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PHONOTAPE
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THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
SCHOOL OF MUSIC
presents

THE UNIVERSITY MADRIGAL SINGERS
Andrew Bernard, director

Monday, March 5, 1984 8:00PM Meany Theater

Tape 10,623

I

Guillaume COSTELEY (1531-1606) Allon, gay bergeres
Clément JANEQUIN (c.1485-c.1560) Orsus, vous dormez trop
Pierre CERTON (c.1510-1572) La, la, la, je ne l'ose dire

6:30

II

John BENNET (c.1570-after 1614) Weep, o mine eyes
Peter PHILIPS (1561-1628) O false deceit
Thomas MORLEY (1557-1602) Since my tears and lamenting
John WILBYE (1574-1638) I love, alas, yet am not loved

15:47

III

Giovanni GASTOLDI (c.1550-1622) Il bell' humore
Hans Leo HASSLER (1564-1612) Tanzen und springen
Orlando di LASSO (1532-1594) Audite nova!
Orazio VECCHI (1550-1605) Fa una canzone

7:30

INTERMISSION

Tape 10,624

IV

Clément JANEQUIN La guerre

7:30

V

Jacob ARCADELT (c.1505-1568) Il bianco e dolce cigno
Cipriano de RORE (1516-1565) Vergine bella
Luca MARENZIO (1553-1599) I piango
Giaches de WERT (1535-1596) Mi parto

12:44

VI

Thomas MORLEY Now is the month of maying
Thomas WEELKES (c.1575-1623) We shepherds sing
John FARMER (c.1565-c.1605) Fair Phyllis I saw
John BENNET All creatures now are merry minded

7:07

The audience is requested to withhold applause until the end of each group.

THE UNIVERSITY MADRIGAL SINGERS

Bob Davis	Loren W. Pontén
Steven Bryant	Daniel D. Pick
Roberta R. Cordero	Marie Remedios
Louise Holocher	David L. Schott
Nathan M. Keyes	Sue Shawger
Carol Leenstra	Daniel C. Taflin
Lise Mann	Suzett B. Taggart
Jean McAllister	Kristie Werner

TRANSLATIONS

Allon, gay bergeres

Come, gay shepherds, be joyful, follow me. Come to see the King who from heaven, on earth is born. Come, gay shepherds.... I shall make him a nice present. Of what? Of this flute of mine, so gay. Come, gay shepherds.... A cake shall I give him, and a full bumper shall offer. Come, gay shepherds.... Ho, ho, quiet now, I see him. He suckles well without his thumb, the little King. Come, gay shepherds, be joyful. The King is drinking.

Orsus, vous dormez trop

Arise, arise, you sleep too much, pretty little madame. Day is here, arise and listen to the lark. Little one, it is day, as God will confirm. Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, as God says. Death to that false, jealous horn-growing cuckold, that bleary-eyed, boorish, bewildered, bepimpled wretch, Hey diddle diddle dooly day. He is not worth the rope it would take to hang him. We pray you, hear us holy God above! May he be twisted, dessicated, struck and beaten, burned, and oiled! Rascal, rogue, scoundrel, skunk, dummy, dunce, fathead, fool, beadle, bum, Crazy cuckold. Ho, ho! How ugly he is, the jealous one! Let him be tied, tightened, bundled, bound, well packaged And then thrown into a ditch! You are herewith notified, by medium of the birds, to hasten and see, On hill and in vale, the treacherous cuckold, scurvy, bald, hunchbacked, twisted, mulish, debauched, and beaten. Off with you, faithless wretch, with nasty thoughts and tongue! Suffer, or go ahead and die some other way! Or let him suffer otherwise, when men come to kiss his wife, to hug and embrace her so all can take their pleasure! Or die some other way! Teedle deedle dum-dum, etc. Let her have fun, jump, play, and romp, socialize with one and all, speak at her pleasure, wake and sleep, eat as she pleases. Or go and die some other way!

La, la, la, je ne l'ose dire

La, la, la, I cannot conceal it; la, la, la, I must then reveal it. In our town there is a man who is jealous of his wife. He is not jealous without some reason. He suspects her of treason. La, la, la, I cannot.... He is not jealous without some reason. He suspects her of treason. And when he has to go to market, he makes her go with him. La, la, la, I cannot....