

Kansas State College of Pittsburg

Chamber Music Series

presents the

Deller Consort

Honor Sheppard, Soprano

Jonathan Sparey, Violin

Alfred Deller, Counter-Tenor

Carolyn Sparey, Violin

John Buttrey, Tenor Desmond Dupre, Lute and Viola da Gamba

Maurice Bevan, Baritone

Robert Elliott, Harpsichord

Thursday, October 23, 1969

McCray Auditorium

8:00 p. m.

PROGRAM

I

MADRIGALS

- April is in My Mistress' Face Thomas Morley (1557-1603)
Weep O Mine Eyes John Bennet (c. 1600)
O Let Me Live for True Love Thomas Tomkins (1573-1656)
O Let Me Die for True Love Thomas Tomkins (1573-1656)
A Little Pretty Bonny Lass John Farmer (c. 1600)

II

STRING TRIOS

- Fantasy No. 8 in D Minor Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)
Fantasy No. 8 in A Minor John Jenkins (1592-1678)
Fantasy No. 19 in B Flat Major John Jenkins (1592-1678)

III

LUTE

- What Then is Love but Mourning? . . . Philip Rosseter (1575-1623)
Have You Seen the White Lily Grow? Anon. (16th Century)
In Darkness Let Me Dwell John Dowland (1563-1626)

Alfred Deller

IV

ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY

- Raise, Raise the Voice Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

INTERMISSION

V

STRINGS AND CONTINUO

- Trio Sonata, Opus 2, No. 8 in G Minor . . G. F. Handel (1685-1759)

VI

VOICES AND CONTINUO

- Chi vuol udir Luga Marenzio (1553-1599)
Non vidi mai Luga Marenzio (1553-1599)
So ben mi ch'a bon tempo Drazio Vecchi (1550-1605)
Lamento delle Ninfe Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

VII

CANTATA

- Befiehl dem Engel dass er komm . . Dietrich Buxtehude (1637-1707)

DELLER CONSORT

Translation of text for Italian Madrigals

Chi vuol udir Marenzio

He who would hear of my sighs in verse, my dear ladies, and of my anguished plaint, and of how many steps both night and day I tread in vain in many meadows, let him regard these oak trees and these rocks, for each valley is full of my weeping.

Non vidi mai Marenzio

As after a rainy night the errant stars return to a clear sky, and make the dew and ice sparkle, have I not had those fair eyes before me, to support me during my tired life, those eyes I once saw shine out of the shade of a beautiful veil; and as that day they made heaven brighter, thus they will sparkle and warm; I burn with love.

So ben mi ch'a bon tempo Vecchi

Let every heart be merry, and all misgiving bury,
Fa-la-la.....

The foot of time is fleet, be life then short and sweet
Fa-la-la.....

Beneath the frown of fortune, no gods will we importune,
Fa-la-la.....

But with a cheerful smile, her forwardness bequile
Fa-la-la.....

So take no heed for morrows, if joy they bring or sorrows,
Fa-la-la.....

But live and love and laugh, be this our epitaph!
Fa-la-la.....

Translation of text for LAMENTO DELLE NINFE by MONTEVERDI

Phoebus had not yet brought morning to the world, when a young woman stepped forth from her lodging. Her sorrow was visible upon her pale face, and frequently her heart expressed itself in a deep sigh; thus lamenting for her lost love, she walked about mindlessly trampling down the flowers.

"Love, (she said, stopping and looking at the sky) where is the faith that the traitor swore to me? (O miserable young woman) Make him return my love to me or kill me so that I shall no longer be tormented. (O miserable woman; this much coldness she cannot endure) I do not wish any longer that he be near to me, nor have I anything more to learn from martyrdom. Because I destroy myself on his account, he stands there looking victorious, prepared no doubt to ask me that I leave him completely. If she whom he loves has a smoother brow than mine, yet she cannot have a more faithful love in her heart. Nor shall he ever have such sweet kisses from that mouth, nor shall they be so divine. But, quiet, quiet--for this he knows well enough. "

Thus intermingled with her angry weeping, she lifted her voice to the sky. Love tends in this way to put flame in the heart of one lover, and ice in the heart of the other.