

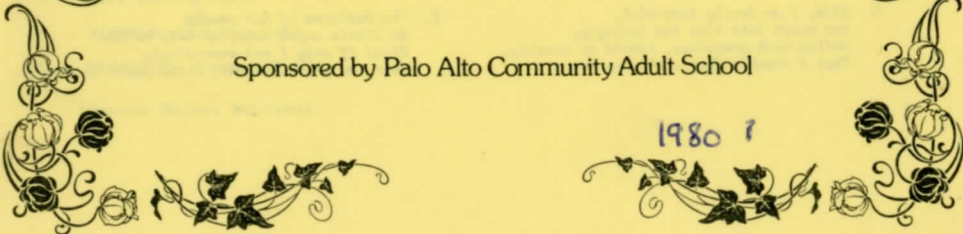
SPRING CONCERT
peninsula
women's chorus

Dr. Patricia Hennings, Director
Dr. Artis Wodehouse, Piano

Friday, May 16th at 8:00 PM
1st Congregational Church
Louis & Embarcadero
Palo Alto

Sponsored by Palo Alto Community Adult School

1980



I

RENAISSANCE MOTETS

- O Vos Omnes (Lamentations 1, v. 12) Tomás Luis de Victoria (1535-1611)
*O ye who pass, who who travel the highway,
 Pay heed to me and consider: Is there sorrow as mine?
 Pay heed to me, all ye peoples of the world and consider my boundless sorrow.*
- Surgens Jesus Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)
*Jesus risen, who is our Saviour,
 Standing in the midst of his assembled disciples,
 Spake thus: Peace be yours. Alleluia.
 How joyful the disciples were, seeing Jesus there. Alleluia.*

II

CONTEMPORARY AMERICAN ANTHEMS

- A Short Alleluia Irving Fine (1914-1962)
 Psalm 98 Halsey Stevens (b. 1906)
 Alleluia Randall Thompson (b. 1899)

III

THE CHILDREN'S CORNER

- Artis Wodehouse, piano Claude Debussy (1862-1918)

IV

ENGLISH MADRIGALS

- This love is but a wanton fit Thomas Morley (1557-1603)
 Fly not so fast John Ward (1571-1641)
 Weep, O Mine Eyes John Wilbye (1574-1638)
 Sweet Kate Robert Jones (written 1613)
- Sweet Kate Of late Ran away and left me plaining:
 "Abide!" I cried, "Or I die with thy disdain."
 "Te-he-he!" quoth she, "Gladly would I see Any man to die with loving!"
 "Never any yet Died of such a fit; Neither have I fear of proving."
 - Unkind! I find Thy delight is in tormenting:
 "Abide!" I cried, "Or I die with thy consenting."
 "Te-he-he!" quoth she, "Make no fool of me! Men I know have oaths at pleasure;
 But their hopes attain'd, They bewray they feign'd, And their oaths are kept at leisure."
 - Her words, Like swords, Cut my sorry heart in sunder:
 Her flouts With doubts Kept my heart's affections under.
 "Te-he-he!" quoth she, "What a fool is he Stands in awe of once denying!"
 Cause I had enough To become more rough; So I did. O happy trying!

V

LIEDER UND ROMANZEN

- Minnelied (Love-Song) Johannes Brahms (1833-1897)
- To the precious one unwaveringly
 I sing a merry wooing song.
 For, the one so pure who I mean,
 Waves sweet thanks in return to me.
 - Alas, I am deeply love-sick,
 Her mouth doth kiss too lovingly,
 Smiles such greetings, tempts so sweetly,
 That I tremble deep within my heart.
 - Like the sunny pasture of violets
 Shines the lovely blue of her eyes,
 Fresh and round blossoms her little mouth
 Like a rose-bud in morning dew.
 - The rosinness of her cheeks
 No little angel owns, so help me God!
 Ei-a! If only I sat unceasingly
 Near the priceless one, until death doth come.

Barkarole

- "O fisherman on the high waters,
 Quickly come here to fish!"
 Fidelin!
 And in his handsome boat,
 In the boat rows, rows he.
 Fidelin-Lin-La, lin-la!
- "What do you wish that I fish?"
 Fidelin!
 "My little ring fell into the sea."
 And in his handsome boat,
 In the boat rows, rows he.
 Fidelin!
- "The Loveliest purse will be your reward,
 Fidelin!
 Heavy with a hundred thalers."
 And in his handsome boat,
 In the boat rows, rows he.
 Fidelin!
- "Not your purse I want,
 Fidelin!
 Heavy with a hundred thalers."
 And in his handsome boat,
 In the boat rows, rows he.
 Fidelin!
- "A loving kiss,
 Fidelin!
 A kiss is my desire."
 And in his handsome boat,
 In the boat rows, rows he.
 Fidelin!

Der Bräutigam (The Bridegroom)

- Down from all the mountains
 Such cheerful greeting sounds.
 That is the spring again
 Which to the green wood calls.
- A little song has resounded
 Up to the quiet castle.
 Your beloved he has sung it,
 Your beloved he does lift,
 Does lift you onto his horse.
- We ride along so swiftly,
 Far away from all mankind.
 The air does rustle so softly
 In the solitude of the woods.
- Whereto? In the gentle moonlight
 The forest appears so pale.
 Softly murmurs the night,
 Never ask, where Loves does end.

VI

RUSSIAN PEASANT SONGS

Igor Stravinsky (1882-1971)

- ON SAINTS' DAYS IN CHIGISAKH
*On Saints' days in Chigisakh on Yaousoy, so 'tis said,
 All the peasants roll in riches, so 'tis said,
 Gath'ring golden pieces by the shovelful, so 'tis said,
 Pure silver by the basketful, so 'tis said.*
- OVSEN (A beneficent solar diety honored in Russian mythology)
*Ovsen! I'm a-hunting the grouse,
 Ovsen! I seek the grouse that lives in the field,
 Ovsen! She has hid 'neath a bush, I spy her tail,
 Ovsen! I've caught her fast! And a handful of money too!*

VII

A SHAKESPEARE SEQUENCE (Opus 66)

John Gardner (b. 1917)

- It was a lover and his lass
- Who is Sylvia?
- O mistress mine
- If music be the food of love, play on
- Take, O take those lips away
- Full fathom five
- Orpheus with his lute
- Under the greenwood tree

(Deanna Dejan, soprano)