

Department of Music

University of Alberta

presents

DR. PHILIP BRETT

"Music and Poetry in England from Byrd to Purcell"

with

THE MADRIGAL SINGERS

Leonard Ratzlaff, conductor

Sunday, November 24, 1985 at 8:00 p.m.
Convocation Hall, Old Arts Building

Soprano

Sandra Butner
Mary McDevitt-Williams
Margaret O'Dwyer
Darlene Schubert
Susan Winkelaar

Alto

Rita Dyck
Edette Gagne
Alison Grant
Joy-Ann Murphy
Joy Pritchard

Tenor

Michael Chikinda
Richard Chung
Glen Halls
Wayne Lemire
Ramsy Unruh

Bass

Dwayne Barr
Laurier Fagnan
Barry Fish
Paul Siebert

1. My mother bids me bind my hair with bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribands rare and lace my bodice blue,
For why, she cries, sit still and weep while others dance and play?
Alas! I scarce can go or creep while Lubin is away.
Alas! I scarce can go or creep while Lubin is away,
While Lubin is away, is away, is away.

2. What pleasure have great princes
More dainty to their choice
Than herdmen wild, who careless
In quiet life rejoice,
And Fortune's fate not fearing
Sing sweet in summer morning.

All day their flocks each tendeth,
At night they take their rest,
More quiet than he who sendeth
His ship into the East
Where gold and pearl are plenty
But getting very dainty.

Their dealings plain and rightful
Are void of all deceit;
They never know how spiteful
It is to kneel and wait
On favourite presumptuous
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

For lawyers and their pleading
They esteem it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law,
Where conscience judgeth plainly
They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth
Not caring much for gold,
With clothing that sufficeth
To keep him from the cold:
Though poor and plain his diet
Yet mind is rich and quiet.

3. Fair ladies that to Love captived are,
And chaste desires do nourish in your mind,
Let not her fault your sweet affections mar,
Ne blot the bounty of all womankind,
'Mongst thousands good one wanton dame to find;
Amongst the roses grow some wicked weeds,
For this was not to love but lust inclined.
For love doth always bring forth bounteous deeds,
And in each gentle heart desire of honour breeds.

4. Thule, the period of cosmography,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulphurous fire
Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the sky;
Trinacrian Aetna's flames ascend not higher.
These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andalusian merchant that returns
Laden with cochineal and china dishes,
Reports in Spain how strangely Fogo burns
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes.
These things seem wondrous, yet more wondrous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

5. Alas, what hope of speeding
Where Hope beguiled lies bleeding?
She bade come when she spied me,
And when I came she fled me;
Thus when I was beguiled,
She at my sighing smiled.
But if you take such pleasure
Of Hope and Joy, my treasure,
By deceit to bereave me,
Love me, and so deceive me.

6. In darkness let me dwell, the ground shall sorrow be,
The roof despair to bar all cheerful light from me;
The walls of marble black that moistened still shall weep;
My music hellish jarring sounds to banish friendly sleep.
Thus wedded to my woes and bedded to my tomb,
O let me living die, till death do come.

7. If music be the food of love,
Sing on till I am fill'd with joy;
For then my list'ning soul you move
With pleasures that can never cloy.
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare
That you are music ev'rywhere.

8. Ah! Ah! Belinda,
I am press'd with torment
Not to be confess'd.
Peace and I are strangers grown,
I languish till my grief is known,
Yet would not have it guess'd.

Belinda: Grief increases by concealing;

Dido: Mine admits of no revealing.

Belinda: Then let me speak; the Trojan guest
Into your tender thoughts has press'd.

