Monday, March 5, 1984
8:00PM
Meany Theater

THE UNIVERSITY OF WASHINGTON
SCHOOL OF MUSIC

THE UNIVERSITY MAURIGAL SINGERS
Andrew Bernard, director

I
Guillaume COSTELEY (1531-1606)
Clément JANEQUIN (c.1485-c.1560)
Pierre CERTON (c.1510-1572)
John BENNET (c.1570-after 1614)
Peter PHILIPS (1561-1628)
Thomas MORLEY (1557-1602)
John WILBYE (1574-1638)

II
Weep, o mine eyes
O false deceit
Since my tears and lamenting
I love, alas, yet am not loved

III
Giovanni GASTOLDI (c.1550-1622)
Hans Leo HASSLER (1564-1612)
Orlando di LASSO (1532-1594)
Orazio VECCHI (1550-1605)

INTERMISSION

Clément JANEQUIN

IV
La guerre

V
Il bianco e dolce cigno
Vergine bella
I piango
Mi parto

VI
Thomas MORLEY
Thomas WEELKES (c.1575-1623)
John FARMER (c.1565-c.1605)
John BENNET

Now is the month of maying
We shepherds sing
Fair Phyllis I saw
All creatures now are merry minded

The audience is requested to withhold applause until the end of each group.
THE UNIVERSITY MADRIGAL SINGERS

Bob Davis
Steven Bryant
Roberta R. Cordero
Louise Holocher
Nathan M. Keyes
Carol Leenstra
Lise Mann
Jean McAllister

Loren W. Pontón
Daniel D. Pick
Mario Remedios
David L. Schott
Sue Shawer
Daniel C. Taflin
Suzett B. Taggart
Kristie Werner

TRANSLATIONS

Allon, gay bergerses

Come, gay shepherds, be joyful, follow me. Come to see the King who from heaven, on earth is born. Come, gay shepherds... I shall make him a nice present. Of what? Of this flute of mine, so gay. Come, gay shepherds.... A cake shall I give him, and a full bumper shall offer. Come, gay shepherds... Ho, ho, quiet now, I see him. He suckles well without his thumb, the little King. Come, gay shepherds, be joyful. The King is drinking.

Orsus, vous dormez trop

Arise, arise, you sleep too much, pretty little madame. Day is here, arise and listen to the lark. Little one, it is day, as God will confirm. Tra-la-la, tra-la-la, as God says.
Death to that false, jealous horn-growing cuckold, that bleary-eyed, boorish, bewildered, bepimpled wretch. Hey diddle diddle dooly day. He is not worth the rope it would take to hang him. We pray you, hear us holy God above! May he be twisted, dessicated, struck and beaten, burned, and oiled! Rascal, rogue, scoundrel, skunk, dummy, dunce, fathead, fool, beadle, bum, Crazy cuckold. No, no! How ugly he is, the jealous one! Let him be tied, tightened, bundled, bound, well packaged And then thrown into a ditch!
You are herewith notified, by medium of the birds, to hasten and see. On hill and in vale, the treacherous cuckold, scurvy, bald, hunchbacked, twisted, mulish, debauched, and beaten. Off with you, faithless wretch, with nasty thoughts and tongue! Suffer, or go ahead and die some other way! Or let him suffer otherwise, when men come to kiss his wife, to hug and embrace her so all can take their pleasure! Or die some other way! Teedle deedle dum-dum, etc.
Let her have fun, jump, play, and romp, socialize with one and all, speak at her pleasure, wake and sleep, eat as she pleases. Or go and die some other way!

La, la, la, je ne l’ose dire

La, la, la, I cannot conceal it; la, la, la, I must then reveal it. In our town there is a man who is jealous of his wife. He is not jealous without some reason. He suspects her of treason. La, la, la, I cannot.... He is not jealous without some reason. He suspects her of treason. And when he has to go to market, he makes her go with him. La, la, la, I cannot....