

# THE POLYPHONIC CONCERT CLUB

RECITAL #03

**PROGRAMME**

**I FAGIOLINI**  
**VIAGGIO**

FIRST BROADCAST 25 MARCH 2021

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# I FAGIOLINI

from **The National Centre for Early Music**

**Robert Hollingworth** *director*  
**Elsbeth Piggott, Julia Doyle** *soprano*  
**Martha McLorinan** *alto*  
**Nicholas Mulroy, Nicholas Hurndall Smith** *tenor*  
**Frederick Long, Matthew Brook** *bass*  
**Catherine Pierron** *organ*

The multi-award-winning vocal ensemble I Fagiolini presents an hour of serene vocal music from four musical capitals of the 16th-18th centuries. Byrd in irrepressibly joyful mood plus one of the great laments of the period; frisky French music plus a soulful lovesong; a touch of Carnival before the intensity of Monteverdi and friends in devotional mood; and to finish, a short but graphically expressive funeral piece that Bach would have known, leading to Bach's own two-choir motet, 'Komm Jesu Komm', sung by a dream team of Bach specialists.

## LONDON

<b>William Byrd</b>	<i>Laudibus in sanctis</i>
<b>Thomas Ravenscroft</b>	<i>The three ravens</i>
<b>Thomas Tomkins</b>	<i>Too much I once lamented</i>

## PARIS

<b>Claudin de Sermisy</b>	<i>Au joly boys</i>
<b>Anon</b>	<i>Mignonne, allons voir si la rose</i>
<b>Clément Janequin</b>	<i>Or vien ça</i>

## VENICE

<b>Giovanni Croce</b>	<i>Mascarata da Lenguazi</i>
<b>Adriano Banchieri</b>	<i>Nobili spettatori / Contrapunto</i>
<b>Claudio Monteverdi</b>	<i>Salve O Regina</i>
<b>Ignazio Donati</b>	<i>Dulcis amor Iesu</i>

## LEIPZIG

<b>Johann Schein</b>	<i>Da Jakob vollendet hatte</i>
<b>J.S.Bach</b>	<i>Komm Jesu komm</i>

# BIOGRAPHY

## I Fagiolini

I Fagiolini is internationally renowned for its genuinely innovative productions. “*The group are musical shapeshifters, following Hollingworth’s giddy, eclectic imagination wherever it leads.*” (The Spectator) Signature projects have included *The Full Monteverdi* by John La Bouchardière; *Tallis in Wonderland*, a new way of hearing polyphony with live and recorded voices; *Simunye*, the South African collaboration; *How Like An Angel* (HLAA), with Australian contemporary circus company C!RCA for the 2012 Cultural Olympiad and performed at the Perth International Arts Festival, New York and in cathedrals across Europe; and *Betrayal: a polyphonic crime drama* (with John La Bouchardière), an immersive theatre piece sung to the music of Gesualdo with dancers and singers set in ‘crime scenes’.

Following on from art-inspired *Leonardo – Shaping the Invisible*, and looking to our changing world for inspiration, I Fagiolini presents two new touring programmes. *I Fagiolini – Au Naturel* is a rich choral calendar inspired by Pieter Brueghel the Younger’s *The Seasons*, particularly poignant in our changing climate. *I Fagiolini – Au Naturel* featured in I Fagiolini’s Moscow debut as part of the British Council’s ‘UK-Russia Year of Music’. Premiering in 2021, *Re-Wilding The Waste Land* is based around T.S. Eliot’s poem ‘The Waste Land’ and is inspired by our need to “Re-wild” (David Attenborough), both our world and our creativity post-pandemic. *Re-wilding The Waste Land* begins in the dark-hewn depths of Victoria’s *Tenebrae Responsories* (lower pitch) and William Byrd’s setting of desolation inspired by the martyrdom of Edmund Campion. Growing out of this desolation is a celebration of the outpouring of creativity since lockdown featuring six commissions from Joanna Marsh, Shruthi Rajasekar and Ben Rowarth. These alongside Vaughan-Williams and Leighton, present a challenge for humanity, ‘The world is charged’. Alongside these, Purcell programmes featuring Anna Dennis, Hugo Hymas and Frederick Long as well as a collaboration with the Scottish Ensemble in an immersive Purcell dance programme, *A Purcell Phantasy*.

Recent projects include three performances in the VOCES8 Foundation’s new online festival series *LIVE From London: Monteverdi* for which I Fagiolini is renowned (*The Ache of Love*), *Long, Long, Ago* - *Messe De Minuit* a joyous Christmas Eve programme of Charpentier, Howells and Dylan Thomas, and *Re-Wilding The Waste Land* with Tamsin Greig narrating. A short series of three films for socially distanced chamber musicians, *#NotInThisTogether* (*Le Zoom*, *Phone-y Canzone-y*, and *Cake Mix*), and also a weekly educational and outreach series *Sing The Score* funded by ACE and University of York. New podcast ‘choral chat’ collaboration, *Choral Chihuahua*, with The Sixteen’s Harry Christophers and Eamonn Dougan has been winning admirers globally.

New short a cappella film *THE STAG HUNT*, a modern satire about aristocracy, extinction and the environment, based on *La Chasse* by Renaissance composer Clément Janequin and directed by John La Bouchardière. It was released on Boxing Day 2020 in association with the Born Free Foundation.

Other notable work includes a celebration of Monteverdi’s 450th anniversary featuring performances of *The Other Vespers* and *L’Orfeo* at venues including Glyndebourne, Cadogan Hall for the BBC Proms and Queen’s Hall as part of the Edinburgh International Festival. *Monteverdi: The Other Vespers* was released on Decca Classics to great acclaim and shortlisted for a Gramophone award; “*achieving a thrilling synergy of articulate instrumental playing, fulsome choral ripienos and dexterous solo singing*” (Gramophone). The celebrations continued in 2018 with performances of *L’Orfeo* in Antwerp (AMUZ) and further afield. In 2019 the production developed with director Thomas Guthrie’s use of masks with performances in Stour, York and London.

# TRANSLATIONS

## 01. Laudibus in sanctis

Laudibus in sanctis Dominum celebrate supremum:  
Firmamenta sonent inclita facta Dei.  
Inclita facta Dei cantate, sacraque potentis  
Voce potestatem saepe sonate manus.

Magnificum Domini cantet tuba martia nomen:  
Pieria Domino concelebrate lira.  
Laude Dei resonent resonantia tympana summi,  
God,  
Alta sacri resonent organa laude Dei.

Hunc arguta canant tenui psalteria corda,  
Hunc agili laudet laeta chorea pede.  
Concava divinas effundant cymbala laudes,  
Cymbala dulcisona laude repleta Dei.  
Omne quod aethereis in mundo vescitur auris  
Halleluya canat tempus in omne Deo.

Celebrate the Lord most high in holy praises:  
Let the firmament echo the glorious deeds of God.  
Sing the glorious deeds of God, and with holy voice  
Sound forth continually the power of his mighty hand.

Let the warlike trumpet sing the great name of the Lord:  
Celebrate the Lord with Pierian lyre.  
Let resounding timbrels ring to the praise of the most-high  
  
Lofty organs peal to the praise of the holy God.

Him let melodious psalteries sing with fine string,  
Him let joyful dance praise with nimble foot.  
Let hollow cymbals pour forth divine praises,  
Sweet-sounding cymbals filled with the praise of God.  
Let everything in the world that feeds on the air of heaven  
Sing Halleluia to God for evermore.

## 02. The three ravens

There were three ravens sat on a tree,  
Down adown, hey down adown.  
They were as black as they might be,  
With a-down, derry derry down down.

The one of them said to his mate,  
Where shall we our breakfast take?

Down in yonder green field,  
There lies a knight slain under his shield.

His hounds they lie down at his feet,  
So well they can his master keep.

His hawks they fly so eagerly,  
There's no fowle dare come him nie.

Down there comes a fallow doe,  
As great with yong as she might goe.

She lift up his bloody hed,  
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She get him up upon her backe,  
And carried him to earthen lake.

She buried him before the prime,  
She was dead herself ere ev'nsong time.

God send every gentleman  
Such hawks, such hounds and such a leman\*.

\* lover

### 03. Too much I once lamented

Too much I once lamented

While Love my heart tormented.

Fa la.

Alas and ay me, sat I wringing,

Now chanting go and singing.

Fa la.

#### 04. Au joly boys

Au joly boys, en l'ombre d'ung soucy,  
M'y fault aller pour passer ma tristesse,  
Remply de dueil d'ung souvenir transy,  
Menger m'y fault maintes poires d'angoisse,  
En ung jardin remply de noires flours  
De mes deux yeux feray larmes et plours.  
Fy de lyesse et hardiesse!  
Regret m'opresse,  
Puis que j'ay perdu mes amours.  
Las! trop j'endure,  
Le temps m'y dure,  
Je vous assure:  
Soulas, vous n'avez plus de cours!

In the pretty wood, in the shade of a care,  
I must go to pour out my sadness.  
Full of mourning for a passing memory,  
I must eat the pears of anguish.  
In a garden full of black flowers,  
from my two eyes shall come tears and lamenting.  
Fled are lightness and strength!  
Regret oppresses me  
because I have lost my love.  
Alas! I have too much to endure;  
time weighs upon me.  
I assure you,  
consolation, there is nothing more you can do.

05 **Mignonne, allons voir si la Rose** (Ronsard)

Mignonne, allons voir si la Rose  
Qui ce matin avait déclose  
Sa robe de pourpre au soleil  
A point perdu, cette vêprée,  
Les plis de sa robe pourprée  
Et son teint au votre pareil.

Las! Voyez comme en peu d'espace,  
Mignonne elle a dessus la place,  
Las! Las! ses beautés laissé choir.  
O! vraiment marâtre nature,  
Puisq'une telle fleur ne dure  
Que du matin jusques au soir;

Doncques si me croyez, mignonne,  
Tandis que votre âge fleuronne  
En sa plus verte nouveauté,  
Cueillez, cueillez votre jeunesse:  
Comme à cette fleur, la vieillesse  
Fera ternir votre beauté.

Dear one, let us go and see if the Rose,  
which this morning had opened  
her crimson robe to the sun  
has not now lost, this evening,  
the folds of its purple dress  
and its complexion - so like yours.

Alas, see how quickly,  
dear one, she has shed  
her beauties to the ground.  
O truly harsh nature!  
Just as such a flower lasts  
only from the morning to the evening,

so, believe me, sweet one,  
while your age flowers  
in its verdant freshness,  
you must reap your youthfulness:  
for like this flower, old age  
will put an end to your beauty.



## 06. Or vien ça

Or vien ça, vien, m'amie Perette,  
Or vien ça, vien ici jouer.

Ton cul servira de trom, de trompette  
Et ton devant fera la fête.  
Si te plaît de nous le louer  
De ce je n'en veux mie,  
Et en jour de ma vie  
Je n'y voulu penser.

Ta musette godinette nous fera dancier  
Sur l'herbette frisque et nette,  
Puis recon, puis recommancer.

Nous dirons une chanson, chansonette,  
Et sur la plaisante brunette  
Nos deux corps irons éprouver.  
J'en ai si grant envie  
Qu'a peu que ne dévie,  
Plus ne m'y faut penser.

Mignonette joliette veux tu t'avancer  
En chambrette bien secrette  
Le jeu con, Le jeu commencer,

Well, come now, my love, Perette,  
well, come now here to play.

Your arse will serve as a (trum) trumpet  
and your front will be the feast.  
If you want to boast about it,  
I won't mind, my love,  
even if every day of my life  
I don't want to think about it.

Your pretty little bagpipe will make us dance  
on the fresh-cut grass.  
Then let's c\*\*t - continue.

We shall sing a (chanson) little chanson.  
And to that pleasant little tune  
our bodies will feel each other.  
I want it so much  
it's driving me crazy.  
I must stop thinking about it.

You cute and pretty little thing, would you like to enter  
my secret chamber  
(the c\*\*t game) to start the game?

## 07. Mascarata da Lenguazi

Canto (Da Zane):

Vidi la Lessandrina che la tesseva, li, la.

Quinto: La stringi, ri, ron.

Alto (Magnifico): Turo zo con quel nason.

[Tenore (Lessandrina):

Vien su sul mio balcon' e alsa'l tendon.]

Sesto (Da Gratiano): Dio ve die'l bondì.

Basso (Tedesco): Brindes', io berlich.

Mi star bon compagnon, io.

Runda, rundella, runda, la rundinella gnechelle.

Gierser'in t'un bel gobbo mi incontrai.

Di quel mettal no ghe ne nassa mai; gnechelle.

Bene mio, tu m'hai lasciato

tutto mesto e sconsolato.

Deh, non mi far languire

e per dolor morire.

Runda, rundella, runda, la rundinella che la tesseva.

## Masquerade of the Tongues

Canto (Zane): 'I saw Lessandrina who plotted it, *li, la.*'

Quinto: 'Squeeze her, *ri, ron.*'

Alto (Magnifico): 'Get lost with that big nose.'

[Tenore (Lessandrina) editorial:

'Climb up to my balcony and part the curtains.'

Sesto (Graziano): 'God give you a good day.'

Basso (German): 'Cheers, me for hire [I devil].

Me good fellow.'

She flits around, *rundella*, the fickle little chickie flits around.

Last night I ran into one of your handsome hunchbacks.

Nothing ever springs up from *that* character; fickle little one.

My beloved, you have left me

thoroughly sad and disconsolate.

Pray, don't make me languish

and die of sadness.

She flits around, *rundella*, the little chickie who plotted it.

## 08. Capricciata a tre voce

Noble spectators, you will now hear  
four fine types:  
a dog, a cat, a cuckoo and an owl who for fun  
improvise counterpoint over a bassline.

Nobili spettatori, udrete or ora  
quattro belli umori:  
un cane, un gatto, un cucco, un chiù, per spasso,  
far contrappunto a mente sopra un basso.

### Contrappunto bestiale alla mente

BASS

You can't trust hunchbacks,  
it's the same with people who limp;  
if the outside looks good,  
write it on the annals.

Nulla fides gobbis;  
similiter est zoppis.  
Si squerzus bonus est,  
super annalia scribe.

## 09. Salve, O Regina

Salve, O Regina, O mater, O vita,  
O spes, O Clemens, O Pia,  
dulcis Virgo Maria, salve.  
Salve Regina, Mater misericordiae:  
vita, dulcedo, et spes nostra, salve.  
Ad te clamamus, .... exsules, filii Hevæ.  
Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes  
in hac lacrimarum valle.  
Eia ergo,... Advocata nostra,  
illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte.  
Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui,  
nobis post hoc exsilium ostende....

Hail, O Queen, O mother, life.  
and hope, O kindly, compassionate,  
sweet Virgin Mary, hail!  
Hail, Queen, mother of mercy;  
our life, our sweetness and our hope, hail!  
To you we cry,... exiled children of Eve.  
To you we sigh, groaning and weeping  
in this vale of tears.  
So then,... our own advocate,  
turn your merciful eyes towards us;  
and show us Jesus, the blessed fruit of your womb,  
after this our earthly exile...

# 10. **Dulcis amor Iesu!**

Dulcis amor Iesu!

Dulce bonum, dilecte mi,  
languedo pro te.

Sagittis tuis confige me.

Languedo pro te,  
moriar pro te, O mi Iesu.

Tu spes, tu lux, tu vita  
tu bonitas infinita.

Jesus, my sweet love!

My sweet treasure, my beloved,  
I languish for you.

Pierce me with your arrows.

I languish for you,  
I would die for you, O my Jesus.

You are my hope, my light, my life,  
you are infinite goodness.

11. **Da Jakob vollendet hatte** (Genesis 49, v33 and 50, v1)

Da Jakob vollendet hatte die Gebot an seine Kinder,	When Jacob had finished making his commands to his
children,	
tät er seine Füße zusammen aufs Bette und verschied	he drew his feet together on the bed and died
und ward versammlet zu seinem Volk.	and was gathered up to his people.
Da fiel Josef auf seines Vaters Angesicht	Then Joseph fell on his father's face
und weinet über ihn, und küsset ihn.	and wept over him, and kissed him.

12. **Komm, Jesu, komm!** (Paul Thymich)

Komm, Jesu, komm!

Mein Leib ist müde,

Die Kraft verschwindt je mehr und mehr;

Ich sehne mich nach deinem Friede,

Der saure Weg wird mir zu schwer:

Komm! Komm! ich will mich dir ergeben,

Du bist der rechte Weg, die Wahrheit und das Leben.

Come, Jesus, come

My body is weary,

My strength fails more and more,

I am longing for your peace ;

The bitter way becomes too hard for me!

Come, I shall give myself to you;

You are the right way, the truth and life.

Drumb schliess ich mich in deine Hände,

Und sage: Welt, zu guter Nacht,

Läuft gleich mein Lebensbach zum Ende,

Ist doch der Geist wohl angebracht.

Er soll bei seinem Schöpfer schweben,

Weil Jesus ist und bleibt

Der wahre Weg zum Leben.

Therefore I put myself in your hands

And bid goodnight to the world!

Even if my life's course hastens to its end,

My soul is well-prepared indeed.

It will rise up to be with its creator

For Jesus is and remains

The true way to life.

**Thank you for your support at this critical time for music and the arts.**

If you are able, please spread the word.

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