



RE SOUNDINGS

SIT
INSIDE
THE
CHANT

Saturday, January 16, at 8:00 pm
Lindsey Chapel/Emmanuel Church, Boston

Sunday, January 17, at 4:00 pm
Eliot Church of Newton, Newton Corner

CAPPELLA Twelve Centuries of New Music
Amelia LeClair, Director **CLAUSURA**

2015-16 Season

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Cappella Clausura's unique programming continues with...

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Amelia LeClair, Director
RE-SOUNDINGS: Sit Inside the Chant



MADRIGALIA
 Sat, Mar. 2. 8 pm.
 Lindsey Chapel, Emmanuel Church
 Sun, Mar. 3. 4 pm
 Eliot Church of Newton
 A cornucopia of marvelously expressive and complex Renaissance madrigals! Composers include the unique Barbara Strozzi and her contemporary

- the original bad boy of the Italian Renaissance, Carlo Gesualdo. Also: Madalena Casulana, who wrote the first known printed musical work by a woman composer in western history, and the great Orlando di Lasso. With Catherine Liddell, theorbo/lute/baroque guitar. This program is a must for early music lovers!



WORLD PREMIERE!
Music for the Psalms
by Patricia Van Ness
Written for Cappella
Clausura and Amelia LeClair
 Sat, May 7. 8 pm.
 Lindsey Chapel, Emmanuel Church
 Sun, May 8. 4 pm.
 Eliot Church of Newton

As we write these words, the incandescent Patricia Van Ness is composing a cycle of Psalms especially for Cappella Clausura and Amelia LeClair: "Under the Shadow of Your Wing" will be premiered in these concerts! The program also features personal favorites of Van Ness by Renaissance composers Tomas Luis de Victoria, Thomas Weelkes, and Thomas Tallis; Russian Orthodox composers Sergei Rachmaninoff and Piotr I Tchaikovsky; and the ancient Greek composer known as Kassia. Join us after the performances for a talk-back with Patricia Van Ness!

Tickets: \$15 - \$25 www.clausura.org

The Woman with the Alabaster Box	Arvo Pärt [b. 1935]
Voi ch'amate lo Criatore	Lauda di Firenze [c.1350] transcribed/arranged by LeClair
Hymn to the Pious Pelagia	Kassia [c. 810-867], organum by LeClair
Ecce Ego Ioannes	Sulpitia Cesis [1577- c.1619]
Ecce iterum / Se Je Souspire	Margaret of Austria [1480- 1530]
La Rotta della Manfredina	Anonymous
<i>Instrumental</i>	
Rex Noster	Hildegard von Bingen [1098-1179], trans/arr LeClair
<i>Instrumental</i>	after Hildegard: realized by Elizabeth Gaver
Miserere me Deus	Alessandro Scarlatti [1660-1725]
Or piangiamo	Lauda di Firenze [c.1350] trans/arr LeClair

INTERMISSION

The Moor	Hilary Tann [b. 1947]
<i>Instrumental</i>	after Hildegard: realized by Elizabeth Gaver
Flos Campi	Hildegard von Bingen, trans/arr LeClair
Vidi Speciosam	Tomás Luis de Victoria [1548-1611]
Offertorium	Erna Woll [1917-2005]
Wir werden eingebracht	Erna Woll
Hab ein einzig Leben nur	Erna Woll
Saltarello <i>Instrumental</i>	Anonymous
Courage	Amelia LeClair [b. 1951]
Salve Regina	Francis Poulenc [1899-1963]
Saltarello <i>Instrumental</i>	Anonymous
Ave Virgo Sanctissima	Francisco Guerrero [1528-1599]
Parvulus Filius	Sulpitia Cesis [1577- c.1619]
Nat'e in questo mondo	Lauda di Firenze, trans/arr LeClair



This program is sponsored in part by a grant from the Massachusetts Cultural Council as administered by the Newton Cultural Council.



Amelia LeClair is a resident scholar at the Women's Studies Research Center of Brandeis University

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Cappella Clausura Ensemble and special guests (See inside back cover)

TEXTS / TRANSLATIONS

The Woman with the Alabaster Box

Arvo Pärt

Now when Jesus was in Bethany, in the house of Simon the leper, there came unto him a woman having an alabaster box of very precious ointment and poured it on his head as he sat at meat. But when his disciples saw it, they had indignation, saying, to what purpose is this waster? For this ointment might have been sold for much, and given to the poor. When Jesus understood it, he said unto them: “Why trouble ye the woman? For she hath wrought a good work upon me, for ye have the poor always with you; but me ye have not always. For in that she hath poured this ointment on my body, she did it for my burial. Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, there shall also this, that this woman hath done, be told for a memorial of her.”

Voi ch’amate lo Creatore

Lauda di Firenze translation Nello Barbieri (soloists: Simon, Prapestis, Mitchell, Garza, Kowiak)

R. *Voi ch’amate lo Creatore ponete mente al meo dolore.*

1 *Ch’io son Maria co lo cor tristo la quale avea per figliuol Cristo: la speme mia et dolce aquisto fue crocifixo per li peccatori.*

2 *Figliuolo mio, persona bella, manda consiglio alla poverella; gironne laxa, taupinella, k’agio perduto Cristo d’amore.*

3 *Capo bello et dilicato, come ti vegio stare ‘nkinato! Li tuoi capelli di sangue intrecciati, infin a la barba ne vair rigore.*

4 *Chi mi consiglia? Chi ‘aiuta? La mia speranza aggio perduta; in tant’angoscia l’anima e partuta dal suo corpo pieno d’aulore.*

5 *Bocca bella et dilicata, come ti vegio stare assetata! Di fiele et d’aceto fosti abeverata; trsita et dolente dentr’al mio core.*

R. You who love the Creator, turn your thoughts upon my grief.

1 For I am the heavy-hearted Mary; Christ was my son: my hope and sweet asset was crucified for sinners.

2 My son, my handsome one, send advice to this poor lady; I will go away sorrowful and wretched, because I have lost the loving Christ.

3 O beautiful and delicate head, how I see you bowed! Your hair is entwined with blood, that flows down as far as your beard.

4 Who can advise me? Who can help me? I have lost my hope; with much anguish, his soul departed from his body full of fragrance.

5 O beautiful and delicate mouth, how thirsty I see you! They gave you bile and vinegar to drink; I am sad and afflicted in my heart.

Hymn to the Pious Pelagia

Kassia, translation Antonia Tripolitis (soloists: Stone, Prapestis, Garza, Matsko)

O pou epléonasen e amartia ypereprissevsen e charis, kathos O apostolos didaskei en prosevchais gar ke Dakrysi Pelagia, ton pollon ptaismaton pelagos ekseranas ke to telos evprosekteon kyrio Dia tis metanoias prasegages Ke en touto pres veveis yper ton psichonemon.

Wherever sin has become excessive, grace has abounded even more, as the Apostle teaches; for with your prayers, Pelagia, you have dried up the vast sea of sins, and through penitence brought about the result acceptable to the Lord; and now you intercede with him on behalf of our souls.

Ecce ego Ioannes

Sulpitia Cesis, Revelation, 5:11–12

Ecce ego Ioannes vidi et audivi vocem angelorum multorum in circuiti throni, et animalium et seniorum, et erat numerus eorum milia milium dicentium: Dignus est agnus, qui occisus est, accipere virtutem et divinitatem et sapientiam et gloriam et honorem et benedictionem.

Behold that I, John, looked and heard the voice of many angels around the throne, and the living creatures and the elders, and they numbered myriads and thousands of thousands, saying: “Worthy is the Lamb who was slain to receive power and wealth and wisdom and glory and honor and blessing.”

Se je souspire / Ecce iterum

Margaret of Austria, translation Martin Picker

Ecce iterum novus dolor accedit Nec satis erat infortunissime Cesaris lie, conjugem amissise dilectissimum; Nisi etiam fratrem unicum mors acerba surriperet. Doleo super te, frater mi Philippe, rex optime; nec est qui me consoletur. O vos omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus!

Behold, again a new sorrow comes! It was not enough for the most unfortunate daughter of the Emperor to have lost her dearest husband; bitter death must steal even her only brother. I mourn thee, my brother Phillip, greatest King; nor is there anyone to console me.

O ye who pass this way, attend and see if there is any sorrow like unto my sorrow!

Se je souspire et plaingz, disant “Helas, aymy!”

Et par champs, et par plains je plains mon doux amy.

Sur tous l’avoir eslu, mais ere destinée par mort le m’a toulou, dolente infortunée.

Mes chantz sont de deuil plains; bon jour n’ay ne demy.

Vous qui oyes mes plaints, ayez pitie de my!

Thus I sigh and lament, saying “Helas, aymy!”
And in fields and plains I grieve for my sweet friend.
He was chosen above all, but proud destiny has by death taken him from me,
the sad unfortunate one.
My songs are full of sorrow; I have neither a good day nor half.
You who hear my laments, have pity on me!

Rex Noster

Hildegard von Bingen, translation Barbara Newman, Amelia LeClair
(soloist: Praepetis)

Rex noster promptus est suscipere sanguinem Innocentum.
Unde angeli concinunt et in laudibus sonant,
R. Sed nubes super eundem sanguinem plangunt.

Tyrannus autem in gravi somno mortis
propter malitiam suam suffocatus est.
R. Sed nubes super eundem sanguinem plangunt.

Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto.
R. Sed nubes super eundem sanguinem plangunt.

Our King stands ready to accept the life-blood of the Innocents.
Let angels sing and sound praises while the clouds grieve over that same blood.
R. And the clouds grieve over that same blood.

However the tyrant is suffocated in heavy sleep by his own malice.
R. And the clouds grieve over that same blood.

Glory to the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit.
R. And the clouds grieve over that same blood.

Misere mei, Deus

Alessandro Scarlatti, Psalm 57

Miserere mei, Deus, miserere mei: quoniam in te con dit anima mea.
Misit de caelo et liberavit me. Dedit in opprobrium conculcantes me.

Have mercy on me, O God; for my soul trusts in you. He shall send from heaven
and save me from the reproof of him that would consume me.

Or piangiamo, che piange Maria

Lauda di Firenze translation Nello Barbieri (soloists: Olsen, Praepetis, Matsko)

R. Or piangiamo, che piange Maria, In questa dia sovr’ogna dolente.

1 Si dolors’a la croce piange, tutta s’infrange guardando lo suo amore;
e tempestosa battaglia la tange: Con grande dolore l’alta imperadrice
piangendo dice, lui cosi vegente:
2 “A cui rimango da ch’io t’o perduto? Al core venuto m’e si grande coltello,
laxa c’ora piango lo dolze salute annuntiato da san Gabriello;
si grande flagella lo dolzore del parto! Se mi diparto morro di presente.
3 “Vegiomi sola, figliuolo, di te, madre, confitto in quadre, di sangue vermiglio;
sposa et figliuola di te, dolce padre; da gente ladre mi se’tolto, figlio.
A cui m’apiglio? Lassa, tapinella una donzella cosi rimanente.”

R. Let us now weep, since Mary is weeping, on this day sadder than any other.

1 So sadly does she cry at the cross, she tears at herself looking at her love, and a
stormy battle rages in her: it seems she feels a thousand spears in her heart. With
great pain the high empress cries and says as he looks on.
2 “To whom am I left, since I have lost you? Such a great knife penetrates my
heart that, alas, I now regret the sweet salutation announced by Saint Gabriel: the
sweetness of giving birth was such a great calamity! If I am parted from you, I will
die immediately.
3 “I see myself a mother deprived of you, my son, nailed to the cross, red with
blood, spouse and daughter I am to you, sweet father; by thieves, my son, you are
stolen from me. To whom can I cling? Alas, miserable is a maid who is left like
that.”

The Moor

Hilary Tann, text R.S. Thomas, Latin from the Vulgate, Welsh Hymn: “Rheidol”

Laudate, laudate Dominum, Laudate Eum.

Montes et omnes colles Laudent nomen Domini.

It was like a church to me. I entered it on soft foot,

Breath held like a cap in the hand. It was quiet.

Laudate Eum, laudate.

What God was there made himself felt, Not listened to, in clean colours

That brought a moistening of the eye In movement of the wind over grass.

Laudate, laudate Dominum Benedic anima mea Domino

Qui ambulat super pinnas ventorum. Laudate Dominum insancis eius.

There were no prayers said. But stillness Of the heart’s passions—that was praise
Enough; and the mind’s cession Of it’s kingdom.

Laudate Dominum de caelis; Laudate Dominum de terra. Laudate Dominum.

I walked on, Simple and poor, while the air crumbled And broke on me generously
as bread.

Montes et omnes colles Laudent nomen Domini.

It was like a church to me. It was quiet. There were no prayers said

But stillness —that was praise Enough.

Nefol Dad, Boed Mawrhad, Taena d’adain dros ein gwlad.

Flos Campi

Hildegard von Bingen, translation Ansy Boothroyd and Michael Fields

Flos campi cadit vento, pluvia spargit eum. O Virginitas, tu permanes in symphoniis supernorum civium; unde es suavis flos qui numquam aresces.

The meadow flower falls in the wind, the rain splashes it, but you Virginitas, remain in the music of the heavenly hosts, so you are the tender flower that never grows dry.

Vidi speciosam

Tomás Luis de Victoria (soloists: Stone, Repetto, Olsen, Mooney, McGee, Matsko)

Vidi speciosam, sicut columbam, ascendentem desuper rivus aquarum, cuius inestimabilis odor erat nimis in vestimentis eius: Et sicut dies verni circumdabant eam oves rosarum et lilia convallium.

Quae est ista quae ascendit per desertum, sicut virgula fumi, ex aromatibus myrrhae et thuris? Et sicut dies verni circumdabant eam oves rosarum et lilia convallium.

I beheld a lady, beautiful as a dove, rising above the waters, whose garment was filled with priceless fragrance: And like a spring day, she was surrounded by roses and lilies of the valley.

Who is she who rises over the barren land, like a plume of scented myrrh and frankincense? And like a spring day, she was surrounded by roses and lilies of the valley.

Offertorium

Erna Woll, translation Anne Kern (soloists: Stone, Kowiak, Schilling, Garza / Olsen, Mooney Praepetis)

Die Rechte des Herrn hat sich machtvoll erwiesen, aufgerichtet hat mich die Rechte des Herrn. Ich werde nicht sterben, ich lebe, und künden will ich die Taten des Herrn.

Ich rief zum Herrn in meiner Bedrängnis, Und er hat mich erhört und errettet, denn der Herr ist mit mir.

Gestoßen ward ich, hart gestoßen, ich sollte fallen; doch gehalten hat mich der Herr, er ist mir geworden zum Retter.

The Lord's right hand has done mighty things,

The Lord's right hand has lifted me high;
I will not die, but live, and will proclaim what the Lord has done.

When hard pressed, I cried to the Lord; and He heard my cry and saved me;
The Lord is with me.

I was pushed back and about to fall, but the Lord helped me.
The Lord is my strength and my defense, He has become my salvation.

Wir warden eingebracht

Erna Woll, text Lotte Denkhäus, translation Anne Kern (soloists: Mitchell, Olsen, Kowiak)

Wir wachsen für den Schnitter und in das Abendrot, unwissend, ob uns bitter, ob gnädig kommt der Tod, ob seine Erntefeier uns bange Atem macht; wir wachsen für die Scheuer und werden eingebracht.

Wir wachsen in der Freude, wir blüh'n und werden groß. Und dennoch sind wir Beute der Angst vor unsrem Los. Ob uns die Sonne reife, ob uns der Sturm verweht wir stehen und wir warten, bis uns die Sense mäht.

We live for the reaper, and grow into the sunset, not knowing whether death will come for us with bitterness or mercy, we quiver with anxiety in the face of death's harvest celebration; the haybarn is awaiting, the harvest must be brought in.

Joyfully we thrive, blooming and becoming tall. And yet we are afraid to face our fate. Whether we ripen in the sun or blow away in the storm, we can only stand and wait for the scythe to mow us down.

Hab ein einzig Leben nur

Erna Woll, text Albrecht Goes, translation Anne Kern (soloists: Schilling, Stone, Mooney, Simon)

Sieben Leben möcht ich haben: Eins dem Geiste ganz ergeben, so dem Zeichen, so der Schrift. Eins den Wäldern, den Gestirnen angelobt dem großen Schweigen. Nackt am Meer zu liegen eines, jetzt im weißen Schaum der Wellen, jetzt im Sand, im Dünengras. Eins für Mozart. Für die milden, für die wilden Spiele eines. Und für alles Erdenherzlied eines ganz. Und ich, ich habe, habe... Sieben Leben möcht ich haben! Hab ein einzig Leben nur.

Seven lives I wish to have: One devoted entirely to the spirit, to the signs and to the script. One for the forests, for the stars, sworn into great silence. To lie naked in the sea I devote one life, now in the white foam of the waves, now in the sand, among the dune grass. One life for Mozart. One for the mild, for the wild adventures. And one life for

every love song on earth. And I... I have, I have... Seven lives I wish to have!
But have only a single one.

Courage

Amelia LeClair, text Anne Bradstreet (soloists: Simon, Mitchell, Kowiak)

It brings to honor which shall ne'er decay; It stores with wealth which time can't wear away,
It yieldeth pleasures far beyond conceit, and Truly, truly beautifies without deceit.
Nor strength, nor wisdom, nor fresh youth shall ade, nor death shall see, but are immortal.
This pearl of price, this tree of life, this spring, Who is possessed of shall reign a king.
If not honor, beauty, age, nor treasure, Nor yet in learning wisdom youth nor pleasure,
Where shall I climb, sound, seek, search or find That summum bonum which may stay my mind?

Salve Regina

Francis Poulenc

Salve Regina, mater misericordiae: vita dulcedo et spes nostra, salve. Ad te clamamus, filii Evae. Ad te suspiramus, gementes et flentes in hac lacrimarum valle. Eja ergo, Advocata nostra, illos tuos misericordes oculos ad nos converte. Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exsilium ostende. O clemens, o pia, o dulcis Virgo Maria.

Hail, holy Queen, Mother of mercy: hail, our life, our sweetness and our hope. We cry to you, exiles, children of Eve. We sigh to you, mourning and weeping in this vale of tears. Turn then, O our Advocate, your merciful eyes towards us. And after this exile is over, show us Jesus, the blessed fruit of your womb. O kind, O holy, O sweet Virgin Maria.

Ave, virgo sanctissima

Francisco Guerrero (soloists: Simon, Repetto, Olsen, Mooney, Prapestis)

*Ave virgo sanctissima, Dei mater piissima, Maris stella clarissima:
Salve semper gloriosa, Margarita pretiosa,
Sicut lilium formosa, Nitens olens velut rosa.*

Hail, Holy Virgin, most blessed Mother of God, bright star of the sea:
Hail, ever glorious, precious pearl, lovely as the lily,
beautiful and perfumed as the rose.

Parvulus Filius

Sulpitia Cesis, Isaiah 9:6

*Gloria in excelsis Deo. Et vocabitur nomen eius Admirabilis Deus fortis
Pater futuri saeculi.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.
Et factus est principatus eius super humerum eius.
Gloria in excelsis Deo.*

For unto us a child is born. Glory to God in the highest.
And his name shall be called Wonderful, the mighty God, the Everlasting Father.
Glory to God in the Highest.
And the government shall be upon his shoulder.
Glory to God in the highest.

Nat'e in questo mondo

Lauda di Firenze translation Nello Barbieri (soloists: McGee, Repetto, Mooney)

*R. Nat'e in questo mondo l'altissima regina per dar a noi doctrina
di nostro salvamento.*

1 La virgo imperiale in questo mondo e nata, prima sanctificata a re celestial.

*2 Dalle pene infernale la gient'a liberate; la qual fue profetata per lungo
temporale, che l'alto
Die eternale l'avea proveduto di mandarci salute
al nostro perdimento.*

*3 Poi ven'el flore aulente colla satisfatione; prende benediction da Dio nipo-
tente.
O stella rilucente k'ere tanta aspectata, tutor desiderata lo tuo nascimento.*

R. The most high queen is born into this world to give us knowledge
of our salvation.

1 The imperial queen is born into this world; first she was sanctified by the
heavenly king.

2 She freed people from the pains of hell. She had been foretold
for a long time, because the eternal high God had foreseen sending us salvation
from our perdition.

3 Then came the fragrant flower bringing reparation; she received blessing
from the almighty God. O shining star so long awaited, your birth was always
desired.

PROGRAM NOTES

- Amelia LeClair

As an astute listener once said to me, being surrounded by chant forces you to really listen because your eyes cannot immediately see from whence it comes. We live in such a hyper-visual culture that we may be startled by the experience of tapping into our hearing alone. In this hall, tonight, we invite you to sit back, close your eyes and let pure sound overwhelm and delight you, as it emanates throughout the hall.

As we did last year in our first “surround sound” concert, we have chosen music that extends from ancient chant to more modern music that it inspired. Our ancient monophony (Kassia, Hildegard, the Laude) opens to the world of multi-part harmony that grew out of it (Cesis, Victoria, Guerrero, Scarlatti), modern chant (Pärt, Woll), and more florid movement we find in Margaret of Austria, LeClair, Poulenc and Hilary Tann.

Beginning with the sublime sound of Arvo Pärt, sung offstage, we process into the space with a late 14th century Florentine Lauda. The Laude of Florence were processional for special feasts. The *Laudario di Firenze* is a collection of monophonic hymns and is only one of two extant hymnals that include the written music for these feasts. The Florence *Laudario* belonged to the Company of Santo Spirito, an ensemble of “*laudesi*” (much like a group of cantors, or even a schola), which sang the compline service every evening for the Church of Santo Spirito. A church of any renown had its company of *laudesi* whose chief job it was to help the congregation sing the hymns, the way we still use cantors today. Hymns were composed with a *ritornello* (“refrain”) that was easy enough for the congregation to learn. All text, notably, were in the vernacular, not in Latin, again providing the congregation with access to the language. The Florentine *laudesi* ornamented their laude such that only trained singers could successfully sing the verses. However, the *ritornello* was always there to return to, and the congregations could, and would, join in. Instruments, drones, and occasional harmonies would be added *ad libitum*, a model we are following tonight.

The hymns are written in chant notation, with stem-less notes that signify only pitch and have no rhythmic or metric value as such. However we know from research that these pieces were usually processional, and thus rhythmic. As with popular songs, the congregations would have learned these pieces from oral tradition. Utilizing both a copy of the original manuscript from the Biblioteca Nazionale Centrale in Florence and a modern edition from A-R Editions, edited by Blake Wilson, which includes the translations, I have transcribed and interpreted our selections by using the poetry and the affect to determine rhythm and meter.

From the abbess, composer and mystic Hildegard von Bingen, we have “*Rex Noster*,” a responsory, a piece that usually follows a reading during the daily offices. As with the Laude, the refrain would be sung by the whole choir, while verses were sung by a soloist or smaller choir. “*Rex Noster*” is one of the few works of Hildegard that references a king, and a most undesirable one at that: her disagreements with then HRE Frederick Barbarossa are fairly notorious, and thus one

wonders if she wrote this at the time she was toe to toe with him. It begins in D mode, almost immediately moving to E mode, suggesting the king may be of low earth, but the heavens respond. “*Flos Campi*” is from the *Ordo Vitutum*. “*Flos*” begins on the 6th note of the Dorian mode, B natural, suggesting that flowers of the field are unstable in the wind, so we sing a strong D drone below; it also mentions a symphony, so I added an A drone on the words “*in symphoniiis*”.

From Kassia, a nun in 9th century Constantinople and a woman long recognized in her homeland for her talent as a hymnologist, we have two instances of Byzantine chant sung with what I believe would be appropriate liquidity and darkness of tone. To one I added a simple organum, or moving spoken drone at mostly a fifth below. For Pious Pelagia, I took the mode and used it in canonic repetition, changing tone-note and mensuration to arrive at four-part harmony. You will note that the Greek you read is old, but according to my sources, not ancient. Margaret of Austria was a powerful patron of the arts, and poet, perhaps best known for owning a huge library, in which was a manuscript of works by the well-known composer of her court, Pierre de la Rue. Hers is a “*motet-chanson*,” a favored genre for mourning, in which a poetic French text is sung over a traditional Latin chant. Note that the second part of the Latin chant, “*O vos omnes*,” may be familiar from its settings by many other composers.

From two giants of the Renaissance, Francisco Guerrero and Tomás Luis de Victoria, we have chosen works fairly well known in the early music world. Victoria’s “*Vidi speciosa*” for 6 voices is a hymn to a beauty, using antiphonal echoes that resemble a narrator stuttering, so taken is he with the beauty he sees. Guerrero’s “*Ave Virgo*” is one of the great pieces of the Renaissance, for only five parts, but written as if for double choir, with phrases interweaving and echoing each other throughout. Alessandro Scarlatti, father of the more famous Domenico, spent much of his life in Naples where he wrote operas—he is considered by some to be the founder of the Neapolitan school of opera. Scarlatti’s “*Miserere Mei*,” from 100 years later, is for just 4 voices, and plays constantly with the chromaticism of his day, as well as frequently employing the expressiveness of suspension. His sense of the dramatic is clear in this little composition.

One who should be a giant of the Renaissance yet remains unknown is Sulpitia Cesis. This cloistered nun was an accomplished lutenist who composed three known collections of *Motets* for 2-12 voices. As they were written for her convent, all voices would have been female, and likely supplemented by low instruments such as trombones or organ. “*Parvulus filius*” is for a grand double choir of 12 individual voices, 6 in each choir. It is a prototype of double choral writing, with choir 1 being the narrator and choir 2 joining in to exult together. We offer it to you here with both men and women singing, as it was published. In keeping with the spirit and practice of the cloister however, we have included the instruments at hand.

From the 20th century we have Pärt and Poulenc, distinctly different and yet so similar: Poulenc’s setting of the “*Salve Regina*,” one of four extant Marian hymns

sung before sleep in the monastic use, surprises us with its lush parallel harmonies that wander from the basic key yet stay within a tonality. Pärt's skeletal Russian Orthodox harmonies maintain tonality as well, even as fundamentals of the harmony literally wander away, leaving us with only suggestions of their fullness.

Erna Woll is almost unheard of in this hemisphere, yet lived her life as a well-known composer for the German Catholic Church. Her "Offertorium" is from a service for Maundy Thursday (the solemn feet-washing service before Good Friday). Both "Wir werden" and "Hab ein einzig" are based on poetry, but they belie a devout and somewhat grimly Catholic composer: they also cement her voice as a composer who loves parallelism and inversions of triads, as does Poulenc. She doesn't go far afield from her tonal base, but stays loyal and devout to that too.

Finally, "Courage" is my own setting of a portion of Anne Bradstreet's poem on Honor. It was written for Vermilion, the quartet that sings a service of Evening Song for First Unitarian Society in Newton. Bradstreet's poetry has always moved me deeply, as has her life story. She landed on this continent on the Arabella in 1630, and became America's first published female writer. Her poem may be a bow to honor, but it seems to me that she lived and worked and wrote with a great deal of courage.

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Cappella Clausura was founded by Amelia LeClair in 2004 to research, study and perform the music of women composers. Our twin goals are to bring engaging performances of this music to today's audiences, and to help bring women composers into the classical canon. Our repertoire extends from the earliest known music by women, written in the middle ages, to the music of our own time.

The core of the vocal ensemble is a group of eight-to-twelve singers who perform a cappella, with continuo, and with chamber orchestra, as the repertoire requires. Our singers are accomplished professionals, who perform widely as soloists and ensemble musicians in Greater Boston and beyond; likewise, our instrumentalists are drawn from Boston's superb pool of freelancers. We utilize classical and baroque period instruments when appropriate to the repertoire.

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Amelia LeClair,

Resident Scholar at the Women's Studies Research Center of Brandeis University, received her Bachelor's degree in Music Theory and Composition from UMass/Boston and her Master of Music in choral conducting from New England Conservatory, studying with Simon Carrington. She made her conducting debut in Boston's Jordan Hall in March of 2002.

Her early interest in composition and conducting having been frustrated by the limited opportunities for women in these fields, Ms. LeClair was later inspired and motivated by the work of musicologists in the 1970s who dedicated themselves to researching the history of women in classical music, scholars such as Robert Kendrick, Craig Monson, Claire Fontijn, Candace Smith, Judith Tick, Jane Bowers, Liane Curtis, Ann Carruthers, and Laurie Monahan, to name just a few whose work had personal impact on LeClair. The work of these music historians and others led

to the publication of the Grove Dictionary of Women Composers and dozens of other scholarly volumes and articles, and to the greater availability of source material and manuscripts.

With this impetus, in 2004, Amelia LeClair founded Cappella Clausura, an ensemble of voices and instruments specializing in music written by women from the 8th century to the present day. In addition to presenting many works by women of the medieval, renaissance, baroque and romantic eras, Cappella Clausura, under Ms. LeClair's leadership, has presented and in many cases premiered music of our own time, from 20th century greats such as Rebecca Clarke to 21st century composers Hilary Tann, Patricia Van Ness, Abbie Betinis, Emma Lou Diemer, and many others.

In addition to her work with Clausura, Ms. LeClair serves as director of choirs at the Church of St Andrew in Marblehead, and director of Vermilion, a quartet singing a unique Unitarian Vespers service she created for the First Unitarian Society in Newton.

Amelia LeClair lives in Newton, Massachusetts with her husband Garrow Throop, an artist and graphic designer. Her daughter Julia, who lived in China for five years, now resides in Washington, D.C. Her son Nick, a classical guitarist, lives in Brooklyn, New York.

Cappella Clausura Ensemble for Re-Soundings (For complete bios visit www.clausura.org)

Listed alphabetically



Anthony Garza,
bass



Teri Kowiak,
alto



Dominick Matsko,
tenor



Randy McGee,
tenor



Liz Mitchell,
alto



Kilian Mooney,
tenor



Caroline Olsen,
alto



Will Prapestis,
baritone



Adriana Repetto,
soprano



Peter Schilling,
tenor



Annie Simons,
Soprano



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soprano

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vielle



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medieval and Renaissance flutes



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dumbek, riq, hand drum, bells



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