

PROGRAM NOTES

MADRIGAL SINGERS

RICHARD DERING: Quem vidistis pastores?

Whom did you see, Shepherds? Tell us now, and declare unto us; who has appeared upon the earth?

We have seen the Child, and the choir of angels, singing praises to the Lord. Alleluia.

WILLIAM BYRD: O magnum mysterium

O great mystery and admirable sacrament, that the animals should witness the birth of the Lord, lowly, in a stable.

JAN SWEELINCK: Hodie Christus natus est

Today Christ is born; our Saviour now appears; on earth the Angels sing and the Archangels bring joy. Just men rejoice, saying: glory to God on high.

FRANCIS POULENC: Videntes stellam

At the sight of the star, the Magi were filled with great joy; entering the stable, they offered gifts of gold, incense, and myrrh.

RICHARD PYGOTT: Quid petis O fili

Refrain:

What do you wish, O sweetest Mother of the Son,
ba, ba, ba, ba?

O Father, O Son, Give me fond kisses,
da, da, da, da.

Verse I:

The moder full manerly and mekly as a mayd
lookyng on her lyttill son, so laughyng in lap layd,
So pretyly, so pertly, so passyngly well apayd,
full softly and full soberly unto her swete son she said:

Verse II:

I mene this by Mary, oure maker's moder of myght,
full lovely lookyng on our Lord, the lanterne of lyght,
Thus sayng to our saviour, this saw I in my syght,
this reson that I rede you now, I rede it full ryght.

Verse III:

Musyng on her maners so my mard was my mayne,
save it plesyd me so passyngly that passyd was my payn,
Yet softly to her swete son me thought I hard her sayn:
Now gracious god and good swete babe yet ons this game agayne.

Richard Pygott was master of the choir in Cardinal Wolsey's private chapel and, later, a member of Henry VII's Royal Household Chapel. *Quid petis o fili* appears in a manuscript collection dating from the early 1500's which contains vocal and instrumental music written for the court of Henry VIII. Although this piece still uses the verse-refrain form and the macaronic English and Latin text of the medieval carol, its continuous imitative technique marks it as a work of the Renaissance.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN: A Shepherd's Carol

O lift your little pinkie, and touch the winter sky.
Love's all over the mountains where the beautiful go to die.

BRITTEN (continued)

If Time were the wicked sheriff, in a horse opera,
I'd pay for riding lessons and take his gun away.
O lift your little pinkie, and touch the winter sky.
Love's all over the mountains where the beautiful go to die.

If I were a Valentine, and Fortune were abroad,
I'd hypnotise that iceberg till she kissed me of her own accord.
O lift your little pinkie, and touch the winter sky.
Love's all over the mountains where the beautiful go to die.

If I'd stacked up the velvet and my crooked rib were dead,
I'd be breeding white canaries and eating crackers in bed.
O lift your little pinkie, and touch the winter sky.
Love's all over the mountains where the beautiful go to die.

But my cuffs are soiled and fraying. The kitchen clock is slow,
And over the Blue Waters the grass grew long ago.
O lift your little pinkie, and touch the winter sky.
Love's all over the mountains where the beautiful go to die.

.. W. H. Auden

UNIVERSITY CHORALE

J. S. BACH: Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme

Chorus: Awake! the watchman calls. Awake, Jerusalem, the bridegroom comes.

Allelujah! Go forth to meet thy king.

Recitative: He comes, the Bridegroom comes!—Let Zion's daughters be joyful,
Awake and trim your lamps, the bridegroom is at hand. Rise,
go forth to meet him.

Frank Varro, *Tenor*

Aria: (Duet) When comes my Lord? I come. I wait with my lamp. The banquet
is prepared. Come Jesus! I come.

Valerie Hutchison, *Soprano*

Vern Nicodemus, *Baritone*

Chorale: Zion hears the watchman singing. The heart leaps with joy. Now
come Lord Jesus. Hosanna!

Recitative: Enter these courts my chosen bride. Forget all grief and pain
for salvation has come. With my right hand I will shield thee.

David Beard, *Bass*

Aria: (Duet) My friend is mine. Yea, I am thine. Our love shall not be
severed. I will follow thee to joy and fullness.

Nancy Zylstra, *Soprano*

Chris Hartman, *Bass*

Chorale: Let men and angels sing to thy glory. No eye has seen nor ear heard
such great joy. In Dulci Jubilo.