

Seattle Chamber Singers

present

A MAYFEST OF MADRIGALS

conducted by George Shangrow

Friday, May 18, 1979 - 8:00 p.m.

Seattle Concert Theatre

Saturday, May 19, 1979 - 8:00 p.m.

Broadway Theatre - S.C.C.C.

-PROGRAM-

Madrigals from Elizabethan England

See, See the Shepherds' Queene
Fair Phyllis I Saw
Weep O Mine Eyes
All Creatures Now

Thomas Tomkins
John Farmer
John Bennet
John Bennet

Madrigals from Renaissance France

Amours, Partez
Qu'est devenu ce bel oeil
Il est bel et bon

Claude de Sermisy
Claude LeJeune
Passereau

Madrigals from Italy

Per Sequir La Speranca
Io mi son giovinetta
Merce grido piangendo
Zefiro torna

Francesco Landino
Claudio Monteverdi
Carlo Gesualdo
Claudio Monteverdi

Catches from England

Now We Are Met
The Laughing Catch

Samuel Webbe
Dr. Harrington

Contemporary Madrigals

Riddle Me This
Answer: The Snow
Answer: An Egg
Answer: A Cow

William Bergsma

-INTERMISSION-

Echo Song

Orlando di Lasso

Henry Purcell's Comical Catches

Sir Walter Enjoying His Damsel
I Gave Her Cakes
Waiter, Waiter Take Off Thy Wine

Jerry Sams
Peter Kechley
Robert Kechley
Dennis Van Zandt
(The Chamber Singers' Barbershop Quartet)

On This First Day of May
When I Gaze on Thy Lips of Roses

Philippe de Monte
Claude LeJeune

Mori Quasi il Mio Core
Tu M'uccidi, O Crudele
Lasciate mi morire
Si, ch'io vorei morire

Giovanni Pierluigi da Palestrina
Carlo Gesualdo
Claudio Monteverdi
Claudio Monteverdi

A Return Visit to Elizabethan England

Hark, All Ye Lovely Saints Above
O Stay, Sweet Love
Fair Nymphs
A Little Pretty Bonny Lass

Thomas Weelkes
John Farmer
John Farmer
John Farmer

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The Singers

Carol Sams
Shirley Kraft
Sue Walsh
Ann Duncan
Nancy Williamson
Betty McWilliams
Jerry Sams
Steve Stevens
Dennis Van Zandt

Katie Jezerinac
Nancy Shasteen
Kay Verelius
Sara Hedgpeth
Greg Abbott
Joe Hill
Peter Kechley
Robert Kechley
Dominick A. Minotti

TRANSLATIONS

**transl. by D.A. Minotti

Amours, Partez

All loves begone and show no more your faces, your blows I bore, for is love not often ruthless? But you feigned love, with seeming truth all truthless: and such untruth I banish from my graces.

Qu'est devenu ce bel oeil

What has happened to those beautiful eyes in whose clarity I saw the deepness of love. What has happened to that beautiful mouth, that wonderful youth, that hand more white than milk? O terrible evil that puts this, my most priceless treasure in the tomb.

Il est bel et bon

My love is so good and handsome. Two young women gossip as women do: Is your husband good to you? My love is so good and handsome. He is never angry, always sweet and kind, and he does the housework - even feeds the chickens, and I take life easy...Oh, I can't keep from laughing when the chickens are cackling for me just coquetting -- Do you see? He is good and handsome. . .

Per Sequir La Speranca

Pursuing hope which, in the end destroys me, Lady, I go, yet seeking to keep my troubled heart from rashly speaking. Try not to probe a torment so revealing, and thus my deep despair at last uncover.

Io mi son giovinetta

I'm just a young lass and I laugh and sing to the new season. Suddenly my boyfriend sang out in response to my song like an invisible and laughing bird: I am young also and I laugh and sing to the beautiful springtime which flowers in your pretty eyes. She: "Flee, if you are wise for this day in these beams, there shall never be springtime for you!!**

Merce grido piangendo

Have pity I cry in tears. But who can hear me? Ah, woe is me, I falter, I weaken, therefore I die saying ne'er a word...Oh, God, sweet treasure of my heart, if you have any pity at all, let me at least speak to you before I die and say: "I die, I die."**

Zefiro torna

The zephyr returns and brings back good weather, flowers, grass, all its sweet family. Philomene delights to the spring. The fields laugh, the sky is serene. Jove delights to see his daughter, the air, the wind and earth are full of love. Everything thinks of love. But for me, alas, only the heaviest sighs return, sighs which she draws out of my innermost heart. She who took the keys to my heart with her to heaven to be among the birds and beautiful flowers with other women of kindly and gentle acts...I am a desert, a bitter and savage beast.**

Mori Quasi il mio Core

My heart seemed as though dying when I thy hand was holding. No perfume it gave, but breath'd love's sighing. By this fair flower my heart is nigh destroyed e'er the fruit is enjoyed.

Tu M'Uccidi, O Crudele

Would you kill me, O most cruel, destroy love, all unfeeling: yet ask my silence? But is not death revealing? None can silence the martyr's crying whose screams rend him in dying as mine do imploring: for, O I perish...adoring.

Lasciate mi morire **

Let me die. Do you think there can be any comfort for me in such torment and anguish. Let me die!

Si, ch'io vorrei morire

Yes, I would like to die, now that I have kissed that beloved mouth. Ah, dear sweet tongue, give me so much happiness that it should die from its own sweetness in my breast. Ah, my life, squeeze me to your chest until I can take no more, Oh, mouth, oh kisses, oh tongue - I repeat I would like to die.**