Lucia Ronchetti

Prosopopeia

A study of personification

Drammaturgia after the Musikalische Exequien by Heinrich Schütz
for vocal ensemble and instrumental ensemble

Text from the original and fragments by John Donne, Torquato Tasso, Francisco de Quevedo, Andrew Marvell, Richard Crashaw

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Auftragswerk von Musik an St. Martin, Kassel

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Flute (also Bass Flute)
Bb Clarinet (also Bb Bass Clarinet)
Trumpet in C
Trombone
Tuba

Percussion (1 player):

Marimba
Timpani (30”-25”)
Crotales (A3,C#3, E4)

Flexatone
TomToms1,2
Large Tam Tam
Bass Drum
Claves
Guiro
Wood Blocks

+ Church Bell

Violin 1, 2
Viola
Violoncello
Double Bass

Vocal ensemble:

8 sopranos
8 altos
5 tenors
5 basses

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Libretto

Text from the original and fragments by John Donne, Torquato Tasso,

Francisco de Quevedo, Andrew Marvell, Richard Crashaw

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I. Concert in Form einer Teutschen Begräbnis-Missa

Intonatio

Nacket bin ich von Mutterleibe kommen.
Nacket werde ich wiederum dahinfahren,
der Herr hat's gegeben, der Herr hat's genommen,
der Name des Herren sei gelobet.

Herr Gott Vater im **Himmel**, erbarm dich über uns.

Himmel

Go, smiling souls, your new-built cages break,
In heaven you'll learn to sing, ere here to speak,
Nor let the milky fonts that bathe your thirst
Be your delay;
The place that calls you hence is, at the worst,
Milk all the way.

Richard Crashaw, "On the Infant Martyrs."

Christus ist mein Leben, Sterben ist mein Gewinn. Siehe,
das ist Gottes Lamm, das der Welt **Sünde** trägt.

Sünde

Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun,
Which was my sin, though it were done before? [...]
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I have won
Others to sin, and made my sin their door?
Wilt Thou forgive that sin which I did shun
A year or two, but wallowed in a score?

John Donne, "A Hymne to God the Father."

Jesu Christe, Gottes Sohn, erbarm dich über uns.

Leben wir, so leben wir dem Herren.
Sterben wir, so sterben wir dem Herren,
darum wir leben oder sterben, so sind wir des Herren.

Herr Gott heiliger Geist, erbarm dich über uns.

Intonatio

Also hat Gott die Welt geliebet, daß er seinen eingebornen Sohn gab.

Auf daß alle, die an ihn gläuben, nicht **verloren** werden,
sondern das ewige Leben haben.

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Verloren

That wound was deep, but 'tis more misery,
That thou hast lost thy sense and memory [...]
And new philosophy put all in doubt,
The element of fire is quite put out,
The sun is lost, and th' earth, and no man's wit
Can well direct him where to look for it [...]
What artist now dares boast that he can bring
Heaven hither, or constellate any thing,
So as the influence of those stares may be
Imprisoned in an herb, or charm, or tree,
And do by touch, all which those stars could do?
The art is lost, and correspondence too.

John Donne, "First Anniversary."

Er sprach zu seinem lieben Sohn: die **Zeit** ist hie zu erbarmen,
fahr hin, mein's Herzens werte Kron und sei das Heil der Armen,
und hilf ihn aus der Sünden **Not**, erwürg für sie den bittern
Tod und laß sie mit dir leben.

Zeit

«¡A de la vida!» ¿...Nadie me responde?
¡Aquí de los antaños que he vivido!
La Fortuna mis tiempos ha mordido;
las Horas mi locura las esconde.
¡Que sin poder saber cómo ni adonde
la salud y la edad se hayan huido! (...)
Ayer se fue; mañana no ha llegado;
hoy se está yendo sin parar un punto;
soy un fue, y un será, y un es cansado. (...)

Francisco de Quevedo, "Represéntase la Brevedad de lo que se vive y cuan nada parece lo que se vivio". Poemas Metafisico

Not

You are the storm that mocks
Yourselves; you are the rocks
Of your own doubt :
Besides this fear of danger, there's no danger here; (...)

Richard Crashaw, "Why are ye afraid, O ye of little faith? Mark IV."

Das Blut Jesu Christi, des Sohnes Gottes,
machet uns rein von allen Sünden.

Durch ihn ist uns vergeben die Sünd,
geschenkt das Leben, im Himmel soll'n wir haben,
o Gott, wie große Gaben.

Unser Wandel ist im Himmel,
von dannen wir auch warten des Heilandes Jesu Christi,
des Herren, welcher unsern nichtigen **Leib verklären** wird,
daß er ähnlich werde seinem verklärten Leibe.

Original Soli ***Original Capella*** ***Words*** ***Poems*** ***Heinrich Schütz*** ***Prince Heinrich Posthumus von Reuss***

Leib

Soul. O, WHO shall from this dungeon raise
A soul enslaved so many ways ?
With bolts of bones, that fettered stands
In feet, and manacled in hands ;
Here blinded with an eye, and there
Deaf with the drumming of an ear ;
A soul hung up, as 'twere, in chains
Of nerves, and arteries, and veins ;
Tortured, besides each other part,
In a vain head, and double heart ?

Body. O, who shall me deliver whole,
From bonds of this tyrannic soul ?
Which, stretched upright, impales me so
That mine own precipice I go ;
And warms and moves this needless frame,
(A fever could but do the same),

Andrew Marvell, "A Dialogue between the Soul and Body."

Verklären

Questo, che mi ricopre, onde traluce
parte però de 'l petto bianco e terso,
d' aria è bel velo, e, posto in chiara luce,
prende sembiante ad or ad or diverso:
or qual piropo a 'l sol fiammeggia e luce,
or nero il vedi, or giallo, or verde, or perso,
né puoi certo affermar ch' egli sia tale;
e di color sì vari anco son l' ale.

Torquato Tasso, "Gelosia"

Es ist allhier ein Jammertal, Angst, Not und Trübsal überall,
des Bleibens ist ein kleine Zeit, voller Mühseligkeit,
und wers bedenkt, ist immer im Streit.

Wenn eure Sünde gleich blutrot wäre,
soll sie doch schneeweiß werden,
wenn sie gleich ist wie rosinfarb,
soll sie doch wie Wolle werden.

sein Wort, sein Tauf, sein Nachtmahl dient
wider allen **Unfall**, der Heilge Geist im Glauben
lehrt uns darauf vertrauen.

Unfall

Tempo certo verrà, come rimbomba
sacra fama in più lingue, e già vetusta,
che 'l foco infiammerà la terra e l'onde,
e tutto in uno incendio avolto il mondo
caderà sparso in cenere e 'n faville.

Torquato Tasso, "Il mondo creato"

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Original Soli ***Original Capella*** ***Words*** ***Poems*** ***Heinrich Schütz*** ***Prince Heinrich Posthumus von Reuss***

Gehe hin, mein Volk, in eine Kammer und schleuß die Tür nach dir zu,
verbirge dich einen kleinen Augenblick, bis der Zorn vorrübergehe.
Der Gerechten Seelen sind in Gottes Hand und keine Qual rühret sie an,
für den Unverständigen werden sie angesehen, als stürben sie,
und ihr Abschied wird für eine Pein gerechnet,
und ihr Hinfahren für **Verderben**, aber sie sind in Frieden.

Verderben

Estas mojadas, nunca enjutas, ropas,
estas no escarmentadas y deshechas
velas, proas y popas,
estos hierros molestos, estas flechas,
estos lazos y redes
que me visten de miedo las paredes,
lamentables despojos,
desprecio del naufragio de mis ojos,
recuerdos despreciados,
son, para más dolor, bienes pasados.

Francisco de Quevedo, "El Escarmiento". Poemas Metafísico

Herr, wenn ich nur dich habe , so frage ich nichts nach Himmel und Erden,
wenn mir gleich Leib und Seele verschmacht,
so bist du Gott allzeit meines Herzens Trost und mein Teil.

Er ist das **Heil** und selig Licht für die Heiden, zu erleuchten,
die dich kennen nicht und zu weiden,
er ist seines Volks Israel der Preis,Ehr, Freud und Wonne.

Heil

Sempre erro, e, ovunque vado, i Dubbi sono
sempre a 'l mio fianco e le Speranze a lato;
ad ogni cenno adombro, ad ogni suono,
a un batter di palpebre, a un trar di fiato;

Torquato Tasso, "Gelosia"

Unser Leben währet siebenzig Jahr, und wenn's hoch kömmt,
so sind's achtzig Jahr, und wenn es köstlich gewesen ist,

Ach, wie elend ist unser Zeit allhier auf dieser Erden,
gar bald der Mensch darnieder leit, wir müssen alle sterben,
allhier in diesem Jammertal ist Müh und Arbeit überall,
auch wenn dirs wohl gelinget.

An Heinrich den Jüngeren Posthumus von Rheuß
All` Ordnung ist zertrennt / Gesetze sind verkehrt /
Die Schulen sind verwüst / die Kirchen sind zerstört?

Meine Widmung an den
Christ-Seligst verstorbenen/ Hochwolgebornen Herrn/
Herrn Heinrichen/ den Jüngern und Eltisten Reußen/
Herrn von Plauen/ etc.

Daß eben auch darzu diß Unglück muste kommen /
Daß Ihr / O wehrter Held / uns würdet hingenommen
Durchs Todes Wütery / in der so trüben Zeit /
Und mehren uns dadurch so sehr die Noht und Leid?

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Fleisch

Thou hast made me, and shall thy work decay?
Repair me now, for now mine end doth haste,
I run to death, and death meets me as fast,
And all my pleasures are like yesterday;
I dare not move my dim eyes any way,
Despair behind, and death before doth cast
Such terror, and my feebled flesh doth waste
By sin in it, which it towards hell doth weigh.

John Donne, "Holy Sonnets, I."

Halt dich an mich

Stand still, and I will read to thee
A lecture, love, in love's philosophy.
These three hours that we have spent,
Walking here, two shadows went
Along with us, which we ourselves produc'd.
But, now the sun is just above our head,
We do those shadows, tread,
And to brave clearness all things are reduc't
Except our loves at this noon stay,
We shall new shadows make the other way
Love is a growing, or full constant light,
And his first minute, after noon, is night.

John Donne, "A Lecture upon the Shadow."

Ich weiß, daß mein Erlöser lebt, und er wird mich hernach aus der Erden auferwecken,
und werde darnach mit dieser meiner Haut umgeben werden,
und werde in meinem **Fleisch** Gott sehen.

Weil du vom Tod erstanden bist, werd ich im Grab nicht bleiben,
mein höchster Trost dein **Auffahrt** ist,
Todsfurcht kannst du vertreiben, denn wo du bist,
da komm ich hin, daß ich stets bei dir leb und bin,
drum fahr ich hin mit Freuden.

Auffahrt

Though still I die, I live again;
Still longing so to be still slain,
So gainful is such loss of breath.
I die even in desire of death.
Still live in me this loving strife
Of living Death and dying Life.
For while thou sweetly slayest me
Dead to my self, I live in Thee.

Richard Crashaw, "Strife."

Herr, ich lasse dich nicht, du segnest mich denn.

Er sprach zu mir: **halt dich an mich**, es soll dir itzt gelingen,
ich geb mich selber ganz für dich, da will ich für dich ringen,
den Tod verschlingt das Leben mein,
mein Unschuld trägt die Sünden dein, da bist du selig worden.

Todsfurcht

Sentiv' io già correr di morte il gelo
a lunghi passi per le vene al core,
e folta pioggia di perpetuo umore
m' involgea gli occhi in tenebroso velo;

Torquato Tasso, Rime Eteree

II-Motette "Herr, wenn ich nur Dich habe"

Herr, wenn ich nur dich habe,
so frage ich nichts nach Himmel und Erden,
wenn mir gleich Leib und Seele verschmacht,
so bist du doch, Gott, allzeit
meines Herzens Trost und mein Teil.

III-Canticum B.Simenonis
"Herr, nun lässest du deinen Diener"

Herr, nun lässest du deinen Diener
im Friede fahren, wie du gesagt hast.
Denn meine Augen haben deinen Heiland gesehen,
welchen du bereitet hast für allen Völkern,
ein Licht zu erleuchten die Heiden,
und zum Preis deines Volks Israel.

Solitude is a torment which is not threatened in hell itself.

John Donne, "Meditation V."

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dedicato ad Ulrich Etscheit
con profonda stima

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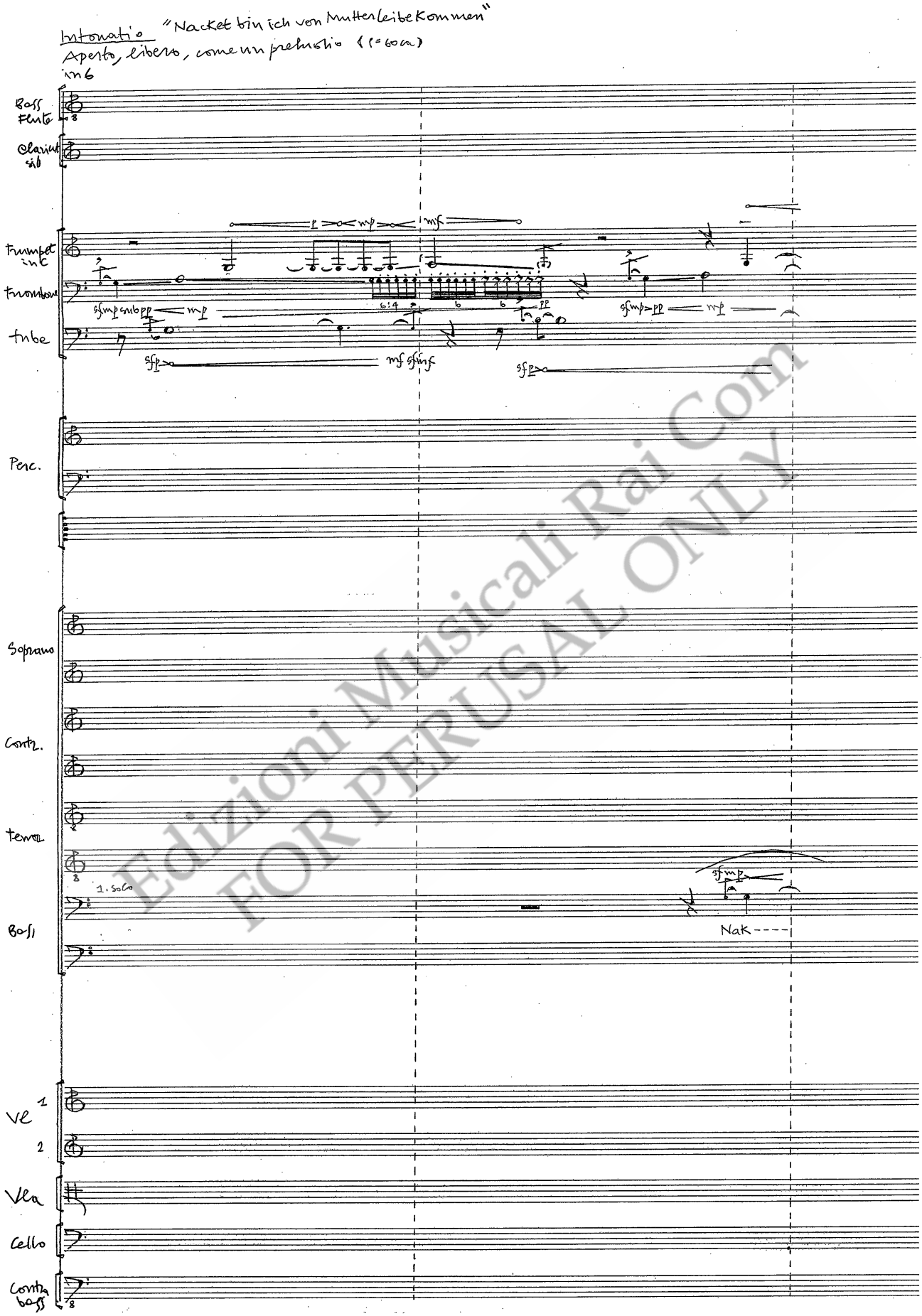

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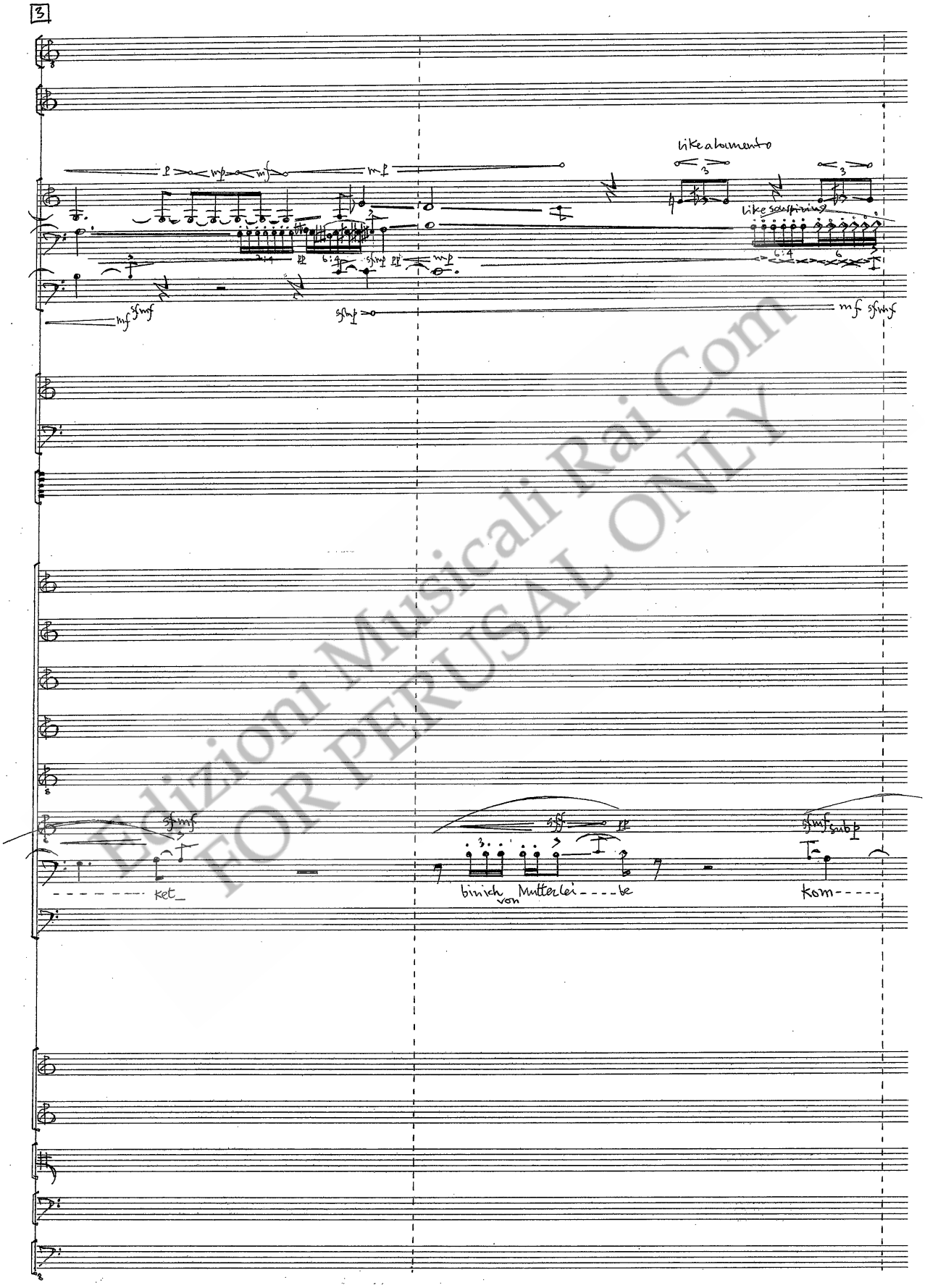

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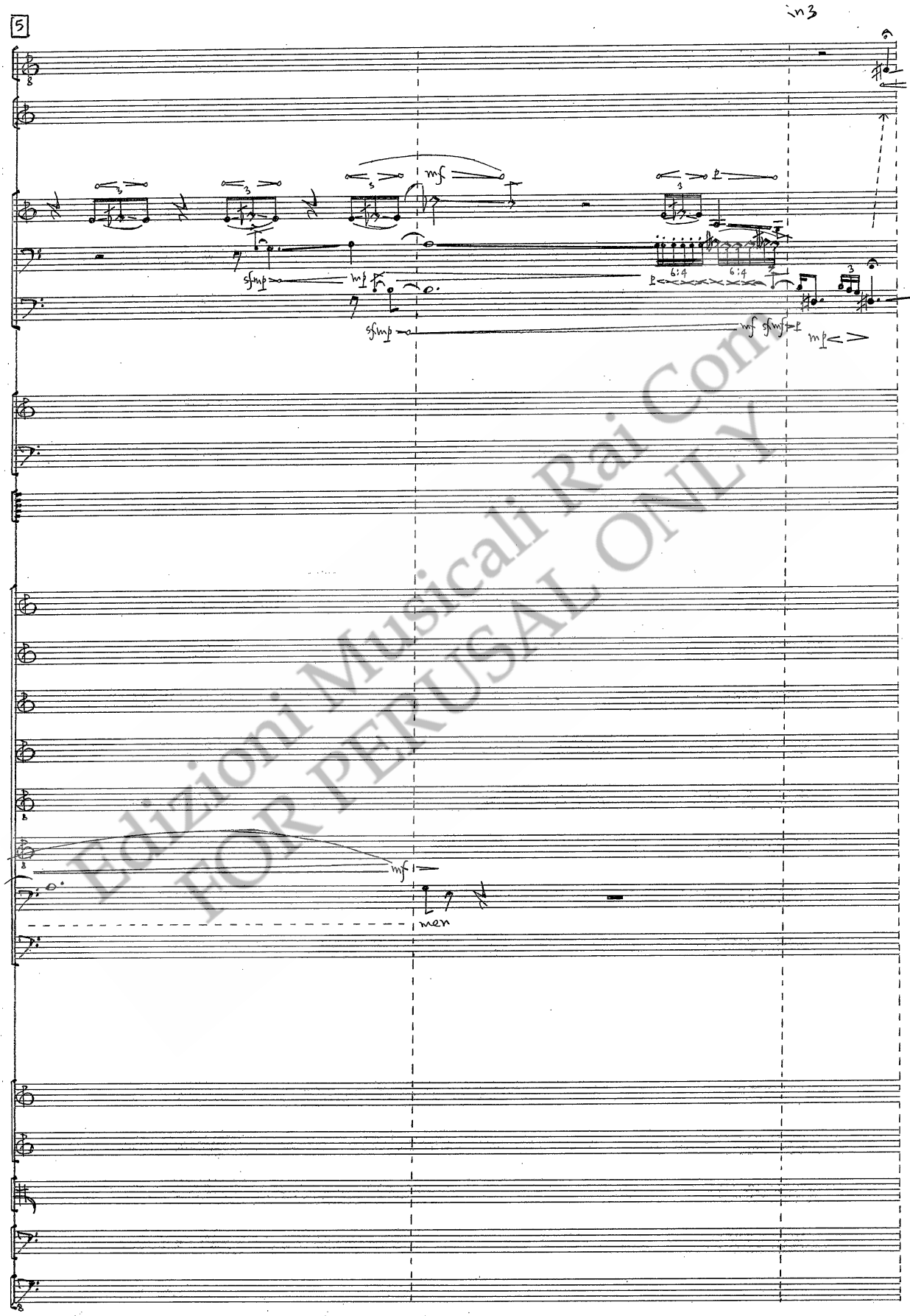

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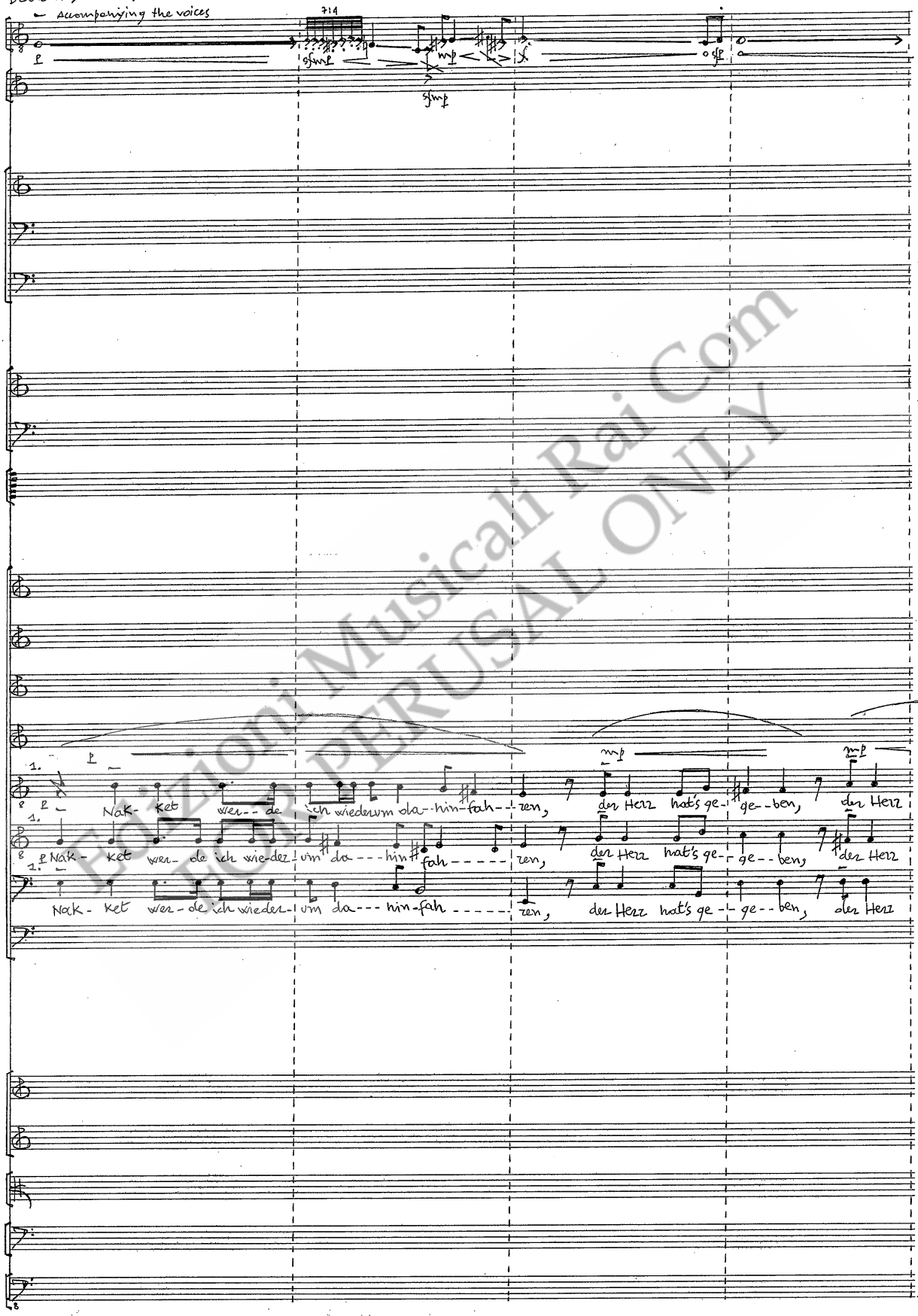
Soli "Nacket werde ich wiederum dahinfahren"

8

Delicato, lento, introsmttivo in 4 (♩= 56ca)

Accompanying the voices



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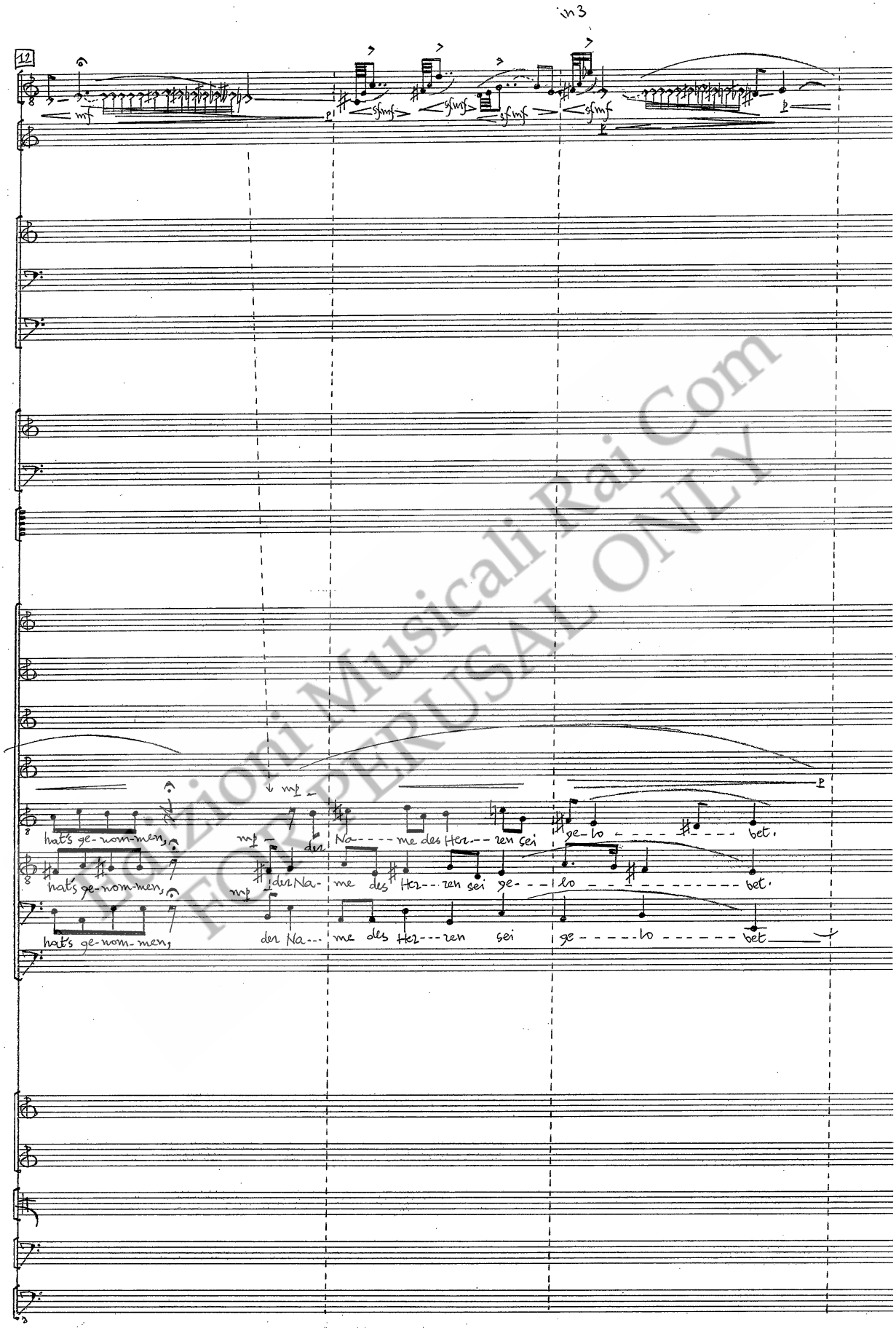

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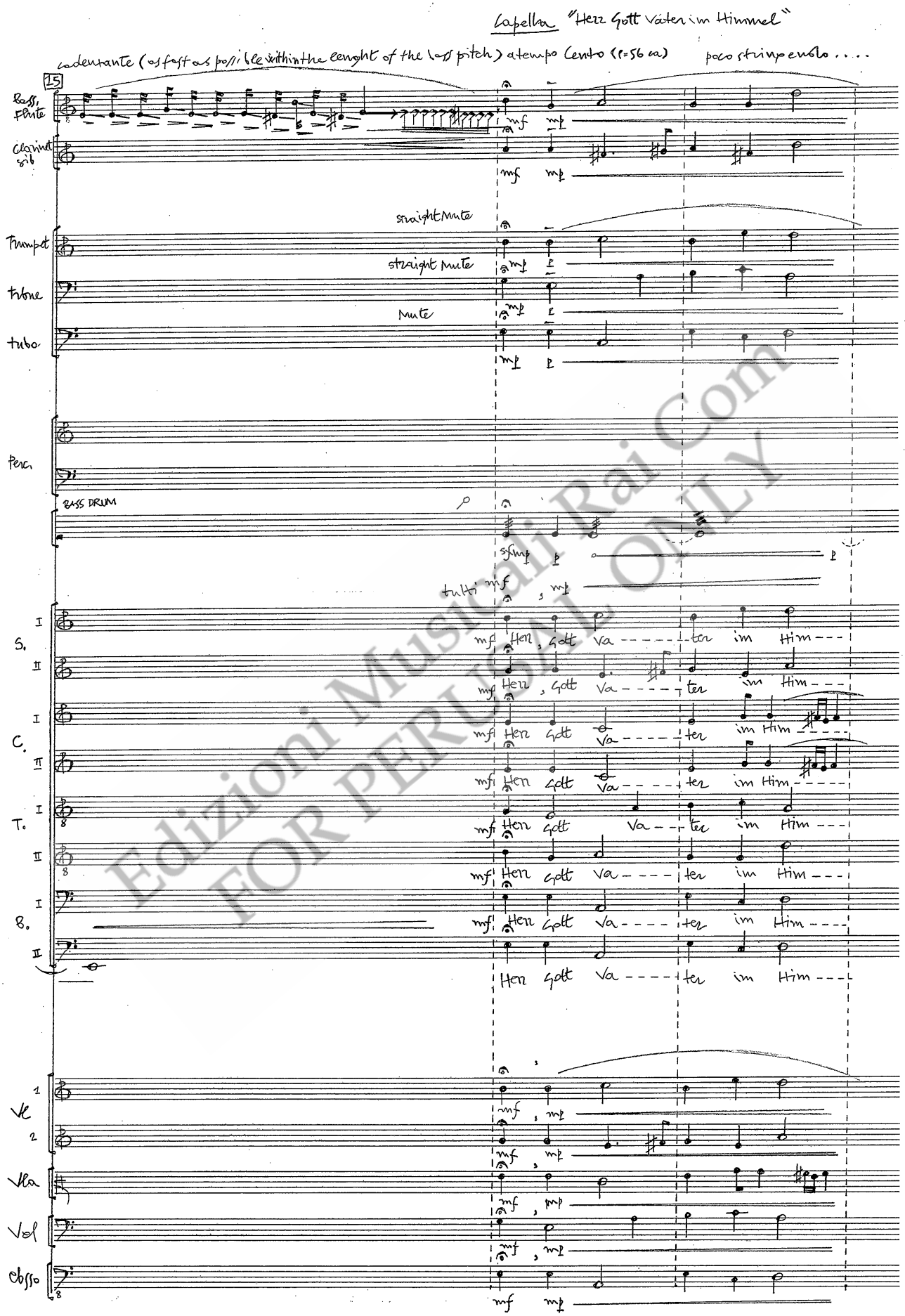

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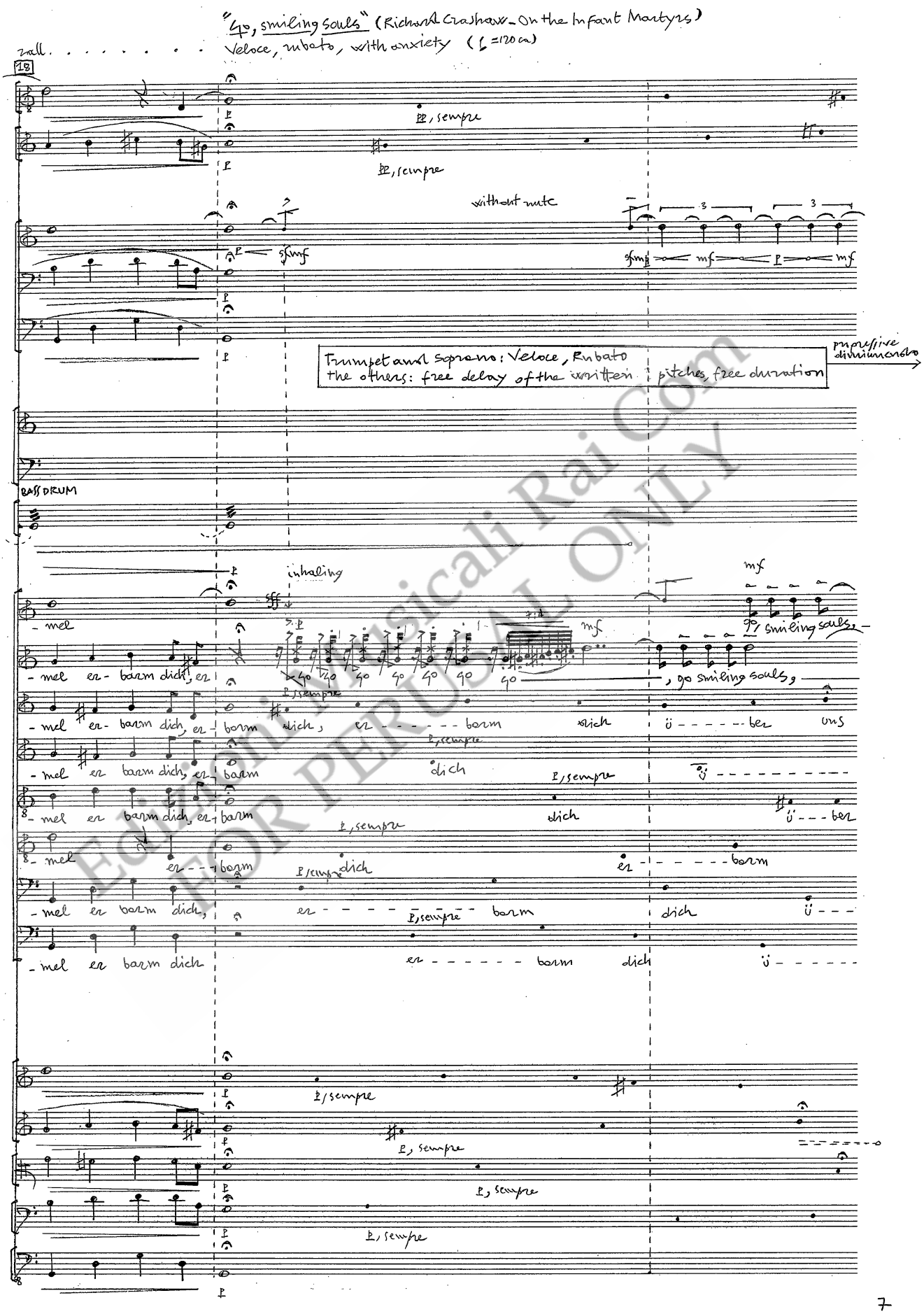

"Go, smiling souls" (Richard Crashaw - On the Infant Martyrs)
Veloce, rubato, with anxiety (♩ = 120 ca)

rall. . . . . .

18

pp, sempre

pp, sempre

without mute

sfmf

sfmf mf p mf

Trumpet and soprano: Veloce, Rubato
the others: free delay of the written pitches, free duration

progressive diminuendo

BASS DRUM

inhaling

sff

mf

go, smiling souls,

- mel

- mel er- barm dich, er

go go go go go go go, go smiling souls,

p, sempre

- mel er- barm dich, er- barm dich, er - - - - - barm dich ü - - - - - ber uns

p, sempre

- mel er barm dich, er- barm dich

p, sempre

- mel er barm dich, er- barm dich ü - - - ber

p, sempre

- mel er - - barm dich er - - - - - barm

p, sempre

- mel er barm dich, er - - - - - barm dich ü - - -

p, sempre

- mel er barm dich er - - - - - - barm dich ü - - - - -

p, sempre

p, sempre

p, sempre

p, sempre

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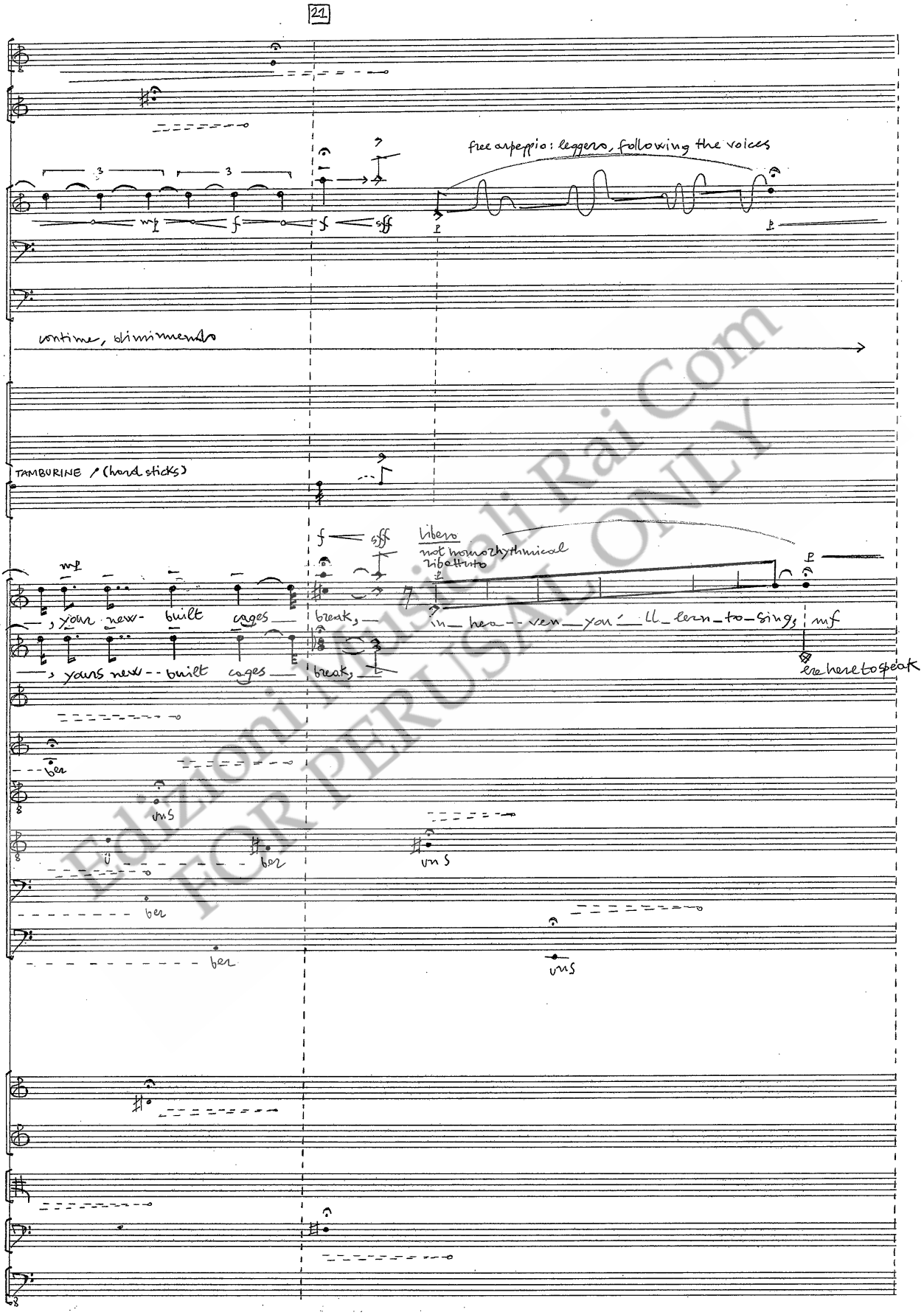

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22

with WA-WA mute

ddissima, non vibrato
Each voice starts the same fragment after a while, creating a cluster evolving towards the same pitch (Eb)

Nor let the mist-ky fonts that bathe your 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8.
Thirst

Nor let the mist-ky fonts that bathe Thirst 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7

each one with a different starting point and a different pitch around the Eb

10" ca

Be your de-loy

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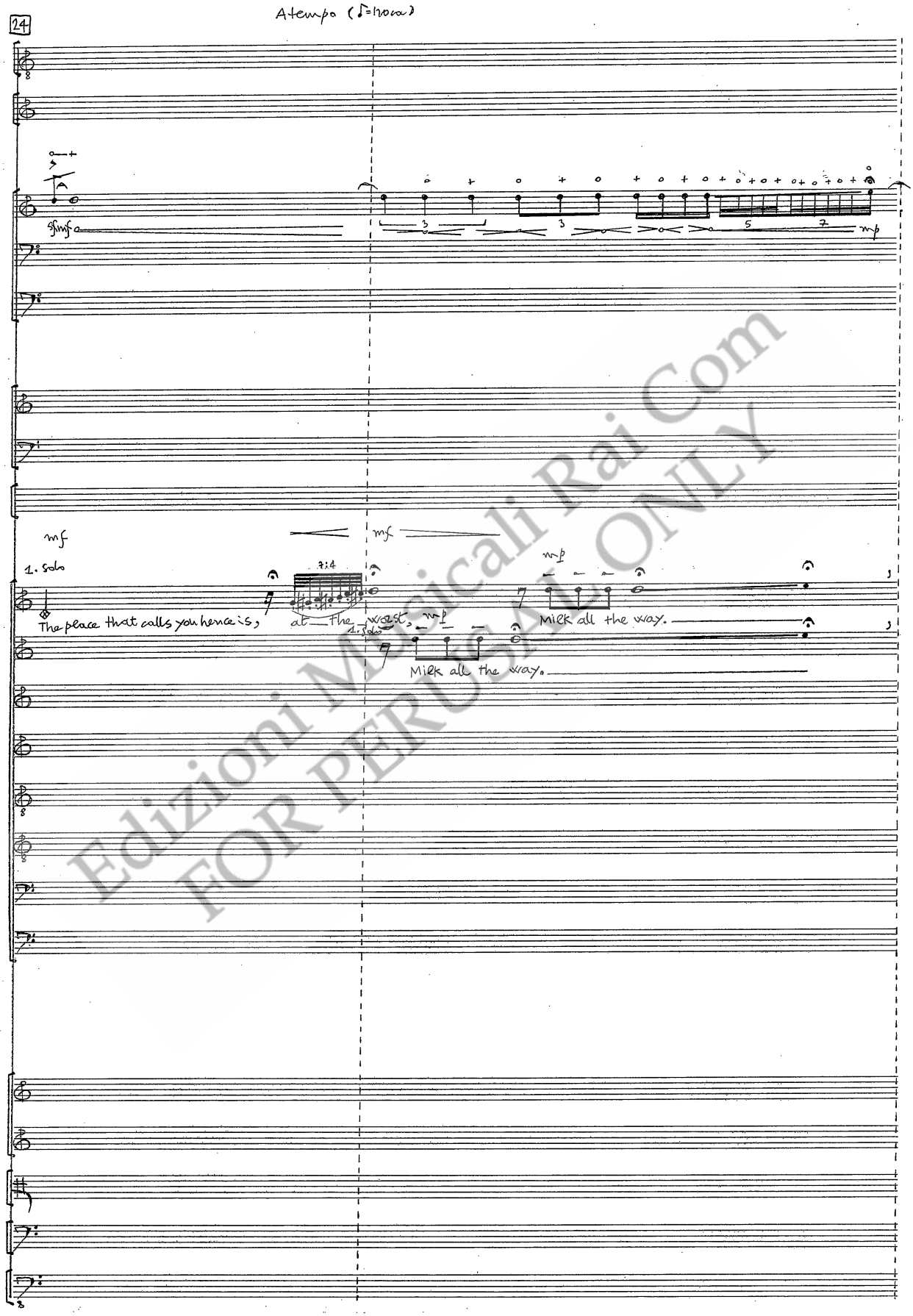

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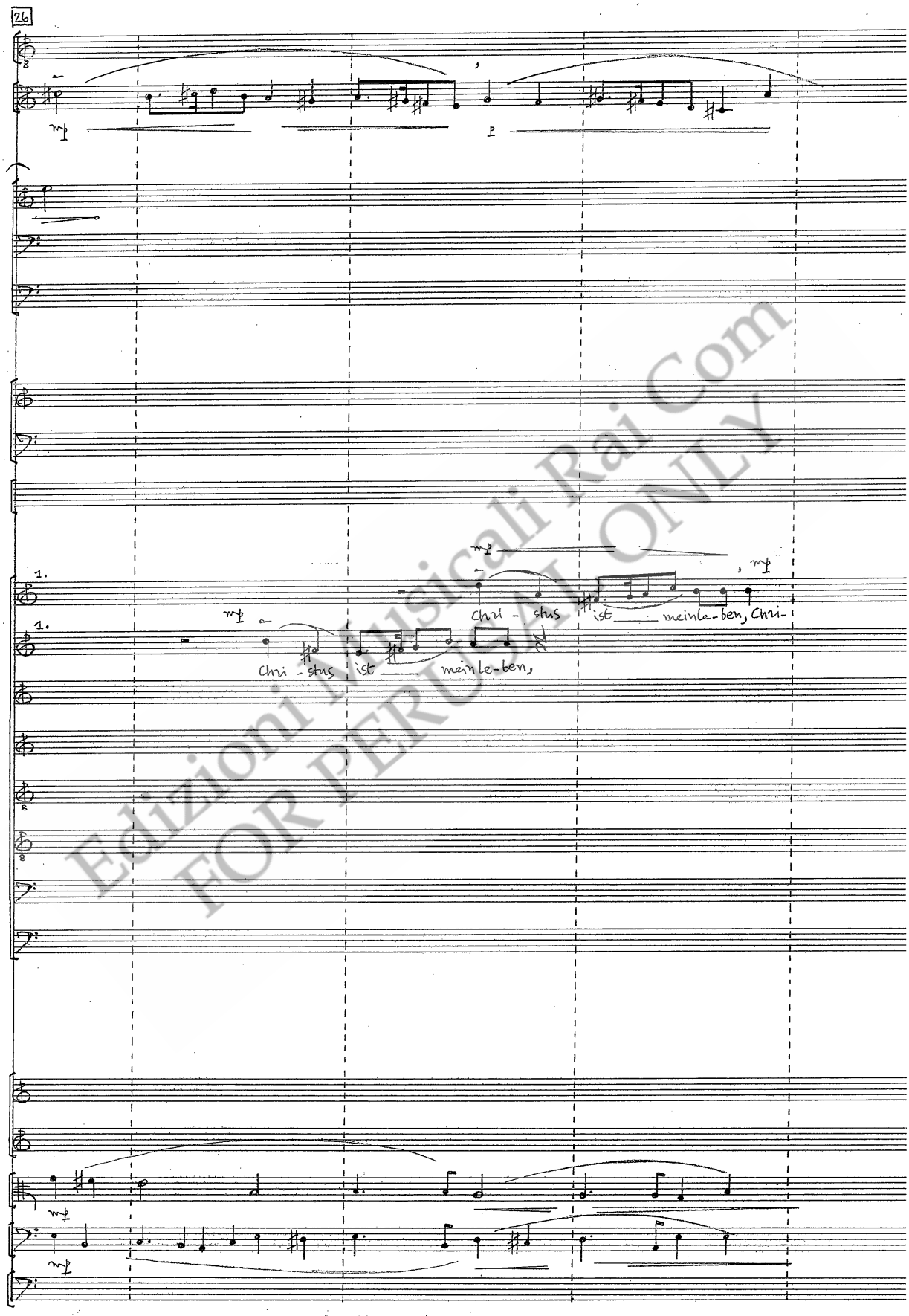
Soli "christus ist mein leben"
lento, quasi una preghiera (♩= 56-60 ca)



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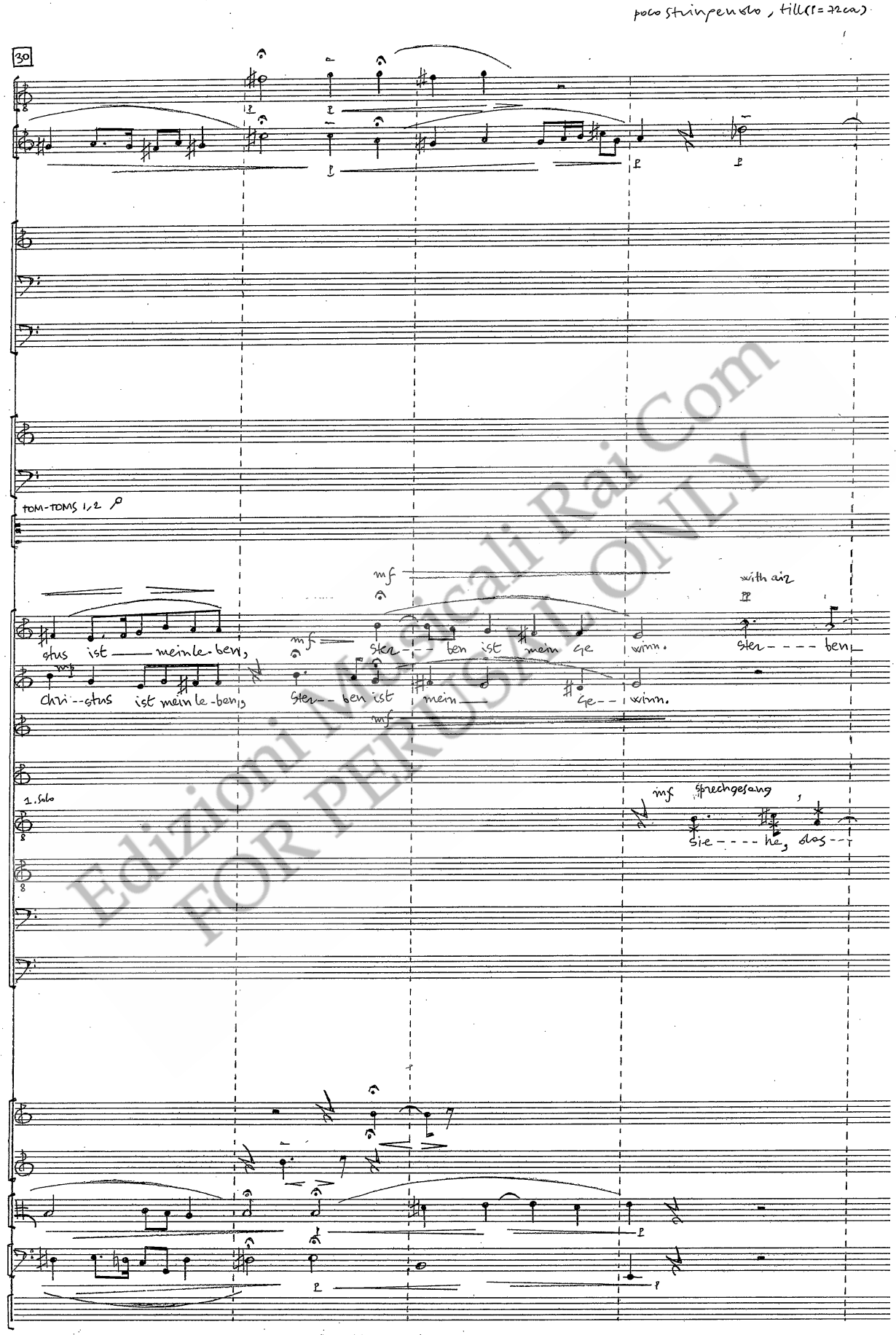

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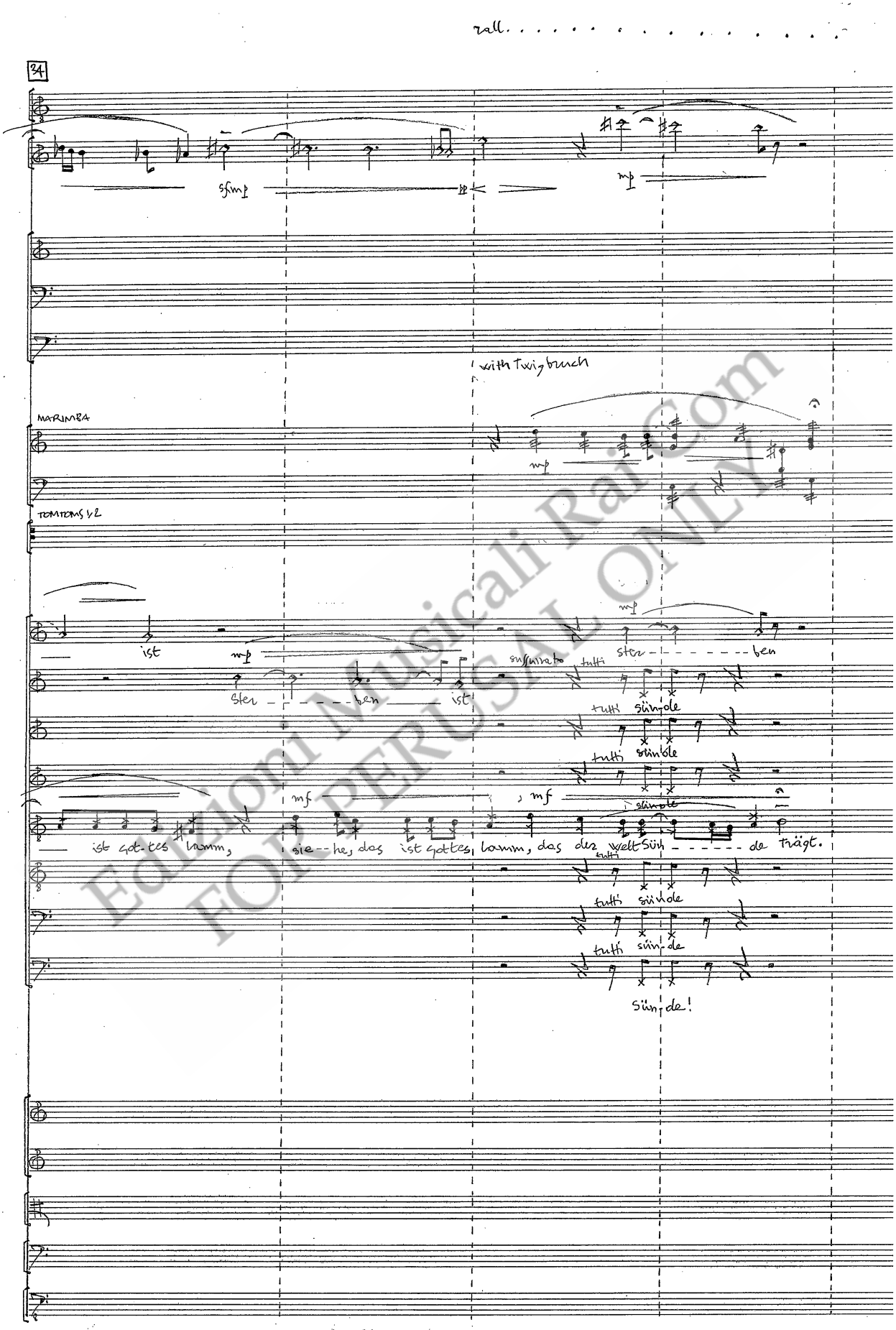

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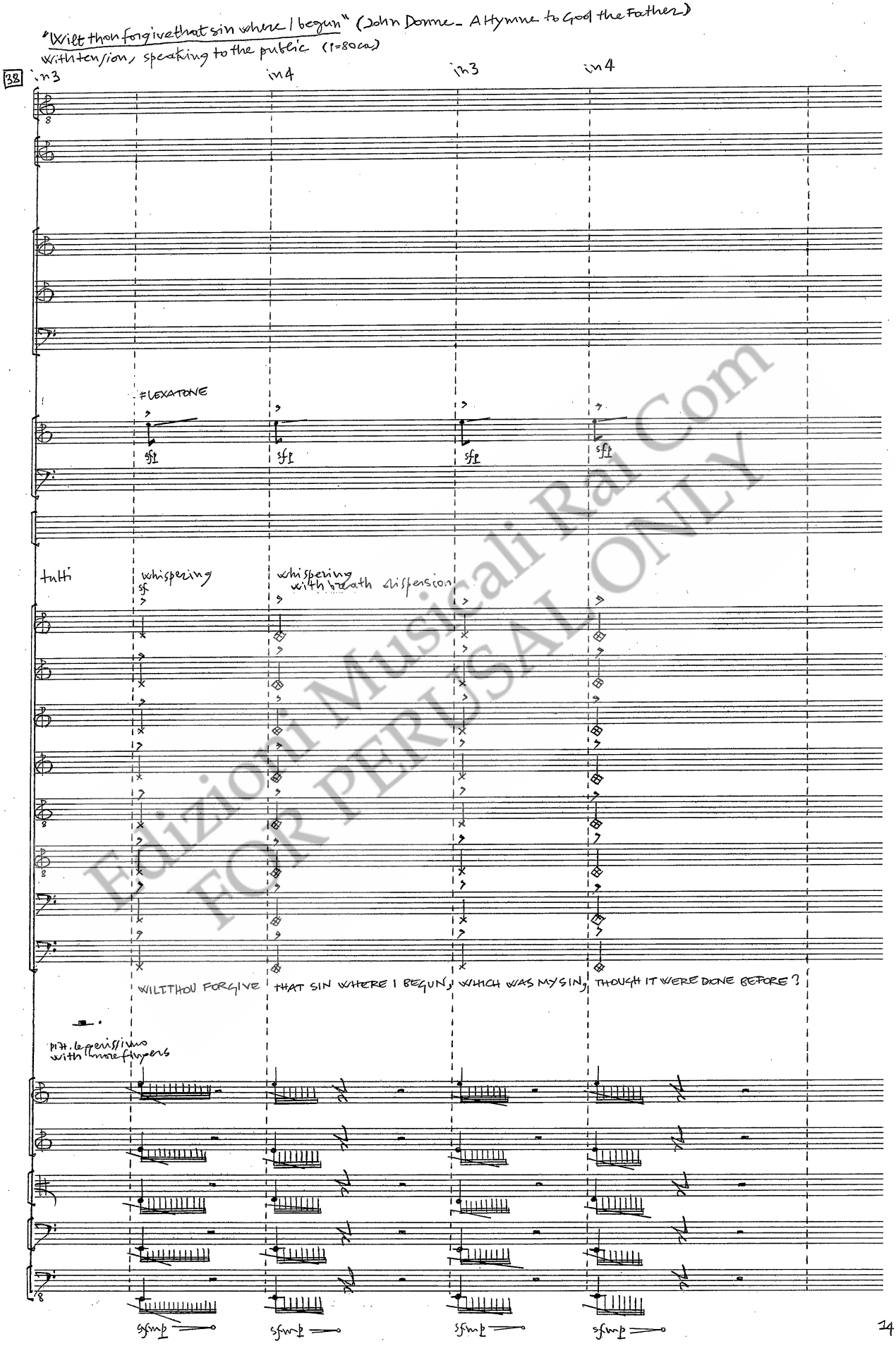

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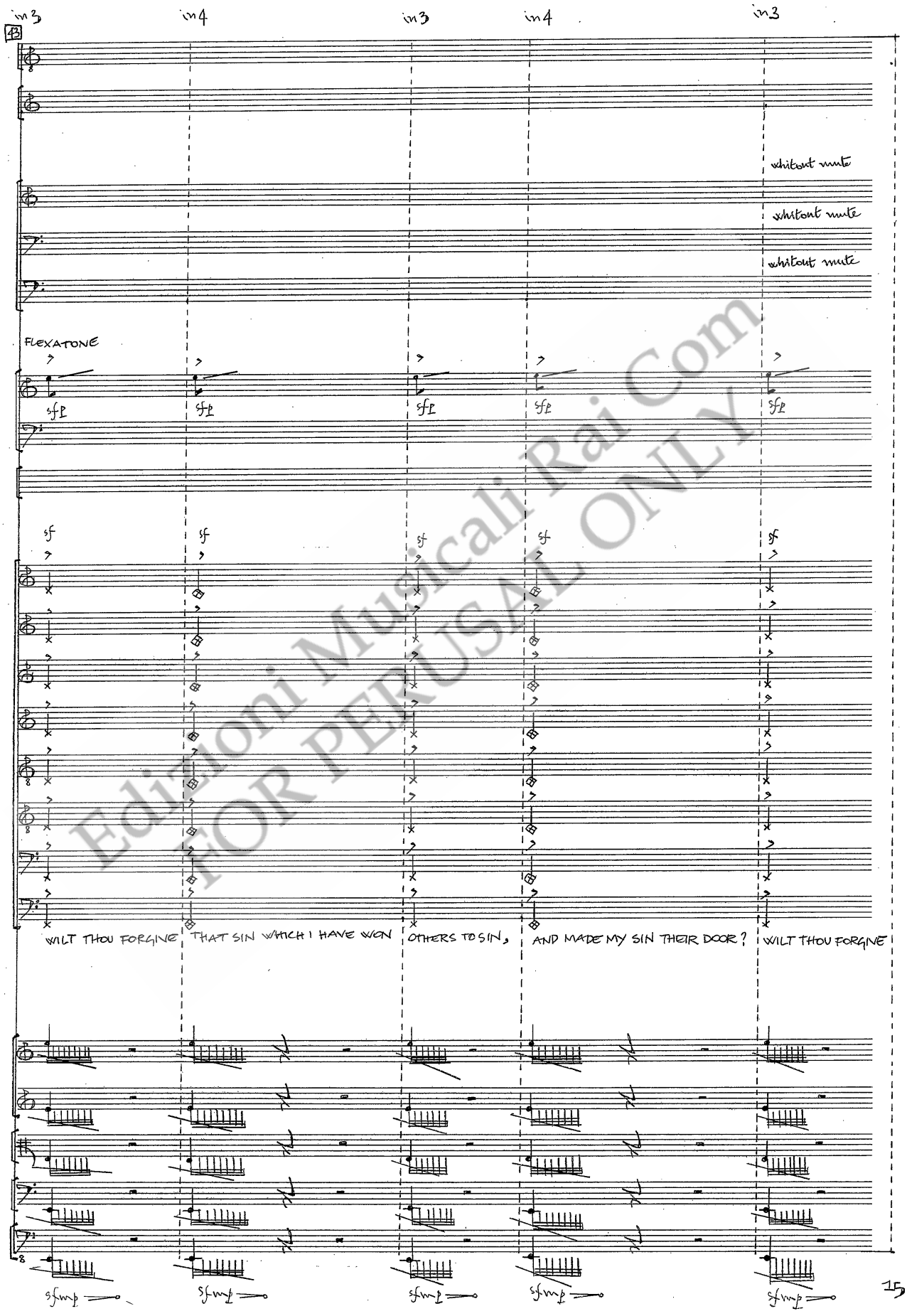

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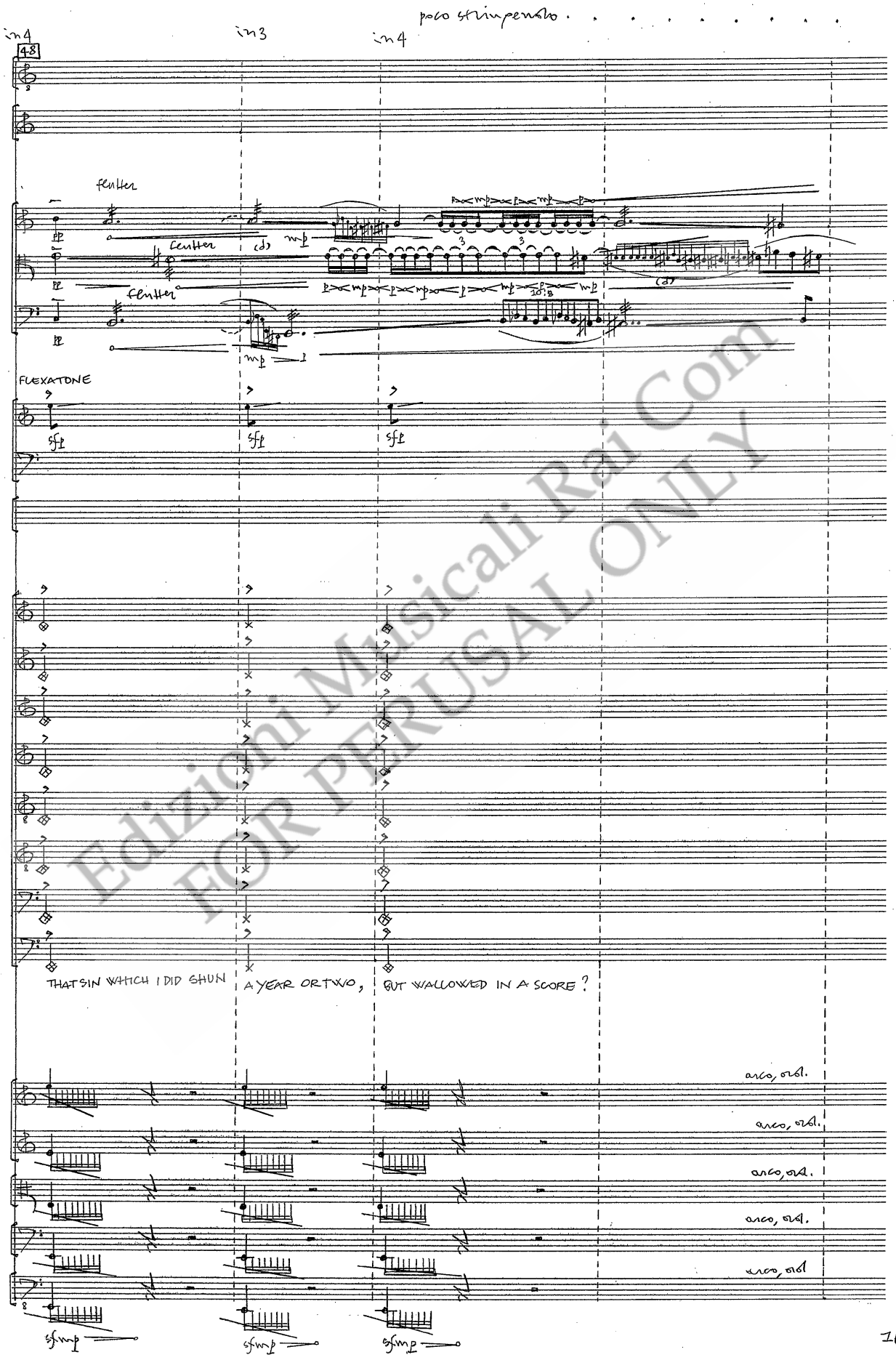

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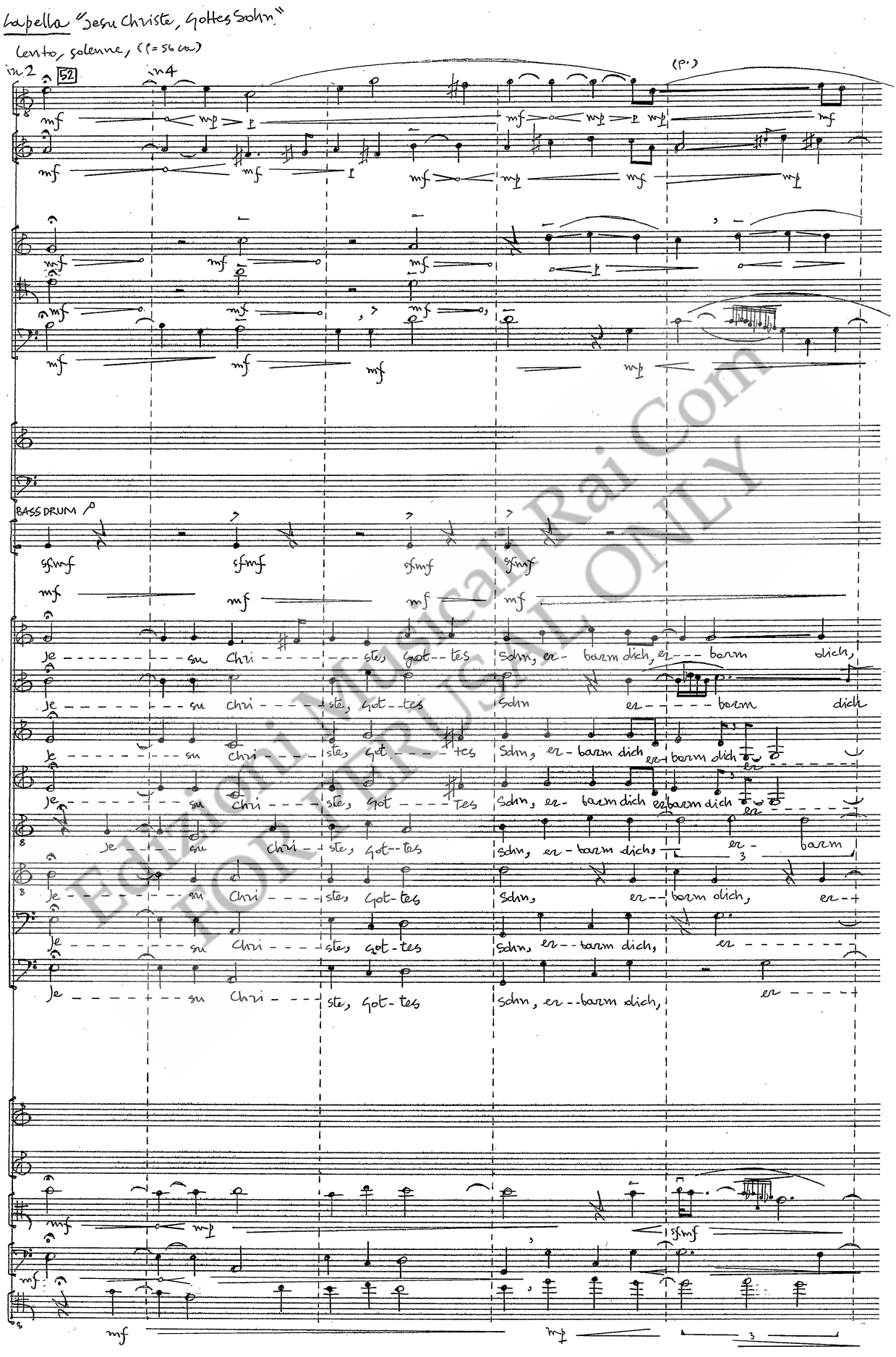

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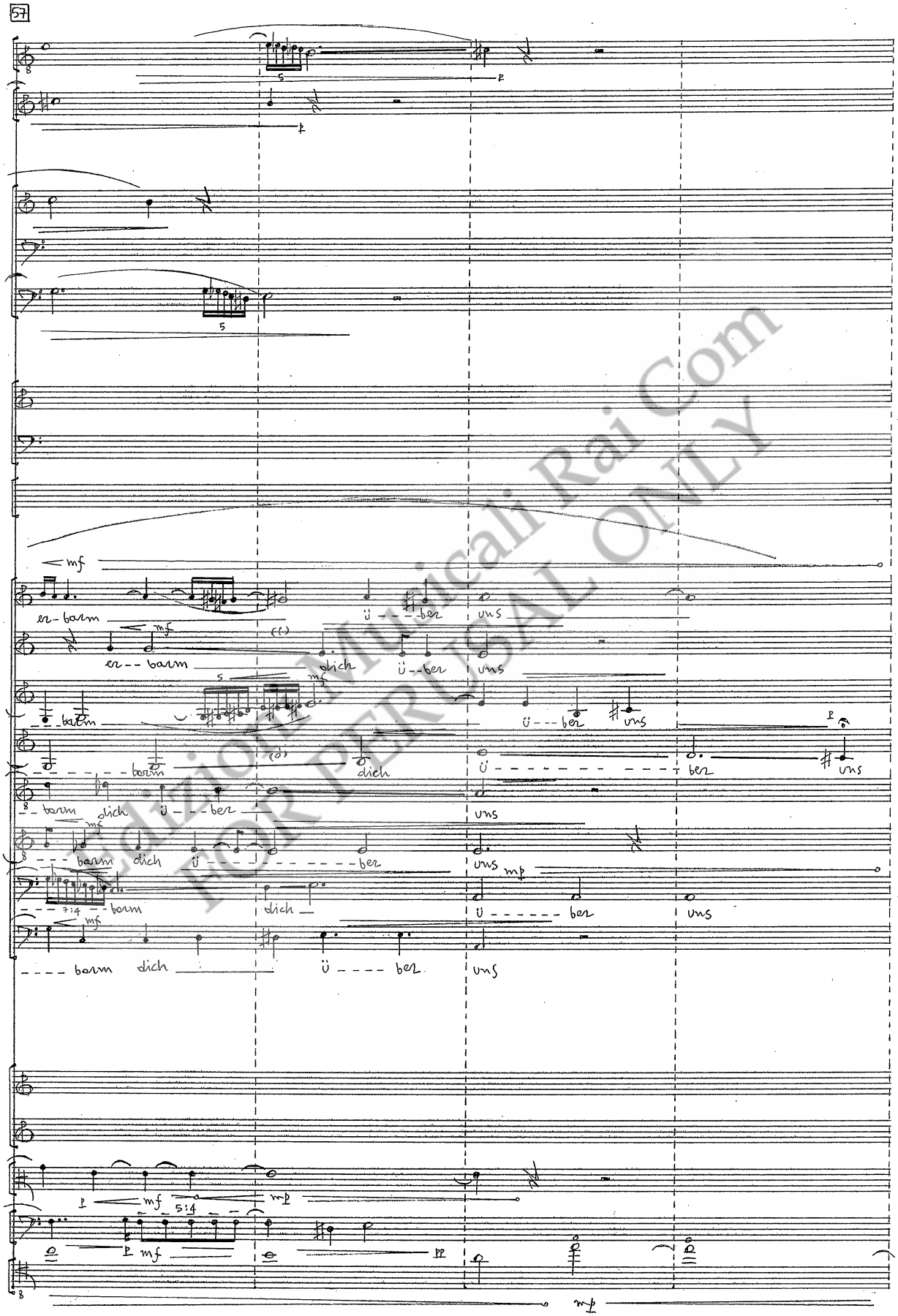

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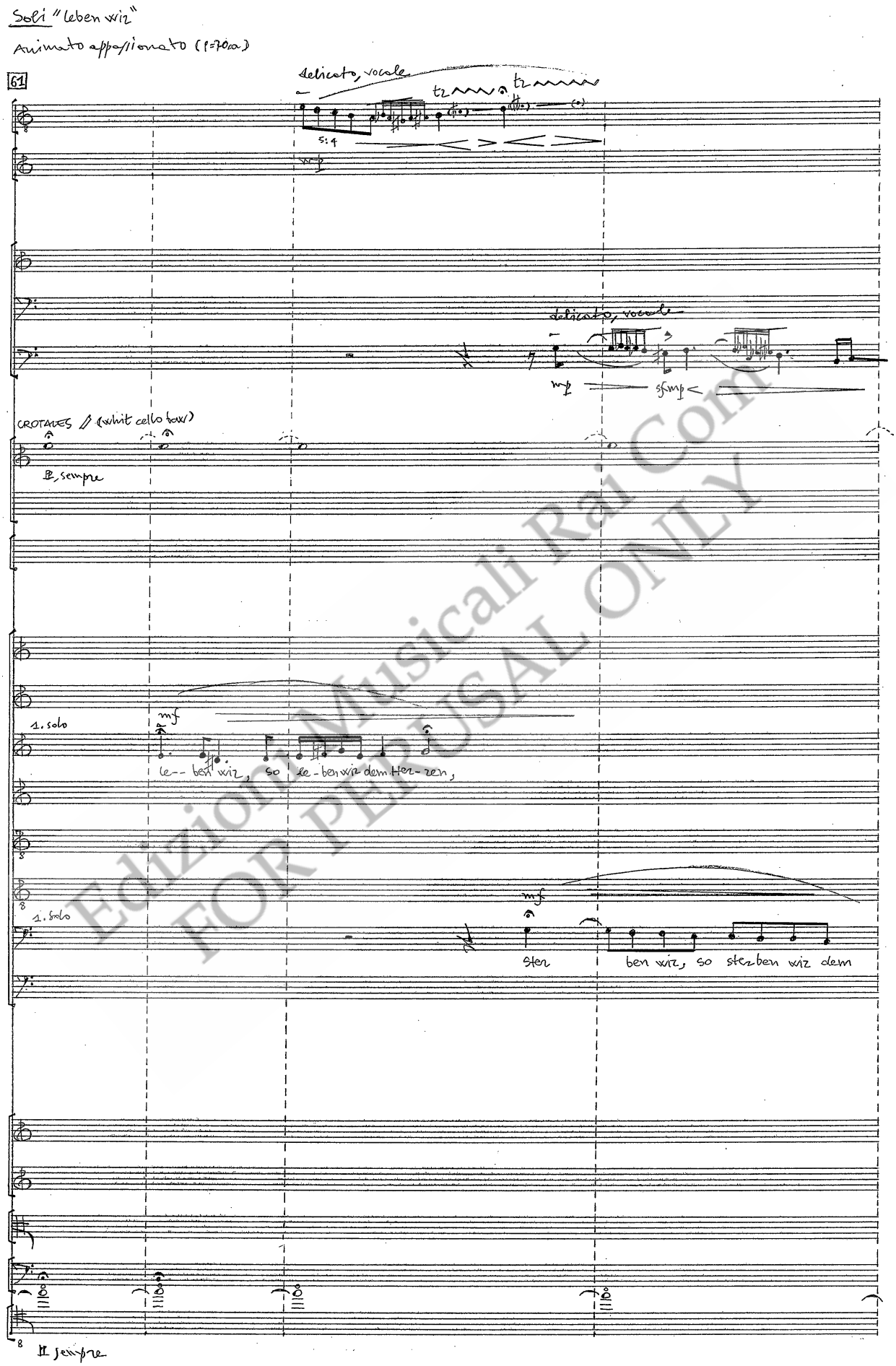

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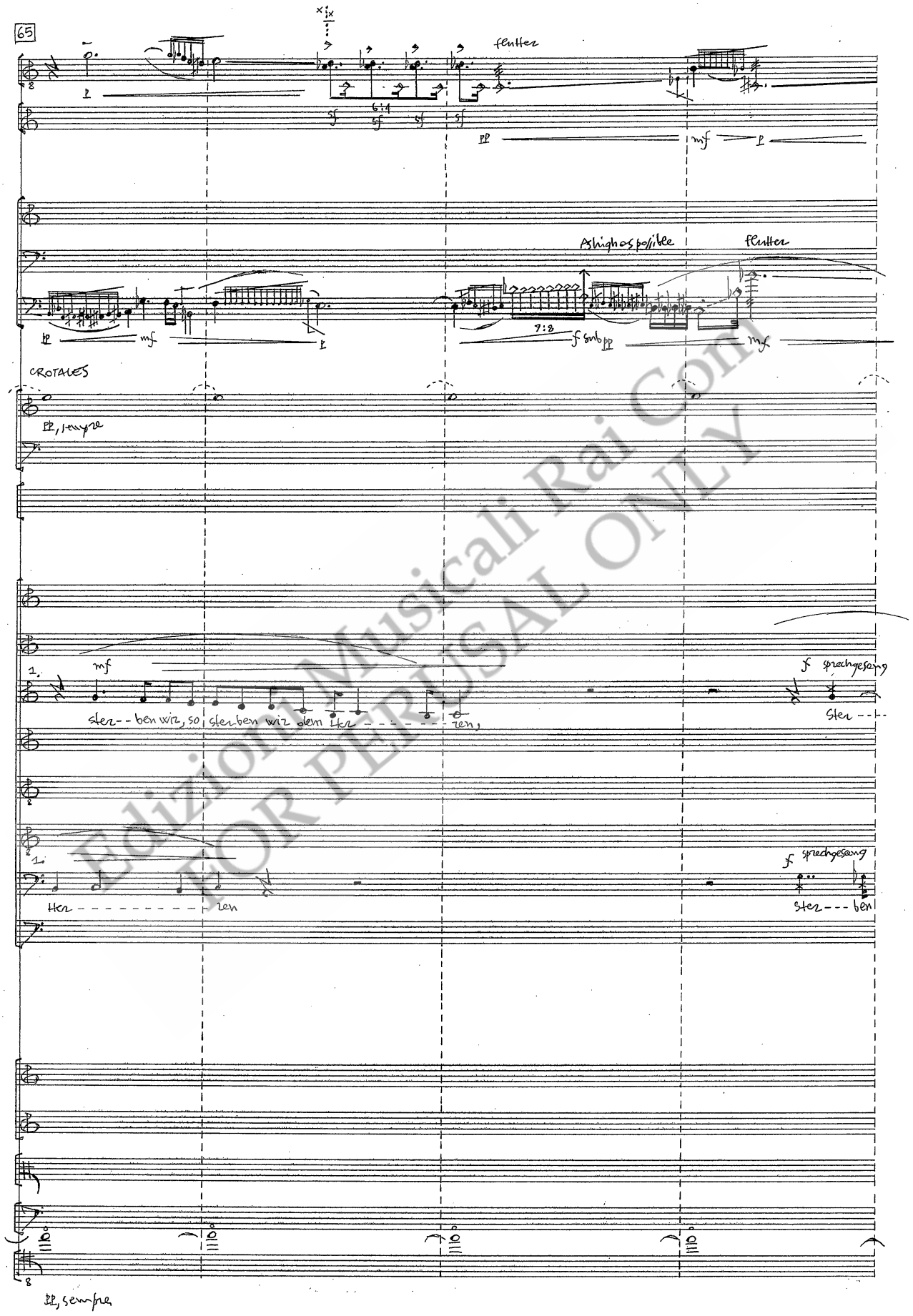

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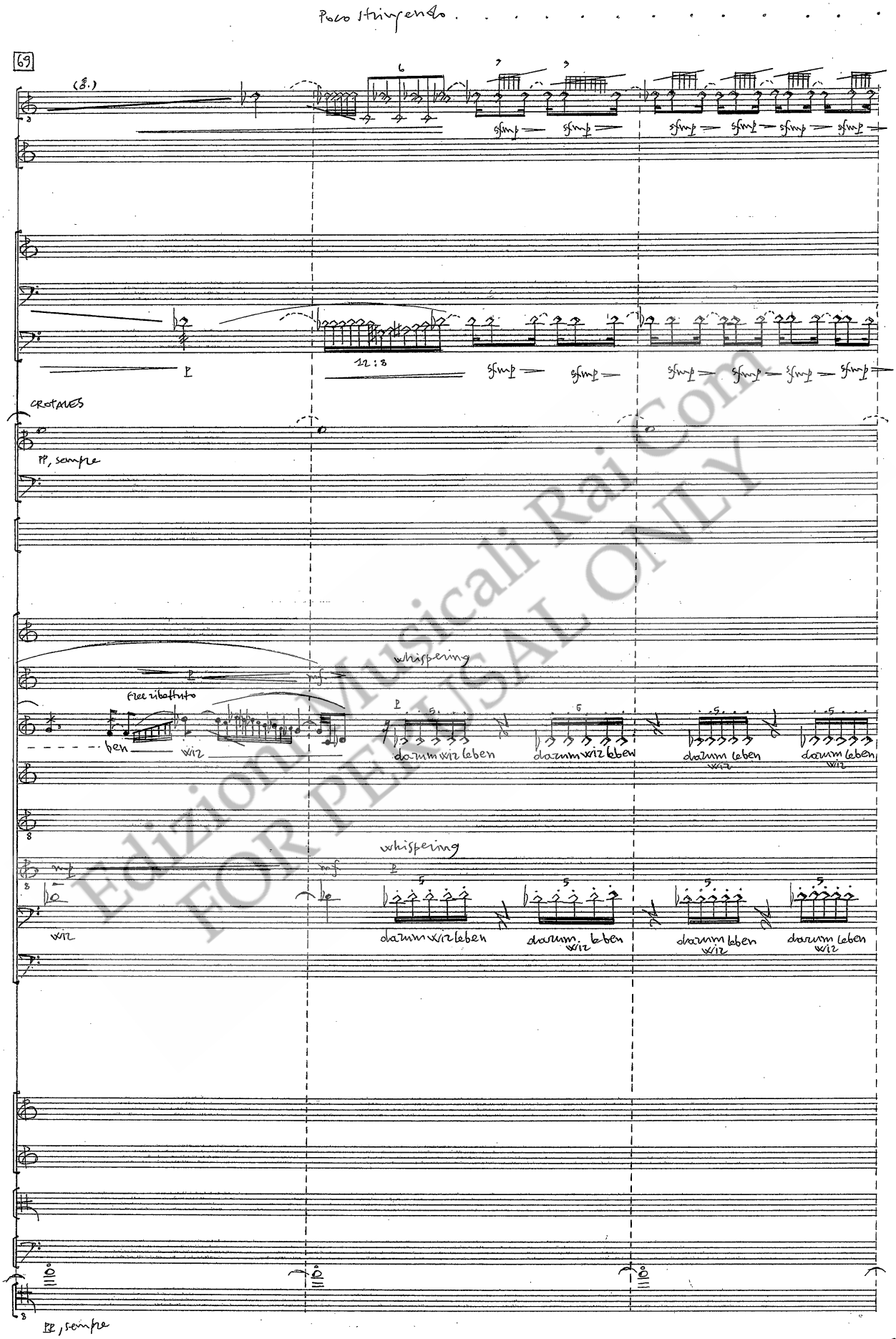

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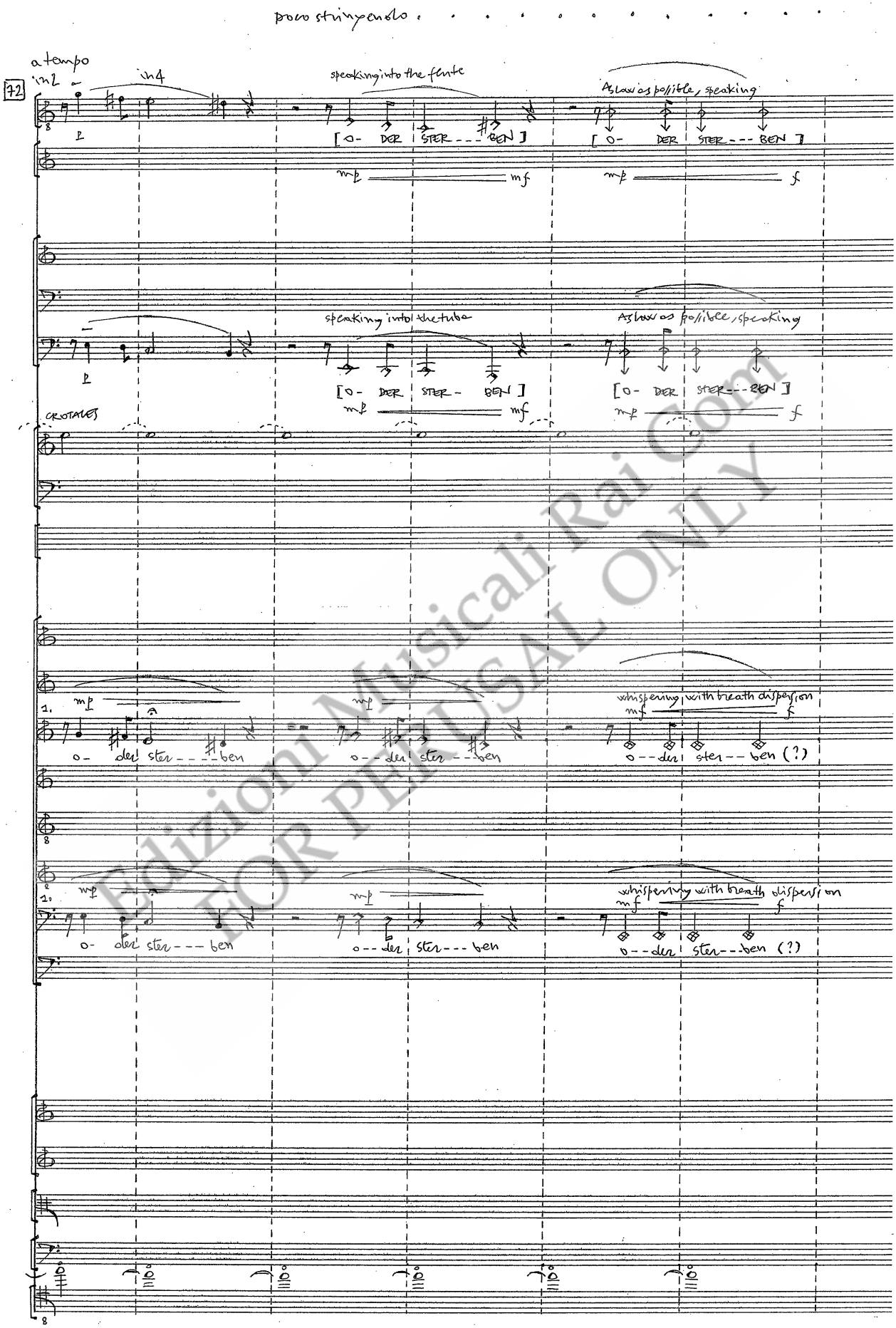

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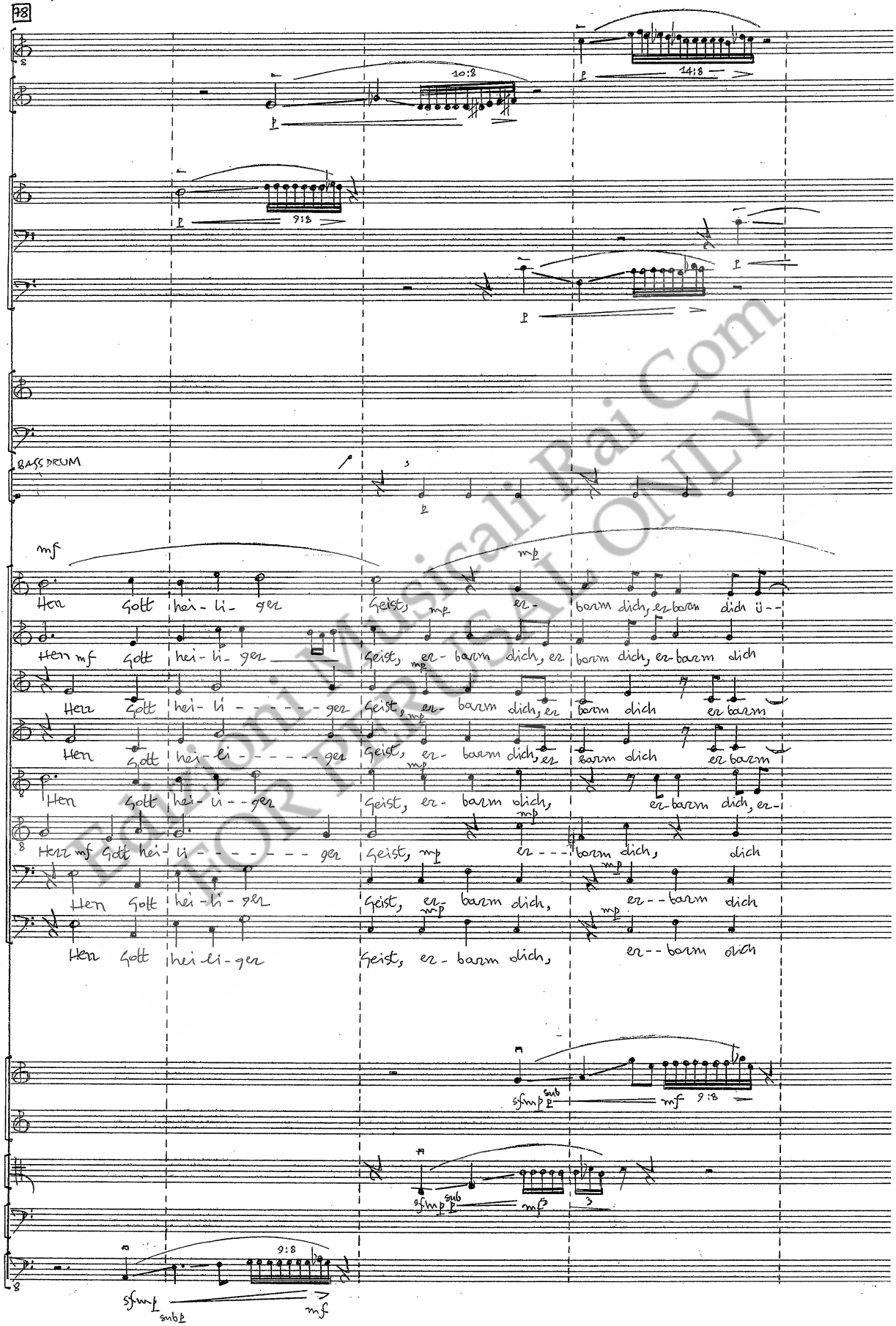
Capella "Herr Gott, heiliger Geist"
lento, aperto, risonante (♩=60ca)

78



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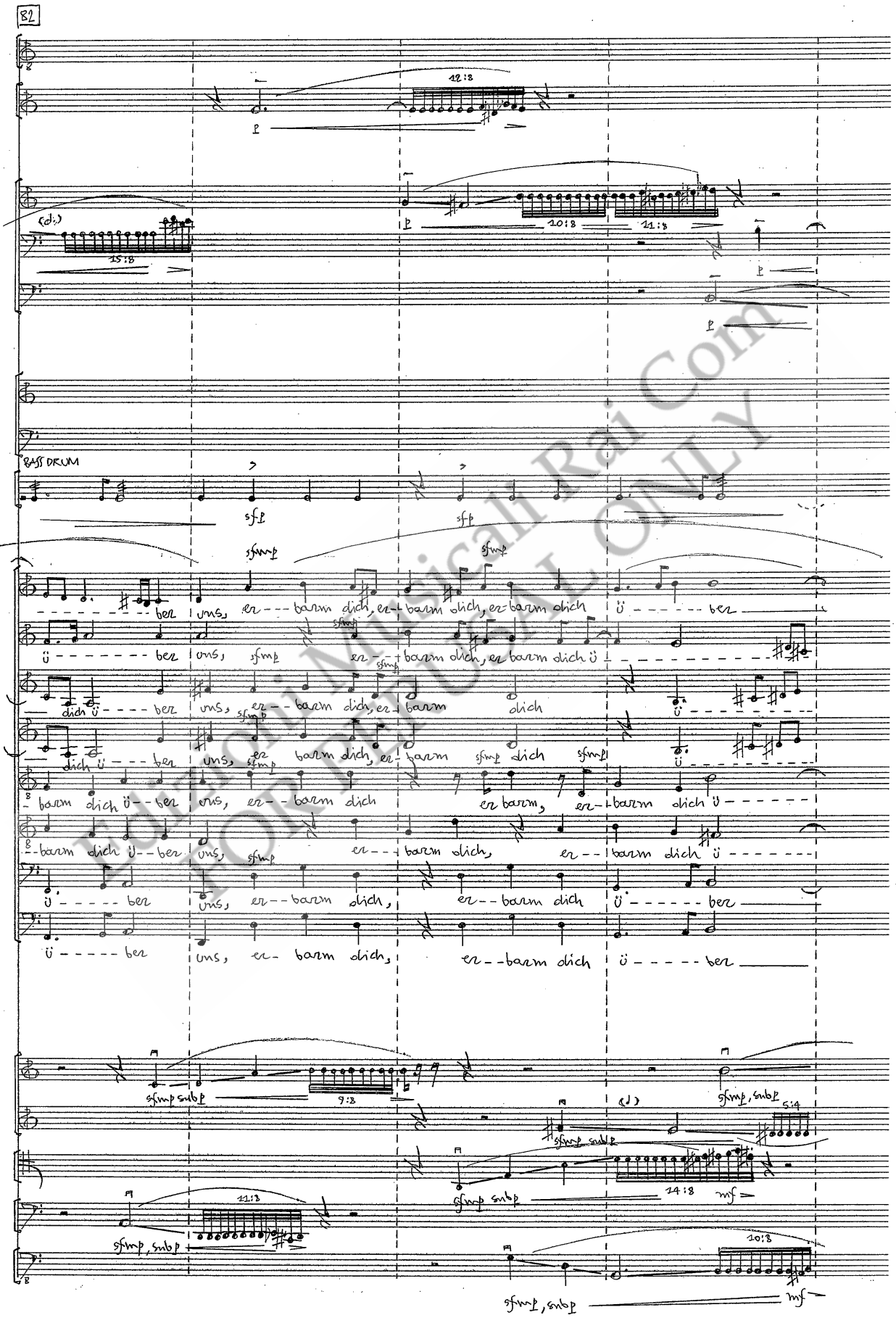

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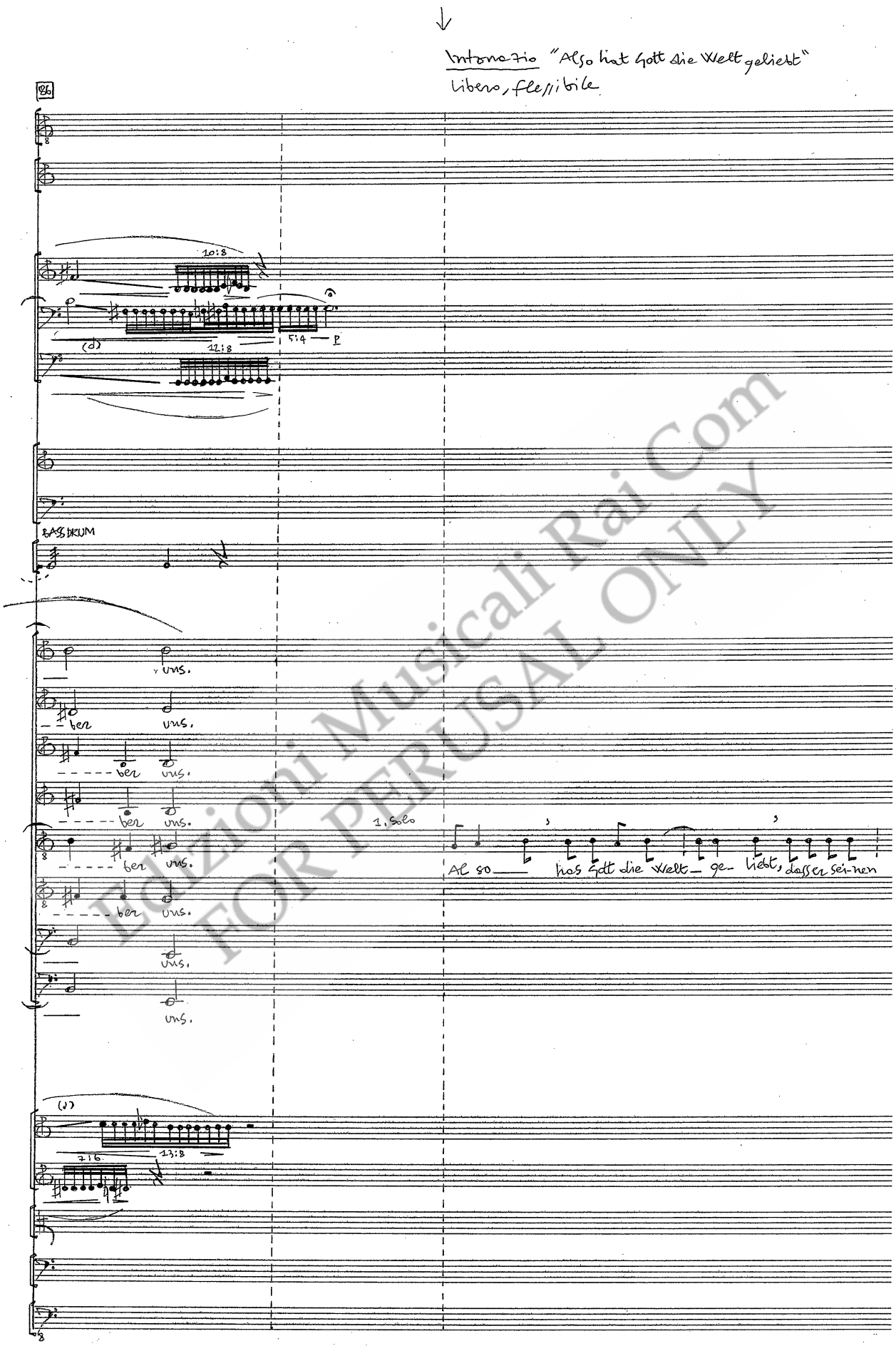

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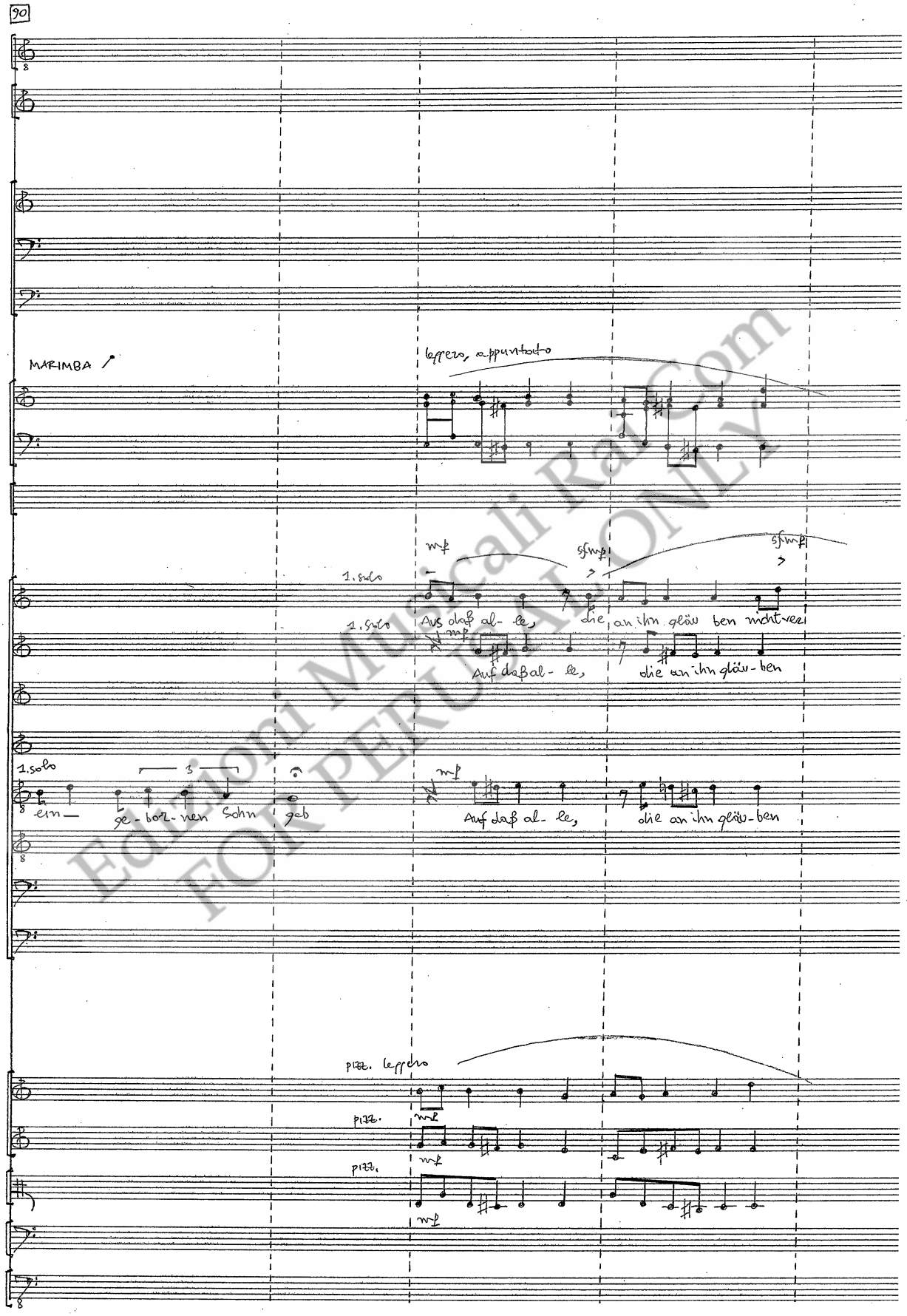
Soli "Auf daß alle, die an ihn gläuben"

Animato, leggero, in 4 (♩=80 ca)



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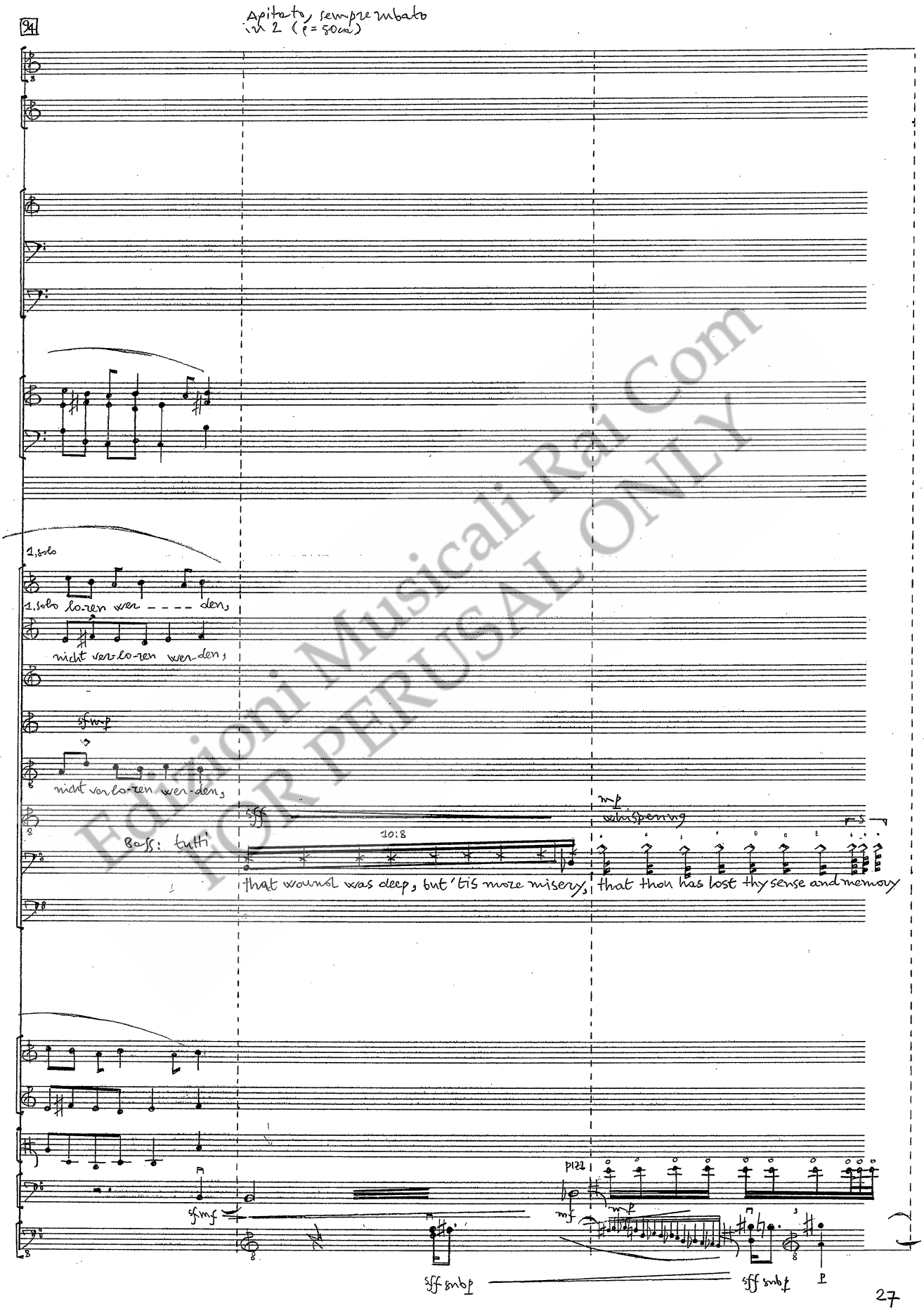
"that wound was deep" (John Donne - First Anniversary)



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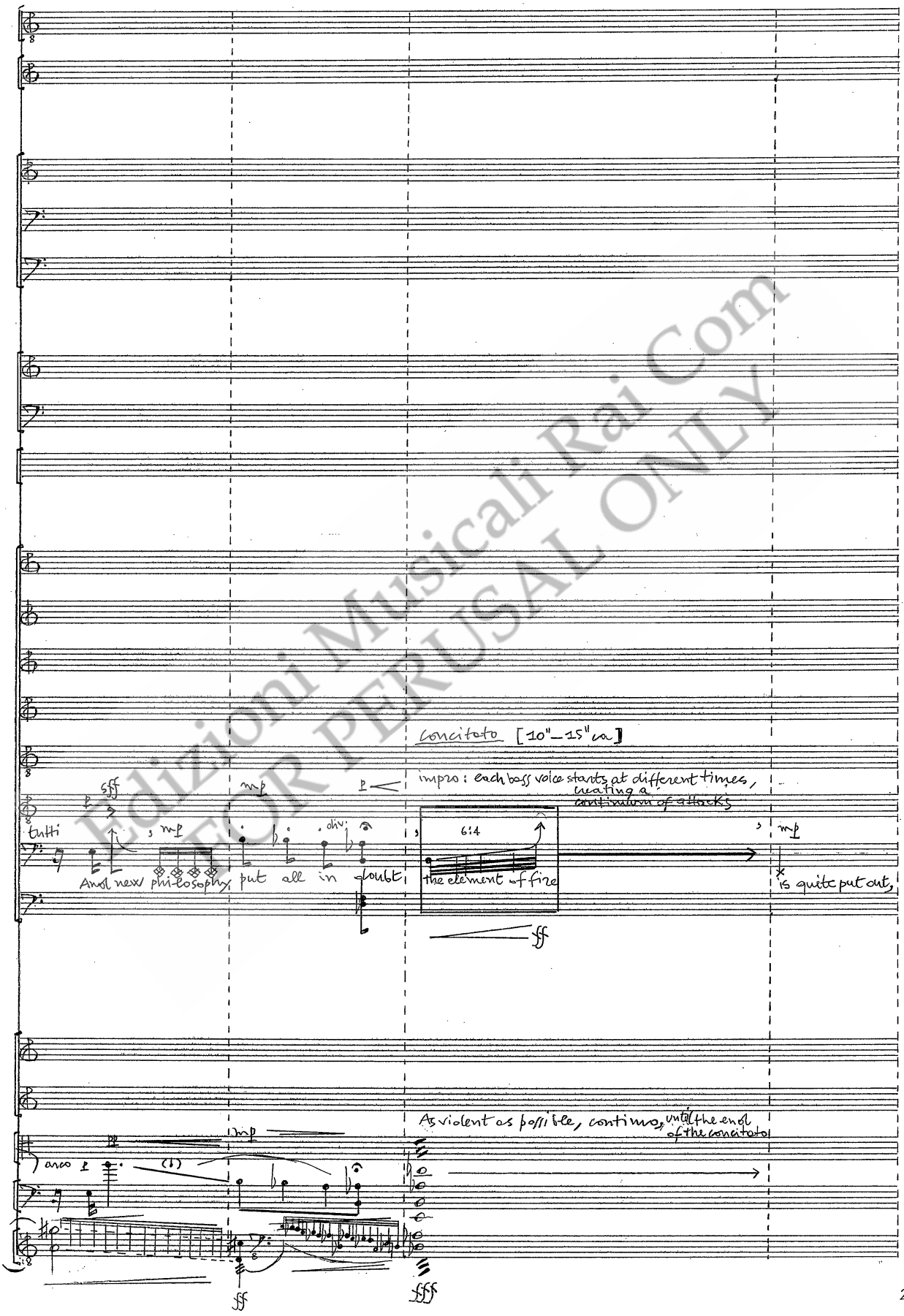
attacca subito

97



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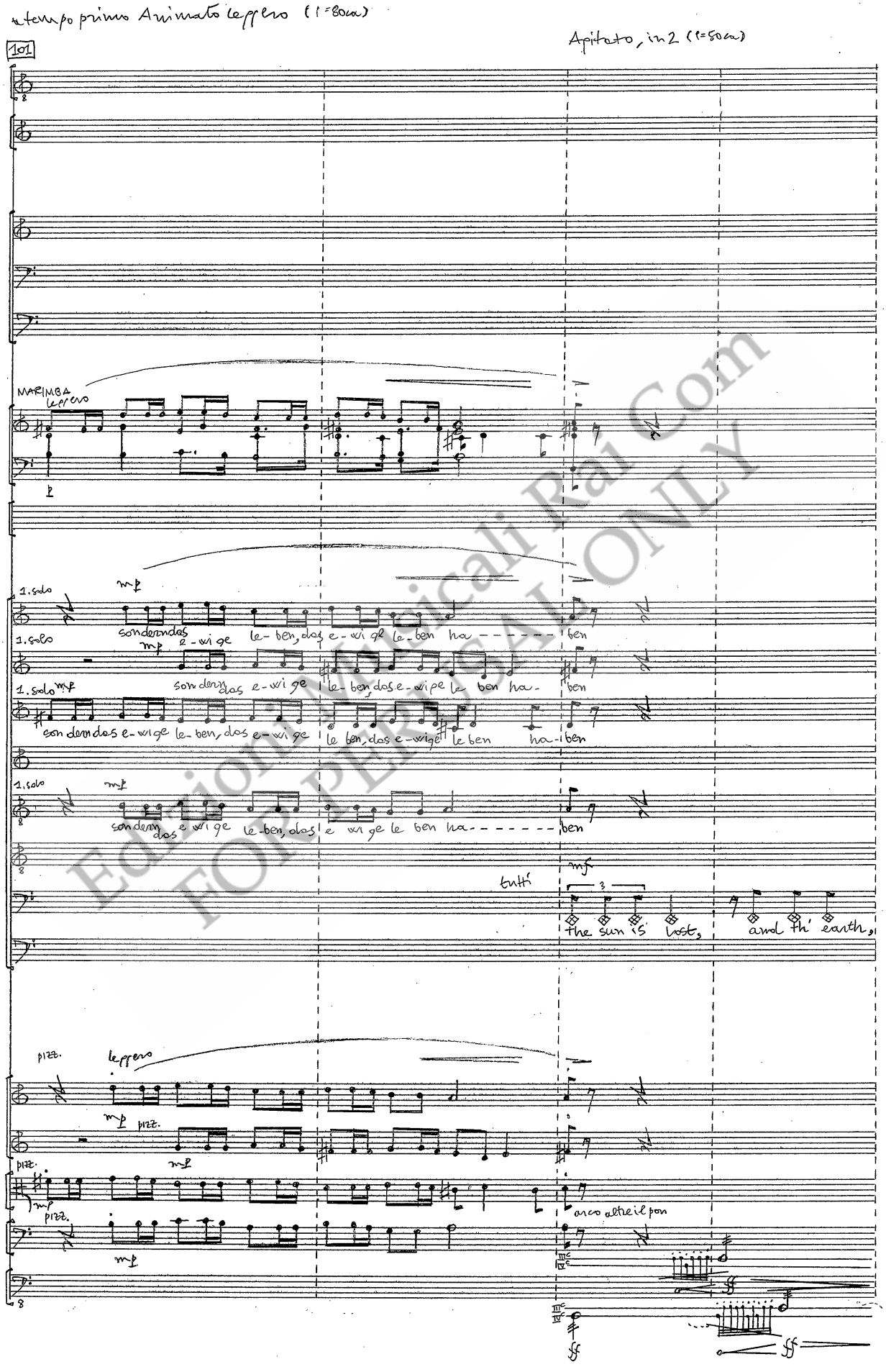

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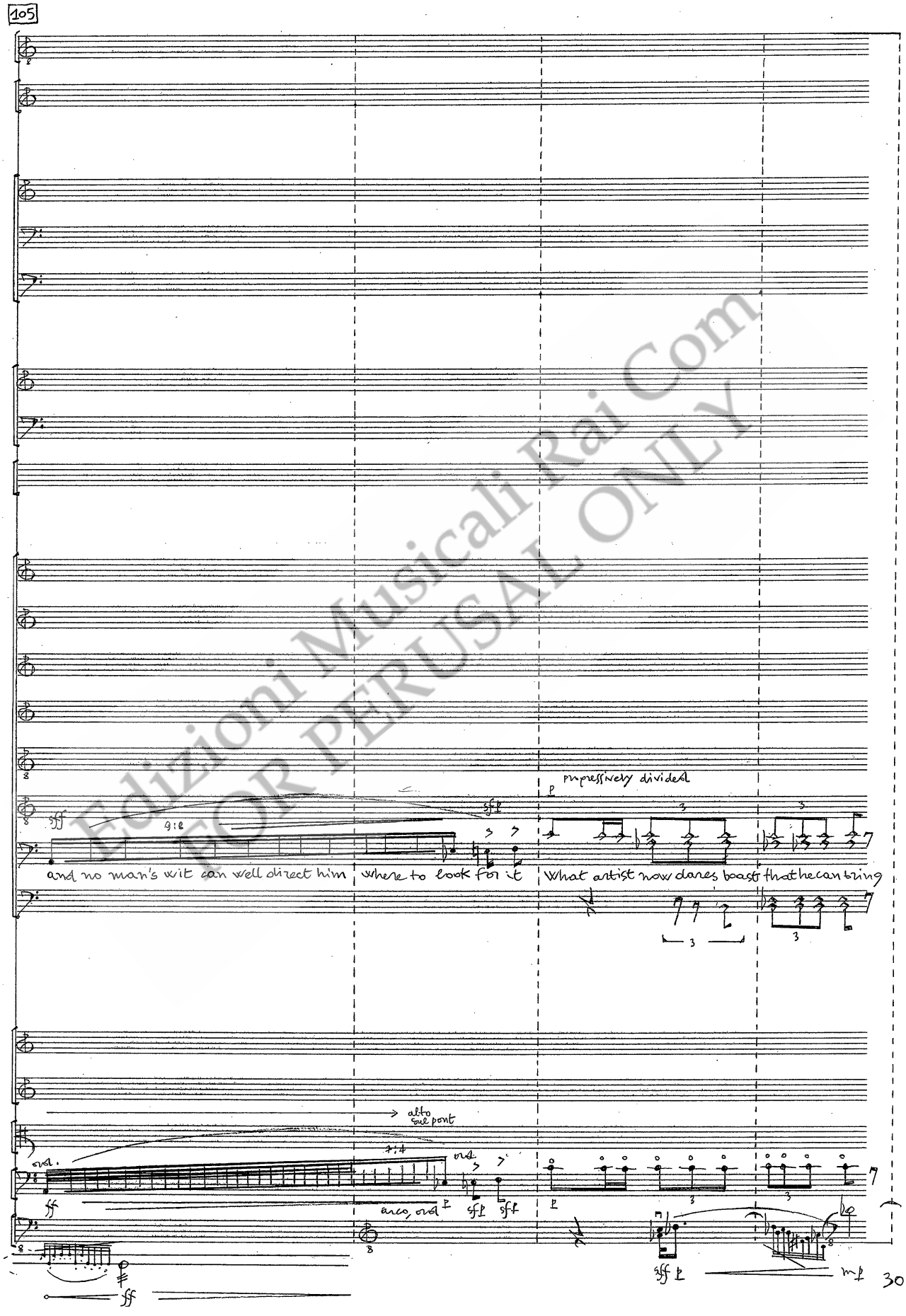

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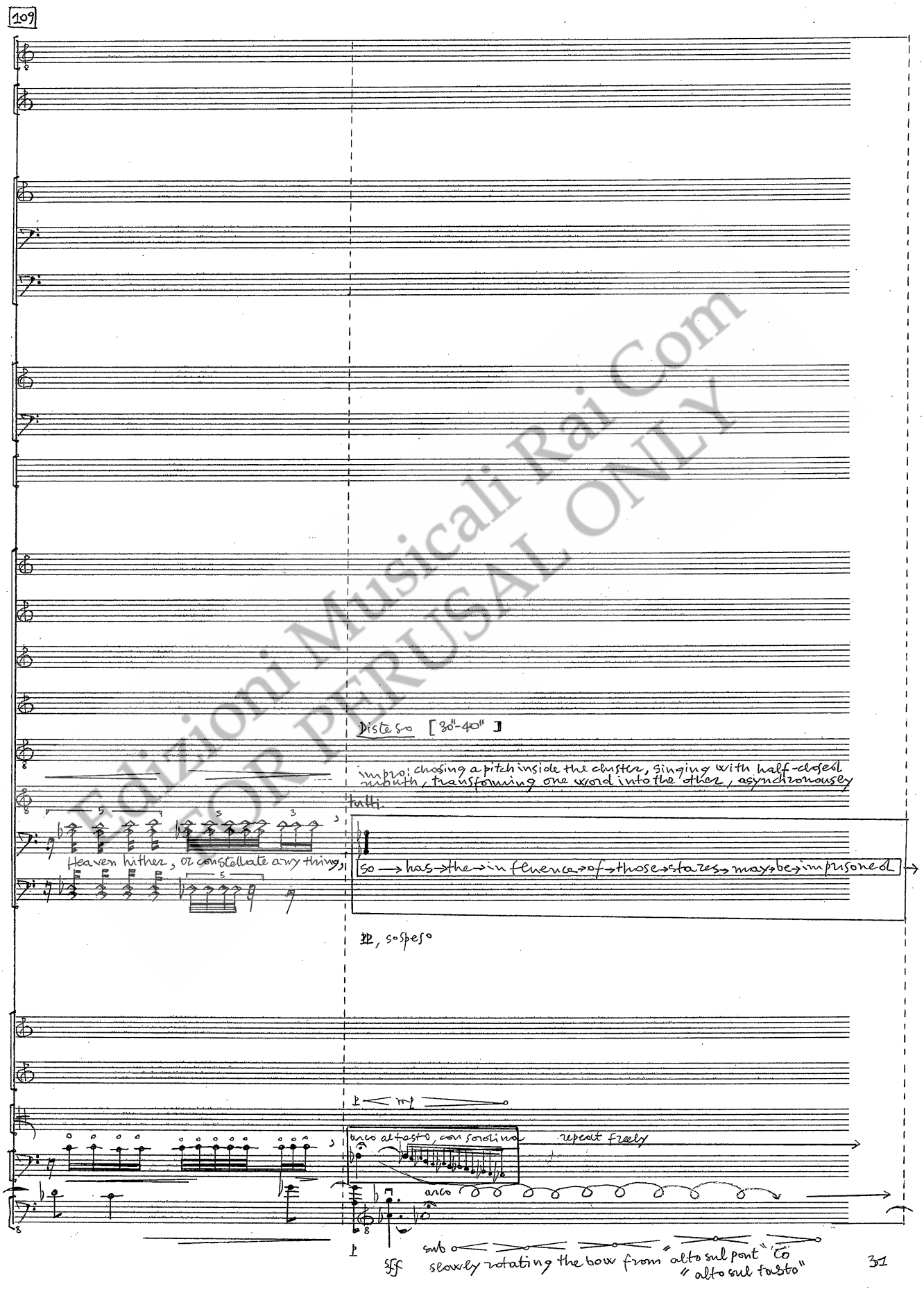

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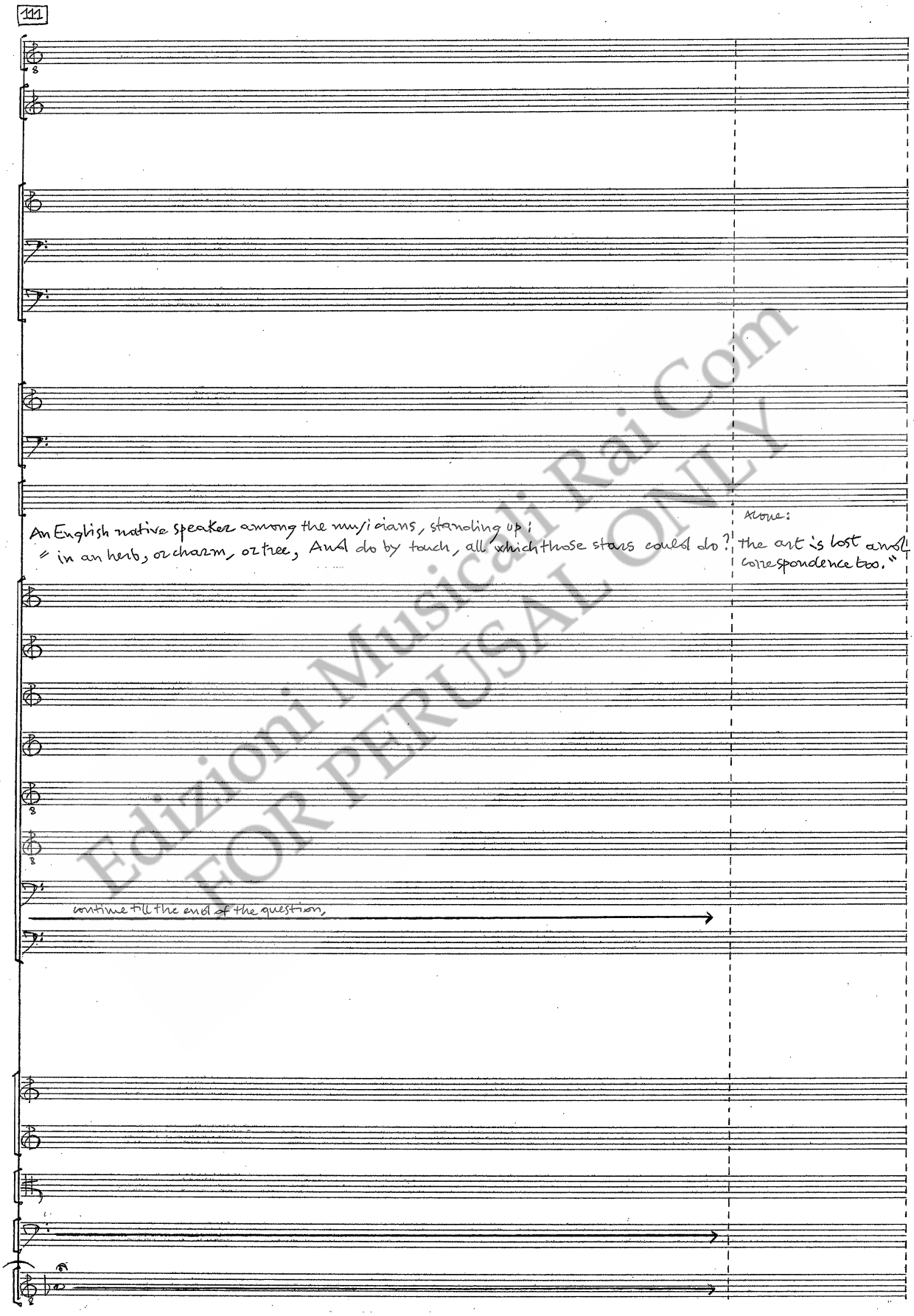

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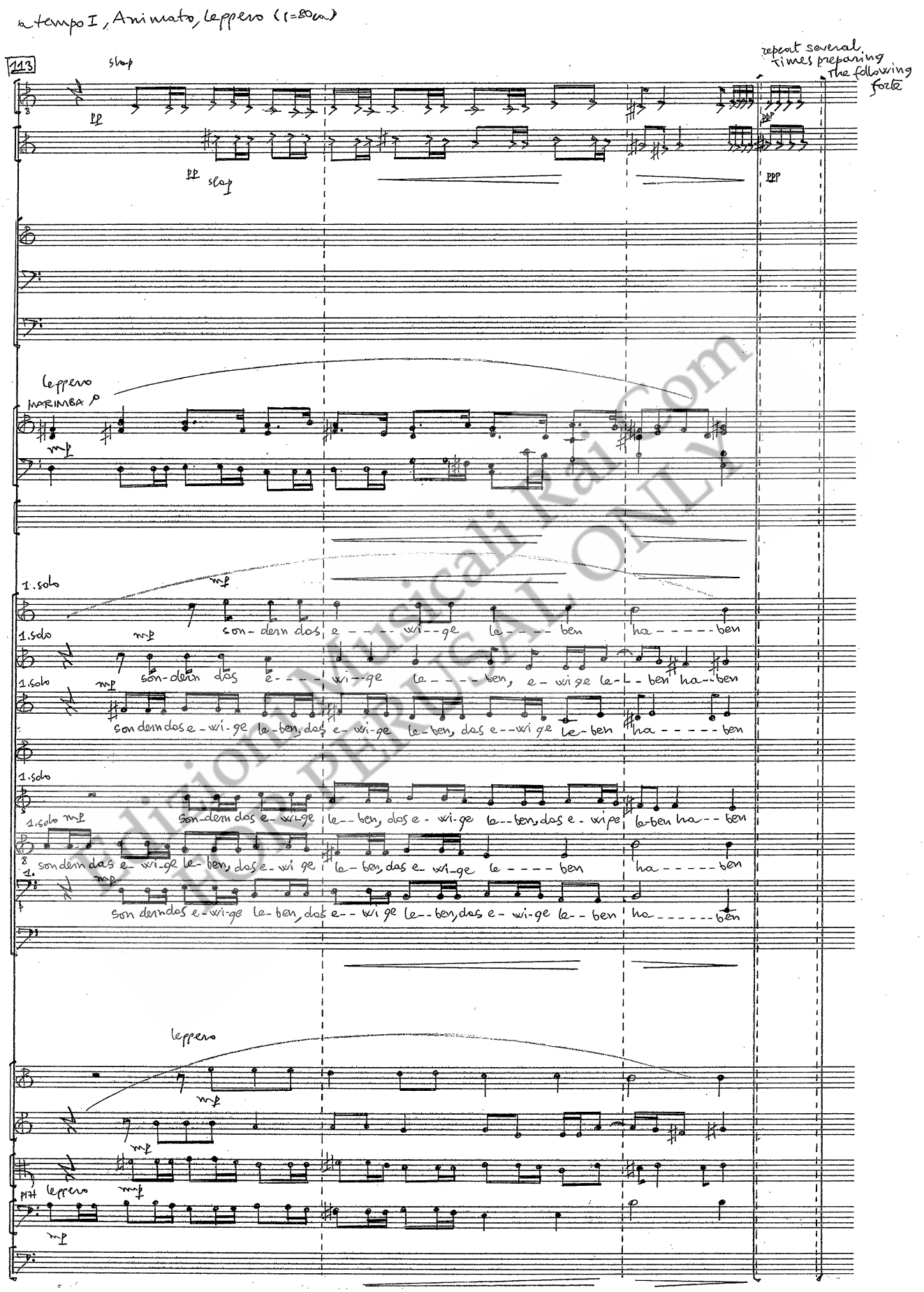

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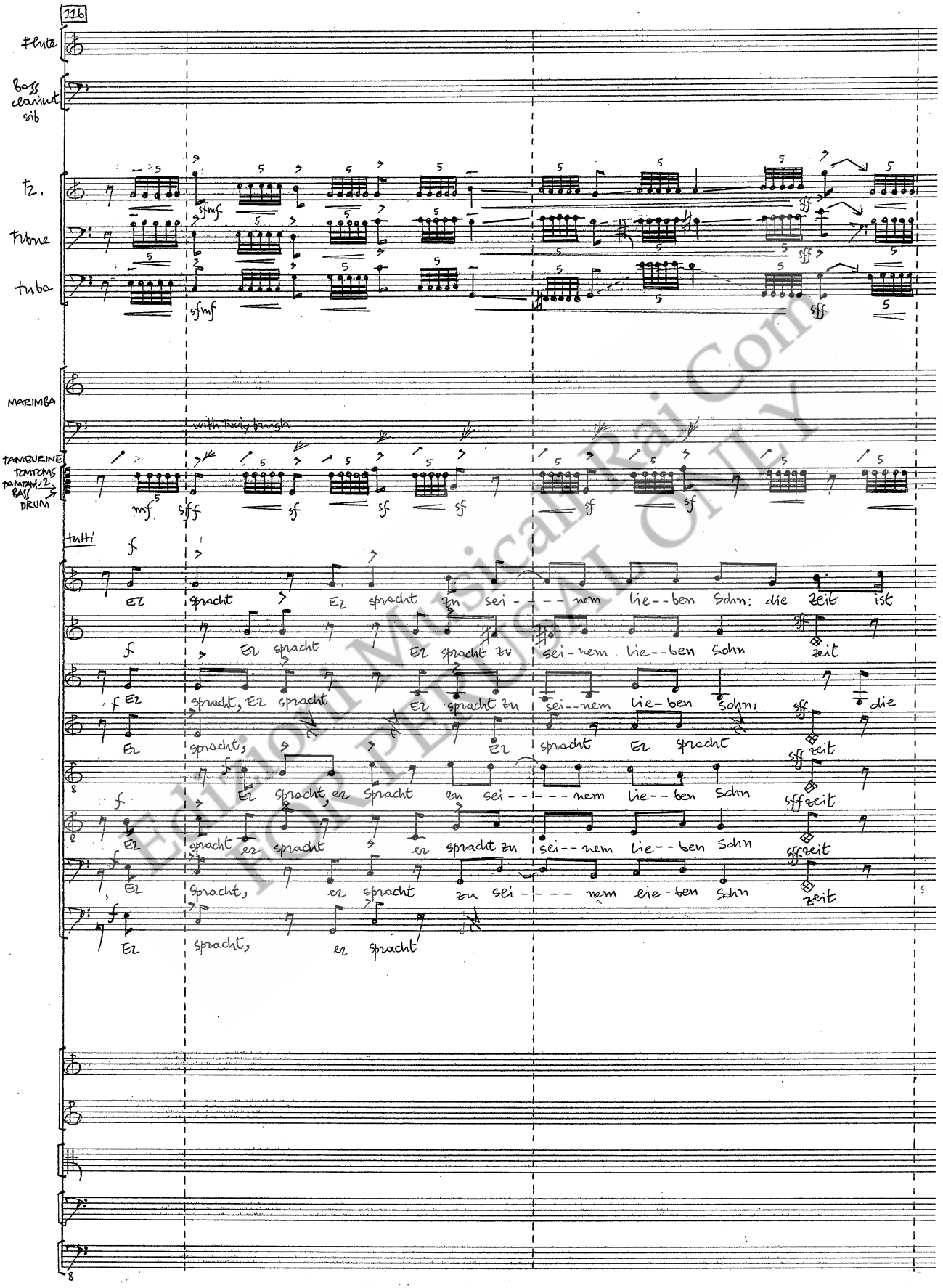

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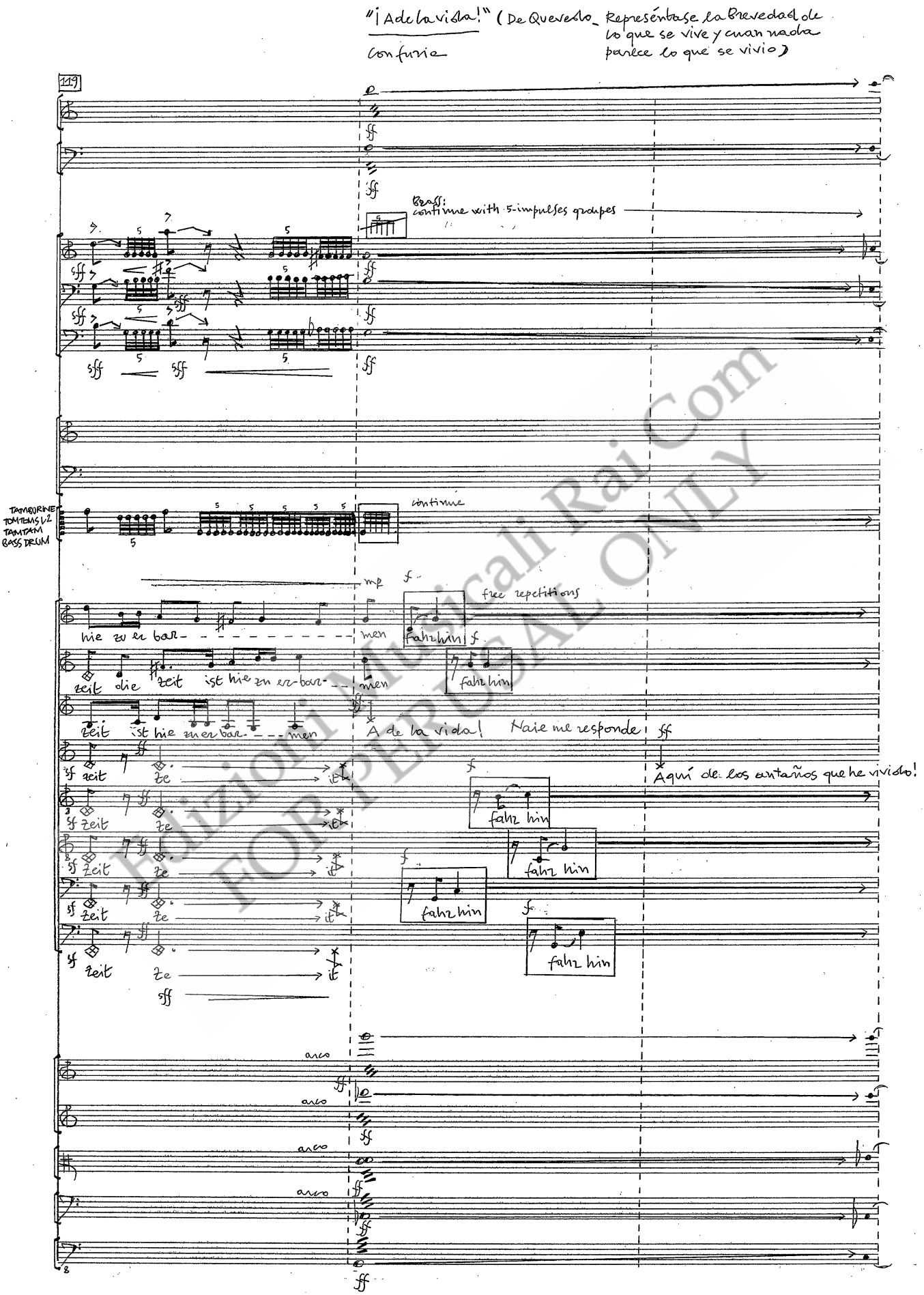

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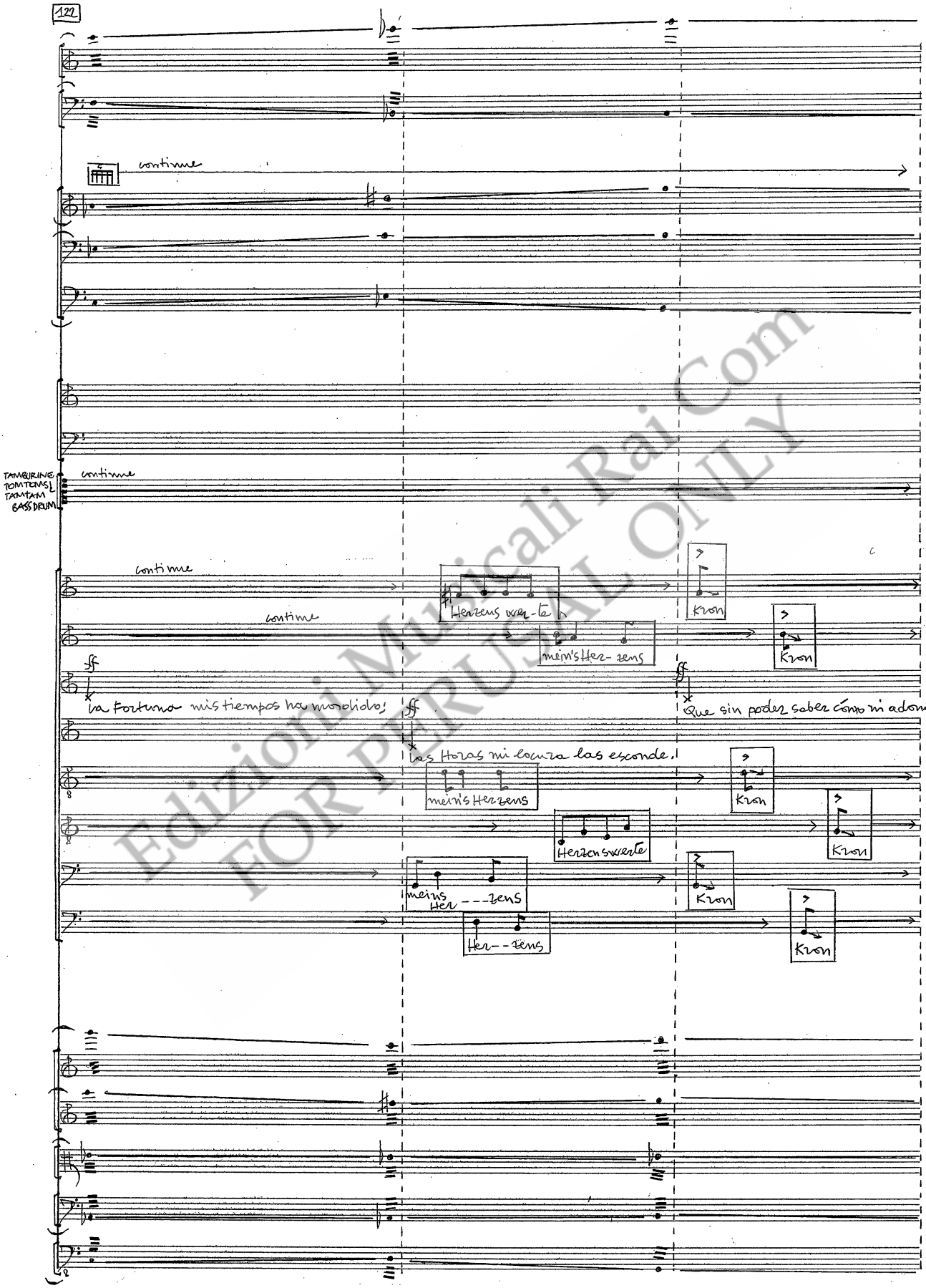

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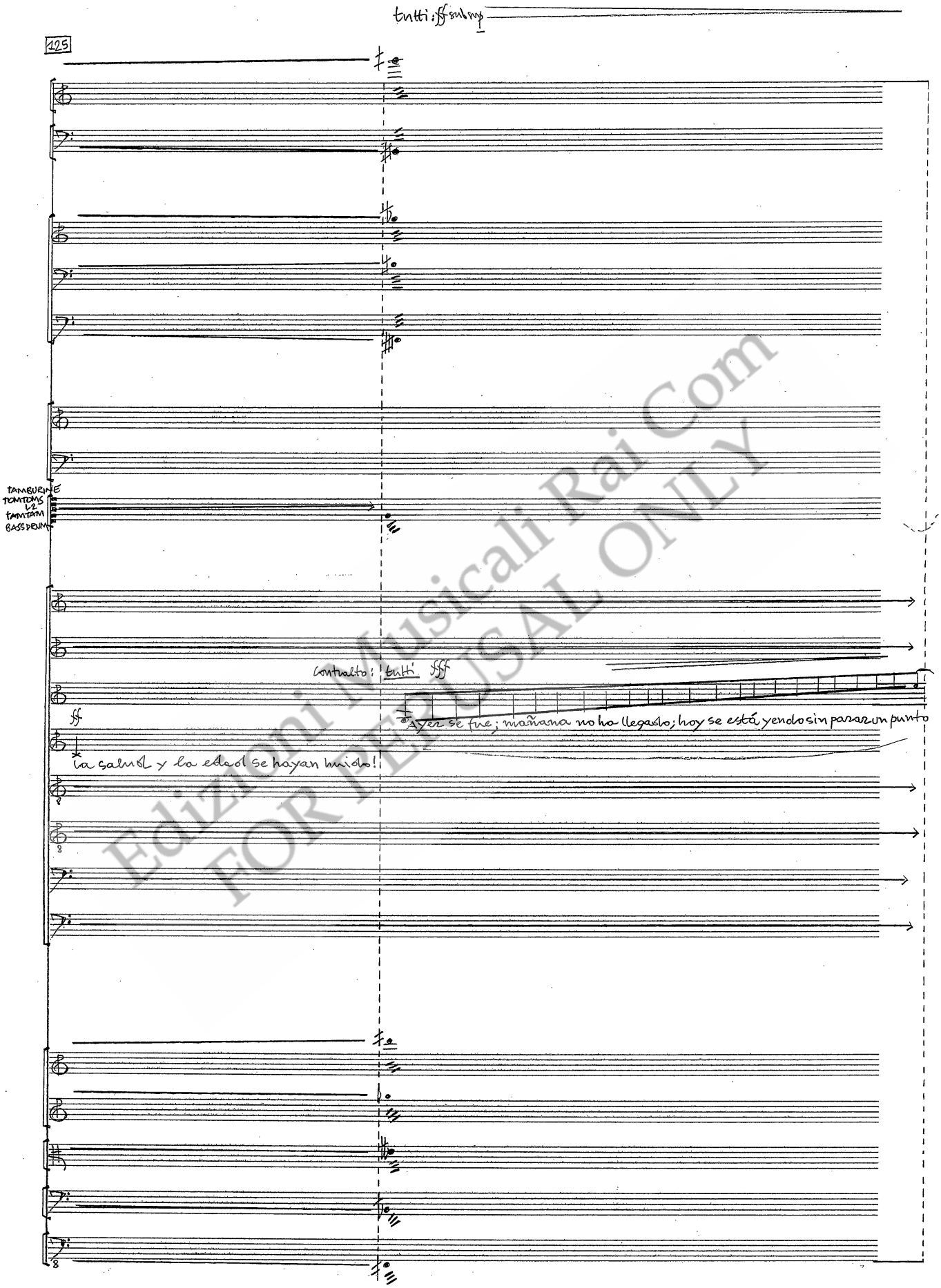

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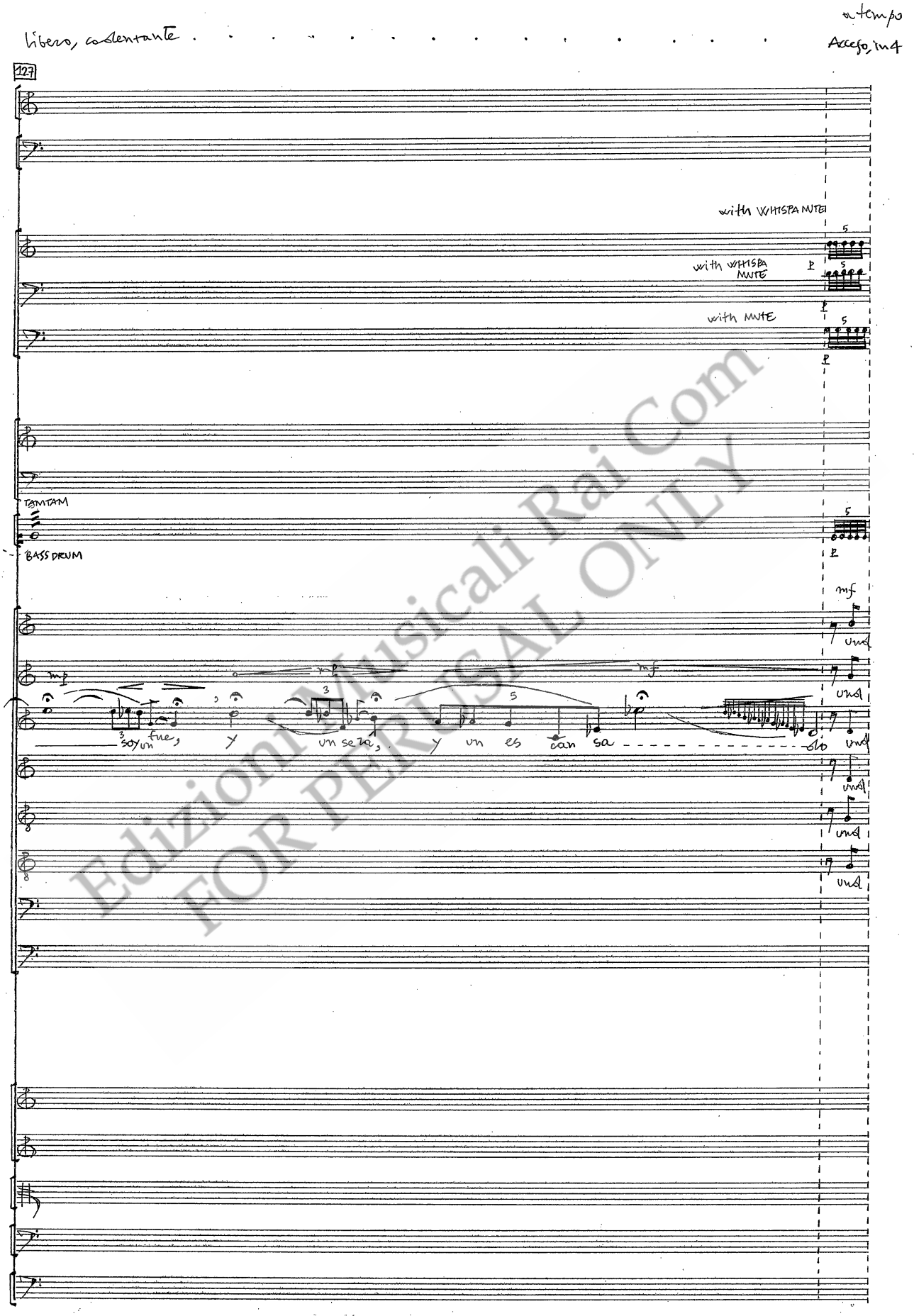

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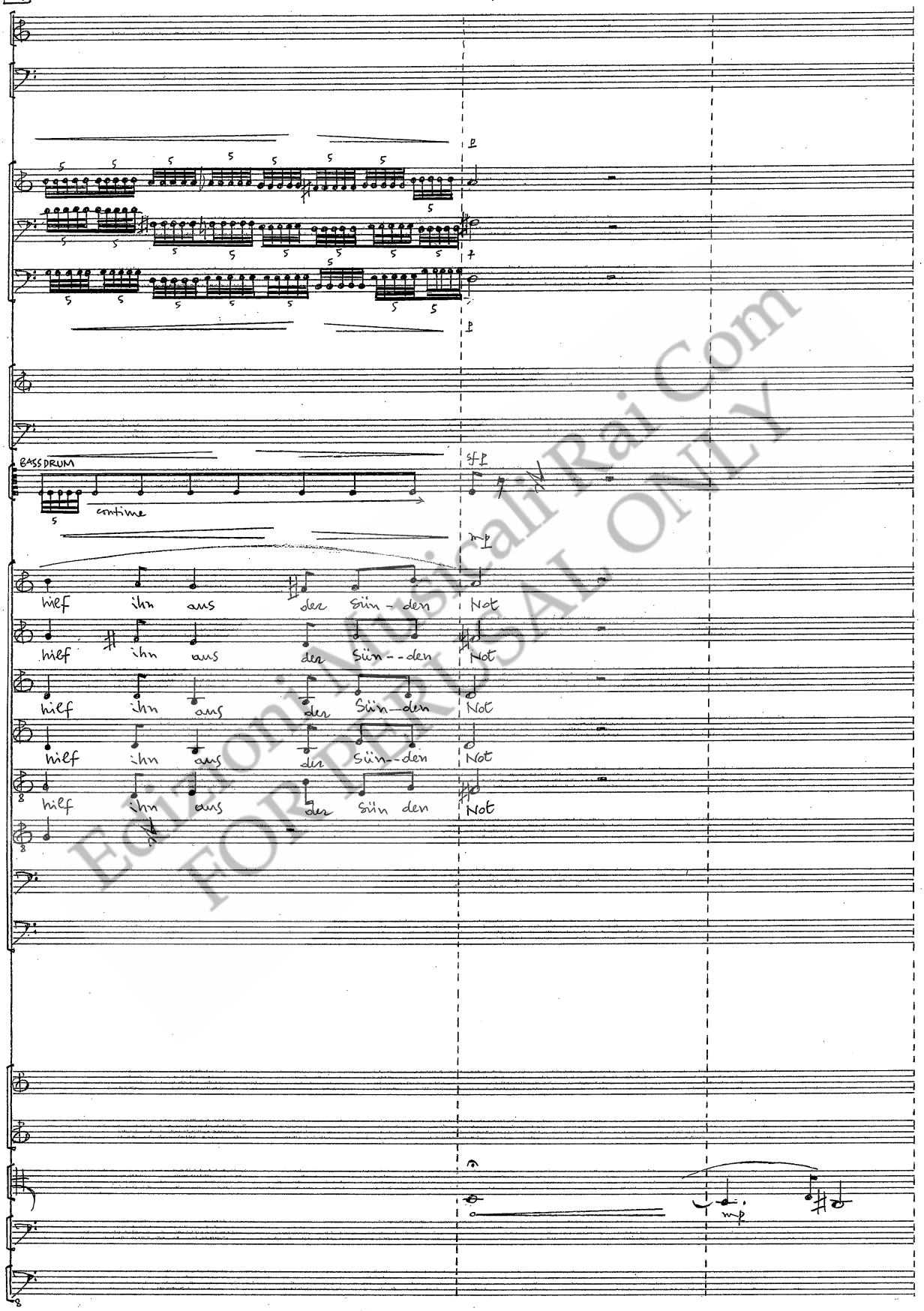
"You are the storm that mocks" (Richard Crashaw - Why are ye afraid)

Adagio, libero, meditativo
in 4

129



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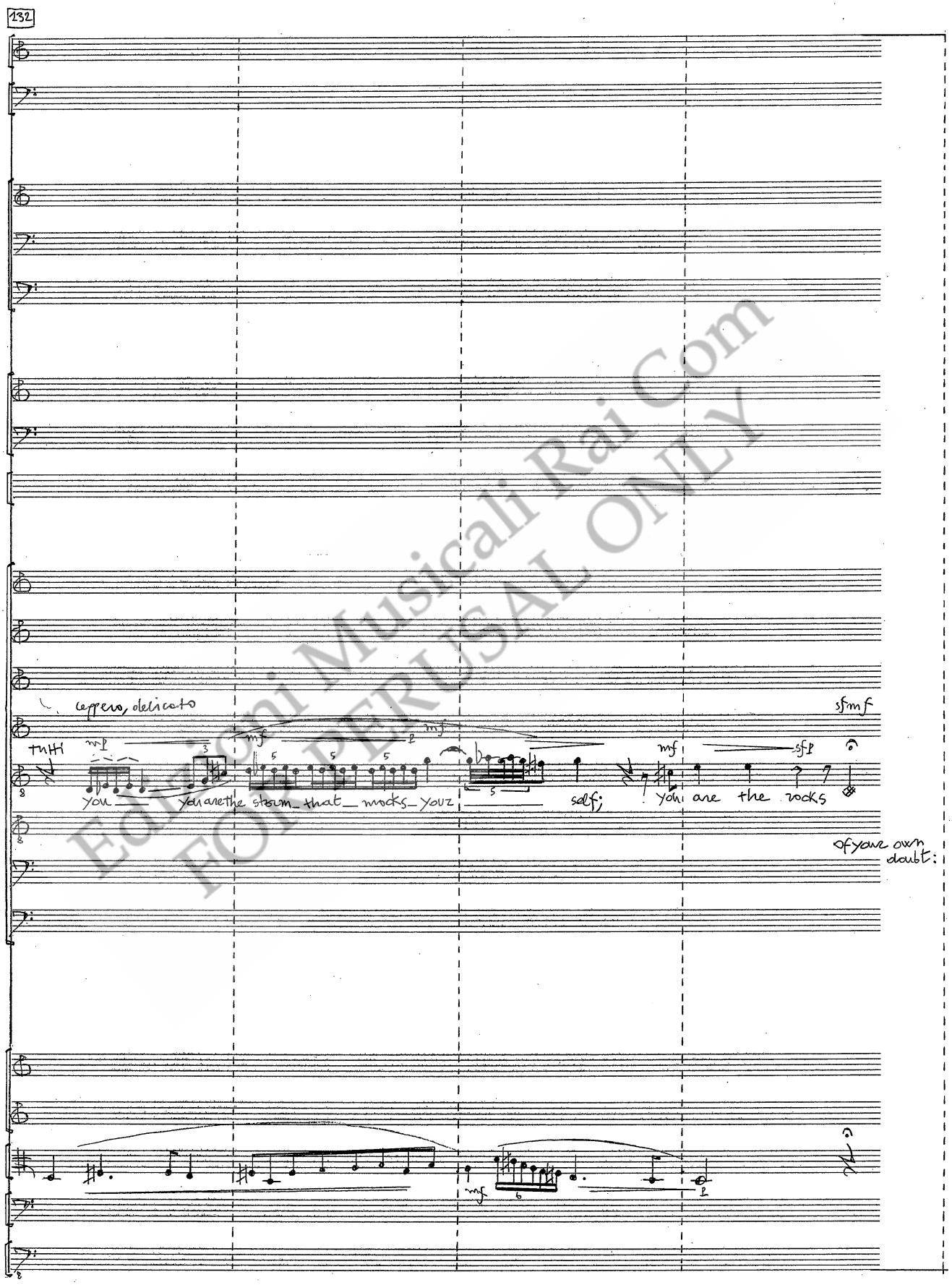

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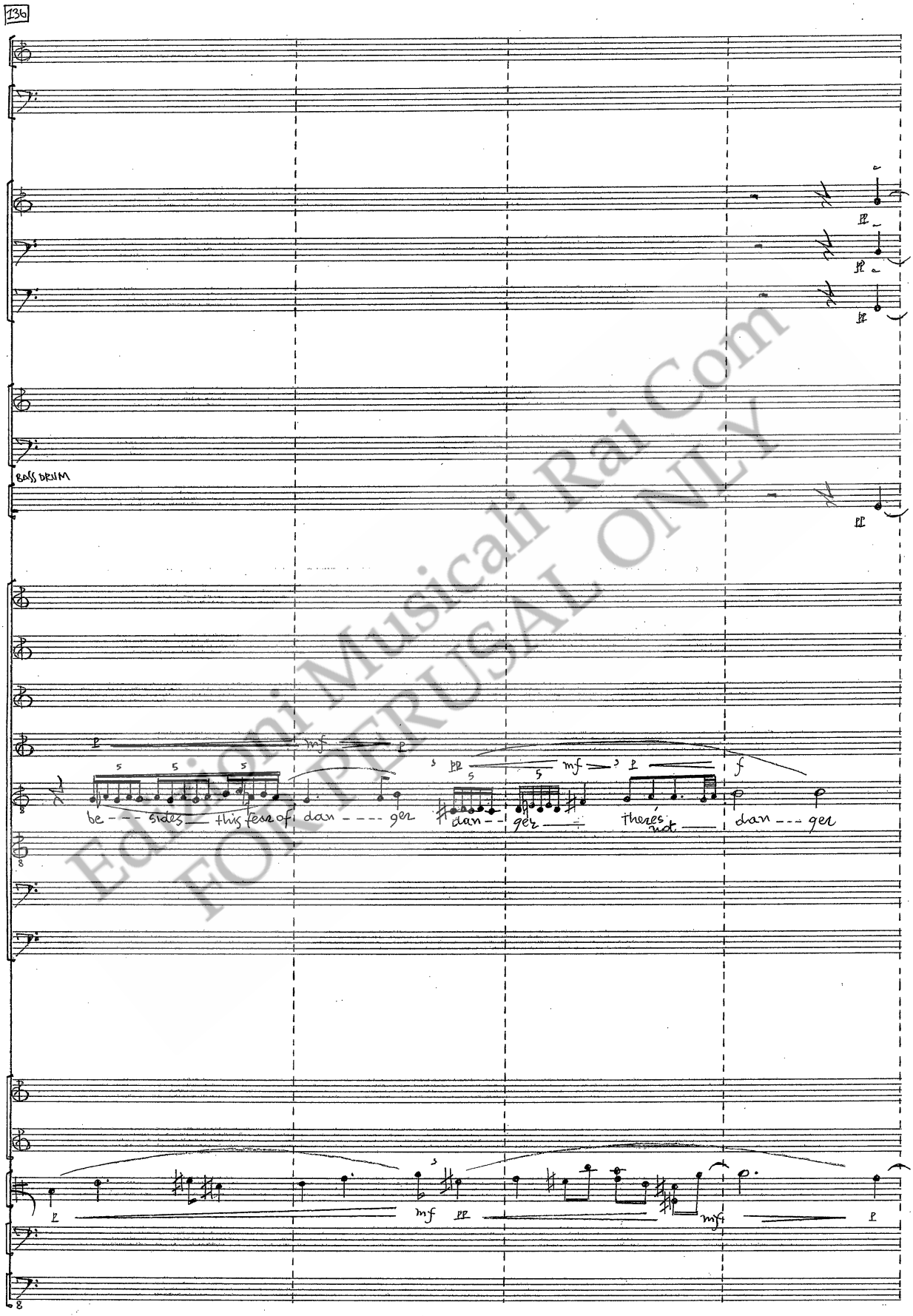

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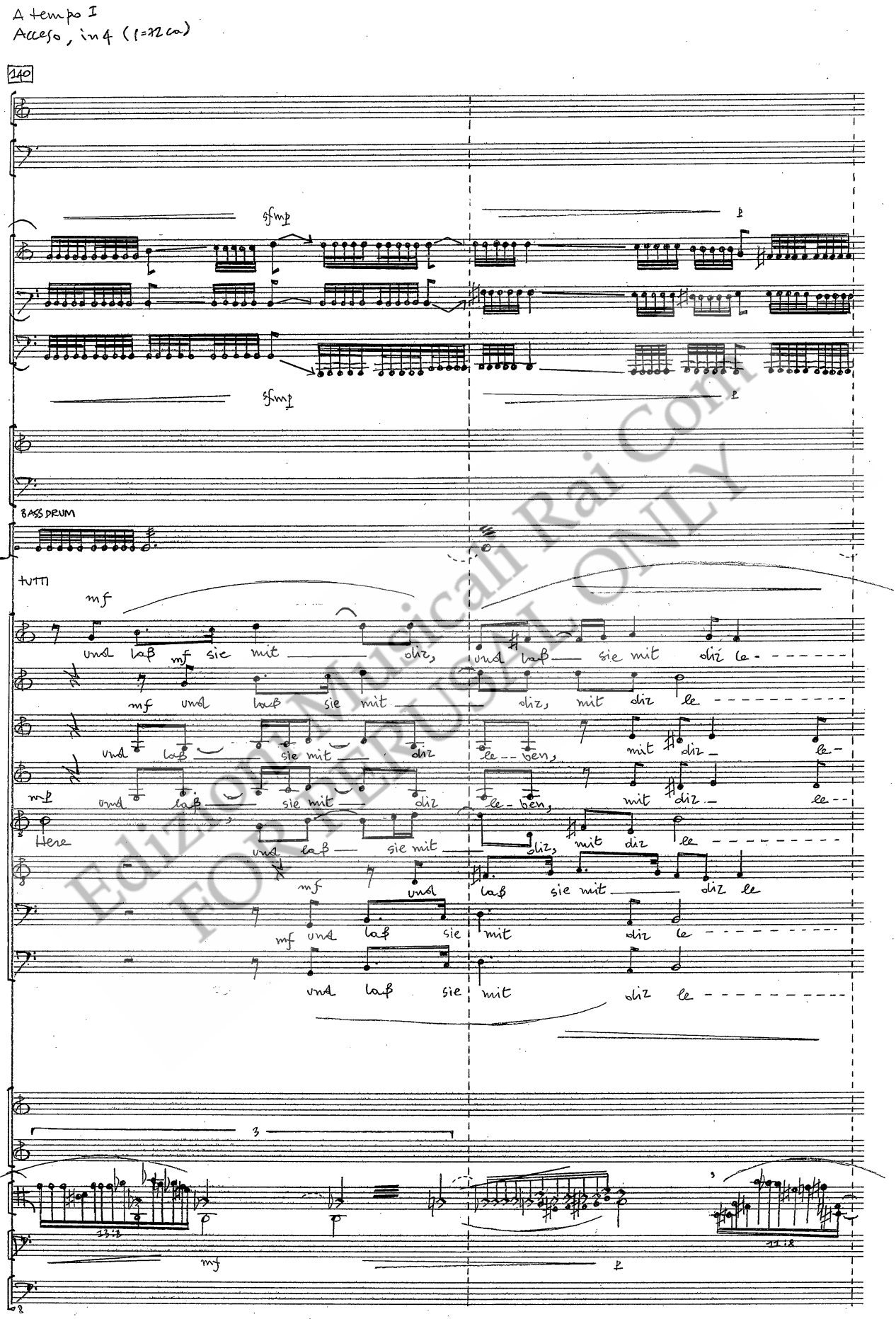

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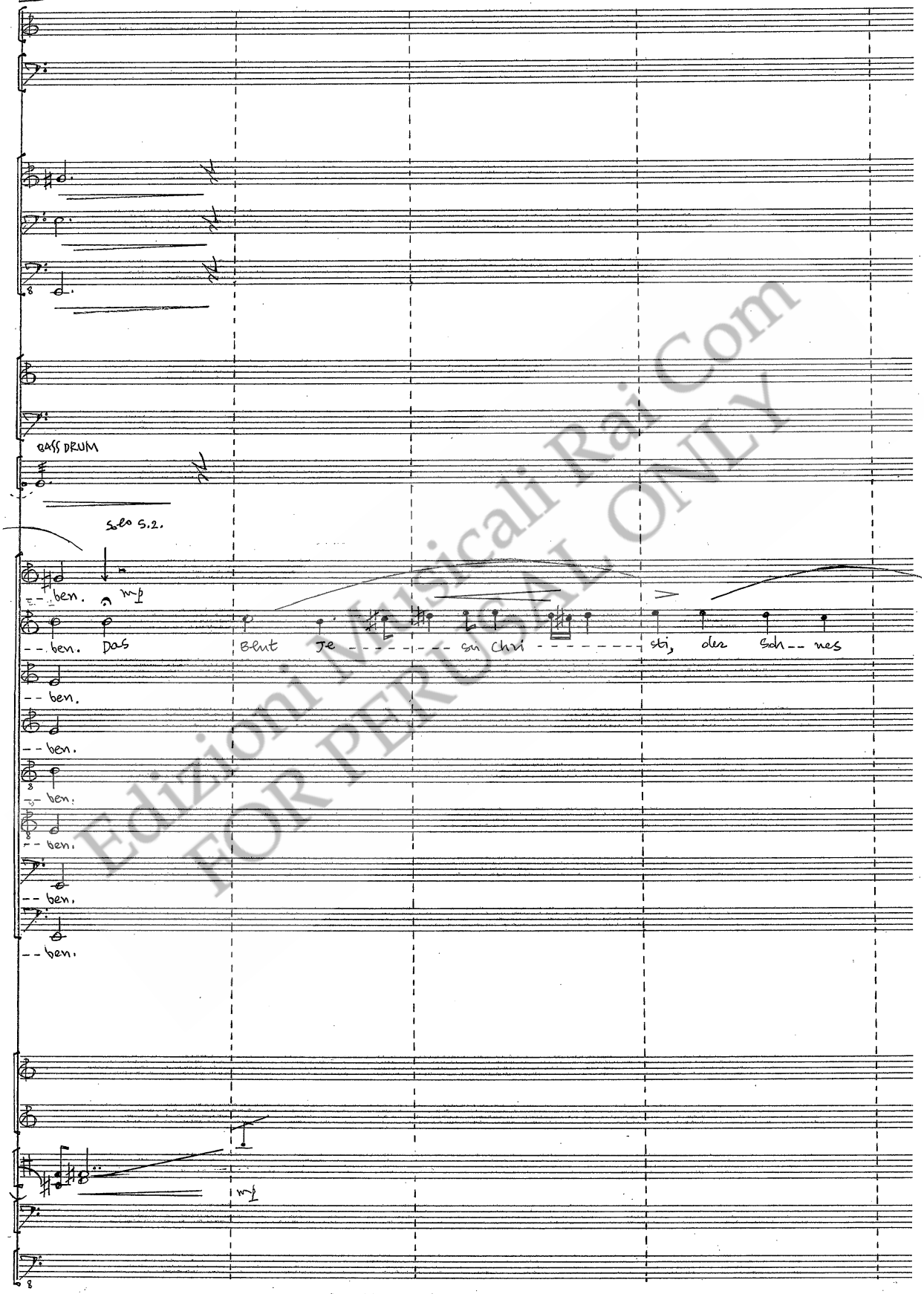
Soli "Das Blut Jesu Christi"

Delicato, emergente, in 4 (♩=68)

142



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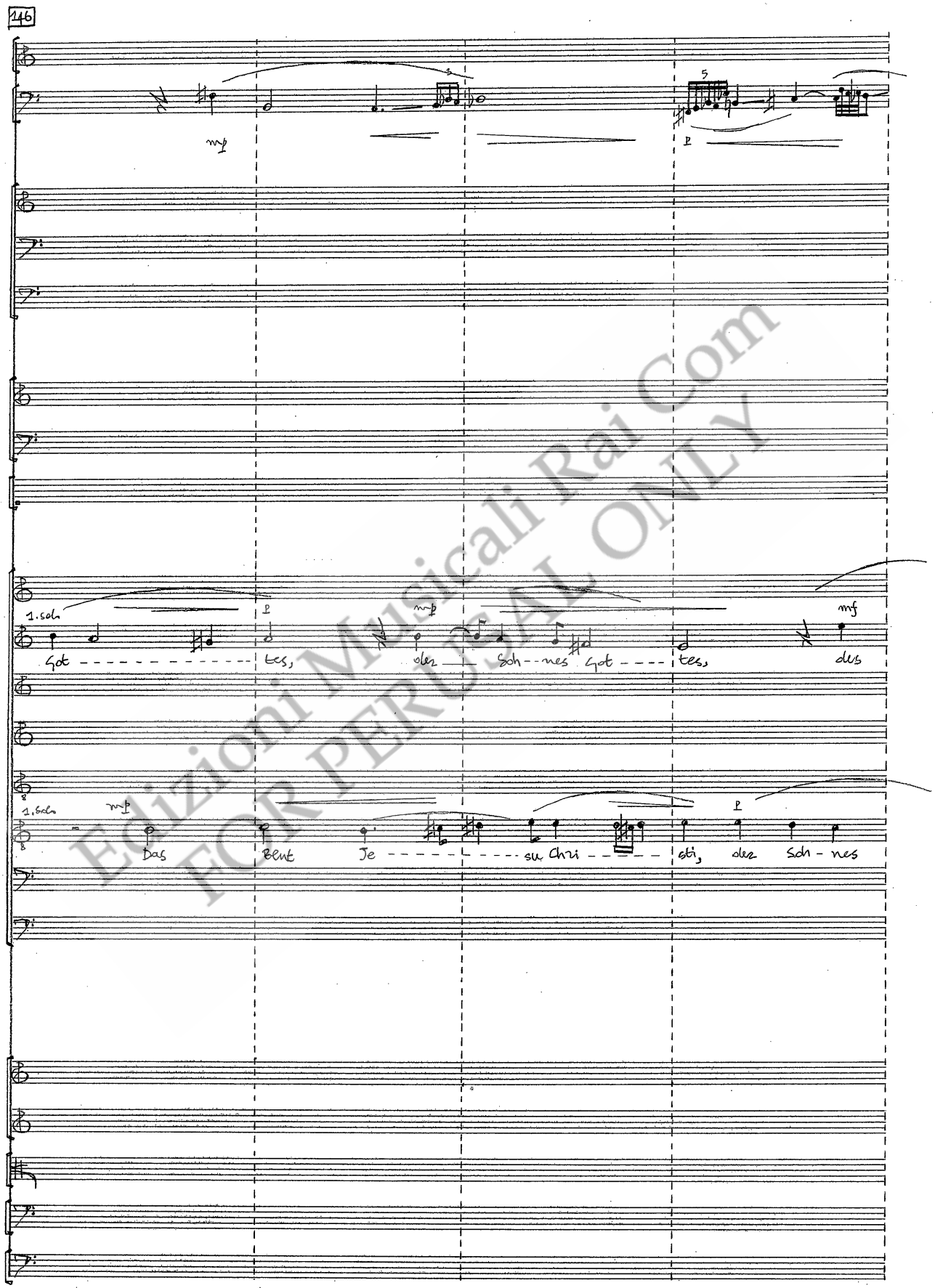

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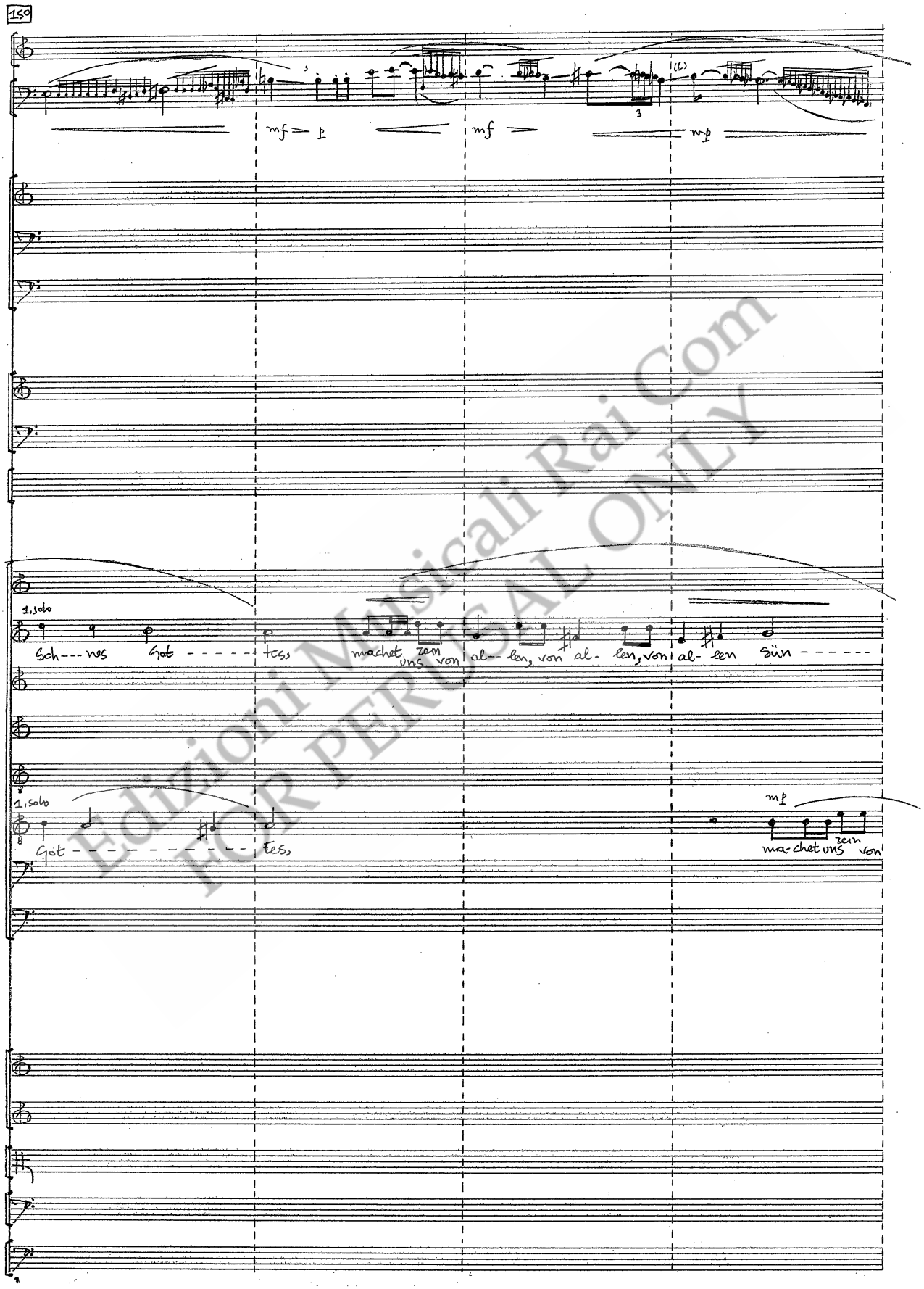

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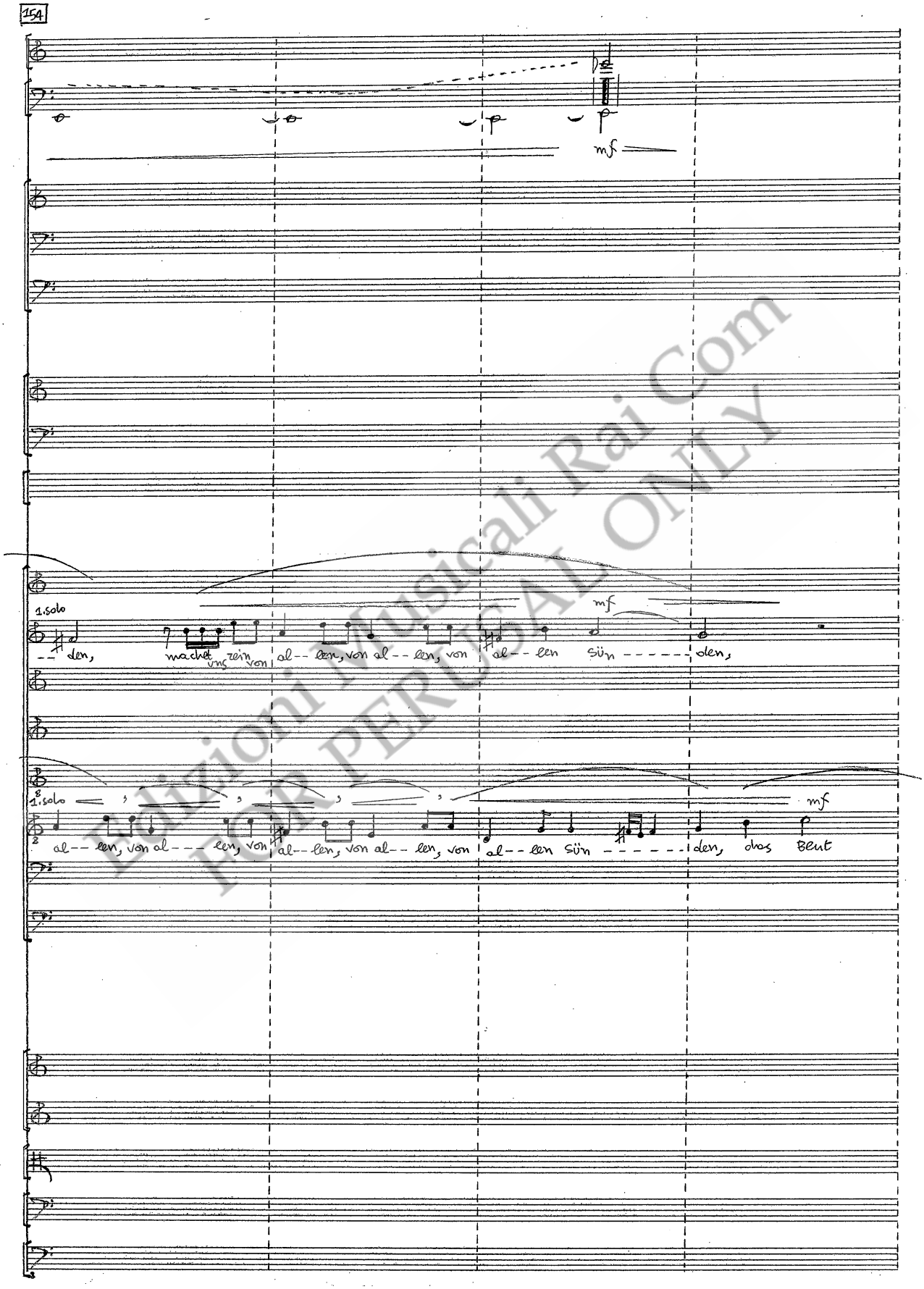

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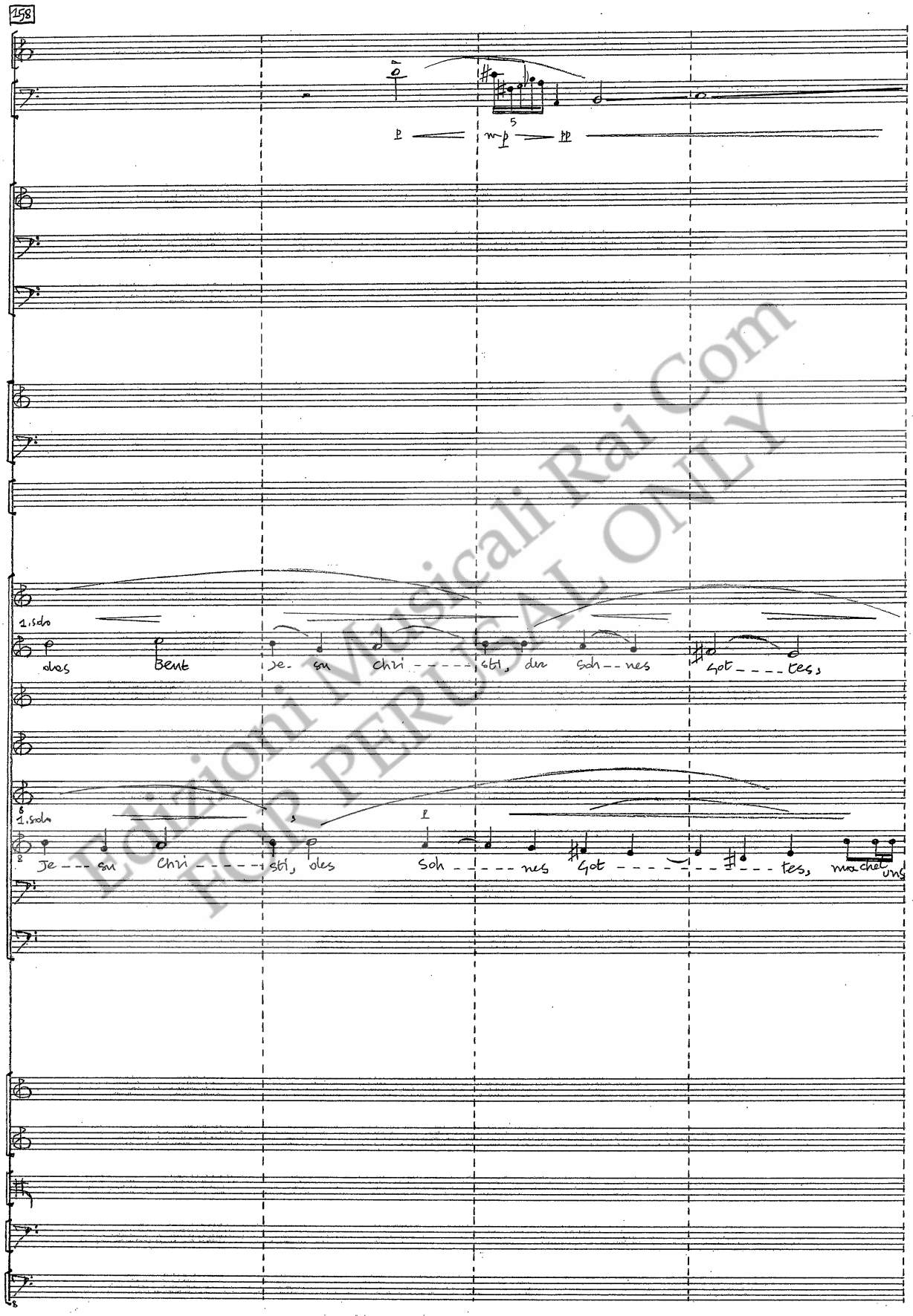

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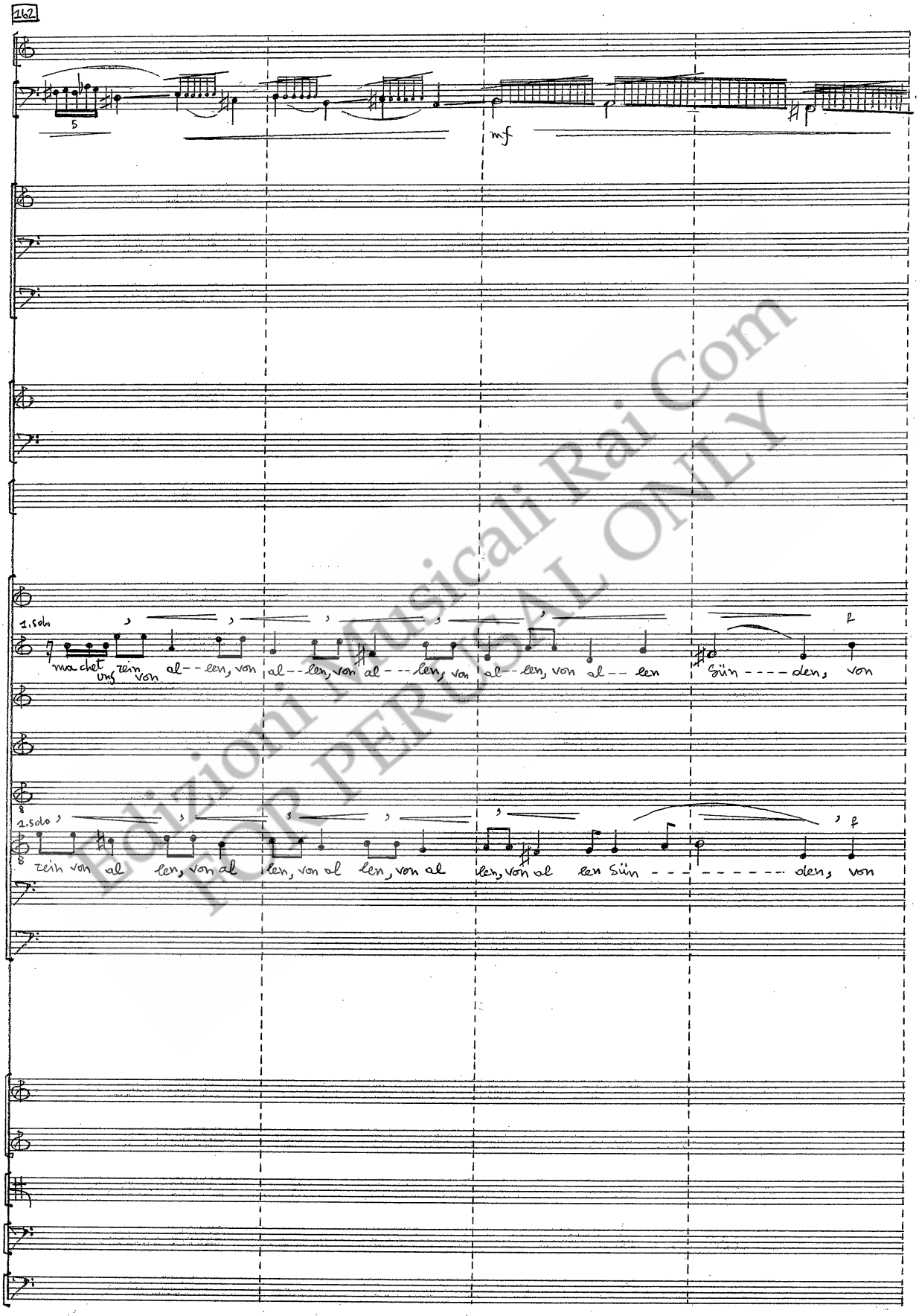

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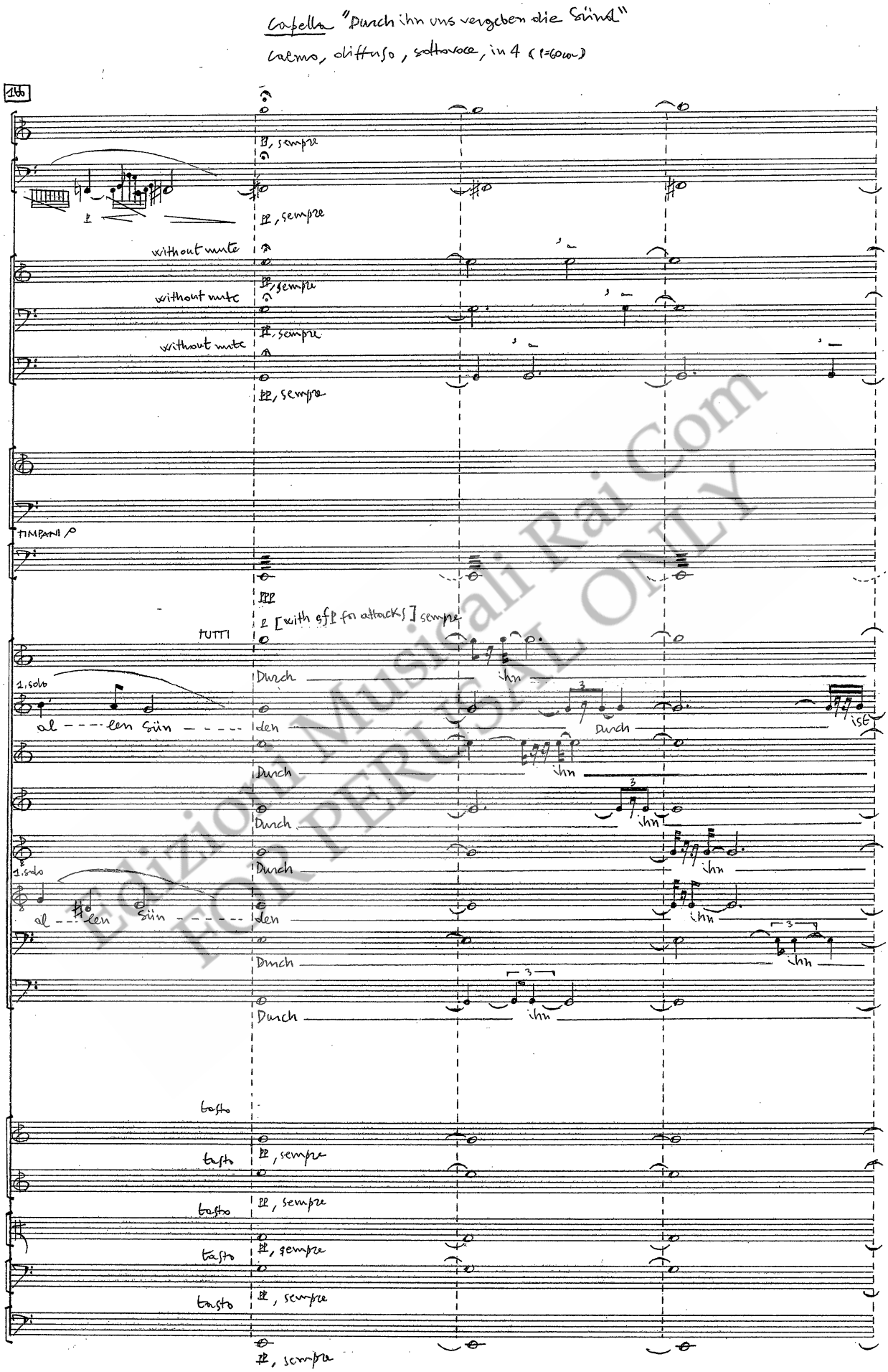

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