

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



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# COLLEGIUM MUSICUM

DAVID GARRETT  
DIRECTOR

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MONDAY, APRIL 16, 2018 8:00PM

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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

"Ricercar 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>Musicall 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.

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### ***My Thoughts are Wing'd 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.

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### ***Amor Jesu dulcissime***

*Amor Jesu dulcissime  
Quando cor nostrum visitas,  
Pellis mentis calliginem,  
Et nos reples 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  
l'odorosa 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'erbeta 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 dì 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 vermillion  
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 vermillion  
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.

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### ***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.

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### ***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 pownde 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

**Harpsichord**

Ivan Alcantar  
Zachary Haines

**Voice**

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

**Violoncello**

Sam Hernandez  
Andrew Davies  
Hyunji Yi  
George Rochelle

**Harp**

Kendra Base



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