



TENNET

2015-2016





The Sounds of Time
*Music of the
Ars Subtilior*

TENET

Luthien Brackett *mezzo-soprano*
Jolle Greenleaf *soprano*
Shira Kammen *vielle & harp*
Robert Mealy *vielle & harp*
Kathryn Montoya *recorders*
Nils Neubert *tenor*
Andrew Padgett *bass*
Charles Weaver *lute & baritone*

Jolle Greenleaf *artistic director*
Robert Mealy *guest music director*

7pm on February 5, 2016
St. Luke in the Fields
487 Hudson Street, New York City

7pm on February 6, 2016
Yale University, Marquand Chapel
409 Prospect Street, New Haven CT

Music of the Ars Subtilior

I ENIGMAS AND CANONS

Ma fin est mon commencement	Guillaume de Machaut (1300–1377)
Tout par compas suy composés (<i>instrumental</i>)	Baude Cordier (fl. early 15c)
Fumeux fume	Solage (fl. late 14c)

II NATURE, LOVE, AND WAR

Pres du soloil	Matteo da Perugia (fl early 14c)
Dance (<i>after Machaut</i>)	Kammen/Mealy
Rose, liz, printemps, verdure	Machaut
Par maintes foy	Jehan Vaillant (fl late 14c)

III MYTHOLOGICAL LOVE

Se Zephirus, Phebus et leur lignie	Magister Grimace (fl mid-14c)
De ce que fol (<i>instrumental</i>)	after Pierre des Molins (fl mid-14c)
Medee fu en amer veritable	Anonymous
Moult sui (<i>instrumental</i>)	Machaut
Le Mont Aön de Trace	Anonymous
Alarme, alarme	Grimace

TEXT AND TRANSLATIONS

Ma fin est mon commencement

Et mon commencement ma fin
Est teneure vraiment.
Ma fin est mon commencement.
Mes tiers chans trois fois seulement
Se retrograde et ainsi fin.
Ma fin est mon commencement
Et mon commencement ma fin.

Tout par compas suy composés
En ceste ronde proprement.
Pour moy chanter plus seurement,
Regarde com suy disposés,
Compaing, je te pri chierement.
Tout par compas suy composés
En ceste ronde proprement.
Trois temps entiers par toy posés
Chacer me pues joyeusement,
S'en chantant as vray sentement.
Tout par compas suy composes...

Fumeux fume par fumée
Fumeuse spéculation.
Qu'entre fumet sa pensée.
Fumeux fume par fumée
Car fumer moult lui agréé
Tant qu'il ait son entention.
Fumeux fume par fumée
Fumeuse spéculation.

Pres du soloil deduisant s'esbanoyé
d'eulx ententis un redouté fauchon
sur la riviere plus riche que soye
de maint osiaux d'une et d'aultre façon.
Close est d'un beaux rosier de par viron,
dont s'il ne sont bien preux,
jeune et veglarde,
meschant cely
que le fauchon regarde.

Chescun se doubte
et ne scet que fer' doye
fors que d'esmay trayre de la sayson.
Sans plus, tout prest en l'eure si s'employe:
pluseurs aultres ayent ver les buisson,
aucun demeure, aucun y tourne en ron,
simple de cuer sans chault de faire garde

My end is my beginning
and my beginning my end:
this is truly my tenor.
My end is my beginning.
My third line three times only
goes back on itself and so finishes.
My end is my beginning
and my beginning my end.

With a compass was I composed
in this circle, appropriately enough.
To sing me more correctly,
Behold how I am disposed,
Good friend, I pray you kindly.
With a compass was I composed,
in this circle, appropriately enough.
Three times in total, by your count,
you can chase me joyously,
If in singing you have true understanding.
With a compass was I composed...

Smoky smolders smokily
in smoky speculation.
Thus he steeps his thoughts in smoke.
Smoky smolders smokily.
For it suits him well to smoke
until he gets his way.
Smoky smolders smokily
in smoky speculation.

In the pleasant sunlight a fearsome falcon
enjoyed himself, watched by other birds,
above a river, richer than any other
with birds of all kinds.
The river is bordered by a rosebush.
If the birds aren't brave,
young, and vigilant,
Woe to him upon whom
the falcon casts his gaze!

Everyone is afraid
and doesn't know what to do,
except to pass the time fearfully
and then to act as quickly as possible.
Some flee into the woods,
others stand firm or turn around in circles,
innocently and without defense;

meschant cely
que le fauchon regarde.

Quar noblesse et vigour si le convoie,
desir, espoir,
sagacitié et rayson
a son porpois tout brief qu'il se voloye
l'oyselet qu'aten hurter des artiglon.
D'aulture ne quier sy donra coulpz felon
pour definer,
fache qui vult sa garde:
meschant cely
que le fauchon regarde.

Rose, liz, printemps, verdure,
Fleur, baume et tres douce odour,
Bele, passés en douçour.
Et tous les biens de Nature,
avez dont je vous aour.
Rose, liz, printemps, verdure,
Fleur, baume et tres douce odour.
Et quant toute creature
Seurmonte vostre valour,
Bien puis dire et par honneur:
Rose, liz, printemps, verdure,
Fleur, baume et tres douce odour,
Bele, passés en douçour.

Par maintes foyz avoy recoillie
Du rossignol la douce melodie
Mais ne si veult le cucu a corder.
Ains veult chanter contre ly par envie,
Cucu, cucu, cucu toute sa vie
Car il veult bien a son chant descourder.

Et pourtant dit le reussignol et crie;
Je vos commant quon le tue et ocie
Tue tue tue tue tue
Oci oci oci oci oci
Fideli fideli fideli fi
Fi du cucu qu d'amors veult parler.
Si vous suppli ma tres douce alouete,
Que vous voules dire votre chanson;
Lire lire lire lire liron
Que dit Dieu, que te dit Dieu. Il est temps
Que le reussignol die sa chansonnette;
Oci oci oci oci seront
Qui vos vont guerroyant.
Assembles vous; prenes la cardinette
Faites chanter la calle et le sanson.

Woe to him upon whom
the falcon casts his gaze!

Nobility and strength, desire, hope,
wisdom and reason
accompany him in his plans,
which he quickly tries to catch
with his talons, a fleeing bird.
He wants nothing else
than to kill the bird
with evil blows. Be careful:
Woe to him upon whom
the falcon casts his gaze!

Rose, lily, springtime, greenery,
flower, balm, and sweetest perfume:
Beauty, you surpass them in sweetness.
And all the gifts of nature
are yours, for which I adore you.
Rose, lily, springtime, greenery,
flower, balm, and sweetest perfume
And since your virtues surpass
all living creatures,
I must say in all honor:
Rose, lily, springtime, greenery,
flower, balm, and sweetest perfume:
Beauty, you surpass them in sweetness.

How many times are the skies filled
with the sweet song of the nightingale!
But the cuckoo never joins in;
he prefers to sing enviously
"Cuckoo, cuckoo" all his life.
He wants his song to bring discord.

So the nightingale cries out:
"I command that you shall be killed.
Slain, slain,
killed, killed,
fie upon you, fie upon you,
Cuckoo who wants to speak of love."
"I beg you, dear skylark,
thus to sing your song:
lire, lire, liron,
as God tells you. It's time
for the nightingale's little song;
killed, killed, they're killed,
those who wage war with you."
"Flock together; bring the goldfinch
and make him and the starling sing out.

Tues bates se cucu pile bisson.
Il est pris, soit mis amort orrement.
An joli ver vos queres culli la mosette,
Ami ami ami ami tardis
Seray le dieu d'amours priant.

Se Zephirus, Phebus
et leur lignie

Furent d'acort pour moy donner confort.
Et s'eüsse Fortune pour amie.
Si croi je bien qu'encor seroit ce fort.
Que eusse bien sante
ne Reconfort
Quant a present esbatement ne Joye.
Se devant moy, ma dame ne veöye.

Se Jupiter qui donna seignurie
Au cler veänt Argus pour amer fort

Kill the cuckoo and silence him.
He is taken, let him be killed.
in the lovely springtime praise the hawk,
our friend, our friend;
and praise the god of love.”

If Zephirus, Phoebus,
and their descendants
were willing to grant me comfort,
and if I had Fortune on my side,
I believe I would be powerful enough
to allow me to enjoy health,
and reassurance.
Since for now I'd find no delight or joy
if I cannot see my lady before me.

If Jupiter, who gave power to
clear-eyed Argus to strongly love

Venus qui fu sa deësse et s'amie
Et me vauisist d'amors donner le port.
Ne pouroit pas mon cuer estre d'acort
Que fusse gay pour chose que ie voye
Se devant moy, ma dame ne veöye.

Car c'est celle que me puet donner vie
Ne ie quier pas avoir autre ressort
Si li sopli que me soit enaÿe
quar certes ie n'ay soulas ne depourt.
Et sa beaute si doucement ma mort
Que nullement estre liez ne porroye
Se devant moy, ma dame ne veöye.

Si pri amours et a merci supplie
Que pitie qui on cuer ma dame tort.
Recueillent pour estre de ma partie
Qu'autrement, certes, brief m'aroit mort
Car ma langor trop fort me point et mort
Si que ensement vivre ainsy ne porroye
Se devant moy, ma dame ne veöye.

De ce que fol pense souvent remaynt;
helas! je le puis bien par moy prouver,
car par penser et cuidier me destraint
Amours le corps et fayt mon cuer crever;
ensy m'estuet les griefs maulz endurer
celeement pour vous, dame honouree,
d'ainsi languir en estrange contree.

Medee fu en amer veritable:
Bien aparü quant Jason enama
De cuer si vray, si ferme,
et si estable

Que la terre de son pere bussa
Dont elle fu hiretiere;
Ne se cura d'estre en royal chayere,
Ne bien mondain avoir, fors son amy.
Ma dame n'a pas ainsi fait a my.

Car au prumier je la trouvoy aimable,
Et son ami doucement me clama,
Et sanz rayson a esté variable
Si que s'amour a autre donné ha:
Ce n'est pas bone maniere,
Quar vraye amour doit estre si entiere
Que ne se doit changier journe de mi.
Ma dame n'a pas ainsi fait a my.

Si m'est avis qu'elle est desraysonable
Autant ou plus que fu Briseyda

Venus, his goddess and lover,
would show me the harbor of Love,
then my heart would not agree
for me to have joy from any visible thing
If I cannot see my lady before me.

For it is she who can give me life;
I don't wish for any other help.
And so I beg her to support me,
for, indeed, I have no solace or pleasure
and her beauty gently kills me
so that I in no other way can be happy
if I cannot see my lady before me.

So I pray Love and beg Mercy
that Pity, who sleeps in my Lady's heart
should awaken and take up my cause
otherwise for sure I shall soon die,
because my longing tortures me so harshly
I can't go on living this way
if I cannot see my lady before me.

A fool's plans often come to nothing;
Alas! I am living proof of this proverb,
for with thoughts and beliefs,
Love oppresses my body and breaks my heart;
thus I must endure bitter sadness
for you in secret, honoured lady,
to languish thus in a strange country.

Medea was true in loving:
it appeared clearly when she loved Jason
with a heart so true, so firm,
and so immovable
that she abandoned the land of her father
of which she was the heiress;
She wanted neither the royal throne,
nor to have riches, other than her friend.
My lady has not behaved thus to me.

For at first I found her very amiable,
and she sweetly called me her friend,
and without cause she has been changeable
so that she has given her love to another;
this is not good behavior,
for true love should be so entire
that it would never turn itself from me.
My lady has not behaved thus to me.

So I believe that she is unreasonable
as much—or more—than was Briseida

Qui en amours eut l'œil si aimable,
Que sa vie loyauté mains garda.
Helaine a la belle chiere
N'eut vers Paris par amour legiere,
Car vist l'ama
 et pour s'amour gemy.
Ma dame n'a pas ainsi fait a my.

Moult sui de bonne heure nee.
Quant je sui si bien amee
De mon doulz ami
Qu'il ha toute amour guerpi
Et son cuer a toutes vee
Pour l'amour de mi.

Si que bonne Amour graci
Cent mille fois, qui
M'a si tres bien assenee
Que j'aim la fleur et le tri
De ce monde cy.
Sans part et sans decevree.
Pour sa bonne renommee
Qu'est cent fois de tous loee
Plus que je ne di.
Qui mon cuer ha si ravi
Qu'onques mais enamouree
Fame ne fu sy.

Le mont Aön de Thrace, doulz paiz
Ou resonnent les douçours d'armonie
A en sa court neuf dames de haut pris
Qui de beauté tienent la seynorie.
La tient Febus son sejour,
Quar d'elles vient sens, bien
 et toute honour,
Dont cuer d'amant se doit
 moult esjoir
Se leur amor il pouvoit acquerir.

Les poetes qui furent tant soubtiz
Mirent leur sens et tout leur estudie
A bien savoir les amoureux delis
De Libefrois, la fontayne jolie
Ou ces dames nuit et jour
Font treçons et chapeaux de noble atour
Desquels avoir n'i pourra nulz fayllir
Se leur amor il pouvoit acquerir.

La gist mes cuers qui est tres entendis
Au doulz acors de la grant melodie

who in loving had so amiable an eye
that she was not loyal throughout her life.
Helen of the beautiful face
was not lightly in love with Paris,
when she saw him, she loved,
 and suffered for her love.
My lady has not behaved thus to me.

I was born in a happy hour.
since I am so well loved
by my sweet friend
that he has left all other loves
and kept his heart from all others
for love of me.

So that I thank kind Love
one hundred thousand times,
who has so well endowed me
that I love the flower and the choice
of this world.
Without reserve or deceit.
for his good renown
which is highly praised by all
more than I can say;
He has so ravished my heart
that never was any woman
so loved.

Mount Aon of Thrace, pleasant country,
where the pleasures of harmony resound,
has in his court nine ladies of great worth,
who are supreme in beauty.
There it is that Febus sojourns,
for from them come wisdom, wealth,
 and all honor,
which the heart of any who loves them
 will enjoy
if he can win their love.

The poets who were so subtle
applied their intelligence and all their zeal
to learn the amorous pleasures
of Liebefrois, lovely fountain.
There night and day these ladies
make suits of clothing and hats of noble aspect.
None will fail to acquire these things
if he can win their love.

There one who is well known sings my loves
to the sweet sound of grand melody,

Voir tant plaisants, certes qu'il m'est Avis
Riens ne me soit de ma grief malcedie
Et si sçay bien qu'à mon tour
Trouveray foy, pais, loyauté, amour
En cil qui scet toutes dames servir.
Se leur amour il povoit acquerir.

Alarme, alarme sans sejour et sans demour:
car mon las cuer si est en plour.
Alarme tost douce figure,
alarme car navres suis de tel pointure
que mors suy sans nul retour
diex en ait l'ame.

Si vous supli, nette et pure,
pour qui tant de mal endure
qu'armer vous voellies pour moy.
Contre ma doulour obscure
que me tient en grief ardu
dont souvent ploure en requoy.

Vuacarme, vuacarme,
quel dolour et quel langour
suefrir, dame, pour vostre amour.
Vuacarme douce creature.
vuacarme me larez en tel aventure
demourir en greif tristor
sans confort, dame.

my loves so sweet to look upon. He assures me
that nothing of my grief will remain,
and thus I know that I in my turn
will find faith, country, loyalty, love
in him who knows how to serve all ladies
if he can win their love.

Help, help! No more waiting or delay,
for my heart is drowned in tears.
Help soon, sweet face, help,
for I am deeply wounded by these barbs.
I am dead beyond recall
and God now has my soul.

So I beseech you, with frank simplicity,
as one who has endured such grief,
to plead my cause for me.
Against my deep sadness
grant me the answer to my tearful prayers
and save my soul from jeopardy.

Rescue me, rescue me
from suffering such grief and sadness,
my lady, through your love.
Rescue me, sweet creature.
Do not leave me in such plight
to die of harrowing grief,
without your comfort, my lady.

ARTISTS

Preëminent New York City-based early music ensemble **TENET** celebrates its seventh season in 2015-16. TENET has won acclaim for its innovative programming, virtuosic singing and command of repertoire that spans the Middle Ages to the present day. Their distinguished soloists have been praised for their pristine one-voice-to-a-part singing “to an uncanny degree of precision” (*The Boston Globe*). TENET sponsors the highly praised Green Mountain Project, giving annual performances of Claudio Monteverdi’s *Vespers of 1610*, as well as other Vespers that have been newly reconstructed by the project’s musical director, Scott Metcalfe, including music by Monteverdi, Giovanni Gabrieli, Marc-Antoine Charpentier and their contemporaries. Performances of modern-day fare have included Arvo Pärt’s *Passio* at Carnegie Hall in 2014, and a new commission by Caroline Shaw in 2015. Their new recording *The Secret Lover* is scheduled for release in March 2016.

Praised for her “silky tone among all registers,” Luthien Brackett’s recent solo appearances include Bach’s St. John Passion with Music in the Somerset Hills, Charpentier’s Vespers with Green Mountain Project, Handel’s Messiah with The Choir of Trinity Wall Street, and Bach’s Christmas Oratorio with Princeton Pro Musica, as well as engagements with the Pablo Casals Festival, Early Music Festival: NYC, and The Washington Chorus. Her solo discography includes Trinity Wall Street’s Complete Haydn Masses (Naxos), and its 2013 GRAMMY-nominated recording of Handel’s Israel in Egypt (Musica Omnia). Luthien appears regularly with some of the country’s preeminent vocal groups, including The Choir of Trinity Wall Street, Antioch, TENET, Vox, Voices of Ascension, Pomerium, the Clarion Society, and Seraphic Fire.



Newberry and Folger Consorts, Parthenia, Anonymous IV, Rose of the Compass, the Oregon, California and San Francisco Shakespeare Festivals, singer Anne Azema, storyteller Patrick Ball, clown Jeff Raz, among many other fine performers, and is the founder of Class V Music, an ensemble dedicated to providing music on river rafting trips. She has performed and taught in the United States, Canada, Mexico, Europe, Israel, Morocco, Latvia, Russia, Abu Dhabi and Japan.



Soprano and Artistic Director of TENET, **Jolle Greenleaf** has been called “a major force in the New York early music scene” (*The New York Times*) for her work in creating, performing in, and organizing concerts in NYC. Jolle is frequently called on to sing the music of J.S. Bach, Purcell, Handel, and most notably Claudio Monteverdi. She founded an annual celebration of Claudio Monteverdi’s Vespers called the Green Mountain Project (named for the translation of Monteverdi), which is now a special project of TENET. She is married to Hank Heijink, lutenist and iPhone programmer, and together they have a daughter, who loves to sing and is learning to play the violin.

Multi-instrumentalist **Shira Kammen** has spent much of her life exploring the world of early music. A member for many years of the early music Ensembles Alcatraz and Project Ars Nova, and Medieval Strings, she has also worked with Sequentia, Hesperion XX, the Boston Camerata, the Balkan group Kitka, the King’s Noyse, the

Wheel. He investigates the quirky and unexpected music of the seventeenth century with his group Quicksilver, and he spends a good deal of time leading baroque orchestras both here and abroad. When he’s not playing, he’s usually teaching at Juilliard, where he directs the Historical Performance program, or practicing, or trying to persuade his cats not to sleep in his violin case.



Robert Mealy first began exploring early music as a teenager in Berkeley. Medieval music has always been one of his loves, which he explored in tours and recordings with Sequentia, Ensemble PAN, and Fortune’s

Kathryn Montoya teaches baroque oboe and recorder at Oberlin Conservatory and the University of North Texas. She appears with a variety of orchestral and chamber music ensembles including the internationally-acclaimed Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra, Tafelmusik, the Wiener Akademie, Pacific Musicworks, and Apollo’s Fire among others. Kathryn received her degrees at Oberlin Conservatory and Indiana University School of Music, Bloomington. Recent projects include the Globe’s Tony award winning productions of Twelfth Night and Richard III on Broadway, concerts and master classes in Shanghai, and tour of Steffani’s Niobe, Regina

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di Tebe with Philippe Jaroussky, Karina Gauvin and the BEMF orchestra. Kathryn enjoys the various thrills of recording, has been broadcast on NPR's Performance Today and can be heard on the Erato, Naxos, CPO, NCA, Analekta, and

Dorian Sono Luminus labels.



Tenor **Nils Neubert** maintains an active career in oratorio, opera, and recital, and is a frequent guest at music festivals in the U.S. and Europe. He holds degrees from The Juilliard School (voice) and Columbia University

(voice pedagogy), and is a doctoral candidate at the CUNY Graduate Center. He is a sought-after interpreter of *Lieder*, as well as the works of Bach, Mozart, Händel, Haydn, Mendelssohn, Rossini, and Donizetti. He is also an avid chamber musician and frequently collaborates with contemporary composers. Nils Neubert serves on the voice faculty at William Paterson University, and teaches German diction at The Juilliard School, Mannes College the New School for Music, and Manhattan School of Music. Born and raised in Hamburg, Germany, he lives in New York City together with his wife, pianist Yuri Kim.

Praised by the Boston Music Intelligencer for his "powerful baritone and impressive vocal range", bass-baritone **Andrew Padgett** is an accom-

plished interpreter of both baroque and medieval vocal music. He has collaborated with early music luminaries including Masaaki Suzuki, Nicholas McGegan, Benjamin Bagby, and Susan Hellauer, and has been featured as a soloist in



concert venues worldwide such as Lincoln Center's Alice Tully Hall, and the Esplanade Concert Hall in his hometown, Singapore.

Charles Weaver teaches lute at the Juilliard School. He plays seventeenth-century instrumental music all over the country, especially with the group Quicksilver. He also explores seventeenth-century



vocal chamber music with his group the New York Continuo Collective, but his favorite music is Franco-Flemish polyphony, which he sings as a member of the schola of St Mary's Church in Norwalk, Connecticut. There he also teaches Renaissance music theory and plainchant to children in the Student Schola program.

PROGRAM NOTES

Tonight's concert is the second of three programs exploring the high arts of secular Medieval lyric. Our first, in October, was devoted to the first flowering of lyric poetry and music with the *trouvères* in the thirteenth century; our last, in May, will celebrate the great achievements of Dufay and Binchois in the fifteenth century. Tonight we explore the strange and wonderful fourteenth century, when the huge variety of verse-forms that the *troubadours* and *trouvères* invented had crystallized into three classic formes fixes: the *virelai*, the *ballade*, and the *rondeau*.

These verses were made audible in a newly subtle and complex musical language, as the technology of music notation itself took a great leap forward. Given the subtleties of this new notation, composers were able to create elaborate and flexible time-streams, with the music shifting meter sometimes every few moments. The measurement of time was becoming, as we would say today, increasingly granular. Around the same time, the technology of clocks was also rapidly advancing; Giovanni da Dondi provided the first detailed description of clockwork mechanism in a treatise from 1364, and for the first time, minute-hands began to appear on clocks.

The music of the fourteenth-century avant-garde, sometimes known as *ars subtilior* or "the more subtle art," grew out of the classical style created by the remarkable poet/musician Guillaume de Machaut. Tonight we present some of Machaut's works alongside those of the more experimental generation that followed, many drawn from one particular anthology. This is the Chantilly manuscript, Musée Condé 564, which contains 112 polyphonic works created for the Southern French courts connected to the "Babylonian captivity," the period when the Papal court had moved to Avignon.

It's impossible not to begin with Machaut's wonderfully self-referential *rondeau* "Ma fin est mon commencement." (This piece was my own introduction to his art; when I first heard it as a thirteen-year-old, I was so fascinated with it that I produced a carefully illuminated manuscript of its text.) Those who heard our *trouvère* program will remember the tiny, gem-like *rondeaux* of Adam de la Halle. Those lasted only a minute apiece, but they followed the same form that Machaut follows here, though now the form is far more extended. Poetically and musically, the structure is

A B A A a b A B

where the capital letters indicate the text refrain, and the rhyme-scheme is reflected in the music. Part of the experience of this form, as you'll hear, involves an extended circling around the music of the A section, before finally moving to the B section: something that is withheld or unresolved is finally completed.

Another self-reflexive puzzle is the elaborate and quirky canon that Baude Cordier created. As it appears at the beginning of the Chantilly codex, the music is itself a circle, "all created with a compass." Its text is inscribed in various circles around the canon, much like the great Medieval clocks on city towers which show the sun and moon phases on ancillary discs. These texts give us the only biographical detail we know about Baude: one verse announces that he is known "from Reims to Rome." Could he have met Machaut during Machaut's later years as canon at Reims? Could the "cordier" in his name mean simply that he was a harper, and could he be the same as Baude Fresnel, who worked at the Burgundian court of Philip the Bold? As with so many of these composers, all we are

left with for sure is the intricate technology of their music.

Our set of puzzles and canons concludes with another great *subtilior* strangeness, the *rondeau* “Fumeux fume” by Solage. The *fumeurs* are a group of “self-described melancholic, quarrelsome, lazy, egotistical artist types with a drinking problem: ‘beat poets’ of the fourteenth century,” in Crawford Young’s great description. There’s a whole sequence of poems by Eustace Deschamps on these *fumeurs*, where the “smokiness” implies disgruntlement, irascibility, letting off steam — but also woolgathering and boasting, “hot air.” Our translation is by Sylvia Huot, who also created an alternative:

Grumpy grumbles grumpily
In grumpy speculation.
His thoughts are fogged by grumpiness.
For it suits him well to gripe
Until he gets his way....

The strangeness of this text is captured in Solage’s shadowy, unclear, low setting, filled with oozing chromaticism: as Peter Lefferts describes it, “matching a curious affect — witty brilliance and murky opacity — in the mediums of language and music.”

Fresher air is found in the next set, when we move outdoors. Matteo da Perugia’s gorgeous “Pres du soloil” looks towards the next generation of composers, with a clearer texture and a wonderfully spacious harmonic motion. Matteo was the *magister capellae* at the unfinished Milan Cathedral for the first decade of the fifteenth century, and then seems to have joined the retinue of Pietro Filargo. This theologian was Archbishop of Milan before becoming a Cardinal, and was elected Pope Alexander V in 1409, the year that three simultaneous popes were elected. Matteo knew the works of Machaut well enough to quote both text and music of several of his pieces; through his connections to Filargo, he seems to have had access to a wide range of compositions, and contributed several contratenor parts to works by other composers.

After a dance based on themes from Machaut’s *Remede de Fortune*, we include one of Machaut’s only *rondeaux* for four voices, the visionary “Rose, liz.” This rapturous work is followed by one where Nature is more violent, the *virelai* “Par maintes foyz” by Jehan Vaillant. This composer is mentioned with Machaut in one of the first treatises on secular lyric, the *Règles de la seconde rhétorique* of 1411, where he is described as being a “master who runs a music school in Paris.” Some think that he was involved with the papal chapel at Avignon during the Great Schism, when the Pope moved to the south of France, others that he was at the court of Jean Duc de Berry, best known for his *très riche heures*. Wherever he worked, whoever he was, this *virelai* he created was hugely popular, surviving in nine different sources.

With our last set, we turn to various potent myths of music, love, and inspiration. The wonderfully-named Magister Grimace writes in a style very similar to that of Machaut, especially in his double-texted *ballade* “Se Zephirus” which (with its simultaneous declamations) looks back to the earlier traditions of motet-writing we explored in our first program. Pierre des Molins seems to have been part of the retinue of King Jean II of France when he was captive in England during the 1350s. His “De ce que fol pensé” was another extremely popular work, surviving in several sources and even in a tapestry, where a lady plays the harp as a servant holds the roll of music. Here it is heard in the elaborate two-part instrumental version that turns up in the Faenza codex.

Perhaps the most *subtilior* of our pieces tonight is the anonymous setting of “Medée fu

en amer veritable,” where women of antiquity are called upon as (perhaps ambiguous?) models of faithfulness and true love. Here the three musical lines work almost like Elliot Carter’s music, with independent time-streams that only periodically intersect. Working on this piece is a fascinating exercise in how the mathematics of music become, in performance, a strangely flexible and almost jazz-like transformation of time.

After another instrumental interlude — this one, an instrumental version of Machaut’s late *virelai* “Moult sui” — we come to a great dark gem of the Chantilly manuscript, the anonymous “Le mont Aön,” with its visionary text about the nine muses. After this sublime and extended meditation, we end our evening with a very different work by Grimace, the rousing *virelai* “Alarme, alarme.”

— Robert Mealy

This music could not come to life without the help of several kind colleagues. We especially thank the scholar Anne Stone for her guidance on repertoire, and Jason Stoessel for his generosity in allowing us access to his editions of many of these pieces. And we owe a great debt to Grant Herreid for the loan of his gothic harp.

THANK YOU

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TENET

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Music of the Burgundians

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Praetorius: A Weihnachts Celebration

12.12.15 | 7:00pm | Holy Trinity Lutheran Church

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