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ECOS DEL PARNASO

SPANISH MADRIGALS

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JOSÉ DUCE CHENOLL

Ecós del Parnaso Spanish Madrigals

Cristóbal de Morales (1500-1553)

1. Dítimi sí o no* 2'27

Diego Ortiz (c.1510-c.1570)

2. Giorno felice* 2'02

Joan Brudieu (1520-1591)

3. Ma voluntat abla rahó s'envolpa
(Madrigal XV, first part) 3'09

4. Plena de seny (Madrigal XV,
second part) 2'30

5. Pues que no se puede hazer
(Madrigal III, first part) 2'30

6. Amor me tiene olvidada
(Madrigal III, second part) 3'05

Rodrigo de Ceballos (1525-1591)

7. Ojos hermosos* 3'29

Juan Navarro (1530-1580)

8. Ay de mi, sin ventura
(La Monja) 3'34

9. Recuerde el alma dormida* 3'00

Mateo Flecha "El Joven" (1530-1604)

10. ¡Ay de mí que'n tierra agena! 5'55

Sebastián Raval (1550-1604)

11. Solcai già mar crudele* 2'30

12. Questo cor e quest'alma
(first part)* 3'14

13. Tu vuoi dolci i sospiri
(second part)* 3'36

Pedro Valenzuela (¿-¿)

14. Mentre vieni o mio sole* 2'29

15. Voi volete ch'io muoia * 4'27

16. La verginella* 3'01

Pedro Ruimonte (1565-1627)

17. En este fértil monte 3'40

Stefano Limido (¿-1647)

18. Amargas horas de los
tristes días* 5'08

19. Estáis en essa Cruz Christo
enclavado* 2'50

* First recordings



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Coro Amystis

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The “madrigal”, a poetic-musical form, develops overwhelmingly in Italy, both in terms of quality and quantity, radiating its virtues throughout Europe, where Franco-Flemish and English composers take the lead.

In fact, the work of many important composers in the XVI and XVII centuries is closely related to this genre. What self-respecting music lover has never delighted in the madrigal, a form so descriptive and close to the poetic atmosphere of composers such as Cipriano de Rore, Carlo Gesualdo, Adrian Willaert, Luca Marenzio, Jacques Arcadelt or the prolific Claudio Monteverdi?

All of these musicians searched in the texts of Petrarca (and the Petrarchists) and in the texts of authors such as Tansillo, Tasso, and Ariosto the perfect symbiosis between *melos* and poetry. In this symbiosis music is subordinate to the text and its attempts to express faithfully its meaning through form and intensity of expression.

But, did the influence of this genre reach Spain? Certainly, it did, although just a few authors published their works as “madrigales”.

It is not surprising that the **Crown of Aragon**, which had close ties with the main madrigal centers in Italy (Naples, Venice and Rome), became the entry way into the Iberian Peninsula for this new way to understand vocal music, a music which was also almost entirely secular.

The problem with this term comes from the fact that “*madrigal*” is a broad concept, a vocal polyphonic composition with no refrain set to an entire poetic text which dictates its form. This explains why many Golden Age *Villancicos* follow this model and are, in fact, madrigals in the guise of *villancicos*. The term Madrigal survived thanks to a multisecular tradition that made it last throughout the ages in different styles. Curiously, musicians in the Crown of Aragon as well as Spanish composers abroad had no problem publishing madrigals, unlike many musicians in the peninsula.

One of the earliest madrigals to be published in Spain was by Catalan **Pere Alberch i Vila**, who traveled with his uncle, Pere Vila, to Valencia, where he familiarized

himself with the most noted musicians in the court of the Duke of Calabria. Unfortunately, only a few voices survived from his *Odorum (quas vulgo madrigales appellamus) diversis linguis decantatarum*, published in Barcelona in 1561, which explains why these pieces cannot be recreated.

In keeping with Italian fashion, another Catalan musician, **Mateo Flecha “El Joven”**, who was a Carmelite and also had strong ties with the city of Valencia, published in 1568 in Venice *Il Primo Libro de Madrigali*, a collection of pieces of great technical finesse characterized by their open form and the variety of stylistic features used to evoke poetic sentiment.

The madrigal soon became a favorite genre among musicians in the **Crown of Aragon**, since it allowed them to express the essence of their own art and expand the features giving voice to their musical sensibility. For instance, the chapel master of La Seo de Urgel, **Joan Brudieu**, a Frenchman living in Catalonia, published in Barcelona a new book of madrigals in Spanish and Catalan, and even sets to music a few texts by the famous Valencian poet **Ausiàs March**.

One of the last collections published by a master in the **Crown of Aragon** is the *Parnaso Español*, printed in Antwerp (1614) by **Pedro Ruimonte**, a musician from Zaragoza, which includes both madrigals and villancicos. These highly descriptive and lively madrigals, which are written in Spanish, are divided in sections, following a poetic text which has no stanzas, and they can be considered one of the best examples of this genre in Spain.

Despite the number of madrigals published by musicians in the **Crown of Aragon**, the influence of this genre extended beyond its borders. This is the case of the above-mentioned **Rodrigo de Ceballos y Francisco Guerrero**, and of two of the key composers of the Spanish Golden Age, **Diego Ortiz y Cristóbal de Morales**. The only known madrigals by these last two authors up till now are two rare pieces written in Italian, which are included in **Amystis**.

There were also Spanish musicians who witnessed the flourishing of the madrigal

in Italy and who were inspired by the style of important composers such as Merulo, Zarlino, or Andrea and Giovanni Gabrielli.

One of these composers is **Pedro Valenzuela**, educated in Venice and Verona, who was a singer in the choir in San Marcos, Venice, and later in the choir in the Annunziata in Naples.

The second Spanish composer to emigrate to Italy was **Sebastián Raval**, who settled in Rome. There he published two books of madrigals of great creativity which fully followed the Italian fashion: *Il Primo Libro de Madrigali a 5vv* in Venecia (1593) and *Madrigali a 3, 5 8vv* in Roma (1595).

However, as it happens when musical traditions enter in contact and musicians travel, styles influence each other, and in the case of the madrigal, Italian and Spanish elements blended perfectly. This is the case of **Stefano Limido**, who wrote in Spanish a number of religious poems as “*madrigales espirituales*” which are kept in the archives of the Cathedral in Valladolid and they were published under the title of “Armonía Espiritual”

Taking into account the path travelled by the Italian madrigal, which established deep roots in the **Crown of Aragon**, the pieces included in **Amystis** represent the different ways in which Spanish composers assimilated the Italian style, its fusion with the purest Hispanic tradition.

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SUNG TEXTS

1. Ditimi si o no

Ditimi o sì o no senza timore,
ch'ognun de' doi non pò se non giovarmi.
Se 'l serà un no, mi farà grand' honore
star costante volendo voi lasciarmi.
Se 'l serà un sì, fia 'l frutto del languire,
assai più degno che 'l mio ben sevre.
Dunque elegete quel che più vi electa:
ché l'un mi honora e l'altro mi diletta.

2. Giorno felice

Giorno felice e lieto
Che giunt'al primo porto
D' Italia bella
Sì soave e queto
Raccogli l' Arno e la piu
Gran beltade
Ch'habbi la nostr'etade
Ne mostra e gitt'homai
Rimant' in pace
Questo piu del Nilo assai
Mi piace.

3. Ma voluntat abla raho senvolpa

Ma voluntat abla raho senvolpa
E fan acort la qualitat seguint
Tals actes fent quel cos es defallint
En poch de temps una gran part de
polpa.

1. Tell me yes or no

Tell me yes or no without fear,
since any of them cannot but help me.
If it is no, it will be great honour
to be faithful even in your disdain.
If it is yes, it will be the fruit of my pains,
far worthier than my good service.
So, choose which one you like better:
as one honours and the other delights me.

2. Happy day

Oh, happy and lively day
that reaches the first port
of this beautiful Italy!
Oh, calm and peaceful day
that welcomes the Arno!
And it shows us and throws
the greatest beauty
that may exist in our time
and that leaves a peace
I like it much more
that of the Nile.

3. My will is wrapped up in the reason

My will is wrapped up in the reason
and both agree to search for quality,
in such a way that the body is losing,
in a short time, a great deal of flesh.
I can not sleep, my body is wasting away:

Lo poch dormir magresa'l cos m'acosta
Doblam lenginy per contemplar amor
Lo cos molt gras trobant se dormidor
No pot dar pas en aquesta'spra costa.

4. Plena de seny

Plena de seny donaume una crosta
Del vostre pa quem lleve la margor
De tot menjar ma pres gran dessabor
Sino d'aquell que molt amor me costa.

5. Pues no se puede hazer

Pues que no se puede hazer
lo que mi querer desea,
Quiero lo que no ha de ser,
Quiçá con no lo querer
posible será que sea;
Ya se han visto sin ventura
algunas en esta vida
Y no creo que a ninguna
la llevase la fortuna
Com'a mí tan de caída.

6. Amor me tiene olvidada

Amor me tiene olvidada,
Desamor mucho m'aquexa,
Temor me tiene postrada
y el afición degollada,
y al mejor razón me dexa.
¡Ay de mí, pues sin ventura,

my wit doubles in the contemplation of
Love,
because the fat body, feeling sleepy,
cannot climb so hard slope.

4. Full of wisdom

Full of wisdom, give me a crust
of your bread to get rid of my bitterness;
I have acquired a distaste for any food
but that which demands much love.

5. Since it is not posible to do

Since it is not possible to do
what my will desires,
I want what never should happen;
perhaps if I do not want it,
it is possible that it happens.
In great distress have been seen
some (girls) in this life,
but I do not believe that anyone
had been brought by Fortune
to be as crestfallen as I.

6. I have been forgotten by love

I have been forgotten by Love,
whereas I am besieged by “dislove”,
I am overcome by fear,
and beheaded by affection,
and I have lost my reason.
Poor me! As without any luck

Quedé sola en esta vida!
Pasose mi coniunctura,
Y por tal mi desventura
Me lleva tan decaída.

I was left alone in this life.
My opportunity has gone,
and this is why my misfortune
makes me so crestfallen.

Que nos dé libertad,
Sola la muerte.

That gives us freedom,
Alone the death.

7. Ojos hermosos

Ojos hermosos,
amorosillos, graves;
Ojos serenos, bellos,
ojos que sois de mi corazón llaves;
Pues sois solos aquellos
que, con mirar suaves,
vida triste me dais,
¡Ay!, ¿por qué me matáis?

7. Beautiful eyes

Beautiful eyes,
loving, serious;
Serene, beautiful eyes
eyes that are the keys of my heart;
Well, you are alone
that, with soft look,
You give me sad life,
Oh, why are you killing me?

9. Recuerde el alma dormida

Recuerde el Alma dormida,
Avive el seso y despierte,
Contemplando cómo se pasa la vida,
Cómo se viene la muerte,
Tan callando.
Cuan presto se va el placer,
Cómo, después de acordado, da dolor,
Cómo a nuestro parecer,
Cualquier tiempo pasado fue mejor.

9. Let the dozing soul remember

Let the dozing soul remember,
let the mind awake and revive by
contemplating
how our life goes by so swiftly
and how our death comes near so silently;
how quickly pleasure fades,
and how when it is recalled it gives us
pain,
how we always seem to think
that times past must have been better
than today.

8. Ay de mi sin ventura

Ay de mi, sin ventura,
Ay vida trabajosa entre paredes,
Ay qué estrecha prisión son estas redes,
Cárcel molesta, oscura,
Torno fiero, enojoso, avaro, esquivo,
Abbrasarte vea yo de fuego vivo,
Ay, qué regla tan pesada, triste coro
importuno,
Para qué fue beldad y gracia en uno
No habiendo de ser vista ni gozada,
Vida desesperada
Ay, qué gran sinrazón,
Qué ley tan fuerte,

8. Woe to me, without luck

Woe to me, without luck,
Oh, hard life between walls,
Oh, what a prison these networks are,
annoying and dark prison,
Fierce, annoying, greedy, elusive lathe,
Burning with live fire I see,
Oh, what a heavy rule, sad importunate
chorus,
For what was beauty and grace in one
Not to be seen or enjoyed,
Desperate life
Oh, what a great injustice,
What a strong law,

10. ¡Ay de mí que'n tierra agena!

Ay de mí que'n tierra agena,
Me veo y sin alegría
¿quándo me veré'n la mía?
Ay que vivo en tierra extraña
Vida triste y sin ventura
A donde la vida engaña
Y la muerte me asegura.
Ay de mí que'n tierra oscura,
Me veo y sin alegría
¿quándo me veré'n la mía?

10. Woe to me that in foreign land

Woe to me that in foreign land,
I see myself and without joy
What will I see in mine?
Oh, I live in a strange land
Sad and unhappy life
Where life cheats
And death assures me.
Woe to me that in the dark land,
I see myself and without joy
What will I see in mine?

11. **Solcai già mar crudele**
Solcai già mar crudele
seguendo il bello amato idolo mio.
Sparsi al vento le vele
da fortuna e d'amor guidato e scorto;
e vissi di speranza e di desio.
Hor son ridotto in porto:
fortuna e amor non mi faran più torto.

12. **Questo cor e quest'alma**
Questo cor e quest' alma
e quest' a te vil salma,
Silvia, con tue virtù, pòi render salva.
Pregio e lode ti sia
pur la salute mia,
come al contrario fora
se la tua crudeltà fa sì ch' io mora.

13. **Tu vuoi dolci i sospiri**
Tu vuoi dolci i sospiri,
né d'io più dolce sospirar potrei:
ché dolcezza maggiore
lor non può dar il core.
Se tu dà i vaghi giri;
Maggior pietà non spiri
e se maggior la vuoi,
porgila lor co' dolci baci tuoi.

11. **I sailed through a merciless sea**
I sailed through a merciless sea
seeking my fair beloved idol.
I unfolded the sails to the wind
guided and escorted by fortune and
love;
and I lived on hope and desire.
Now I have reached port:
fortune and love will hurt me no more.

12. **This heart and this soul**
This heart and this soul
and this, for you, unworthy body,
Silvia, with your virtues, can save.
Thus my health shall be
your prize and your honour;
as it would be the contrary,
if your cruelty makes me die.

13. **You want sweet sighs**
You want sweet sighs
but I couldn't sigh any sweeter:
for my heart cannot give
greater sweetness to them.
You do not inspire bigger piety
with your lovely spins.
And, if greater you want it,
procure it with your sweet kisses.

14. **Mentre vieni o mio sole**
Mentre vien, o mio sole,
si dissolvon le nevi.
E tu di questo alto piacer ricevi,
tu apporti il lume chiaro,
e fai sereno il cielo.
Né può l'ombra fra noi serbare il gelo,
ma fior', gigli e viole
e 'l tempo amato e caro
meni di primavera.
Tu solo honor d'Italia e gloria vera.

15. **Voi volete ch'io muoia**
Voi volete ch'io muoia,
e mi date dolor sì crud' e forte,
che mi conduce a morte.
Ma per vederne voi così contenta,
mentr' io moro, il morir vita diventa.
Daché vedend', ahimè, dolente voi
da questa vita poi,
mi vien tanto martire
ch' io pur giong' al morire.
E così mille e mille volt' il giorno
per voi mor' e morend' in vita torno.

14. **Whilst you come, oh my sun**
Whilst you come, oh my sun,
the snows melt.
And you receive from that a high
pleasure;
you give us the fair light
and make the sky serene.
And the shadows cannot keep the ice
among us:
but you bring flowers, lilies and violets
and the dear, cherished
weather of Spring.
You, Italy's only honour and true glory.

15. **You want me to die**
You want me to die,
and give me such a cruel and hard pain,
that brings me to death.
But as I see you so content
while I die, dying becomes life.
Then, alas, if I see you distressed,
from this life
such a torment comes,
that again I almost die.
And so, a thousand and thousand times
a day
I die for you, and dying I return to life.

16. La verginella

La verginella è simile alla rosa
che 'n bel giardin su la nativa spina,
mentre sola e sicura si riposa,
né gregge né pastor se le avvicina.
L'aura soave e l'alba rugiadosa,
l'acqua, la terra al suo favor s'inchina.
Gioveni vaghi e donne innamorate
aman haverne e seni e tempie ornate.

17. En este fértil monte

En este fértil monte,
de varias flores lleno,
Donde descansa el alma de sus penas,
aquí es bien se remonte,
que el dulce campo ameno
ofrece al pensamiento a manos llenas,
en ocasiones tales,
descanso de sus penas y sus males.
Aquí de rama en rama
Va el jilguero seguro,
Cantando y revolando dulcemente
La tórtola en su llama
De amor sencillo y puro,
En quieto nido espera el dulce ausente,
Que hay en las soledades,
mayor seguridad y más verdades.

16. A maiden

A maiden is similar to the rose
in a fair garden on her native thorn,
resting lonely and safe
from the reach of flock and shepherd.
The sweet breeze and the dawn's dew,
the water, the earth in its favour bow.
Handsome boys and women in love
prize to garnish their breasts and
temples with it.

17. In this fertile mountain

In this fertile mountain,
full of various flowers,
Where the soul rests from its sorrows,
here it's good to go back,
that the pleasant sweet field
offers thought to hands full,
On such occasions,
Rest of their sorrows and their woes.
Here from branch to branch
The sure goldfinch goes,
Singing and revolting sweetly
The turtledove in its flame
Of simple and pure love,
In a silent nest, he waits for the absent
sweet,
What's in the solitudes,
Greater security and more truths.

18. Amargas horas de los tristes días

Amargas horas de los tristes días
en que me deleyté, que bien he avido.
Dolor, vergüenza y confusión ha sido,
el fruto de mis tristes alegrías.
¡Ay Dios! porque me amabas me
sufrias,
Que es gloria del amante ser vencido
Y mía, pues verás por lo sufrido
Tu gran bondad y las maldades mías.
Bondad inmensa ofendida,
O duro golpe en un corazón tierno,
No te quebrantarás alma endurecida.
Mereces verte puesta en un infierno,
Pagando tal ofensa en larga vida,
En vivo fuego, en pena, en llanto
eterno.

19. Estáis en esa Cruz Christo enclavado

Estáis en esa Cruz Christo enclavado,
Y vuestra Madre está de vos assida,
Padeciendo tan juntos que afligida
llora, el veros, Señor, tan mal tratado.
Junta con vos recibe en el costado,
Esposo de mi alma, vuestra herida.
Y aunque a sufrir estaba apercebida,
Aflígela el dolor, venció el cuidado.

18. Bitter hours of the sad days

Bitter hours of the sad days
in which I was delighted, how good I
have been.
Pain, shame and confusion has been,
the fruit of my sad joys.
Oh my God! because you loved me you
suffered me,
That it is the glory of the lover to be
vanquished
And mine, you'll see for what suffered
Your great goodness and my evils.
Offended immense kindness,
Or hard blow in a tender heart,
You will not break, hardened soul.
You deserve to see yourself put in hell,
Paying such offense in long life,
In burning fire, in pain, in eternal tears.

19. Christo You are on that Cross nailed

Christo You are on that Cross nailed,
And your Mother is embraced to you,
Suffering so close together, that she sad
cries to see you, Lord, so abused.
Together with you receives on the side
your wound, Husband of my soul.
And although suffering was warned,
Afflict the pain, overcame the care.