

PROGRAM

July 16, 2010



Trio III Op. 9, No. 2 Beethoven
Andante quasi Allegretto

Eli Kaplinsky, *violin*
*Louise Jaffe, *viola*
Jeremy Fox, *cello*
♪



Fire, Fire My Heart Thomas Morley
Love is the Fire Thomas Bateson
Wounded I Am William Byrd

The Madrigal Singers
*Jennifer Thomas, *Director*
♪



Six Chancons Paul Hindemith
I. La Binche
II. Un Cygne
III. Puisque tout passe

Nancy Naggan, *soprano*
Joan Lusk, *soprano*
Alison Howe, *alto*
Becky Whitmeyer, *alto*
David Appleby, *tenor*
David Musher, *bass*
Glenn Sproul, *bass*
♪



Haec est Regina Virginum G.F. Handel

Virginia Fitzgerald, *mezzo soprano*
Lincoln Brown, *violin*
*Barbara Jaffe, *violin*
Joan Miller, *viola*
Jeremy Fox, *cello*
Lois Tepfer, *piano*
♪



Piano Quintet Shostakovich
Scherzo

*Evelyn Estava, *violin*
 *Megan Kenny, *violin*
 *Daniel Gladstone, *viola*
 *Gael Abassi, *cello*
 *Elizabeth Acker, *piano*
 ♪

LYRICS

**Haec est Regina
 Virginum**

que genuit Regem
 veit Rosa decora.
 Virgo Dei Genitrix
 per quam reperimus
 Deus et homine
 alma virgo
 intercede pro nobis.

**Behold the Queen of
 Virgins**

who, like a beautiful Rose,
 brought forth the King!
 Virgin Mother of God,
 through whom we perceive
 God and man,
 Blessed Virgin,
 pray for us.

**Paul Hindemith *Six Chancons* after Rainer Maria Rilke (1939)
 translation by Elaine de Sinçay**

I. La Biche

O la biche: quel bel intérieur d'anciennes forêts
 dans tes yeux abonde;
 combien de confiance ronde mêlée a combien, combien de peur.
 Tout cela, porté par la vive gracilité de tes bonds.
 Mais jamais rien n'arrive, rien n'arrive à cette impassive ignorance de
 ton front.

O thou doe, what vistas of secular forest appear
 in thine eyes reflected
 What confidence serene affected by transient shades of fear.
 And it all is borne on thy bounding course, for gracile art thou.
 Nor comes aught to astound the impassive profound unawareness of thy
 brow.

II. Un Cygne

Un cygne avance sur l'eau tout entouré de lui même, comme un glissant
 tableau;
 ainsi à certains instants un être que l'on aime est tout un espace mouvant.
 Il se rapproche, doublé, comme ce cygne qui nage sur notre âme troublée...
 qui à cet être ajoute la tremblante image de bonheur et de doute.

A swan is breasting the flow all in himself enfolded like a slow-moving
 tableau.
 And so at some time or place, a loved one will be molded to seem like a
 migrating space
 Will near us floating redoubled as a swan on the river, upon our soul so
 troubled,
 Which swells it by the addition of a wraith aquiver with delight and
 suspicion.

III. Puisque tout passe

Puisque tout passe, faisons la mélodie passagère;
 celle qui nous désaltère aura de nous raison.
 Chantons ce qui nous quitte avec amour et art;
 soyons plus vite, plus vite que le rapide départ.

Since all is passing retain the melodies that wander by us
 That which assuages when nigh us shall alone remain.
 Let us sing what will leave us with our love and art.
 Ere it can grieve us, let us the sooner depart.