Early Music Concert

Wednesday, November 12, 2025 at 7:30pm
Lagerquist Concert Hall, Mary Baker Russell Music Center

Pacific Lutheran University
The College of Professional Studies and School of Music, Theatre & Dance present

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Welcome to Lagerquist Concert Hall.
Please disable the audible signal on all watches and cellular phones for the duration of the concert.
Use of cameras, recording equipment, and all digital devices is not permitted in the concert hall.

PROGRAM

Karitas habundat ..... Hildegard von Bingen (1098-1179)
Leila Bauer, Nate Clay, Lily Dadole, Coleton Davis, Hudson Groom, Makayla Lu, Matthew Roe, Marco Diez (gh0st), Chloe Sheehan, Faye Stock, and Cade Tate, *voices*

A Fancy for Two to Play ..... Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656)
Riley Judd and Juliyana Mandzyuk, *harpsichord*

Amours qui a la pouoir ..... Guillaume de Machaut (c. 1300-1377)
Faus semblant
Vidi Dominum
Faye Stock, *triplum* • Hudson Groom, *motetus* • Cade Tate, *tenor*

Sonata No. 2 in C Minor ..... Benedetto Marcello (1686-1739)
II. Presto
Grace Weddle, *tenor saxophone* • Max Minjares, *trombone* • Juliyana Mandzyuk, *organ*

Lullay: I saw ..... English (13th century)
Makayla Lu and Marco Diez (gh0st), *voices*

Sinfonia grave e Gagliarda detta la Norsina ..... Salamone Rossi (c. 1570-1630)
Moira Fender, Gaje Dequis, and Allison Howes, *trumpets*
Courtney Lazzarini, *alto saxophone* • Benjain Hegge, *percussion* • Riley Judd, *organ*

Si iniquitates observaveris ..... Samuel Wesley (1766-1837)
Coleton Davis, *tenor* • Nate Clay, *baritone* • Matthew Roe, *bass*
Elizabeth C. D. Brown, *archlute*

Le tre Gratie a Venere ..... Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)
Leila Bauer and Lily Dadole, *sopranos* • Chloe Sheehan, *alto*
Elizabeth C. D. Brown, *archlute*

Estampie after Hildegard's *Ordo Virutum* ..... Margriet Tindemans (1951-2014)
Moira Fender, Gaje Dequis, and Allison Howes, *trumpets*
Courtney Lazzarini, *alto saxophone* • Grace Weddle, *tenor saxophone*
Max Minjares, *trombone* • Benjamin Hegge, *percussion*

Translations

Karitas habundat

Divine Love
overflows into everything
raised high – highest – from the very depths
to surpass constellations,
and tender – most tender –
toward all creation,
such that it bestows the kiss of peace
on the highest king.

– trans. Hugh McElroy

Faus semblant

Triplum:
Love, who owns the power
To grant me at each hour
Joy, or death's darkness,
Has not yet graced in this
My lady with the wish
My malaise to cure.
Nor may I bear ills gladly,
For, through love's loyalty,
I may not serve joyfully,
Without sad thought so,
Nor can I hide love, wisely,
Nor any comfort ease me,
Of all my harsh woe;
Rather the more humbly
I bow and endure,
So much the more harshly
My heart's treated, that shortly
I must die, mournfully,
Of grief, ardor sore,
And be parted yet further
From mercy and the favor
Of my lady pure.
And, indeed, in all of this
Love, who's my bane, permits
Justice and Reason,
Nobility and Sweetness,
Pity, and Grace, and Kindness,
No means to combat Harshness,
Rather it reigns on,
In one sans humility,
Heart full of cruelty,
And, wrapped in pretense,
Refusal has charge of me,
Driving all hope hence,
While Resistance, thwarting me,
Without cause, most grievously,
Through its disdain, leads me
To woe sans defense.

Motetus:
False Seeming has cheated me,
Kept me in hope of seeing
True mercy in joyfulness;
And like a fool, I, wholly,
Believed him, with all my being,
And trusted him to excess.
Alas! Now, he has wronged me,
Since, sadly, my well-being
Tis in his power to address,
Yet naught does he ease for me,
Neither grief nor cruelty,
But rather cares less and less.

Tenor:
I have seen the Lord.

– trans. A. S. Kline

Lullay: I saw

Burden.
Lullay, lullow, lully lullay
bewy lully lullow lullay
baw baw my child,
sleep softly now.

Verses.
1. I saw a sweet, seemly sight,
a blissful bird, a blossom bright,
that mourning made and mirth among.

2. A maiden mother, meek and mild,
in cradle keeps a boy child,
that softly sleeps; she sat and sang.

– trans. Justin J. Murphy-Mancini

Si iniquitates observaveris

If thou, Lord, wilt be extreme to mark what is done amiss: O Lord, who may abide it?

– trans. *1662 Book of Common Prayer*

Le tre Gratie a Venere

Beautiful mother of love,
have you forgotten that you were nude
when you carried away the prize of beauty
on the Trojan shore,
in the shepherd's judgement?
So if nude you pleased
the eyes of the herdsmen of Mount Ida,
vain that you are,
why do you conceal yourself from lovers
with so many ornaments?
Either clothe your graces and the naked cupids,
or you too cast away
the attires, robes and veils:
Let nothing be hidden
of those dear limbs.

– trans. Richard Kolb