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.

PROGRAM

NED ROREM (b. 1923)
Four Madrigals on texts by Sappho (1947)
- Parting
- Flowers for the Goddesses
- 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'Année tourne...
- Chemins qui ne mènent nulle part
- Beau papillon...

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1567-1643)
Madrigals from Book I
- Ch'ioami la vita mia
- Se ne partir da voi
- Tra mille fiamme

ANON. (c. 1475)
- Quant je suis la nuit couchée
  Ductia

ANON. (13th Century)
- Se je soupir
  Ductia

MACHAUT (c. 1300-1377)
- Stella splendens in monte

ANON. (14th Century)

THOMAS TOMKINS (1573-1656)
- O Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem

JOHN FARMER (16th-17th Century)
- Fair Phyllis I Saw

H. RAVENSCROFT (1592-1635)
- In the Merry Spring

GEORGE POWELL (c. 1693)
- Jack, thou'rt a Toper

INTERMISSION

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