

**music
at
riverbank**

**the
albany
consort**

**fri
feb
11**



the music

Johann Sebastian **BACH**

Praeludium (from Partita 1 for harpsichord)

Elisabeth-Claude **JACQUET** de la Guerre

Le Déluge

Johann Sebastian **BACH**

Cantata 203

Padre Antonio **SOLER**

Concierto 3 (for two keyboards)

Andantino, Minue

Tarquinio **MERULA**

Hor ch'è tempo di dormire

Jean-Marie **LECLAIR**

Sonata à trois (for recorder, viola da gamba and continuo)

Adagio, Allegro, Sarabanda Largo, Allegro Assai

Johann Sebastian **BACH**

Recitativo and Gavotte (from Cantata 202)

the albany consort

Ben **KAZEZ** baritone

Daphne **TOUCHAIS** soprano

Jonathan **SALZEDO** harpsichord

Marion **RUBINSTEIN** recorder, organ

Roy **WHELDEN** viola da gamba

1974 was a fairly bleak time for Early Music in London. Orchestras were modern, thick and heavy; historically informed performances were a rarity, and often not very precise. Against this backdrop, Jonathan Salzedo, Marion Rubinstein and a few friends started a new group, The Albany Consort, with the usual ideals - lively performances and no financial worries, but somehow they would eventually become rich and famous. Things rarely go as planned. Today, Jonathan is constantly surprised that the group still exists, still runs on a shoestring, still fuels his creative personality, and still provides the best musical experiences for performers and listeners.

Over the years, some 500 musicians have taken part in as many concerts on both sides of the Atlantic. With the broadest repertoire of any early music group, they tackle everything from the 17th and 18th centuries, from the largest to the smallest groupings, sometimes with period instruments, sometimes with modern setup. Jonathan's view is that many different approaches to the music are possible, and he aims to bring together groups of musicians who can work together and create a terrific result.

After an initial concert series at Christ Church, Albany Street, London (hence the group's name, which causes much delightful confusion in the USA), the group performed regularly in England until Jonathan moved to California in 1981. Since then, The Albany Consort has been a fixture of Bay Area music making.

donations

The pandemic has hit many people hard financially, and we do not want to exclude anyone from our concerts for lack of funds. Thus for the time being all the concerts we organize are free. However, we do appreciate donations to keep us going. An easy way to donate is by credit card at www.albanyconsort.com/donate.

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www.albanyconsort.org

consort@albanyconsort.com

408-480-0182

1071 Blair Av, Sunnyvale Ca 94087

E-C Jacquet de la Guerre - Cantata Le Déluge

Dieu puissant, dont le souffle anima les Mortels, Tu voulais de leurs cœurs te faire des Autels. Déjà toute la race humaine Par le crime a souillé l'ouvrage de tes mains : Tu t'en repens en Dieu, sans douleur, et sans haine; Et ce repentir même entra dans tes desseins.	Powerful God, whose breath brought Mortals to life, You wanted to make altars out of their hearts. Already the entire human race By crime has tarnished the work of your hands: You repent as a God, without pain, and without hate; And this very remorse entered into your plans.
Aux Mortels déclare la guerre; Que ta Justice arme ton bras : Lève-toi, que de ces Ingrats Ta vengeance purge la Terre. Ils n'écoutent que leurs désirs, Ta voix ne se fait plus entendre; Frappe, frappe, viens les surprendre Dans l'ivresse de leurs plaisirs.	Unto Mortals declare war; Let your Justice be your arm's weapon Rise, on these Ungrateful People May your vengeance purge the Earth. They only listen to their desires, Your voice is no longer heard; Strike, strike, come take them by surprise In the drunkenness of their pleasures.
Quel prodige ! Les Mers franchissent leurs rivages, Les Fleuves se joignent aux Mers : De toutes parts, les humides nuages Rassemblés par les vents, ont obscurci les airs.	What a miracle! The Seas flow over their shores, The Rivers join the Seas: From all sides, the moist clouds Gathered by the winds, have obscured the airs.
Une nouvelle Mer dans les Cieux suspendue Mêle encore ses torrents à la fureur des Flots : Toute la nature éperdue N'est plus que cris, qu'horreur, que plainte, que sanglots.	A new Sea in the Heavens suspended Keeps mixing its torrents to the furor of the floods: All of nature distraught Is nothing but cries, but horror, but moans, but sobs.
Ciel, est-ce en vain que l'on t'implore ? Es-tu sourd aux cris des Humains ; Tirés du néant par tes mains Vont-ils y retomber encore ? Ne reste-t-il aucun espoir ? Détruiras-tu tout ton Ouvrage ? Ton bras, pour venger ton outrage, Épuisera-t-il son pouvoir ?	Heaven, is it in vain that one implores you ? Are you deaf to the cries of the Humans; Pulled out of nothingness by your hands Are they going to fall back in it again? Does no hope remain? Will you destroy all your Creation ? Will your arm, in avenging your outrage, Exhaust its power?
Non. Ce vaste Vaisseau respecté par les ondes Dérobe l'innocent au sort du genre humain. Les flots vont retourner dans leurs grottes profondes, La Terre se découvre, et l'air devient serein.	No. This vast Vessel respected by the waves Conceals the innocent from the fate of humankind. The waves will return to their deep caves, The Earth is uncovered, and the air becomes serene.
Sur les Mortels qui doivent naître, Un semblable courroux ne doit plus éclater : Mais ils en deviendront peut-être Plus hardis à le mériter.	On the Mortals who must be born A similar anger must not explode But perhaps they will become More emboldened to deserve it.
Gage de paix, nue éclatante, Étonnez, et charmez les yeux; Hâtez-vous d'embellir les Cieux, Rassurez la Terre tremblante. Du bras qui vient de nous punir Sauvez désormais la nature; Et de la paix qu'un Dieu nous jure Éternisez le souvenir.	Token of peace, shining cloud, Astonish and charm the eyes; Make haste to embellish the Heavens, Reassure the trembling Earth. From the arm that has just punished us Protect nature henceforth And of the peace that a God promises to us Perpetuate [Make eternal] the memory.

J S Bach - Cantata 203

Amore traditore,
 Tracherous love
Tu non m'inganni più,
 you will not deceive me any more.
Non voglio più catene,
 I no longer want chains,
Non voglio affanni, pene,
 I no longer want anxieties, pains,
Cordoglio e servitù.
 heartache and slavery.

Voglio provar,
 I want to try to see
Se posso sanar
 if I can cure
L'anima mia dalla piaga fatale,
 my soul from the fatal wound,
E viver si può senza il tuo strale;
 and be able to live without your arrow.
Non sia più la Speranza
 Let hope no longer be
Lusinga del dolore,
 a flatterer of my grief
E la gioja nel mio core,
 and the delight in my heart
Più tuo scherzo sara nella mia costanza.
 will no more be a joke you make about my constancy.

Chi in amore ha nemica la sorte,
 If someone has destiny for his enemy in love
È follia, se non lascia d'amar,
 it is madness, not to cease from loving.
Sprezzi l'alma le crude ritorte,
 His soul should despise the cruel bonds
Se non trova mercede al penar.
 if he does not find a reward for his suffering.

T Merula - Hor ch'è tempo di dormire

Hor ch'è tempo di dormire Dormi dormi figlio e non vagire, Perchè, tempo ancor verrà Che vagir bisognerà. Deh ben mio deh cor mio Fa, Fa la ninna ninna na.	Now it is time to slumber, Sleep, my son, and do not cry, For the time will come For weeping. Oh my love, oh my sweet, Sing ninna ninna na.
Chiudi, quei lumi divini Come fan gl'altri bambini, Perchè tosto oscuro velo Priverà di lume il cielo. Deh ben mio ...	Close those heavenly eyes, As other children do, For soon the sky Will be veiled in darkness. Oh my love, oh my sweet ...
Over prendi questo latte Dalle mie mammelle intatte Perchè ministro crudele Ti prepara aceto e fiele. Deh ben mio ...	Suck this milk At my immaculate breast, For the cruel minister Is preparing vinegar and gall for you. Oh my love, oh my sweet ...
Amor mio sia questo petto Hor per te morbido letto Pria che rendi ad alta voce L'alma al Padre su la croce. Deh ben mio del ...	Now sleep, my love, On this soft breast, Before aloud commending your soul To your Father on the cross. Oh my love, oh my sweet ...
Posa hor queste membra belle Vezzosome e tenerelle Perchè poi ferri e catene Gli daran acerbe pene. Deh ben mio ...	Now rest these fine limbs, So charming, so delicate, For irons and chains Will inflict on them harsh pains. Oh my love, oh my sweet ...
Queste mani e questi piedi Ch'or con gusto e gaudio vedi Ahimè com'in varij modi Passeran acuti chiodi.	These hands, these feet We now contemplate With pleasure and joy Will, alas, be pierced by sharp nails.
Questa faccia gratiosa Rubiconda hor più di rosa Sputi e schiaffi sporcheranno Con tormento e grand'a ano.	This pretty face, Ruddier than a rose, Will be sullied by spit and cuffs, With torture and great suffering.
Ah con quanto tuo dolore Sola speme del mio core Questo capo e questi crini Passeran acuti spini.	Oh, with what pain, Only hope of my heart, Will this head and this hair Be pierced by sharp thorns.
Ah ch'in questo divin petto Amor mio dolce diletto Vi farà piaga mortale Empia lancia e disleale.	Oh, to think that in this heavenly breast, My sweet, my precious, Traucherous, villainous spears Will cause mortal wounds.
Dormi dunque figliol mio Dormi pur redentor mio Perchè poi con lieto viso Ci vedrem in Paradiso.	So sleep, my son, So sleep, my Saviour, For then, with joyful countenances, We shall meet again in Paradise.
Hor che dorme la mia vita Del mio cor gioia compita Taccia ognun con puro zelo Taccian sin la terra e'l Cielo.	Now you are sleeping, my life, Joy of my heart, Let all be hushed with pure devotion, Let heaven and earth fall silent.
E fra tanto io che farò Il mio ben contemplerò ne starò col capo chino Sin che dorme il mio Bambino.	And, meanwhile, what shall I do? I shall watch o'er my love And remain with bowed head So long as my child sleeps.

J S Bach - Cantata 202

So sei das Band der keuschen Liebe,
May the union of chaste love,
Verlobte Zwei,
beloved couple,
Vom Unbestand des Wechsels frei!
be free from the fickleness of change!
Kein jäher Fall
May no sudden accident,
Noch Donnerknall
no thunderclap
Erschrecke die verliebten Triebe!
frighten your amorous desires.

Sehet in Zufriedenheit
See in contentment
Tausend helle Wohlfahrtstage,
a thousand bright and prosperous days,
Dass bald bei der Folgezeit
so that soon as time passes
Eure Liebe Blumen trage!
your love may bear its flower!
