



University of Alberta
Department of Music

Madrigal Singers

**LEONARD RATZLAFF,
director**

**Friday, November 27, 1992
at 8:00 pm**

**Convocation Hall
Arts Building**

PROGRAM

Ave verum corpus
(Gradualia, Liber Primus - 1610)
Ave verum corpus

William Byrd
(1543-1623)
Orlando di Lasso
(1530-1594)

Fünf Deutsche Gesänge, Op. 104 (1888)
1. Nachtwache I
2. Nachtwache II
3. Letztes Glück
4. Verlorene Jugend
5. Im Herbst

Johannes Brahms
(1833-1897)

Two motets from O Rex Gloriam,
Op. 83 (1981)
O nata lux
O Rex gloriae

William Mathias
(1934-1992)

Intermission

The Hour-Glass (1949)

Irving Fine
(1914-1962)

1. O know to end as to begin

Sarah Chaput and Susan Moyles, soprano
Karen Hamm and Joy Berg, alto
George Irwin and Michel Cantin, tenor
Tom Holm and Troy Janzen, baritone

2. Have you seen the white lily grow
3. O do not wanton with those eyes

Jolaine Kerley, soprano
Susan Moyles, mezzo soprano
Karen Hamm, alto

4. Against Jealousy

Sarah Chaput and Michelle Crouch, soprano
Karen Hamm and Joy Berg, alto
Joseph Levesque and George Irwin, tenor
Tom Holm and Troy Janzen, baritone

5. Lament

6. The Hour-Glass

Under the willow tree
(Vanessa, 1957)

Samuel Barber
(1910-1980)

Nancy Rogers, soprano

Two choruses from *Peter Grimes* (1945)
Song of the Fishermen
Old Joe has gone fishing

Benjamin Britten
(1913-1976)

Milton Schlosser, piano

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Ave verum corpus

Ave verum corpus, natum de Maria Virgine:
Vere passum, immolatum in cruce pro homine:
Cujus latus perforatum, unda fluxit sanguine
Esto nobis praegustatum in mortis examine.
O Jesu dulcis, O Jesu pie,
O Jesu Fili Mariae, miserere mei. Amen.

Hail, true Body, born of the Virgin Mary,
Who has truly suffered, was sacrificed on the cross for mortals,
Whose side was pierced, whence flowed water and blood:
Be for us a foretaste during our final examining,
O Jesu sweet, O Jesu pure,
O Jesu, Son of Mary, have mercy upon me. Amen.

Nachtwache I

Leise Töne der Brust,
geweckt vom Odem der Liebe,
hauchet zitternd hinaus,
ob sich euch öffnen' ein Ohr,
öff'n ein liebendes Herz,
und wenn sich keines euch öffnet,
trag ein Nachtwind euch seufzend
in meines zurück.

- Friedrich Rückert

Soft notes of the heart,
awakened by the breath of love,
whisper forth tremulously
if an ear or loving heart
should open to you;
and should none open,
let a night wind bear you back,
sighing, to mine.

Nachtwache II

Ruhn sie?
rufet das Horn des Wächters drüben aus Westen,
und aus Osten das Horn rufet entgegen:
Sie ruhn!

Hörst du, zagendes Herz, die flüsternden Stimmen der Engel?
Lösche die Lampe getrost, hülle in Frieden dich ein.
- Rückert

Do they rest?
There from the west the watchman's horn is calling,
and from the east the horn calls back:
"They rest!"

Timorous heart, do you hear the angels' whispering voices?
Put out your lamp confidently, and let peace envelop you.

Letztes Glück

Leblos gleitet Blatt um Blatt
still und traurig von den Bäumen;
seines Hoffens nimmersatt,
lebt das Herz in Frühlingsträumen.

Noch verweilt ein Sonnenblick
bei den späten Hagerosen
wie bei einem letzten Glück,
einem süssen, hoffnungslosen.
- Max Kalbeck

Quietly and sadly, from the trees
leaf glides down lifelessly on leaf;
the heart lives in spring dreams,
its hopes never fulfilled.

But a ray of sun still lingers
on the late wild rose -
as on a last happiness,
sweet to one who has given up hope.

Verlorene Jugend

Brausten alle Berge, sauste rings der Wald
meine jungen Tage, wo sind sie so bald?
Jugend, teure Jugend, flohest mir dahin;
o du holde Jugend, achtlos war mein Sinn.

Ich verlor dich leider, wie wenn einen Stein
jemand von sich schleudert in die Flut hinein.
Wendet sich der Stein auch um in tiefer Flut,
weiss ich, dass die Jugend doch kein Gleiches tut.
- Josef Wenzig

Raging over the mountains, rushing round the woods,
o my days of youth, where have you gone so soon?
Youth, precious youth, you have fled from me;
o lovely youth, unheeding was my mind!

Sadly, I have lost you, as if someone
had idly thrown a stone into the water.
Though the stone may return from the water's depth,
I know that youth does no such thing.

Im Herbst

Ernst ist der Herbst,
und wenn die Blätter fallen,
sinkt auch das Herz zu trübem Weh herab.
Still ist die Flur,
und nach dem Süden wallen
die Sanger stumm, wie nach dem Grab.

Bleich ist der Tag,
und blasse Nebel schleiern
die Sonne wie die Herzen ein.
Fruh kommt die Nacht:
denn alle Krafte feiern
und tief verschlossen ruht das Sein.

Sanft wird der Mensch.
Er sieht die Sonne sinken,
er ahnt des Lebens wie des Jahres Schluss.
Feucht wird das Aug,
doch in der Trane Blinken
entstromt des Herzens seligster Erguss.
- Klaus Groth

Gloomy is autumn,
and when the leaves fall
the heart too sinks to cheerless woe.
Still is the pasture,
and southwards travel
the songsters, silent as if to the grave.

Wan is the day,
and pallid mists veil
the sun and the heart too.
Soon comes night;
then all strength fails,
and life rests in deep oblivion.

Man mellows,
He sees the sun sink,
and foresees the end of life, as of the year.
His eyes grow moist,
but in his shining tears flows
the most blissful outpouring of the heart.

O nata lux

O nata lux de lumine,
Jesu redemptor saeculi,
Dignare clemens supplicum
Laudes precesque sumere.
Qui carne quondam contegi
Dignatus es pro perditis,
Non membra confer effici
Tui beati corporis.

O Light of light, by love inclined,
Jesu Redeemer of mankind,
With loving-kindness deign to hear
From suppliant voices praise and prayer.
Thou, who to raise our souls from hell
Didst deign in fleshly form to dwell,
Vouchsafe us when our race is run
In thy fair body to be one.

O Rex gloriae

O Rex gloriae, Domine virtutum, qui triumphator hodie super omnes
coelos ascendisti, ne derelinquas nos: sed mitte promissum Patris
in nos, Spiritum veritatis. Alleluia

O King of glory, Lord of hosts, who hast this day exalted thine
own Self, with great triumph, above all the heavens, leave us not
orphans; but send unto us the promise of the Father, even the
spirit of truth. Alleluia

The Hour-Glass (Ben Jonson)

O know to end as to begin

O know to end as to begin.
A minute's loss in love is sin.
You do our rites much wrong
In seeking to prolong
These outward pleasures.
The night hath other treasures
Than these, though long concealed,
Ere day to be revealed.

Have you seen the white lily grow

Have you seen the white lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you seen the fall of the snow
Before the soil hath smutched it?
Have you felt the wool of beaver
Or swan's down ever?
Have you tasted the bag of the bee?
O so fair, O so soft is shel

O do not wanton with those eyes

O do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.
O be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me,
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.
O do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distract with fears,
Mine own enough betray me.

Against Jealousy

Wretched and foolish Jealousy,
How cam'st thou thus to enter me?
I ne'er was of thy kind,
Nor have I yet the narrow mind
To vent that poor desire,
That others should not warm them at my fire,
I wish the sun should shine
On all men's fruit and flow'rs, as well as mine.

But under the disguise of love!
Thou sayest thou only cams't to prove
What my affections were.

Think'st thou that love is helped by fear?
Go, get thee quickly forth,
Love's sickness and his noted want of worth,
Seek doubting men to please;
I ne'er will owe my health to a disease.

Lament

Slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears:
Yet slower, yet, O faintly gentle streams,
List to the heavy part the music bears;
Woe weeps out her division when she sings.

Droop, herbs and flow'rs,
Fall, grief, in show'rs,
Our beauties are not ours;
O! that I could still,
Like melting snow upon some craggy hill, drop,
Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

The Hour-Glass

Do but consider this small dust,
Here running in the glass by atoms moved;
Could you believe that this
The body ever was
Of one that loved?
And in his mistress' flame, playing like a fly,
Burned into cinders by her eye?
Yes, and in death, as life, unblest,
In death, as in life, to have it exprest,
Even ashes of lovers find no rest.

Under the willow tree

Under the willow tree two doves cry, ah! oh!
Where shall we sleep, my love, whither shall we fly?
The wood has swallowed the moon,
the fog has swallowed the shore,
the green toad has swallowed the key to my door.
- Menotti

Song of the Fishermen

Oh, hang at open doors the net, the cork,
While squalid seadames at their mending work.
Welcome the hour when fishing through the tide
The weary husband throws his freight aside.

O cold and wet, and driven by the tide,
Beat your tired arms against your tarry side.
Find rest in public bars where fiery gin
Will aid the warmth that languishes within.

And if the spring tide eats the land again,
Till e'en the cottages and cobbled walls of fishermen
Are billets for the thieving waves which take
As if in sleep thieving for thieving's sake.

In ceaseless motion comes and goes the tide,
Flowing it fills the channel broad and wide,
Then back to sea with strong majestic sweep
It rolls in ebb yet terrible and deep.

- Montagu Slater

Old Joe has gone fishing

Old Joe has gone fishing and
Young Joe has gone fishing and
You Know has gone fishing and found them a shoal.
Pull them in in han'fuls and in canfuls and in panfuls.
Bring them in sweetly,
Gut them completely,
Pack them up neatly,
Sell them discreetly.
O haul away!

THE UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA MADRIGAL SINGERS

Leonard Ratzlaff, conductor

Joy Berg and Michelle Crouch, rehearsal accompanists

Soprano

Tanya Binette
Sarah Chaput
Michelle Crouch
Pamela Hauser
Kari Hendricksen
Nina Hornjatkevyc
Melinda van Hove
Jolaine Kerley
Susan Moyles
Nancy Rogers
Michelle Wylie

Tenor

Michel Cantin
Wayne Hiebert
George Irwin
Joseph Levesque
Rick Neuls
James Thompson

Alto

Joy Berg
Tami Friesen
Karen Hamm
Christine Janicki
Leanne Mulesa
Evelyn Pfeifer
Lyndi Pollock
Kirsten Sönnichsen

Bass

Cameron Bentsen
Tom Holm
Troy Janzen
Robert Kelly
Karl Kohler
Donald Mabbott
Frank Sönnichsen
Brent Violini Pierce

This concert is being recorded by the CBC for future broadcast on **Alberta in Concert**, heard on CBC FM Stereo, 90.9, Sundays at noon.

The Madrigal Singers invite you to a reception following the concert, to celebrate the choir's First Prize in the Mixed Choir category of the 1992 CBC Choral Competition for Amateur Choirs. The reception will be held in the Faculty Lounge, Room 3-20 in the Arts Building.