

SEVEN TIMES SALT

presents

# The Thirsty Scholar



October 2, 2022 in Watertown, MA

Angie Tyler, *soprano, percussion*

Karen Burciaga, *violin, guitar*

Dan Meyers, *recorders, flute, percussion, baritone*

Rebecca Shaw, *bass viol*

Matthew Wright, *lute*



## The Thirsty Scholar

<p>Calata Ostinato vo' seguire</p>	<p>Joan Ambrosio Dalza (fl. 1508) Bartolomeo Tromboncino (c. 1470-1535)</p>
* * *	
<p>“Somerville and Farther North” Laura Soave Figlio dormi</p>	<p>Scott Harney (1955-2019) Fabritio Caroso (c.1527-after 1605) Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger (c. 1580-1651)</p>
* * *	
<p>L'amante felice “Lunch at the Thirsty Scholar” La Morte de la Ragione Chi passa per 'sta strad'</p>	<p>Giovanni Stefani (fl.1618-1626) Scott Harney Anon. Italian, c. 1520 Filippo Azzaiolo (c. 1530-after 1569)</p>
* * *	
<p>Duncomb's Galliard Lachrimae/ “Climbing Mount Vesuvius” Alison's Knell Come again</p>	<p>Cambridge Consort Books (c.1588-1597) John Dowland (c. 1563-1626)/ Scott Harney Thomas Morley (1557-1602) John Dowland</p>
* * *	
<p>Agghiu vistu lu mappamundu “Napoli Sotteranea” Chi la gagliarda Tarantella del Gargano Antidotum Tarantulae Tarantella dell '600</p>	<p>Anon. Italian, 15th c. Scott Harney Giovanni Domenico da Nola (c. 1510-1592) trad. Southern Italian trad. Italian, har. Athanasius Kircher (1602-1680) Anon. Italian, 16th c.</p>
* * *	
<p>“Waiting for Snow” Non è tempo d'aspettare</p>	<p>Scott Harney Marchetto Cara (c. 1465-c.1525)</p>
* * *	

Tonight's concert honors our late friend Scott Harney, who among his many pursuits was a wonderful poet, enthusiastic traveler, and lover of music. He was particularly intrigued by the sights and sounds of Southern Italy, and in his writing shared vivid scenes of his visits to Naples and other locales. Our program mingles his poetry with some of his favorite music—traditional Neapolitan songs, Renaissance love songs, and music of the English Elizabethan court. While our concert serves as a memorial, it is also, and especially, a celebration of life, so you will hear music both pensive and joyous.

The opening sets follow a lover through a winding journey of resolve, passion, thwarted desire, and the sadness of separation. Several 16th-c. instrumental works reflect the lover's changes in mood, such as *La Morte de la Ragione* (the death of reason). Turning farther north, we perform works for English consort and Dowland's famous *Lachrimae*, perhaps the epitome of melancholy. We offer the tolling bells of *Allison's Knell* in Scott's memory. Finally, our journey brings us to Naples where we experience the wonderful chaos of life, from naughty peasants to yet more spurned lovers. As the story goes, anyone bitten by the tarantula can be cured though music. First we lull the offending spider to sleep (*Antidotum*) and then counteract its venom with increasingly frenetic dancing in the streets.

Thank you for joining us this evening. It means a lot to honor our friend through music and his poetry—and a glass of wine—and we're glad you're part of it.

**Ostinato vo' seguire**

La magnanima mia impresa:  
Fame, Amor, qual voi offesa,  
S'io dovesse ben morire,  
Ostinato vo' seguire  
La magnanima mia impresa.

Fame, Ciel, fame, Fortuna,  
Bene o male como a te piace:  
Né piacer né ingiuria alcuna  
Per avilirmi o far più audace:  
Che de l'un non son capace,  
L'altro più non po' fuggire.  
Ostinato vo' seguire  
La magnanima mia impresa.

Vinca o perda, io non l'attendo  
De mia impresa altro che onore:  
Sopra il ciel beato ascendo  
S'io ne resto vincitore;  
S'io la perdo, alfin gran core  
Mostrarà l'alto desire.  
Ostinato vo' seguire  
La magnanima mia impresa.

—*Frottole*, Ottaviano Petrucci (1509)

**Figlio, dormi**; dormi, figlio,  
china'l ciglio, caro figlio,  
ricciutello della mamma,  
del mio petto dolce fiamma.  
Mio bambino piccinino,  
fà la nanna, fà la ninna, figlio,  
ninna la nanna, ninna, nanna,  
amoroso mio tesoro,  
ninna la nanna, ninna, nanna,  
dolce e vago ricciutello,  
vezzosetto vago e bello.

Luci vaghe, luci belle,  
vive stelle del mio figlio,  
non più crude al sonno omai  
serenate i vostri rai.  
Mio bambino piccinino,  
fà la nanna, fà la ninna, figlio,  
ninna la nanna, ninna, nanna.  
Pupillucce lusinghiere,  
ninna la nanna, ninna nanna,  
pupillucce ritrosette,  
ritrosucce pupliette.

Ecco il sonno che l'assale.  
Spiega l'ale su'l mio figlio.  
Dolce sonno, à te si spetta,  
tù lo stringi, tù l'alletta.  
Mio bambino piccinino,  
fà la nanna, fà la ninna, figlio,  
ninna la nanna, ninna, nanna.  
Lusingatelo, ò miei canti,  
ninna la nanna, ninna, nanna.  
Mio dolcissimo ristoro,  
mio ricchissimo tesoro.

—*Libro secondo di villanelle* (1619)

**Resolutely I shall pursue**

My great and noble venture:  
Love, do your worst to me  
And I shall die a good death.  
Resolutely I shall pursue  
My great and noble venture.

Heaven and Fate, do me  
Good or ill as you please:  
No joy or injustice can  
Dishearten or embolden me:  
For one is beyond me,  
The other I can't escape.  
Resolutely I shall pursue  
My great and noble venture.

Win or lose, I expect nothing  
From my venture than honour:  
I'll rise to the bliss of heaven  
If I am the one who wins her;  
If I lose her, to the end, my heart  
Will show the utmost passion.  
Resolutely I shall pursue  
My great and noble venture.

—*transl. Paul Archer*

**Sleep, my son**, sleep, my son,  
close your eyes, my darling son,  
mama's little curly-haired boy,  
my own dear sweetheart.  
My little tiny child,  
go to sleep, go to sleep, my son,  
rock-a-bye baby,  
my dearest treasure,  
rock-a-bye baby,  
sweet little curly-haired boy,  
so charming and beautiful.

Twinkling eyes, pretty eyes,  
my son's bright stars,  
give yourself to slumber,  
soften your shining.  
My little tiny child,  
go to sleep, go to sleep, my son,  
rock-a-bye baby.  
Charming little eyes,  
rock-a-bye baby,  
little shy eyes,  
shy little eyes.

Now sleep steals towards him.  
Spreads its wings over my son.  
Sweet sleep, richly deserved,  
you grasp it, draw it near.  
My little tiny child,  
go to sleep, go to sleep, my son,  
rock-a-bye baby.  
Lull him, my lullabies,  
rock-a-bye baby.  
My sweetest comfort,  
my most precious treasure.

—*transl. Paul Archer*

### **L'amante felice**

Bella mia, questo mio core  
Per voi vive e per voi more:  
Che voi siete per mia sorte  
la mia vita e la mia morte.

Col bel guardo mi ferite,  
Col bel guardo mi guarite  
Quando dunque mi mirate,  
Morte e vita, ohimé! mi date.

O d'amor miracol novo  
Vita e morte a un tempo io provo;  
Ne so quale è piu gradita  
Se la morte o pur la vita.

Anzi in dubbio ancor io vivo  
S'io son morto o s'io son vivo:  
Ma sia quel che vuole il fato,  
Vivo e morto a voi m'ho dato.

**Chi passa per 'sta strad'** e non sospira,  
beato s'è, falalilela,  
Beato è chi lo puote fare,  
Per la reale.  
Affacciati mò, se non ch'io moro mò.

Affaciati, che tu me dai la vita,  
Meschino me, falalilela,  
Se'l cielo non ti possa consolare,  
Per la reale.  
Affacciati mò...

Et io ci passo da sera e mattina,  
Meschino me, falalilela,  
Et tu, crudel, che non t'affacci mai,  
Perchè lo fai?  
Affacciati mò...

Compar Vassillo, che sta a suo loco,  
beato s'è, falalilela,  
Salutami no poco la comare,  
Per la reale.  
Affacciati mò...

### **Come again: sweet love doth now invite**

Thy graces that refrain  
To do me due delight,  
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,  
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again! that I may cease to mourn  
Through thy unkind disdain;  
For now left and forlorn  
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die  
In deadly pain and endless misery.

All the day the sun that lends me shine  
By frowns doth cause me pine  
And feeds me with delay;  
Her smiles, my springs that makes my joy to grow,  
Her frowns the winter of my woe.

### **The happy lover**

My darling, how my heart  
Lives for you and dies for you:  
My fate is in your hands,  
Both my life and my death.

You hurt me with a look,  
You heal me with a look,  
So you only have to look at me  
To give me death and life!

O, what a new miracle of love:  
To taste life and death at once;  
I don't know which is better,  
Whether dying or being alive.

I live constantly questioning  
Whether I'm dead or alive:  
But whatever fate may bring,  
Alive or dead, I'm yours.

—*transl. Paul Archer*

**He who passes along this street** and does not  
sigh is blessed, falalilela,  
Blessed is he who can do it,  
Indeed.  
Show yourself now, lest I die now.

Show yourself, for you give me life,  
Miserable me, falalilela,  
If the heavens cannot console you,  
Indeed.  
Show yourself...

And I pass the night here until morning,  
Miserable me, falalilela,  
And you, cruel one, never show yourself,  
Why do you do it?  
Show yourself...

Master Vassillo, who remains at his place,  
Blessed is he, falalilela,  
greet the mistress a little bit from me,  
Indeed.  
Show yourself ...

—*transl. Gerhard Weydt*

All the night my sleeps are full of dreams,  
My eyes are full of streams.  
My heart takes no delight  
To see the fruits and joys that some do find  
And mark the stormes are me assign'd.

Gentle Love, draw forth thy wounding dart,  
Thou canst not pierce her heart;  
For I, that do approve  
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts  
Do tempt while she for triumphs laughs.

—*The Firste Booke of Songes (1597)*

**Aggiu vistu lu mappamundu**

E la carta di navigari,  
 Ma Cicilia mi pari  
 La chiù bella di quistu mundu.  
 Tri Cicilie son, nun chiui,  
 Tutti tri son curunati:  
 Re Alfonso 'n tien li dui,  
 Citrapharum et Ultrapharum.

La terç'ha 'n lu calendari,  
 Nun zi parla di la quarta,  
 Chi nun zi truva in carta:  
 È vinuta di l'autru mundu.  
 Vidi Corziga e Sardigna  
 E la isula di Medea,  
 Nun zi ha nullu chi m'inzigna  
 Cipra, Candia e la Morea.

Ai' circatu cun la gallea  
 La nov'isula di Castella,  
 Ma Cicilia è tantu bella  
 Chi pinzandu mi cunfundu.  
 Aggiu vistu lu mappamundu  
 E la carta di navigari,  
 Ma Cicilia mi pari  
 La chiù bella di quistu mundu.

**Chi la gagliarda donna vo imparare,**

Venit' a nui che simo, mastri fini.  
 Che de ser' e de matina  
 Mai manchiamo, di sonare:  
 Tan tan tan tarira, tan tan tan tarira ra ri ru ra.

Provance un poco cance voi chiamare,  
 Appassa diece volte che salimo.  
 Che de ser'...

A che e principiante li vo dare,  
 Questo compagno ch'a nome Martino.

Chi la gagliarda donna vo imparare,  
 sotta lo mastro elle bisogna stare.  
 Che de ser'...

**Tarantella del Gargano\***

*\*a region in Puglia in southern Italy*

'Sta donni,  
 Ma 'ccomi j'èja fai,  
 pi' ama' 'sta donni?  
 Ah! di rose l'èja fa,  
 di rose l'èja fà,  
 di rose l'èja fa, nu bellu ciardini.

E nu bellu ciardini,  
 di rose l'èja fà nu bellu ciardini,  
 'Ntorni ti p'intorni lei,  
 'ntorni ti p'intorni lei,  
 'ntorni ti p'intorni  
 lei annammurari.

**I have seen the world map**

And the navigational chart,  
 But Sicily seems to me  
 The most beautiful in this world.  
 There are three Sicilies, no more,  
 All three are crowned:  
 King Alphonsus holds two,  
 On the side of the Punta del Faro and beyond.

The third one [saint Cecilia] is in the calendar,  
 I won't say anything of the fourth,  
 That is not on the map  
 And came from Heaven.  
 I saw Corsica and Sardinia  
 And the island of Medea too [the Colchis],  
 I did not find anything remarkable  
 In Cyprus, Candia and Peloponnese.

I have searched out with the galley  
 The new island of Capo Rizzuto,  
 But Sicily is so beautiful  
 That my mind is confused.  
 I have seen the world map  
 And the navigational chart,  
 But Sicily seems to me  
 The most beautiful in this world.

—*Transl. Francesco Spiga*

**Let the lady who wishes to learn the galliard**

Come to us, for we are great masters.  
 Who both at night and in the morning  
 Never cease to play:  
 Tan tan tan tarira, tan ti tu ra

Try it a little and call your friends to join,  
 After ten times back and forth we make a leap.  
 Who both...

And she who is a beginner, I want to give her  
 This dance partner whose name is Martino\*.  
 Who both...

The lady who wishes to learn the galliard,  
 She should do it under the master.

Who both.... —*transl. Dan Meyers*

*\*a cuckold (Martino = name given to the archetypal cuckolded husband)*

This woman,  
 What do I have to do,  
 To love this woman?  
 Ah! I have to plant some roses,  
 I have to plant some roses,  
 To plant some roses, a beautiful garden.

And this beautiful garden,  
 I have to plant roses in this garden.  
 Some here and some there,  
 Some here and some there,  
 Some here and some there,  
 To make her fall in love.

Lei annammurari,  
'ntorni ti p'intorni lei annammurari.  
Ah! di prete priziose, e ori fini,  
'mmieze ce l'a cavà 'na,  
'mmieze ce l'a cavà 'na,  
'mmieze ce l'a cavà 'na brava funtanì.

'Na brava funtanì,  
'mmieze ce l'a cavà 'na.  
Brava funtanì,  
'e j'èja fa' corre l'acqua,  
'e j'èja fa' corre l'acqua,  
'e j'èja fa' corre l'acqua sorgentivì.

L'acqua sorgentivì,  
'e j'èja fa' corre l'acqua sorgentivì.  
Sop' ce l'a metti 'na,  
sop' ce l'a metti 'na,  
sop' ce l'a metti 'na vucell'a cantà.

'Na vucell'a cantà,  
sop' ce l'a metti 'na vucell'a cantà.  
Cantava e ripusava,  
cantava e ripusava,  
cantava e ripusava, "Bella," diceva.  
Cantava "Bella," diceva,  
Cantava e ripusava, "Bella," diceva,  
"È pi' voi s'e diventate,  
è pi' voi s'e diventate,  
è pi' voi s'e diventate, 'na madonna.  
Pi fà dinte nu sonno accant'a voi pe' la madonna."  
Me ha fatto 'nammurà  
la camnatura e lu parlà,  
Ah! Si bella tu nascive  
'nammurà nun me facive,  
me n'ha fatto 'nammurà,  
la camnatura e lu parlà.  
me n'ha fatto 'nammurà,  
la camnatura e lu parlà.

Purà la camnatura e lu parlà,  
me n'ha fatto 'nammurà,  
la camnatura e lu parlà.  
Si bella tu nascive,  
'nammurà nun me facive.  
Ah, ojellà, ojelli, ojellà!

Ah! pinciùè,  
ué sta 'ncagnata che vuo' da me?  
E mammeta lu ssape e vo' dice' pure a te,  
e mammeta lu ssape e vo' dice' pure a te.  
Ah! pinciùè,  
ué 'sta 'ncagnata che vuo' da me?  
E mammeta lu ssape e vo' dice' pure a te,  
e mammeta lu ssape e vo' dice' pure a te,  
Ah pinciùè,  
'sta 'ncagnata che vuo' da me? . . .

To make her fall in love,  
Here and there to make her fall in love.  
Ah! And with rare jewels and fine gold,  
In the middle of it all,  
In the middle of it all,  
In the middle of it all a beautiful fountain.

A beautiful fountain,  
In the middle of it all.  
A beautiful fountain,  
And it must be flowing,  
It must be flowing,  
It must be flowing with pure spring water.

Pure spring water,  
It must be flowing with pure spring water.  
And on the top I'll put,  
On the top I'll put,  
On the top I'll put a little singing bird.

A little singing bird,  
On top I'll put a little singing bird.  
Singing and resting,  
Singing and resting,  
Singing and resting, "Beauty," it will say.  
Singing "Beauty," it will say,  
Singing and resting, "Beauty," it will say,  
"It's for you that I perform,  
For you that it perform,  
For you that I perform, lovely lady,  
Making harmonious sounds for you, lady."  
It's made me fall in love,  
The way you move and speak,  
Ah! If you weren't born so beautiful,  
You wouldn't have made me fall in love,  
I wouldn't have fallen in love,  
With the way you move and speak,  
I wouldn't have fallen in love,  
With the way you move and speak.

If it wasn't for the way you move and speak,  
I wouldn't have fallen in love,  
The way you move and speak.  
If you weren't born so beautiful  
You wouldn't have made me fall in love.  
Ah, how you move here, and there, and here!

Ah! Darling one,  
Hey now, you're upset—what do you want me to do?  
Your mother knows and I want to tell you too.  
Your mother knows and I want to tell you too.  
Ah! Darling one,  
Hey now, you're upset—what do you want me to do?  
Your mother knows and I want to tell you too.  
Your mother knows and I want to tell you too.  
Ah! Darling one,  
You're upset—what do you want me to do? . . .

—*transl. Dan Meyers*



**Non è tempo d'aspettare**

Quando s'ha bonazza e vento  
 Che si vede in un momento  
 Ogni cosa variare  
 Non è tempo...

Se tu sali fa pur presto  
 Lassa dir che dire vuole  
 Questo è noto e manifesto  
 Che non durano le viole  
 E la neve al caldo sole  
 Sòle in acqua ritornare  
 Non è tempo...

Non aspecti alcun che volti  
 Questa rotta instabilita  
*[Non aspecti alcun che volti  
 Questa rotta instabilita]*  
 Molti sono stati accolti  
 Nel condur dela lor vita  
 Non è tempo...

—*Frottole*, Ottaviano Petrucci (1509)

**Now is not the time for waiting**

When the weather is fine and breezy  
 When in an instant  
 Everything can change  
 Now is not the time...

If you are leaving, make it quick,  
 Say what you have to say  
 It goes without saying  
 That violets don't last long  
 And snow under the hot sun  
 Usually becomes water again  
 Now is not the time...

Don't wait for things to turn  
 On the wheel of change  
*[Don't wait for things to turn  
 On the wheel of change]*  
 Many are taken onboard  
 As they go through life  
 Now is not the time...

—*transl. Paul Archer*

*Our thanks to Church of the Good Shepherd, Douglas Freundlich, Megan Marshall, and Carmen Marsico*

## The Musicians

**Karen Burciaga** (violin, guitar) is an early string specialist who enjoys bridging the worlds of classical and folk music. She holds a BM from Vanderbilt University and an MM from the Longy School of Music, where she studied Baroque violin with Dana Maiben, viol with Jane Hershey, and historical dance with Ken Pierce. She has performed with The King's Noyse, Arcadia Players, Zenith Ensemble, Meravelha, Austin Baroque Orchestra, and period ensembles in New England and Texas. Karen is a founding member of viol consort Long & Away and has taught at workshops by the Viola da Gamba Society - New England (VdGS-NE) and Pinewoods Dance Camp. A lifelong love of Irish music led her into the world of fiddling in college, when she discovered Scottish, Irish, English, and contra styles. She is now the fiddler for Ulster Landing and for years played with Newpoli, an Italian folk music group. Karen is an arts administrator, teacher and serves as president of the VdGS-NE. [www.karenburciaga.com](http://www.karenburciaga.com)

**Dan Meyers** (recorders, flutes, percussion, baritone) is a versatile multi-instrumentalist known as a flexible and engaging performer of both classical and folk music. His credits range from premieres of contemporary chamber music, to headlining a concert series in honor of Pete Seeger at the Newport Folk Festival, to playing Renaissance instruments on Broadway for Shakespeare's Globe Theatre Company. Recently he performed with The Folger Consort, Newberry Consort, Hesperus, Henry Purcell Society of Boston, Early Music New York, Amherst Early Music, The 21st Century Consort, In Stile Moderno, and Cambridge Revels, and at Yellow Barn Festival in Vermont and "La Luna e i Calanchi" festival in Basilicata (Italy). Dan plays traditional Irish music with Ulster Landing and Ishna and eclectic fusion from around the Mediterranean with the US/Italy-based group Zafarán; he also played for over a decade with the Italian folk music group Newpoli. As an educator, he teaches historical wind instruments for the Five Colleges Early Music Program in MA. He has also taught at Tufts University, for the Pinewoods Early Music Week, and at festivals around the Northeast. [www.danmeyersmusic.com](http://www.danmeyersmusic.com)

**Rebecca Shaw** (bass viol) has a genuine excitement and enthusiasm for the music and instruments she plays. She has been heard with various ensembles in the Boston area and beyond including Musical Offering, The Weckmann Project, The Arcadia Players, Cambridge Concentus, Les Bostonades, Grand Harmonie, The Berry Collective, and DeSota Baroque (Sarasota, FL). She is the founder of event music service Arreaux Strings, and she arranges music for strings, teaches Baroque and modern cello, violin, and viola, coaches chamber music at Harvard's Mather House, and is the Assistant Director of Baroque Cello Bootcamp with Phoebe Carrai. Rebecca can occasionally be heard on viola da gamba, violin, baroque and modern viola, and bass. You can find her original pop arrangements, learn about Arreaux Strings and Baroque Cello Bootcamp, and browse her knitting projects at [rebeccashawcello.com](http://rebeccashawcello.com).

**Angie Tyler** (soprano) specializes in early music and has been praised for her innovative ornaments and detail-oriented musicianship. She is especially interested in music by and about women, queer, and disabled people. Angie has performed with The Boston Camerata, Amherst Early Music Festival, and Longy Opera Theater. Recent performances include Morgana in Handel's *Alcina*, Second Witch in Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, *The Play of Daniel*, and her Master's recital exploring the last words of nine prominent historical female figures. An avid recitalist, Angie is a founding member of The Pandora Consort, an early music ensemble focused on innovative performances of underrepresented works and composers. In 2022 they presented their inaugural concert "Vox Feminae: Songs of Powerful Women" as a part of SoHIP's summer concert series. Angie holds a Master of Music in Historical Performance Voice from Longy School of Music where she studied with Pamella Dellal. [www.angietyler.com](http://www.angietyler.com)

**Matthew Wright** (lute) spent the years 1987-2000 impersonating a classical guitarist while playing bass guitar in an original rock band in the state of Maryland. He attended the Peabody Conservatory as an undergraduate and studied classical guitar with Ray Chester and lute with Mark Cudek. Upon moving to Massachusetts, he took up the lute seriously and studied with Douglas Freundlich at The Longy School of Music, earning a Master of Music degree. Currently, Matthew struggles through this world playing the lute with Seven Times Salt and insists on playing bouzouki with Ulster Landing, a Celtic traditional group, as well as playing continuo on archlute across New England. Matthew teaches guitar both privately and at Brimmer & May and Belmont Hill Schools, and he is the tenor section leader at St. John's Episcopal Church in Beverly Farms, MA.

[www.seventimesalt.com](http://www.seventimesalt.com)

#### CDs and Digital Downloads

Courtiers & Costermongers 🐦 Pilgrims' Progress 🐦 A Brave Barrel of Oysters  
The Corners of the Moon 🐦 The Beggars' Songbook 🐦 The Founder of the Feast  
Fortune My Foe 🐦 Rantin' Pipe and Tremblin' String 🐦 A Jolly Wassail Bowl



## The Corners of the Moon

Mark the season of All Souls' with witches' dances, mad songs, ghost encounters, tales of fairy mayhem, and a 17th-century trip to the Moon. Will good magic win in the end?

Nov. 5 at 7:30pm - Grace Church, Amherst, MA

Nov. 6 at 7:30pm - St. Peter's Church, Cambridge, MA

[www.seventimesalt.com](http://www.seventimesalt.com)