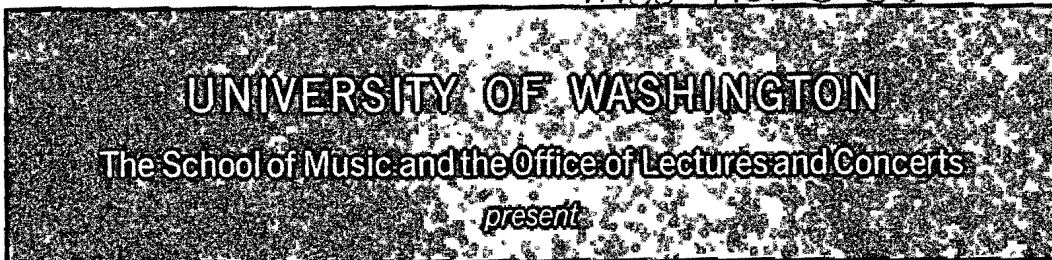


M33-1981-5-28



UNIVERSITY MADRIGAL SINGERS

Gerald Kechley, *director*

Thursday, May 28, 1981

Meany Theatre, 8:00 P.M.

TAPE 10,252

P R O G R A M

GIACHES WERT (1535-1596)	D'un si bel foco 6'
BENEDETTO PALLAVICINO (1551-1601)	Cruda Amarilli 5'
CARLO GESUALDO (1560-1613)	Tu m'uccidi, o crudele 5
No CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1567-1643)	Lasciate mi morire 3
ANTONIO SCANDELLO (1517-1580)	Vorria che tu cantass una canzon z
JACOB ARCADELT (c. 1505-c. 1567)	Il bianco e dolce cigno 3
PAUL HINDEMITH (1895-1963)	Un Cygne 3
ORLANDO GIBBONS (1583-1625)	The silver swan 2

INTERMISSION

TAPE 10,253

HENRY PURCELL (c. 1569-1695)

Magnificat	
Nunc Dimittis	31
Save me, o God	
Lord, how long wilt Thou be angry	
No My beloved spake	

Dean Suess, *counter tenor*
 Frank Eaton, *tenor*
 Timothy Scott Mussard, *baritone*
 Vernon Nicodemus, *bass*

Stephen Daniels, *violin*
 Mary Mader, *violin*
 Sara Gerhart, *viola*

Meg Brennand, *cello*
 Larry Hamberlin, *harpichord*

JOHN BENNET (c. 1575-after 1614) Come, shepherds, follow me 2
 THOMAS MORLEY (1558-1603) Hard by a crystal fountain 3
 THOMAS WHEELKES (c. 1575-1623) As Vesta was 4
 JOHN BENNET All creatures now 2

MADRIGAL SINGERS

Joan Behm*	Linda Hillis*	Vernon Nicodemus*
Tim Chong*	Ruth Hurt*	Ann Roetcisoender*
Kyra Cleifton*	Daniel Jinguji	Dean Suess*
Kenneth DeJong	Laurie Mc Connell*	Ralph Turanski
James Denman	Carole Nelson*	Maria Woerne*
Frank Eaton*	Elizabeth Nelson*	William Zwozdesky*
	Mari Nelson*	

* denotes small ensembles

Program notes

D'un si bel foco

With such fair flames and such a noble binding doth beauty burn me while truth my bonds is weaving, to such sweet chains of fire with joy I'm cleaving. Freedom doth flee, I fear the icefloe's grinding. The flames are such their burns I am not minding, the knot is such the world's praise I'm receiving: nor does fear make me freeze, nor am I grieving, for in fetters of fire heart's ease I'm finding.

See I on high the light that now enflames me and bonds of richly colored threads designed, that, when born is the thought, dies then all yearning. Since such a flame my heart illumines and claims me, and I long with such bonds to be entwined, may shadows vanish, my ashes e'er be burning. (trans.: R. Alec Harman)

Cruda Amarilli

Cruel Amaryllis, whose very name reminds us of the bitterness of love, alas! Amaryllis, purer and more beautiful than the *ligustro** blossom, but deafer and more untamed and fleeting than the deaf aspidistra: since you take offense at what I say, I will perish in silence. (*literally "privet," as in the hedge)

Tu m'uccidi, o crudele

Would you kill me, o most cruel, destroy love, all unfeeling: yet ask my silence? But is not death revealing? Ah, none can silence the martyr's crying, whose screams rend him in dying, as mine will do imploring: for oh, I perish adoring. (trans.: Marion Farquhar)