



**Villa Bardini, Firenze**  
**sabato 8 giugno 2013, ore 17.00**

*in collaborazione con*  
*Chiantiform, Provincia di Firenze CFT Chianti*

## **A CELEBRATION OF THE SCOTTISH RENAISSANCE**

### **MUSICA DEL RINASCIMENTO SCOZZESE PER VOCI E STRUMENTI**

#### **ENSEMBLE SAN FELICE**

*soprani* Francesca Becucci, Giulia Gianni, Ana Seixas  
*alto* Floriano D'Auria  
*tenore* Francesco Tribioli  
*basso* Leonardo Sagliocca

*flauti dolci* Marco Di Manno, Cecilia Fernandez Bastidas, Ilaria Guasconcini  
*viola da gamba* Federico Bardazzi  
*liuto* Andrea Benucci, Francesco Tribioli  
*clavicembalo* Giacomo Benedetti

*programma a cura di Marco Di Manno, Federico Bardazzi, in collaborazione con Università degli Studi di Padova*

#### **VILLA BARDINI**

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PARCHEGGIO GRATUITO NEL PIAZZALE DI FORTE BELVEDERE

#### **PRENOTAZIONE OBBLIGATORIA**

**INGRESSO AL CONCERTO APERITIVO € 6,00 - gratuito per i bambini fino a 12 anni**  
**ore 16.00 INGRESSO SPECIALE MOSTRA ad € 6,00**

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## note di sala

Il presente programma è da intendersi in larga misura come una celebrazione del più importante collezionista di musica scozzese del Rinascimento, Thomas Wode (Wood), vicario della cattedrale di S. Andrews dal 1562 alla morte, avvenuta nel 1592. Grazie alla sua opera di copista, possiamo ascoltare ancora oggi il repertorio vocale e strumentale che veniva eseguito in Scozia nei secoli XVI e XVII, un patrimonio che altrimenti sarebbe andato quasi certamente perduto. In conformità alla prassi rinascimentale, secondo cui la musica veniva scritta e pubblicata in parti separate per ogni voce o strumento, Wode creò due set di parti a quattro voci (Cantus, Altus, Tenor, Bassus), aggiungendone una quinta da eseguirsi *ad libitum*. Finissimo uomo di penna, Wode riempì i suoi volumi con splendide illustrazioni e acute osservazioni, che rappresentano una preziosa fonte di informazioni riguardo ai brani, ai compositori, ma anche, più in generale, al clima culturale che si respirava in Scozia dopo la Riforma. Per la loro importanza, i manoscritti di Wode sono considerati uno dei grandi tesori della cultura scozzese.

I brani che non appartengono alla raccolta di Wode hanno varia origine e testimoniano i legami esistenti tra la cultura musicale scozzese e quella di altri paesi europei. Il sonetto di Lady Margaret Cunningham, composto nel 1606, appare alla fine di vari salteri scozzesi dal 1635 e riprende la melodia del salmo 110, a sua volta tratta da un libro di salmi francese. La canzone profana "Gentil madonna", di Filippo Azzaiolo, offre lo spunto melodico per il brano di Elizabeth Melville, "Thanksgiving to God for his benefecitis". I rimanenti tre pezzi provengono da autori molto popolari in Scozia.

L'idea del concerto è nata nell'ambito di un convegno sulla Scozia organizzato nel 2011 dall'Università di Padova, con il contributo di importanti studiosi internazionali.

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## Programma

**1. Anon., Prince Edwards Paven & Galliard**

*Tutti strumenti*

**2. Costanzo Festa, O passi sparsi**

*Ana, liuto*

**3. Alexander Montgomerie, A late regrate of Leirning to Love**

*Giulia, Cecilia, Federico, liuto, clavicembalo*

**4. Elizabeth Melville, Lady Culross, A Call to come to Christ**

*Tutte voci e strumenti*

**5. Anon., Ane uther paven & galliard**

*Tutti strumenti*

**6. Orlando di Lasso, Susanne un jour**

*Ana, Giulia, Alessio, Francesco, Leo SSATB, tutti strumenti*

**7. Sir Richard Maitland/Andro Blackhall, Ane Ballat of the Creatioun of the world**

*Francesca, Alessio, Francesco, Leo, flauti, viola, liuti*

**8. Sir Jhone Fethy, O God abufe**

*Giulia, flauti, viola, liuti*

**9. James Lauder, My Lord of Marche Paven, followed by The Quein of Ingland's Paven**

*Tutti strumenti*

**10. Filippo Azzaiolo, Gentil madonna**

*Ana, Giulia, Francesco, Leo, flauti, viola, liuti*

**11. Elizabeth Melville, Lady Culross, Ane Thankisgiving to god for his benefeitis**

*Ana, Giulia, Francesco, Leo, flauti, viola, liuti*

**12. Lady Margaret Cunnungham, Sonnet to the tune of Ps. 110**

*Francesca, Alessio, Francesco, Leo, flauti, viola, liuti*

**13. Jhone Angus, The Sang of Simion**

*Giulia, Alessio, Francesco, Leo, flauti, viola, liuti*

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## Testi

### 1. \*Anonymous

#### Prince Edwards Paven & Galliard

### 2. \*Costanzo Festa (c.1490-1545)

#### O passi sparsi

O passi sparsi, o pensier' vaghi et pronti,  
o tenace memoria, o fero ardore,  
o possente desire, o debil core,  
oi occhi miei, occhi non già, ma fonti!  
O fronde, honor de le famose fronti  
o sola insegna al gemino valore!  
O faticosa vita, o dolce errore,  
che mi fate ir cercando piagge et monti!  
O bel viso ove Amor in seme pose  
gli sproni e 'l fren ond'el mi punge et volve,  
come a lui piace, et calcitrar non vale!  
O anime gentili et amorose,  
s'alcuna à 'l mondo, et voi nude ombre et polve,  
deh ristate a veder quale è 'l mio male.

(Francesco Petrarca)

### 3. \*Alexander Montgomerie (d.1598) – music anon.

#### A late regrate of Leirning to Love

Quhat mightie motione so my mynd mischeivis?  
Quhat vncouth cairis throu all my corps do creep?  
Quhat restles rage my Resone so bereivis?  
Quhat maks me loth of meit, of drink, ofsleep?  
I knou not nou vhat Countenance to keep  
For to expell a poysone that I prove.  
Alace, alace that evir I leirnd to Love.

A frentick fevir through my flesh I feill,  
I feill a passione can not be exprest,  
I feill a byll within my bosum beill,  
No Cataplasme can weill empesh that pest,  
I feill myself with seiknes so possest.

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A madnes maks my moirth from me remove.  
Alace, alace that evir I leirnd to Love.

My hopeless hairt, vnhappiest of hairts  
Is hopild and hurt with Cupids huikit heeds  
And thirlit throu with deidly poysond dairts  
That inwardly within my breist it bleids  
Yit fantasie my fond affection feeds  
To run that race bot ather rest or rove  
Alace, alace that evir I leirnd to Love.

All gladnes nocht bot aggravats my grief;  
All mirrines my murning bot augments.  
Lamenting toons best lyks me for releif,  
My sicknes soir to sorou so consents  
For cair the cairful comounly contents.  
Sik harmony is best for thair behove.  
Alace, alace that evir I leirnd to Love.

#### 4. *Elizabeth Melville, Lady Culross (c.1575-1640)*

##### **A Call to Come to Christ**

*(To the tune of Marlowe's 'Passionate Shepherd to his Love')*

Come live [with me] and be my love  
And all these pleasurs thou shalt prove  
That in my word hath warned thee  
O loath this life and live with me

This life is but a blast of breath  
Nothing so sure as dreadful death  
And since the time no man can know  
Sett not thy love on things below

For things below will wear away  
And beautie brave will soon decay  
Look to that life that last for ever  
And love the love that failes the never

I never failed the in thy need  
I call I cry ye come with speed  
Come near and gain a crown of Glore  
Give me thy heart I seek no more

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Thy heart is mine I bought it deir  
Then send it not a whouring here  
This lawless lust and love prophane  
Such pleasures false shall end in pain

Should pleasures false possesse thy heart  
Since thou and they with pain must part  
Then think upon these pleasures pure  
That shall for ever more endure

For ever more a word of weight  
Stand still and strive faint not to fight  
And thou shall have that rich reward  
That for the pure is now prepar'd

It is prepar'd in heaven above  
By me thy King thy Lord and love  
That for thy love tholl'd torments sore  
Syne vanquished death and Reigns in Glore

And though I Reign in Glore for ever  
Thy faithfull friend forgets the never  
But hath prepared a place for thee  
Wher thou may ring in joy with me

In endless joy with me and lasting light  
To sing amongst the saints so bright  
Wher thou may sitt and sweetly sing  
A song of love to Christ the King

Then Christ the King shall thee embrace  
Then thou shall see my blessed face  
Then thou shall hear such harmanie  
Which shall for sweetness ravish thee

Thow ravished with grace and Glore  
Shall soon forget thy labours sore  
Then thou shall see such heavenly sights  
And feed upon such dear delights

Such dear delights cannot be told  
As to thy eyes thou shalt behold  
No ear hath heard, no heart can think  
The sweetness that thy soul shall drink

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Then thou shall drink that living well  
Which shall thy dwining drowth expell  
Then thou shall feed on dainties dear  
And fill thy soul with Angels chear

[The Angels that behold Gods face  
Sing hymns before the throne of grace]  
Then thou shall hear those pleasant songs  
That to thy Lord and love belongs.

5. \**Anonymous*  
**Ane uther paven & galliard**

6. \**Orlando di Lasso (c.1531-1594)*

**Susanne ung jour**

Susanne ung jour d'amour sollicitée  
Par deux viellardz, convoitans sa beauté,  
Fust en son coeur triste et desconfortée,  
Voyant l'effort fait à sa chasteté.  
Elle leur dict, Si par desloyauté  
De ce corps mien vous avez jouissance,  
C'est fait de moy. Si ie fay resistance,  
Vous me ferez mourir en deshonneur.  
Mais j'aime mieux périr en innocence,  
Que d'offenser par peché le Seigneur.

7. *Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington (1496-1586)*

**Ane ballat of the creatioun of the warld, man his fall,  
And redemptioun, maid to the tone of the banks of helecon**

God be his word his work began  
To forme the erth and hevin for man  
The sie and watter deip  
The sone, the mone, the starris bricht  
The day divydit frome the nicht  
Thair coursis for to keip,  
The beistis that on the grund do mufe  
And fische in to the se  
Ffowlis in the air to fle abvfe

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Off ilk kynd creat hee.  
Sum creiping, sum fleiting,  
Sum fleing in the air,  
So heichtly, so lichtly  
In moving heir and thair.

Thir workis of grit magnificence  
Perfytit be his providence  
According to his will,  
Nixt maid he man to gif him gloir,  
Did with his ymage him decoir,  
Gaif parradice him till.  
Into that garding hevinly wrocht  
With plesowris mony one,  
The beistis of every kynd war brocht,  
Thair Names he sowld expone;  
Thame nemmyng, and kennyng,  
As he list for to call;  
For pleising, and eising  
Off man, subdewit thame all.

In hevinly joy man so possest  
To be allone god thocht not best,  
Maid eve to be his maik;  
Bad thame incress and mvltiplie  
And eit of every fruct and trie,  
Thair plesour thay sowld taik;  
Except the trie of gud & Ill,  
That in the middis dois stand,  
Forbad that thay sowld cum it till  
Or twiche it with thair hand.  
Leist plucking, or lucking,  
Baith thay and als thair seid  
Seveirly, awsteirly,  
Suld dye withowt remeid.

Now adame and his lusty wyfe  
In parradyce leidand thair lyfe  
With plesowris infineit,  
Wanting na thing sowld do thame eiss,  
Ilk beist obeying thame to pleiss  
As thay cowld wiss in spreit,  
Behald the serpent subtilly  
Invyand manis estait,  
With wickit craft and subtilty

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Eve temptit with dissait.  
Nocht feiring, bott speiring,  
Quhy scho tuke not hir till  
In vsing and chusing  
The fruct of gud and Ill.

Eve with thir fals wordis thus allurit  
Eit of the fruct, and syne procurit  
Adame the same to play.  
Behald said scho, how pretious,  
So dilicat and delitious  
Besyd knowlege for ay.  
Adame puft vp in warldly gloir,  
Ambitioun, and of pryd,  
Eit of the fruct, allace thairfoir,  
And swa thay baith did slyd,  
Neglecting, foryetting,  
The eternall goddis command,  
Quja scurgit and purgit  
Thame quyt owt of that land.

Adame, thy pairt quha can excuse,  
With knowlege thow that did abuse  
Thy awin felicitie;  
The serpentis fals inventing,  
The womanis sone consenting,  
Was nocht sa wickitie;  
God did prefer the to this day,  
And thame subdewid to the,  
So all that thay cowld mene or say,  
Sowld not haif movit the  
To brecking, abiecking  
That heich command of lyfe,  
Quhilk gydit, provydit  
The ay to leif but stryfe.

Behald the stait that man was in,  
And als how it he tint throw syn  
And loist the same for ay.  
Yit god his promeiss dois performe,  
Send his sone of the virgyn borne,  
Oure ransone for to pay.  
To that gret god lat ws gif gloir,  
To ws hes bene so gude,  
Quha be his deith did ws restoir

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Quhairof we war denude,  
Nocht karing, nor sparing  
His body to be rent,  
Redemyng, releiving  
Ws quhen we war all schent.

8. *Sir Jhone Fethy (d.c.1569)*

**O God abufe**

O God abufe, so weill thou hes devyst  
me to be puneist with infirmitye,  
That from the youth the rage I have suppryst  
In tyme begone I thought bot fantasye.  
Heir I beseik thy godly majesty  
That this good mynd stand with continuance,  
Sen ever and ains I wat that I mon dye.  
Lord of my prayer haue compatiencie.  
O witles youth that bot syght present  
Na thing before nor efter what may fall  
Thou dois nathing bot that thou sall repent,  
All thy sweit joy sall turn in bitter gall.  
Sen na refuge nor help thou may on call,  
And warldly welth may make thee no supplye,  
Aske grace at him, wha giffis grace to all,  
And he will help in thy necessity.

9. *\*James Lauder*

**My Lord of Marche Paven\***

*followed by \*the Quein of Inghland's Paven*

10. *Filippo Azzaiolo (1530-1569)*

**Gentil madonna**

Gentil madonna, del mio cor patrona,  
e di mia vita ancor,  
Sola nel mondo mia ferma colonna,  
rimedio a ogni mio ardor.  
Son qui venuto per dirti il tutto  
di parte in parte, tutte le pene  
che l'amor viene.

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Gentil madonna, il rimedio sei tu,  
Deh, non star più!

11. *Elizabeth Melville, Lady Culross*

**Ane thanksgiving to god for his benefeitis** (to the tune of 'Solsequium')

O god above  
sould not thy love  
and merceis move  
my saull and all the poweris of my hairt  
Whill I have dayis  
to pene thy prais  
and schaw always  
Thy workis thy wonderous workis in everie pairt.  
O how can it be thought  
thy great mercie  
that all the world hes wrought  
ffor us onlie  
the earth the air  
the hevnis so fair  
the staris into the firmament so bright  
the sune the moone  
glansing abone  
to caus the earth to glister with hir light.

5. Thy love was so  
that When our fo  
procur'd oure wo  
and maid ws all in Adame for to stray  
and eat the trie  
to caus ws die  
eternallie  
becaus thy preceptis we did disobey  
then did thou disappoynt  
That serpentis slight  
and did thy sone annoynt  
with oill most bright  
and sent him down  
for our ransoun  
for to redeim thy chosin childrein deir  
that we might rigne

with Chryst our King  
in endles joy efter our suffering heir.

6. Thou governis all  
both great and small  
and ridis from thrall  
the captive, and doth pitie the opprest  
thou dantonis kingis  
and onelie rignis  
and reullis all thingis  
evin as thy godlie wisdome thinketh best.  
Thou trampis proud tirrorantis doun  
under thy feit  
and pluckis from kingis thair croun  
quhen thou thinkis meit  
the humble men  
exaltis thou then  
and liftis the lowlie hairt above the sky  
The proud at last  
thou dois doun cast  
and heiris the pure opprest quhen they do cry.

10. O quhat is man  
Lord think I than  
that thow began  
thy great and wonderous workis for him alone  
thow did not spair  
thy angellis fair  
but punisch'd sair  
thair pryde and banisch'd them out of thy throne  
and put them clein away  
out of thy sicht  
preferring dust and clay  
to angellis bricht  
thou caus'd them go  
to endless wo  
because they onlie sinned in thair thought  
and granted grace  
to Adamis race  
that hes so manie wicked actiounis wroucht.

11. O loving Lord  
that ws restor'd  
quho can record  
thy wondrous workis and merceis manifold

quho can confes  
thy worthines  
or yit expres  
thy noble actis or how can they be told  
quhen I pure wretch do preace  
them to declair  
I am constrain'd to ceas  
and say no more  
they far do pas  
manis spirit so bas  
my wit so waik can nevir comprehend  
thy majestie  
in hevin so hie  
that nevir did begin nor yit sall end.

12. To thee theirfoire  
all praise and glore  
be evirmore  
O father with the sone oure saviour sweet  
quho was not laith  
to suffer death  
to stay thy wraith  
All prais be also to the holie Spirit  
quho dois thy awin defend  
in dangeris deip  
and comfortis to the end  
Thy chosin scheip  
O king of kings  
that livis and rignes  
Thrie personis joynit in one and one in thrie  
that schynis so bricht  
In glorious licht  
All laud and prais be to thy majestie!

12. *Lady Margaret Cunningham (d.1622)*

**Sonnet (1606)**

*set to the (originally French) tune of Ps.110 in the 1635 Scottish Metrical Psalter*

What greater wealth then a contentit mynd?  
What povertie so great as want of grace?  
What greater joye then fynd Jehovah kynd?  
What greater greiff then see His angry face?  
What greater wit then run CHRIST IESUS race?



What greater follie nor defectiouns fell?  
What greater gaine then godlines to embrace?  
What greater losse nor change the Heaven for hel?  
What greater freedome nor in CHRIST to dwell?  
What greater bondage nor a Soules to sin?  
What greater valiance nor subdue thysell?  
What greater shame then to the divell to rinn?  
And leave the LORD Who hath so dear us boght:  
Judge ye his Saincts gif this be trew or nocht.

13. *Jhone Angus (d.1596)*

**The Sang of Simion**

Now, suffer me, O Lord, as thou didst once accord,  
Hence to depart in peace,  
Since I have had the sight of thy great saving might,  
Which shall our sins all release.

For Him thou hadst prepared, and to the world declared,  
By all the prophets of old:  
As to the Gentiles grace, and Israel solace,  
Which is thy own chosen fold.

*(William Whittingham, c.1524-1579)*