THE DELLER CONSORT

OCTOBER 3, 1964 • 8:30 p.m. • MEANY HALL
THE DELLER CONSORT

HONOR SHEPPARD, Soprano
SALLY LeSAGE, Soprano
ALFRED DELLER, Counter-tenor
MAX WORTHLEY, Tenor
MAURICE BEVAN, Baritone

THOMAS WEELKES ........ Hark, all ye lovely saints above
( -1623) O care, thou wilt despatch me
Hence, care, thou art too cruel
The nightingale

THOMAS MORLEY ........ Fire, fire, my heart
(1557-1603)

JOHN DOWLAND ........ Fine knacks for ladies
(1563-1626) Me, me and none but me
Wilt thou unkind thus reave me
Sleep wayward thoughts

THOMAS MORLEY ........ Sweet nymph, come to thy lover
Miraculous love’s wounding
I go before, my darling

WILLIAM CORNYSHE .... Ah, Robin, gentle Robin
(1465-1523)

HENRY PURCELL ....... Fie, nay, prithee John
(1659-95)

WILLIAM CORNYSHE .... Adeu, adeu my hartes lust
HENRY PURCELL ......... When the cock begins to crow

INTERMISSION

FRENCH CHANSONS:

CLÉMENT JANNEQUIN .... Au joli boys
(c 1475- c 1560)

To yonder lovely grove with joy did I wend my way,
There did meet my own dearest love, and gracefully I bade her stay
But she objecting, my suit rejecting, laughing ran away!
I begged her but a tiny kiss, but e’en she refused me this,
Again I did bid her stay, but she objecting, my suit rejecting
laughing, laughing ran away.

CLÉMENT JANNEQUIN .... Le Chant des oyseaux
(c 1475- c 1560)

Wake up, sleeping hearts, the god of love is ringing;
In this first day of May
Unplug your ears
You will all be merry, as the season is good.
Laugh and be merry is my advice, everyone must follow it
Run away from regrets, tears and worry, as the Season orders it
Wake up, sleeping hearts, the God of Love is ringing.

ITALIAN MADRIGALS:

CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI ... Sfogava con le stelle
(1567-1643)

He poured forth to the stars in the hell of dawn, under the night sky,
his lament. And he said, fixed to the spot, “O beautiful images of the
idol I worship, as you show her to me, resplendent in her rare beauty,
in the same way show her my ardor. Make her, with your golden
halo, merciful, merciful, so merciful as you have made me her lover.”
Cruda Amarilli
Cruel Amarillis, who spurns my love; fair and beautiful Amarillis, more elusive and deaf than the adder, since my words offend you, I will die in silence.

O Mirtillo
O Mirtillo, my soul, could you but see into the heart of her you call cruel, you would have for her the pity that you yourself demand. Woe is unto us! What does it profit you to be beloved, or me to have so dear a lover? Why, cruel fate, do you separate those whom love unites? And why, perfidious love, do you unite those whom fate has torn apart?

Non più guerra
Let war end! Have mercy! Your beautiful eyes! Your triumphant eyes! Against whom are you taking up arms? Against a heart that is already a prize, that has surrendered! Kill those who rebel! Kill one who arms himself and defends himself, not him who is conquered and adores you. If you wish that I die, I will die for you: I will suffer the pangs of failing breath. Yes, but yours will be the hurt.

Ecco mormorar l'onde
Here the waves murmur and the boughs tremble, and the bushes in the morning breeze. And over the green branches the birds like a choir of angels sweetly sing. And the East is brightly smiling. Here already the sunrise appears, and is reflected in the ocean waters, and calms the sky, the sweet dew forms in pearls, and the peaks of the mountains turn gold. O beautiful and lovely is the dawn. The breeze is your messenger, and through the air you restore each parched heart to health.

English Folk Songs
VAUGHAN WILLIAMS . . . . . . The dark eyed sailor
Arranger
The Spring time of the year
Just as the tide was flowing
The Lover's ghost
Wassail song

Recordings: VANGUARD
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MARIEDI ANDERS ARTIST MANAGEMENT INC.
555 EL CAMINO DEL MAR
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA 94121