

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



COLLEGIUM MUSICUM

DAVID GARRETT
DIRECTOR

MONDAY, APRIL 16, 2018 8:00PM

GERALD R. DANIEL RECITAL HALL

PLEASE SILENCE ALL ELECTRONIC MOBILE DEVICES.

PROGRAM

Fantasia a 6 John Coprario
(1570-1626)

Pastime with Good Company King Henry VIII
(1491-1547)

O Death Rock Me Asleep Ann Boleyn
(c. 1501-1536)

Sarah Conniff, Jaclyn Neuffer, April Mendiola

Sinfonia Funebre Pietro Antonio Locatelli
(1695-1764)

Lamento: Largo sostenuto
alla breve ma moderato
Grave
non presto
La Consolation: andante

My Thoughts are Winged with Hope John Dowland
(1563-1626)

Sarah Conniff, Kendra Base

The Angler's Song Henry Lawes (1595-1662)
text: Isaak Walton (1593-1683)

Holly Freiberg, Emilio Valdez, Kendra Base

Trio Sonata "Golden Sonata" Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Allegro
Adagio
Canzona: Allegro
Grave
Allegro

Youngmin Cha, Wan Chi Chang, Sam Hernandez, Ivan Alcantar

Amor Jesu dulcissime Anonymous

Jaclyn Neuffer, Holly Mendiola, Zachary Haines, Andrew Davies

INTERMISSION

"Sul bel mattino Mentre" from *Cante e Canzonette*, Op. 12 Giovanni Legrenzi
(1626-1690)

Sarah Conniff, Zachary Haines, Andrew Davies

"Ricercar del settimo tuono" from *Ricercari sopra il tuono* Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina
(1525-1594)

Adoramus Te Orlando di Lasso
(1532-1594)

Sarah Conniff, Jaclyn Neuffer, April Mendiola

Ad te perenne gaudium rerumque summus di Lasso

Sarah Conniff, Jaclyn Neuffer, April Mendiola

“Ricerca del ottavo tuono” from <i>Ricercari sopra il tuono</i>	Palestrina
<i>Adoramus te</i>	Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)
<i>Have You Seen but a White Lily Grow</i>	Anonymous text: Ben Jonson (1572-1636)
Jaclyn Neuffer, Kendra Base	
<i>Bid Me but Live</i>	Henry Lawes text: Robert Herrick (1591-1674)
April Mendiola, Kendra Base	
“Tobacco” from <i>Musical Humors</i>	Tobias Hume (1569-1645)
Emilio Valdez, David Garrett	
Sonata No. 5 in D major	William Boyce (1711-1779)
Allegro	
Largo	
Fuga: Allegro Assai	
Jaclyn Kim, Crystaline Tran, Hyunji Yi, Ivan Alcantar	
<i>Who Made Thee, Hob, Forsake the Plough</i>	William Byrd (c. 1540-1623)
Emilio Valdez, Zachary Haines	
<i>Though Amaryllis dance in green</i>	Byrd

TEXT & TRANSLATIONS

Pastime With Good Company

Pastime with good company
I love and shall unto I die;
Grudge who list, but none deny,
So God be pleased thus live will I.

For my pastance
Hunt, song, and dance.
My heart is set:
All goodly sport
For my comfort,
Who shall me let?

Youth must have some dalliance,
Of good or illé some pastance;
Company methinks then best
All thoughts and fancies to dejest:
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!

O Death Rock Me Asleep

O Death, rock me asleep,
Bring me to quiet rest,
Let pass my weary guiltless ghost
Out of my careful breast.
Toll on, thou passing bell;
Ring out my doleful knell;
Let thy sound my death tell.
Death doth draw nigh;
There is no remedy.

My pains who can express?
Alas, they are so strong;
My dolour will not suffer strength
My life for to prolong.
Toll on, thou passing bell;
Ring out my doleful knell;
Let thy sound my death tell.
Death doth draw nigh;
There is no remedy.

Alone in prison strong
I wait my destiny.
Woe worth this cruel hap that I
Should taste this misery!
Toll on, thou passing bell;
Ring out my doleful knell;
Let thy sound my death tell.
Death doth draw nigh;
There is no remedy.

Farewell, my pleasures past,
Welcome, my present pain!
I feel my torments so increase
That life cannot remain.
Cease now, thou passing bell;
Rung is my doleful knell;
For the sound my death doth tell.
Death doth draw nigh;
There is no remedy.

My Thoughts are Winged with Hope

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes,
My hopes with love
Mount Love unto the moon in clearest night
And say, as she doth in the heavens move
In earth so wanes and waxeth my delight:
And whisper this but softly in her ears
Hope oft doth hang the head,
and trust shed tears
And you my thoughts that
some mistrust do carry
If for mistrust my mistress do you blame
Say though you alter, yet you do not vary
And she doth change, and yet remain the same:
Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect
And love is sweetest season'd with suspect
If she, for this, with clouds do mask her eyes
And make the heavens dark with her disdain
With windy sighs, disperse them in the skies
Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain;
Thoughts, hopes, and love return to me no more
Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

The Anglers Song

Man's life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain
And sorrow, and short as a bubble;

Tis a hodg podg of business,
and money and care,
And care and money, and trouble.

But we'll take no care when
the weather proves fair,
Nor will we vex now though it rain;

We'll banish all Sorrow,
and sing till tomorrow,
And angle and angle again.

Amor Jesu dulcissime

*Amor Jesu dulcissime
Quando cor nostrum visitas,
Pellis mentis calliginem,
Et nos reple dulcedine.*

Jesus, sweet love,
When you visit our heart,
You fill with sweetness,
Us and the darkness of our skins, our minds.

Sul bel mattino

*Sul bel mattino
mentre ch'infiora
la nova aurora
lodorosa sua culla,*

Of a beautiful morning
at the flowering
of dawn
its fragrant cradle

*al sol bambino
tutta vezzosa
apre la rosa,
ridendo il seno
e vagheggiar si fa.*

*Ma che pro tanta beltà
s'al tramontar del giorno
del suo vermiglio a scorno
pallida e scolorita al suol cadrà?*

*L'erbetta umile
scettro le dona,
poi l'incorona
perché regina
sia l'istesso aprile
e il Ciel intanto
col molle pianto
l'odoroso spirar
le presta e dà.*

*Ma che pro tanta beltà
s'al tramontar del giorno
del suo vermiglio a scorno
pallida e scolorita al suol cadrà?*

*Filli parlarti voglio,
la tua guancia gentil rosa mi sembra,
Ma tu del fragil dono
non suberpir cotanto
poich'il fior di beltà rapido fugge
e s'un giorno il produce,
un di lo strugge.*

to the infant sun
in loveliness
opens the rose,
and smiling
takes pleasure.

Why in face of such beauty
on this new day
must it scorn this vermilion
and fall pale and colorless to earth?

The humble garden
offers scepter
and crown
to make a queen
of April itself
and heaven meanwhile
with soft tear
lends and breathes
its fragrant breath.

Why in face of such beauty
on this new day
must it scorn this vermilion
and fall pale and colorless to earth?

Young one, I speak to you,
for your gentle cheek seems to me a rose,
A fragile gift
that even you cannot overcome,
For the flower of beauty flies quickly:
Of a day it is born, and of a day, destroyed.
deliver us from the evil one forever.

Adoramus te, Christe

*Adoramus te, Christe,
et benedicimus tibi.
Quia per tuam sanctam crucem
redemisti mundum.
Domine, miserere nobis.*

We adore thee, O Christ,
and we bless thee,
because by thy holy cross
thou hast redeemed the world.
Oh, Lord have mercy on us.

Ad te perenne gaudium

*Ad te perenne gaudium
rerumque summus artifex
cursum per annos tendimus
laeti tropheis hostium.*

To thee, the cause of unceasing joy
and exalted maker of all things,
we extend our course through the years,
joyful in the trophies of our enemies.

A Christe, adoramus te

*A Christe, adoramus te,
et benedicimus tibi,
quia per sanctam crucem tuam
redemisti mundum.
Domine, miserere nobis.*

Christ, we adore you
and we bless you,
because by your holy cross
you have redeemed the world.
Lord, have mercy on us.

Have You Seen but a White Lily Grow

Have you seen but a white lily grow
Before rude hands had touched it;
have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
before the earth hath smudged it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver
or swan's down ever
or have smelt of the bud of the briar
or the nard in the fire
or have tasted the bag of the bee?
Oh so white, Oh so soft,
Oh so sweet, so sweet is she.

Bid Me but Live

Bid me but live and I will live
Thy votary to be;
Or bid me love, and I will give
a loving hear to thee.
A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as soundly free,
As in the world though cans't not find,
That heart I'll give to three.
Bid that heart stay, and it shall stay,
And honour thy decree,
Or bid it languish quite away,
And it shall do't for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
while I have eyes to see;
Or having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.
Thou art my love, my life, my heart,
The very eye of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

Tobacco

Tobacco, Tobacco
Sing sweetly for Tobacco,
Tobacco is like love, O love it
for you see I wil prove it
Love maketh leane the fatte mens tumor,
so doth Tobacco,
Love still dries uppe the wanton humor,
so doth Tobacco,
love makes men sayle from shore to shore,
so doth Tobacco
Tis fond love often makes men poor
so doth Tobacco
Love makes men scorn al Coward feares,
so doth Tobacco
Love often sets men by the eares
so doth Tobacco.

Tobaccoe, Tobaccoe
Sing sweetly for Tobaccoe,
Tobaccoe is like Love, O love it,
For you see I have prowde it.

Who Made Thee, Hob, Forsake the Plow

Who made thee, Hob, forsake the plough and fall in love?
Sweet beauty, which hath power to bow The gods above.
What dost thou serve?
A shepherdess; One such as hath no peer, I guess.
What is her name who bears thy heart Within her breast?
Silvana fair, of high desert, Whom I love best.
O, Hob, I fear she looks too high.
Yet love I must, or else I die.

Though Amaryllis dance in green
Like Fairy Queen,
And sing full clear;
Corinna can, with smiling cheer.
Yet since their eyes make heart so sore,
Hey ho! chil love no more.

My sheep are lost for want of food
And I so wood
That all the day
I sit and watch a herd-maid gay;
Who laughs to see me sigh so sore,
Hey ho! chil love no more.

Her loving looks, her beauty bright,
Is such delight!
That all in vain
I love to like, and lose my gain
For her, that thanks me not therefore.
Hey ho! chil love no more.

Ah wanton eyes! my friendly foes
And cause of woes;
Your sweet desire
Breeds flames of ice, and freeze in fire!
Ye scorn to see me weep so sore!
Hey ho! chil love no more.

Love ye who list, I force him not:
Since God is wot,
The more I wail,
The less my sighs and tears prevail.
What shall I do? but say therefore,
Hey ho! chil love no more.

PERSONNEL

David Garrett—director, viola da gamba

Violin

Jaclyn Kim
Crystaline Tran
Wan Chi Chang
Youngmin Cha

Violoncello

Sam Hernandez
Andrew Davies
Hyunji Yi
George Rochelle

Harp

Kendra Base

Harpsichord

Ivan Alcantar
Zachary Haines

Voice

Sarah Conniff
Holly Freiberg
Zachary Haines
April Mendiola
Jaclyn Neuffer
Emilio Valdez



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