

Arioso

SINGERS



A Madrigal Extravaganza

Dec. 11, 2004, 8 p.m.

Dec. 12, 2004, 2 p.m.

St. Andrew Presbyterian Church, Aptos

I. From the English Renaissance

Clorinda False

Thomas Morley (c. 1557-1602)

Clorinda false, adieu, thy love torments me.
Let Thyrsis have thy heart, since he contents thee.
O grief and bitter anguish, for thee I languish.
Fain I alas would hide it, o, but who can abide it?
Adieu then, farewell, leave me, death now desiring
Thou hast lo thy requiring.
So spake Philistus on his hook relying,
and sweetly sweetly fell a-dying.



Lady, the Birds Right Fairly

Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)

Lady the birds right fairly
Are singing ever early
The lark, the thrush, the nightingale
The make-sport cuckoo and the quail.
These sing of love, then why sleep ye,
To love your sleep it may not be.

Fire, Fire

Morley

Fire, fire! My heart! O, I burn me! Alas! Fa la la la la.
O help, alas! Ay me, I sit and cry me
And call for help, but none comes nigh me. Fa la la la la.
I burn, alas! Ay me, will none come quench me?
O cast water on and drench me! Fa la la la la.

II. The Chromatic Art of the Sixteenth Century

Io parto

Carlo Gesualdo (c. 1561-1613)

“I depart,” and he said no more, for grief robbed the heart of life.
Then he broke out in tears, and Clori said with interrupted cries of “Alas”:
“Therefore, with my pains I remain.
Ah, may I never cease to languish in painful lays.”
Dead I was, now I am alive, for the dead spirits return to life
At the sound of such pitiable accents.

Piangi colle sacrate—
Lagrimate voi fiumi

Gioseppe Caimo (ca. 1540-84)

Weep, sacred hills, cloudy and dark,
And you caves, dens, and shadowy grottos,
Howling, come weep with us.
Weep, beeches and hard alpine oaks,
And weeping, tell these rocks
Our tearful harsh misfortune.

Shed tears, you rivers, bare and deprived
Of any sweetness; and you, fountains and streams,
Halt in your course and check your steps.
And you who live hidden within the woods,
Sad echo, respond to my words
And write what I speak upon the tree trunks.

Piangete, valli

Caimo

Weep, you abandoned, lonely valleys,
And you, O earth, paint on your mantle
The darkened lilies and the violets turned black.
The learned Egeria and the Theban Manto
With sudden rage death has taken from us.
Begin again, O Muses, your lamenting.

Moro, lasso

Gesualdo

I die, alas in my grief
And whoever is able to give me life
Ah, kills me and does not want to give me aid.
O painful fate, the one who is able to give me life, ah, gives me death.

III. O Morte

Alessandro Scarlatti (1660-1725)

O death, to others dark, to me serene
Drive out with your darts the dart of love.
Your ice puts out the amorous ardor.
Your scythe breaks her chain.

IV. Three Madrigals, op. 258 *Alan Hovhaness (1911-2000)*

The Pencil of the Holy Ghost

The pencil of the Holy Ghost
hath labored more in describing the afflictions of Job
than the felicities of Solomon.

My Sorrow is My Love

My sorrow is my love, my music all forlorn.
My joy is far away, my heart with grief is torn.

They All Laugh

They all laugh as I sit drinking my coffee and smelling my flower,
But, at my age, why not?

 **Intermission** 

*I. Selections from
Six Fire Songs*

Morten Lauridsen (b. 1943)

Luci serene e chiare

Eyes, serene and clear,
You set my heart on fire; but it feels
Pleasure, not pain in the burning.
Sweet and loving words,
You wound me; but my breast
Feels not pain but delight from the wound.
O miracle of love!
The soul that is all fire and blood
Is consumed without pain, dies without languishing.

Amor, io sento l'alma

Love, I feel my soul
Return to the fire where I
Was happy and more than ever desire to burn.
I burn and in bright flames
Feed my miserable heart.
The more it flames
So much my love grows,
For all my sorrows
Are born from the fire where I
was happy and more than ever desire to burn.

Se per havervi, oimé

If, alas, when I gave you my heart,
There was born in me that passion,
Cruel Lady, which burns me everywhere
So that I am all aflame,
And if, loving you, bitter torment
Makes me die of sorrow,
Wretched me! What shall I do
Without you who are my every joy?

Michael McGushin, conductor

**II. From the madrigals, Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)
book 4 (1603)**

Cor mio, mentre vi miro

My heart, while I gaze upon you,
I visibly transform myself into you.
And thus transformed, then,
In a single sigh, I breathe out my soul.
O fatal beauty! O vital beauty!
Since so quickly a heart is reborn through you,
And born for you, it dies.

Cor mio, non mori?

My heart, will you not die? Then die!
Your idol who has been removed from you
Will soon be in another's arms.
Ah! Break, my heart!
Expel with your breath, then,
The ardor that cannot be reserved
For life without hope and aid.
Come, my heart, die. I die
And go to God, my sweetest love.

Luci serene e chiare

See translation above in the Lauridsen set.

III. Four Czech Madrigals Bohuslav Martinů (1890-1959)

Prselo bylo tma

Raindrops fell silently, softly day was dying
Reaching her journey's end, home the dove came flying.
Close by her windowpane, drooping so wearily
Tell her, sweet messenger, none do I love but she.
Soon was her answer sent, answer to this greeting
"If he comes back again, he will find I'm waiting."
"If I spoke angrily, all is forgiven now
Lonely I wait for him, tell him I love him true."



Bolavá hlavenka

How my head is aching. My poor heart is breaking.
True love he's forsaking, courting some other girl.
Fine gifts he will give her.
Yet my heart whispers soft: Soon he will leave her.
If he does, still I say, he has vexed me sorely.
He must beg forgiveness on his knees before me.

Hisicky na vode

Whose pretty geese and whose fine gander
Swim up and down this water yonder?
Here and there they swim at leisure,
Night and morning take their pleasure.
Shoot me a bird if you are able
Gander or goose shall deck my table.
Take your aim now, fine young fellow
While they're flying down the hollow.
Down in the market brisk and early
There he has bought his geese some barley.
When the geese had pecked it over
Off they paddled down the river.

Carovani a pomluyv

All the people whisper, "She is weaving her charms."
She is born to witchcraft, bringing nothing but harm."
I'm no witch's daughter; I have woven no spell.
If my cheeks are rosy, they can conjure no ill.
But my eyes have magic, black eyes shining so bright.
They have charmed a lover through the darkness of night.

IV. From an Unknown Past

Ned Rorem (b. 1923)

The Lover in Winter Plaineth for the Spring

Western wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain?
Christ, if my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!

Hey nonny no!

Hey nonny no!
Men are fools that wish to die!
Is't not fine to dance and sing
When the bells of death do ring?
Is't not fine to swim in wine
And turn upon the toe and sing hey nonny no
When the winds blow and the seas flow?



My Blood So Red...

My blood so red for Thee was shed.
Come home again, my own sweetheart.
You've gone astray out of your way
Come home again.

Suspiria

O would I were where I would be!
There would I be where I am not:
For where I am would I not be,
And where I would be I can not.

The Miracle

Behold a wonder here! Love hath received his sight!
Which many hundred years hath not beheld the light.
Such beams infused be by Cynthia in his eyes
As first have made him see and then have made him wise.
Love now no more will weep for them that laugh the while!
Nor wake for them that sleep, nor sigh for them that smile!
So powerful is the Beauty that Love doth now behold,
As Love is turned to Duty that's neither blind nor bold.
Thus Beauty shows her might to be of double kind;
In giving Love his sight and striking Folly blind.

Tears

Weep you no more, sad fountains; What need you flow to fast?
Look how the snowy mountains heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heav'nly eyes view not your weeping
That now lies sleeping softly, now softly lies sleeping.
Sleep is a reconciling, a rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling, when fair at even he set?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes! Melt not in weeping
While she lies sleeping softly, now softly lies sleeping.

Crabbed Age and Youth

Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together.
Youth is full of pleasance, Age is full of care.
Youth like a summer morn, Age like winter weather.
Youth like summer brave, Age like winter bare.
Youth is full of sport, Age's breath is short.
Youth is nimble, Age is lame;
Youth is hot and bold, Age is weak and cold;
Youth is wild and Age is tame.
Age, I do abhor thee; Youth I do adore thee.
O, my love, my love is young! Age, I do defy thee:
O, sweet shepherd hie thee!
For methinks thou stay'st too long.



www.ArioseSingers.org

Leta Miller, *director*

Michael McGushin, *assistant director*

Kathryn Adkins
Jaeleen Bennis
Josh Bongers
Kathy Caton
Jas Cluff
David Cosby

Rosella Crawford-Bathurst
Jeanne Faulkner
Svetlana Kagan
Dan Landry
Diana Mayerper
Michael McGushin

Alan Miller
John Seales
Maria Stolz
Michael Vojvoda
Susana Wessling

Thanks

Thanks to Temple Beth El for providing rehearsal space; St. Andrew Presbyterian Church and Sally Griffin, office manager; Kathy Adkins; and Printsmith for printing the programs.

Join Our Mailing List

Please leave your information at the ticket table or e-mail the information to webmaster@ariosingers.org.

Name:

Address:

E-mail address (preferred):

Ariose Singers is a nonprofit organization. If you would like to donate your time, skills, or money to our cause, please contact us.