

M33
1980
6-5

UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON

The School of Music and the Office of Lectures and Concerts

present

THE UNIVERSITY MADRIGAL SINGERS

Joan Catoni Conlon, *director*

assisted by

Toby Saks, *'cello*
Carole Terry, *harpsichord*
John Gibbs, *winds*
Peggy Monroe, *percussion*
Ken Beck, *gothic harp*

Thursday, June 5, 1980

Meany Theater, 8:00 P.M.

TAPE No 1-9885

P R O G R A M

NED ROREM (b. 1923)

Four Madrigals on texts by Sappho (1947)

Parting
Flowers for the Graces
Love
An Absent Friend

DARIUS MILHAUD (1892-1974)

Quatrains valaisans, poèmes de Rainer Maria Rilke*
(1939)

Pays, arrêté à mi-chemin...
Rose de lumière...
L'Annee tourne...
Chemins qui ne mènent nulle part
Beau papillon...

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CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1567-1643)

Madrigals from Book I

Ch'io ami la vita mia
Se nel partir da voi
Tra mille fiamme

ANON. (c. 1475)

Quant je suis la nuyt couchée

ANON. (13th Century)

Ductia

MACHAUT (c. 1300-1377)

Se je souspir

ANON. (13th Century)

Ductia

ANON. (14th Century)

Stella splendens in monte

THOMAS TOMKINS (1573-1656)

O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem

JOHN FARMER (16th-17th Century)

Fair Phyllis I Saw

THOS. RAVENSCROFT (1592-1635)

In the Merry Spring

GEORGE POWELL (c. 1695)

Jack, thou'rt a Topper

INTERMISSION

*Read by Professor Jacqueline Leiner, Romance Languages; Translations, by Professor Emeritus Clotilde Wilson, read by Jacqueline Leiner

HENRY PURCELL (1659-1695)

If Ever I More Riches Do Desire

Soprano and Chorus:

If ever I more riches do desire

Tenor and Chorus:

Here, here let my life

Soprano and Chorus:

To him, alas

Maurita Rogers, *soprano*

Dean Suess, *tenor*

Carole Terry, *harpsichord*

Toby Saks, *'cello*

Translations--

Quatrains valaisans

Land, arrested midway 'twixt 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, done and warm as newly-baked bread.

Rose window, a crumbling wall, but that cleft that is high on the hillside falters in its Proserpine's 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; other words, older still, words of blessing, all are added 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 illumination of its book of flight. Another closes its wings at the edge of the flower whose fragrance one breathes. Ah, this is no 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.

Ch'io ami la mia vita

That I love my life in your beautiful name it seems anyone can read at all times. But you wish, in fact, I would die, if it is the truth which you bear written on your face. Calm, with your beautiful eyes my afflicted heart, lest it be read in them that you love my death and not my life!

Se nel partir da voi

If in leaving you, my life, I feel so heavy a torment, Alas! rather than thinking ever of leaving, Lady, I prefer to die. And if in leaving you I have so much grief, I much prefer to die than ever leave.

Tra mille fiamme

Among a thousand flames and a thousand chains by which he inflames and binds, love for my suffering chose the most gentle and the most beautiful loving little flame which so softly wounded my heart, that for beauty so pleasing to Die is sweet to me, and not to hope for rescue.