THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
THE SCHOOL OF MUSIC AND THE OFFICE OF LECTURES AND CONCERTS

Present
THE MADRIGAL SINGERS
GERALD KECHLEY, conductor
assisted by
THE UNIVERSITY HORN ENSEMBLE
CHRISTOPHER LEUBA, conductor

Monday, March 1, 1976

Program

Meany Theater, 8:00 PM

Tape No. 1 - 8025

THOMAS CRECQUETON (d. 1557)
CLAUDE LE JEUNE (1528-1601)
JAN SWEELINCK (1562-1621)

CLEMÉNT JANEQUIN (1485-1559)

JOSEPH DES PRÉS (c. 1450-1521)
THOMAS WEELKES (c. 1575-1623)
ORLANDO DI LASSO (1532-1594)

IGOR STRAVINSKY (1882-1971)

2:15 Reveillez-vous tous amoureux (1544)
2:42 Je pleure
2:04 Voici du gai printemps (1614)

Curtis Barber, tenor
Craig Nim, bass-baritone

1:00 Ce mois de May (1529)

J. H. DEPLORATION DE JEHAN OKEGHEM
THOMAS WEELKES (1602)

When David heard (1602)

In hora ultima (1604)

1:39 Ave Maria (1934)

Four Russian Peasant Songs for equal voices
Tape No. 2-8026
SAMUEL SCHEIDT (1587-1654) trans. Verne Reynolds

THOMAS HORLEY (1557-1602)
JOHN WILBYE (1574-1609)
THOMAS TOMKINS (1572-1656)

THOMAS HORLEY
JOHN FARBER (fl. 1599)

INTERMISSION

Ein feste Burg
See Also #8049,8050

Das alte Jahr vergangen ist
The University Horn Ensemble

I love, alas, I love thee (1595)
I love, alas, yet am not loved (1609)
0 let me live for true love (1622)
0 let me die for true love (1622)
Lo, she flies (1595)
0 stay, sweet love

THE HADRIGAL SINGERS

Curtis Barber
Donna Bendiner
Elizabeth Burke
Michelle Dahl
Michael DeVries
Daniel Jinguji

Lee Leavy
Harriet Martin
Joel Mather
Susan Matthews
Katy McFarland

Laurie Medill
Lynne Meyer
Craig Win
Patricia Schlorfeldt
David Spring
Deborah Stimson

CORS D'ESPRITS

The University Horn Ensemble

Brent Allen
Carol Ansell
Duane Duxbury
Michael Graef

Edmund House
Joe A. Kirtley
Glenn Noreen

Debra Poole
Richard Reed
Michael Simpson
Laurie Zachow
Reveillez-vous tous amoureux:

All you that love, awaken now,
Take not with you the least displeasure,
For always you must joy avow,
And solace to desires allow.

Je pleure:

I weep, I grieve, I am filled with sorrow;
I sing a thousand songs and am distraught.
If I am not loved, a new lover may replace me, but that I dare not know.

Voici du gai printemps:

Gaily her chariote the spring advances,
The winter departs, slowly and sadly retreating.
See where, tenderly green, each leaf invites the soft breeze,
And touched by love's caress, trembles and dances.
Now the woods don again their garment all of green:
The sky laughs, air is warm, and gentle winds are sighing;
The nightingale complains, and as her tuneful warblings
Droop and languish, lovers' souls now fall dying.

Ce moys de May:

This month of May, I shall put on my dress of green.
In the early morning, I shall arise, this lovely month of May.
One jump, two jumps, three jumps into the street I'll make
to see if my friend will come.
I'll tell him to greet me with an embrace, this lovely month of May.

Le déploration de Johan Okeghem: (composed on the occasion of Okeghem's death about 1495, by his pupil Josquin)

Nymphs of the woods, Goddesses of the fountains, the most celebrated singers of all nations: change your loud, clear songs to wailing cries and lamentations, for Atropos has entrapped by his power your Okeghem, the true treasure of music and its highest artist. Who can escape from Atropos' power? Thus it is a great pity that the earth now covers him.
Put on your mourning clothes, Josquin, Brumel, Pierchon, Compère, and weep bitter tears of sorrow; you have lost your spiritual father. Rest in peace. Amen.

Death hath deprived me:

Composed by Weelkes as "A remembrance of my friend H. Thomas Morley."

When David heard: (text from II Samuel, 18:33)

When David heard that Absalom was slain, he went up to his chamber over the gate, and wept; and thus he said: O my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee.

In hora ultima:

In the final hour all shall pass away: trumpet, flute and harp; jokes, laughter, dancing, singing and harmony.

Four Russian Peasant Songs (to be sung in French)

I. On Saints' Day in Chigisakh on Yaouzo, so 'tis said, All the lucky peasants roll in riches, gath'ring golden pieces by the shovelful,
II. Ovsen! I'm a-hunting the grouse, O'er the fields and the moors. She has hid 'neath a bush. I spy her tail And a handful of money too, Ovsen!
III. Once a pike swam out of Novgorod, Glory! Flick'd her tail, shot straight down from Bieahozero. As she darted by, all her scales shone silver-bright, Scales that gleam'd like gold, scales that flash'd silvery white. On her back she bore many a glittering gem, And her head was crown'd with a pearlset diadem, While instead of eyes two diamonda blaz'd. Glory!
IV. Master Portly tramp'd thro' the big turnip field. Glory! There, Portly scatter'd a bushel of fleas. One half sack of lice and one of fleas. Glory!