

COLLEGIUM MUSICUM

DR. VERNON READ, DIRECTOR
SAN JOSE STATE UNIVERSITY

MUSEUM OF ART, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

NOVEMBER 23, 1980

4:00 P.M.

THE TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS OF SONGS, SONNETS,
MOTETS AND OTHER MUSIC WITH WORDS --
ALL PERFORMED WITH VOICES AND SUNDRY INSTRUMENTS
OR A CAPELLA.

Translations compiled by:

Sue Kimber
Vernon Read

WHAT TIDINGS BRINGEST THOU?

What tidings bringest thou, messenger,
Of Christ's birth this year's day?
A babe is born of high nature,
Is Prince of peace and ever shall be,
Of heaven and earth he hath the cure,
His Lordship is eternity:
Such wonder tidings ye now hear,
What tidings bringest thou messenger?
That man is made now God's fere,
Whom sin had made but fiend's prey.

A seemly sight it is to see:
The burd that hath this babe y born
Conceived a lord of high degree,
And maiden as she was befor.
Such wonder tidings ye now hear:
What tidings bringest thou, messenger?
That maid and mother is one y-fere
And alway lady of high array.

AVE DOMINA

Ave domina, celi regina.
Worship be the birth of thee,

Quem portasti Marie,
Both in bower and in city

Ave domina.

BEATA PROGENIES

O blessed stock from which
Christ was born:
how glorious is the virgin
who gave birth to the
King of Heaven.

AVE REGINA CAELORUM

Hail, Queen of the heavens
Hail, Lady of the angels.
From which came light for the world

Rejoice full of glory
Beautiful beyond all
Hail, full of adornment
And pray forever to Christ for us.

AMOUR VITTORIOSO

Come with your weapons ready,
forward ye soldiers, steady.
I am supreme Amore,
Justice shall tell my story,
Soldiers, fearless ever!
Then noble ranks uniting,
Follow me bravely fighting.
Fa, la, la, la, la, la,

MIT LIEB BIN ICH UMBFANGER

In love I am victim of circumstance,
my love.
After offering my desires, they never
happen.
I cannot gain favor leaving in distress
loving world.
I more gladly would die,
Wishing death on myself.

EIN MAGD, DIE SAGT MIR FREUNDLICH ZUE

To a lady
He spoke friendly
Of love
in his heart.

MILLE REGRETZ

Thousand regrets to leave you
And be far away from your loving face
My sorrow and pain are so great
That my days will be seen to come to an end.

SCARAMELLA

Scaramella goes to war,
With his lance and shield,
The swashbuckler, borombetta,
The swashbuckler, borombò!

Scaramella holds festival,
With his boot and shoe,
The swashbuckler, borombetta,
The swashbuckler, borombò!

PASTOR LEVATE SÙ

Shephard arise, awake!
Who is it holding you back?
Born is Jesus today
Jesus the King of Kings

In you most humble hay
Suffering frightful cold
Gentlest little Babe
He who Heaven has made.

Naked on roughest hay
Between two asses lies
Oh, who can bear to gaze
On beauty such as this?

No longer wait, arise!
Happily hasten there
Our Jesus to adore,
Jesus, the King of Kings.

AMOUR VITTORIOSO

Come with your weapons ready,
forward ye soldiers, steady.
I am supreme Amore,
Justice shall tell my story,
Soldiers, fearless ever!
Then noble ranks uniting,
Follow me bravely fighting.
Fa, la, la, la, la, la,

MIT LIEB BIN ICH UMBFANGER

In love I am victim of circumstance,
my love.
After offering my desires, they never
happen.
I cannot gain favor leaving in distress
loving world.
I more gladly would die,
Wishing death on myself.

EIN MAGD, DIE SAGT MIR FREUNDLICH ZUE

To a lady
He spoke friendly
Of love
in his heart.

MILLE REGRETZ

Thousand regrets to leave you
And be far away from your loving face
My sorrow and pain are so great
That my days will be seen to come to an end.

SCARAMELLA

Scaramella goes to war,
With his lance and shield,
The swashbuckler, borombetta,
The swashbuckler, borombò!

Scaramella holds festival,
With his boot and shoe,
The swashbuckler, borombetta,
The swashbuckler, borombò!

PASTOR LEVATE SÙ

Shephard arise, awake!
Who is it holding you back?
Born is Jesus today
Jesus the King of Kings

In you most humble hay
Suffering frightful cold
Gentlest little Babe
He who Heaven has made.

Naked on roughest hay
Between two asses lies
Oh, who can bear to gaze
On beauty such as this?

No longer wait, arise!
Happily hasten there
Our Jesus to adore,
Jesus, the King of Kings.

COME, YE HEAVY STATES OF NIGHT

Come, ye heavy states of night,
Do my father's spirit right;
Soundings baleful let me borrow,
Burdening my song with sorrow;
Come, sorrow, come her eyes that sings
By thee are turned into springs.

Come, ye virgins of the night
That in dirges sad delight,
Choir my anthems; I do borrow
Gold nor pearl, but sounds of sorrow,
Come, sorrow, come; her eyes that sings
By thee are turned into springs.

COME, HEAVY SLEEP

Come, heavy sleep, the image of true death,
And close up these my weary weeping eyes,
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath
And tears my heart with sorrows sigh swoll'n cries,

Come, and possess my tired thought-worn soul,
That living dies, till thou on me bestole.

NOW, O NOW I NEEDS MUST PART

Now, o now I needs must part,
Parting though I absent mourn,
Absence can no joy impart,
Joy once fled cannot return.

Sad despair doth drive me hence,
This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence,
It is she which then offends.

DOLCI MIEI SOSPIRI

Abide with me, my sweet sighs,
Sweet torments sweet desire and you,
Sweet songs, and you sweet tears farewell.

To the evil one that is gone,
Wind and sea invite no longer quarrelsome
Oh, fleeting hours cruel, hard love
Loves my sorrow.

NON COSI

As soon as I see your beautiful ardor
Every suffering of which love afflicts me ceases
Through the eyes your beauty has such strength.

A sigh has no satisfaction going out from the ardent heart
Neither will the tongue speak sorrowfully
Nor will it go down, still crying, from eyes to the breast

DAMIGELLA TUTTA BELLA

Beautiful maiden, pour, pour that good wine,
Let drip the ruby red essence of the grape.

In my heart I have bitter suffering,
Caused by the deepest love,
Whether I throw it or I leave it,
I drown within its depth.

O SEIDENE HARELEIN!

O little silken hair
Your firmly tied bow
In love, overcome these
imprisoned little hands,

VIEL SCHÖNER BLÜMELEIN

Many pretty little flowers
Now are young in cool May,
Were prior my equal.....

AVE REGINA CAELORUM

Hail, Queen of Heaven
Mother, Queen of angels....