Hugh Denard is a Trinity alumnus in Drama and Classical Civilizations (1992) and currently lectures in the Classics Department. He has wide-ranging musical experience, having been a member of both Cathedral choirs in Dublin and numerous chamber ensembles.

John Feeley holds both the MusB and MA degrees from Trinity College, Dublin; an MA from Queens College, City University of New York, and a PhD from the NUI Maynooth. He currently teaches at the Royal Irish Academy of Music. He has recorded many CDs as a guitarist and has performed in numerous prestigious venues around the world, including the Sydney Opera House, the Old Opera House, Frankfurt, the Arena in Verona, and New York’s Carnegie Hall.

Anna Lombardo Geymonat is currently writing up her PhD dissertation on the American poet Amy Lowell at Trinity College, Centre for Gender and Women Studies. She is a poet, teacher, translator and editor of the cultural magazine Le Voci della Luna. Since 2009 she is the artistic director of the International Poetry Festival "La Palabra en el Mundo", which is held in Venice in May every year.

Kevin McGee studied philosophy at NUIG and classics at Trinity College, Dublin. Since his debut in the Dublin Theatre Festival of 1991, his plays have been performed regularly in Ireland, London and New York. He has a Hennessy Award for poetry and a PhD in Medieval Latin epic.

Fionnuala Murphy studied Classics at TCD, where her particular focus on Greek theatrical practice included a stunning original-language performance in the title role of Sophocles’ Electra. She is perhaps best known for her film work with Stephen Frears and her long association with the Abbey Theatre.

Andrew Robinson studied music and philosophy at TCD in the late sixties and early seventies. He currently teaches viola da gamba and ukulele privately, and renaissance music theory at the DIT Conservatory of Music & Drama. He is a member of The Dublin Consort, and Ukeristic Congress.

John Scatteredgood is Emeritus Professor of Medieval and Renaissance Literature at Trinity College, Fellow Emeritus, and Pro-Chancellor of the University of Dublin. He has written widely on medieval and Renaissance literature, politics and society, and on Latin and Middle English manuscripts. His John Skelton: The Career of an Early Tudor Poet is forthcoming from Four Courts Press.

Venina Svetli Kalistratova recently graduated with Gold Medal in Classics at Trinity College, where she is currently pursuing an MPhil in Medieval Literatures, Languages and Cultures. She aims to proceed to a PhD on the poetry of Beowulf.

Rachel Talbot studied music at TCD in the nineties. She has sung and played with a number of Early Music ensembles and appeared as soprano soloist in oratorio. She has also staged baroque operas, most recently Arne’s Thomas and Sally for Opera Antiqua. She has recently submitted a PhD thesis on the subject of Kane O’Hara’s opera Midas.

A special thank to Leofranc Holford-Strevens and Bonnie Blackburn for their invaluable assistance with the manuscript of John Wilson (1595–1674) in the Bodleian Library.

Anna Chahoud
June 2014
PROGRAMME

Virgil, Aeneid 10: Aeneas Arrives  Fionnuala Murphy
John Scattergood, Stella Comata  John Scattergood
John Wilson, Integer Vitae  Rachel Talbot – Voice
                                   Andrew Robinson – Bass viol
                                   John Feeley – Lute
Virgil, Eclogue I: Meliboeus’ Farewell  Venina Svetli Kalistratova
                                   Anna Lombardo Geymonat
                                   Fionnuala Murphy
Seamus Heaney, Virgil: Eclogue IX  John Scattergood
                                   Fionnuala Murphy
John Wilson, Diffugere Nives  Rachel Talbot – Voice
                                   Andrew Robinson – Bass viol
                                   John Feeley – Lute

IN MEMORY OF

MARIO GEMYMONAT
(1941-2012)

SEAMUS HEANEY
(1939-2013)

DAVID WEST
(1926-2013)

Director: Kevin McGee
Musical Advisor: Hugh Denard
**JOHN WILSON. DIFFUGERE NIVES**

Diffugere nives, redudent iam gramina campis
mutata terrae utes et desccrescentia ripas
flumina praeterentur;

Grata cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
lacrima nuda choros.

Inmortalia ne speres, monet annus et almum
quae rapit hora diem.

Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, uer proterit aestas,
pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, uer proterit aestas,
pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox

Diffugere niues, redudent iam gramina campis
mutata terrae utes et desccrescentia ripas
flumina praeterentur;

Grata cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
lacrima nuda choros.

Inmortalia ne speres, monet annus et almum
quae rapit hora diem.

Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, uer proterit aestas,
pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox
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pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox

The snow has fled, grass is now coming back to the fields
And leaves to the trees,
The earth is making its change. Rivers are going down
And flowing between their banks.

A naked Grace dares to lead the dance of her two sisters
And the Nymphs.

Do not hope for immortality—the year gives warning and the hour
That hurries along the life-giving day.

The cold melts in the Zephyrs, Summer tramples on the heeds
Of Spring, and will die the moment
Autumn laden with fruit pours out her crops, and soon
Shaggy Winter comes running back.

Yet the winter has fled,
Gracile Diane, with gentle grace,
Goes on her way,
And in her footsteps go the harvest.

As autumn comes, she brings her riches
And with her the grace of fruitful harvest;

Who knows if the gods above will add the hours of tomorrow
To the total of today?
Whatever you give your own dear self will escape
The greedy hands of your heir.

Who knows if the gods above will add the hours of tomorrow
To the total of today?
Whatever you give your own dear self will escape
The greedy hands of your heir.

When you are dead and Minos has passed on you
His splendid judgements,
Not all your ancestry, Torquatus, nor eloquence, nor piety
Will bring you back.

When you are dead and Minos has passed on you
His splendid judgements,
Not all your ancestry, Torquatus, nor eloquence, nor piety
Will bring you back.

Diana does not rescue her chaste Hypolitus
From the darkness beneath the earth,
Nor does Theseus have the strength to break the Lethean chains
That bind his dear Pirithous.

Diana does not rescue her chaste Hypolitus
From the darkness beneath the earth,
Nor does Theseus have the strength to break the Lethean chains
That bind his dear Pirithous.

**JOHN WILSON. INTEGER VITAE**

Integer uiue scelerisque purus
non egret Mauris iaculis neque arcu
nece unenantes gruida sagittis,
Fusce, pharetra,
sieu per Syris ier aenunus
sieu facturus per inimpositalem
Caucasum uel quae loca fabulosus
siue facturus per inimpositalem
Caucasum uel quae loca fabulosus

The man who is pure of heart and innocent of evil
Needs no Moorish spears, Fusces,
Nor bow nor lighter javelin
With poison arrows

Whether he is setting out across
The sultry Syrtis or inhospitable
Caucasus or lands licked
By the fabled Hydaspes.

**JOHNS SCATTERGOOD, STELLA COMATA**

And so she comes back after long years
Over my northern horizons. She appears
In the dry season, illuminating the night
Skies with her light, indirect light,
Dividing the chaos, a revenant from times
And spaces no longer part of mine,

And so she comes back after long years
Over my northern horizons. She appears
In the dry season, illuminating the night
Skies with her light, indirect light,
Dividing the chaos, a revenant from times
And spaces no longer part of mine,

And now, as he stood high up in the stern-sheets, Aeneas held
His Trojans and their encumbrance in view: so he lifted his shield with
His left hand and made it flash. The Dardanid upon the walls there
Raised a great shout; their fighting spirits revived at this new hope,
Their fire was rekindled: so it is when under dark clouds.
The cranes flying back to the Strymon announce their approach, and trail their
Bugling cries as they swim through the air ahead of the South wind.
But Turnus and the Italian commanders thought it a strange thing
Until, looking round, they saw ships backing up to the beach
And the whole sea one swarm of vessels running towards them.
The peak of Aeneas’ helmet was blazing, flame poured from its lofty
Crest, and the golden boss of his shield spatred huge flashes:
It was as when on some cloudless night you see a comet
Glowing, blood-red and ominous, or the fiery Dogstar rising
Which glows the sky with sinister light and carries with it
Drought and pestilence to suffering humanity.

(From In Leonardo’s Garden, 2007)
As I wandered far from my farm
In Sabine forest singing my Lalage
Without a care to burden me, a wolf ran away from me,
Unarmed as I was—

Such a monster as warrior Daunia
Does not feed in her broad oak-woods,
Nor does the land of Juba, dry nurse of lions,
Bring it to birth.

Set me on barren plains
Where no summer breeze revives a tree,
In a zone of the earth oppressed by clouds
And a hostile Jupiter;

Set me under the very chariot wheels of the sun
In a land where no man can build a home—
I shall love my Lalage sweetly laughing,
Sweetly speaking.

(Transl. David West)

SEAMUS HEANEY. VIRGIL. ECLOGUE IX

MOERIS
Age robs us of everything, of our very mind. Many a time I remember as a boy Serenading the slow sun down to rest, But nowadays I'm forgetting song after song And my voice is going: maybe the wolves have blinked it. But Menalcas will keep singing and keep the songs.

LYCIDAS
Come on, don't make excuses, I want to hear you And now's your chance, now this hush has fallen Everywhere—look—on the plain, and every breeze Has calmed and quietened. We've come halfway. Already you can see Bianor's tomb Just up ahead. Here where they've trimmed and faced The old green hedge, here's where we're going to sing. Set that creel and those kidgoats on the ground. We'll make it into town in all good time.
Or if it looks like rain when it's getting dark, Singing shortens the road, so we'll walk and sing. Walk then, Moeris, and sing. I'll take the kids.

MOERIS
That's enough of that, young fellow. We've a job to do. When the real singer comes, we'll sing in earnest.