  
the joyous meadows laugh;  
a flock of birds rises up  
through the pleasant forests;  
the chorus of maidens  
brings a thousand joys.

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 withdraw  
the rigors of winter.

Now melts  
and disappears  
ice, snow and the rest,

bruma fugit,  
et iam sugit  
ver estatis ubera:  
illi mens est misera,  
qui nec vivit,  
nec lascivit  
sub estatis dextera.

gloriantur  
et letantur  
in melle dulcedinis,  
qui conantur,  
ut utantur

premio Cupidinis;  
simus iussu Cypridis  
gloriantes  
et letantes  
pares esse Paridis.

## Uf Dem Anger

### 6. Tanz

7. Floret silva nobilis  
floribus et foliis.

ubi est antiquus  
meus amicus?  
hinc equitavit,  
eia, quis me amabit?

floret silva undique,  
nach mime gesellen ist mir wê.

Gruonet der walt allenthalben,  
wâ ist min geselle also lange?

der ist geriten hinnen,  
o wî, wer sol mich minnen?

8. Chramer, gip die varwe mir,  
diu min wengel roete,  
da mit ich die jungen man  
an ir dank der minnen liebe  
noete.

Seht mich an,  
jungen man!  
lat mich iu gevallen!

Minnet, tugentliche man,  
minnecliche vrouwen!  
minne tuot iu hoch gemuot  
unde lat iuch in hohen eren  
schouwen.

Seht mich an,  
jungen man!  
lat mich iu gevallen!

Wol dir werlt, das du bist  
also freudenriche!  
ich will dir sin undertan  
durch din liebe immer  
sicherliche.

Seht mich an,  
jungen man!  
lat mich iu gevallen!

winter flees,  
and now spring sucks  
at summer's breast:  
A wretched soul is he  
who does not live  
or lust  
under summer's rule.

They glory  
and rejoice  
in honeyed sweetness  
who strive  
to make use of

Cupid's prize;  
at Venus's command  
let us glory  
and rejoice  
emulating Paris.

## 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?

Shopkeeper, give me color  
to make my cheeks red,  
so that I can make the young  
men love me, against their  
will.

Look at me,  
young men!  
Let me please you!

Good men, love  
women worthy of love!  
Love ennobles your spirit  
and gives you honor.

Look at me,  
young men!  
Let me please you!

Hail, world,  
so rich in joys!  
I will be obedient to you  
because of the pleasures you  
afford.

Look at me,  
young men!  
Let me please you!

### 9. Reie

Swaz hie gat umbe,  
daz sint alles megede,  
die wellent ân man  
alle disen sumer gan!

Chume, chum, geselle min,  
ih enbite harte din,  
ih enbite harte din,  
chum, chum, geselle min.  
Suzer rosenvarwer munt.  
chum un mache mich gesunt,  
chum un mache mich gesunt,  
suzer rosenvarwer munt.

Swaz hie gat umbe, etc.

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

## II. In Taberna

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

cum sit enim proprium  
viro sapienti  
supra petram ponere  
sedem fundamenti,  
stultus ego comparor  
fluvio labenti,  
sub eodem tramite  
nunquam permanenti.

feror ego veluti  
sine nauta navis,  
ut per vias aeris  
vaga fertur avis;  
non me tenent vincula,  
non me tenet clavis,  
quero mihi similes  
et adiungor pravis.

mihî cordis gravitas  
res videtur gravis;  
iocus est amabilis  
dulciorque favis;  
quicquid Venus imperat,  
labor est suavis,  
que nunquam in cordibus  
habitat ignavis

via lata gradior  
more iuventutis,  
inplicor et vitiis  
immemor virtutis,  
voluptatis avidus  
magis quam salutis,  
mortuus in anima  
curam gero cutis.

### Round Dance

Those who go round and round  
are all maidens,  
they want to do without a man  
all summer long!

Come, come, my love,  
I long for you,  
I long for you,  
come, come, my love.  
Sweet rose-red lips,  
come and heal me,  
come and heal me,  
sweet rose-red lips.

Those who go round, etc.

Were all the world mine,  
from the sea to the Rhine,  
I would gladly forsake it  
if the Queen of  
England  
would lie in my arms.

## In the Tavern

Burning inside  
with violent anger  
bitterly  
I speak to my heart  
created from matter,  
of the ashes of the elements,  
I am like a leaf  
played with by the winds.

If it is the way  
of the wise man  
to build  
foundations on stone,  
then I am a fool, like  
a flowing stream,  
which in its  
course never changes.

I am carried along  
like a pilotless ship,  
and in the paths of the air  
a light, hovering bird;  
chains cannot hold me,  
keys cannot imprison me,  
I look for people like me  
and join the wretches.

The heaviness of my heart  
seems a burden to me;  
it is pleasant to joke,  
and sweeter than honeycomb;  
whatever Venus commands  
is a sweet duty,  
she never dwells  
in a lazy heart.

I travel the broad path,  
as is the way of youth,  
I give myself to vice,  
unmindful of virtue,  
I am greedy for lust,  
more than for salvation;  
my soul is dead,  
and I care only for the flesh.



**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 nequeo,  
dentes frendentes video.

miser, miser!  
modo niger  
et ustus fortiter!

**13. Ego sum abbas 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 denudatus  
veste clamabit:

Wafna, wafna!  
quid fecisti sors  
turpissima?  
nostre vite gaudia  
abstulisti omnia!

**14. In taberna quando sumus,**  
non curamus quid sit humus,  
sed ad ludum properamus,  
cui semper insudamus.  
quid agatur in taberna,  
ubi nummus est pincerna,  
hoc est opus ut queratur,  
si quid loquar, audiatur.

quidam ludunt, quidam bibunt,  
quidam indiscrete vivunt.  
sed in ludo qui morantur,  
ex his quidam denudantur,  
quidam ibi vestiuntur,  
quidam saccis induuntur.  
ibi nullus timet mortem,  
sed pro Baccho mittunt sortem:

primo pro nummata vini;  
ex hac bibunt libertini,  
semel bibunt pro captivis,  
post hec bibunt ter pro vivis,  
quater pro Christianis cunctis,  
quinquies 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!

**I am the abbot of Cockaigne**  
and my assembly  
is one of drinkers,  
and I wish to be  
in the order of Decius  
and he who seeks to play dice  
with me at the tavern  
after Vespers,  
he will leave naked,  
and thus stripped  
of his clothes he will call out:

Woe! Woe!  
What have you done,  
vilest Fate?  
The joys of my life  
you have taken all away.

**When we are in the tavern,**  
unmindful of the grave,  
we hurry to gamble,  
over which we always sweat.  
What happens in the tavern,  
where money is host,  
you may well ask,  
and hear what I say.

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.

octies pro fratribus perversis,  
nonies pro monachis dispersis,  
decies pro navigantibus,  
undecies pro discordantibus,  
duodecies pro penitentibus,  
tredecies pro iter agentibus.  
tam pro papa quam pro rege  
bibunt omnes sine lege.

bibit hera, bibit herus,  
bibit miles, bibit clerus,  
bibit ille, bibit illa,  
bibit servus cum ancilla,  
bibit velox, bibit piger,  
bibit albus, bibit niger,  
bibit constans, bibit vagus,  
bibit rudis, bibit magus

bibit pauper et egrotus,  
bibit exul et ignotus,  
bibit puer, bibit canus,  
bibit presul et decanus,  
bibit soror, bibit frater,  
bibit anus, bibit mater,  
bibit ista, bibit ille,  
bibunt centum,  
bibunt mille.

parum sexcente nummate  
durant, cum immoderate  
bibunt omnes sine meta.  
quamvis bibant mente leta,  
sic nos rodunt omnes gentes  
et sic erimus egentes.  
qui nos rodunt, confundantur  
et cum iustis non scribantur.

### III. Cour d'Amour

**15. Amor volat undique,**  
captus est libidine,  
iuvenes, iuvenule  
coniunguntur merito.  
Siqua sine socio,  
caret omni gaudio,  
tenet noctis infima  
sub intimo  
cordis in custodia:  
fit res amarissima.

**16. Dies, nox et omnia**  
mihi sunt contraria,  
virginum colloquia  
me fay planszer,  
oy suvenz suspirer,  
plu me fay temer.

o sodales, ludite,  
vos qui scitis dicite,  
mihi mesto parcite,  
grand ey dolor,  
attamen consulite  
per voster honor.

tua pulchra facies,  
me fey planser milies,  
pectus habet glacies.  
a reminder,  
statim vivus fierem  
per un baser.

Eight for the errant brethren,  
nine 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.

### The Court of Love

**Cupid flies everywhere**  
sized by desire.  
Young men and women  
are rightly coupled.  
The girl without a lover  
misses out on all pleasures,  
she keeps the dark night  
hidden  
in the depth of her heart;  
it is a most bitter fate.

**Day, night and everything**  
is against me,  
the chattering of maidens  
makes me weep,  
and often sigh,  
and, most of all, scares 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.

**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.

tui lucent oculi  
sicut solis radii,  
sicut splendor fulguris  
lucem donat tenebris.

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.

**19. Si puer cum puellula**  
moraretur in cellula,  
felix coniunctio.  
amore succrescente,  
pariter e medio  
propulso procul tedio,  
fit ludus ineffabilis  
membris, lacertis, labiis.

**20. Veni, veni, venias,**  
ne me mori facias,  
hyrce, hyrce, nazaza,  
trillirivos...

pulchra tibi facies,  
oculorum acies,  
capillorum series,  
o quam clara species!

rosa rubicundior  
lilio candidior,  
omnibus formosior,  
semper in te glorior.

**A girl stood**  
in a red tunic;  
if anyone touched it,  
the tunic rustled.  
Eia!

A girl stood  
like a little rose:  
her face was radiant  
and her mouth in bloom.  
Eia!

**In my heart**  
there are many sighs  
for your beauty,  
which wound me sorely.

Mandaliet,  
mandaliet,  
my lover  
does not come.

Your eyes shine  
like the rays of the sun,  
like the flashing of lightning  
which brightens the darkness.

Mandaliet,  
mandaliet,  
my lover  
does not come.

May God grant, may the gods  
grant what I have in mind:  
that I may loosen the chains of  
her virginity.

Mandaliet,  
mandaliet,  
my lover  
does not come.

**If a boy with a girl**  
stays 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.

**Come, come, O come,**  
do not let me die,  
hyrce, hyrce, nazaza  
trillirivos!

Beautiful is your face,  
the gleam of your eye  
your braided hair,  
what a glorious creature!

Redder than the rose,  
whiter than the lily,  
lovelier than all others,  
I shall always glory in you!

**21. In trutina mentis dubia**  
fluctuant contraria  
lascivus amor et pudicitia.  
sed eligo, quod video,  
collum iugo prebeo;  
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.

oh, oh, oh, etc.

tempore brumali  
vir patiens,  
animo vernali  
lasciviens.

oh, oh, oh, etc.

mea mecum ludit  
virginitas,  
mea me detrudit  
simplicitas.

oh, oh, oh, etc.

veni, domicella,  
cum gaudio,  
veni, veni, pulchra,  
iam pereo.

oh, oh, oh, etc.

**23. Dulcissime,**  
totam tibi subdo me!

**24. Ave formosissima,**  
gemma pretiosa,  
ave decus virginum,  
virgo gloriosa,  
ave mundi luminar,  
ave mundi rosa,  
Blanziflor et Helena,  
Venus generosa!

**Fortuna Imperatrix  
Mundi**

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

**I am held in doubt,**  
my mind wavering between  
lascivious love and modesty.  
But I choose what I see,  
and submit my neck to the  
yoke;  
I yield to the sweet yoke.

**This is the joyful time,**  
O maidens,  
rejoice with them,  
young men!

Oh! Oh! Oh!  
I am bursting out all over!  
I am burning all over  
with first love!  
New, new love  
is what I am dying of!

I am heartened  
by my promise,  
I am downcast  
by my refusal.

Oh! Oh! Oh! etc.

In the winter  
man is patient,  
the breath of spring  
makes him lust.

Oh! Oh! Oh! etc.

My virginity  
makes me frisky,  
my simplicity  
holds me back.

Oh! Oh! Oh! etc.

Come, my mistress,  
with joy,  
come, come, my pretty,  
I am dying!

Oh! Oh! Oh! etc.

**Sweetest one!**  
I give myself to you totally!

**Hail, most beautiful one,**  
precious jewel,  
Hail, pride among virgins,  
glorious virgin,  
Hail, light of the world,  
Hail, rose of the world,  
Blanziflor and Helena,  
noble Venus!

**Fortune, Empress  
of the World**

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

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