

Vancouver Bach Festival 2021

Cozzolani Reunited

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sopranos

Lucas Harris, theorbo

Antoine Malette-Chénier, triple harp

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Program information including artist bios:

<https://www.earlymusic.bc.ca/events/cozzolani-reunited/>

Program

All works from Chiara Margarita Cozzolani's *Scherzi di Sacra Melodia* (1648) except where indicated

Ave Maria

O Jesu meus amor

Amate o populi

Quis mihi det calicem bibere Domini?

O dulcis Jesu

(from *Concerti sacri*, 1642)

O quam tristis est anima mea

O præclara dies

Non tema nò di morte – Maria Francesca Nascinbeni
(from *Canzoni e madrigali morale e spirituale*, 1674)

Notes on the Program

Chiara Margarita Cozzolani (1602–1676 or 1678) has been steadily receiving attention in recent decades as one of the most skillful and expressive of a handful of published nun composers from seventeenth-century Italy.

Cozzolani was the youngest daughter of a wealthy Milanese merchant family. She took her vows at age 18, adopting “Chiara” as her religious name as she entered the Benedictine monastery of Santa Radegonda where at different times she would serve as *maestra di cappella*, abbess, and prioress. Her name is mentioned in disputes about the regulation of music within convents, including a conflict with a certain Archbishop Alfonso Litta who launched a crusade against music and “irregularities.” Cozzolani’s first publication of 1640 was lost during WWII, but her 1642 and 1650 publications establish her as one of Milan’s leading mid-century composers.

Our program focuses on her 1648 collection of twelve motets for solo soprano, *Scherzi di sacra melodia*. Copies of *Scherzi*’s vocal partbook are conserved in Wrocław and Bologna, but no copy of the accompanying basso continuo partbook has yet been found, making the collection inaccessible to performers until now. *Scherzi* had therefore received little attention until 2016 when the Slovakian scholar Jana Kalinayová Bartová made the splendid discovery that six of the twelve motets were republished about a decade after Cozzolani’s death.

The curious volume *Philomela angelica cantionum sacrarum* appeared in 1688, published in Venice according to its title page. The author, identified by only the curious phrase *Res plena Dei* (“a thing full of God”), explains that the first half of the collection presents motets composed by an anonymous Roman nun from the order of St. Claire. He explains that the motets are brought to perfection in this edition by the addition of a string ensemble.

It turns out that *Res plena Dei* is an anagram for “Daniel Speer,” a German composer and music theorist as well as novelist and political writer. The volume was not published at all in Venice, but rather in the German town of Ulm. The attribution to the Roman nun remains a mystery.

Of the twelve motets presented in the first part of *Philomela angelica*, the first six are taken from *Scherzi*. Probably to appeal to potential buyers from Lutheran areas of Southern Germany, Speer took only motets with texts about Jesus, leaving aside Cozzolani’s more Catholic Marian works. Three of Speer’s remaining motets are to be found in a collection by Maurizio Cazzati, and one (the duet *O anima mea*) is by another Italian nun, Isabella Leonarda. The true composer(s) of the set’s last two motets have not yet been identified.

Using the basso continuo parts from *Philomela angelica*, it was possible to reconstruct Cozzolani’s original continuo parts after removing Speer’s additional bars (in order to feature his string ensemble, he inserted new sinfonias and phrase extensions). I also composed new basso continuo parts for the six motets left aside by Speer, resulting in a complete modern edition of *Scherzi*. The edition has now been added to the Web Library for Seventeenth Century Music where it can now be accessed free of charge.

Three of the *Scherzi* motets we present in this program were among those whose continuo parts had to be recomposed from scratch, and all take the Virgin as their subject: The *Ave Maria* is a kind of meditation on the spiritual significance of *Ave* (the “Hail” in “Hail, Mary,”) while *O quam tristis est anima mea* presents the anagram *Ave / Eva* as a juxtaposition of Mary’s goodness with Eve’s sinfulness. *Amate o populi* calls upon all people to adore Mary for all her omnipresent love and sustenance.

We also present three of the motets reconstructed using Speer’s *Philomela*, and all these are Christological. In *O Jesu meus amor*, the speaker implores Jesus with anxious language that could be used with a romantic partner who might leave the relationship. In the communion motet *Quis mihi det calicem bibere Domini?*, the speaker describes the physical torture she would gladly suffer to show her zealous love of Jesus. To counterbalance the intensity of these last two, we also included the joyful Christmas motet *O praeclara dies*.

To give our brilliant trio of sopranos a chance to sing together, we added the sensuous duet *O dulcis Jesu* from Cozzolani’s 1642 collection as well as the final trio *Non tema nò di morte* from the sole surviving collection of another Italian nun composer, Maria Francesca Nascinbeni. Of Nascinbeni’s life we know little, though in her publication’s preface she casually mentions being only sixteen years old.

I’m grateful to have had this project to work on through the pandemic. I would like to thank Monica Armour & the Pluralism Fund as well as the Canada Council for the Arts for supporting the project, as well as my primary collaborators, the Cozzolani scholar Robert L. Kendrick and the Latin scholar and singer John Pepper. Candace Smith of Cappella Artemisia served as an advisor, and Suzie le Blanc and Ariadne Lih provided valuable suggestions as they prepared to record the modern premieres of some of the works.

- Lucas Harris (Toronto, April 2021)

For more information: www.lucasharris.ca/cozzolani-reunited

Texts & Translations

All Latin translations by John Pepper

Italian translation by Lucas Harris

Ave Maria

Ave Maria!

*Maria Mater Dei, Mater et Virgo,
tibi dico Mater Ave.*

Quid mihi Domina dulcius tuo Ave?

O mirum Ave,

*quod caelesti quadam dulcedine
inebriat cor devotum!*

O mirabile et superadmirabile Ave,

ad quod daemones effugantur,

peccatores liberantur,

filiis delectantur,

angelus gratulatur,

Verbum incarnatur,

Virgo faecundatur!

O dulcissimum et suavissimum Ave,

cujus fructu creaturae renovantur,

homines redimuntur,

angeli reparantur!

Ergo tibi Ave

omnis creatura sine fine promat;

accedant omnes ad Mariam

qui volunt alligari amore.

Et cum salutaverint ex corde,

amplius fortiusque constringentur,

et quanto constringentur fortius,

libentius salutabunt,

et dicent Ave.

Hail, Mary!

O Mary, Mother of God, Mother and Virgin,
to you, Mother, I say: Hail!

What is sweeter to me, Lady, than your Hail?

Oh wondrous Hail,

which by a kind of heavenly sweetness
inebriates the devout heart!

Oh wonderful and more than wonderful Hail,

whereat the devils are avoided,

the sinners are freed,

the children are delighted,

the angel rejoices,

the Word is made flesh,

the Virgin becomes fruitful!

Oh most sweet and charming Hail,

in consequence whereof creatures are revived,

human beings are redeemed,

angels are restored!

To you, therefore, "Hail!"

let every creature bring out endlessly;

let all those approach Mary

who wish to be bound by love.

And when they have greeted her from the heart,

they will be more strongly and firmly tied,

and by how much more firmly they are tied,

the more gladly will they greet her,

and say: Hail!

O Jesu meus amor

O Jesu meus amor,

mea vita, meum cor, et omnia,

mea lux, mea sors, et omnia,

amo te bone Jesu.

Vel si me fugias sequar te;

vel si me crucies laudabo te;

vel si non diligas amo te.

Ostende mihi faciem tuam et salvabis me;

O Jesus my love,

my life, my heart, and all things,

my light, my fate, and all things,

I love you, good Jesus.

Even if you flee me, I will follow you;

even if you torment me, I will praise you;

even if you do not value me, I love you.

Show me your face and you will save me;

*me respice et beabis.
Quo fugis dilecte mi, o mi Jesu?
Ne recedas, heu meum cor, vita fugit.
En umbra mortis cæca venit nox,
heu miserum me!
Converte faciem tuam o mi Jesu;
revertere, heu mi Jesu, perimis me.
Veni, veni, amo te.
Mea felicitas, mea lux,
redeas, redeas, amo te.
Veni, veni meum cor,
mea lux, mea sors, o veni.
Bone Jesu, mea lux, mea sors,
veni, veni, amo te.
Mea jocunditas, mea felicitas,
veni, veni, amo te.
Bone Jesu, dulcis Jesu,
care Jesu, amo te.*

look upon me and you will bless me.
Whither do you flee, my beloved, O my Jesus?
Do not go, ah my heart, my life is vanishing!
Lo! in death's shadow, dark comes the night,
ah, wretched me!
Turn your face, O my Jesus;
turn back, ah my Jesus, you are killing me!
Come, come, I love you.
My happiness, my light,
return, return, I love you.
Come, come, my heart,
my light, my fate, oh come.
Good Jesus, my light, my fate,
come, come, I love you.
My delight, my happiness,
come, come, I love you.
Good Jesus, sweet Jesus,
dear Jesus, I love you.

Amate o populi

*Amate o populi Mariam,
Mariam Sponsam,
Mariam Matrem:
Matrem pietatis,
Sponsam caritatis,
Mare gratiarum
populi amate.
Hæc est Mare quod vos ducit,
hæc est gratia quæ vos ditat,
hæc est Sponsa quæ vos vocat,
hæc est Mater quæ vos alit.
O Mater, o Sponsa, o Mare,
o Maria gratia plena,
tu tota pulchritudo,
tu tota gratiosa,
tu tota plenitudo,
tu tota speciosa.
Amate o populi Mariam,
Mariam Sponsam,
Mariam Matrem:
Matrem timoris,
Sponsam dilectionis,
Mare spei et fiducia
populi amate.
Hæc est Mare quod vos recipit,
hæc est spes quæ vos erigit,*

O you peoples, love Mary,
Mary the Spouse,
Mary the Mother:
the Mother of kindness,
the Spouse of love,
the Sea of graces,
O you peoples, love.
She is the Sea that guides you,
she is the grace that enriches you,
she is the Spouse that calls you,
she is the Mother that nourishes you.
O Mother, O Spouse, O Sea,
O Mary, full of grace,
you are all beauty,
you are all gracious,
you are all fullness,
you are all fair to see.
O you peoples, love Mary,
Mary the Spouse,
Mary the Mother:
the Mother of fear,
the Spouse of love,
the Sea of hope and of trust,
O you peoples, love.
She is the Sea that rescues you,
she is the hope that raises you up,

*hæc est Sponsa quæ vos adjuvat,
hæc est Mater quæ vos liberat.
O Mater, o Sponsa, o Mare,
o Maria gratia plena,
tu nullum respicis,
tu nullum despicias,
tu nullum rejicis, o benigna.
Properate filii ad Matris brachia,
venite flebiles ad Sponsæ gaudia,
currite profugi ad Maris undas,
confugite pauperes ad Mariæ gratias:
gratias quæ vos sublevent,
undas quæ vos salvificent,
gaudia quæ vos lætificent,
brachia quæ vos excipiant
errantes amate;
et ut foveant et firment
et solident amantes, amate.*

she is the Spouse that sustains you,
she is the Mother that sets you free.
O Mother, O Spouse, O Sea,
O Mary, full of grace,
you look back upon none,
you despise none,
you refuse none, O kindly one.
Hurry, children, to the Mother's arms,
come, mourners, to the Spouse's joys,
run, fugitives, to the Sea's waves,
flee, you poor, to Mary's graces:
the graces to support you,
the waves to save you,
the joys to gladden you,
the arms to catch you,
O you wandering ones, love;
and, so that they may foster and support
and strengthen those who love, love.

Quis mihi det calicem bibere Domini?

*Quis mihi det calicem bibere Domini?
O bone Jesu, dulcis Jesu, care Jesu,
cupio dissolvi pro te.
O patiar, o urar, o secer, o moriar pro te.
Vincla, catenæ venite, properate, sævite, ligate
clamantem, amantem vos.
Bone Jesu,
o patiar, o urar, o secer, o moriar pro te.
O aquæ submergite, flumina obruite,
ignes incendite, cruces suspendite,
lanceæ, gladii, fulmina
figite, fodite, sternite me.
Dulcis Jesu,
o patiar, o urar, o secer, o moriar pro te.
Pectines, unguæ, beluæ
vulnerate, lacerate, trucidate hæc viscera.
Care Jesu,
o patiar, o urar, o secer, o moriar pro te.
O dulces pænæ, tormenta mellea,
felicia vulnera, beata mors.
Sic fuso sanguine,
solute corpore,
emisso spiritu,
volem ad te, te fruar, te satier,
requiescam in te in æternum et ultra.*

Who will give me the Lord's cup to drink?
O good Jesus, sweet Jesus, dear Jesus,
I desire to be destroyed for you.
Oh may I suffer, burn, be cut, die for you!
Prison, chains, come, hasten, rage,
tie up one who calls upon you and loves you.
Good Jesus,
oh may I suffer, burn, be cut, die for you!
O waters, sink me; rivers, overwhelm me;
fires, burn me; crosses, hang me;
spears, swords, thunderbolts,
pierce, stab, overthrow me.
Sweet Jesus,
oh may I suffer, burn, be cut, die for you!
Combs, claws, monsters,
Wound, mangle, massacre these entrails.
Dear Jesus,
oh may I suffer, burn, be cut, die for you!
Oh sweet pains, torments of honey,
happy wounds, blessed death!
When thus my blood has been shed,
my body broken,
my spirit released,
may I fly to you, enjoy you, be satisfied by you,
rest in you for ever and beyond.

O quam tristis

*O quam tristis est anima mea
dum recordor tui, o Mater Eva!
Suspiro, lamentor, languero, doleo
et plango amare dolorem meum.
O Mater male cauta,
o Mater nimis credula,
serpens antiquus, pater mendacii
decepiens te decepit nos;
manducasti pomum
et dentes filiorum obstupescunt;
gustati paululum dulcedinis
et ecce nos morimur.
O Eva, non Eva,
non mater viventium
sed mater morientium.
Ecce nos crucias: ubique mæror,
ubique dolor, ubique luctus,
suspiria, languores,
martiria, clamores,
ærumnæ, miseriæ,
vulnera, mors.
O Eva, non Eva,
non mater viventium
sed mater morientium.
Consolatur sed anima mea
dum recordor tui, o Maria.
Respiro, jocundor,
gaudeo, júbilo in canticis.
O Virgo prudentissima,
o Mater fidelissima,
veritas Domini
captivans te liberavit nos.
Beata quæ credidisti,
quia credendo beasti nos.
Angelo Satanæ credidit Eva,
angelo Domini tu Virgo.
Eva credendo nos perdidit,
tu credendo salvasti.
Eva nos pauperes,
Ave tuum divites fecit,
Eva nos mæstos,
Ave nos hilares,
Eva dolentes,
Ave gaudentes,
Eva damnatos,*

Oh how sorrowful is my soul
when I think of you, O Mother Eve!
I sigh, lament, droop, grieve,
and bitterly bewail my grief.
O Mother unwary,
O Mother too gullible,
the old serpent, father of the lie,
deceiving you, deceived us;
you ate the fruit
and your children's teeth are set on edge;
you tasted a little bit of sweetness
and behold, we die.
O Eve, not Eve,
not the mother of the living,
but the mother of the dying!
Behold, you torture us: everywhere mourning,
everywhere grief, everywhere affliction,
sighing, faintness,
agony, shrieks,
hardships, troubles,
wounds, death.
O Eve, not Eve,
not the mother of the living,
but the mother of the dying!
Yet my soul is comforted
when I think of you, O Mary.
I breathe again, I celebrate,
I rejoice, I sing songs out loud.
O Virgin most wise,
O Mother most faithful,
the truth of the Lord,
taking you captive, set us free.
Blessed are you who believed,
because, by believing, you blessed us.
Eve believed Satan's angel—
you, O Virgin, believed the Lord's angel.
By believing, Eve ruined us;
by believing, you saved us.
Eve made us poor,
your "Ave" made us rich;
Eve made us gloomy,
Ave made us merry;
Eve, grieving;
Ave, rejoicing;
Eve, condemned;

*Ave beatos.
Eva mortem dat æternam,
Ave vitam sempiternam.*

Ave, blessed.
Eve gives eternal death,
Ave gives life everlasting.

O dulcis Jesu

*O dulcis Jesu,
tu es fons pietatis,
tu es fons bonitatis,
fonsque amoris,
et apud te est fons vitæ,
o dulcis Jesu.
Bibat ergo in te solo anima mea,
ad te solum confugiat,
ad te die nocteque clamet.
Quia in te solo vera est quies,
vera dulcedo, veraque pax et vita.*

O sweet Jesus,
you are the source of devotion,
you are the source of goodness
and the source of love,
and with you is the source of life,
O sweet Jesus.
Therefore let my soul drink from you alone,
resort to you alone,
cry to you day and night.
For in you alone is true rest,
true sweetness, and true peace and life.

*Præbe mihi amantissime Jesu
tuum dulcissimum lumen;
infunde suavissime Domine
in animam meam
amabilissime tuæ lucis scintillam,
ut sic illustrata irradiataque
valeat te videre,
videndo te amare,
amando te frui,
fruendo te possidere
cum sanctis tuis in æternum.
O dulcis Jesu!*

Grant me, most loving Jesus,
your most sweet light;
pour, most pleasant Lord,
into my soul
most lovably the spark of your light,
so that, thus illuminated and enlightened,
it may be worthy to see you,
in seeing you to love you,
in loving you to enjoy you,
in enjoying you to possess you
with your saints for ever.
O sweet Jesus!

O præclara dies

*O præclara dies
quæ nobis illuxit,
o felix, o beata
in qua Virgo intemerata
protulit Deum et hominem!
Jubilemus, alleluia.
Tantum miraculum,
tam grande mysterium
et admirabile sacramentum
decantemus, alleluia.
En majestas infinita
in paupertate inaudita
jacens in præsepio
et in cælis regnans, alleluia.*

Oh splendid day
which has dawned upon us,
oh happy, oh blessed,
on which an undefiled Virgin
brought forth God and man!
Let us shout for joy, alleluia.
So great a miracle,
such a great mystery
and wonderful sacrament
let us sing repeatedly, alleluia.
Lo, the unbounded majesty
in unheard-of poverty,
lying in a manger
and reigning in the heavens, alleluia.

*Celebremus et annuntiemus
in universa terra
Verbum caro factum, alleluia.
Ut devotis concentibus
resonet turba fidelis
dum laudibus divinis
personat angelicus ordo dicens:
Gloria in excelsis Deo, alleluia.*

Let us glorify and proclaim
in all the earth
the Word made flesh, alleluia.
With devout harmonies
let the faithful crowd resound,
while with heavenly praises
the company of angels re-echoes, saying:
Glory to God in the highest, alleluia.

Non tema nò di morte

*Non tema nò di morte
Chi tien GIESÙ nel core.
Egli è un vitale ardore
Che rende ogn'hor più forte.
Pur se si dèe finire
Per non mai più morire,
Sia fortuna gradita
nel nome di GIESÙ spirar la vita.*

She does not fear death
Who holds Jesus in her heart.
He is a vital flame
that always makes us stronger.
And if our end shall be
to never die,
let us welcome our destiny
to breathe life in the name of Jesus.