

LIONHEART

Lawrence Lipnik, *Countertenor*
John Olund, Michael Ryan-Wenger, *Tenors*
Jeffrey Johnson, Richard Porterfield, *Baritones*
Kurt-Owen Richards, *Bass*

El Siglo de Oro:

A century of vocal music by Morales and Guerrero

This program will be performed without intermission

Ave maris stella Ojos claros, serenos Sanctísima María	Gregorian Chant Francisco Guerrero (1528-1599) Guerrero
Introit: Rorate caeli desuper Kyrie: Missa Ave Maria Gloria: Missa Ave Maria	Gregorian chant Cristobal Morales (c.1500-1553) Morales
Sancta et immaculate Offertory: Ave Maria	Guerrero Gregorian chant
Sanctus: Missa Ave Maria Agnus Dei: Missa Ave Maria Communion: Ecce virgo concipiet	Morales Morales Gregorian chant
Pan divino, gracioso Pastor, quien madre virgen ¿Qué te dare, Señor O Virgen, quand'os miro Vana speranza	Guerrero Guerrero Guerrero Guerrero Guerrero
Antiphon: Ave Maria Missus est Gabriel	Gregorian chant Morales

While we are listening to the towering fugal edifices of J.S. Bach, we seldom pause to consider that this most revered composer of the High Baroque thought of himself simply as an exponent of the great polyphonic tradition of the Renaissance. Bach, after all, was not himself aware that his was a different Period in Music History. Balance among many voices, lacelike interweaving of motifs in imitation, use and reuse of familiar themes from plainchant or folksong, and word-painting, all were musical techniques pioneered by Josquin des Prez and his fifteenth-century contemporaries. Over the next 200 years, Italians Cipriano de Rore, Claudio Monteverdi and Arcangelo Corelli, Netherlanders Adrian Willaert and Jan Peterszoon Sweelinck, French composers Clemens non Papa and Marc-Antoine Charpentier, all continued to make use of these same techniques while greatly expanding the vocabulary of harmony and orchestration. Not least among the great followers of Josquin and antecedents of Bach were the Spaniards: Victoria, Morales, and Guerrero.

If there was an ideal place for a Great Composer of the Renaissance to be born in the sixteenth century, it would have to have been Seville. Renowned throughout the Middle Ages as a center of learning and the home of seventh-century bishop Isidore of Seville (or Isidorus Hyspalensis—Hyspalis being the Latin name of the city), upon whose *Etymologies* and other writings most medieval higher education had been based, Seville boasted an enormous Cathedral, a converted mosque as rich in intellectual and financial resources as it was in arabesque ornament. The first printed books of music were produced there; piles of Inca and Mexican gold were stored in a tower on the very Cathedral grounds. For a gifted child to be part of the choir there, and educated at the chapter school, was practically a guarantee of lifelong success.

Cristóbal de Morales (c.1500-1553), though the better part of his career was to be spent abroad in Rome, was particularly proud of his home town and heritage. More than a musician, he was an academic who assiduously practiced writing in Latin, as he claimed, to prevent any of his rivals in music from accusing him of lack of cultivation. His first appointments as an adult

were well-paid, as *maestro de capilla* in Ávila and then in Plasencia, but these appear to have been less than satisfactory, for there is no record—even though all Cathedral records were carefully kept and archived—of Morales’s whereabouts, for the four years before 1535.

That year he appeared on the rolls of the papal choir in Rome, singing baritone. Pope Paul III was especially generous to musicians, and Morales seems to have enjoyed special favor. Furthermore, the choir was made up mostly of Spaniards, with whom he was apparently comfortable enough to stay for a decade. Certainly the pay was good: one perquisite was a personal servant, and when traveling in the pope’s retinue, a horse. In addition, a singer’s stated salary was always at least doubled by special feasts subsidized by wealthy donors, and sumptuous occasions when the great powers of Europe came to visit the Pope. Morales used his time well in composing: near the end of his stay he presented the Pope with two volumes of polyphonic Masses, printed and inscribed “Christophorus Morales Hyspalensis.”

Although by this time, due to the exposure he had gained before the greatest rulers of the age, his music had been distributed throughout Europe and even the New World, the expected rewards in the form of benefices or lifetime grants did not come forth, and he returned to Seville in 1545. Guerrero reported years later that he had studied then with Morales, but the lessons must have been brief; Morales was soon assigned to the Cathedral at Toledo. The salary was generous but insufficient, for the *maestro de capilla* was expected to pay for the room, board, and education of the choirboys. Morales had to borrow, and after two years destitution forced him to resign. In 1551 he was appointed at Málaga, but suffered even more frustration there when he discovered he could not discipline the unruly boys. Hoping to return to Toledo, he reapplied to that chapter in 1553, but before the process could be completed, Morales succumbed to ill health and died.

Most probably adding to the composer’s frustration at home had been the universal Spanish custom of using organs and other instruments to accompany the singing. At Rome and elsewhere in Europe the usual practice had

always been *a cappella*. Listening to the vocal balance and contrapuntal perfection of Morales's music, it is easy to imagine that temperamentally he was a purist.

Surely this was not the case with the sometime pupil Francisco Guerrero (1528-1599). Belying the portrait of him by Francisco Pacheco published in the 1599 "Book of True Portraits of Illustrious and Memorable Personages, with Descriptions," showing an elongated figure reminiscent of El Greco, with long nose and upper lip, pointed beard, and deep melancholy eyes under a four-cornered clerical cap, Guerrero's music reveals a sunny, eclectic, and flexible disposition. Yet as Pacheco claimed in the portrait's "Description," Guerrero was disciplined enough to write at least a page of music every day of his life. His output of motets exceeded that of either Morales or Victoria, but also, departing from the purely liturgical practice that was theirs, he produced a prodigious number of secular songs as well, of the type we might now call "madrigals." The texts he chose to set were written by the foremost Spanish poets of his day, including the dramatist Lope de Vega. Many of these *canciones* did double duty when Guerrero substituted religious (though not liturgical) words for the originals in later publications (the 1589 *Canciones y villanescas espirituales* in particular); such pieces are called *contrafacts*.

Like Morales, Guerrero had begun as a Seville Cathedral chorister. His older brother Pedro, who later enjoyed fame in his own right in Italy, was his first music teacher, but apparently Francisco largely taught himself, becoming proficient at the organ, vihuela, cornett, and harp as well as alto voice. At age 17, upon Morales's recommendation, he was offered the position of *maestro de capilla* at Jaén Cathedral, but soon the duty and expense of tending to six choirboys nearly as old as himself moved him to quit the post, return to Seville, and rejoin the choir. Other bids for his services were made, but the Seville chapter valued him so much that in 1551 they appointed him assistant and successor to the *maestro*. But like some Princes of Wales, he had to wait a while before the position became vacant, 23 years in fact. By that time he was internationally famous, with music published in Seville, Rome, Paris, Louvain, and Venice.

Guerrero was an inveterate traveler and attendant of the rich and famous. Around 1558 he presented a volume of his motets to the Emperor Charles V, visited Rome in 1581-82, and at the royal court in 1588 kissed the hand of Philip II, continuing on to Venice to oversee the publication of two large collections of music. From there he embarked for a five-month tour of the Holy Land. Pirates attacked his returning ship, and though his life was spared, they took whatever money he had left. Back in Seville, he failed to recover his former financial security, and at age 62 landed in debtor's prison, from which the Cathedral chapter eventually had to buy his freedom. Guerrero wrote a best-selling travelogue about his trip to the Holy Land (*Viage de Hierusalem*, 1590, from which many of these facts are gleaned), and confessed in it that he always hoped to return. In 1599 he obtained a year's leave for that purpose, but put off his departure until it was too late; that summer the plague struck Seville and swept him away.

It was essentially the music of Francisco Guerrero that became the Baroque music of the New World. The functionality of his clear harmonies, well in advance of his contemporaries' usage, and the effortless cantabile of his lines made his music peculiarly compatible with seventeenth-century tastes, especially in the colonies. Copies and imitations of his works are to be found in the archives of cathedrals at Guatemala City, Lima, Mexico City, and Puebla.

Lucy Cross

Texts and Translations

Ave maris stella, Dei Mater alma,
atque semper Virgo, felix caeli porta.

Sumens illud Ave Gabrielis ore,
funda nos in pace, mutans Hevae nomen.

Solve vincula reis, profer lumen caecis
mala nostra pelle, bona cuncta posce.

Monstra te esse matrem: sumat per te preces,
qui pro nobis natus, tulit esse tuus.

Virgo singularis, inter omnes mites,
nos culpis solutos, mites fac et castos.

Vitam praesta puram, iter para tutum:
ut videntes Iesum semper collaetemur.

Sit laus Deo Patri, summo Christo decus,
Spiritui Sancto, tribus honor unus. Amen.

Ojos claros, serenos,
que vuestro Apóstol Pedro an ofendido,
Mirad y reparad lo que é perdido.
Si atado fuertemente,
queréis sufrir por mí [y] ser açotado,
no me miréis ayrado,
porque no parescas menos clemente;
pues lloro amargamente,
bolved, ojos serenos,
y, pues morís por mí, miradme almenos.

Sanctíssima María, no 's menor tu beldad que la
del çielo,
que tu rostro graçioso es como luna y sol, y aun
más hermoso;
y el alva su frescura no ygual a 'l resplandor de tu
figura.

Rorate caeli desuper et nubes pluant justum:
aperiatur terra et germinet salvatorem. Ps. Caeli
enarrant gloriam dei: et opera manuum ejus
annuntiat firmamentum.

Kyrie eléison.
Christe eléison.
Kyrie eléison.

Gloria in excelsis deo, et in terra pax hominibus
bonae voluntatis. Laudamus te. Benedicimus te.
Adoramus te. Glorificamus te. Gratias agimus tibi

Hail, O Star of the ocean, God's own Mother blest,
ever sinless Virgin, gate of heav'nly rest.

Taking that sweet Ave, which from Gabriel came,
peace confirm within us, changing Eve's name.

Break the sinners' fetters, make our blindness day,
Chase all evils from us, for all blessings pray.

Show thyself a Mother, may the Word divine
born for us thine Infant hear our prayers through thine.
Virgin all excelling, mildest of the mild,
free from guilt preserve us meek and undefiled.

Keep our life all spotless, make our way secure
till we find in Jesus, joy for evermore.

Praise to God the Father, honor to the Son,
in the Holy Spirit, be the glory one. Amen.

Clear, serene eyes,
that reproached your Apostle Peter,
behold, and redeem him who is lost.
If, strongly tied,
you were willing to suffer and be scourged for me,
do not regard me with anger,
for you seem no less merciful;
because I weep bitterly,
turn, serene eyes,
and, as you have died for me, at least regard me

Most blessed Mary, your beauty is no less than that of
the sky,
your gracious face is like the moon and sun, and even
more lovely;
and the freshness of dawn is no equal to the splendor
of your form.

Drop down dew, O heavens, from above, and let the
clouds rain the just; let the earth be opened and bud
forth a savior. Ps. The heavens are telling the glory of
God, and the firmament declares his handiwork.

Lord have mercy on us.
Christ have mercy on us.
Lord have mercy on us.

Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace to men of
good will. We praise Thee. We bless Thee. We adore
Thee. We glorify Thee.

propter magnam gloriam tuam. Domine deus rex
caelestis deus pater omnipotens.
Domine fili unigenite Jesu Christe
Domine deus agnus dei filius patris.
Qui tollis peccata mundi miserere nobis.
Qui tollis peccata mundi,
suscipe deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris, miserere nobis.
Quoniam tu solus sanctus. Tu solus dominus. Tu
solus altissimus, Jesu Christe.
Cum sancto spiritu in gloriam dei patris. Amen.

Sancta et immaculata virginitas quibus te laudibus
efferant nescio: quia quem caeli capere non
poterant tuo gremio contulisti.

Benedicta tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus
ventris tui. Quia quem caeli capere non poterant tuo
gremio contulisti.

Ave maria gracia plena dominus tecum: benedicta
tu in mulieribus et benedictus fructus ventris tui.

Sanctus, sanctus, sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth.
Pleni sunt caeli et terra gloria tua. Hosanna in
excelsis.
Benedictus qui venit in nomine Domini. Hosanna
in excelsis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi miserere
nobis.
Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi miserere nobis.

Agnus Dei, qui tollis peccata mundi dona nobis
pacem.

Ecce virgo concipiet et pariet filium: et vocabitur
nomen ejus emmanuel.

Pan divino, gracioso, sacrosancto,
manjar queda sustento al alma mía;
dichoso fué aquel día, punto y hora
qu'en tales dos especies Christo mora,
que si el alma 'stá dura,
aquí se ablandará con tal dulçura.

El pan qu'estás mirando, alma mía,
es Dios qu'en ti reparte gracia y vida;
y, pues que tal comida te mejora,
no dudes de comerla desde agora,
que aunque estuvieras dura,
aquí te ablandarás con tal dulçura.

We give Thee thanks for Thy great glory.
Lord God heavenly King,
God the Father Almighty. Lord Jesus Christ, only-
begotten Son, Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the
Father. Thou Who takest away the sins of the world
receive our prayer.
Thou Who sittest at the right hand of the Father, have
mercy on us. For Thou alone art holy. Thou alone art
the Lord. Thou alone, O Jesus Christ, art most high.
With the Holy Ghost, in the glory of God the Father.
Amen.

Holy and immaculate virginity, of your praises I know
not the ending: for whom the heavens could not
contain did you carry secretly within you.

Blessed are you among women and blessed the fruit of
your womb. For whom the heavens could not contain
did you carry secretly within you.

Hail Mary, full of grace, the Lord is with you: blessed
are you among women and blessed is the fruit of your
womb.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts. Heaven and
earth are full of Thy Glory. Hosanna in the highest.
Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.
Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world,
have mercy on us.
Lamb of God that takest away the sins of the world,
grant us peace.

Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son: and his
name shall be called Emmanuel.

Bread divine, gracious, holy,
food that is sustenance to my soul;
blessed be the day, moment and hour
that Christ abides in these two elements,
so that if the soul is hardened,
it will be softened here with such sweetness.

The bread that you see, my soul,
is God, who instills grace and life in you;
and because this food heals you,
do not hesitate to eat it from this time forth,
for even though you have been hardened,
you will be softened here with such sweetness.

Pastor, quien madre virgen á mirado,
si no se torna loco,
bien se puede jurar que siente poco,
y ser hombre mortal Dios soberano,
no cabe'n seso humano,
pues yo me torno loco,
porque no digas tú que siento poco.

¿Qué te daré, Señor, por tantos dones,
que mandas a montones cada hora
al alma pecadora?
¡O quién me diese,
Jesús mío dulce, que por tí muriese!
Sangre me as dado
y sangre querría darte:
poco 's dar parte
a quien á dado 'l todo.
No á d'aver modo, no á d'aver medida,
Christo, 'n amarte, y poco 's dar la vida.

Un grande abismo un otro abismo llama,
y así la llama de tu amor inmenso,
quando 'n él pienso,
me arrebatá y prende,
y un gran deseo de morir m'ençiende.
Muerra, y no biva,
por tu amor, o vida,
que, por dar vida
a quien t'avía ofendido,
de lança herido, herido d'amor fuerte,
sufriste acerba y dolorosa muerte

O Virgen, quand' os miro,
no cabe 'n si mi alma de gozosa,
y en mi pecho tan triste no reposa,
y por esto suspiro,
buscando mi alegría,
que sola vos la dais al alma mía.

Vana speranza que mi pensamiento
lo traes tan suspenjo y engañado,
con tu falsa lisonja sustentado,
que gusta y se mantiene de tormento.
Y tu cantar, que a veces da contento,
de lexos quieres tú que sea gustado;
y quando çerca pienso que as llegado,
huyes de mí ligera como viento;

en tu mayor promesa y más segura,
no ay quien pueda sufrir tu pesadumbre,
según se tarda 'l bien de tu venida,

“Shepherd, you who have seen a Virgin Mother,
if you are not out of your mind,
one would think you were a simpleton.
And that the Most High God is a mortal man
does not fit into the human brain;”
“I must be out of my mind
because you are not saying that I am a simpleton.”

What can I give you, Lord, for all the gifts
that you send in abundance every hour
to the sinful soul?
Oh, who would say to me,
my sweet Jesus, that I should die for you!
You have shed blood for me,
and I would gladly shed blood for you:
but it is paltry to give a part
to him who has given his all.
There can be no style, there can be no measure,
Christ, in loving you, and giving one's life is very
little.

One great depth calls [llama] to another depth,
and thus is the flame [llama] of your immeasurable
love;
when I think of it,
it seizes and holds me,
and ignites in me a great desire to die.
To die, and not live,
for your love, O Life,
who, to give life
to him who has sinned,
wounded with a spear, wounded with strong love,
suffered bitter and sorrowful death.

O Virgin, when I regard you,
There is no room in my soul for any more joy,
and in my breast sad things cannot remain.
For this I breathe,
in search of my happiness,
for you alone give it to my soul.

Vain hope, you who tease
my uncertain and deceived thoughts,
fed with your false flattery,
you love and thrive on torment.
Your song, which sometimes gives pleasure,
you would prefer to be enjoyed from far away;
whenever I think you have come near,
you fly away from me as lightly as the wind.

There is no one who can suffer the grief
in your greatest and most sincere promises,
when the benefit of your outcome is withheld;

y al triste que regalas en dulçura,
con engaño lo subes a la cumbre,
por dar con él, después, mayor cayda.

Ave Maria, gratia plena,
Dominus tecum, benedicta tu in mulieribus,
et benedictus fructus ventris tui Jesus Christus.
Sancta Maria, Mater Dei,
ora pro nobis peccatoribus
nunc et in hora mortis nostrae. Amen.

Missus est Gabriel Angelus ad Mariam Virginem,
nuntians ei verbum: Ave Maria, gratia plena:
Dominus tecum: benedicta tu in mulieribus.

Quae cum audisset, turbata est in sermone ejus:
et cogitabat qualis esset ista salutatio.

Ne timeas, Maria, invenisti enim gratiam apud
Deum: ecce concipies in utero, et paries filium, et
vocabis nomen ejus Jesum. Dixit autem Maria:
Ecce ancilla Domini, fiat mihi secundum verbum
tuum.

and you proffer sweets to the unfortunate
whom you lead with deceptions to the summit,
so that later you can give him the greater fall.

Hail, Mary, full of grace,
the Lord is with you, blessed are you among women,
and blessed is the fruit of your womb,
Jesus Christ. Holy Mary, Mother of God,
pray for us sinners
now and at the hour of our death. Amen.

The Angel Gabriel was sent to the Virgin Mary,
giving her the word: “Hail Mary, full of grace; the
Lord is with you: blessed are you among women.”

Who when she heard this, was deeply disturbed at his
saying, and cast about in her mind what manner of
salutation this might be.

“Fear not, Mary, for you have found favor with the
Lord: behold you shall conceive in your womb, and
bear a son, and you shall call his name Jesus.” And
Mary said, “Behold the handmaid of the Lord, let it be
according to your word.”

Spanish translations by Lucy Cross
Latin translations by Richard Porterfield