

COPENHAGEN RENAISSANCE MUSIC FESTIVAL 2006

organiseres af: renaissancemusik.dk

Festival Manager: Björn Ross
email: festival@renaissancemusik.dk
telefon: +45-26 28 04 15

www.renaissancemusik.dk



COPENHAGEN RENAISSANCE MUSIC FESTIVAL 2006
er en del af Renæssanceåret 2006 og støttes af:

Kunstrådets Musikudvalg
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Sankt Johannes Kirke
Litauens Ambassade
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Koncerterne med Jauna Muzika, Tallis Scholars og Musica Ficta er et samarbejde med Musica Ficta.
Masterclasses og workshops arrangeres i samarbejde med Det Kgl. Danske Musikkonservatorium.
Copenhagen Renaissance Music Festival 2006 gennemføres i samarbejde med Danmarks Radio.



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Næste koncert i COPENHAGEN RENAISSANCE MUSIC FESTIVAL 2006
- i samarbejde med Musica Ficta:

SØNDAG 29. OKTOBER KL. 20.00 I HOLMENS KIRKE, KBH K:

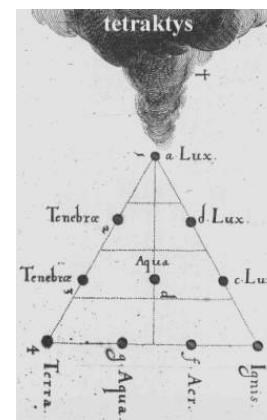
MUSICA FICTA (DK) & JAUNA MUZIKA (LT)

La Serenissima - Veneziansk flerkorstrykkeri i San Marco

Se hele programmet på: www.renaissancemusik.dk

COPENHAGEN RENAISSANCE MUSIC FESTIVAL

KØBENHAVN 22. OKTOBER - 26. NOVEMBER
2006



TETRAKTYS

KEES BOEKE - DIRECTION

NY CARLSBERG GLYPTOTEK, KØBENHAVN
LØRDAG 28. OKTOBER 2006 KL. 17.00

Entré: 100 kr./stud. 70 kr.

www.renaissancemusik.dk

COPENHAGEN RENAISSANCE MUSIC FESTIVAL 2006

NY CARLSBERG GLYPOTEK · LØRDAG 28. OKTOBER 2006 KL. 17.00

TETRAKTYS

JILL FELDMAN - soprano

MARTA GRAZIOLINO - harp

SILVIA TECARDI - fidel

KEES BOEKE - fidel, blokfløjter & direktion

PROGRAM:

GUILLAUME DU FAY (c. 1400-1477)

(Oxford, Bodleian Lib. ms. Canonici Misc. 213)

CHANSONS

Bon jour bon mois (*rondeau*)

Las! Que feray? (*rondeau*)

J'ay mis mon cuer (*ballade*)

Mon cuer me fait toudis penser (*rondeau*) (Maria Andreasq)

Helas mon deuil (*virelai*)

La belle se siet (*ballade*)

Helas madame par amours (*instrumental*)

Quel fronte signorille (1430-33) (*rotundello*)

Ce jour de l'an (*rondeau*)

C'est bien raison (*ballade*) (Niccolò di Ferrara, 26 aprile 1433)

The Ensemble TETRAKTYS was founded by Kees Boeke in 2000 and has realized three CD recordings for the new label O-live Music: *Trecento*, as a duo with Jill Feldman (soprano) and Kees Boeke (flute and viella), *Dufay Chansons* as a quartet adding harp and viella, and in 2006 *O Tu Cara Scienza Mie Musica*, with works from the Squarcialupi Codex, including 8 ballatas by the relatively unknown composer Andrea da Firenze. The ensemble is now preparing a recording of repertory from the *Chantilly Manuscript* with Silvia Tecardi (viella), Marta Graziolino (harp) and Carlos Mena (alto) for a future CD release.



TETRAKTYS has performed for many European Music Festivals including Brugge, Antwerpen, Utrecht, Amsterdam, Maastricht, Turin, Florence, Modena, Paris, Zurich, Algarve, Las Palmas, and most recently, in April 2006, had a stunning concert tour in Japan.

KEES BOEKE was born in 1950 in Amsterdam. He studied recorder with Frans Brüggen and cello with Anner Bijlsma at the Royal Conservatory in The Hague. After graduating with honours in 1969, he founded the Quadro Hotteterre. He was also a member of Kees Otten's Syntagma Musicum for many years and a cofounder of Sour Cream (1972), Little Consort Amsterdam (1978), and Mala Punica (1989). In 1970, Kees Boeke began his teaching activities in The Hague and at the Sweelinck Conservatorium in Amsterdam. Since 1990, he is Professor of Recorder and Early Music at the Hochschule für Musik und Theater in Zürich, Switzerland, and at the Institut für Alte Musik in Trossingen, Germany. He has given seminars and master classes in recorder and early music around the world including the Deller Academy (Lacoste, France 1972-1982), Corsi Internazionali di Musica Antica (Urbino, Italy 1975-1982), Early Music Festival, Vancouver, and has been artistic director of the International Early Music courses at San Floriano (Polcenigo, Italy 1983-1993). From 1989 on, he collaborated with the Accademia Musicale Chigiana in Siena, for whom he produced Ludovico da Viadana's Vespers (Salmi a 4 cori, 1612) in 1994. Kees Boeke has now recorded over 40 records and CD's for Teldec, Das Alte Werk, EMI, RCA, Nuova Era, Channel Classics, Arcana, Symphonia, Attacca, Erato, Philips, Stradivarius, and Glossa.

JILL FELDMAN earned a degree in music from the University of California. She trained with Lillian Loran in San Francisco, and perfected her interpretation of early vocal music under the guidance of Andrea von Ramm in Basel. In 1980 she made her dramatic debut in three productions: in the role of La musica in Monteverdi's *Orfeo* directed by Phillip Brett and staged in Berkeley, California; as Clerio in Cavalli's *Erismena* at the Festival dei due mondi in Spoleto, Italy; and on tour with the medieval ensemble, Sequentia, in their much lauded performance of *Ordo Virtutum* by Hildegard von Bingen. In 1981 Jill Feldman joined Les Arts Florissants in Paris. With this renowned ensemble she created the title-role of Charpentier's *Médée*; their recording on Harmonia Mundi won the Gramophone Record Award in 1985, the Grand Prix Charles Cros and the Grand Prix du Disque de Montreux. Since then, over 40 recordings have followed including four solo recitals of English and Italian 17th century music: Monteverdi, D'India, Rossi, Strozzi, Carissimi and Henry Purcell, and most recently *Pianger di dolcezza*: Italian poetry set to music by Giulio Caccini and Sigismondo D'India. Jill has appeared as a soloist with Frans Brüggen, Andrew Parrot, Jordi Savall, and René Jacobs. Recently, she incarnated the role of Armida in Stradella's *Lo schiavo liberato* at the Teatro di Modena directed by Enrico Gatti. Jill Feldman teaches at the Royal Conservatory in The Hague, at the Hochschule für Musik und Theater in Zürich, and for the Academia de Musica Antiga in Portugal.

Quel fronte signorille

Quel fronte signorille in paradiso
Scorge l'anima mia,
Mentre che in suo balia
Stretto mi tiene mirando il suo bel viso.

I ochi trapassa tuti dei altri el viso
Con si dolce armonia
Che i cor nostri sen via
Pian pian in suso in anno in paradiso.

Quel fronte etc.

Ce jour de l'an

Ce jour de l'an voudray joye mener,
Chanter, danser, et mener chiere lie,
Pour maintenir la coutume jolye
Que tous amants sont tenus de garder.

Et pour certain tant me voudray poier
Que je puisse choisir nouvelle amie
Ce jour de l'an voudray joye mener,
Chanter, danser et mener chiere lie]

A laquelle je puisse presenter
Cuer, corps et biens, sans faire despartie.
He, dieus d'amours, soyés de ma partie,
Que Fortune si ne me puist grever.

Ce jour de l'an etc.

C'est bien raison

C'est bien raison de devoir essaucier
Et honnouer tous princes de renom,
Especial ceux qui sont a precier
Par leur vertus, sens et discretion.
Pour ce vouldray faire relacion
D'un tres noble, digne de tout honneur,
D'origine si bien que de rayson.
Bien est doté peuple d'un tel seigneur.

De ses vertus ne me puis apaisier,
Tant est il plain de grant perfecion,
Saige, discret, eloquent et entier,
Large cortois, gracieux, bel et bon.
Son hostel est refuige et mansion,
Et pour tant dis en ma conclusion :
Bien est doté peuple d'un tel seigneur.

ENVOI

Prince, je voeil manifester son nom :
Il est marquis et souverain recteur
De Ferare : Nicholas l'appell'on.
Bien est doté peuple d'un tel seigneur.

That noble brow

That noble brow leads
My soul to paradise
While I am under her spell
Admiring her beautiful face

Her eyes surpass the glance
Of any other with such sweet harmony,
That it sends our hearts,
Softly, gently up in paradise.

That noble brow etc.

This New Year's day

I wish to bring joy to this New Year's day ,
To sing, dance, and celebrate.
To uphold the lovely custom
Which all lovers must keep.

I would like, as I merit
That I might choose a new love
I wish to bring joy to this day of the year,
To sing, dance, and celebrate.

To whom I might give
Heart, body and possessions, making no division.
O gods of love, join with me,
That Fortune may do me no harm.

I wish to bring etc.

With good reason

With good reason must you exalt
And honour all famed princes,
Especially those who are valued
For their virtues, good sense and discretion.
It is for this that I wish to speak
Of a great noble, worthy of all honours,
By nature as well as by reason,
Blessed are the people of such a lord.

His virtues I cannot cease to praise,
So full is he of grand perfection,
Wise, discreet, eloquent and loyal,
Generous, courtly, gracious, beautiful and good.
His palace is a refuge and home, to receive all kind of
worthy people. And for such I say in conclusion :
Blessed are the people of such a lord.

Envois

Prince, I wish to manifest his name:
He is marquis and sovereign ruler
of Ferrara: Nicholas he is called.
Blessed are the people of such a lord.

translation: Robert Claire

GUILLAUME DUFAY

ca. 1400	Born, perhaps in Cambrai, as the son of Marie Dufay, father unknown.
1409-14	puer altaris, afterwards clericus at Cambrai cathedral.
1414-17	in the entourage of cardinal Pierre d'Ailly during the Council of Constance.
1418	Ordination to sub deacon at Cambrai
1419-26	Singer in the court chapel of the Malatesta family in Rimini and Pesaro
1425/26	Travel to the Peloponnesos, and to Patras
1426-28	in the service of Cardinal Louis Aleman in Bologna
1428	Ordination to priest
1428-1437	Singer in the chapels of Pope Martin V. and Pope Eugene IV, from c.1431 as maestro di capella, first in Rome, later (1436/37) in Florence
1433-35	Maestro di capella at the court of Duke Amadeus VIII. of Savoy in Chambéry
1436	Nomination as canon at the Cathedral of Cambrai (already 1431 prebends in Tournai, Lausanne and Bruges, 1433 in Cossoney, 1434 in Geneva)
1437	legal studies, probably at the university of the Curia
1438-39	Representative of the Chapter of the cathedral of Cambrai during the Council of Basle
1439-52	Canon at the Cathedral of Cambrai, 1446 also Canon at Ste. Waudru in Mons; Travels to Bruges (1442 and 1443), to Brussels (1449) and to Italy (1450)
1452-58	again maestro di capella at the court of Savoy in Chambéry
1458	definitive return to Cambrai; ordering and collecting of his works in systematically arranged manuscripts (all lost)
1460-74	Composition of the great Cantus firmus Masses, of the 'Ave regina celorum' (1464), the Requiem (1470, lost) and other liturgical, but probably also secular works, among which a comprehensive monodic Marian liturgy; extensive contact with important European courts.
27.11.1474	Dies in Cambrai

Laurenz Lütteken

The "Tetrakty" was the symbol of the Pythagoreans, the philosophic (and musical) school linked to the almost mythological figure of Pythagoras of Samos. Its image is an equilateral triangle based on the essential numbers 1 (top), 2, 3 and 4 (base), whose sum is the perfect number 10. These numbers were considered by the Pythagoreans to be holy and at the origins of the universe. Musically they represent the perfect consonants: the unison, the octave, the fifth and the fourth. The tuning used in the music of the Middle Ages, based on a succession of perfect fifths, is still called Pythagorean. The relationship between number, proportion, astronomy and music held a fascination for scientists (Keppler, Kircher, Fludd) and musicians (Bach) far beyond medieval times. The image (see front) from Robert Fludd's *Philosophia Sacra*, 1626, shows how the original absolute darkness preceded the Monad (1), the first created light. The Dyad (2) is the polarity of light (*Lux*) and darkness (*Tenebrae*), with which the Humid Spirit (*Aqua*) makes a third. The polarization of the four Elements (*Ignis*, *Aer*, *Aqua*, *Terra*) concludes the foundation of the world.

Bon jour, bon mois

Bon jour, bon mois, bon an et bonne estraine
Vous doinst celuy qui tout tient en demaine,
Richesse, honnour, sainté, joye sans fin,
Bonne fame, belle dame, bon vin,
Pour maintenir la creature saine.

Après vous doint qu'en joye on vous demaine
Et lyesse tantost on vous ameine;
Ainsi pourrez avoir, soir et matin,
Bon jour, bon mois, bon an et bonne estraine
Vous doinst celuy qui tout tient en demaine,
Richesse, honnour sainté, joye sans fin.

Et puis vous doint esperance certaine
Sans tristesse, sans pensee villaine;
Tous voz desirs accomplit de cuer fin.
Sans contredit soyez en la parfin
Lassu logee en gloire souveraine.

Bon jour etc.

Las, que feray?

Las, que feray? ne que je devenray?
Est il nesun qui me puist consoler,
Ny aligier des maulx qu'ay a porter
Et nuit et jour, sans que deservy l'ay?

J'ay bien cause se je crye hahay,
Quant mon amy me veult abandoner.
Las, que [feray? ne que je devenray?
Est il nesun qui me puist consoler?

Je l'ay amé leyaulment de cuer vray,
Mais cest amer me sera moult amer,
Car qui aime sans partye trouver,
En verité il n'est pas sans esmay.

Las, que feray? etc.

J'ay mis mon cuer

J'ay mis mon cuer et ma pensee,
Sachiés de vray certaynement,
A vous servir, dame honnouree,
Belle, bonne au vis cler et gent,
Et vous jure par mon serment:
Tant que mon corps aura duree,
En chascun lieu diray vrayment
Que vous estés la mieuls paree

Good day, good month

Good day, good month, good year and happy New Year
Be given by He to whom all belongs,
Riches, honour, health, boundless joy,
Good fame, beautiful lady, good wine,
To keep the creature in health.

And then may He have joy bestowed upon you
And you be given happiness soon
Thus may you have, night and morning,
Good day, good month, good year and happy New Year
Be given by He to whom all belongs,
Riches, honour, health, boundless joy.

And then may he give you certain hope
Without sadness, without ugly thoughts;
that all your desires be achieved of pure heart
Without doubt you will in perfection
Be received above (in heaven) in sovereign glory.

Good day etc.

Alas, what shall I do?

Alas, what shall I do? What will become of me?
Is there no one who might console me,
Nor lighten the aching I must bear
Both day and night, without deserving it?

I well have reason to cry 'Hélas',
When my love wishes to leave me.
Alas, what shall I do? What will become of me?
Is there no one who might console me,

I have loved her loyalty with a true heart,
But this love will embitter me,
For he who loves without response
Truly he is not care free.

Alas, what shall I do? etc.

I have placed my heart

I have placed my heart and my thoughts,
Know that it is pure truth.
To serve you, honourable Lady,
Beautiful, good with bright and kind face,
And I swear to you by my oath:
As long as my body will last,
Everywhere I shall say truly
That you are the greatest beauty.

Mon cuer me fait tous dis penser

Mon cuer me fait tous dis penser
A vous, belle, bonne, sans per,
Rose odourans comme la grainne,
Jone, gente, blanche que lainne,
Amoureuse, sage en parler.

Aultre de vous ne puis amer
Ne requerir ny honnourer,
Dame de toute beaulté plainne;
Mon cuer me fait tous dis penser
A vous, belle, bonne, sans per,
Rose odourans comme la grainne

Resjoys sui et vueil chanter,
Et en mon cuer n'a point d'amer
Ayms ay toute joye mondaynne
Sans avoir tristesse ne painne,
Quant veoir puis vo beau vis cler.

Mon cuer me fait etc.

Helas mon dueil

Helas mon dueil, a ce cop sui je mort,
Puisque Refus l'esragié si me mort.
Certes, c'est fait de ma dolente vye;
Tout le monde ne me sauveroit mye,
Puisque m'amour en a esté d'acort.

Il ne fault ja que je vois a la mer
N'a saint Hubert pour moy faire garir;
La morsure me donne tant d'amer
Que de ce mal il me faulra morir. [...]

Helas mon dueil etc.

La belle se siet

La belle se siet au piet de la tour,
Qui pleure et souspire et mainne grant dolour.
Son pere lui demande: «Fille qu'avez vous?
Volez vous mari, ou volez vous seignour?
« Je ne veul mari, je ne veul seignour;
Je veulle mien ami qui pourist en la tour». Et par Dieu, belle fille, a celui faudrés vous,
Car il sera pendu demain au point du jour». «Et pere, s'on le pent enfouyés moi desous,
Si diront les gens : vecy loyaus amours.

My heart makes me always think of you

My heart makes me always think
Of you, beautiful, good, without equal,
Rose fragrant as grain
Young, gentle, white like wool,
Loving, speaking with wisdom.

I can love no other but you
Nor desire nor honor,
Lady full of all beauty;
My heart makes me always think
Of you, beautiful, good, without equal,
Rose fragrant as grain

I rejoice and wish to sing,
And my heart holds no bitterness
Love gives me all worldly joy
Without sadness nor pain,
When I can see your beautiful bright face.

My heart makes me etc.

Alas my pain

Alas my pain, of this blow am I dead,
Since rabid Refusal has bitten me
Truly my painful life is over,
Since my love has wished it so.

I have no need to go to the sea
Nor to St. Hubert to cure me;
The bite makes me so bitter
That I must die of this wound.

Alas my pain, etc.

The beauty sits

The beauty sits at the foot of the tower,
Crying and sighing and suffering great pain.
Her father asks her: "Girl, what is wrong with you?
Do you want a husband, or do you want a lord?"
"I want no husband, I want no lord,
I want my love who rots in the tower."
"And by God, beautiful girl, you must renounce him,
For he will be hanged tomorrow at dawn."
"And Father, if he is hanged bury me underneath,
So that people will say: Here are loyal lovers."