

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The School of Music and the Office of Lectures and Concerts

present

The University Madrigal Singers

GERALD KECHLEY, *Conductor*

Wednesday, June 5, 1974

Roethke Auditorium, 8:00 P.M.

Tape No. 1-7395

PROGRAM

HEINRICH SCHÜTZ
(1585-1672) 3:27

Ride la primavera (1611)

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI
(1567-1643) 2:56
3:58

Cor mio, mentre vi miro (1603)
~~DOLCISSIMO USCENOLO (1638)~~

HEINRICH SCHÜTZ 4:13 ~~3:40~~ Anima mea liquefacta est, Part I (1629)
3:49 Adjuro vos, filiae Jerusalem, Part II

Roupen Shakarian, Peter Kechley
William Clammuro, Robert Kechley

JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN 3:40 Herr, lass meine Klage für dich kommen
(1586-1630) 4:56 Ist nicht Ephraim mein teurer Sohn (1623)

ORAZIO VECCHI
(155-1605)

From Il Convito Musicale (1597)

2:33 Sapete voi Bifolci
Bando del Asino

4:41 "Questa ghirlando"
4:13 "Ciascun di voi"

Tape No. 2-7396

INTERMISSION

THOMAS WEELKES 1:30 On the plains, fairy trains (1598)
(c.1575-1623)

HENRY LAWES 2:59 Dialogue on a kiss
(1596-1662)

Valerie Hutchison, Peter Kechley

~~HENRY PURCELL Awake, ye dead (1693)
(1659-1695) OMITTED Vern Nicodemus, Peter Kechley~~

JOHN DOWLAND
(1563-1626)
EDWARD JOHNSON
(fl.1590)
JOHN DOWLAND

3:46 Go nightly cares (1612)
2:40 Eliza is the fairest Queen
3:43 Lasso vita mia (1612)

Margaret Russell
Philip Carlsen, Russell Paige, Stephen Stubbs

JOHN DOWLAND 3:09 3:10 Up merry mates

TOBIAS HUME 1:29 1:29 Tobacco

Peter Kechley

CH 10-6-74

MICHAEL EAST
(1580-1684)

1:18 O Metaphysical Tobacco (1606)
1:36 Poor is the life (1610)
1:33 Quick, quick away, despatch! Part I (1619)
1:49 No haste, but good, Part II

MADRIGAL SINGERS

Don André
Donna Bendiner
Louise Deal
Alan Durfee
Miriam Durland

Mary Beth Felix
Stanley Graham
Dorothy Harwood
Virginia Holland
Valerie Hutchison
Ruth Jacobson

Daniel Jinguji
Peter Kechley
Vern Nicodemus
Margaret Russell
Dennis Van Zandt

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Philip Carlsen, *Treble and Bass Viol*
Russell Paige, *Bass Viol*
Stephen Stubbs, *Lute and Harpsichord*

William Clammuro, *English Horn*
Robert Kechley, *English Horn*
David Kechley, *Bass*

RIDE LA PRIMAVERA (1611).....HEINRICH SCHÜTZ

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

COR MIO, MENTRE VI MIRO (1603).....CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI

Dear heart, when I behold you, I seem to change myself into you.
 And now that I am so changed, my spirit leaves me in a single
 deep sigh. Wondrous beauty, deadly and life-giving.
 My heart is born anew, and being born, dies.

DOLCISSIMO USCIGNOLO (1638).....CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI

Most sweet nightingale, you call your loved one to you merely by
 singing. Come to me, dear spirit,--singing is of no use to me
 and I, unlike you, do not have the wings wherewith to fly. O most
 happy bird, how much to your advantage have you been recompensed
 by generous nature who in denying you intelligence has given you this
 good fortune.

ANIMA MEA LIQUEFACTA EST, PART I..... HEINRICH SCHÜTZ
 ADJURA VOS, FILIAE JERUSALEM, PART II

My soul dissolved as my beloved spoke, for his voice is sweet
 and his visage lovely. His lips are lilies distilling sweetest myrrh.

I charge you, daughters of Jerusalem, if you see my beloved,
 to tell him that I am sick with love.

HERR, MEINE KLAGE FÜR DICH KOMMEN (Ps. 119, 169-171)..JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN

Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord: give me understanding
 according to thy word.
 Let my supplication come before thee: deliver me according to
 thy word.
 My lips shall utter praise, when thou hast taught me thy statutes.

IST NICHT EPHRAIM MEIN TEURER SOHN (Jeremiah 31, 20)..JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN

Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child for since I spake
 against him, I do earnestly remember him still: therefore my heart
 is troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord.

SAPETE VOI BIFOLCHI.....ORAZIO VECCHI

Do you know, peasants, whom
My beautiful heifer (woman) resembles?
She resembles in the gestures, in the face,
If I have noticed well,
A laughing lamb,
When she rejoices,
When she hops.
O how beautiful she is,
Graceful and agile.
If she weaves, if she spins, if she reels, if she reaps,
If she sings, if she dances, if she goes to the feast,
O how nimble she is,
Gentle, shy.
If she moves her head,
O how graceful she is.
but let everyone say what part she has
That is most beautiful in her:
The nose, The neck, . The mouth. The eyes. The breasts. The belly.
And hurrah for the nose, the neck, the mouth, the eyes, the breasts, the belly.
Of my heifer (woman)
O what beauty.
O what features,
O what pleasure
From one such subject.
But Giandon is missing there.
With his dirindon,
That is to say with his Pivon (Bagpipe).

QUESTA GHIRLANDA.....ORAZIO VECCHI

This ring that we make of ourselves, O how it pleases me.
Now it delights us so much to be seated here among the
grasses and flowers, to pass the weary hours.
Now up! gentlemen, altogether let us sing, or else play.
Thus we wish that you be our King.
Quickly perform the game of instruments. We are all ready.
What instrument do you know how to play?
I know how to play the harpsichord.
So play your harpsichord a little.
Dingu, denga la dingu, denga.
Good, by my faith!
And you, what do you play?
I know how to play my violin.
So play your violin a little.
Lirum, lirum, lirum.
Good, by my life!
Tell me, what do you know how to play?
I know how to play my lyre.
So play a little your lyre.
Lira, lira, lira.

O, what a beautiful stroke!
And you, what do you know how to play?
I know how to play the bagpipe.
Play a little on your bagpipe.
Vion vion vo.
Do you play, friend?
I play my lute.
Play a little on your lute.
Tren, tren, tirin tren.
Now all together, let it sound!
(The complete ensemble)
O, what a pleasing symphony.
But whoever has a desire to laugh,
We undertake another game, called Music of the Devil.
But first let us rest ourselves a little.

CIASCUN DI VOI.....ORAZIO VECCHI

Each one of you should select for himself two animals,
One winged, the other should be terrestrail.
And then what would we have to do?
You have to imitate their voices.
It will be difficult to imitate
That which cannot be expressed by means of song,
Let voice and sound take its place.
O how good, O how good.
I take then the crow and dog;
I then hen and cricket;
I the sheep and cuckoo; I want the duck and bull;
I the nightingale and cat; I the ass and dove.
Ah, now who would not laugh, At this new music?
Now come on, sing to demonstrate! Cra Co Qui Umb Be Fis Gri.
Now stop the concerto, Because the inexperience ass
Is lowered three notes. Go ahead slow-witted beast.
Call the town crier. I am here sir.
May the ass be banished in perpetuity, Because he does not have
The modern style of singing,
And so make public the banishment by sound of trumpets.
Fan, fan, faine, fa ri, ra, ron. Be it known and declared
To whatever animal may dwell in the land, On behalf of our King,
King of the Reckless, Lord of the Little in Head, Count of Good Humor,
Marquis of Good Time, et cetera, That no one may have the courage
Ever again, in the future, To sing in company
With the obstinate ass. Unless the law itself,
Will be corrected by the Judge. Long live the reckless.