

The Yale Collegium Musicum

WINTER WORDS

ANCIENT WINTER MUSIC AND BENJAMIN BRITTEN'S WINTER WORDS, EIGHT SETTINGS OF TEXTS BY THOMAS HARDY

Dedicated to the memory of Richard Little Purdy, Yale 1925

The Yale Collegium Musicum Richard Lalli, *director*

with

Paul Berry, tenor Hsing-Ay Hsu, piano

and

Shira Kammen, vielle and harp Robert Mealy, vielle and harp Rebecca Tinio, rebec

February 11, 2004 Beinecke Rare Book & Manuscript Library Lecture – 4:30 PM Concert – 5:15 PM

DEDICATION

RICHARD LITTLE PURDY 1904-1990

Richard Purdy, a native of Middletown, New York, graduated from Yale in 1925, went on to receive his Yale doctorate in 1930, and spent his long teaching career at the University. His devotion to the works of Thomas Hardy became evident while he was still a student. In 1928, three months after the author's death, Richard Purdy assembled a major Hardy exhibition at Yale, which led to an enduring friendship with Hardy's widow in England.

As literary scholar, Richard Purdy compiled the exemplary *Thomas Hardy: A Bibliographical Study* (1954) and was co-editor, with Michael Millgate, of the seven-volume *Collected Letters of Thomas Hardy* (1978-88). He bequeathed his extensive collection of books, manuscripts, and letters to the Beinecke Library. Amassed over a lifetime of study and bibliographic research, it was one of the two finest Hardy collections in private hands.

Marjorie G. Wynne, Edwin J. Beinecke Research Librarian (retired), wrote this about her friend in the April 1991 issue of the *Yale University Library Gazette*:

"For several decades, especially after World War II, Richard adhered to a productive and satisfying routine: classes at Yale during the academic year followed by a summer of research in England and opera at Bayreuth. He was by all accounts an excellent teacher, and his course in the Victorian poets was especially rewarding. His lectures were well organized, gracefully learned, and always witty, and he often dazzled his students by reading a poem in the original manuscript from his growing personal collection.

If, in his teaching, he clung to tradition in the style and content of his lectures, with his *Thomas Hardy*, *A Bibliographical Study*... he put himself in the forefront of bibliographical scholarship. His meticulous research, his decision to give the fullest possible history of everything that Hardy wrote, and his privileged access to Mrs. Hardy's memories all combined to make this one of the most useful, substantial, and innovative studies of a major modern author."

We dedicate today's concert to the memory of Professor Purdy.

Program

You are asked to kindly hold applause until the completion of the entire program.

The eight songs by Benjamin Britten will be performed by Paul Berry and Hsing-ay Hsu; other pieces on the program will be presented either by the Yale Collegium Musicum or by Robert Mealy, Shira Kammen, and Rebecca Tinio with soloists from the Collegium, as noted below.

FAENZA CODEX (early 15c) Or sus, vous dormés trop

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976) Winter Words Cycle of eight songs for tenor and piano (1953) Texts by Thomas Hardy

At Day-Close in November Midnight on the Great Western

MAROIE DE DIERGNAU (C1200-C1248) Chanson d'amour

Vira Slywotzky, mezzo-soprano

GUILLAUME LE VINIER (C1190-1245) La flours d'iver

Jonathan Boschetto, tenor

GUILLAUME DUFAY (C1400-1474) Ce jour de l'an

Stephen Hopkins and Jonathan Boschetto, tenors Vira Slywotzky, mezzo-soprano

ANON. *Hac in Anni Ianua*

Nunzio D'Alessio, Stephen Rodgers, and Darien Lamen, *tenors*

PAUL HINDEMITH (1895-1963) En biver

ANON. Lai de la pastourelle

BRITTEN Wagtail and Baby The Little Old Table The Choirmaster's Burial CHRISTOPHER TYE (C1505-C1572) Agnus Dei, from Westron Wynde Mass

ANON. Westron Wynde

Ashley Bell, soprano

ANON. Miri it is while sumer ilast

Darien Lamen, tenor

MONTPELLIER CODEX (late 13c) Quant se depart la verdure des champs

Stephen Hopkins and Stephen Rodgers, tenors

Quant yver la bise ameine

Amy Shimbo, soprano

ANON. *Stantipes*

TYLMAN SUSATO (C1500-C1561) Nieuwe Almanack Ende Pronosticatie

BRITTEN Proud Songsters At the Railway Station, Upway

JOHN FLEAGLE (1952-1999) Blow, Northerne Wynd

Richard Lalli, baritone

JACQUES ARCADELT (C1505-1568) L'hiver sera et l'été variable

BRITTEN Before Life and After

PROGRAM NOTES ON WINTER WORDS

by Paul Berry

The eight songs of Benjamin Britten's *Winter Words*, Op. 52, were completed in September of 1953 and first performed less than a month later at Leeds. In his choice of texts for song sets and opera libretti, Britten had already proven himself a careful and individual reader of English verse. For this project he gathered texts from several collections of Thomas Hardy's poetry, including *Winter Words in Various Moods and Meters* (published in 1928), from which the cycle took its name. Although written with the voice of his companion Peter Pears in mind, Britten's settings confine themselves to a more conventional vocal idiom than many of his other works for solo tenor: while matching the specific demands of each poem, the texture remains largely one of smooth lines and polished surfaces. Such deliberate accessibility roots *Winter Words* firmly in the tradition of English vocal music from Tye and Tallis through Dowland and Purcell to Quilter and Vaughan Williams.

The work's accessible style also allows us to hear immediately its connections to its predecessors in the genre of the nineteenth-century song cycle. The first song, "At day-close in November," recalls the world opened up by the first song of Franz Schubert's *Winterreise* (Winter Journey), composed in 1827 and often performed by Britten and Pears during the 1940s. The season described in the text, the piano's initial dissonant sonority, the D minor tonality, and the range and contour of the singer's first phrase are all Schubert's. But we cannot listen to *Winter Words* expecting a journey like that of Schubert's Romantic wanderer, an all too single-minded protagonist whose bleak surroundings reflect his ever-increasing hopelessness over the course of 24 songs. Britten's eight songs share no continuous plot, no seasonal backdrop, no single poetic speaker with whom we can identify as listeners. Performing them in the midst of other music simply acknowledges a lack of narrative coherence already implicit in the set itself. Yet something in the songs converges toward a center, making of them a cycle rather than a happenstance collection. The poems all engage to some degree one of Britten's most artistically productive literary fascinations: the yearning for a lost, pre-symbolic state represented by childhood's innocence.

The first song's twilit November wood moves the singer inevitably toward nostalgia and regret; his memories of June's full trees render today's bare branches stark, ominous. Children play around him, unaware of the transience that the wood has come to symbolize – unlike the singer, they cannot conceive of "a time when no tall trees grew here..." Britten depicts the child's unawareness of time's passage with the first unadulterated major triad of the work. Longing for a return to primal unawareness permeates the texts that follow, its impact strengthened by Britten's music. The second and seventh poems embody such innocence directly in the figure of a young boy surrounded by the traffic of adult life. Britten conceives for both of these songs a deliberately naïve, onomatopoeic piano accompaniment that renders in pitch the sounds of the scene: a train's whistle and wheels or a scratchy, ill-tuned violin. "Wagtail and Baby" adopts a child's perspective to satirize the music and manners of society; "Proud Songsters" gives us birds whose song is the more riotous because it is short-lived; "The Little Old Table" presents a singer whose past so saturates his present that even his furniture tells him stories. We come closest to the lost past in "The Choirmaster's Burial," where a lush diatonic palette and ethereal cross-rhythms make the viol-player's tale of sweet angels almost believable – until a distant narrator steps in for the final line.

Finally, "Before Life and After" piercingly laments the end of humankind's ideal nescient state. The Dmajor sonority last heard as a fleeting echo of vanished innocence in the first song now returns, this time as the explicit basis for an entire movement. Britten creates a musical version of Hardy's primal state through explicit anachronism: parallel triads move stepwise in the lower register throughout the song, while the voice floats freely above. These two strands conflict increasingly as the "disease of feeling" takes hold of the text, until the poem's final question provokes the return of the song's expansive opening phrase: "Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed/ How long?" Heard alongside works of Tye and Arcadelt – composers for whom the triad presented a wealth of new and unexplored compositional options – Britten's choice of musical imagery is particularly effective. The sonorities he returns to here and in several of the cycle's songs make his music beautiful and heighten its connection to Hardy's texts, but they do this because they are ultimately part of the past: they cannot again be recaptured as a coherent compositional idiom in their own right. *Winter Words* works by giving us glimpses of our own unrecoverable musical innocence.

Mr. Berry is a fourth-year graduate student of Musicology in the Department of Music.

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

AT DAY-CLOSE IN NOVEMBER

The ten hours' light is abating, And a late bird wings across, Where the pines, like waltzers waiting, Give their black heads a toss.

Beech leaves, that yellow the noon-time, Float past like specks in the eye; I set every tree in my June time, And now they obscure the sky.

And the children who ramble through here Conceive that there never has been A time when no tall trees grew here, That none will in time be seen.

Thomas Hardy, from Satires of Circumstance: Lyrics and Reveries, 1914

MIDNIGHT ON THE GREAT WESTERN

In the third-class seat sat the journeying boy, And the roof-lamp's oily flame Played down on his listless form and face, Bewrapt past knowing to what he was going, Or whence he came.

In the band of his hat the journeying boy Had a ticket stuck; and a string Around his neck bore the key of his box, That twinkled gleams of the lamp's sad beams Like a living thing.

What past can be yours, O journeying boy Towards a world unknown, Who calmly, as if incurious quite On all at stake, can undertake This plunge alone?

Knows your soul a sphere, O journeying boy, Our rude realms far above, Whence with spacious vision you mark and mete This region of sin that you find you in, But are not of?

Thomas Hardy, from Moments of Vision and Miscellaneous Verses, 1917

CHANSON D'AMOUR

Mout m'abelist quant je voi revenir Yver, gresill et gelee aparoir, Car en toz tans se doit bien resjoïr Bele pucele, et joli cuer avoir. Si chanterai d'amors por mieuz valoir, Car mes fins cuers plains d'amorous desir Ne mi fair pas ma grant joie faillir.

LA FLOURS D'IVER

La flours d'iver sour la branche Mi plaist tant a remirer, Ke nouvele ramembrance Mi doune Amours de chanter. Ciaus ki sont sous sa poissance Voel loer, Et ciaus haïr et blasmer Ki sans grevance S'en sevent plaindre.

Cil ki par fainte samblance Set amie recouvrer Fait sa grant deshounerance: Pis ne se puet enganer! Quels deduis ne quels plaisance Est de gaster Biens d'amours sans savourer? C'est grans viltance Et honte graindre.

Car li mal et la pesance Font les biens d'amours doubler Ki les aquiert par souffrance Et par travaus endurer. Puis c'on doit avoir fiance En bien amer Travillamment, sans fausser, A recouvrance Devroie ataindre.

Cançounete, tant t'avance K'escouter Te fai au signeur Nomper En cui vaillance Set estre et maindre.

CE JOUR DE L'AN

Ce jour de l'an voudray joye mener, Chanter, danser et mener chiere lie, Pour maintenir la coutume jolye Que tous amants sont tenus de garder. Great is the pleasure I take upon the return of winter, when hail and frost appear, for in every season a lovely maiden must indeed rejoice and have a cheerful heart. So I will sing of love to increase my ardor, for my true heart full of amorous desire will not let my great joy falter.

It pleases me so much to gaze at the winter flower on the branch that Love reminds me anew to sing a song. I want to praise those beneath her spell, and hate and blame those who, though free from torment, complain about love.

The one who conquers his lady-love through pretence works to his own great dishonour. He cannot deceive himself more. What joy, what pleasure is there in wasting the good things of love without savouring them? It is a great villainy and greater shame.

For the ache and the pain double love's blessings for whomsoever wins them through suffering and by enduring torment. Since one must place one's trust in loving truthfully, I ought to endeavour to win it earnestly, without deceiving.

Little song, I cherish you so much that I make Lord Nonesuch listen to you. In him true worth can dwell and remain.

This New Year's Day I shall want to be joyful, as to sing, to dance and be of merry countenance, to maintain the pleasant custom it behooves all lovers to keep. E pour certain tant me voudray poier Que je puisse choisir nouvelle amie. Ce jour de l'an voudray joye mener, Chanter, danser et mener chiere lie.

A laquelle je puisse presenter Cuer, corps et biens, sans faire despartie. He, dieus d'amours, syes de ma partie, Que fortune si ne me puist grever.

Ce jour de l'an voudray joye mener, Chanter, danser et mener chiere lie, Pour maintenir la coutume jolye Que tous amants sont tenus de garder.

HAC IN ANNI IANUA

Hac in anni ianua, Hoc in ianuario Tendamus ad ardua Virtutum subsidio; Gaudia sint mutua, Muto facto vitio; Reproborum fatua Reprobatur actio.

O felices nuptie, O felix humanitas, Cui nubit hodie Filii divinitas; Hinc divine glorie Non decrescit quantitas, Sed ad gradum gratie Nostra crescit parvitas.

Nostris lumen tenebris Dat lumen de lumine, Prime culpe funebris Exclusa caligine; De luce lux celebris Nascitur de virgine, Non carnis illecebris, Sed divino flamine.

Carnis circumcisio, Mysteriis vacua Non fuit in filio, Per quam nobis congrua Datur demonstratio, Tollere superflua, Circumciso vitio, Hac in anni ianua.

Translation by Nunzio D'Alessio

And for a certain time I want to increase my reputation so that I may choose a new Lady. This New Year's Day I shall want to be joyful, as to sing, to dance and be of merry countenance.

To whom I may present my heart, myself, my goods, without fear of separation. Ah! god of love be on my side, that Fortune may not harm me.

This New Year's Day I shall want to be joyful, as to sing, to dance and be of merry countenance, to maintain the pleasant custom it behooves all lovers to keep.

By this doorway on the year, in this January, let us stretch toward lofty things under the protection of Virtue; let joys be exchanged for Vice has been struck dumb; may the reprehensible simpleton's empty conduct be reproved.

O propitious marriage! O happy humanity, to whom today the divinity of the Son weds; here the size of divine glory grows not less, but at the step of grace our smallness makes increase.

The splendor of splendors bestows light to our darkness, by the funeral rites for the first sin ignorance is cast out; for the light of a glorious light is born of the Virgin, not by flesh made alluring by the Divine Spirit.

The circumsion of the flesh was not without its mysteries in the Son, through whom a suitable illustration is given to us, carrying away unnecessary things when sin is cut off, by this doorway on the year.

EN HIVER

En hiver, la mort meurtrière entre dans les maisons; elle cherche la soeur, le père, et leur joue du violon.

Mais quand la terre remue, sous la bêche du printemps, la mort court dans les rues et salue les passants.

Rainer Maria Rilke

WAGTAIL AND BABY

A baby watched a ford, whereto A wagtail came for drinking; A blaring bull went wading through, The wagtail showed no shrinking.

A stallion splashed his way across, The birdie nearly sinking; He gave his plumes a twitch and toss, And held his own unblinking.

Next saw the baby round the spot A mongrel slowly slinking; The wagtail gazed, but faltered not In dip and sip and prinking.

A perfect gentleman then neared; The wagtail, in a winking, With terror rose and disappeared; The baby fell a-thinking.

Thomas Hardy, from Time's Laughingstocks, 1909

THE LITTLE OLD TABLE

Creak, little wood thing, creak, When I touch you with elbow or knee; That is the way you speak Of one who gave you to me!

You, little table, she brought — Brought me with her own hand, As she looked at me with a thought That I did not understand.

- Whoever owns it anon, And hears it, will never know What a history hangs upon This creak from long ago.

Thomas Hardy, from Late Lyrics and Earlier, 1922

With winter, Death, the grisly guest, enters through the doorway; she seeks both sister and father and plays them her violin.

But when the earth awakens under the spades of spring, then Death runs down the streets and greets the passersby.

THE CHOIRMASTER'S BURIAL

He often would ask us That, when he died, After playing so many To their last rest, If out of us any Should here abide, And it would not task us, We would with our lutes Play over him By his grave-brim The psalm he liked best -The one whose sense suits 'Mount Ephraim' -And perhaps we should seem To him, in Death's dream, Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew That his spirit was gone I thought this his due, And spoke thereupon.

'I think,' said the vicar, 'A read service quicker Than viols out-of-doors In these frosts and hoars. That old-fashioned way Requires a fine day, And it seems to me It had better not be.'

AGNUS DEI

Agnus Dei, Qui tollis peccata mundi, Miserere nobis. Agnus Dei, Qui tollis peccata mundi, Miserere nobis. Agnus Dei, Qui tollis peccata mundi, Dona nobis pacem.

WESTRON WYNDE

Westron wynde, when wylt thow blow, The smalle rayne downe can rayne? Cryst, yf my love were in my armes And I yn my bed agayne.

This other day I hard a may Ryght peteusly complayne; She sayd allway withowt denay Her hart was full of payne. Hence, that afternoon, Though never knew he That his wish could not be, To get through it faster They buried the master Without any tune.

But 'twas said that, when At the dead of next night The vicar looked out, There struck on his ken Thronged roundabout, Where the frost was graying The headstoned grass, A band all in white Like the saints in church-glass, Singing and playing The ancient stave By the choirmaster's grave.

Such the tenor man told When he had grown old.

Thomas Hardy, from Moments of Vision

Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, have mercy on us. Lamb of God, you take away the sins of the world, give us peace.

Sith he untrew hath chosen a new And thynkes with her to rest, And will not rew, and I so trew, Wherfore my hart will brest.

And now I may in no maner a way Optayne that I do sew, So ever and ay withowt denay, Myne owne swet hart, adew. She said, alas, withowt trespas Her dere hart was untrew; "In every place I wot he hace Forsake me for a new.

MYRIE IT IS WHIL SOMER YLAST

Myrie it is whil somer ylast Wyth foweles song; But now neigheth wyndes blast And weder strong. Ei! Ei! What, this nyght is long, And I wyth wel michel wrong Sorwe and murne and faste.

Sory it is when grayes the gres; Schyre schedez the rayn; But now rotez gentilesse And wexeth payne. Ai! Ai! What, we oft have layne; Now thou art no longer fayne, Kynde, nor of noblesse.

Drery it is thurgh wynter ylong Quen boghes ar bare; But sone ringeth briddes song Both ner and far. Ah! Ah! What, the spring is far And I wyth wel muchel care Threpe and wayle this wrong.

Myrie it is with floures in spring When zepheres blow; And now the nightingale takes wing and ends my woe. Ha! Ha! What, thou wast my foe, But now we twayne shal go dance and laugh and sing. Adew, farewell, adew la bell, Adew bothe frend and foo! I cannott tell wher I shall dwell, My hart it grevyth me so."

Cheerful it is while summer lasts with birdsong; but now blasts of wind approach and fierce weather. Alas! Alas! This night is so long, and I, much wronged, sorrow and mourn and fast.

Sorry it is when the grass turns gray; fair falls the rain, but now nobility rots away and pain grows. Oh! Oh! We have lain together so often; now you are no longer willing, kind, nor of a noble nature.

Dreary it is through the long winter, when the boughs are bare; but soon the birdsong rings both near and far. Ah! Ah! Spring seems so far, and I, with so much care, struggle and wail against this wrong.

Cheerful it is with flowers in spring, when zephyrs blow; and now the nightingale takes wing and ends my woe. Ha! Ha! You were such a foe, but now we two shall go dance and laugh and sing.

QUANT SE DEPART LA VERDURE DES CHAMPS

Triplum

Quant se depart la verdure des champs et d'yver neist par nature frois tans, cest treble fis acorder a deus chans, que primes fis malgré les mesdisans, qui ont menti, que je les aportai de mon païs, ce est drois de Tornoi; Dieus, il ont menti, bien le sai. Pour ce qu'il ont a usage, que chant sache trover concordant, si s'en vont il, ce quit, esmerveillant; petit en sai ne pour quant. Ains m'escondis sans faintise, qu'a tort ne soir blasmés ne encopés de controvee vantise. When the verdure leaves the fields and cold weather is naturally born of winter, I set to the other two parts this triplum which I first made: I say this in spite of the eveil tongues who lied, for I brought them from my homeland in the region about Tours; God, they lied, I know it well, for that is their custom. If I know how to compose a harmonious song, they go around, I believe, wondering at it; little do I know why. Rather I refuse in all honesty to be wrongly blamed or acused of making up boasts.

Motetus

Onques ne sai amer a gas celui, qui si haut et bas a servir ne faignent pas. Quant sa contenance, son sens, sa puissance vois remirant par compas, soutif decevance sans autre acointance m'a mis en ses las, dont issir ne quit je pas. Que je sanz doutance i truis tant joie et solaz, qu'onques rentrans plus n'eut pas n'enquore ne m'en repent je pas.

Tenor DOCEBIT OMNEM

QUANT YVER LA BISE AMEINE

Motetus

Quant yver la bise ameine, qu'erbe vert ne puet durer, grief mal me feit endurer le brune a la douce aleine, que si me feit sospirer et soir et main, quant je ne la voi, cele que j'aim. Dieus li doinst bon jour hui et demain! Felon parlier et vilain m'ont feit de lui desevrer; mes pené se sunt en vain, car se je la voil amer, ce ne me puet nus veer ne destorner.

Tenor

IN SECULUM

how to love lightly the one whom one and all serve with a true heart. When I painstakingly remember her looks, her wit and her power, subtle trickery without further ado put me in her trap from which I believe I cannot escape. Without doubt I find such joy and solace there that I have yet to think of returning,

I never know at all

nor have I any regrets.

When winter brings the sharp breeze and grass cannot remain green, the dark-haired lady with the sweet breath makes me endure so much sorrow that I must sigh night and day because I do not see her, whom I love. May God grant her happinesss both today and tomorrow! Evil tongues and evil doers have made me part from her, but they have taken such pains in vain, for if I want to love her, no one can make me stop or turn aside.

NIEUWE ALMANACK ENDE PRONOSTICATIE

Nieuwe almanack ende pronosticatie Van desen Alderkindrendach Schrieft onsen biscop by gratie: Elck wil se lesen als hy mach. Al is hy nu int proncken fyn, Bachus sal hem verblyden. Hy sal noch tavent droncken syn En al die met hem ryden. Maer Pierken en Mayken, Grietgen en Claycken, Siet dat ghy niet swick en slaet. Te nacht omtrent twaelf hueren, Als die wyser rechte staet, Dan ist goet creatueren. The new "Almanac and Prognostication" on this Holy Innocents' Day was written by the grace of our bishop: everyone should read it if he can. Even if he is now in a fine grump, Bacchus will gladden him. He will be drunk by nightfall and all those who ride with him. But Pete and Mary, Greta and Nick, see that you do not fail. Tonight at about twelve o'clock, if the clock's hand is standing up, then it will be good recreation.

Thanks to Ingeborg Schimmer for pronunciation assistance.

PROUD SONGSTERS

The thrushes sing as the sun is going, And the finches whistle in ones and pairs, And as it gets dark loud nightingales In bushes Pipe, as they can when April wears, As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand-new birds of twelve-months' growing, Which a year ago, or less than twain, No finches were, nor nightingales, Nor thrushes, But only particles of grain, And earth, and air, and rain.

Thomas Hardy, from Winter Words in Various Moods and Metres, 1928

AT THE RAILWAY STATION, UPWAY

'There is not much that I can do, For I've no money that's quite my own!' Spoke up the pitying child –
A little boy with a violin At the station before the train came in, 'But I can play my fiddle to you, And a nice one 'tis, and good in tone!'

The man in the handcuffs smiled; The constable looked, and he smiled, too, As the fiddle began to twang; And the man in the handcuffs suddenly sang With grimful glee: 'This life so free Is the thing for me!' And the constable smiled, and said no word, As if unconscious of what he heard; And so they went on till the train came in– The convict, and boy with the violin.

Thomas Hardy, from Late Lyrics and Earlier

BLOW, NORTHERNE WYND

Blow, northerne wynd Send thou me my sweeting. Blow, northerne wynd, Blow, blow, blow!

Ich'ot a burde in bowre bright That sully seemly is on sight. Menskful maiden of might Fair and free to fonde. In al this worthliche won A burde of blood and of bon Never yet i n'uste non Lufsomere in londe. Blow, northwind, Send my sweetheart to me! Blow, northwind, Blow, blow, blow!

I know of a maid in a bright abode, very fair to look at; a noble maiden, fair and free to try for; in this goodly land never have I seen one of flesh and blood more lovely. Heo is dereworthe in day, Graciouse, stout and gay, Gentil, jolif so the jay, Worthlich when heo waketh. Maiden miriest of mouth, By est, bu west, by north and south Ther n'is fiele ne crouth That such mirthes maketh.

For hir love i carke and care, For hir love i droupne and dare, For hie love my blis is bare And al ich waxe won. For hir love in sleep i slake, For hire love al night i wake, For hire love mourning i make, More than any mon.

British Museum Harley 2253

L'HIVER SERA

L'hiver sera et l'été variable, Mais mon désir jamis ne varira. Le beau printemps et l'automne muable, Mais mon vouloir jamis ne changera, Car mon amour toujours continuera, Et sera ferme en son cours arrêté, Tant que suivant l'un l'autre l'on verra, Automne, hiver, le printemps et l'été.

BEFORE LIFE AND AFTER

A time there was – as one may guess And as, indeed, earth's testimonies tell – Before the birth of consciousness, When all went well.

None suffered sickness, love, or loss, None knew regret, starved hope, or heart-burnings; None cared whatever crash or cross Brought wrack to things.

If something ceased, no tongue bewailed, If something winced and waned, no heart was wrung; If brightness dimmed, and dark prevailed, No sense was stung.

But the disease of feeling germed, And primal rightness took the tinct of wrong; Ere nescience shall be reaffirmed How long, how long?

Thomas Hardy, from Time's Laughingstocks

She is loveable any time of day, gracious, dignified, gentle and vivacious as a jay; most worthy when she wakens; a maiden merriest of mouth in east, west, north and south; there isn't a vielle of fiddle which can make such mirth!

For her love I fret and grieve, droop and despair, for her love my bliss is gone and I grow pale; for her love I lose sleep, for her love I lie awake all night for her love I mourn, more than any man.

Winter and summer are variable, but my desire will never change. The beautiful spring and the autumn are mutable, but my longing is constant, because my love will always continue firmly on its planned course, just as autumn, winter, spring and summer follow one another.

The Yale Collegium Musicum

Richard Lalli, director

soprani	Isla Alexander, reading consultant in Regional School District 13 Ashley Bell, sophomore in Yale College Nicole Bouché, Manuscript Unit Head, Beinecke Library Lainie Fefferman, senior music major in Yale College Vardit Haimi-Cohen, sophomore in Yale College Amy Shimbo, fifth-year graduate student in the Department of Music Karen Shoebotham, first-year medical student
alti	Angela Marroy Boerger, second-year graduate student in the Department of Music Anne Curtis, professor in Medical School Elizabeth Flanagan, post-doctoral fellow in Psychology Terry Hare, cello teacher and viola da gambist in New Haven Carol Hwang, Molecular, Cellular, and Developmental Biology Annie Rosen, senior at Choate Rosemary Hall Vira Slywotzky, senior music major in Yale College
tenori	Paul Berry, fourth-year graduate student in the Department of Music Jonathan Boschetto, senior music major in Yale College Nunzio D'Alessio, third-year graduate student at the Institute of Sacred Music Stephen Hopkins, sophomore music major in Yale College Darien Lamen, senior in Yale College Stephen Rodgers, fifth-year graduate student in the Department of Music
bassi	Nektarios Antoniou, first-year graduate student in the Divinity School Gary Gregoricka, sophomore in Yale College John Hare, professor of Philosophical Theology in the Divinity School Harry Haskell, writer and editor Michael Jo, fifth-year graduate student in the Department of History Bruce Larkin, recorder teacher and early music specialist in New Haven Dale B. Martin, chair of the Department of Religious Studies Rashad Ullah, second-year graduate student in the Linguistics Department Zachariah Victor, fourth-year graduate student in the Department of Music

Tenor PAUL BERRY is currently pursuing his doctorate in musicology at Yale University; his topic centers on the *Lieder* of Schumann and Brahms. He is a frequent soloist in the New Haven area, appearing in recent years with the Yale Camerata, the Bach Society Orchestra, the Manchester Orchestra and Chorale, the Yale Collegium Musicum, New Music New Haven, and the New Haven Oratorio Chorus, with whom he will be singing the Evangelist in J. S. Bach's *Saint John Passion* this spring. His performances focus on early music, particularly Bach's cantatas, and on twentieth century music, especially the works of Benjamin Britten. Paul is admired for his interpretation of German *Lieder*; over the last two years, he has presented recitals in Rochester, New Haven, and Amherst, MA. He performed Schubert's *Heine Lieder* and Schumann's *Dichterliebe* here at the Beinecke Library in the spring of 2001 with acclaimed pianist and critic Charles Rosen. He has studied voice with Gene Ferguson, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Richard Lalli.

Pianist HSING-AY HSU has performed at such notable venues as Carnegie Hall, the Kennedy Center, Alice Tully Hall at Lincoln Center, Weill Recital Hall at Carnegie Hall, and abroad in Asia and Europe. Born in Beijing, Hsu began piano lessons with her parents, and later studied with Fei-Ping Hsu, Herbert Stessin, and Claude Frank. She recently made her Houston Symphony Orchestra debut as first prizewinner of the 2003 Ima Hogg National Competition; she will perform a Mozart concerto with the New Haven Symphony Orchestra on Valentine's Day this weekend. Last season's concerto performances include the Pacific Symphony Orchestra with Carl St. Clair, the China National with Li Xin-Cao, and the Florida West Coast Symphony with Leif Bjaland. Especially interested in new music, she has given numerous premieres, including Ned Rorem's *Aftermath* (2002) for baritone and piano trio; Daniel Kellogg's *Momentum*, which she commissioned for the 1998 Gilmore International Keyboard Festival, and an upcoming premiere of Ezra Laderman's *Piano Sonata No.3*. She has served as visiting faculty at Ohio University and Quinnapiac University, and has given masterclasses at several universities; she has participated in the Tanglewood Music Center, Ravinia's Steans Institute, Aspen Music Festival, and the Juilliard-Columbia University Exchange. She resides in Connecticut with her husband, composer Daniel Kellogg.

SHIRA KAMMEN received her degree in music from UC Berkeley and studied vielle with Margriet Tindemans. A member for many years of Ensembles Alcatraz and Project Ars Nova, and Medieval Strings, she has also worked with Sequentia, Hesperion XX, the Boston Camerata, Teatro Bacchino, Kitka, and the King's Noyse, and is the founder of Class V Music, an ensemble dedicated to performance on river rafting trips. She has performed and taught in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Europe, Israel, Morocco, and Japan, and on the Colorado and Rogue Rivers. Shira happily collaborated with singer/storyteller John Fleagle for fifteen years, and performs now with several new groups: a medieval ensemble, Fortune's Wheel; a new music group, Ephemeros; an eclectic ethnic band, Panacea; and she often collaborates with performers such as singer Anne Azema and storyteller Patrick Ball. The strangest place Shira has played is in the elephant pit of the Jerusalem Zoo. She hopes to spend more time playing music of all kinds in the wilderness.

ROBERT MEALY has been praised for his "imagination, taste, subtlety, and daring" (Boston Globe) in his performances on a wide variety of historical strings: baroque violin, renaissance violin, lira da braccio, and medieval vielle and harp. He has recorded over 50 cds of early music on most major labels, ranging from Hildegard of Bingen with Sequentia, to Renaissance consorts with the Boston Camerata, to Rameau operas with Les Arts Florissants. A devoted chamber musician, he is happy to be a member of the medieval ensemble Fortune's Wheel, the Renaissance violin band the King's Noyse, the new 17c ensemble Spiritus, and the Irish early-music band Dùlra. He is a frequent leader and soloist in New York, where he performs regularly with the New York Collegium and ARTEK. Robert has lectured and taught historical performance techniques and improvisation at Columbia, Brown, Oberlin, U.C. Berkeley, and Yale. He is a non-resident tutor of music at Harvard College, and directs the Harvard Baroque Chamber Orchestra.Robert was recently appointed Hogwood Fellow of the Handel and Haydn Society, to advise them on historical performance questions. He has enjoyed playing with Shira Kammen since he was twelve.

REBECCA TINIO first encountered early music as an undergraduate at Harvard University, where she studied with Robert Mealy and Robert Levin. She earned a Master's degree in baroque violin performance from the Royal College of Music in London, and has performed with several groups in the United States and Europe, including the Hanover Band, the Handel and Haydn Society, the Boston Baroque, and the Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra. Rebecca is currently a first year student at the law school.

UPCOMING CONCERTS OF EARLY MUSIC AT THE BEINECKE LIBRARY

FEBRUARY 25

Music of Charpentier The Yale Schola Cantorum Simon Carrington, conductor The Yale Collegium Players Robert Mealy, leader 8:00 pm

MARCH 3

Anonymous 4 5:15 pm

APRIL 28

Ferdinand III's Vienna The Yale Collegium Musicum Richard Lalli, director The Yale Schola Cantorum Simon Carrington, conductor The Yale Collegium Players Robert Mealy, leader 5:15 pm

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