



TRIBACH

# *Camerata Trajectina*

---

CELEBRATING THE  
500<sup>TH</sup> BIRTHDAY  
OF MENNO SIMONS

---

Friday, 26  
Sept. 1996  
8 pm.

## PROGRAM

### *The Period of the Martyrs*

1. **Babel has now fallen**  
From: *Veelderhande liedekens* (1558)
2. **When one has written thousand five hundred** (about Gerrit Corneliszoon, Amsterdam 1571)  
From: *Een Lietboecxken tracterende van den Offer des Heeren* (1578)
3. **Three dance songs**  
From: *Souterliedekens* (1540)
  - *Ick quam aldaer ick weet wel waer met heymelyc gheschalle*
  - *Hoe soude ick vruecht bedryven*
  - *Lynken sou backen, myn Heer sou kneen. Int walsche. Le bergier et la bergiere sont a lumbre dung buysson.*
4. **My God, where will I go?** (Menno Simons)  
From: *Veelderhande Liedekens* (1569)
5. **I heard a maiden singing**  
From: *Veelderhande Liedekens* (1569)
6. **Oh God, you are my good helper** (Martha Baerts)  
From: *Een Testament, gemaect by Soetken van den Houe* (ca 1580)
7. **Cithar music**  
From: *Hortulus citharae vulgaris* (1582)
  - *Een amoureux fier ghelaete*
  - *Boerendans*
  - *Almande d'Anvers*
  - *Hoboken*
8. **Once there was a tender maiden** (about Elizabeth, Leeuwarden 1549)  
From: *Een Lietboecxken tracterende van den Offer des Heeren* (1570)
9. **Five dances by Susato**  
From: *Derde musyck boecxken..allerhande danserye* (1551)
  - *Entre du fol*
  - *Le joly boys*
  - *Den VII. ronde. Il estoit une fillette*
  - *Den hoboecken dans*
  - *La morisque*

**10. I say adieu, flesh and blood**

From: *Veelderhande Liedekens* (1569)

Setting: Gerardus Mes (1561)

**INTERMISSION**

*The Golden Age*

**11. I raise up my voice humbly**

From: [Lenaert Clock], *Het groote liedeboek van L.C.* (1625)

Melody: G. G. Gastoldi

**12. Two songs by Karel van Mander**

From: *De Gulden Harpe* (1620)

- Good friend, oh you are wise and handsome (Retrograde Song)

- Loyal friends (Welcome Song)

**13. Variations on the Lofzangh Marie** (Jacob van Eyck, 1649)

**14. Two Psalms**

From: Joachim Oudaan (text) and Remigius Schrijver (music), *Uyt-breiding, over het Boek der Psalmen* (1680)

- So faint the scent of the lily leaves

- Upon the mournful sound of the harp

**15. Three compositions by J. Butler**

From: D. R. Camphuysen (text) and J. Butler (music), *Stichtelijke Rijmen* (1652)

- *Middelen tot Heyl en Deuchde*

- *Noodiging tot Deuchde*

- *Christelijcke Klachte*

**16. Three songs by Anthony Janssen**

From: *Christelijck Vermaeck* (1645)

- The Lord shall protect those

- My salvation, my God! How so beaten?

- He who is continual in amusement

**17. When David Joris because of the treasure**

From: Michiel Vinke (collector), *De zilvere arke* (1723)

## TEXTS

### *The Period of the Martyrs*

#### 1. BABEL HAS NOW FALLEN

*A song of admonition on the Harlot of Babylon, after the Revelation of St. John. Leave the harlot, she has lost her power.*

*To the tune: "You, Adam's generation."*

Babel has now fallen,  
Her merchants weep greatly.  
All her splendour  
Is completely cast down.  
It is public: she cannot sell her wares  
To God's people.  
Abandon the Whore of Babylon,  
She lies now in grief.

The wine is not drunk,  
Which she used to pour out.  
Christ has poured out for us  
A fountain for this day.  
We drink freely, as Christ commanded,  
His grace without charge.  
Abandon the Whore of Babylon,  
Her might does not count.

A little more will you suffer  
And abide until the end,  
Until your brothers' number is complete,  
Those who will be put to death,  
Because they teach the word of the Lord,  
The sweet testimony of Christ.  
Abandon the Whore of Babylon,  
She is guilty of all their blood.

Woe to you hypocrites,  
You devour widow's houses.  
Your teaching will be cut down,  
For God's word is to you a cross.  
We observe easily your intention.  
For you raise such an outcry.  
Abandon the Whore of Babylon  
And buy none of her wares.

#### 1. BABEL HAS NOW FALLEN (continued)

Oh Lord, you must receive from us all  
Praise, laud and honour,  
That you have struck down Babel,  
For we see your clarity.  
Rejoice now, at all times,  
All of you elect of God.  
Abandon the Whore of Babylon,  
She has lost her might.

#### 2. WHEN ONE HAS WRITTEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED

*The Amsterdam boatman Gerrit Corneliszoon was arrested and cruelly tormented and humiliated during his trial. In spite of this, he persists and even asks God's forgiveness for his tormentors. About Gerrit Corneliszoon, burned at Amsterdam in 1571.*

*To the tune: "There was a daughter of a Jew."*

When one has written thousand five hundred  
And seventy one,  
Gerrit Corneliszoon has in a dignified way  
Given up his young life  
Publicly, in Amsterdam.

In a flat barge, it is said,  
He was preparing to work;  
There the sheriff found him,  
Captured and bound him  
And led him to the city hall.

On the torture bench did he lay.  
Observe what kind of people these are!  
They beat him there with rods  
And with a full bucket, this cannot be silenced,  
They poured urine into his body.

In the name of harsh justice  
They bound his hands behind his back  
And hung him up  
And so they left him.  
Oh friends, this was so horrible.

## 2. WHEN ONE HAS WRITTEN THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED (continued)

These courageous magistrates  
Still undaunted  
Struck him with sharp irons.  
God held his tongue, however,  
So that he betrayed no one.

It is said that he was so tortured,  
That he could no longer walk.  
He had to be carried on a stool  
To where he would be accused before the court;  
He was brought into the courtroom.

Observe what kind of honour they showed him  
In the courtroom; like a fool:  
They crowned him with a hat of flowers,  
Just as they had done to Christ;  
Thus they mocked him.

A senseless verdict  
Did they pronounce, and took vengeance:  
He must be throttled and burned  
And also cut off his hands  
Bound to a stake.

Three times he cried out loudly:  
Oh good Father,  
Forgive them in your clemency,  
Although they torment me inhumanely:  
'They know not what they do.'

'Oh people, eternity is so long!  
Father, eternity is a long time!'  
He cried out with a heavy heart.  
'Oh, this war is very hard!  
Fight now, flesh, this is the last battle.'

When the rope was placed around his neck  
He called out to the least and greatest:  
'Oh Father, I here commend,  
— I do not conceal this from the people —  
My spirit into your hands.'

Thus he offered himself up  
Before this blind world.  
He feared neither world, death nor shame,  
Nor the magistrates of the land.  
He struggled valiantly until the end.

## 3. THREE DANCE SONGS

### 4. MY GOD, WHERE WILL I GO?

*A famous song by Menno Simons himself, about the narrow, dangerous path which the baptists have to travel and the reward which they can expect: God himself shall give his 'bride' a crown and a brilliant white garment. Characteristic for Menno is the incitement to publicly confess the faith. To the tune: "Where is she, my beloved?"*

My God, where will I go?  
Steer me upon your path.  
The enemy comes day and night to oppose me

And to tear apart my soul.  
Oh Lord, send me your spirit,  
So I can remain standing on your path,  
And not be erased from the book of life.

When you are tested in the fire,  
Beginning to walk upon the narrow road,  
Then spread the Lord's praise,  
Remain firm upon his commands,  
It is necessary that you be steadfast,  
Confess his word before all people,  
He will then give you the crown of rejoicing.

Now you, Zion, stand very white and beautiful,  
The crown is given to you,  
The name of my God and of the New Jerusalem  
I have written upon you.  
You were disfigured and very upset,  
Now you have received the brilliant garment  
And are received into my rest.

## 5. I HEARD A MAIDEN SINGING

*Dialogue between a maiden and the devil. The maiden is the bride of Christ (the believers, the church). She sings a song of praise for her Bridegroom. The song is interrupted by the devil, who deceives her. However, the maiden remains faithful to her bridegroom.*

*To the tune: "Good God, to whom shall I complain?"*

[Singer:]

I heard a maiden singing  
With such a sweet sound,  
That it made me think  
That she was the Bride of the Canticles.  
I stood for a long time  
And listened to her singing,  
With such a lovely voice  
She sang thanks to her bridegroom.

[Maiden:]

Praise, glory, laud and honour  
I owe to you,  
My Bridegroom, my God, my Lord,  
That you care for me.  
By meekly suffering  
You defeated Babylon,  
If we wish to rejoice with you,  
Then we must do likewise.

Secrecy is Babel's name,  
Those who have ears to hear let them hear,  
She is pleasant toward the World  
And extremely angry toward us.  
My Bridegroom will soon come  
And cast her into the ground.  
He will damn Babylon  
With the sword of his mouth.

[Devil:]

If you do not shut up,  
Bride, daughter of Zion,  
I will make you bow,  
No matter how bold you are.  
I am from Saturn's race.  
I torment the innocent.  
I change the day into night  
With Antichrist, my beloved.

## 5. I HEARD A MAIDEN SINGING (continued)

I am exalted up to Heaven  
Above all rich kings  
I sit upon a Camel,  
Which is similar to the Dragon.  
Just like a Frog upon water,  
So does my Beast rule over the people.  
Woman bride, hold your tongue,  
Or Antichrist will harm you.

[Maiden:]

Who can stop me  
From singing my Bridegroom's praise,  
Who above all estates  
Is rich, mighty and wise?  
He alone is the living God,  
His promises will be kept.  
Although I am now in sorrow,  
I await joyous news.

[Singer:]

Around midnight  
I heard a sweet voice:  
'Stand up, be on guard,  
Receive the Bridegroom and the Bride.  
For Babel must now fall  
Along with Antichrist, her beloved,  
And all the false Prophets  
Into a fiery pool.'

## 6. OH GOD, YOU ARE MY GOOD HELPER

*A song by Martha Baerts, maidservant of the well-known martyr Soetken van den Houte. The latter was executed in Ghent in 1560. In her song, Martha tells how her former friends from Oudenaarde blamed her for assuming the new faith. She has given herself up to the law.*

*To my sister Betken. A lovely Spiritual song, made by Martha, the maidservant of Lady Soetken vanden Houten.*

*To the tune: "Blessed is he who fears God."*

Oh God you are my good helper,  
Deliver me from the eternal pain.  
Oh Lord protect me  
From the dragon's claws.

## 6. OH GOD, YOU ARE MY GOOD HELPER

(continued)

The flesh gives me so much torment  
It opposes what the Lord wills.  
Oh Lord, remember me,  
I will give you my body.

The tempters torment me greatly  
To depart from God's teaching.  
I will not believe them,  
For they seek to make me dumb.

My friends likewise advise me  
That I should depart from my Faith.  
Oh no, I will cling to it  
Without abating, until death.

Then in derision they told me:  
'You will therefore in the blazing hell  
inherit the eternal fire.  
You will lose the Kingdom of God.'

Then I replied coolly to them:  
'This Judgement belongs to the Lord.  
How dare you say that?  
He will indeed avenge this evil.'

Then they said: 'You wicked beast,  
In Oudenaarde there has never been  
Found anyone as bad  
Or from such an evil ground.

Although the evil world despises me,  
The Lord is my deliverer.  
I hope he will strengthen me  
And work mightily with me.

Oh good Brothers and Sisters,  
Let us always remember  
The Lord of Hosts;  
He will always protect us.

She who wrote this song,  
Ended up at the blinded authorities.  
They did not capture her,  
But she gave herself up.

## 7. CITHER MUSIC

8. ONCE THERE WAS A TENDER MAIDEN  
*A song about the trial and execution of Elisabeth, or  
Lijsbeth Dirksdochter (Leeuwarden 1549). She was  
from a respectable family, had learned Latin, among  
other things, at the Tienge cloister near Leer (East  
Frisia) and for a time lived as a beguine. She is  
suspected of, among other things, being the wife of  
Menno Simons. Despite cruel, persistent torture,  
Elisabeth persevered in her faith. She was  
condemned to be drowned.*

*A song about Elisabeth.  
To the tune of the second Psalm, or "Little red rose  
in full bloom."*

Once there was a tender maiden,  
Elisabeth was her name,  
She lived in the town  
Of Leeuwarden, an agreeable place.

In January she was imprisoned,  
In the year fifteen hundred and  
Forty nine; she had longed  
For Christ, whom she professed.

She was quickly brought into the fortress,  
Where they compelled her  
To tell them, on her oath, according to the law,  
If she was married to a man.

She answered, when she heard this:  
'We are not allowed to swear.  
Our words will be simply yes and no.  
I am not married to any man.'

The Council:  
'It is said that you deceive many people  
And that you are also a minister,  
So we want you to tell us  
Who have you taught in the past.'

Elisabeth:  
'Oh no, Gentlemen, leave me in peace  
About this, but question me about my faith,  
I'd be happy to explain that to you,'  
She said to these blind and deaf ones.

## 8. ONCE THERE WAS A TENDER MAIDEN

(continued)

C.: 'But what do you think of the mass  
And the holy sacrament?'

E.: 'I have never read anything certain about these  
But only of the wonderful Lord's Supper.'

She then quoted so much from the Bible  
That they said there in the court:

'The devil speaks through your mouth.'  
E.: 'Yes, the servant is not more than his Lord.'

C.: 'Tell us, was infant baptism of no avail,  
That you had yourself baptized again?'  
E.: 'No, I would not have had to do so again  
If the first had been done upon my faith.'

C.: 'Are the priests able to forgive sins?'  
E.: 'No, how could I believe that?  
Christ alone is exalted as Priest,  
He alone can purify us of our terrible sin.'

Thereafter, without delay they brought  
Elisabeth before the Council again  
And consequently they led her into the  
Torture chamber, before the evil executioner.

C.: 'So far we have shown you  
Nothing but kindness,  
But if you refuse to answer our questions,  
We will proceed harshly.'

They put two iron clamps on her thumbs  
When she still refused to confess,  
Thus they smashed her thumbs and fingers  
So that the blood spurted out from her nails.

E.: 'Oh, I can bear it no longer!'  
C.: 'Confess, and your pain will be eased.'  
E.: 'Help me oh Lord,' she complained,

'For you always help those in need.'  
'Confess, confess,' they shouted from all sides,  
'Then we will ease your pain,  
For we tell you to confess  
And not to pray to God.'

## 8. ONCE THERE WAS A TENDER MAIDEN

(continued)

But she kept on invoking God ardently  
Who eased her pain, and she said calmly:  
'Go ahead, keep on interrogating me,

For I no longer feel pain, as before.'

They applied two more screws to her shins,  
'Do not shame me,' she replied,  
'For no man has ever  
Laid a hand on my naked body.'

Then she fainted under their hands  
So that they said 'She has accidentally died,'  
But she awoke in the irons,  
Saying: 'I am not dead, but live still.'

C.: 'And will you still not deny  
What you have confessed to us here?'  
E.: 'No', she said to them, undaunted,  
'But I will proudly seal it with my death.'

In March of the aforementioned year  
The Council passed sentence on her.  
Those evil wolves took their revenge  
By drowning this dear little sheep.

Oh, let us, heartfelt, remember  
Elisabeth's brave spirit,  
When in distress, suffering pain and sorrow  
She invoked the good Lord.

## 9. FIVE DANCES OF SUSATO

### 10. I SAY ADIEU, FLESH AND BLOOD

*A spiritual variant of a well known amorous song of parting 'I say adieu, We two must part': the singer takes his leave from his neighbour. He or she goes to lead a 'new life', 'prepared like a sacrificial sheep being led to the altar', the martyr's death. To the tune: "As it begins."*

I say adieu, flesh and blood, we must part.  
I hope to lead a new life henceforth.  
Soul and body must separate:  
Your godly word, a clear Fountain,



10. I SAY ADIEU, FLESH AND BLOOD

(continued)

Is our certain comfort, is our certain comfort.  
Upon you alone stands all our hope.

Fierce persecutors use all their cunning  
To kill Israel, God's pure, elect people,  
Because of the Emperor's command  
And regard us as idiots and fools.  
Oh Lord God, Oh Lord God,  
We are this world's spectacle and mockery.

Although they take our temporal lives here,  
We place our lives in the hands of the Lord  
In the Lord's Name, as one can see.  
This occurs as a sacrifice.  
We yield not, we yield not,  
Even if they should grieve us even more.

*The Golden Age*

11. I RAISE UP MY VOICE HUMBLY

*A dialogue between a bride (the human soul) and  
bridegroom (Christ).*

*To the tune: "Orpheus afflicted in her mind." And  
with second verse "Similar to the white swan."*

[The Bride]

I raise up my voice humbly,  
To you, my Bridegroom,  
Whom I have firmly trusted.  
When shall I soon,  
Come into your presence,  
Out of the oppressive world,  
Full of manifold trials?  
I am full of anxiety here,  
As long as I am not,  
With you in eternal life;  
Whereto rests my mind.

[The Bridegroom]

Oh you my beloved friend,  
Dearly purchased by my red blood,  
You are the one whom I most love,  
And have brought you near me,  
I bathed you clean therein, so that you will be  
Clear and pure, by grace, like gold.

11. I RAISE UP MY VOICE HUMBLY

(continued)

[The Bride]

Once selected, dear Lord,  
You washed me pure and clear,  
But I have been soiled,  
Here by the world's nature,  
I have neglected here and there,  
To choose the good.  
Therefore my prayer is,  
That you make me inwardly pure  
Now from the evil wickedness.  
By grace alone,  
You will come to help me.

[The Bridegroom]

Trust now steadfastly,  
If you will abandon the wickedness.  
I will no longer behold it,  
But blot out your sin,  
But you must also remain modest, in your doings  
In your words and actions, equally bold.

[The Bride]

Praiseworthy, dear Lord and modest  
I went to the supper,  
When you first received me,  
But from my busy tongue,  
Fall fundamental mistakes,  
This I can easily understand.  
Dear Lord, help me  
To guard my tongue,  
And also my mouth,  
That I may declare for you  
Here in good health.

[The Bridegroom]

To help quickly,  
I am at all times prepared to,  
But all the spiritual goods  
Which I have arranged for you,  
You must always increase, this is virtue  
And use them to my honour, as much as you can.

12a. GOOD FRIEND, OH YOU ARE WISE AND HANDSOME

*Retrograde song, wherein one must sing each verse from the beginning and from the end.*

*To the tune: "My God feeds me, as my extolled shepherd" [psalm 23].*

Good friend, oh you are wise and handsome.  
[Handsome and wise are you, oh good friend].  
You will give your crown, you sublime beloved.  
[Sublime beloved, your crown you will give].  
To your beloved Bride, the new-minded one.  
[New-minded is the Bride, your beloved one].  
Honourable above all are you qualified.  
[You are qualified above all honourable].  
You must be loved and highly praised.  
[Praised highly and loved you must be].  
Constant thanks be to you, oh benevolent God.  
[Benevolent God, oh to you be constant thanks.

I must praise you, Prince, you are above all.  
[Above all, you are, Prince, you must I praise].  
The eternal rest may I desire greatly.  
[May I desire greatly the eternal rest].  
No longer let me mourn, grant me joy.  
[Grant me joy, let me no longer mourn].

12b. LOYAL FRIENDS

*A welcome song, to the tune: "Susanna one day."*

Loyal friends,  
Who are here together,  
To you principally  
Is a loving greeting.  
Also at this time  
I bid you well come,  
From a liberal  
Heart and good favour,  
Oh, it is so sweet  
Being brotherly gathered together,  
As balm flows,  
From the sublime head of Aaron,  
Into his beard,  
Flowing  
Downward,  
Falling into his clothes.

12b. LOYAL FRIENDS (continued)

Illustrious Christ,  
Gives his life to his members,  
And unsparingly  
His spirit, nature and disposition.

13. VARIATIONS ON THE LOFZANGH MARIE

14a. SO FAINT THE SCENT OF THE LILY LEAVES

*The sixty-ninth Psalm. A Psalm of David for the choirmaster, during Schoschannim.*

So faint the scent of the lily leaves  
(Just like a rose which languishes and dies  
When it lacks its dew and food,)  
Overladen with sharp thorns,  
And pressed and fallen down;  
Like me, alas! in my misery,  
I must faint; if God will not favour  
To turn the light of his blessed face  
Towards me;  
God's assistance renews my strength.

I lie, oh God, I lie sunken  
In deep mud, and morass,  
And find myself in this water hole  
In fear of death, and half drowned.  
Help! Help! Oh Lord, and reach out your hand!  
For it reaches up to my neck,  
Where my feet cannot stand firmly,  
The thing forces me to ground,  
The force of the water overflows me.  
One knows his anxiety in death's position.

14b. UPON THE MOURNFUL SOUND OF THE HARP

*The sixty-first Psalm. [A Psalm] of David, for the chief-musician on Neginah.*

Upon the mournful sound of the harp  
Must my cry  
Now go to the chorus,  
To carry my prayer before you,  
Where I, oh God,  
My bitter lot  
Might report to you, with anxious lamentation.

I cry out so loudly my voice can run,  
Far from my hand,  
Unto the end of the land  
And out of its farthest region and borders,  
There the mournful heart,  
Overwhelmed with pain,  
Gasps for help, in all its complaints.

15. THREE COMPOSITIONS BY J. BUTLER

16a. THE LORD SHALL PROTECT THOSE

*Flee from Sodom, leave Gommorah.*  
*Tune: "The fairest Nymph that vallies."*

The Lord shall protect those  
Who trust in him,  
And always stand in his laws,  
And nevermore depart from them;  
Blessed are those who are united with virtue,  
And through the narrow gate  
Proceed constantly in virtue:  
God will give them  
Afterwards the eternal life,  
According to his unchanged word.

Thus let us constantly love  
Our God,  
And flee the ugly, wicked crowd,  
That incessantly scorn us;  
Let us constantly with heart and mind  
Flee all evil,  
And the things that harm the soul:  
Flee sin like the plague,  
Always look to the best,  
This is the most needful advice.

16a. THE LORD SHALL PROTECT THOSE  
(continued)

For alas! During these evil times,  
Which are heavily pregnant  
With deception, lies and delusions,  
With deceitfulness, with disputes and beatings,  
With murder, misery and strife:  
Therefore be awake and vigilant,  
Before the abomination arrives;  
Go on the narrow path,  
And never strife after idleness,  
Blessed are they who enter heaven.

16b. MY SALVATION, MY GOD! HOW SO BEATEN?

*About the crucifixion and death of Jesus Christ.*  
*Tune: "Oh dream! How you disturb my thoughts."*

My salvation, my God! How so beaten?  
And to the top of lamentation,  
Now felled and placed, by the evil rogue,  
Who with power, with force, and with watching,  
Swarm over your holy, holy body,  
Where it hung on the cross,  
Miserably oppressed, crushed,  
To the comfort and blessing of our timid souls.

They struck, they struck open his side:  
From which poured blood and water,  
The spear (evil weapon) did this, by strong hands.  
The common crowd which despised God,  
Spittled and slandered with poisonous teeth,  
Upon a fully righteous Lamb,  
Which came below from above  
In order to cut apart our bands by his might.

The shepherd was slain,  
And the sheep were driven into flight;  
The cattle flee when they see their herdsman dying,  
They scatter and stray, becoming indigent,  
When they must miss their guardian:  
And then they must for all the long days,  
Full of fear, timidity and anxiety  
In sadness roam without a guardian.

16c. HE WHO IS CONTINUAL IN  
AMUSEMENT

*Against those who unnecessarily dissipate money.*

*Tune: "Hey! How brightly shines the moon." Or:*

*"Certainly you have lost the game."*

He who is continual in amusement  
Always hums quite joyfully,  
And never with idle jaws  
Elsewhere turns around and weeps,  
Nor torments himself about money,  
But continually warbles,  
And plays a lusty tune;  
About money, but continually warbles,  
And he who is nevermore bored.

Little beasts which sing in the summer  
In the overgrown reeds,  
And hop with long legs,  
These one never sees in the winter.  
The ant, that creature  
Is of a wiser nature:  
For it gathers in summertime;  
That creature is of a wiser nature,  
For it saves for the winter.

He who will bring his days to an end,  
Without that grief,  
Without affliction and misery,  
Must constantly take the ant's view,  
And do so wisely  
Always now and in the future,  
So no hunger will harm him;  
So wise always now and in the future,  
So he will not perish.

17. WHEN DAVID JORIS BECAUSE OF THE  
TREASURE

*A song about the wife of David Joris: how she was  
captured and released, and travelled with her  
husband to Basle.*

*Dirkje Willems, Wife of David Joris.*

*To the tune: "When the sun drives its horses."*

When David Joris because of the treasure,  
Which he received from God,  
Could find no resting place nor abode,  
But was vigorously hunted,  
So that he constantly had to flee:  
Now apart from, then together with his wife;  
This made them both sigh frequently;  
Not knowing where to go next.

They had to separate for a time.  
Each hoping for a way out,  
And Dirkje went to Utrecht.  
She was there not many days,  
When she was also captured;  
The sword was wetted for her.  
Indeed many longed for her death,  
But the Lord did not allow this.

Many lords were not as harsh  
As a certain Suffragen Bishop,  
But he received his reward,  
He had to give up his life:  
The ultimatum, which he gave her,  
He did not live to see;  
Death felled him before,  
He could bring her to grief.

This also happened to a Procurator,  
Who wanted to place her in The Hague  
You jerk!

His return was too slow,  
For while still on the way  
He had to give up the ghost;  
And wished, very perplexed  
That he had been a shepherd.

**17. WHEN DAVID JORIS BECAUSE OF THE  
TREASURE** (continued)

After all this had occurred,  
They granted her her freedom.  
Upon which she returned to her home  
And thanked God very joyfully,  
Because he had been so gracious to her  
Had guarded her in such need,  
Wherein she had constantly  
Expected a bitter death.

When David Joris first  
In trepidation heard of her situation  
A rumour circulated everywhere:  
That her life is ended.  
But then he heard later,  
That she was still alive  
And released, he raced  
To come speedily to her side.

Thus it was the lot of this dear pair  
To be visited with the cross.  
Out of need they journeyed together  
To a land with more breathing space.  
They went to live in Basle,  
Dieing shortly after each other.  
God came to show them his favour,  
By taking them out of all this peril.

(English translations by Gary K. Waite)

## Program Notes

### Camerata Trajectina

Since its foundation in 1974, the Utrecht ensemble Camerata Trajectina has specialised in music from the Low Countries from the middle ages until the seventeenth century, from Hadewych to Huygens. Central to their work are literary and cultural history which are given a musical dimension in projects around poets like Hooft, Bredero, Coornhert, Vondel and Huygens; also central are themes like the Eighty-Year War, the religious conflicts and the Dance of Death. Camerata Trajectina is an ever welcome guest at the Holland Festival Early Music Utrecht and participated in national remembrance days of the Union of Utrecht, William of Orange, Constantijn Huygens and Coornhert. The ensemble has given hundreds of concerts in Holland and Flanders and toured the United States, England, Germany, France, Spain, Sweden and Bulgaria. They have recorded six LPs and six CDs for Globe.

### Melodies of the Mennonites

The early Mennonites had an extensive repertoire of dozens of song books from which people sang during admonitions (services) and at home. A very prolific composer of songs was Karel van Mander (1548-1606), nowadays still chiefly known because of his *Schilderboeck* (Painting book). Van Mander came from Flanders, lived in Harlem and belonged to the school of the Old Flemish. He was a painter by profession and also a member of one of the chambers of rhetoric. His songs, collected in *De Gulde Harpe* [The Golden Harp] of 1605, are permeated with rhetorician tricks, such as an overabundant use of rhyme, the retrograde (each line of the song can be read the other way around, from beginning to end) and the 'chess-board'. Van Mander's songs were eagerly sung and have had a considerable influence upon later mennonite poets. Other composers include Lenaert Clock (c1570-c1636), a High German who had an extensive *Groote Liede-Boeck* to his credit (Leeuwarden, 1604). Anthony Janssen (c1626-1699), father of the well-known classicist poet Joannes Antonides van der Goes, was a talented song writer, not only in the spiritual but also in the secular plane. Finally Joachim Oudaan (1628-1692). He was a Waterland tile-maker in Rotterdam who sympathised with the collegiates, originally a mennonite movement without clergymen and doctrines in which all members were qualified to speak. Many mennonites attended their meetings. Oudaan provided the whole of the psalter with 'extensions', in which the original psalm texts can be found again only with great difficulty. Half of these extensions were put to music by one of Oudaan's friends, the Middelburg organist Remigius Schrijver (?-1681), a 'famous artist in the Song- and Performance arts'. This opened up entirely new musical avenues. Whereas the mennonite songs until that time had been sung in a secular manner or in unison psalm melodies, among the collegiates David's songs resounded to harmonious baroque music, complete with basso continuo and musical rhetoric.

Today over 200,000 people in Canada identify themselves as Mennonites. More than half live in the prairie provinces, the great majority in Manitoba, whose southern plains drew the first Mennonite immigrants to the region over 120 years ago.

The group's roots in western Canada go back to 1874, following a mass exodus from the Ukrainian steppes in the Russian empire, where German-speaking Mennonites had settled in the late eighteenth century at the invitation of Catherine the Great. Erosion of the privileges that had guaranteed them freedom of religion and local self-government in their own colonies lay behind the departure for North America. To make the Canadian prairies attractive, Ottawa modified its homestead regulations to accommodate the Mennonites' communal way of life and acknowledged their pacifism by promising exemption from military service.

The fact that the Mennonite East and West Reserves south of Winnipeg predated large-scale European settlement on the prairies puts the Mennonites among western Canada's earliest agricultural pioneers. They quickly acquired a reputation as model farmers and lawabiding citizens and established additional colonies in Saskatchewan, at Rosthern and Swift Current. Expansion continued in subsequent years, although not without both internal and external challenges to their communal village system and self-imposed rural isolation.

Two further immigration waves, largely refugees from the Russian Revolution of 1917 and Second World War, reinforced Mennonite communities on the prairies. Increasingly, the region's urban centres have claimed once rural Mennonites, often the younger and educated. They have entered all walks of Canadian life while continuing to live by the principles of their faith.

Written by  
Dr Frances Swyripa  
Professor, Department of History & Classics

The First Mennonite Church on 11125 -76 Avenue will host a lecture by Professor Dr. Piet Visser, of the University of Amsterdam, entitled "A Mennonite share in the Dutch culture of the 16th and 17th centuries: book printing, literature, painting and culture of the Mennonites" on Saturday, September 28 at 8 pm. Everyone is welcome.



TRIBACH

*This program was developed  
from an endowment created by  
the Bach Tricentenary Foundation  
to commemorate the successful  
TriBACH Festival held in Edmonton  
in 1985. The TriBACH Artist  
program presents major  
performing artists on  
a regular basis.*



**Department of Music**  
University of Alberta  
3-82 Fine Arts Building  
Edmonton, Alberta  
T6C 2C9  
(403) 492-0601

