

No. 31  
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MADRIGAL SINGERS

Thursday, March 14, 1974

Gould Hall, 12:30 P.M.

Tape No. 7264.

PROGRAM

ORAZIO VECCHI 2:42  
(1550-1605) 2:45

Sapete voi Bifolchi

LUCA MARENZIO 3:45  
(1553-1599) 3:35

Crudele acerba

} RH 5-4-74.

ORAZIO VECCHI 4:52

Ciascun di voi

HENRY PURCELL  
(1659-1695)

Let these among themselves contest  
2:22 from "Ode for St. Cecilia's Day" (1692)  
Awake, ye dead  
~ 5 Hymn upon the Last Day  
Peter Kechley and Vern Nicodemus, *Basses*

~ 3 But ere we this perform  
In our deep vaulted cell  
Duet and chorus from "Dido and Aeneas"  
Valerie Hutchison and Louise Deal, *Sopranos*  
The Echo: Miriam Durland, Donna Bendiner  
Gregg Mitchell, Vern Nicodemus

4:40 See, I obey  
Turn thine eyes  
They shall be as happy  
Solo, duet, and trio from "The Fairy Queen"  
Peter Kechley, Valerie Hutchison, Louise Deal

May the God of Wit inspire  
Echo interlude  
Now join your warbling voices

ORLANDO GIBBONS  
(1583-1625) 4:45

The Cries of London  
(In two parts) 2<sup>nd</sup> part not performed

MICHAEL EAST  
(1580-1625)

O Metaphysical Tobacco 1:00  
Poor is the life 1:12  
Quick, quick away, despatch!  
(The first part) } 2:40  
No haste, but good  
(The second part)

MADRIGAL SINGERS

Don André  
Donna Bendiner  
Louise Deal  
Alan Durfee  
Miriam Durland

Stanley Graham  
Virginia Holland  
Valerie Hutchison  
Ruth Jacobson  
Daniel Jinguji  
Peter Kechley

Gregg Mitchell  
Vern Nicodemus  
Dolores Palomo  
Margaret Russell  
Carol Sams

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Violins: Deede Evans, Allen Goss  
Tenor gamba: Roupen Shakarian  
Bass gambas: Russell Paige, Phil Carlsen  
Harpsichord: Roupen Shakarian

Tape No. 126P.

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MADRIGAL SINGERS  
PROGRAM NOTES  
Thursday, March 14, 1974

VECCHI - SAPETE VOI BIFOLCHI

Do you know, peasants, whom  
My beautiful heifer (woman) resembles?  
She resembles in the gestures, in the face,  
If I have noticed well,  
A laughing lamb,  
When she rejoices,  
When she hops.  
O now beautiful she is,  
Graceful and agile.  
If she weaves, if she spins, if she reels, if she reaps,  
If she sings, if she dances, if she goes to the feast,  
O how nimble she is,  
Gentle, shy.  
If she moves her head,  
O how graceful she is.  
But let everyone say what part she has  
That is most beautiful in her:  
The nose. The neck. The mouth. The eyes. The breasts. (The belly).  
And hurrah for the nose, the neck, the mouth, the eyes, (the breasts, the belly)  
Of my heifer (woman)  
O what beauty,  
O what features,  
O what pleasure  
From one such subject.  
But Giandon is missing there,  
With his dirindon,  
That is to say with his Pivon (bagpipe).

MARENZIO - CRUDELE ACERBA

O cruel, sharp and uncompromising death, how has thou  
taken away all my joy, and left me here to spend my life  
in weeping, in days of darkness and nights of anguish; all  
my sorrows, my sighs, yield no more verses and my  
bitter complaints will inspire no songs.

VECCHI - CIASCUN DI VOI

Each one of you should select for himself two animals,  
One winged, the other should be terrestrial.  
And then what would we have to do?  
You have to imitate their voices.  
It will be difficult to imitate  
That which cannot be expressed by means of song,  
Let voice and sound take its place.  
O how good, O how good.  
I take then the crow and dog;  
I the hen and cricket;

I the sheep and cuckoo; I want the duck and bull;  
I the nightingale and cat; I the ass and dove.  
Ah, now who would not laugh, At this new music?  
Now come on, sing to demonstrate! Cra Co Qui Umb Be Fis Gri.  
Now stop the concerto, Because the inexperienced ass  
Is lowered three notes. Go ahead slow-witted beast.  
Call the town crier. I am here sir.  
May the ass be banished in perpetuity, Because he does not have  
The modern style of singing,  
And so make public the banishment by sound of trumpets.  
Fan, fan, faine, fa, ri, ra, ron. Be it known and declared  
To whatever animal may dwell in the land, On behalf of our King,  
King of the Reckless, Lord of the Little in Head, Count of Good Humor,  
Marquis of Good Time, et cetera, That no one may have the courage  
Ever again, in the future, To sing in company  
With the obstinate ass. Unless the law itself,  
Will be corrected by the judge. Long live the reckless.

#### GIBBONS - CRIES OF LONDON

Until about 150 years ago in London and other English cities, merchandise was sold chiefly on the streets. Hawkers offered their wares through loud cries, handed down through generations, much like folk songs. Most of the cries pertained to perishable victuals. Particularly piercing were the cries of fishwives who commanded special respect for their muscular strength and virtuosity in swearing.

These street peddlers not only sold, but bought such things as rabbit skins, old gold and silver. the cry, "Ha ye any kitchen stuff, maids," refers to fat which the peddlers used to make soap or candles.

Also heard is the official town crier advertising for the "lost nag." Semi-official were criers begging alms for those in London prisons, and the harmless inmates of Bedlams (Asylums) who begged for those confined. Edgar in "King Lear" is one of these harmless idiots, and he used the same cry that occurs in this Gibbons fantasy, "Poor Tom's a-cold."

The night watchman brought a semblance of order to this Babeldom by calling the hour and weather, and seeing that every household contributed its share of illumination by hanging out a lantern.

The instrumental part of The Cries of London is an "in nomine", an old form of fantasy characterized by a liturgical tune running through the composition. Gibbons uses Gloria tibi trinitas (Hymn to the Trinity), surperimposing the secular cries against this staid and ecclesiastical background.