

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON OFFICE OF LECTURES
AND CONCERTS AND FRIENDS OF MUSIC

present

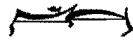
THE
DELLER
CONSORT



OCTOBER 3, 1964 ✓ 8:30 p.m. ✓ MEANY HALL

THE DELLER CONSORT

HONOR SHEPPARD, *Soprano* SALLY LESAGE, *Soprano*
ALFRED DELLER, *Counter-tenor*
MAX WORTHLEY, *Tenor* MAURICE BEVAN, *Baritone*



THOMAS WEELKES Hark, all ye lovely saints above
(-1623) O care, thou wilt despatch me
 Hence, care, thou art too cruel
 The nightingale
THOMAS MORLEY Fire, fire, my heart
(1557-1603)
JOHN DOWLAND Fine knacks for ladies
(1563-1626) Me, me and none but me
 Wilt thou unkind thus reave me
 Sleep wayward thoughts
THOMAS MORLEY Sweet nymph, come to thy lover
 Miraculous love's wounding
 I go before, my darling
WILLIAM CORNYSHE Ah, Robin, gentle Robin
(1465-1523)
HENRY PURCELL Fie, nay, prithee John
(1659- 95)
WILLIAM CORNYSHE Adeu, adeu my hartes lust
HENRY PURCELL When the cock begins to crow

INTERMISSION

FRENCH CHANSONS:

CLÉMENT JANNEQUIN Au joli boys
(c 1475- c 1560)

To yonder lovely grove with joy did I wend my way,
There did meet my own dearest love, and gracefully I bade her stay
But she objecting, my suit rejecting, laughing ran away!
I begged her but a tiny kiss, but e'en she refused me this,
Again I did bid her stay, but she objecting, my suit rejecting
 laughing, laughing ran away.

ROLAND DELASSUS Mon coeur se recommande à vous
(1530- 94)

O let me look on thee once more, since that my heart full sorely
 acheth,
And spite of watching envious eyes, listen while my love its farewell
 taketh.
My lips which once smiled on thee gladly, and told my love with
 tender grace,
Now alas are used but in cursing those who banish me from thy face
O let me look on thee once more

GUILLAUME COSTELEY . . . Allon gay, bergeres
(1531-1606)

Let us go merrily, Nymphs, let us go merrily, be light, Follow me
Let us go and see the King, who from Heaven, is born on earth.
Merry, merry! Let us go merrily, Nymphs,
Let us go merrily, be light, Follow me.
A beautiful present shall I make him, Of this flageolet I have,
I have so merry. Let us go merry nymphs.
A cake shall I give him! Merry, merry!
Let us go merrily, be light, the King is drinking!

ROLAND DELASSUS Bonjour, mon coeur

Hello, my heart, hello my tender life;
Hello, my eye, hello my tender friend.
Ho, hello, my turtle-dove. My sweetness.
Hello, my delights, my love.
My soft spring, my soft new flower
My tender pleasure, my soft young dove
My sparrow, my nice turtle-dove.
Hello, my tender rebel.

CLÉMENT JANNEQUIN Le Chant des oyseaux

Wake up, sleeping hearts, the god of love is ringing;
In this first day of May
Unplug your ears
You will all be merry, as the season is good.
Laugh and be merry is my advice, everyone must follow it
Run away from regrets, tears and worry, as the Season orders it
Wake up, sleeping hearts, the God of Love is ringing.

ITALIAN MADRIGALS:

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI . . . Sfogava con le stelle
(1567-1643)

He poured forth to the stars in the hell of dawn, under the night sky,
his lament. And he said, fixed to the spot, "O beautiful images of the
idol I worship, as you show her to me, resplendent in her rare beauty,
in the same way show her my ardor. Make her, with your golden
halo, merciful, merciful, so merciful as you have made me her lover."

Cruda Amarilli

Cruel Amarillis, who spurns my love; fair and beautiful Amarillis,
more elusive and deaf than the adder, since my words offend you,
I will die in silence.

O Mirtillo

O Mirtillo, my soul, could you but see into the heart of her you call
cruel, you would have for her the pity that you yourself demand.
Woe is unto us! What does it profit you to be beloved, or me to have
so dear a lover? Why, cruel fate, do you separate those whom love
unites? And why, perfidious love, do you unite those whom fate has
torn apart?

Non più guerra

Let war end! Have mercy! Your beautiful eyes! Your triumphant
eyes! Against whom are you taking up arms? Against a heart that
is already a prize, that has surrendered! Kill those who rebel! Kill
one who arms himself and defends himself, not him who is conquered
and adores you. If you wish that I die, I will die for you: I will
suffer the pangs of failing breath. Yes, but yours will be the hurt.

Ecco mormorar l'onde

Here the waves murmur and the boughs tremble, and the bushes in
the morning breeze. And over the green branches the birds like a
choir of angels sweetly sing. And the East is brightly smiling. Here
already the sunrise appears, and is reflected in the ocean waters, and
calms the sky, the sweet dew forms in pearls, and the peaks of the
mountains turn gold. O beautiful and lovely is the dawn. The breeze
is your messenger, and through the air you restore each parched
heart to health.

English Folk-Songs

VAUGHAN WILLIAMS The dark eyed sailor
Arranger The Spring time of the year
 Just as the tide was flowing
 The Lover's ghost
 Wassail song

Recordings: VANGUARD
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