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1985
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UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON SCHOOL OF MUSIC

presents

UNIVERSITY MADRIGAL SINGERS

Joan Catoni Conlon, director

CD# 151385

Monday, June 3, 1985

8:00 PM Studio Theatre

Tape 10,845

PROGRAM

CLAUDE LE JEUNE
(1528-1600)

Revey venir du printans
Revey venir (rechant a 5)
(estimated) Le courant des eaus (chant a
3 2 - rechant)
Le soleil e claire (chant a
3 - rechant)
Rion aussi nous (chant a 4 - rechant)

JOSQUIN DES PRES (1440-1521)
VUILDRE
JOSQUIN DES PRES (1440-1521)
PIERRE CERTON (1510-1572)

12 Mille regretz
Ma bouche rit
Cent mille regretz
Je n'ose etre content
Cynthia Dario, soprano
Kathryn Vinson, mezzo-soprano

CLEMENT JANEQUIN (1485-1560)
JACOB ARCADELT (1505-1539)
JOSQUIN DES PRES (1440-1521)
PIERRE PASSEREAU (fl. 1530)
PIERRE CERTON (1510-1572)

15 Au joli jeu
Margot labourez les vignes
En l'ombre d'ung buissonnet
Il est bel et bon
La, la, la, je ne l'ose dire

Tape 10,846

INTERMISSION

DARIUS MILHAUD (1892-1974)

5 Quatrains Valaisans
Pays, arrete a mi-chemin
Rose de lumiere
L'Annee tourne
Chemins qui ne menent nulle part
Beau papillon

BENJAMIN BRITTEN (1913-1976)
BENJAMIN BRITTEN

5 Evening primrose
Ballard of Green Broom

BENJAMIN BRITTEN

6 The Ride-by-nights
The Rainbow
The Ship of Rio

Kivela Chaffee, soprano
Elizabeth Pitkin, mezzo-soprano
Suzett Taggart, piano

WILLIAM O. SMITH (b. 1926)

8 "One"

TRANSLATIONS

Reveycy venir du printans

Once again, the springtime returns, the beautiful loving season.

The running streams once more seek the courses anew for the summer; and the ocean calms the billows and the raging storms of winter. The happy ducks plunge and dive into the water, gaily quacking as they cavort. The cranes, taking flight homeward, vanish into the blue sky. Once again, the springtime returns, the beautiful, loving season.

The sunlight shines down upon us, and gives a serene clarity to the world around us. The sombre clouds disappear, and leave us shadows of deep, darkening color, and the forests, the fields, the hillsides yield to the labourer a rich fertility, and the meadows uncover wonderful flowers. Once again, the springtime returns, the beautiful loving season.

Then, let us all join in the laughter, as we joyously play in the springtime. Everything seems to smile with pleasure and with joy in the new season. Once again, the springtime returns, the beautiful loving season.

Mille regretz - Josquin

A thousand regrets that I must leave you. My heart is so full of mourning and sorrow that my days will soon come to their end.

Ma bouche rit - Vuilde

My mouth laughs and my thoughts weep. My eye rejoices and my heart curses the hour that I had the good fortune to realize that I could not fulfill my pleasure, that death so pursues me that I cannot be encouraged or aided or helped.

Cent mille regretz - Josquin

A hundred thousand regrets pursue me without ceasing. Pain fills me and pleasure evades me; ill fortune is my lot. My sadness makes me wish for sudden death. I long for you so constantly that I am languorous unto death.

Je n'ose etre content - Certon

I cannot be content with all my pleasant gains, yet I dare not wish for greater joy and treasure, lest I be freed of more than that which mars my pleasure. For he who wants too much reaps not pleasure but pain.

Au joli jeu - Janequin

What pleasure to play at loving games! As I was out looking for amusement the other day, I met a comely maiden. Smiling sweetly, I tried to kiss her. She objects, but I press onward, saying, "Let yourself go, come on!" When she refused, I should have let her go, but I held her closely, and smiling sweetly tried to kiss her. What a fuss she makes, wriggling around. "Let yourself go, come on!"

Margot labourez les vignes - Arcadelt

Margot, go to work in the vineyards, go early to work in the vineyards. Coming back from Lorraine, I met three captains, in the vineyards, by the vine. They called out, 'homely maiden!' and shunned me like the plague. They gave me a pot of marjoram to gain my favour. If it flowers, I'll be queen. And if it dies, I will have to forfeit in the vineyards, by the vine.

En l'ombre d'ung buissonnet - Josquin

In the shadow of a thicket one morning, I found my friend Bellon, who was wearing a small cap made entirely of lilies. I said to him, May God bless you!

Il est bel et bon - Passereau

Two women from the same village were talking to each other: 'Do you have a good husband?' 'He is handsome and kind, my dear. He never angers me, nor does he beat me. He does the housework and feeds the chickens while I enjoy myself. Oh, my dear, it makes me laugh when the chickens squawk -- "Oh, little chickie, what's the matter?" -- He is handsome and kind, my dear.'

La, la, la -- Certon

La, la, la, I dare not say it; la, la, la, I shall tell you after all. There is a man in our village who is jealous of his wife. He is not jealous without reason, for he is certainly a cuckold. He gets ready and takes her along to the market with him.

Quatrain Valaisans - Milhaud

Land, arrested midway between heaven and earth, land of waterways and roadways of bronze, soft and hard, gentle and harsh, like an offering lifted to welcoming hands, beautiful land, finished and warm as newly-baked bread.

Rose window, a crumbling wall, but that cleft that is high on the hillside falters in its Proserpine exploit. Much shade surely goes into the sap of this vineyard, and this surfeit of light that tramples upon it, misleads the way.

The year turns round the pivot of peasant perseverance. The Virgin and St. Anne both have their say. Others words, older still, words of blessing, all are shared, and from the earth rises that obedient verdure, giver through long effort, of the grape-cluster 'twixt us and the dead.

Roads leading nowhere, roads between two meadows that might artfully be called diverted from their destination, roads that often have nothing before them but pure space and the season.

Beautiful butterfly, near the ground displaying the illustration from its book of flight. Another closes its wings at the edge of the flower whose fragrance one breathes. Ah, this is not time for reading. And, so many others still, little blue ones, fly here and there, fluttering like blue fragments of a love letter torn and tossed to the wind, a letter one was writing while she for whom it was meant stood uncertain at the door.

"ONE" - Smith

Regarding "One", William O. Smith writes: The text is in your pocket'. In these five short movements, I have utilized the words, letters, and numbers found on a one-dollar bill. The first and last movements explore Latin phrases; the second and fourth emphasize numbers and letters; the third plays with the names of the (then) Treasurer of the United States, Dorothy Andrews Kabia, and Secretary of the Treasury, John B. Connally. No romantic involved is necessarily implied.

UNIVERSITY MADRIGAL SINGERS

Allman, John

Bavis, Robert

Carlson, Mark

Chaffee, S. Kivela

Chong, Tim

Corrick, Wendy

Dario, Cynthia

Dustman, Anne Marie

Floyd, Christopher

Hall, Lynn

Hoffman, Curtis

Holocher, Louise

Johnson, Marian

Leenstra, Carole

Mayfield, Jennifer

Moon, Un-ku

Pitkin, Elizabeth

Taggart, Suzett

Vinson, Kathryn

INSTRUMENTALISTS FOR 'ONE'

Tad Margelli, oboe

LouAnne Bean, violin

William McColl, clarinet

David Kappy, horn

Stuart Dempster, trombone

Greg Powers, trombone

Bret Smith, cello

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