

No. 82
Betty

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCEPTS

Present

Broadcast
live.

THE UNIVERSITY MADRIGAL SINGERS

JOAN CATONI CONLON, *conductor*

Tuesday, May 30, 1978

Meany Theater, 3:00 PM

Tape No. 1-9031

P R O G R A M

JOHN FARMER (late 16th century)
JOSQUIN DES PRES (1450-1521)
LASSUS (1532-1594)
GIBBONS (1533-1625)
DOWLAND (1562-1626)

Fair Phyllis (1599)
Mille regretz
Dulci sub umbra
O Lord, Increase My Faith
Come Again

Connie Corrick, soprano
Neil Vosburgh, tenor

PURCELL (1659-1695)

He Who Would an Alehouse keep

Paul Berkolds, bass

PALESTRINA (1525-1594)

Missa Papae Marcelli

Kyrie
Gloria
Sanctus
Benedictus
Agnus Dei

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)

Three Shakespeare Songs (1951)

RAVEL (1875-1937)

Trois Chansons

Nicolette
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
Ronde

Kelly Kerr, soprano *Richard Russell,*
Vern Nicodemus, baritone *tenor*
Kyra Clefton mezzo-soprano

Tape No. 2-9032

I N T E R M I S S I O N

MACHAUT (1304-1377)

Quant je suis mis au retour

Ronald Scheyer, tenor

ANON. Trouvère (13th century)

Dehors lonc pré (oud and harp)

LLIBER VERMELL (late 14th-early
15th century)

Cuncti simus concanentes
Los set gotxs (oud and drum)

TRADITIONAL

Agincourt carol

Robert Crisafulli, Vern Nicodemus,
Joel Matter, counter-tenors

assisted by Peggy Monroe and John Jamison

MONTEVERDI (1567-1643)

Cor mio
Su, su, su Pastorelli
Ecco mormorar l'onde

NED ROEM
(b. 1924)

In Time of Pestilence (1973)
six short madrigals on verses of Thomas
Nash

University Madrigal Singers

Kelly Kerr	Theresa Adams	Jim Bondelid	Paul Berkolds
Margaret Bocek	Connie Corrick	Keith Horlock	Joel Matter
Kyra Glefton	Nancy Lewis	Richard Russell	Vern Nicodemus
Chrystal Merriwether	Maurita Rogers	Neil Vosburgh	Ronald Scheyer
Elisa Dakin	Nancy Williamson	Robert Crisafulli	

MADRIGALS SINGERS
Translations

Mille regretz

"I have a thousand regrets when I must leave you, when I must leave you; when I must be away from your loving face, it gives me great sadness."

Dulci sub umbra

"Under the delightful shade, I blow on the rustic reed, while, happy singing, my love, the lambs, and the goats listen to me."

Trois Chansons

Nicolette

"Nicolette, at Vespers, went roaming in the field, to pick flowers, merrily skipping. A growling old wolf came to pass: 'Stay, Nicolette; are you going to Grandmothers?' Breathlessly, she ran away. Next, she met a handsome, but young, page. 'Stay, Nicolette; will you have a lover true?' Reluctantly, she turned away from him. Finally, she met an old, grey-haired lord who was ugly, vile, and crude who said, 'Stay, Nicolette, and I will give you all of this gold!' As fast as she could, she ran directly into his arms!"

Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis

"Three lovely birds from Paradise (My beloved has gone off to war..) have flown along this way. The first was bluer than heaven. (My beloved has gone.) The second was white as snow, the third was wrapped in red glow. 'Ye lovely birds (My beloved had gone..), what brings you here?' 'I bring you a glance of azure (Your beloved has gone..)! 'And I, I bring a kiss to your loving brow! To the third bird was said, 'And you, what do you bring?' The red glowing bird replied, 'I bring a faithful, crimson heart' 'Ah', she said, 'I feel that my heart is growing cold.'"

Ronde

"Maidens, do not go into the woods of Ormond. Evil spirits are there, cunning wizards, grim satyrs, hobgoblins and ogres and imps, flying devils, will o' the wisps, goatfooted gnomes and demons, werewolves, elves, enchanters, magicians, outcast monks, cyclops.' The old men say, 'young men, do not go to the woods of Ormond. They are full of fauns, bacchantes, fairy folk, satyresses, she-devils, witches, she-hobgoblins, female demons, nymphs, naiads, gorgons, succubes.' The young reply, 'no, we shall not go to the woods of Ormond. Alas, no more are the evil spirits, cunning wizards, etc. Ill-advised old men frightened them all away!'"

Quant je suis mis au retour

When I have set out to return to see my lady, there is no pain or sadness that I feel, by my soul.

O god, it is right that I love her blamelessly with true love.

Her beauty, her great sweetness with the flame of love through memory night and day, seizes me and enflames me.

Since her highest worth pierces my tender hearth, I desire to serve her without a dishonorable or frivolous thought.

Cor mio

"My beloved, when I gaze upon you, I am transformed into you, and my sighing soul is transformed into a single sigh. O, beautiful one, O beautiful life. My heart is reborn in you. I was born to die for love of you."

Su, su, su Pastorelli

"Hurry, come running, little shepherds, to laugh in the caressing breeze which brings us smiles. See the fields full of fragrant flowers. Hurry, sweet singing birds, chattering fountains, to joyously laugh and joke in the colorful fields filled with beautiful flowers."

Ecco mormorar l'onde

"Listen to the murmuring waters, and the rustling trees as the morning breezes stir among the branches. And, above the green boughs, sweetly singing birds and the smiling sun. Behold, the dawn appears and is reflected in the sea, and brightens the heavens. The mountains are a golden glow. O beautiful rays of dawn, the breezes bring you to us, and are messengers themselves of the lovely sunrise. You give us resoring life!"