

No. 26  
Betty.

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON  
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

THE MADRIGAL SINGERS

GERALD KECHLEY, *conductor*  
*assisted by*

THE UNIVERSITY HORN ENSEMBLE

CHRISTOPHER LEUBA, *conductor*

Monday, March 1, 1976

Meany Theater, 8:00 PM

PROGRAM

Tape No. 1-8025

All  
used  
for  
CH 9-18-76.

THOMAS CREQUILLON (d. 1557)	2:15	Reveillez-vous tous amoureux (1544)
CLAUDE LE JEUNE (1528-1601)	2:42	Je pleure
JAN SWEELINCK (1562-1621)	2:04	Voici du gai printemps (1614)
		Curtis Barber, <i>tenor</i>
		Craig Nim, <i>bass-baritone</i>
CLEMENT JANEQUIN (1485-1559)	1:00	Ce moys de May (1529)
JOSQUIN DES PRÉS (c. 1450-1521)	4:40	Déploration de Jehan Okeghem
THOMAS WEELKES (c. 1575-1623)	3:28	Death hath deprived mee
	4:24	When David heard (1602)
ORLANDO DI LASSO (1532-1594)	<del>4:24</del> 2:32	In hora ultima (1604)
IGOR STRAVINSKY (1882-1971)	1:39	Ave Maria (1934)
	11:19	Four Russian Peasant Songs for equal voices

INTERMISSION

Tape No. 2-8026

SAMUEL SCHEIDT (1587-1654)  
trans. Verne Reynolds

THOMAS MORLEY (1557-1602)  
JOHN WILBYE (1574-1609)  
THOMAS TOMKINS (1572-1656)

THOMAS MORLEY  
JOHN FARMER (fl. 1599)

{ Ein feste Burg     See Also #8049, 8050  
Alleluja  
Das alte Jahr vergangen ist } For KUOW }

The University Horn Ensemble

I love, alas, I love thee (1595)  
I love, alas, yet am not loved (1609)  
O let me live for true love (1622)  
O let me die for true love (1622)  
Lo, she flies (1595)  
O stay, sweet love

THE MADRIGAL SINGERS

Curtis Barber  
Donna Bendiner  
Elizabeth Burke  
Michelle Dahl  
Michael DeVries  
Daniel Jinguji

Lee Leavy  
Harriet Martin  
Joel Matter  
Susan Matthews  
Katy McFarland

Laurie Medill  
Lynne Meyer  
Craig Nim  
Patricia Schlotfeldt  
David Spring  
Deborah Stimson

CORS D'ESPRITS

The University Horn Ensemble

Brent Allen  
Carol Ansell  
Duane Duxbury  
Michael Graef

Edmund House  
Joe A. Kirtley  
Glenn Noreen

Debra Poole  
Richard Reed  
Michael Simpson  
Laurie Zachow

Texts and Translations

Reveillez-vous tous amoureux:

All you that love, awaken now,  
Take not with you the least displeasure,  
For always you must joy avow,  
And solace to desires allow.

Je pleure:

I weep, I grieve, I am filled with sorrow;  
I sing a thousand songs and am distraught.  
If I am not loved, a new lover may replace me, but that I dare not know.

Voici du gai printemps:

Gaily her chariot the spring advances,  
The winter departs, slowly and sadly retreating.  
See where, tenderly green, each leaf invites the soft breeze,  
And touched by love's caress, trembles and dances.  
Now the woods don again their garment all of green:  
The sky laughs, air is warm, and gentle winds are sighing;  
The nightingale complains, and as her tuneful warblings  
Droop and languish, lovers' souls now fall dying.

Ce mois de May:

This month of May, I shall put on my dress of green.  
In the early morning, I shall arise, this lovely month of May.  
One jump, two jumps, three jumps into the street I'll make  
to see if my friend will come.  
I'll tell him to greet me with an embrace, this lovely month of May.

Le déploration de Johan Okeghem: (composed on the occasion of Okeghem's death  
about 1495, by his pupil Josquin)

Nymphs of the woods, Goddesses of the fountains, the most celebrated singers  
of all nations: change your loud, clear songs to wailing cries and  
lamentations, for Atropos has entrapped by his power your Okeghem, the  
true treasure of music and its highest artist. Who can escape from  
Atropos' power? Thus it is a great pity that the earth now covers him.

Put on your mourning clothes, Josquin, Brumel, Pierchon, Compère, and weep bitter tears of sorrow; you have lost your spiritual father. Rest in peace. Amen.

Death hath deprived mee:

Composed by Weelkes as "A remembrance of my friend M. Thomas Morley."

When David heard: (text from II Samuel, 18:33)

When David heard that Absalom was slain, he went up to his chamber over the gate, and wept; and thus he said: O my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee.

In hora ultima:

In the final hour all shall pass away: trumpet, flute and harp; jokes, laughter, dancing, singing and harmony.

Four Russian Peasant Songs (to be sung in French)

- I. On Saints' Day in Chigisakh on Yaouzoi, so 'tis said,  
All the lucky peasants roll in riches, gath'ring golden pieces by the shovelful,
- II. Ovsen! I'm a-hunting the grouse, O'er the fields and the moors. She has hid 'neath a bush. I spy her tail And a handful of money too, Ovsen!
- III. Once a pike swam out of Novgorod, Glory! Flick'd her tail, shot straight down from Bielaozero. As she darted by, all her scales shone silver-bright, Scales that gleam'd like gold, scales that flash'd silvery white. On her back she bore many a glittering gem, And her head was crown'd with a pearlset diadem, While instead of eyes two diamonds blaz'd. Glory!
- IV. Master Portly tramp'd thro' the big turnip field. Glory! There, Portly scatter'd a bushel of fleas. One half sack of lice and one of fleas. Glory!