

The Battle Between Carnival and Lent

Patrick Allies director

Siglo de Oro

Hannah Ely soprano

Fiona Fraser soprano

Ailsa Campbell soprano

Rebekah Jones alto

Natalie Manning alto

Anna Semple alto

Paul Bentley-Angell tenor

Chris Fitzgerald-Lombard tenor

David Le Prevost bass

Jonathan Pratt bass

Ben Rowarth bass

Spinacino Consort

Eric Thomas director, theorbo

Aaron McGregor violin

Annemarie Klein recorders

Claire Horáček viol

David Gerrard harpsichord

Tom Hollister percussion

Adriano Banchieri (1568-1634)

Festino nella sera del giovedì grasso Op. 18 (pub. 1608)

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Interval

Plainchant

Gregorio Allegri (1582-1652)

Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina (c.1525-1594)

Emendemus in melius

Miserere mei, Deus (c.1638)

O vos omnes (pub. 1585)

Stabat mater (c.1590)



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Tonight's programme takes its inspiration from a 16th-century painting by Pieter Bruegel the Elder. Bruegel's *The Fight Between Carnival and Lent* depicts a chaotic town square scene where religious processions rub up against revelers who are feasting, drinking, gambling and music making. The left side of the painting is dominated by party-goers outside an inn, while on the right the doors of a church are wide open. In the foreground, allegorical figures of Carnival and Lent face off for a joust.

While the painting is symbolic rather than realistic, it does represent something of the lived experience of the early modern European. Carnival, which stretched from Epiphany to Shrove Tuesday, was a lively period of indulgence, reaching a climax in the days before Ash Wednesday. Lent, that followed, was a penitential season lasting 40 days, and typically involved fasting and abstinence from earthly pleasures. In late February or early March, your average Christian citizen would have been navigating this transition.

Our concert presents a similar battle to Bruegel's painting, though more neatly divided into a Carnival-esque first half and a Lenten second. We have located our psychological skirmish slightly later and further south, in early 17th-century Italy.

Our Carnival music is **Adriano Banchieri's** *Festino nella sera del giovedì grasso avanti cena* ('Entertainment for the Eve of Carnival Thursday before Dinner').

Banchieri was a contemporary of Claudio Monteverdi, living and working in Italy either side of 1600. Somewhat unusually for a celebrated composer of the late Renaissance, Banchieri was a monk, spending his life at monasteries in Lucca, Siena, and in the area around his home city of Bologna where he took on organist duties.

Unexpectedly for someone in monastic orders, Banchieri's main musical interest was the madrigal, and in particular how it could be used for dramatic purposes. His *Festino*, published in 1608, is a prime example of this endeavour, where a series of short madrigals in various styles are placed in succession to create a feeling of narrative. The conceit here is a pre-dinner entertainment, where your host, 'Modern Pleasure', guides the party guests through a variety of musical forms, in styles varying from the sublime to the ridiculous.

Among the many memorable moments are movement III, where an old woman sings of her fabled beauty, accompanied and slightly undermined by voices impersonating twanging stringed instruments; the chromatic madrigal to a nightingale in movement V; movement X where Aunt Bernardina treats us to a peculiar story about a magpie; four-part 'improvised' counterpoint by a group of animals in movement XII; and in movement XIX the street sellers colourfully hawking their wares before an upbeat epilogue.

After the interval we enter the season of Lent via an ancient chant, 'Emendemus in melius', traditionally sung on Ash Wednesday as the priest marks the forehead of each member of the congregation with ashes.

This is followed by perhaps the most famous piece of Lenten music: the 'Miserere' by **Gregorio Allegri**. Given its later acclaim, the piece's origins are remarkably humble. A setting of Psalm 51, Allegri's 'Miserere' is written in a style called *falsobordone*. This is an efficient way of fitting a lengthy text to music, where the same simple harmonic pattern is used over and over again. The setting is divided into a repeating pattern involving three groups of performers. First, a choir of five parts sings an initial verse. Then a cantor sings the next verse in plainsong, followed by a four-part choir that sings the third verse to a different musical framework.

Allegri's setting became revered because of the embellishments added by the Sistine Chapel's singers to his basic composition. Its resulting fame led to the music historian Charles Burney transcribing and publishing a version in the 1770s, while a teenage Mozart visited the chapel to do the same. The piece is best known today in a version first circulated in the late 19th Century, which included a clunky harmonic shift in the middle of the four-part choir's verse, enabling its famous top C. In tonight's rendering, we will attempt to revert to something closer to Allegri's initial version from the 1630s, with added elaborations.

Also active in late-Renaissance Rome was the Spanish composer **Tomás Luis de Victoria**. In 1585, he published a large collection of music for Holy Week, featuring passions, lamentations and responsories. One such responsory, 'O vos omnes', is heard here, appropriate to the service of Tenebrae. Victoria sets the powerful words from the *Book of Lamentations*, in a manner that represents 16th-century polyphonic music in its most refined form. Victoria only requires four voices and a handful of dissonances to create a work that presents its poignant text with peerless clarity.

The concert closes with the 'Stabat mater' by Victoria's celebrated contemporary, **Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina**. Scored for eight voices in two choirs, it sets the medieval hymn that reflects on Jesus' crucifixion from the Virgin Mary's perspective. This is one of Palestrina's best loved works, and is likely to date from his final years. It marries the musical styles of his youth, with complex polyphony used at times, with material that is passed between the two halves of the choir, in a homophonic, antiphonal style that was becoming more popular in his final decades. The work ends with a hopeful look upwards, to paradise.

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Adriano Banchieri (1568-1634)

Festino nella sera del giovedì grasso

Op. 18 (pub. 1608)

I. Il Diletto moderno per introduzione Modern Pleasure by Way of Introduction

Il moderno Dilello tutti invita

A un Opera di gusto, e favorita.

Modern Pleasure invites everyone

to a work of agreeable entertainment.

Chi brama havere spasso e piacere per un tantino entri al festino.

Whoever wants to have sport and pleasure for a while come to the entertainment

Giovani amanti, Ira suoni e canti: innamorata, con essi entrate!

Young lovers, in music and songs, girls in love, come with them!

Di belli umori s'udran furori, in buona vena avanti cena.

From humorous fellows you'll hear bold pleasantries in good vein before dinner.

Scherzi, ballate con mascherate; trattenimenti, sospiri ardenti,

Jests, ballads, with masquerades, diversions, sighs of passion,

Feste, allegrezze e contentezze s'hanno a sentire. Torniamo a dire:

Festive cheer and delights are there to hear. Again we say:

Chi brama havere spasso e piacere per un tantino entri al festino.

Whoever wants sport and pleasure for a while, come to the entertainment.

II. Justiniana di Vecchietti Chiozzotti

Ballad of Old Men of Chioggia

Gondolier, so Compare, e Pantalon

Fanno il balletto del barba Jandon.

The Gondolier, his friend and Pantaloon

sing the ballad of greybeard Jandon.

- Da spuò che semo zonti in sto Festin ballemo, saltemo un balletin!
- Scomenzè, mio compar!
- Me se mola 'l cattar!

- Since we have come to this party let's dance, let's prance it.
- Start, my friend!
- My catarrh's budging.

- Scomenzè, gondolier!

- Me se slarga 'l braghier!

- Scomenzè Pantalon!

- El me diol un gallon!

- Moia! moia! moia! moia!

Che cattar, che braghier, che gallon?

Barba Simon e barba

Giandon,

barba Simon col barba Giandon!

- Start, gondolier!

- My breeches are falling down.

- Start, Pantaloon!

- My corn's hurting.

- Damn! Damn! Damn! Damn!

What catarrh, what breeches, what corn?

Greybeard Simon and

greybeard Giandon,

greybeard Simon with greybeard Giandon!

III. Mascherata di Villanelle

Masquerade of the Peasant Girls

Canta una ottava rima, molto bella

Col Biobò e la Lira una Zitella.

An old maid sings a very fine verse

With Jew's harp and lyre.

Biobò o Scacciapensieri:

Bio biri beu ba beu bi bio bi bio

biri bio ba beu bi bio.

Jew's Harp:

Bio biri beu ba beu bi bio bi bio

biri bio ba beu bi bio.

Lira:

Li liron liron liron li li liron li

liron liron liron li,

Lyre:

Li liron liron liron li li liron li

liron liron liron li.

Zitella cantatrice:

Ciascun mi dice che son tanto bella,

che sembro la figliuola d'un signore.

Old Maid:

Everyone tells me I'm so beautiful,

that I look like the daughter of a noble.

Biobò:

Bio biri beu ba etc.

Jew's Harp:

Bio biri beu ba etc.

Lira:

Li liron liron liron etc.

Lyre:

Li liron liron liron etc.

Zitella cantatrice:

Chi mi somiglia a la Diana stella,

chi mi somiglia al pargoletto Amore,

Old Maid:

Some liken me to the star Diana,

some liken me to little Cupid.

Biobò:

Bio biri beu ba etc.

Jew's Harp:

Bio biri beu ba etc.

Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.

Lira:
Li liron liron liron etc.

Zitella cantatrice:
Tutto il contado ornor di me
favella,
chè di bellezza porto in
fronte il fiore.

Biobò:
Bio biri beu ba etc.

Lira:
Li liron liron liron etc.

Zitella cantatrice:
Mi disse ier mattina un
giovinetto:
perchè non ho tal pulce. nel
mio letto?

Biobò:
Bio biri beu ba etc.

Lira:
Li liron liron liron etc.

Lyre:
Li liron liron liron etc.

Old Maid:
The whole country always
talks about me,
for I bear beauty's flower
on my brow.

Jew's Harp:
Bio biri beu ba etc.

Lyre:
Li liron liron liron etc.

Old Maid:
Yesterday morning a
young man said to me:
why don't I have such a
little flea in my bed?

Jew's Harp:
Bio biri beu ba etc.

Lyre:
Li liron liron liron etc.

IV. Seguita la detta Mascherata

*Le villanelle unite in bell'
Soggetto
Esortano Cupido aver
nel pello.*

Chi cerca
posseder
sommò diletto,
segua Amor giovinetto e
servo sia!
Chi di gioir desia,
amar non è dove si trova
Amore,
se non è amante il core;
nè prova il
mèl,
se non è amante il core!

V. Madrigale a un dolce Usignolo

*Cantano al lor partir le
Villanelle
Un Madrigal, tulle vezzose
e belle.*

Sequel to the Same Masquerade

*The girls, united on this
fine subject
exhort you to welcome
Cupid into your heart*

He who seeks to have the
greatest pleasure
should
follow the boy Cupid and
serve him.
He who desires delight
must know Cupid has no
place
if a heart is not loving.
One cannot taste
sweetness,
if a heart is not loving.

Madrigal to a Sweet Nightingale

*At their leaving the
peasant girls,
all prely and beautiful,
sing a madrigal.*

Dolcissimo usignolo,
tu sovra i verdi rami
tulla la notte la tua amica
chiami,
e con soavi accenti
fai dolci i tuoi lamenti.
Io, tra i più folti orrori
di miei pensier, sospiro la
mia Clori,
da cui lungi mi vivo,
d'ogni piacer, d'ogni
dolcezza privo!

VI. Mascherata d' Amanti

*Entrano sul
Festin
tutti d'accordo
Con un Liuto in tuono dell'
Arpicordo.*

Trone tronc tronc tronc
di rin din din din
tronc tronc to ro tron
di ri den den den.

VII. GI' Amanti morescano

*Cessano gli stromenti e con
diletto
Morescano cantando il
Spagnoletto.*

Quivi siamo per dar
diletto,
morescando lo Spagnoletto.
Tutti giovani innamorati,
su la gamba, lesti e
garbati!
Fatti in su,
fatti in giù;
ben trovati, cu cu ru cù!
Viva Amore con l'arco e
strali,
il turcasso la corda e
l'ali!
Viva Venere in
compagnia,
e chi
segue sua
monarchia!
Fatti in là,
fatti in qua,
bona sera fa la la la!

Sweetest nightingale,
you on the green boughs
all night call to your
mistress,
and in gentle accents
make your sweet lament.
I, in greater suffering
in my thoughts, sigh for
my Chloris,
from whom I live afar,
of every pleasure, every
sweetness bereft.

Lovers' Masquerade

*They come to the
entertainment all
together,
with a lute with the sound
of a spinet.*

Trone tronc tronc tronc
di rin din din din
tronc tronc to ro tron
di ri den den den.

The Lovers Dance a Morris

*The instruments stop and
with pleasure
they dance, singing the
Spagnoletto.*

We are here to give
pleasure,
dancing the Spagnoletto.
All young lovers,
up with your legs, quick
and graceful!
Up now,
down now;
well met, cu cu ru cul
Long live Cupid with bow
and arrows,
quiver, bowstring and
wings!
Long live Venus in his
company
and those who
acknowledge their
sovereignty!
There now,
here now,
good evening fa la la la!

VIII. Gl' Amanti cantano un Madrigale

*Finita la moresca per riposo
Cantano un Madrigale
artificioso.*

Ardo sì, ma non
t'amo,
perfida e dispietata,
indegnamente amata
da sì fedele amante,
che del mio amor ti
vante.
Piu non sarà che del mio
amor ti vante,
poichè libero ho il core;
e se ardo, di sdegno e non
d'amore,
e s'ardo, ardo di
sdegno e non
d'amore.

IX. Li Amanti cantano una Canzonetta

*O quanta piaque il Madrigale
in fine*

*Cantano alquante note
peregrine.*
- Bella Olimpia, mi parto,
e il core
costantissimo ti
resta:
a rivederci, vita di mia vita,
troppo mi sa crudel la mia
partita!
- Pur ti parti e mi
lasci,
ingrato e crudelissimo
Bireno;
ed io qui resto in questo
lido sola:
chi mi dà aiuto, ohimè, chi mi
consola?

X. La zia Bernardina racconta una Novella

*Quivi udrassi contar della
Gazzuola
Una ridicolosa e industrie
fola.*

- Non avendo per or
trattenimento,

The Lovers sing a Madrigal

*The morris over for a rest
they sing an artful
madrigal.*

I burn, yes, but do not
love,
false and pitiless girl,
unworthy lo be loved
by so faithful a lover,
since you boast of my
love.
No longer shall you boast
of my love
since my heart is free;
and if I burn, for disdain
and not for love,
and if I burn, I burn for
disdain and not for love.

The Lovers sing a Canzonet

*O how the madrigal
pleased and now*

*they sing something
original.*
- Fair Olympia, I go,
and my heart, most
constant, stays with
you:
farewell, life of my life,
too cruel to me is my
parting!
- Yet you part and leave
me,
thankless and most cruel
Bireno:
and I stay here on this
shore alone:
who will help me, alas,
who console me?

Aunt Bernadina tells a Story

*Now we hear tell of the
magpie
an amusing and serious
tale.*

- Not having for now any
entertainment

per fare onore a compagnia
sì bella,
zia Bernardina, dite una
novella.
- Dirolla senza farmi
strapegare:
però silenzio e stàtemi
ascoltare!
- Sì! Sì! Silenzio!
- Tacete! Tacete!
- Olà tacete!
- Dice che fa una volta una
fornara che aveva una
gazzuola ...
- E sì? Seguitate!
- Oh che gusto!
- E si questa gazzuola
aveva così ben rotto
il filello ...
- Bon!
- Toh!
- E sì?
- Ben!
- Che ragionava come fa un
puttello.
- E sì?
- E ben?
- Che diceva?
- Che parlava?
- Diceva: brutta porca!
brutta putta!
fa la torta, fa la
zuppa,
fa la torta, fa la
zuppa,
qua, qua, qua ...
- Ih! Ih! Ih!
- Oh! Oh! Oh!
- -Ah! Ah! Ah!
- Mo chi non rideria?
- E ben?
- E sì?
- Che successe?
- Seguitate!
- Successe che mangiando
un di le zuppe,
cadde in terra la gabbia e si
ruppe ...
- Che fu della
gazzuola?
- Uno stronzo vi sia in
gola!
- Un buono in vero: ve l'ha
cuccata!
- Mo stiamo attenti a questa
capricciata.

to honour so fair a
company
Aunt Bernardina, tell us a
tale.
- I'll tell one without more
ado:
but silence and listen to
me!
- Yes! Yes! Silence!
- Quiet! Quiet!
- Come on, be quiet!
- They say that once upon
a time a baker-woman
had a little magpie ...
- Yes? Go on!
- Oh how delightful!
- And this little magpie
could talk so well ...
- Good!
- Ah!
- And then?
- Well!
- That he could speak like
a little child.
- And then?
- Well?
- What did he say?
- What did he speak?
- He said: Dirty sow! Dirty
sow!
Make the tart, make the
soup,
make the tart, make the
soup,
qua, qua, qua .
- He! He! He!
- Ho! Ho! Ho!
- Ha! Ha! Ha!
- Who wouldn't laugh?
- Well?
- And then?
- What happened?
- Go on!
- It happened that one
day eating the soup
the cage fell to the
ground and broke ...
- What became of the
little magpie?
- A turd stick in your
throat!
- Good, indeed: she had
you there!
- Now listen to this
capriccio.

Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.

XI. Capricciata a tre voci

*Qui s'ode una spassevol
Barzelletta
Di certi Cervellini usciti in
fretta.*

Nobili spettatori, udrete or
ora
quattro belli umori:
un cane, un gatto, un cucco,
un chiù per spasso,
far contrappunto a mente
sopra un basso.

XII. Contrappunto bestiale alla mente

*Un Cane, un Cucco, un
Gatto, e un Chiù per
spasso
Fan Contraponto a menle
sopra un Basso.*

*Chiù:
Fa la la la*

*Cucco:
Fa la la la*

*Gatto:
Fa la la la*

*Cane:
Fa la la la*

*Cucco:
Cucù cucù*

*Chiù:
Chiù chiù*

*Gatto:
Miau miau*

*Cane:
Babau babau*

*Base al contrappunlo:
Nulla tides gobbis;
similiter est zoppis.
Si squerzus bous
est,
super annalia scribe.*

Caprice for Three Voices

*Now we hear an amusing
song
from some hare-brains
who enter in a hurry.*

Noble spectators, now
you will hear
four fine fellows:
a dog, a cat, a cuckoo,
and an owl for fun,
making up a counterpoint
on a bass.

Animal Counterpoint Improvised

*A dog, a cuckoo, a
cat and an owl for
fun,
make up a counterpoint
on a bass.*

*Owl:
Fa la la la*

*Cuckoo:
Fa la la la*

*Cat:
Fa la la la*

*Dog:
Fa la la la*

*Cuckoo:
Cuckoo cuckoo*

*Owl:
Towit towoo*

*Cat:
Miaow miaow*

*Dog:
Woof woof*

*Bass:
No trust in hunchbacks,
just like limpers,
if the outside rind is
good,
write it in the records.*

XIII. Gli cervellini cantano un Madrigale

*O che Bestial Capriccio
naturale
Mò stiamo attenti a un serio
Madrigale.*

Furon sin qui l'aurate e belle
chiome,
duri lacci e catene a questo
core,
che sotto bianco velo,
in mille nodi
avvolte,
stavano in sè raccolte.
Or son quadrella
d'oro,
che in quel grande arco
erette,
vengon quasi saette
per saettarmi il core;
con tal dolcezza
ch'io
godo, nel loro ferir, del
fanguir mio.

XIV. Intermedio di venditori gli fusi

*Al partir delle bestie gionse
al pari
Un Intermedio lesto
di fusari.*

- Chi vuol filare?
Belle donne, comprate
fusi,
chè le rocche son bon
mercato!
- Chi vuol filare, o donne
eccovi il fuso
di querza bianca, d'acero e
castagno;
girate sopra il palmo, com'è
uso:
lo troverete sodo, fisso e
stagno.
- N'avrete quattro al soldo: o
grande abuso!
- Donne, comprate fusi,
chè le rocche son bon
mercato!
- Belle donne, comprate fusil
- Fusi sodi, bianchi, nè son
storti!
- Sappiate, certo, non si fa
guadagno;
girate dritto, acciò vostri
consorti

The hare-brains sing a madrigal

*Oh what a silly beastly
caprice
now let's hear a serious
madrigal.*

Your fair golden locks
were
bound tight and chained
to this heart
that under white cloth
were tied in a thousand
knots
and brought together.
Now they are a golden
frame
fixed in that great
bow,
and become like arrows
to pierce my heart;
with such sweetness
that I
rejoice, in the wound, in
my languishing.

Intermedio of the Spindle-Sellers

*At the departure of the
animals
comes a light interlude of
spindle-sellers.*

- Who wants to spin?
- Fair ladies, buy
spindles,
for distaffs are
cheap!
- Who wants to spin,
ladies, here's a spindle
of white oak, of maple
and of chestnut:
turn it in your hand, as
you do:
you'll find it solid, fast and
firm.
- They are four a soldo: a
great bargain!
- Ladies, buy spindles,
for distaffs are
cheap!
- Fair ladies, buy spindles!
- Solid spindles, white
and not warped!
- Know, for sure, there is
no profit;
turn them round, so that
your husbands

non dichino facciate fusi
storti!

cannot say you have
twisted them!

XV. Gli fusari cantano un Madrigale

The Spindle-Sellers sing a Madrigal

*Partono gli Fusari, e al
lor partire
Cantano un Madrigal grato
al sentire.*

*The spindle-sellers leave
and at their leaving
sing a madrigal pleasing
to hear.*

Felice chi vi
mira,
ma più felice è chi per voi
sospira.
Felicissimo poi chi,
sospirando,
chi sospirando, fa
sospirar voi.
bene amica stella,
chi, per donna
sbella,
può far contento in un
l'occhio e
l' desio,
e sicuro può dir: quel
cor è mio!

Happy the one that
beholds you
but happier he who sighs
for you.
Most happy though, who,
sighing,
who, sighing, makes you
sigh.
O friendly star,
that, through so fair a
lady,
can make happy in one
the eyes and the
desire,
and surely can say: that
heart is mine!

XVI. Gioco del Conte

The Count's Game

*Propane un bell' Bisticcio
il dolce
humore,
Poi lascia star sonando le
tre hore.*

*A cheerful fellow
suggests a fine word-
game,
then gives it up when
three o'clock sounds.*

- Par seguitar lo spasso in
questo loco,
belle signore, su, facciamo
un gioco.
- Tutte concordemente
unite siamo:
voi principiate e noi vi
seguiamo.
- Su su faccia, ne un
bello,
per chi starà in cervello.
- Che gioco sarà questo?
Spediteci su, presto!
- Quattro versi dirò
speditamente:
voi replicate senza intoppar
niente.
- Dite su, che siam leste
per rispondervi, e preste.
- Sopra il ponte a fronte del
fonte
vi stava un conte;

- To go on with the sport
here
fair ladies, come, let's play
a game.
- We're all
agreed:
you begin and we'll
follow.
- Come on, let's make a
good one
and see who'll solve it.
- What game will this be?
Hurry, now, quickly!
- I'll say four verses
quickly:
you repeat them without
a stumble.
- Say them, we're ready
to answer and quick.
- "On the pontoon by the
fountain
stood a count;

cadde il ponte nel fonte
e il conte
si ruppe il fronte.
- Sete troppo vivace.
Più adagio se vi piace.
- Sopra il ponte a fronte del
fonte
vi stava un conte;
cadde il ponte nel fonte e il
conte
si ruppe il fronte.
- Sopra il ponte a fronte
del conte
vi stava un ponte ...
- Non sete in segno:
ponete un pegno.
- Sopra il fonte a
ponte conte ...
- Ponete un pegno.
(Campana) - Don
E una ...
(Campana) - Don
E due ...
(Campana) - Don
- E tre.
- Tre ore sono a fé!

the pontoon fell into the
fountain and the count
broke his brow."
- Too fast!
Slower, please!
- "On the pontoon by the
fountain
stood a count;
the pontoon fell into the
fountain and the count
broke his brow."
- "On the pontoon on the
counl's brow
stood a pontoon ..."
- You're wrong:
let's have a forfeit.
"On the fountain a-
pontoon count..."
- Let's have a forfeit.
(Bell) - Dong
- That's one ...
(Bel) - Dong
- That's two ...
(Bel) - Dong
- That's three.
- It's struck three.

XVII. Gli Festinanti

The Revellers

*Con voce assai brillante, et
Asinina
Si sente una bell'aria alla
Norcina.*

*In a quite sharp voice, like
a donkey,
We hear a fine song in
butcher's style.*

Ooo
to no no no!
Ooo
to no no no!
Non comparendo qui più
mascherate,
sarà ben fatto ritirarsi a
cena.
Sendo tre ore già certo
sonate,
però accostiamci tutti in
buona vena.
Laviamoci le man, chè
l'insalate
già son condite e di vivande
piena.
Ecco la mensa; noi, per un
tantino,
cantiamo: viva viva il bel
festino!

Ooo
to no no no!
Ooo
to no no no!
Since here we have no
more masquerades,
it will be best to go to
dinner.
Since it has struck
three,
let's all go there with
good cheer.
Let's wash our hands, for
the salads
are already made and
plenty of dishes.
Here's the table; let's
now
sing: Long live, long live
fine feasting!

Solo di scacciapensieri

Jew's Harp Solo

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have
ended.*

XVIII. Vinata di brindesi, e ragioni

Canto, Falsetto, Alto, Tenor, e Basso.
Col cantinier bevendo, hanno un bell' spasso.

Brindesi al Basso, Canto ed Alto, col Falsetto.
- Che vino è questo, messer Covello?
- Queslo da noi vien detto cin chiarello.
- Chiarello, buon chiarello, io li chiarisco mò: faccio ragione.

(Quivi il Canto beve, nè canta più fino all'applauso)

Bon prò! bon prò!
bon prò!
Brindesi al Basso col Falsetto ed il Contralto.
- Che vino è questo, o cantiniero?
- Questo da noi vien detto vin versiero.
- Versiero, buon versiero, io ti riservo mò: faccio ragione.

(Quivi il Falsetto beve, nè canta più fino all'applauso)

- Bon prò! Bon prò!
Bon prò!
Brindesi al Basso col Contralto, belli umori.
- Che vino è questo, bon compagnone?
- Questo da noi vien detto vin trincone.
- Trincone, buon trincone, ecco, ti trinco mò: faccio ragione.

(Quivi il Contralto beve, nè canta più fino all'applauso)

- Bon prò! Bon prò! Bon prò!

Wine Party, with Toasts and Deep Thoughts

Cantus, Falsetto, Alto, Tenor, and Bass.
Drinking with the cellarer, have fair sport.

A toast to the Bass, Cantus and Alto, with Falsetto.
- What wine is this, Master Covello?
- This is what we call claret.
- Claret, good claret.
- I'll water you down: I'm thinking hard.

(Here the Cantus drinks, and does not sing until the applause)

- Your health! Your health!
Your health!
A toast to the Bass with Falsetto and Contralto.
- What wine is this cellarer?
This is what we call versiero.
Versiero, good versiero, I'll drink you off: I'm thinking hard.

(Here the Falsetto drinks, and does not sing until the applause)

- Your health! Your health!
Your health!
A toast to the Bass with the Contralto, merry fellows.
- What wine is this, my friend?
- We call this toasting wine.
- Toasting wine, good toasting wine,
I drink a toast: I'm thinking hard.

Here the Contralto drinks, and does not sing until the applause)

- Your health! Your health!
Your health!

Brindesi al Basso galantuom e buon compagno.
- Che vino è questo, messer cotale?
- Questo da noi vien detto codriale.
- O dolce codriale, entrarni in corpo mò.
- Brindesi! Brindesi a tutta la compagnia!

(Quivi il Basso beve mentre pausa. Applauso.)

- Che ne dite di questo vino?
- E buono a fé,
è buono a fé, cantiniero.
Gran mercè, cantiniero, gran mercè:
È buon a fé! È buono a fé!
È buono a fé!

A toast to the fine gentleman Bass and good friends.
- What wine is this, Master Thingummy?
- This is what we call codriale.
- O sweet codriale, come to me now.
- Toasts! Toasts to the whole company!

(Here the Bass drinks during a pause. Applause.)

- What do you say of this wine?
- Good, in faith,
good in faith, cellarer.
Thanks, cellarer, thanks:
Good, in faith! Good, in faith!
Good, in faith!

XIX. Sproposio di Goffi (pero di gusto)

O che pazzi babioni, o che cervelli
Che hora è questa vender solfanelli:

- Strazz! Strazz!
- Strazz e zavatt!
- Solfanei!
- Donn' solfanei!
- Donn' solfanei!
- Solfanei! Solfanei! Solfanei, donn'!
- Nu fem baratt in le zavatt,
in vidri roll,
in fond' de bott,
cevoll' e ai,
pane formai!
E chi voless comprar con i quatri,
ghe ne darem tri mazz per un sesì!
- Nu fem baratt in le zavatt,
in vidri rott,
in fond' de bott,
cevoll' e ai,
pan e formai!
E chi voless comprar con i quatri,

Fooleries (but fun)

O what idiots, what fools
is this the time to sell matches:

- Old clothes! Old clothes!
- Old clothes and shoes!
- Matches!
- Matches, ladies!
- Matches, ladies!
- Matches! Matches! Matches, ladies!
- We change old shoes,
broken glass,
dregs from the barrel,
for onions and garlic,
bread and cheese!
And if anyone wants to pay money
we'll give them three for a farthing!
- We change old shoes,
broken glass,
dregs from the barrel,
for onions and garlic,
bread and cheese!
And if anyone wants to pay money

ghe ne darem tri mazz per un sesì!	we'll give him three for a farthing!
- Strazz! Strazz!	- Old clothes! Old clothes!
- Strazz e zavatt!	- Old clothes and shoes!
- Solfanei!	- Matches!
- Donn' solfanei!	- Matches, ladies!
- Donn' solfanei!	- Matches, ladies!
- Solfanei! Solfanei! Solfanei, donn'!	- Matches! Matches! Matches, ladies!

XX. Il Diletto moderno licenza, e di novo involta

*Il Diletto moderno in bona
vena
Prometre spasso mentre, et
doppò cena.*

Chi brama havere
novo piaceri,
di nuovo invito
al fior gradito!

Giovani amanti,
lesti e galanti;
innamorate,
con lor tornate!

Vi parlo toscò:
a cena nosco
non v'invitiamo,
chè troppi siamo.

S'udran cantori
sfogar
ardori,
con stil novello,
gustoso e bello.

In tanto andate;
felici siate!
Voglio finire
tornando a dire:

Chi brama havere
novo piacer,
di nuovo invito
al fior
gradito!

Modern Pleasure bids farewell and invites again

*Modern Pleasure in good
humour
promises sport during
and after dinner.*

Whoever wants
new pleasure
again I invite
to the pleasant gathering!

Young lovers,
nimble and gallant;
beloved girls,
join them!

I tell you openly:
to our dinner
we do not invite you,
we are too many.

You'll hear singers
giving vent to their
passions,
in new style,
pleasing and fine.

For now go:
be happy!
I want to finish
by saying again:

Whoever wants
new pleasure,
again I invite
to this pleasant
gathering.

Interval

Plainchant

Emendemus in melius

Bible

Emendemus in
melius quae
ignoranter
peccavimus;
ne subito praeoccupati
die mortis,
quaeramus spatium
poenitentiae, et invenire
non possimus.
Attende, Domine,
et miserere;
quia peccavimus
tibi.
Peccavimus cum
patribus nostris, iniuste
egimus, iniquitatem
fecimus.

Let us amend for the
better in those things in
which we have sinned
through ignorance;
lest suddenly overtaken
by the day of death,
we seek space for
repentance, and be not
able to find it.
Hearken, O Lord, and
have mercy: for we
have sinned against
thee.
We have sinned like our
fathers, we have acted
unjustly and done
wrong.

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have
ended.*

Gregorio Allegri (1582-1652)

Miserere mei, Deus (c.1638)

Liturgical text

Have mercy on me, O God

Miserere mei, Deus:
secundum magnam
misericordiam tuam.

Have mercy on me, O
God, according to Thy
great mercy.

Et secundum multitudinem
miserationum
tuarum, dele iniquitatem
meam.

According unto the
multitude of Thy tender
mercies remove my
transgressions.

Amplius lava me ab
iniquitate mea:
et a peccato meo munda
me.

Wash me thoroughly
from my iniquities, and
cleanse me from my
sin.

Quoniam iniquitatem
meam ego cognosco: et
peccatum meum contra
me est semper.

I knowingly confess
my transgressions: and
my sin is ever before
me.

Tibi soli peccavi,
et malum coram
te feci: ut justificeris
in sermonibus
tuis, et
vincas cum
judicaris.

Against Thee only have I
sinned, and done evil
before Thee: that they
may be justified in Thy
sayings, and might they
overcome when I am
judged.

Ecce enim in iniquitatibus
conceptus sum: et in
peccatis concepit me
mater mea.

But behold, I was formed
in iniquity: and in sin did
my mother conceive
me.

Ecce enim veritatem dilexisti:
incerta et
occulta sapientiae
 tuae manifestasti
mihi.

Behold, Thou desirest
truth in my innermost
being: and shalt make
me to understand
wisdom secretly.

Asperges me hysopo,
et mundabor:
lavabis me, et
super nivem
dealbabor.

Thou shalt sprinkle me
with hyssop, and I shall
be clean: wash me,
make me whiter than
snow

Auditui meo dabis
gaudium et
laetitiam: et
exultabunt ossa
humiliata.

Open my ears and make
me hear of joy and
gladness: and my
bones that have been
humbled shall rejoice.

Averte faciem tuam a
peccatis meis: et omnes
iniquitates meas dele.

Turn away Thy face from
my sins: and remember
not all my misdeeds.

Cor mundum crea in
me, Deus: et spiritum
rectum innova in
visceribus meis.

Create in me a clean
heart, O God: and make
anew a righteous spirit
within my body.

Ne proicias me a facie
tua: et spiritum
sanctum tuum ne
auferas a me.

Do not cast me away
from Thy presence: and
take not Thy holy spirit
from me

Redde mihi laetitiam
salutaris tui: et

Restore unto me the joy
of your salvation, and

spiritu principali
confirma me.

uphold me with a
willing spirit.

Docebo iniquos
vias tuas:
et impii ad te
convertentur.

I will teach those that are
unjust Thy ways: and
sinners shall be
converted unto Thee.

Libera me de
sanguinibus, Deus,
Deus salutis meae: et
exultabit lingua mea
justitiam tuam.

Deliver me from blood, O
God, the God of my
salvation: and my
tongue shall sing of Thy
righteousness.

Domine, labia mea aperies:
et os meum annuntiabit
laudem tuam.

O Lord, open my lips: and
my mouth shall spring
forth Thy praise

Quoniam si
voluisses sacrificium,
dedissem utique:
holocaustis non
delectaberis.

For Thou desirest no
sacrifice, where others
would: with burnt
offerings Thou wilt not
be delighted.

Sacrificium Deo spiritus
contribulatus: cor
contritum, et
humiliatum, Deus, non
despicias.

Sacrifices of God are
broken spirits: dejected
and contrite hearts, O
God, Thou wilt not
despise.

Benigne fac, Domine, in
bona voluntate tua Sion: ut
aedificentur muri
Ierusalem.

Deal favourably, O Lord,
in Thy good pleasure
unto Zion: build Thou
the walls of Jerusalem.

Tunc
acceptabis
sacrificium justitiae,
oblationes, et
holocausta: tunc
imponent super
altare tuum
vitulos.

Then shalt Thou be
pleased with the
sacrifices of
righteousness, with
small and large burnt
offerings: then shall
they lay calves upon
your altar.

Tomás Luis de Victoria (1548-1611)

O vos omnes (pub. 1585)

Liturgical text

O, all of you

O vos omnes, qui transitis
per viam, attendite et
videte

O, all of you that pass by
the way, look, and
see

[R] si est dolor similis sicut
dolor meus.

if there is any sorrow like
my sorrow.

[V] Attendite universi populi,
et videte dolorem meum:

Look, all you people, and
see my
sorrow,

[R] si est dolor similis sicut
dolor meus.

if there is any sorrow like
my sorrow.

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina

(c.1525-1594)

Stabat mater (c.1590)

Anonymous

Stood the sorrowful mother

Stabat mater
dolorosa
luxta crucem lacrimosa
Dum pendebat filius.

Stood the sorrowful
mother
weeping by the cross
while her son hung there.

Cuius animam
gementem,
Contristatam et
dolentem,
Pertransivit gladius.

Through her sorrowful
heart,
crushed with sadness
and grief,
there passed a sword.

O quam tristis et
afflicta
Fuit illa benedicta
Mater
unigeniti;

O how sad and how
afflicted
was that blessed woman,
the mother of the sole
begotten;

Quae moerebat et
dolebat
Pia Mater, dum
videbat
Nati poenas
incliti.

How she grieved and
sorrowed
and trembled when she
saw
the pains of her glorious
son.

Quis est homo qui non
fleret
Matrem Christi si
videret
In tanto supplicio?

What man would not
weep
to see the mother of
Christ
in such great anguish?

Quis non posset
contristari,
Piam matrem
contemplari
Dolentem cum filio?

Who could not feel her
grief,
to think on the mother of
Christ
grieving with her son?

Pro peccatis suae gentis
Vidit Iesum in tormentis,
Et flagellis subditum.

She saw Jesus in agony
and scourged by the lash
for the sins of his people.

Vidit suum dulcem
natum
Morientem desolatum,
Dum emisit
spiritum.

She saw her own sweet
son
dying and forsaken,
until he yielded up his
spirit.

Eia Mater, fons amoris,
Me sentire vim
doloris
Fac, ut tecum
lugeam.

O mother, fount of love,
make me feel the force of
your sorrow,
that I too may grieve with
you.

Fac, ut ardeat cor meum
In amando Christum
Deum

Make my heart burn
with love for Christ my
God,

Ut sibi
complaceam.

that I may be pleasing to
him.

Sancta Mater, istud
agas,
Crucifixi fige plagas
Cordi meo
valide.

Holy mother, grant me
this,
fix deep within my heart
the wounds of him,
crucified.

Tui nati vulnerati,
Tam dignati pro me pati,
Mecum poenas
divide.

Let me share the torment
of your wounded son,
who deigned to suffer for
me.

Fac me vere tecum flere,
Crucifixo
condolere,
Donec ego vixero.

Let me weep with you,
and suffer with the
crucified
my whole life through.

luxta crucem
tecum stare,
Te libenter sociare
In planctu desidero.

I yearn to stand with you
beside the cross,
and willingly join with you
in deep lament.

Virgo virginum
praeclara,
Mih i iam non sis amara:
Fac me tecum
plangere.

Virgin, all virgins
excelling,
do not be harsh with me:
but let me mourn with
you.

Fac ut portem Christi
mortem,
Passionis fac consortem,
Et plagas
recolere.

Let me bear Christ's
death within me,
let me share his passion
and be mindful of his
wounds.

Fac me plagis
vulnerari,
Cruce hac inebriari,
Ob amorem filli.

Let me be riven by his
wounds,
intoxicated by his cross,
out of love for your son.

Inflammatum et
accensus
Per te, Virgo, sim
defensus
In die
iudicii.

Thus kindled and
enflamed,
may I, through you, O
virgin,
be defended on the day
of judgement.

Fac me cruce
custodiri,
Morte Christi
praemuniri,
Confoveri
gratia

Let me be guarded by the
cross,
defended by the death of
Christ,
and strengthened by his
grace.

Quando corpus
moriatur,
Fac ut animae donetur
Paradisi gloria.

And grant that when my
body dies,
my soul may gain
the glory of paradise.