

No. 30
Betty

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

Present

THE MADRIGAL SINGERS

Gerald Kechley, *director*

Thursday, March 9, 1978

Meany Theater, 8:00 PM

Tape No. 1-8913

PROGRAM

HEINRICH SCHÜTZ (1585-1672) 3:23 ~~Ride la primavera~~ *no appl*
ANTONIO SCANDELLO (1517-1580) 1:00 ~~Vorria che tu cantass una canzon~~
appl.

THOMAS TALLIS (c.1505-1585) 2:43 In manus tuas Domine *No appl*
WILLIAM BYRD (1543-1623) 5:15 Civitas sancti tui *appl.*

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1567-1643) 3:50 Damigella tutta bella (from "Scherzi musicali," 1607)

Maurita Rogers, *soprano*
Richard Russell, *tenor*

No appl
1:50 Non havea Febo ancora (1638)

2:45 Amor (Lamento della Ninta) *No appl*
0:53 Si tra sdegnosi *No appl*

Connie Corrick, *soprano*

9:38 ~~Beatus vir~~ *appl.* CH 4-16-78.

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INTERMISSION

Tape No. 2-8914

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976) 2:39 The evening primrose *No appl*
GERALD KECHLEY (b. 1919) 4:04 Res miranda (thing of wonder)* *appl.*

THOMAS WEELKES (1575-1623) 4:05 When David Heard *appl.*

ORLANDO GIBBONS (1583-1625) 3:22 Fair is the Rose *No appl* *then appl*

MICHAEL EAST (c.1580-1648) 3:25 Farewell, sweet woods *appl.*

THOMAS TOMKINS (1572-1656) 1:38 Oyez! has any found a tad? *appl.*

THOMAS MORLEY (1557-1603) 2:08 Fire, fire. *appl.*

CH 5-14-78.

MADRIGAL SINGERS

Theresa Adams
Nancy Babbini
Paul Berkolds
Margaret Bocek
Kyra Clefton
Connie Corrick

Bob Crisafulli
Keith Horlock
Lynn Kidder
Joel Matter
Donna McCampbell
Kristin Means

Bradley Munson
Vernon Nicodemus
Maurita Rogers
Richard Russell
Ronald Scheyer
Neil Vosburgh

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Philip Lane, *violin*
John Pilskog, *violin*

Toby Saks, *'cello*
Robert Kechley, *harpsichord*

*First performance

RIDE LA PRIMAVERA

The spring smileth, the beautiful Cloris doth return:
 Listen to the sparrow, look at the grass and the flowers!
 But thou, Cloris, more beautiful than they,
 In the new season serves the old winter.
 Ah! if thou has restrained your heart of eternal ice,
 Why, cruel nymph so fair, dost thou carry in thine eyes the sun,
 In thy face of April?

VORRIA CHE TU CONTASS UNA CANZON

I wish you would sing me a song when you play me the viola, and that you would say,
 fa mi la mi sol . . .

IN MANUS TUAS DOMINE

Into thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit; for thou has redeemed me, O Lord, thou
 God of truth.

CIVITAS SANCTI TUI

The city of thy sanctuary is become a desert; Zion is become a desert: Jerusalem is
 desolate.

DAMIGELLA TUTTA BELLA

Pretty maid, pour me some of that fine wine, as red as the distilled essence of
 rubies! Of course mere wine won't satisfy me, for my heart is on fire with love,
 and that creates the sort of thirst which goes on increasing in spite of everything.

NON HAVEA FEBBO ANCORA

Representativo: Phoebus had not yet brought to the world the first rays of dawn
 when a young and beautiful maiden stepped forth from her lodging. Upon her pale
 wan face her sorrow was inscribed, and often from her heart-felt grief would
 issue one great sigh. Thus aimlessly she wandered treading upon the flowers,
 and as she went, bemoaned her lost love with mournful sobbing.

Amor (Lamento della ninfa): God of love (she paused and said, gazing at the heavens).
 where is that faith the traitor swore to me? (Miserella - O pitiable woman).
 Make my love return to that which it once was, or kill me, that I need suffer
 cruel torments no more. For no more do I wish his sighs be near me. No, in
 faith, no more that he confide his sorrows in me. Because my love consumes me,
 with pride and scorn he stands, ready now to plead that I flee from him forever.
 If she has a fairer brow than mine, this new-found love, yet she holds not in
 her breast such tender, true devotion. Nor shall he ever from her lips taste
 such sweet kisses, or such exquisite . . . but ah, silence! For he knows this
 well enough. (Miserella).

Si tra sdegnosi: Thus amid indignant complaints her voice rose to the heavens; and
 thus in the hearts of lovers the god of love mixes flames and ice.

Poem by Ottavio Rinuccini (1562-1621)

BEATUS VIR (Psalm 112)

Blessed is the man that feareth the Lord, that delighteth greatly in his commandments.

His seed shall be mighty upon earth: the generation of the upright shall be blessed.

Wealth and riches shall be in his house; and his righteousness endureth forever.

Unto the upright there ariseth light in the darkness: he is gracious, and full of compassion, and righteousness.

A good man showeth favor, and lendeth: he will guide his affairs with discretion.

Surely he shall not be moved forever: the righteousness shall be in everlasting remembrance.

He shall not be afraid of evil tidings: his heart is fixed, trusting in the Lord.

His heart is established, he shall not be afraid, until he sees his desire upon his enemies.

He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor; his righteousness endureth forever; his horn shall be exalted with honor.

The wicked shall see it, and be grieved: he shall gnash his teeth, and melt away: the desire of the wicked shall perish.

R E S M I R A N D A
THING OF WONDER

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 wheatfields.

Blue on blue on blue suspends the white hot cymbal,
the incandescent halo,
the light, the light, the light, the sunlight.

Helen Stark, Springtime 1977.