

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The School of Music and the Office of Lectures and Concerts

present

M33
1980
2-14

THE UNIVERSITY MADRIGAL SINGERS

Gerald Kechley, *director*

Thursday, February 14, 1980

Meany Theater, 8:00 PM

Reel 1 9722 PROGRAM

MOREL (16th Century)	Dame de beaulte
JOSQUIN DES PRES (c. 1440-1521)	Faulte d'argent
CLAUDE LE JEUNE (c 1528-1601)	Je pleure
CLEMENT JANNEQUIN (16th Century)	Au joly jeu de pousse avant

ORLANDO GIBBONS (1583-1625)	Why art thou so heavy, O my soul? ²
WILLIAM BYRD (1543-1623)	Christ rising again (the first part)
	Christ is risen again (the second part)

Kyra Clefton, *mezzo soprano*
Dean Suess, *counter-tenor*

JOHN DOWLAND (1563-1626)	Say, Love, if ever thou didst find
THOMAS WHEELKES (c. 1575-1623)	O Care, thou wilt despatch me (the first part)
	Hence, Care, thou art too cruel (the second part)
THOMAS GREAVES (16th Century)	Come away, sweet love

INTERMISSION

BERNARD NAYLOR (b. 1907)	Ecce puer
GERALD KECHLEY (b. 1919)	Psalm 121
CECIL EFFINGER (b. 1914)	Wood
GERALD KECHLEY	Ove Hanson, <i>oboe</i> Drop, slow tears

JOHN BENNET (c. 1575-after 1614) Weep, O mine eyes
 ORLANDO GIBBONS The silver swan
 THOMAS WEEBKES Come, sirrah Jack, ho!
 Since Robin Hood
 JOHN BARTLET (fl. 1606) Of all the birds that I do know
 THOMAS ~~MORLEY (1558-1603)~~ We shepherds sing
 Weelkes

THE MADRIGAL SINGERS

Tim Chong	Mary McBurney	Ronald Scheyer
Kyra Clefton	Carole Nelson	Dean Suess
Sara Davis	Patricia Post	Ralph Turanski
Darcy Du Ruz	Eve Robinson	John Whitener
David Justad	Edvin Rusis	Ann Wopat
Ellen Kaisse		William Zwozdesky

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Jenny Bogert, <i>violin</i>	Jane Hawkins, <i>'cello</i>
Benita Lenz, <i>violin</i>	Ove Hanson, <i>oboe</i>
Richard Koenig, <i>viola</i>	Scott Shaw, <i>harpsichord</i>
Maria Lambros, <i>viola</i>	

Translations and texts

Dame de beaulte

Lady of beauty, I beg that you give me your heart, and as long as I have life, my lady, you will always be the mistress of my heart.

Faulte d'argent

Lack of money is an evil without equal. If I say so, alas, I know well why! Without the wherewithal one must keep very quiet. (But) a woman that sleeps wakes up for cash.

Je pleure

I weep now, I grieve so, I feel pain so tormenting; I sing a thousand songs, for distraught is my mind. And if I am not loved, another takes my place in her heart and such thoughts cause lamenting.

Au joly ie du

Of the pretty
 let us make
 The other day,
 I chanced upon
 Smiling gently
 she hesitate
 Let us go

Because of her
 so I spoke to
 Smiling gently
 With her mou
 but for th
 Let us g

Wood

There was a da
 Where incremen
 To every leaf
 Until it wither
 And lonely the
 But once a myt
 And you were k
 And it was pra
 For me to knee
 And me to rise
 And you to tun
 And sever on
 walked slowly

Drop, slow tea

Drop, slow tea
 and bathe tho
 which brought
 Cease not, we
 To cry for ve
 Cease not, we
 Drown all my
 Nor let His e
 Drop, slow tea