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Music Department
National Gallery of Art
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, DC

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COVER: Piero di Cosimo, *Allegory*, c. 1500,
National Gallery of Art, Washington, Samuel H. Kress Collection



The Seventy-Third Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lammot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
3,036th Concert

National Gallery of Art Chamber Players
with
Barbara Hollinshead, mezzo-soprano
Robert Petillo, tenor

*Presented in honor of Piero di Cosimo:
The Poetry of Painting in Renaissance Florence*

February 1, 2015
Sunday, 3:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Program

Music by Italian Renaissance composers

Marco (Marchetto) Cara (c. 1470–1525)

Non è tempo d'aspettare (This is not the time to wait)

Giovanni Domenico da Nola (c. 1510–1592), Baldassare Donato (c. 1525–1603)

Chi la gagliarda (Whoever wishes to learn the galliard), two versions

Bartolomeo Tromboncino (c. 1470–1535)

Che debb'io far? Che mi consigli, Amore? (What should I do? What do you advise, Love?)

Francesco Canova da Milano (1497–1543)

Fantasia (Ness, no. 67)

Guglielmo da Pesaro (1420–1484)

Falla con misuras

Tromboncino

A la guerra (To war)

Anonymous (c. 1550)

Aime ch'a torto

Tromboncino

Non val acqua al mio gran fuoco (Water is unequal to my hot fire)

Joan Ambrosio Dalza (b. 1508), Guglielmo de Pesaro, Dalza

Petit Riensi (Little trifle), *Amoroso* (Lovingly),

Piva (Fast dance), three-piece medley

Text by Benedetto Cariteo (1450–1514)

Amando e desiando (Loving and desiring)

Jacques Arcadelt (c. 1507–1568), Diego Ortiz (c. 1510–1570)

O felic'occhi miei (O my happy eyes),

Divisions on the same tune, two-piece medley

Anonymous

De tristo mi topinello (Ah me, poor tummy)

Rossinus Mantuanus (fl. 1500)

Lirum bililirum

Giacomo Fogliano (1468–1548), Anonymous, Tromboncino

L'Amor dona, ch'io te porto (The love, Lady, that I bear you),

Quant'è bella giovinezza (How beautiful is youth)

Sú sú leva, alza le ciglia (Wake up, raise your eyelashes), three-piece medley

Giovanni Ferretti (c. 1540–1609)

Bon cacciator (Good hunter)

The Musicians

NATIONAL GALLERY OF ART CHAMBER PLAYERS

A resident ensemble of the Gallery since 2004, the National Gallery of Art Chamber Players has provided chamber music in honor of a number of exhibitions, including Spanish Renaissance music for *The Art of Power: Royal Armor and Portraits from Imperial Spain* (2009) and Renaissance Italian music in honor of *Arcimboldo, 1526–1593: Nature and Fantasy* (2010). Members of the National Gallery of Art Chamber Players participating in tonight's concert are:

Tina Chancey, treble and bass viola da gamba

Amy Domingues, bass viola da gamba

Howard Bass, lute

BARBARA HOLLINSHEAD

Mezzo-soprano Barbara Hollinshead has been a member of the National Gallery of Art Vocal Ensemble since 2004. In 2014 she provided a recital of music by Sophie-Elisabeth von Mecklenburg (1613–1676) for the Gallery's series *Five Lives in Music*. Hollinshead has been a guest artist with many of the East Coast's finest early music groups, including Artek, Chatham Baroque, Hesperus, New York Collegium, Opera Lafayette, and Washington Bach Consort. Outside the United States, she has sung at the Thomaskirche in Leipzig and San Marco in Venice, and with Tafelmusik at Trinity–Saint Paul's Centre in Toronto. Her discography includes recordings of solo lute songs with lutenist Howard Bass and a CD of music by Biber, Carissimi, and Rossi.

ROBERT PETILLO

A graduate of Rutgers University and the University of Maryland, tenor Robert Petillo is the first tenor section leader for The United States Army Chorus, an element of The United States Army Band (Pershing's Own) stationed at Fort Myer, Virginia. Often featured as a soloist with the Army Chorus and the Concert Band, he appears as a soloist on many recordings made by those ensembles. He is much in demand as a tenor soloist with the Alexandria Choral Society, Cantate Chamber Singers, Cathedral Choral Society, Fairfax Choral Society, Masterworks Chorus, Maryland Choral Society, Washington Kantorei, Washington Singers, and Washington Sängerbund as well as with early music groups in Charlottesville and Williamsburg, the Raleigh Oratorio Society, and the Northeastern Pennsylvania Philharmonic and Virginia Symphony orchestras. His overseas appearances include the role of Jupiter in a production of Handel's *Semele* for the Handel Festival, Halle, tenor soloist in vesper services by Monteverdi and Cavalli in Venice, and tenor soloist in two tours of Germany with the Washington Bach Consort.

Program Notes

For much of the sixteenth century, visiting composers from northern Europe held sway at Italian courts and cathedrals. The music of Franco-Flemish composers Josquin des Prés, Heinrich Isaac, Loyset Compère, and Jacob Obrecht dominated Italy as the century began, but gradually Italian-born composers, such as Bartolomeo Tromboncino and his contemporaries, emerged on the musical scene, aided by access to the work of the Italian printer Ottaviano Petrucci (1466–1539), the first to publish books of polyphonic music from movable type. His sixty-one known publications highlighted Italian masters, among them Marco Cara, Joan Ambrosio Dalza, Giacomo Fogliano, and Tromboncino, whose music is included in this program. Thanks to Petrucci's publications, which were high in quality and quantity, Italian song and dance forms became the leading models for composers and performers for the next 150 years.

One popular genre was the *frottola*, predecessor of the Italian madrigal. Composed mainly between 1470 and 1530, *frottole* were light, danceable, strophic homophonic pieces in three or four parts. The madrigal emerged from the *frottola*, influenced by two trends in early sixteenth-century Italy—the resurgence of interest in vernacular Italian poetry and French chansons and polyphonic motets. Unlike the strophic *frottola*, madrigals were through-composed.

Tromboncino composed more than 170 *frottole*, setting humanist and love texts by cherished writers, including Petrarch. A native of Verona, Tromboncino lived and worked in Mantua until around 1500, but was forced to flee the city several times for various misdeeds, including the murder of his wife, whom he discovered *in flagrante delicto*. He was pardoned, probably because of the value placed on his work by influential patrons, including Isabella d'Este and Lucrezia Borgia.

Marco Cara was employed by the Gonzaga court at Mantua, where he worked and lived for most of his life. Well known for his *frottole*, he also was highly regarded as a singer and a lutenist. His travels in northern Italy included stops in Florence, where he performed for the Medici.

Giovanni Domenico da Nola and Baldassare Donato were active in Naples and Venice, respectively. Both were well respected by their contemporaries, and known for their light, lively *villanelle* (rustic Neapolitan songs) and madrigals. Like Tromboncino and many others, da Nola often drew on Petrarch's poetry for his texts. Some of Donato's *villanelle* were probably intended for dancing. In this afternoon's program, Donato's expanded version of *Chi la gagliarda* is paired with da Nola's original three-part version.

Jacques Arcadelt was born in what is now modern-day Belgium and worked extensively in Florence during the 1530s. Primarily a madrigalist, he also wrote chansons, masses, and motets and published several collections. In addition to Petrarch, he turned to Bembo, Boccaccio, and Michelangelo for poetic texts.

A Jewish dancer and dancing master, Guglielmo da Pesaro worked at some of the most influential courts in Renaissance Italy, including Naples, Urbino, Milan, and Ferrara. His *Trattato dell'arte del ballo* (Treatise on the art of dancing, c. 1463), includes thirty-six dance tunes and descriptions of elaborate court celebrations in which he played a role. He was influential in making dance a more highly regarded skill among members of the Italian aristocracy.

The publications of Petrucci included a volume of lute solos by Milanese composer Joan Ambrosio Dalza (*Intabulatura de lauto*, book 4, Venice, 1508) that are among the first pieces composed for a specific instrument. Dalza is credited with developing the *ricercar*, a free-form piece that typically includes running passages alternating with polyphonic or chordal passages. He also wrote short dance suites that included harmonically linked pavaues, saltarellos, and pivas *alla venetiana* and *alla ferrarese*.

Francesco Canova da Milano was the best-known lutenist-composer of the first half of the sixteenth century, when the lute was reaching its zenith of popularity in Europe. His compositions are found in many collections, some of which date from fifty years after his death. Known to his contemporaries as *il divino* (divine one) for his skill as a performer and the beauty of his compositions, he was employed in Rome by three successive popes—Leo X, Adrian VI, and Clement VII.

Program Notes by Howard Bass and Tina Chancey

National Gallery of Art Chamber Players
February 1, 2015

Texts and Translations

Non è tempo d'aspettare

Non è tempo d'aspettare
Quando s'ha bonaza e vento
Ché si vede in un momento
Ogni cosa variare.
Non è tempo d'aspettare
Quando s'ha bonaza e vento.

Sia pur l'homo tale o quale
Sempre tema el precipitio
Perché el ben va drieto el male
Se non substa nel initio
Perhò faccia ben l'officio
Chi ha la rota a governare.

Se tu sali fa pur presto
Lassa dire chi dir vole
Questo è noto e manifesto
Che non duran le viole
E la neve al caldo sole
Solé in aqua ritornare.

Chi la gagliarda

Chi la gagliarda, donne, vo'imparare,
Venite a noi, che siamo maestri fini;
Che di sera e de matini mai manchiamo di
sonare: Tan tan tan ta ri ra ti ra ri ra.

Provance un poco cance vuoi chiamare,
A passa dieci volte che salimo;
Che di sera e de mattina mai manchiamo di
sonare: Tan tan tan ta ri ra ti ra ri ra.

This is not the time to wait

This is not the time to wait
When one has good luck and wind
What one sees in a moment
Everything will change.
This is not the time to wait
When one has had good luck and wind.

It is also certain men who
Always fear the precipice
Because everything good goes to bad,
Perhaps not at the start.
So take advantage of the office
When it is your turn to govern.

If you go up, please do it soon,
Let people say what they will;
This is well known and obvious
That the pansies do not last
And the snow in the sun's warmth
Returns to water.

Whoever wishes to learn the galliard

Whoever wishes to learn the galliard, ladies,
Come to us who are fine teachers
Who night and day never cease to play:
Tan tan tan ta ri ra ti ra ri ra.

Practice a little and bring your friends:
After ten steps we make a leap,
Who night and day never cease to play:
Tan tan tan ta ri ra ti ra ri ra.

Che debb'io far? Che mi consigli, Amore?

Che debo far che mi consigli amore?
Tempo è ben da morire,
Et ho tardato più che non vorrei.
Madonna è morta e ha seco el mio core
E volendol seguire
Interromper convien questi anni rei,
Perché mai veder lei
Di qua non spero e l'aspetar m'è noia.
Poscia ch'ogni mia gioia
Per il suo dipartir in pianto è volta,
E ogni dolcezza di mia vita è tolta.

Amor tu 'l senti ond'io teco mi doglio
Quanto è il danno aspro e grave
Et so che del mio mal ti pesa e dole
Anzi del nostro, per che ad uno scoglio
Havem rotto la nave.

Et in un punto ne è obsucrato il sole.
Qual ingegno a parole
Poria aguagliar il mio doglioso stato?
Ai orbo mondo ingrato
Gran cagion hai di dever pianger meco
Ché quel ben che era in te perduto hai seco.

Ala guerra

Ala guerra, ala guerra
Ch'amor non vol più pace
Mas empre e più tenace

Questa guerra e mortale
Per un ardente strale
Cagion d'ogni mio male
Per farne sempre guerra

Ala guerra. . .

Ma non voler che in bando
Stia el tuo servo quando
Tu el vedi lacrimando
Per la continua guerra

Ala guerra . . .

**What should I do? What do you advise,
Love?**

What should I do? What do you advise, Love?
Full time it is to die:
And I have delayed longer than I desired
My mistress is dead, and my heart withers;
And if I wish to follow her,
I must interrupt these guilty years,
Because to see her again
I have no hope, and it is irksome to wait.
Since my every joy
By her departure is turned to tears,
And every sweetness of my life has been stolen.

Thou, Love, dost feel, therefore to thee I plain
How grievous is my loss;
I know my sorrows grieve and weigh thee
down,
E'en as our common cause: for on one rock
We both have wreck'd our bark;

And in one instant was its sun obscured.
What genius can with words
Rightly describe my lamentable state?
Ah, blind, ungrateful world!
Thou hast indeed just cause with me to mourn;
That beauty thou didst hold with her is fled!

To war

To war, to war,
For love wants no more peace,
But is ever more tenacious.

This war is deadly,
For a burning arrow,
The cause of all my pain,
Makes me constantly war.

To war . . .

But do not think that in banishment
Your servant will stay,
When you see him weeping,
Because of the neverending war.

To war . . .

Non val acqua al mio gran fuoco

Non val acqua al mio gran fuoco
Che per pianto non s' amorza
Anzi ognhor più se rinforza
Quanto più con quel mio sfoco

Ho nel pecto un mongibello
E nel occhi un largo mare
Che per mio maggior flagello
Son concordi al mio penare
Piango et ardo e il lachrymare
Col mio ardor m'han tolto a toco

Non mi val getar sospiri
Per scemar l'ardor ch'io sento
Che per un che fuor ne tiri
Poi ne nascon più di cento
Doue per menor tormento
Morte acerba ognhora invoco

Amando e desiando

Amando e desiando i'vivo e sento
La doglia che se sente nel morire,
Amore mi fa viver in tormento,
Né mi vuol vivo, né mi vuol finire.

O felic'occhi miei

O felic'occhi miei, felici voi,
Che sete car' al mio sol
Perchè sembianz' havete
De gli occhi che gli fu si dolc'e rei.
Voi ben voi sete voi,
Voi, voi felici et io,
Io no, che per quietar vostro desio,
Corr' amirar l'onde mi struggo poi.

Water is unequal to my hot fire

Translation by Larry Rosenwald

Water is unequal to my hot fire,
Which is not diminished by weeping
But rather is the more strong
The more I give vent to it.

I have a volcano in my breast
And a broad sea in my eyes,
Which to my greater torment
Are in accord with my pain
I weep and burn, and the sobbing
With the burning have stripped me with one
stroke.

It's no use to me to vent my sighs,
To diminish the fire I feel;
For with each sigh I expel,
More than a hundred are born –
Wherefore, to diminish my torment,
I summon now a bitter death.

Loving and desiring

Loving and desiring, I live and feel
The sadness one feels in dying,
Love makes me live in torment,
I neither wish to be alive, nor desire my end.

O my happy eyes

Oh, my happy eyes, happy you,
That can behold dearly my sun,
For [this is what appears to] the face,
To the eyes, to which it was so sweet and regal.
You are beautiful, glowing,
You are happy, and I,
I am not, for to quiet my longing desire for you,
I look up at you, whereby then I suffer.

De tristo mi topinello

De tristo mi topinello
 Che sum çunto al derem punto
 Che non mançarò più d'unto
 Se non pan e rafanello.
 El pan serà de mestura
 Soco e negro com' carbone,
 Quella serà la mia pastura
 De mi povero compagno.
 Non posso mançar bochone
 Tanto è negro ercimente
 El me se ficca'n fra'l dente
 Possa bevo d'un merello.

Non mançarò più salciçça
 Nè de grassi caponcelli,
 Nanci mançarò paniçça
 Con de magri buratelli.
 Am po'avess'io di tortelli
 Che mi paria ben passare
 Ma el me convien mançare
 De la fav'a mo de' porcelli.

Lirum bililirim

Deh si soni la sordina.
 Tu m'intendi ben, Pedrina,
 Ma non già per il dovirum.
 Lirum bililirim, li-lirum, lirum li
 Deh, si soni la sordina,
 Deh, si soni la sordina,
 Le ses an che t'vo mi ben
 E che t'son bon servidor,
 Ma t'aspet che l'so ben
 Ch'al fin sclopi per amor.
 Deh, non da plu tat dolor,
 Tu sa ben che dig il virum.

Ah me, poor tummy

Ah me, poor tummy,
 I've come to such a pretty pass
 That I eat no more fat,
 But only bread and turnips.
 The bread's half sawdust,
 It's dirty and black as coal;
 This will be my diet,
 Poor wretch that I am!
 I can't swallow a mouthful,
 It's so black and moldy
 And it sticks between my teeth;
 I'll wash it down with pond water.

No more sausages for me,
 Or those fat little capons.
 Instead I'll have to eat
 This lumpy paste.
 I wish I had some meat patties—
 They sure would hit the spot!
 But I'll just have to pretend
 That beans are suckling pig!

Lirum bililirim

Translation by Paul Brians

Ah, sound the muted instrument.
 You hear me well, Pedrina
 And not just out of duty.
 Lirum bililirim, li-lirum, lirum li
 Ah, sound the muted instrument.
 Ah, sound the muted instrument.
 I have loved you for six years
 And been a good servant to you,
 But I've been waiting for you so long
 That I shall end by bursting with love.
 Ah, don't give me more grief;
 You know well that I speak the truth.

L'amor, dona, ch'io te porto

L'amor, dona, ch'io te porto
 Volentier vorla scoprite,
 El mio affanno vorla dire
 Che per té pena soporto.

Io non so come ti posa
 Descoprir l'ardente foco
 Che me bruza fino al ossa
 E non vedo tempo e loco;
 E che, haime, bruza infocho
 Senaz aver alcun conforto.

Non me fido mandar meso
 Per che temo esser gabato;
 S'io te passo per apreso
 Tu te volti in altro lato;
 Chiusi son più giorni stato
 E son anche a pergiur porto.

Quant'è bella giovinezza

*Text by Lorenzo de' Medici (from Il Trionfo di
 Bacco e Arianna)*

Quant è bella giovinezza
 Che si fugge tuttavia!
 Chi vuol esser lieto, sia'
 Di Doman non c'è certeza.
 Quest'è Bacco e Arianna,
 Belli, e l'un dell'altro ardenti;
 Perchè 'l tempo fugge e 'nganna,
 Sempre insieme stan contenti.
 Queste ninfe e altre genti
 Sono allegre turravia:
 Chi vuol esser lieto, sia:
 Di Doman non c'è certeza.

The love, Lady, that I bear you

The love, Lady, that I bear you!
 Gladly would I reveal it
 And tell you of the sufferings
 I bear because of you.

I know not how you might
 Perceive the raging fire
 That burns me to the core
 And prevents my sensing time and place;
 And by which—alas!—I am consumed
 Altogether without a single hope.

I do not trust myself to send a messenger
 Because I fear being cheated,
 And if I myself come into your presence
 You turn aside.
 Many days have gone by,
 Yet my position is still worse.

How beautiful is youth

How beautiful is youth
 That so swiftly speeds away!
 Let those who will be gay,
 Tomorrow, none can tell.
 Bacchus and his Fair,
 Contented with their fate,
 Chase both time and care,
 Loving soon and late;
 High and low estate
 With the nymphs at play;
 Let who will be gay,
 Tomorrow, none can tell.

Sú sú leva, alza le ciglia

Sú, sú leva, alza le ciglia,
Non dormir ché non dorm'io;
E se hai caro al viver mio,
Apri gli occhi e te resviglia.
Sú sú leva . . .

Lassa il somno et odi il canto
D'un che va per te penando
E che affetto è d'amor tanto,
Che per te va quinci errando
E si forte lamentando,
Che col strido te resviglia.
Sú sú leva . . .

Tu riposi et io, qua fora,
Per te fo pensier diversi
E l'ardor che cresce ognora
Tenmi i spirti in duol sumersi,
Tal che con dolenti versi
Forza m'è che ti resviglia.
Sú sú leva . . .

Lassa adonque, o donna, il somno
E pietà ti svegli il core
Ché mie forze più non pono
Riparar a un tanto ardore;
E se hai dramma in te d'amore,
Odi il canto e te resviglia.
Sú sú leva . . .

Bon cacciator

Bon cacciator giammai
Non perse caccia
Lo cane che la seguita l'arriva,
Però voglio seguir
Perse in che viva.

Wake up, raise your eyelashes

Wake up, raise your eyelashes,
Do not sleep because I do not sleep;
And if my life is dear to you,
Open your eyes and wake up.
Wake up, wake up . . .
Stop sleeping and listen to the song
Of him who suffers for you
And who is so affected by love,
That because of you he wanders around
And laments so loudly,
That his cry wakes you up.
Wake up, Wake up . . .

You rest and I, outside,
Think so much about you,
And the ardor that unceasingly grows
Plunges my spirits into sadness,
So that with sorrowful verses
I am forced to wake you up.
Wake up, Wake up . . .
So stop sleeping, oh Lady,
And may pity awaken your heart,
For I don't have any more strength
To hold back such ardor;
And if you know the drama of love,
Listen to the song and wake up.
Wake up, wake up . . .

Good hunter

Translation by Larry Rosenwald
Never did a good hunter
Lose his prey,
The dog that pursues it catches it.
But I want to follow it
That it may live.