

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present

THE UNIVERSITY MADRIGAL SINGERS

JOAN CATONI CONLON, *director*

Thursday, May 26, 1977

Studio Theater, 8:00 PM

Tape No. 1-8523

PROGRAM

GESUALDO (c. 1560-1613)

DOWNLAND (1562-1625)

MORLEY (1557-1602)

MONTEVERDI (1567-1643) 17:02

7:51 { Itene, o miei sospiri
Now, O, now *No appl.*
Fire, Fire *No appl.*

Sestina: *No appl.* Lagrime d'amante al sepolcro dell'
amata (1614)

Incenerite spoglie

Ditelo voi

Dara la notte il sol

Ma te raccoglie

O chiome d'or

Dunque amate, reliquie

MOZART (1756-1791) 12:07

Six Nocturnes

Luci care, luci belle, K. 346 (439a) - 1783

Se lontan, ben mio, tu sei, K. 438 - 1783

Due pupille amabili, K. 439 - 1783

Piu non si trovano, K. 549 - 1788

Ecco quel fiero istante, K. 436 - 1783

Mi lagnero tacendo, K. 437 - 1783

William McColl, *bass clarinet*

Julie Oster, *clarinet*

Karen Jensen, *clarinet*

Tape No. 2-8524

INTERMISSION

CH 7-10-77.

PASSEREAU (fl, ca. 1525)

WILBYE (1574-1638)

PILKINGTON (ca. 1562-1638)

8:41 { Il est bel et bon *No appl.*
Draw on, sweet night
Messengers of the delightful spring

MACHAUT (ca. 1300-1377)

2:46 Douce Dame jolie

CORNYSH (d. 1513)

2:09 Ah, Robyn

ANON.

2:38 Ecce quod natura

ANON.

2:58 Zeuner Tantz (16th Century)

+ instrum. 0:58

Connie Corrick, *soprano*

Richard Russell, *tenor*

Curt Barber, *tenor*

Chrystal Weinberg, *mezzo-soprano*

Kyra Clefton, *mezzo-soprano*

Philip Dickey, *recorder*

Peggy Monroe, *percussion*

Ronald Scheyer, *baritone*

Paul Berkolds, *bass*

Assisted by Peggy Monroe of the Goode

Company and Philip Dickey of Fiori Musicali

NED ROREM (b. 1924) 8:26

In Time of Pestilence (1973)

Six short madrigals on Verses of Thomas Nashe
(1567-1601)

TRANSLATIONS

Itene, o miei sospiri

Away, o my sighs! Begin the flight to her, the cause of my martyring wounds. Tell her, out of pity, of my great suffering, how she appears to me to be both beautiful and pious, and tell her that only she can change my bitter laments to a beautiful lovesong.

Lagrime D'Amante Al Sepolcro Dell'Amata (Scipione Agnelli) from 6th Book of Madrigals (1614) Incenerite spoglie

Beloved ashes, the insatiable tomb has been transformed into the sky which contains what was my sun on earth. My heart in its breast is locked in love with yours. And night and day, in tears, burning, in pain, in anger, the tormented Glauco spends his life.

Ditelo, o fiumi

Cry out, oh streams, and all you who hear Glauco; the air will carry the laments over the tomb through the barren countryside to the nymphs and the sky. For me, anguish will be my food, tears my drink, for from now, covered by the cold earth, sleeping in a bed of stone, is your beautiful bosom that was once my happiness.

Dara la notte

In the night, the sun will shed his beams over the earth, Diana will shine during the day, before Glauco will cease to kiss, to pay homage to this bosom which was the dwelling place of love and which now the heavy tomb weighs down; nor can the sun be too lavish with deep sighs, with weeping over his wounds, nor the sky.

Ma te raccoglie

But take her to yourselves, oh nymphs, in the lap of heaven. I look to you, the earth is widowed, the woods are deserted, and the rivers flow with tears. The dryads and the wood-spirits repeat the laments of the sorrowful Glauco, singing prayers over the tomb of the beloved heart.

O chiome d'or

Oh hair of gold, oh snowy whiteness of breast, oh lilies of hands, which the envious heaven has snatched away, even if locked in the blind tomb, who can hide you? Woe! The poor earth! The flower of all beauty, the sun of Glauco, be concealed? Ah, muses, here gush with tears.

Dunque, amate, reliquie

Therefore, lovers, release a sea of tears; will they not bring some light to the noble bosom of this cold stone? Here the afflicted Glauco resounds with the name Corinna to the sea and the sky, crying each hour in the winds and the earth; ah, Corinna, ah, Corinna! Ah, she who is dead! Ah, she who is in the tomb! Let the words give way to tears, beloved heart. Let heaven grant you peace, peace to you, Glauco, praying at the honored tombe and the sacred earth.

Luci car, luci belle

Dear, lovely lights in my lover's eyes, give rest to this heart. It is for you I sigh and I die, my idol, my lovely treasure, spirit and sun of the God of love.

Se lontan

When you are far away from me, days become eternities for me. When you are close, my idol, my days are like moments.

Due pupille amabili

Your two charming eyes have ensnared my heart. If I do not ask them for pity, I will die of love for them.

Piu non si trovano

when you are far away from me, days become
my idol, my days are like moments.

Due pupille amabili

Your two charming eyes have ensnared my heart. If I do not ask them for pity, I will die of love for them.

Piu non si trovano

No longer can two beautiful souls be found, among a thousand lovers, who might be constant. And all speak of fidelity! And the guilty custom proceeds, so that the constancy of those who love well is now called simplicity.

Ecco quel fiero

Here is the moment, my Nice; farewell. How will I live, my love, away from you? Ever in sorrow, I will no longer have your love. And you, who knows, if ever you will remember me. Ah, who knows!

Mi lagnero

I will complain silently of my mean fate, but do not hope that I will not love you. Cruellest one, how have I offended you, if there remains in this bosom the wretched delight of longing for you?

Il est bel et bon

"My husband is handsome and good, o gossip friend! There were two women from the same region. One said to the other, 'do you have a good husband?' "My husband is handsome and good. He doesn't get mad at me, neither does he beat me. He keeps the house, he feeds the chickens, and I can take my pleasures! Its enough to make you laugh, when he cries out to the chickens, 'come, little chicks.' My husband is handsome and good, o gossip friend!"

Ecce quod natura

Behold: nature changes her law: a pure virgin brings forth the son of God. Behold a new joy, behold a new miracle - God, - A virgin brings forth a son who has not known a man. The earth brings sapphire, the rose a lily. God, seeing the miserable world in ruin brings forth a delicious flower from the spine a virgin and queen, medicine for the world --the health of mankind.

Riu, riu, chiu

Riu, riu, chiu, guard our homes in safety. God has kept the wolf from our lamb, our Lady. Raging mad to bite her, there the wolf did steal, but our powerful God defended her. He wished to keep Her pure, so she could never sin. First sin of man never touched this virgin.

He who is now begotten is our mighty King and God, Christ our holy father, embodied in human flesh. He has brought atonement by being born so humbly, though He is immortal, as mortal was created.

Many prophets said He would come, and within our time, we know it is true. In God's human form, we see on earth's domain; man in Heaven reigns, so He wished it done to help mankind.

Hérons, by the thousands, I see them flying and singing, sounding a thousand songs or praise above me, in sweet voices, saying, May glory by on High, Peace on earth, they cry, Born is Jesus, long awaited.

He has come to offer life everlasting; He comes to atone for the fall of all mankind; Light of hope, is this baby boy. Lamb of God, our joy, just as Saint John said.

In Time of Pestilence

Adieu, farewell earth's bliss!
This world uncertain is:
Fond are life's lustful joys,
Death proves them all but toys.
None from his darts can fly;
I am sick, I must die--
Lord, have mercy on us!

Rich men, trust not in wealth,
God cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die--
Lord, have mercy on us!

Strength stoops unto the grave,
Worms feed on Hector brave;
Swords may not fight with fate;
Earth still holds open her gate;
Come, come! the bells do cry;
I am sick, I must die--
Lord, have mercy on us!

Wit with his wantonness
Tasteth death's bitterness;
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply;
I am sick, I must die--
Lord, have mercy on us!

rich men, trust not in wealth,
God cannot buy you health;
Physic himself must fade;
All things to end are made;
The plague full swift goes by;
I am sick, I must die--
 Lord, have mercy on us!

Beauty is but a flower
Which wrinkles will devour;
Brightness falls from the air;
Queens have died young and fair;
Dust hath closed Helen's eye;
I am sick, I must die--
 Lord, have mercy on us!

~~Wit with his wantonness~~
Tasteth death's bitterness;
Hell's executioner
Hath no ears for to hear
What vain art can reply;
I am sick, I must die--
 Lord, have mercy on us!

Haste therefore each degree
To welcome destiny;
Heaven is our heritage,
Earth but a player's stage.
Mount we unto the sky;
I am sick, I must die--
 Lord, have mercy on us.

THE MADRIGAL SINGERS

Curt Barber
Donna Bendiner
Paul Berkolds
Jim Bondelid
Kyra Clefton
Connie Corrick
Spencer Fulweiler
Lynn Kidder
Carmen Leon

Harriet Martin
Joel Matter
Judy Page
Richard Russell
Jennifer Rutberg
Ronald Scheyer
Chrystal Weinberg
Denise Wilks