Thursday, February 14, 1980

**Reel 1**

**Program**

- **Morel (16th Century)**
  - Dame de beaute

- **Josquin Des Pres (c. 1440-1521)**
  - Faute d'argent

- **Claude Le Jeune (c. 1528-1601)**
  - Je pleure

- **Clement Jannequin (16th Century)**
  - Au joly jeu de pousse avant

- **Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)**
  - Why art thou so heavy, 0 my soul?

- **William Byrd (1543-1623)**
  - Christ rising again (the first part)
  - Christ is risen again (the second part)

  - Kyra Cleton, mezzo soprano
  - Dean Suess, counter-tenor

- **John Dowland (1563-1626)**
  - Say, Love, if ever thou didst find

- **Thomas Weelkes (c. 1575-1623)**
  - O Care, thou wilt despatch me (the first part)
  - Hence, Care, thou art too cruel (the second part)

- **Thomas Greaves (16th Century)**
  - Come away, sweet love

**Intermission**

**Reel 2**

- **Bernard Naylor (b. 1907)**
  - Ecce puer

- **Gerald Kechley (b. 1919)**
  - Psalm 121

- **Cecil Effinger (b. 1914)**
  - Wood

- **Ove Hanson, oboe**

- **Gerald Kechley**
  - Drop, slow tears
JOHN BENNET (c. 1575-after 1614)  Weep, O mine eyes
ORLANDO GIBBONS  The silver swan
THOMAS WEELKES  Come, sirrah Jack, hol
JOHN BARTLET (fl. 1606)  Of all the birds that I do know
THOMAS WEELKES  We shepherds sing

THE MADRIGAL SINGERS

Tim Chong  Mary McBurney  Ronald Scheyer
Kyra Cleifton  Carole Nelson  Dean Suess
Sara Davis  Patricia Post  Ralph Turanski
Darcy Du Ruz  Eve Robinson  John Whitener
David Justad  Edvin Rusis  Ann Wopat
Ellen Kaisse  

INSTRUMENTALISTS

Jenny Bogert, violin  Jane Hawkins, ‘cello
Benita Lenz, violin  Ove Hanson, oboe
Richard Koenig, viola  Scott Shaw, harpsichord
Maria Lambros, viola  

Translations and texts

Dame de beauté
Lady of beauty, I beg that you give me your heart, and as long as I have life, my lady, you will always be the mistress of my heart.

Faute d'argent
Lack of money is an evil without equal. If I say so, alas, I know well why! Without the wherewithal one must keep very quiet. (But) a woman that sleeps wakes up for cash.

Je pleure
I weep now, I grieve so, I feel pain so tormenting; I sing a thousand songs, for distraught is my mind. And if I am not loved, another takes my place in her heart and such thoughts cause lamenting.