

LIONHEART

Lawrence Lipnik, *Countertenor*
John Olund, Michael Ryan-Wenger, *Tenors*
Jeffrey Johnson, Richard Porterfield, *Baritones*
Kurt-Owen Richards, *Bass*

Wayfaring Stranger: Early classics and new works for men's voices

THIS PROGRAM WILL BE PERFORMED WITHOUT INTERMISSION

Wayfaring stranger Gaude virgo	Appalachian folk song Notre Dame School, c. 1200
Li dous regars de me dame Quomodo cantabimus	Adam de la Halle (c. 1240-1287) Philippe de Vitry (1291-1361)
De toutes flours Dame, a vous sans retollir	Guillaume de Machaut (1300-1377) Machaut
Chants	Marc-André Dalbavie (b. 1961)
Wayfaring stranger (reprise) And when I die	Laura Nyro (1947-1997)
Calami sonum Wayfaring stranger (reprise)	Cipriano de Rore (c. 1515-1565)
Litaniae de Beata Virgine Maria	Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (1525-1594)

All musical arrangements by Lionheart

LIONHEART is represented exclusively by Bernstein Artists and records for Koch International

Notes on the program

“A vigorous culture...elaborates [on] several orders of conventionality, superimposing and interweaving them, and juxtaposing several dimensions of meaning.”

from “Culture, Thought, and Social Action” by
Stanley Jeyaraja Tambiah

In “Wayfaring Stranger” Lionheart presents a wide variety of a *cappella* music spanning many periods, varieties of structure, and compositional strategies. Uniting these exemplary pieces is our desire to appreciate the multiple resonances and perspectives evident by their being joined. These conjunctions will likely provoke images of journeys and images of traveling. Indeed what composer Marc-André Dalbavie says of his piece *Chants* could be said of this entire presentation: it is “a voyage to our time.”

Wayfaring Stranger is a nineteenth century traditional American folk melody performed here in several canonic formulas. *Gaude Maria Virgo* is an example of some of the earliest polyphony accumulated at Notre Dame Cathedral in Paris in the 12th century. This work, often attributed to Perotin, employs a chant melody (or *cantus*) extended into long tones. Chant alternates with smaller contrasting note patterns, groupings, exchanges, and mirrorings. Each component increases the harmonic density and rhythmic complexity of this three-part piece. The rhythmical motifs are based on the rhythmic modes found in classical Greek and Latin poetry.

Adam de la Halle was one of the most popular troubadours of the 13th century. His *Li dous regars de me dame* is an excellent example of a piece with a complex form, the *rondeau*, filled with simple rising and falling melodic figures. The isorhythmic motet *Quomodo cantabimus* of Philip de Vitry has a similar deceptive simplicity, yet employs a text of considerable complexity. De Vitry is cited as the initial composer of the *Ars Nova* period (New Art). His treatise of the same name espoused polyphony from mathematically inspired principles.

A case could be made that Guillaume Machaut is the first multi-media composer. Many of his

works combine texts, music, and art. *De toutes flours* contains a rich palette of vocal colorings and voice crossings which typify this still-contemporary sounding composer. *Dame vous sans retollir* typifies dance music of the period.

Chants also uses Greek and Latin antiquity as a point of departure. Ezra Pounds’ poetry, which harkens to the poetry of the troubadours, is treated by contemporary French composer Marc-André Dalbavie through spectral and repetitive processes. Trained at the IRCAM Institute in Paris, Dalbavie uses techniques developed through the use of sophisticated computer analysis tools and has applied them here in an *a cappella*, acoustically unfiltered context. In this school of composition (called *spectralism*) slow shifts of color and timbre are vital elements unto themselves and not mere byproducts of music making.

American Laura Nyro was a 20th century commercial music composer and poet-songwriter who related experiences of growing up in New York City. Nyro was markedly influenced by folk, barbershop, and doo-wop styles. *And When I Die* is paired with the *Dies irae*, a medieval sequence hymn for the dead.

Cipriano de Rore’s *Calami sonum* is a prime example of the stark chromaticism, sudden modulations, and sensitivity to subtleties of meaning in the text which characterize the Renaissance period at St. Mark’s Cathedral in Venice.

Rome and the Vatican were the central locales for prototypical sacred polyphonic composer Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina. Palestrina’s straightforward, contemplative approach to the setting of liturgical texts is evident in his *Litaniae de Beata Virgine Maria* for six voices. The stately opening of this piece contrasts with a series of soulful, folksy trios, transforming into a soaring paean to images of the Virgin, the Christ, and the Saints.

Jeffrey Johnson

Texts and Translations

Wayfaring Stranger

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger, a-trav'ling through this world of woe:
But there's no sickness, toil nor danger in that bright world to which I go.
I'm going there to see my father, I'm going there no more to roam,
I'm just a-going over Jordan, I'm just a-going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather o'er me, I know my way is rough and steep;
yet beauteous fields lie just before me where souls redeem'd their vigils keep.
I'm going there to see my Mother, she said she'd meet me when I come;
I'm just a-going over Jordan, I'm just a-going over home.

I want to wear a crown of glory, when I get home to that bright land;
I want to shout salvation's story in concert with that heav'nly band.
I'm goin there to see my Savior, to sing his praise forever more;
I'm just a-going over Jordan, I'm just a-going over home.

Gaude Maria virgo cunctas hereses sola interemisti que
gabrielis archangeli dictis credidisti. Dum virgo deum et
hominem genuisti et post partum virgo inviolata
permansisti.

Gabrielem archangelum scimus divinitus te esse affatum
uterum tuum de spiritu sancto credimus impregnatum
erubescat ludeus infelix qui dicit cristum ex Iosep
semine esse natum.

Dum virgo . . .
Gloria patri . . .
Gaude maria . . .

Inviolata intacta et casta es Maria que es effecta fulgida
celi porta o mater alma Cristi carissima suscipe pia
laudum preconia nostra ut pura pectora sint et corpora te
nunc flagitant devota corda et ora tu da per precata
dulcissima nobis concedas veniam per secula o benigna
que sola inviolata permansisti.

Li dous regars de me dame

Me fait esperer merchi;
Diex gart son gent cors de blame!
Li dous regars . . .
Je ne vi onques, par m'ame,
Dame plus plaisant de li.
Li dous regars . . .

Quomodo cantabimus

TRIPLUM:
Thalamus puerpere, thronus Salomonis,
pressus est caractere nove Babilonis;
Regalis ecclesia sedet in tristicia,
Rex custodit atrium ut fortis armatus,
tendit in exilium sanctorum senatus,

Rejoice, O virgin Mary, thou alone hast destroyed all
heresies. Who didst believe the words of the Archangel
Gabriel. Whilst a virgin thou didst bring forth God and
man: and after childbirth thou didst remain a pure virgin.
We know that the Archangel Gabriel, by divine agency
announced unto you. We believe that thou conceived in
thy womb by the Holy Spirit. May the wretched liar
who said that Christ was born of Joseph's seed be
confounded.

Whilst a virgin . . .

Glory be to the Father . . .

Rejoice, O virgin Mary . . .

Inviolata, untouched and chaste art thou Mary, who art
become heaven's shining portal, O loving mother of
Christ, most dear: accept, O pious one, this cry of praise,
that our hearts and bodies may remain pure; devoted
hearts and voices beg. Grant thou through thy sweet
prayers that our sins always be forgiven, O kind one,
who alone remained inviolate.

The sweet glances of my lady
give me hope of favor;
God save her gracious heart!
The sweet glances of my lady. . .
I have never yet seen, by my soul,
Lady, more pleasing than they.
The sweet glances of my lady. . .

Precis:

The depraved state of the church is compared to the
Babylonian captivity of
the Jews (586-539 B.C.), recalling the words of Psalm
137: "How shall we
sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

hac fornace purius aurum se purgabit,
et cenfractus melius iustus germinabit.
DUPLUM:

Quomodo cantabimus sub iniqua lege oves,
quid attendimus? lupus est in grege!
Decisis panniculis nostris offert oculis
Jhesus inconsutilis tunice scissuram,
suam iudex humilis sustinet pressuram.
O, quando discutiet speluncam latronum,
quum tremendus veniet deus ulcionum.

De toutes fleurs n'avoit et de tous fruits
en mon vergier fors une seule rose:
Gastes estoit li seur plus et destruis
Par Fortune qui durement s'oppose
Contre ceste douce fleur
pour amahir sa couleur et s'odour.
Mais se cueillir la voy ou trebuchier,
Autre après li jamais avoir ne quier.

Mais vraiment ymaginer ne puis
Que la vertu, ou ma rose est enclose,
Viengne par toy et par tes faus conduis,
Ains est drois dons natureus; si suppose
Que tu n'avras ja vigour
D'amanrir son pris et sa valour.
Lay la moy donc, qu'ailleurs n'en mon vergier
Autre après li jamais avoir ne quier.

De toutes fleurs n'avoit et de tous fruits
en mon vergier fors une seule rose:
Gastes estoit li seur plus et destruis
Par Fortune qui durement s'oppose
Contre ceste douce fleur
pour amahir sa couleur et s'odour.
Mais se cueillir la voy ou trebuchier,
Autre après li jamais avoir ne quier.

Mais vraiment ymaginer ne puis
Que la vertu, ou ma rose est enclose,
Viengne par toy et par tes faus conduis,
Ains est drois dons natureus; si suppose
Que tu n'avras ja vigour
D'amanrir son pris et sa valour.
Lay la moy donc, qu'ailleurs n'en mon vergier
Autre après li jamais avoir ne quier.

Dame, a vous sans retollir

Dong cuer, pensee, desir,
Corps et amour,
Comme a toute la millour
Qu'on puist choisir,
Ne qui vivre ne morir
Puist a ce jour.
Si ne me doit a folour
Tourner, se je vous aour,

Of all the flowers and all the fruit
in my garden, there remains a single rose:
Laid waste were the rest, destroyed
by Fortune, who harshly opposes herself
against this sweet flower
to slaughter her (the rose's) color and fragrance.
But if I see her cut or knocked down
never after her shall I have or desire another.

But truly, I cannot imagine
that the virtue in which my rose is enveloped
comes from you, Fortune, and from your false ways,
Since it is a rightful gift of nature; so I suppose
that you will not ever have the strength
to annihilate her worth and her merit
Leave her to me, then, for elsewhere or in my garden
Never after her shall I have or desire another.

Of all the flowers and all the fruit
in my garden, there remains a single rose:
Laid waste were the rest, destroyed
by Fortune, who harshly opposes herself
against this sweet flower
to slaughter her (the rose's) color and fragrance.
But if I see her cut or knocked down
never after her shall I have or desire another.
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that the virtue in which my rose is enveloped
comes from you, Fortune, and from your false ways,
Since it is a rightful gift of nature; so I suppose
that you will not ever have the strength
to annihilate her worth and her merit
Leave her to me, then, for elsewhere or in my garden
Never after her shall I have or desire another.

Lady, yours they'll e'er remain,
heart, thought, desire I'll ne'er regain;
and love, my very core,
I lay here now before
the fairest one may gain,
in life or in death lain,
upon this finite shore.
A fool they must not take me for
if I do you adore,

Car sans mentir,
 Bonte passes en valour,
 Toute flour en douce odour
 Qu'on puet sentir.
 Vostre biaute fait tarir
 Toute autre et anientir,
 Et vo doucour
 Passe tout; rose en coulour
 Vous doi tenir,
 Et vo regars puet garir
 Toute dolour.
 Dame, a vous ...

Dame, a vous ...
 Pour ce, dame, je n'atour
 De tres toute ma vigour
 A vous servir,
 Et met, sans nul villain tour,
 Mon cuer, ma vie et n'onnour
 En vo plaisir.
 Et se Pit   consentir
 Wet que me daingniez oir
 En ma clamour,
 Je ne quier de mon labour
 Autre merir,
 Qu'il ne me porroit venir
 Joie gringnour.
 Dame, A vous ...

Dame, A vous ...
 Dame, ou sont tuit mi retour,
 Souvent m'estuet en destour
 Pleindre et gemir,
 Et, present vous, descoulour,
 Quant vous ne savez l'ardour
 Qu'ay a souffrir
 Pour vous qu'aim tant et desir,
 Que plus ne le puis couvrir.
 Et se tenrour
 N'en avez, en grant tristour
 M'estuet fenir.
 Nompourquant jusqu'au morir
 Vostres demour.
 Dame, a vous ...

but in truth plain,
 kindness you surpass, worth more
 than sweetest smell that flower e'er bore
 that senses might retain.
 Your beauty doth make others' wane,
 here no rival will sustain,
 and your sweetness o'er
 prevaieth all;
 and rose ne'er wore
 the color of
 your blushing stain.
 Lady, yours they'll e'er remain, ...

Lady, yours they'll e'er remain, ...
 Thus, my lady, I my strength implore
 and all my valor pour
 and am to serve you fain;
 I set, all motive I deplore,
 my honor, heart and life before
 whate'er you may ordain.
 and should Pity not refrain,
 then to hear me you may deign
 and not my plea abhor;
 I wish from this my chore
 no other gain,
 for ne'er apart would I obtain
 my joy's full store.
 Lady, yours they'll e'er remain, ...

Lady, yours they'll e'er remain, ...
 Lady, you my hope restore,
 though I apart from you outpour
 my grief and pain;
 but near, my color leaves each pore,
 since you know not what passion tone
 in painful bane
 for you, my heart's domain
 that I now like in vain.
 Should your grace ignore
 such need, then doth sorrow score
 and life disdain.
 Even then until death reign
 I'm yours evermore.
 Lady, yours they'll e'er remain, ..

Chants

Palace in smoky light,
 Troy but a heap of smouldering boundary stones, . . .
 The silver mirrors catch the bright stones and flare,
 Dawn, to our waking, drifts in the green cool light;
 Dew-haze blurs, in the grass, pale ankles moving. . .

Crescent of blue-shot waters, green-gold in the shallows,
 A black cock crows in the sea-foam; . . .

"All the while, the while, swallows crying: . . .

And she went toward the window,
the slim white stone bar
Making a double arch;
Firm even fingers held to the firm pale stone;
Swung for a moment,
and the wind out of Rhodéz
Caught in the full of her sleeve.
. . . the swallows crying:

'Tis. 'Tis. Ytis! . . .

and a valley,
The valley is thick with leaves, with leaves, the trees,
The sunlight glitters, glitters a-top,
Like a fish-scale roof,
Like the church roof in Poitiers
If it were gold.
Beneath it, beneath it
Not a ray, not a slivver, not a spare disc of sunlight
Flaking the black, soft water;
Bathing the body of nymphs, of nymphs, and Diana,
Nymphs, white-gathered about her, and the air, air,
Shaking, air alight with the goddess,
fanning their hair in the dark,
Lifting, lifting and waffing:
Ivory dipping in silver,
Shadow'd, o'ershadow'd
Ivory dipping in silver,
Not a splotch, not a lost shatter of sunlight. . .
Not a patch, not a lost shimmer of sunlight,
the pale hair of the goddess.

[The dogs leap on Actæon,
"Hither, hither, Actæon,"]
Spotted stag of the wood;
Gold, gold, a sheaf of hair,
Thick like a wheat swath,
Blaze, blaze in the sun, . . .

"This wind, sire, is the king's wind,
This wind is wind of the palace,
Shaking imperial water-jets." . . .
"This wind roars in the earth's bag, . . .
No wind is the king's wind. . .
"This wind is held in gauze curtains..."
No wind is the king's...

(Danaë)

The camel drivers sit in the turn of the stairs,
Look down on Ecbatan of plotted streets,
"Danaë Danaë!
What wind is the king's?"
Smoke hangs on the stream,
Sound drifts in the evening haze,
The bark scrapes at the ford,
Gilt rafters above black water,
Three steps in an open field,

Gray stone-posts leading...
"Saave!"
And we sit here...
there in the arena...
("Saave!")

Wayfaring stranger (reprise)

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger, a-trav'ling through this world of woe:
But there's no sickness, toil nor danger in that bright world to which I go.
I'm going there to see my father, I'm going there no more to roam,
I'm just a-going over Jordan, I'm just a-going over home.

I know dark clouds will gather o'er me, I know my way is rough and steep;
yet beauteous fields lie just before me where souls redeem'd their vigils keep.
I'm going there to see my Mother, she said she'd meet me when I come;
I'm just a-going over Jordan, I'm just a-going over home.

And when I die

And when I die, and when I'm gone,
There'll be one child born
In this world to carry on,
to carry on.

I'm not scared of dying,
And I don't really care.
If it's peace you find in dying,
Well then let the time be near.
If it's peace you find in dying,
And if dying time is here,
Just bundle up my coffin
'Cause it's cold way down there.
I hear that its cold way down their.
Yeah, crazy cold way down their.

And when I die...

My troubles are many, they're as deep as a well.
I can swear there ain't no heaven but I pray there ain't no hell.
Swear there ain't no heaven and I pray there ain't no hell,
But I'll never know by living, only my dying will tell.
Yes only my dying will tell.
Yeah, only my dying will tell.

And when I die...

Give me my freedom for as long as I be.
All I ask of living is to have no chains on me.
All I ask of living is to have no chains on me,
And all I ask of dying is to go naturally.
Oh I want to go naturally.

Don't want to go by the devil.
Don't want to go by demon.
Don't want to go by Satan,
Don't want to die uneasy.
Just let me go naturally.

[Dies irae, dies illa, Solvat saeculum in favilla, Teste David cum Sibilla.	There shall come a day of wrath as Earth and all dissolve in ashes, So says David, so the Witch says.
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Quantus tremor est futurus, Quando iudex est venturus, Cuncta stricte discussurus.	O what trembling then shall prevail When the Judge is coming who shall Shake the truth from every detail.]
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And when I die...

[Lacrimosa dies illa, Qua resurget ex favilla Judicandus homo reus: Huic ergo parce Deus. Pie Jesu Domine, dona eis requiem. Amen.	Sodden with tears the day that sees Out of the dust humanity Rise to trial, guilty for certain: To whom therefore, God grant pardon. Holy Lord Jesus, Give them rest. Amen.]
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Calami sonum ferentes Siculo levem numero
non pellunt gemitus pectore ab imo nimium graves:
nec qui strepente sunt ab Aufido revulsi.
Musa quae nemus incolis Sirmionis amoenum,
reddita qua lenis, Lesbia dura fuit;
me adi recessu principis mei tristem.
Musa deliciae tui Catulli
dulce tristibus his tuum iunge carmen avenis.
(Giovanni Battista Pigna [1530-75])

The pipes that carry the sound of the light Sicilian song
Can't drive away the heavy weeping that comes from the
depths of my breast;
Nor that [song] that comes from [the banks of] roaring
Aufidus.
[But] you, O muse who haunt the lovely woods of
Sirmio —
You who were the more kind, as Lesbia was hard —
Come to me, sorrowful with the departure of my prince.
Muse, the delight of your Catullus, lend your sweet song
to these [my] sad oaten pipes.

Wayfaring stranger (reprise)

I want to wear a crown of glory, when I get home to that bright land;
I want to shout salvation's story in concert with that heav'nly band.
I'm going there to see my Savior, to sing his praise forever more;
I'm only going over Jordan, I'm only going over home.

I'm just a poor wayfaring stranger, a-trav'ling through this world of woe:
But there's no sickness, toil nor danger in that bright world to which I go.
I'm going there to see my father, I'm going there no more to roam,
I'm just a-going over Jordan, I'm just a-going over home

Litaniae de Beata Virgine Maria

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.
Ave, dona nobis Jesu, ora pro nobis.
Salve iter para tutum, ora pro nobis.
Gaude, mites fac et castos, ora pro nobis.
Ave, mundi spes, Maria, ora pro nobis.
Salve dulcis, salve pia, ora pro nobis.
Gaude, nostra Coeli via, ora pro nobis.
Ave, parens salve dicit, ora pro nobis.
Vates clausus te cogniscit, ora pro nobis.
Cum in te cor exaltavit, ora pro nobis.
Ave, mater adoranda, ora pro nobis.
Salve, sacra praedicanda, ora pro nobis.

Lord have mercy.
Christ have mercy.
Lord have mercy.
Hail, grant us Jesus, pray for us. We greet you,
make for us a safe way, pray for us.
Rejoice, make us meek and chaste, pray for us.
We greet you, O Sweet One, We greet you, O
Faithful One, pray for us.
Rejoice, our heavenly Way, pray for us.
Hail, parent who gave your blessing. pray for
us. The concealed prophet recognized you,
pray for us. as your heart leapt within you,
pray for us. Hail, Mother worthy of
adoration, pray for us. We greet you, holy one

Gaude, felix admiranda, ora pro nobis.
Ave, stellis rutilantior, ora pro nobis.
Luna plena refulgentior, ora pro nobis.
Vero sole quae splendidior, ora pro nobis.
Ave sponsa praelecta, ora pro nobis.
Ab initio benedicta, ora pro nobis.
Virgo et Mater, Dei electa, ora pro nobis.
Regina angelorum, ora pro nobis.
Patriarcharum et Prophetarum, ora pro nobis.
Regina Apostolorum, Martyrum et
Confessorum, ora pro nobis.
Regina Praedicatorum, Virginum et Sanctorum
omnium, ora pro nobis.

most worthy of praise, pray for us. Rejoice, O
happy, Admirable One, pray for us. Hail,
glowing redder than the stars, pray for us.
Gleaming brighter than the full moon, pray for
us. [You who are] more splendid than the sun,
pray for us. Hail, spouse chosen above all,
pray for us, blessed from the beginning, pray
for us. Virgin and Mother, Elect of God, pray
for us. Queen of Angels, pray for us. [of]
Patriarchs and Prophets, pray for us.
Queen of Apostles, Martyrs and Confessors, pray for us.
Queen of Preachers, Virgins, and of all the Saints. pray
for us.

**Dame, a vous translation by Kenneth C. Ritchie,
De toutes flours translation by Elizabeth Upton Randell,
Calami sonum translation by Michael Smith,
Litania translation by Thomas Baker,
all other translations and precis by Richard Porterfield**