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1986  
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University of Washington  
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

*presents*

THE UNIVERSITY MADRIGAL SINGERS

Joan Catoni Conlon, *director*

Paul Klemme, *assistant director*

May 29, 1986

8:00 PM, Meany Theater

PROGRAM

*Tape 11.058*

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT      In the merry spring      1:43  
(c. 1592-1635)

In the merry spring, a shepherd thus did sing, "I am young and  
debonair." "Fye, away." "Will you love me, lady fair?"  
"No, no, no, not I! My freedom is a dainty jewel." "Out,  
alas, you are too cruel! Hark, how the birds do sing; love is  
a pretty thing." "Fye, away." (Ne'er was a youth so true;  
wilt thou not let him woo?) "No, no, no, not I!"

When the spring was o'er, the lady sighed full sore. "Art thou  
gone, young shepherd swain?" "Fye, away." "Wilt thou not  
come back again?" "No, no, no, not I! Too long I've borne  
thy proud distaining." "Out, alas, I meant but feigning.  
Tho' 'tis no longer spring, love is a pretty thing." "Fye,  
away." "I'll not say 'no' again; try me, dear shepherd  
swain." "No, no, no, not I!"

GERALD KECHLEY  
(b. 1919)

3:59

Res miranda (Thing of wonder)  
Linda Cummings, *soprano*

Out of silence, a sparrow,  
out of snow, slender shoots grow a candelabra;  
tight crocus open white on white on jade shadows.

Maiden hair mantillas unroll on hemlock needles and moss  
and bleeding heart dance the small flamenco;  
castanets bend fragile stems, dangle and touch the lupine.

Lupine bells strike muted tones, play to the blue meadow,  
play to the alpine daisy;  
and dandelions, dandelions,  
dandelions light plains of oriental poppies.  
Red and gold, orange and bronze peak and dip,  
roll to the blue as tolling wheat fields.  
Blue on blue on blue suspends the white hot cymbal,  
the incandescent halo,  
the light, the light, the light, the sunlight.  
Res miranda!

GIOVANNI PIERLUIGI da PALESTRINA (1525-1594) from *Missa Papae Marcelli* 14:03

Lord, have mercy on us! Christ, have mercy on us! Lord,  
have mercy on us!  
Holy, holy, holy, Lord, God of Sabbaoth. All the world is  
full of Thy glory.  
Osanna in the highest!  
Blessed is He who comes in the name of the Lord. Osanna  
in the highest!  
Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, have  
mercy on us.

RALPH VAUGHAN  
WILLIAMS (1872-1958)

12:09

Serenade to Music  
Ruthanna Metzgar, *soprano*  
Nancy Cook, *soprano*  
Laurie Pfalzer, *mezzo soprano*  
Paul Klemme, *bass*  
Dwight Beckmeyer, *piano*

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!  
Here will we sit and let the sound of music  
Creep in our ears: Soft stillness, and the night,  
Become the touches of sweet harmony.  
Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold:  
There's not the smallest orb that thou beholds't,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-ey'd cherubins;  
Such harmony is in immortal souls;  
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay  
Doth grossly close it in we cannot hear it.  
Come, ho! and wake Diana with a hymn:  
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,  
And draw her home with music.  
I am never merry when I hear sweet music.  
The reason is, your spirits are attentive;  
The man that hath no music in himself,  
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,  
Is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils;  
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,  
And his affections dark as Erebus; Let no such man be  
trusted.  
Music! Hark! It is your music of the house.  
Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day--Silence  
bestows that virtue on it,  
How many things by season seasoned are  
To their right praise and true perfection!  
Peace, ho! The moon sleeps with Endymion  
And would not be awak'd!  
Soft stillness and the night Become the touches of sweet  
harmony.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Merchant of Venice*

INTERMISSION

BENJAMIN BRITTEN  
(1913-1976)

Hymn to Saint Cecilia 10:10  
Linda Cummings, *soprano*  
Ruthanna Metzgar, *soprano*  
John Allman, *tenor*

I

In a garden shady this holy lady  
With reverent cadence and subtle psalm,  
Like a black swan as death came on  
Poured forth her song in perfect calm:  
And by ocean's margin this innocent virgin  
Constructed an organ to enlarge her prayer,  
And notes tremendous from her great engine  
Thundered out on the Roman air.

Blonde Aphrodite rose up excited,  
Moved to delight by the melody,  
White as an orchid she rode quite naked  
In an oyster shell on top of the sea;  
At sounds so entrancing the angels dancing  
Came out of their trance into time again,  
And around the wicked in Hell's abysses  
The huge flame flickered and eased their pain.

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

II

I cannot grow;  
I have no shadow  
To run away from,  
I only play.

I am defeat  
When it knows it  
Can do nothing  
By suffering.

I cannot err;  
There is no creature  
Whom I belong to,  
Whom I could wrong.

All you lived through,  
Dancing because you  
No longer need it  
For any deed.

I shall never be  
Different. Love me.

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

III

O ear whose creatures cannot wish to fall,  
O calm of spaces unafraid of weight,  
Where Sorrow is herself, forgetting all  
The gaucheness of her adolescent state,  
Where Hope within the altogether strange  
From every outworn image is released,  
And dread born whole and normal like a beast  
Into a world of truths that never change:  
Restore our fallen day; O re-arrange.

O dear white children casual as birds,  
Playing among the ruined languages.  
So small beside their large confusing words,  
So gay against the greater silences  
Of dreadful things you did: O hang the head,  
Impetuous child with the tremendous brain,  
O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain,  
Lost innocence who wished your lover dead,  
Weep for the lives your wishes never led.

O cry created as the bow of sin  
Is dawn across our trembling violin.

O weep, child, weep, O weep away the stain.

O law drummed out by hearts against the still  
Long winter of our intellectual will.

That what has been may never be again.

O flute that throbs with the thanksgiving breath  
Of convalescents on the shores of death.

O bless the freedom that you never chose.

O trumpets that unguarded children blow  
About the fortress of their inner foe.

O wear your tribulation like a rose.

*Blessed Cecilia, appear in visions  
To all musicians, appear and inspire:  
Translated Daughter, come down and startle  
Composing mortals with immortal fire.*

W. H. AUDEN

ERNST THEODOR AMADE-  
US HOFFMANN (1776-1822)

Tre Canzonette italiane 10:33  
Ruthanna Metzgar, *soprano*  
Linda Cummings, *piano*

1. The sun of April bursts forth among thousands of beautiful flowers, And from the gentle heart comes thousands of amorous thoughts . . .
2. The loving turtle-dove is weeping, for she whom he adores has abandoned him, o, miserable am I; how could she be inconstant!
3. I feel renewed hope returning in my heart, calm and serene, allowing me to continue on.

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT

New Oysters, New Oysters! 1:40

ANTONIO SCANDELLO

Ein Hennlein weiss 1:20

A little white hen with fluffy feathers searches for some grain;  
O, hear her cackling now, ka ka ka ka ney, and then she lays an egg.  
Baker, let us make a little cake with fresh berries, and drink some cool, cool, refreshing wine!

JACOB ARCADELT  
(1514-1557)

Il bianco e dolce cigno 2:15

The beautiful white swan sings only at his death; I also weep, for my time has come to die. O strange, cruel fate, that I should die unhappy, and that I should see death as release from my unhappiness, rather than sing a song of contentment!

JOHANN STEFFENS  
(1560-1616)

Der Kuckuck - Ballett 2:42

The cuckoo has fallen from a green bower to his death. My lady love also has fled. I say 'let go who does not gladly stay.' I have more pleasure here with you, Fa, la, la, la.

JOHANN STEFFENS

Der Kuckuck auf dem Zaune  
säss - Madrigal

The cuckoo sat on the hedgrow. All of a sudden, it began to rain, and he got very wet. Soon, the sun appeared and the bird flew happily away, far away, over the sea.

H. A. SCHIMMERLING

Kde Su Kravy Moje 2:08

(In this Slovakian folk tune, a girl cowherd awakens from a nap to find that all of her cows have wandered away, over the meadows. "Where are my cows?" She begins to hunt for them, calling them by their individual names.)

## THE UNIVERSITY MADRIGAL SINGERS

### *SINGER*

### *HIGH SCHOOL ATTENDED*

Duke Adkisson	Bellevue High School
John Allman	Port Angeles Senior High
Joan Ashcraft	Capital High School, Olympia
Bob Bavis	Lorra High School, California
Mark Carlson	Blanchet High School
Linda Chang	Lincoln High School
Pamela Chang	Lincoln High School
Nancy Cook	University High School, Spokane
Linda Cummings	Littleton High School, Colorado
Anne-Marie Dustman	Logan High School, Utah
James Fisher	Ballard High School
Mark Grote	Lewis & Clark High School
Deidre Jasper	Decatur High School
Ellen Kaisse	Dwight Morrow High, New Jersey
Rebecca Kuchar	Lake Forest High School, Illinois
Kim Laird	Shorecrest High School
Ruthanna Metzgar	Fennville High School, Michigan
Mark Moehring	Roosevelt High School
Laurie Pfalzer	Bothell High School
Robert Tangney	Blanchet High School

*Publicity*..... Shantha Benegal  
*Program*..... Claire Peterson

### *UPCOMING CONCERTS:*

June 2, Studio Jazz Ensemble, *Meany Theater*.

June 4, Young Composers, *Music Auditorium*.

June 6, University Symphony & Combined Choruses, *Meany Theater*.