The University Madrigal Singers

GERALD KECHLEY, Conductor

Wednesday, June 5, 1974

Roethke Auditorium, 8:00 P.M.

**PROGRAM**

**Ride la primavera** (1611)

**Cor mio, mentre vi miro** (1603)

**Anima mea liquefacta est**, Part I (1629)

**Adjuro vos, filiae Jerusalem**, Part II

Roupen Shakarian, Peter Kechley

William Clammuro, Robert Kechley

**Herr, lass meine Klage für dich kommen**

**Ist nicht Ephraim mein teurer Sohn** (1623)

**From Il Convito Musicale** (1597)

**Sapete voi Bifolco**

**Bando del Asino**

**"Questa ghirlanda"**

**"Ciascun di voi"**

**INTERMISSION**

**On the plains, fairy trains** (1598)

**Dialogue on a kiss**

Valerie Hutchison, Peter Kechley

**Awake, ye dead** (1693)

Vern Nicodemus, Peter Kechley
JOHN DOWLAND (1563-1626)
EDWARD JOHNSON (f1.1590)
JOHN DOWLAND (1563-1626)

Go nightly cares (1612)

Eliza is the fairest Queen

Lasso vita mia (1612)

Margaret Russell
Philip Carlsen, Russell Paige, Stephen Stubbs

JOHN DOWLAND 2:09

3:10 Up merry mates

TOBIAS HUME (f1.1605)

1:29 Tobacco

Peter Kechley

MICHAEL EAST (1580-1684)

1:18 O Metaphysical Tobacco (1606)

1:36 Poor is the life (1610)

1:33 Quick, quick away, despatch! Part I (1619)

1:49 No haste, but good, Part II

MADRIGAL SINGERS

Don André
Donna Bendiner
Louise Deal
Alan Durfee
Miriam Durland

Mary Beth Felix
Stanley Graham
Dorothy Harwood
Virginia Holland
Valerie Hutchison

Daniel Jinguji
Peter Kechley
Vern Nicodemus
Margaret Russell
Dennis Van Zandt

Ruth Jacobson

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Philip Carlsen, Treble and Bass Viol
Russell Paige, Bass Viol
Stephen Stubbs, Lute and Harpsichord

William Clammuro, English Horn
Robert Kechley, English Horn
David Kechley, Bass
RIDE LA PRIMAVERA (1611) .................. HEINRICH SCHÜTZ

The spring smileth, the Beautiful Cloris doth return;
Listen to the sparrow, look at the grass and the flowers!
But though, Cloris, more beautiful than they,
In the new season serves the old winter.
Ah! if thou hast restrained your heart of eternal ice,
Why, cruel nymph so fair, dost thou carry in thine eyes the sun,
In thy face of April?

COR MIO, MENTRE VI MIRO (1603) ............. CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI

Dear heart, when I behold you, I seem to change myself into you.
And now that I am so changed, my spirit leaves me in a single
depth sigh. Wondrous beauty, deadly and life-giving.
My heart is born anew, and being born, dies.

DOLCISSIMO USCIGNOLO (1638) .................. CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI

Most sweet nightingale, you call your loved one to you merely by
singing. Come to me, dear spirit,—singing is of no use to me
and I, unlike you, do not have the wings wherewith to fly. O most
happy bird, how much to your advantage have you been recompensed
by generous nature who in denying you intelligence has given you this
good fortune.

ANIMA MEA LIQUEFACTA EST, PART I .............. HEINRICH SCHÜTZ
ADJUR A VOS, FILIAE JERUSALEM, PART II

My soul dissolved as my beloved spoke, for his voice is sweet
and his visage lovely. His lips are lilies distilling sweetest myrrh.

I charge you, daughters of Jerusalem, if you see my beloved,
to tell him that I am sick with love.

HERR, MEINE KLAGE FUR DICH KOMMEN (Ps. 119, 169-171) .. JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN

Let my cry come near before thee, O Lord: give me understanding
according to thy word.
Let my supplication come before thee: deliver me according to
thy word.
My lips shall utter praise, when thou hast taught me thy statutes.

IST NICHT EPHRAIM MEIN TEURER SOHN (Jeremiah 31, 20) .. JOHANN HERMANN SCHEIN

Is Ephraim my dear son? is he a pleasant child for since I spake
against him, I do earnestly remember him still: therefore my heart
is troubled for him; I will surely have mercy upon him, saith the Lord.
Do you know, peasants, whom
My beautiful heifer (woman) resembles?
She resembles in the gestures, in the face,
If I have noticed well,
A laughing lamb,
When she rejoices,
When she hops.
Now beautiful she is,
Graceful and agile.
If she weaves, if she spins, if she reaps, if she reaps,
If she sings, if she dances, if she goes to the feast,
Now beautiful she is,
Gentle, shy.
If she moves her head,
Now graceful she is.
But let everyone say what part she has
That is most beautiful in her:
And hurrah for the nose, the neck, the mouth, the eyes, the breasts, the belly.
Of my heifer (woman)
Now what beauty.
Now what features,
Now what pleasure.
From one such subject.
But Giandon is missing there.
With his dirindon,
That is to say with his Pivon (Bagpipe).

This ring that we make of ourselves, O how it pleases me.
Now it delights us so much to be seated here among the grasses and flowers, to pass the weary hours.
Now up! gentlemen, altogether let us sing, or else play.
Thus we wish that you be our King.
Quickly perform the game of instruments. We are all ready.
What instrument do you know how to play?
I know how to play the harpsichord.
So play your harpsichord a little.
Dingu, denga la dingu, denga.
Good, by my faith!
And you, what do you play?
I know how to play my violin.
So play your violin a little.
Lirum, lirum, lirum.
Good, by my life!
Tell me, what do you know how to play?
I know how to play my lyre.
So play a little your lyre.
Lira, lira, lira.
O, what a beautiful stroke!
And you, what do you know how to play?
I know how to play the bagpipe.
Play a little on your bagpipe.
Vion vion vo.

Do you play, friend?
I play my lute.
Play a little on your lute.
Tren, tren, tirin tren.

Now all together, let it sound!
(The complete ensemble)
O, what a pleasing symphony.
But whoever has a desire to laugh,
We undertake another game, called Music of the Devil.
But first let us rest ourselves a little.

Ciascun di voi........................................Orazio Vecchi

Each one of you should select for himself two animals,
One winged, the other should be terrestrial.
And then what would we have to do?
You have to imitate their voices.
It will be difficult to imitate
That which cannot be expressed by means of song,
Let voice and sound take its place.
O how good, O how good.
I take then the crow and dog;
I then hen and cricket;
I the sheep and cuckoo; I want the duck and bull;
I the nightingale and cat; I the ass and dove.
Ah, now who would not laugh, At this new music?
Now come on, sing to demonstrate! Cra Co Qui Umb Be Pis Gri.
Now stop the concerto, Because the inexperienced ass
Is lowered three notes. Go ahead slow-witted beast.
Call the town crier. I am here sir.
May the ass be banished in perpetuity, Because he does not have
The modern style of singing,
And so make public the banishment by sound of trumpets.
Pan, fan, faine, fa ri, ra, ron. Be it known and declared
To whatever animal may dwell in the land, On behalf of our King,
King of the Reckless, Lord of the Little in Head, Count of Good Humor,
Marquis of Good Time, et cetera, That no one may have the courage
Ever again, in the future, To sing in company
With the obstinate ass. Unless the law itself,
Will be corrected by the Judge. Long live the reckless.