

CONVIVIUM • MUSICUM



Marcellus II

John Calvin

*(Counter)*reformation:
musical responses to a crisis of faith

CONVIVIUM·MUSICUM

Michael Barrett, music director

(Counter)reformation: musical responses to a crisis of faith

January 17, 4:00 pm · St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Brookline

January 23, 7:00 pm · Cambridge Friends Meeting House

January 24, 5:30 pm · St. Stephen's Church, Providence, RI

January 31, 4:00 pm · Grace Episcopal Church, Salem

performers

soprano: Cynthia Linkas, Liz Hanna,
Ruthie Miller, Sarah Riskind

alto: Anney Gillotte, Sarah Gore, Kate Gyllensvärd,
Anne Kazlauskas, Anne Matthews

tenor: Evan Ingersoll, Ron Lacro, Christopher Laumer

bass: Christopher Chase, Michael Dettelbach, Jeff Kline,
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program

Ecce quam bonum · Ludwig Senfl (1486–1542/3)

Missa pro defunctis · Giovanni Felice Anerio (1560–1614)

Introit

Kyrie

Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott

Martinus Agricola

Anonymous

Stephanus Mahu

Deba contre mes debateurs (Psalm 35, Genevan Psalter)

Claude Le Jeune (1528/30–1600) · from Dodecacorde

verses 1–4

Missa pro defunctis · Anerio

Sequentia

intermission

Deba contre mes debateurs · Le Jeune

verses 5–8

Missa pro defunctis · Anerio

Offertorium

I call and cry to thee · Thomas Tallis (1505–1585)

Missa pro defunctis · Anerio

Sanctus

Agnus Dei

Communio

Responsorium

Kyrie in Absolutione

Deba contre mes debateurs · Le Jeune

verses 9–13

Agnus Dei · William Byrd (1539/40–1623)

from Mass for Four Voices

notes

In 1530, the city of Augsburg in Bavaria hosted a gathering of German nobility with the purpose of reconciling the greatest crisis of the day, a crisis of faith. The German lands, centuries away from unification, were at the time a fragmented collection of principalities theoretically subservient to the Holy Roman Emperor. In spite of this nominal allegiance, the teachings of Martin Luther took hold in many regions of the Empire, prompting Pope Charles V to convene the Diet in Augsburg in an effort to assert the authority of the True Faith against the rising tide of the priesthood of all believers.

As at any grand occasion in sixteenth-century Europe, music was considered an integral ornament, both for the delectation and the enlightenment of the guests. Ludwig Senfl, perhaps the most musically talented early convert to the new faith, composed a motet for the Diet. His (or his patron's) choice of Psalm text was no accident: "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is/ for brethren to dwell together in unity." Unfortunately, even Senfl's best efforts could not inspire the delegates of the Diet of Augsburg to save the Western Church from the separation, or rather separations, that endure to this day.

Were Martin Luther not a lover of music, the landscape of sacred music in the West, and indeed of the Western music canon as we have come to know it, might look very different. One of the key points of departure in Luther's concept of worship vis-a-vis the Catholic Church is the greater participation of the congregation in Lutheran worship. Since Luther conceived of music as a glorification of God, it was only natural that congregational singing should become an integral part of the Protestant worship service.

Many of the new Protestant hymn tunes and texts had their origins in the Latin tradition, but some were newly-composed by Luther himself and by his associates. The result for polyphonic music was a new corpus of musical material from which to draw for vocal and instrumental idioms, as one can witness from the very first decades of the Lutheran Church to the present day, with composers like Michael Praetorius and J.S. Bach flourishing in the intervening years.

Tonight Convivium will sing some relatively simple polyphonic settings of what is likely the most familiar hymn of the Lutheran tradition, *Ein' feste Burg ist uns're Gott*. Some listeners may know this tune in its rhythmically-regularized form, as harmonized by Bach and later composers, but in the 16th and 17th centuries the version you will hear, employed as a cantus firmus, was the norm. We present all four verses of the hymn set to three different settings, all contained in a collection compiled in the early decades of Lutheranism for use in schools.

In this era of upheaval, The Roman Catholic Church did not only react against those who fled the faith; it also looked inward with an eye to reform. The Council of Trent gave the Catholic Church an opportunity to renew and refine its philosophy on the tenets of Christian worship, and among these new, and renewed, doctrines were statements on the role of music in liturgy. In a sense taking a page from Luther's playbook, the Church reacted against music that obscured the words, an inherent danger of the polyphonic style, given the typical staggering of imitative entrances. The tale that Palestrina saved Catholic music with his *Missa Papae Marcelli* is an exaggeration, yet the balance he strikes between the

older Franco-Flemish school and a more transparent texture is typical of what has come to be known as the Roman School of composition.

Giovanni Felice Anerio's *Missa pro Defunctis* (a liturgical text commonly referred to by its opening word, "Requiem") belongs to this post-Tridentine tradition of Catholic composition. Again the key word is balance: a judicious application of polyphony and homophony, consonance and dissonance, jaunty rhythms and smooth lines, all in subtle yet palpable service to the changing affects of the text. The priest, so to speak, seems to turn directly to the congregation in this style, still speaking a dead language, but with the force of a communication far more direct than a generation before.

Whether it was Jean Calvin's desire for a cleaner break with Roman Catholicism, or simply his personal philosophy of music as it related to worship, the Calvinist Church permitted no polyphony in its church services, allowing only unison singing of the Psalms. The texts and tunes which found their way into the Calvinist Church were themselves mostly newly created: metrical settings of French Psalm texts and many new tunes by composers contemporary with Calvin. The result was a new body of musical material, akin to the Gregorian chant melody or the Lutheran chorale tune, that provided points of departure for composers in, and later outside of, the Calvinist sphere.

Claude Le Jeune composed epic settings of these French Psalm tunes, most likely intended for private devotion among musically-educated Calvinists, and contained in his collection known as the *Dodecacorde* (publ. 1598). These settings invariably employ the tune itself as a *cantus firmus*, set respectively to each verse of

the Psalm text in each *partie* of the work. Woven around this musical thread is an often dense polyphonic structure whose rhythmic makeup is closely related to a poetic-musical revival of sorts championed by Le Jeune, the *musique mesurée*, which attempts to recreate the quantitative metrical organization of Classical Greek and Latin poetry. This short-lived experiment, best known by modern audiences through Le Jeune's *Reveyez venir du printemps*, contributes to the apparent rhythmic density and asymmetry of these extended Psalm settings.

Thomas Tallis worked in a time of great religious upheaval in England. Whatever his personal religious inclinations – and there is evidence that he was at least sympathetic to the Catholic cause – his professional flexibility to changing times is evident in his surviving oeuvre. Tallis's motet *I call and cry to thee* is a re-texting of his Latin motet *O sacrum convivium*. The two texts themselves are not closely related in meaning; rather, Tallis seems to have either written or sought out a text which he could connect with certain key musical motives. Note, for example, the falling interval of "bow down," originally joined to the text fragment which translates "...recall the memory of his passion."

William Byrd found refuge for his Catholic sympathies in the patronage of the nobility. He even managed to publish several Latin Masses in his lifetime; their most likely intention was for private, if not secret, devotion by English Catholics. We close tonight's concert of Reformation and Counter-reformation music with the centuries-old call for mercy and peace, a desire common to all Christian faiths, yet so often beyond the reach of human experience.

texts & translations

ECCE QUAM BONUM

et quam jocundum,
habitare fratres in unum:

Sicut unguentum in capite quod descendit in barbam Aaron: Quod descendit in oram vestimenti ejus: sicut ros Hermon, qui descendit in montem Sion.
Ecce quam bonum...

Quoniam illic mandavit Dominus benedictionem, et vitam usque in sæculum,
Ecce quam bonum...

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc, et semper,
et in sæcula sæculorum, Amen.

Ecce quam bonum...

Behold, how good
and how pleasant it is
for brethren to dwell together in unity!

It is like the precious ointment upon the head, that ran down upon the beard, even Aaron's beard: that went down to the skirts of his garments; as the dew of Hermon that descended upon the mountains of Zion: Behold, how good...
For there the Lord commanded the blessing, even life for evermore
Behold, how good...

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost, As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be.
World without end, Amen.
Behold, how good...

REQUIEM – INTROIT

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine.
Et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Te decet hymnus, Deus, in Sion, et tibi reddetur votum in Jerusalem: exaudi orationem meam, ad te omnis caro veniet.

KYRIE

Kyrie eleison.
Christe eleison.
Kyrie eleison.

Eternal Rest give unto them, O Lord,
And let perpetual light shine upon them

A hymn, O God, becometh thee in Zion, And a vow shall be paid to thee in Jerusalem. Hear my prayer: All flesh shall come before you.

Lord, have mercy on us.
Christ, have mercy on us.
Lord, have mercy on us.

SEQUENTIA

*Dies iræ, dies illa
Solvat sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.*
Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.
*Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulcra regionum,*

*Day of wrath, that day
shall consume the world in ashes,
as foretold by David and the Sibyl.*
What trembling there will be
When the judge shall come
to weigh everything strictly.
*The trumpet, scattering its awful sound
Across the graves of all lands*

Coget omnes ante thronum.
 Mors stupebit et natura,
 Cum resurget creatura,
 Judicanti responsura.
Liber scriptus proferetur,
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.
 Judex ergo cum sedebit,
 Quidquid latet apparebit.
 Nil inultum remanebit.
Quid sum miser tunc dicturus?
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?
 Rex tremendæ majestatus
 qui salvandos salvas gratis
 salva me, fons pietatis
Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ:
Ne me perdas illa die.
 Quærens me, sedisti, lassus;
 Redemisti crucem passus;
 Tantus labor non sit cassus.
Juste Judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.
 Ingemisco tanquam reus,
 Culpa rubet vultus meus;
 Supplici parce, Deus.
Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.
 Preces meæ non sunt dignæ,
 Sed tu, bonus, fac benigne,
 Ne perenni cremer igne.
Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.
 Confutatis maledictis
 Flammis acribus addictis,
 Voca me cum benedictis.
Oro supplex et acclinis,
Cor contritum quasi cinis,
Gere curam mei finis.

Summons all before the throne.
 Death and nature shall be stunned
 When mankind arises
 To render account before the judge.
The written book shall be brought
In which all is contained
Whereby the world shall be judged.
 When the judge takes his seat
 all that is hidden shall appear
 Nothing will remain unavenged.
What shall I, a wretch, say then?
To which protector shall I appeal
When even the just man is barely safe?
 King of awful majesty,
 You freely save those worthy of salvation
 / Save me, fount of pity.
Remember, gentle Jesus,
that I am the reason for your time on earth,
/ do not cast me out on that day.
 Seeking me, you sank down wearily,
 you saved me by enduring the cross,
 such travail must not be in vain.
Righteous judge of vengeance,
award the gift of forgiveness
before the day of reckoning.
 I groan as one guilty,
 my face blushes with guilt;
 spare the suppliant, O God.
Thou who absolved Mary [Magdalen]
and hear the prayer of the servant
have also given me hope.
 My prayers are not worthy,
 but Thou, O good one, show mercy,
 lest I burn in everlasting fire,
Give me a place among the sheep,
and separate me from the goats,
placing me on Thy right hand.
 When the damned are confounded
 and consigned to keen flames,
 call me with the blessed.
I pray, suppliant and kneeling,
a heart as contrite as ashes;
take Thou my ending into Thy care.

Lacrimosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicundus homo reus.
Huic ergo parce, Deus:
Pie Jesu Domine:
Dona eis requiem. Amen.

OFFERTORIUM

Domine, Jesu Christe, Rex gloriae, libera
animas omnium fidelium defunctorum
de pœnis inferni et de profundo lacu.
Libera eas de ore leonis, ne absorbeat
eas tartarus, ne cadant in obscurum; sed
signifer sanctus Michael repræsentet eas
in lucem sanctam:
Quam olim Abrahæ promisiſti
et semini eius.

Hostias et preces tibi, Domine, laudis
offerimus: tu suscipe pro animabus illis,
quarum hodie memoriam facimus. Fac
eas, Domine, de morte transire ad vitam.
Quam olim Abrahæ promisiſti
et semine eius.

SANCTUS

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus
Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt cœli et terra gloria tua.
Hosanna in excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini.
Hosanna in excelsis.

AGNUS DEI

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi
dona eis requiem.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi
dona eis requiem.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi
dona eis requiem sempiternam.

COMMUNIO

Lux æterna luceat eis, Domine: Cum

That day is one of weeping,
on which shall rise again from the ashes
the guilty man, to be judged.
Therefore spare this one, O God,
merciful Lord Jesus:
Give them rest. Amen.

Lord Jesus Christ, king of glory, deliver
the souls of all the faithful departed from
the pains of Hell and the bottomless
pit. Deliver them from the jaws of the
lion, lest hell engulf them, lest they be
plunged into darkness; but let the holy
standard-bearer Michael lead them into
the holy light, as once you promised to
Abraham and to his seed.

Lord, in praise we offer you sacrifices and
prayers, accept them on behalf of those
who we remember this day:
Lord, make them pass from death to life,
as once you promised to Abraham
and to his seed.

Holy, holy, holy
Lord God of hosts!
Heaven and earth are full of your glory.
Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is he that cometh in the name of
the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

O Lamb of God, that takes away the sins
of the world, Grant them rest.
O Lamb of God, that takes away the sins
of the world, Grant them rest.
O Lamb of God, that takes away the sins
of the world, Grant them eternal rest.

Let everlasting light shine upon them,

sanctis tuis in æternum, quia pius es.
Requiem æternam dona eis Domine, et lux
perpetua luceat eis, quia pius es.

RESPONSORIUM

Libera me, Domine, de morte æterna, in
die illa tremenda: Quando cœli movendi
sunt et terra, dum veneris iudicare sæcu-
lum per ignem.

Tremens factus sum ego et timeo, dum
discussio venerit, atque ventura ira:
Quando cœli movendi sunt et terra.

Dies illa, dies iræ, calamitatis et miseriæ,
dies magna et amara valde.
Dum veneris iudicare sæculum per
ignem.

Requiem æternam dona eis, Domine:
et lux perpetua luceat eis.
Dum veneris iudicare sæculum per
ignem.

KYRIE IN ABSOLUTIONE

Kyrie eleison...

EIN' FESTE BURG ist unser Gott,
Ein gute Wehr und Waffen;
Er hilft uns frei aus aller Not,
Die uns jetzt hat betroffen.
Der alte böse Feind,
Mit Ernst er's itzt meint,
Groß Macht und viel List
Sein' grausam' Rüstung ist,
Auf Erd ist nicht seinsgleichen.

Mit unsrer Macht is nichts getan,
Wir sind gar bald verloren;
Es steit' t für uns der rechte Mann,
Den Gott hat selbst erkoren.
Fragst du, wer der ist?

Lord, with Thy saints forever, for Thou art
merciful. Grant them eternal rest, Lord,
and let perpetual light shine upon them,
for Thou art merciful.

Deliver me, O Lord, from eternal death
on that awful day when the heavens and
earth shall be shaken and you shall come
to judge the world by fire.

I am seized with fear and trembling
until the trial is at hand and the wrath to
come: when the heavens and earth shall
be shaken.

That day, day of wrath, of calamity and
misery, Great day and most bitter.
and you shall come to judge the world
by fire.

Eternal Rest give unto them, O Lord.
And let perpetual light shine upon them
And you shall come to judge the world
by fire.

Lord have mercy...

Our God is a secure fortress,
a good shield and weapon;
He helps us willingly out of all troubles,
that now have encountered us.
The old, evil enemy
is earnestly bent on it,
great strength and much deceit
are his horrid armaments,
there is nothing like him on earth.

Nothing can be done through our
strength, We are soon already lost.
The righteous Man battles for us,
that God himself has elected.
You ask, who is He?

Er heißt Jesu Christ,
Der Herr Zebaoth,
Und ist kein andrer Gott,
Das Feld muß er behalten.

He is called Jesus Christ,
the Lord of Sabaoth,
and there is no other God,
He must control the battlefield.

Und wenn die Welt voll Teufel wär'
Und wollt' uns gar verschlingen,
So fürchten wir uns nicht so sehr,
Es soll uns doch gelingen.
Der Fürst dieser Welt,
Wie sau'r er sich stellt,
Tut er uns doch nicht,
Das macht, er ist gericht't,
Ein Wörtlein kann ihn fällen.

And if the world were full of the devil
and would devour us,
even then we would not be so fearful,
we should even then succeed.
The prince of this world,
however sour he might be,
yet can do nothing to us,
since he is already judged,
a little word can topple him.

Das Wort sie sollen laßen stahn
Und kein'n Dank dazu haben;
Er ist bei uns wohl auf dem Plan
Mit seinem Geist und Gaben.
Nehmen sie den Leib,
Gut, Ehr', Kind und Weib:
Laß fahren dahin,
Sie haben's kein'n Gewinn,
Das Reich muß uns doch bleiben.

They shall put His word aside
and give no thanks for it.
He is with us indeed in strategy
with His spirit and His gifts.
If they take our bodies from us,
possessions, honor, child, wife,
let them take them away,
they have no spoils;
our riches yet remain with us.

DÉBA CONTRE MES DÉBATEURS,
Comba, Seigneur, mes combateurs,
Empoigne moi bouclier et lance,
Et pour me secourir t'avance.
Charge les et march' au devant,
Garde les d'aller plus avant:
Di à mon ame, Ame, je suis
Celui qui garentir te puis.

Contend with my adversaries;
Fight, Lord, those who fight me;
Seize for me buckler and lance,
And come forward to help me.
Charge them and go ahead,
Stop them from advancing:
Say to my soul, Soul, I am
He who can protect thee.

De honte soyent tous esperdus,
Soyent renversez et confondus
Tout ceux qui pourchassent ma vie,
Et de m'outrager ont envie.
Soyent comme la poudre qui est
De vent jettée où il lui plaît:
L'Ange du Seigneur Tout-puissant
Par tout les aille pourchassant.

From shame may all be lost,
May they be overthrown and
confounded, All those who seek my life
And long to debase me.
May they be like the dust that is
Tossed by the wind wherever it pleases:
May the Angel of the Almighty Lord
Pursue them everywhere.

Tous chemins soyent glissans pour eux,
Par chemins noirs et tenebreux,
L'Ange de Dieu de place en place
Tousjours les poursuyve et les chasse:
D'autant qu'à tort ils m'ont dressé
Leur engine dedans un fosse,
Leur engine, di-je, ils ont à tort
Appresté pour me mettre à mort.

Soit le meschant à despourveu,
Surprins du mal qu'il n'ait preveu:
Au filé qu'il m'a voulu tendre
Son pied mesme se vienne prendre:
Tombe luimesme et soit froissé
Au plus profond de son fossé:
Mon ame lors s'esjouira
En Dieu qui garde l'aura.

Lors diront tous les os de moi,
Seigneur, qui est pareil à toi?
Gardant du foible l'impuissance,
Contre le fort et sa puissance:
Gardant que le povre affligé
Des meschans ne soit outragé.
Faux tesmoins ont sur moi sailli,
De faux propos m'ont assailli.

Le mal pour le bien m'ont rendu,
D'avoir ma vie on pretendu:
Toutefois en leur temps contraire
J'ai jeusné, j'ai porté la haire.
Pour eux en mon sein j'ai versé
Mainte prier' à chef baissé:
Bref, en tel point je me suis mis,
Que pour mes frères et amis.

J'alloi courbé, comme feroit
Un qui sa mere pleurerait:
Mais eux cognoissans mon martyre
Se sont assemblez pour en rire.
Les plus maraux à mon desceu
M'ont machiné ce qu'ils on peu:

May all roads be slippery for them;
My roads dark and shadowy,
May the Angel of God from place to
place Always pursue and hunt them:
The more so as wrongly they have raised
against me Their engine in a trench,
Their engine, I say, they have wrongly
Prepared to put me to death.

May the wrongdoer be caught
Unaware by the evil he has not foreseen:
In the net which he hoped would
ensnare me, May his own foot become
tangled: May he fall himself and be bro-
ken In the deepest part of his trench:
My soul will then rejoice
In God who will have guarded it.

Then all my bones will say,
Lord, who is equal to thee?
Guarding the weakness of the feeble
Against the strong man and his power:
Guarding the poor afflicted
That he be not abused by the wicked.
False witnesses have attacked me,
False accusations have assailed me.

They have given me evil for good,
They have made attempts on my life;
Yet in their time of hardship,
I have fasted, I have worn sackcloth.
For them in my breast I have poured out
Many a prayer with bowed haid:
In short, I have put myself in such a wise
Only for my brothers and loved ones.

I have gone bent over, as one might
Who weeps for his mother:
But they, when they know of my suffer-
ing, Gathered to laugh at it.
The worst scoundrels, without my
knowledge, Have plotted against me

A pleine gorge ils m'ont blasmé,
Et tant qu'ils ont peu diffamé.

Contre moi ont grancé les dents
Un tas de flateraux mordans,
Avec ces plaisans venerables,
Qui vont suyvens les bonnes tables.
Seigneur, qui veux-tu plus tarder?
Plaise toi mon ame garder,
Qui est seulette ésmaux qu'elle a,
Et des lions delivre la.

Sus, je te benirai mon Dieu,
De tout ce grand peuple au milieu,
Et parmi la troupe amasee,
Sera ta grandeur annoncee.
Fai que de rire n'ait de quoi
Quiconque à tort en veut à moi:
Et ne permets ces envieux
A tort me guigner de leurs yeux.

Carde nois' ils parlent tousjours:
Et rien ne pensent tous les jours,
Qu'à decevoir, s'il est possible,
Le povre affligé tout paisible.
Pour mieux se moquer, ces pervers
Ont sur moi leurs gosiers ouverts:
Chacun d'eux a crié sur moi,
Ha, ha, le meschant je le voi.

Seigneur tu les as veu aussi,
Ne laisse point passer ceci:
Seigneur de loin ne m'abandonne,
Ains pour juger ma cause bonne,
Mon Dieu, mon Seigneur, leve toi,
Mon Dieu, mon Seigneur, juge moi
Par ta juste bonté, à fin
Qu'ils n'en soyent joyeux à la fin.

Et qu'ils n'aillent disans entr' eux,
Sus, sus, c'est fait, soyons joyeux,
Il est destruit. Tels personages
Prenans plaisir à dommages

whatever they could: Full of anger they
have rebuked me And, as much as they
could, discredited me.

Against me they have gnashed their
teeth, A rabble of gnawing mockers,
With those outworn taunts,
Who follow [like dogs] after a feast.
Lord, why will thou yet delay?
If it please thee, save my soul,
Which is alone and frightened,
And from the lions deliver it.

Up, I shall bless thee, my God,
In the midst of the great people;
And among the gathered throng
Will thy greatness be proclaimed.
Let them not laugh at me,
Whoever wrongly would wish to harm
me: And permit not the envious
Wrongly to squint at me with their eyes.

For they speak in quarrels always:
And think of nothing every day
But of deceiving if it is possible,
The poor afflicted, peaceable man.
To better ridicule, these perverse ones
Have opened their throats at me:
Each one of them has cried at me,
Ha, ha, the wicked one, I see him.

Lord, thou has seen them also;
Do not be slient about this:
Lord, do not abandon me from far away,
So to judge my worthy cause,
My God, my Lord, arise,
My God, my Lord, judge me
By thy just goodness, so that
They be not happy in their end.

And let them not say among themselves,
Up, up, it is done, let us rejoice,
He is destroyed. May such ones,
Taking pleasure in my troubles

Soyent tous confus et diffamez:
Ceux qui sur moi sont animez
Ayent pour tout leur parement
Hont' et vergonge seulement.

Mais tout plisir puisse advenir
A qui veut mon droit soustenir:
Chante toujours d'esjouissance
Benite soit la grand' puissance
De toi, ô Seigneur Dieu qui fais
Vivre ton serviteur en paix:
Tes bontez ma langue dira,
Et chacun jour te chantera.

I CALL AND CRY TO THEE, O Lord,
give ear unto my plaint.
Bow down thine eyes and mark my
heavy plight,
and how my soul doth faint.
For I have many ways offended thee.
Forgive my wickedness, O Lord, I
beseech thee.

AGNUS DEI, qui tollis peccata munda,
Miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata munda,
Miserere nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata munda,
Dona nobis pacem

Be all confounded and disgraced:
May those who are stirred up against me
Have for their adornment
Ignominy and shame only.

But may all pleasure come
To him who will support my right:
May he sing for joy evermore,
Blessed by the great power
Of thee, O Lord God, who makest
Thy servant to live in peace.
My tongue will speak of thy goodness
And every day will sing of thee.

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of
the world, Have mercy on us.
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of
the world, Have mercy on us.
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of
the world, Grant us peace.

about the artists

CONVIVIUM MUSICUM was recently praised in *Early Music America* for providing “the kind of transforming experience that concert junkies are always seeking.” Over its 20 year history, Convivium has grown to consistently delight audiences with its lively and intelligent attention to texts, rhythmic precision, and accuracy of pitch and tuning. Proud of its innovative programming, the twenty-voice choir is committed to presenting rarely-performed pieces of lesser-known composers as well as masterworks by the likes of Byrd, Josquin, and Victoria in concerts of deep and revealing focus. Convivium Musicum has released *Song of Songs: Music of Renaissance Spain and the New World*, a CD with pieces based on texts from the Song of Songs, and *Dido’s Lament & other music by Franco-Flemish Composers, c. 1500-1600*. A third CD featuring the music of Josquin is being planned. Now in our third season with music director Michael Barrett, Convivium Musicum continues its dedication to bringing Renaissance polyphony that is “delightfully varied and inventive in its presentation” to new venues and new audiences. Come join us, and be transformed!

MICHAEL BARRETT is active in the Boston area as a singer and conductor. Prior to making Boston his home in 2004, Mr. Barrett spent four years studying and working in The Netherlands. While in Europe he was a member of the Huelgas Ensemble, the Netherlands Bach Society and the Hemony Ensemble.

In Boston Mr. Barrett directs Sprezzatura, a professional vocal ensemble for Renaissance and early Baroque repertoire, and co-directs L’Academie, a professional Baroque orchestra and choir. As a singer Mr. Barrett has collaborated with Boston Camerata, Blue Heron, Seven Times Salt, and Boston Secession. Mr. Barrett has performed in the two most recent opera productions of the Boston Early Music Festival. He also maintains a studio for private instruction in voice and music theory.

Mr. Barrett earned an AB in music from Harvard University, an MM in choir conducting from Indiana University in Bloomington, and a first phase diploma in Baroque and Classical singing from the Royal Conservatory in The Hague.

acknowledgments

Convivium would like to thank the parish of St. John's Episcopal Church, Charlestown, for providing us a home for many years. We thank our concert hosts: the parish of St. Paul's Episcopal Church, Brookline; James Busby at St. Stephen's, Providence; Mark Englehardt at Grace Church, Salem; and members of the Cambridge Friends Meeting House. As always, we thank Evan Ingersoll for his elegant brochure and program design; "Doc" Davis for recording; Erik Bertrand for diligent webmastery, and Sheila Beardslee Bosworth for publicity.

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Colophon

images: The cover image shows an imaginary confrontation between John Calvin and Pope Marcellus II – certainly imaginary, as Marcellus was Pope for only 22 days. However, he inspired Palestrina's *Missa Papae Marcelli* of c. 1562, about which see the Notes. Both images courtesy Wikimedia Commons.

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