Vassar Chamber Singers
Drew Minter, conductor
presents

"For the Birds"

Saturday, November 19, 2023 · 3:00 PM
Martel Recital Hall
Skinner Hall of Music
PROGRAM

Sumer is icumen in                     Anon. 13th c.

Foweles in the frith                   Anon. 13th c.

Par maintes foys                        Jehan Vaillant, 14th c.

                                         Beatrix Postley, soprano, Isabel Granger, alto, Drew Minter countertenor

Le rossignol plaisant et gratieux       Orlande de Lassus
                                         (1532-1594)

Comme la tourterelle                   Philippus de Monte
                                         (1521-1603)

Three Ravens                           Thomas Ravenscroft
                                         (1590-1633)

The Silver Swan                        Orlando Gibbons
                                         (1583-1625)

Le chant des oyseaux                    Clément Jannequin
                                         (ca. 1485-1558)

INTERMISSION

Quel augellin che canta                Claudio Monteverdi
                                         (1567-1643)

O rossignuol                            Monteverdi

Solinga augello                         de Monte
                                         Beatrix Postley, soprano, Maria Cusick, soprano, Christie Burnside, alto, Avery Duer, alto,
                                         Finley Greene, bass

The Blue Bird                           Charles Villiers Stanford
                                         (1852-1924)

                                         Abbye Friedman, soprano
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis

Maurice Ravel
(1875-1937)

Grace Finke, *mezzo-soprano*, Isabel Granger, *alto*,
Tianchen Zhou, *tenor*, Rafi Ettinger-Finley, *baritone*

Blackbird

Lennon/McCartney
(arr. Daryl Runswick)

Kaleb Wong, *tenor*, Ben Ryan, *whistler*

A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square

Maschwitz/Sherwin
(arr. Gene Puerling)

Bye Bye Blackbird

Mort Dixon (words) &
Ray Henderson (music)

*Avery Duer, piano*

Please silence all cell phones or other personal electronic devices
and refrain from texting. Use of these instruments will disturb other audience members
and may cause interference with in-house recording and webcasting.

Skinner Recital Hall is equipped with a LOOP Hearing System. The loop will offer improved clarity for persons with hearing loss who wear telecoil—or T-coil—equipped hearing aids.
VASSAR COLLEGE MADRIGAL SINGERS

SOPRANO

Maria Cusick ’26
Jacqueline Evangelista ’25
Abbye Friedman ’25
Charlotte Mathews ’27
Beatrix Postley ’24

TENOR

Sam Jacobs ’27
Nick Monsion ’27
Tianchen Zhou ’24
Kaleb Wong ’27

ALTO

Christie Burnside ’26
Avery Duer ’24
Grace Finke ’27
Isabel Granger ’24

BASS

Rafi Ettinger-Finley ’24
Finley Greene ’25
Braden Reynolds ’27
Ben Ryan ’27
Xander Shumaker ’26

Rehearsal pianists: Susan Black Brown, James Fitzwilliam

Text & Translations

Sumer is icumen in,
Lhude sing cuccu
Groweth sed and bloweth med
and springth the w de nu,
Sing cuccu!
Awe bleteth after lomb,
Lhouth after calve cu.
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth
Murie sing cuccu!
Cuccu, well singes thu cuccu,
ne swik thu naver nu!

Summer has come in,
Loudly sing, Cuckoo!
The seed grows and the meadow
blooms
And the wood springs anew,
Sing, Cuckoo!
The ewe bleats after the lamb
The cow lows after the calf.
The bullock stirs, the stag farts,
Merrily sing, Cuckoo!
Cuckoo, well you sing, cuckoo;
Don't you ever stop now,

Foweles in the frith
The fisses in the flod
And I mon waxe wod
Mulch sorw I walke with
For beste of bon and blod.

The birds in the wood,
The fishes in the river,
And I must wax mad,
Much sorrow do I walk with
For the best of bone and blood.
**Par maintes foys** ay oy recorder
du rosinogil la douce melodie.
Mais ne s'i veult le cucu acorder.
ains veult chanter contre ly par envie:
"Cucu, cucu, cucu" toute sa vie.
Car il veult bien a son chant descourder.
et pourtant dit le reusignol et crie:
"Je vos comant qu'on le tue et ocie:
Tue, tue, tue, tue, ocy, ocy.
ocy, ocy, ocy, ocy, ocy.
fi de li, fi de li, fi de li, fi.
ocy, ocy, ocy, ocy, ocy.
ocy, ocy, fi, fi.
fi du cucu qui d'amours veult parler."

Si vous suppli, ma tres douce alouette.
que voy voullTs dire vostre chanson:
"Lire, lire, lire, lire, (lire,) lirelon;
que dit Dieu, Dieu, que te dit Dieu.
que dit Dieu, Dieu.
que te dit Dieu, Dieu, que te dit Dieu?"
Il est tamps, il est [tamps]
que le roussinolet die sa chansounette:
"Ocy, ocy, ocy, ocy, ocy, ocy, ocy.
ocy seront qui nos vont guerroyyant."

Assemblés vos; prenés la cardinette.
faites chanter la calle et le sanson.
tuTs, (tuTs,) batTs cucu pilebisson!
Il est pris, pris, il est pris, pris.
Or soit mis mort.
soit mis a mort, mort"
Or aloms seurement
anjoliver [n]os (qu')et cullir la mosette;
ami, ami, ami, ami, ami, ami, [ami, ami,]
toudis seray le dieux d'amours priant.

**Le Rossignol plaisant et gratieux,**
Habiter veut toujours au vert bocage,
Aux champs voler et par tous autre lieux
Sa liberté aimant mieux que sa cage.
Mais le mien coeur, qui demeure en ostage
Sous triste deul qui le tient en ses lacys,
Du Rossignol ne cherche l'avantage,
Ne de son chant recevoir le soulas.

Many times have I heard brought into harmony
the sweet melody of the nightingale.
But the cuckoo does not wish to harmonize with him.
rather does he wish to sing against him out of envy:
"Cuckoo, cuckoo, cuckoo!" all his days.
For he wishes indeed to sing out of tune with him.
and because of this the nightingale sings and calls aloud:
"I command you to have him killed and slain.
Kill, kill, kill, kill, slay, slay.
fie on him, fie on him, fie on him.
slay, slay, slay, slay, slay, slay.
Fie on the cuckoo who wishes to speak of love.

Indeed I entreat you, my very sweet skylark.
that you be so good as to sing your song.
"Lire, lire, lire, lire, lirelon;
toowee, toowee, toowee, toowee.
It is time, it is [time]
that the nightingale sings his little song:
slay, slay, slay, slay, slay, slay, slay.
Slain will be those who wage war upon you.

Gather yourselves: take the gold-finch.
make the quail and the starling sing;
kill, beat the cuckoo, who beats the living daylights
out of him
"He is taken, taken, he is taken, taken,
Now may he be put to death, be put to death, to death.
Now let us go with our minds at peace.
amuse ourselves and gather up lily-of-the-valley.
Love, love, love, love, my love, my love,
always will I pray to the God of Love.

The nightingale, pleasant and sweet
Would always live in the green wood,
Would fly in the fields and everywhere,
Loving his liberty more than his cage.
But my heart, which lives captive
Beneath sorrow which holds it in tears,
Seeks nothing from the nightingale
Nor is soothed by his song.
Comme la tourterelle
Languit jusqu’à la mort
Ayant perdu sa belle
Compagnie et consort
Ainsi ne veut confort
Mon coeur, plain de tristesse
S’il n’arrive au doux port
Ou l’attend sa maitresse.
   --Pierre de Ronsard

Just as the dove
Languishes unto death
Having lost his beloved
Companion and consort,
Just so, my heart, full of sadness,
desires no comfort
short of attaining the sweet harbor
Where my mistress might await.

Three Ravens

There were three Ravens sat on a tree,
Downe, a downe, hay downe, hay downe.
They were as black as they might be,
With a downe derrie, derrie, derrie downe downe.

The one of them said to his mate,
Where shall wee our breakfast take?

Downe in yonder greene field,
There lies a Knight slain under his slield.

His hounds they lie downe at his feete,
So well they can their Master keepe.

His Haukes they flie so eagerly
There’s no fowle dare him come nie.

Down there comes a fallow Doe,
As great with yong as she might goe.

She lift up his bloudy hed,
And kist his wounds that were so red.

She got him up upon her backe,
And carried him to earthern lake.

She buried him before the prime,
She was dead her selfe ere even-song time.

God send every gentleman
Such haukes, such hounds, and such a Leman.

The silver swan who living had no note,
When death approach’d unlocked her silent throat;
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
Thus sang her first and last and sang no more.
Farewell all joys, O death, come close mine eyes;
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.
Le Chant des Oyseaulx

Réveillez-vous, cœurs endormis,
Le dieu d’amours vous sonne,
À ce premier jour de mai
Oyseaulx feront merveilles
Pour vous mettre hors d’esmay.
Destoupez vos oreilles.
Et farirariron, Et farirariron, Et farirarison,
ferely, ioly, ioly, ioly, ioly, ioly,
Et farirariron, farirariron, ferely, ioly

Vous serez tous en joie mis,
Car la saison est bonne, Vous orrez, à mon avis,
une douce musique,
Que fera le roy mauvis,
D’une voix authentique :
Ti, ti, ti ,ti ,ti, ti, pyti,
Chou-ty, thou-y, thouy,
Toi que dy tu, que dy tu.
Tu di, tu di.
Le petit sansonnet,
Le petit mignon,
Qu’est là bas, passe, passe, vilain!
Saincte test Dieu!
Quoi, quoi, le petit mignon,
Tost, tost, tost, au sermon,
Le petit sansonnet, din, dan, din, dan.
Il est temps, Guillemette, Colinette,
Il est temps d’aller boire,
Sansonnet de Paris,
Saige courtous et bien apris,
Au sermon, ma maîtresse,
Sus, ma dame, à la messe
Sainte Caquette
Qui caquette
… ma maîtresse.
À saint Trotin
Voir saint Robin,
Montrer les tétins
Le doux musequin.
Rire et gaudir c’est mon devise,
Chacun s’i habandonne.
Rossignol du boys joly,
À qui la voix resonne,
Pour vous mettre hors d’ennuy
Votre gorge iargonne :
Frian, frian, frian, frian, frian, frian, frian, frian,
ticun, ticun, ticun, ticun, ticun, ticun,
qu la ra, qui la ra, qui la ra,
huit, huit, huit, huit, huit, huit,

Rouse yourselves, sleeping hearts,
The God of Love calls you.
You should all be joyful
For spring is come.
The birds make wonders with their song;
To rouse you out of listlessness,
Unblock your ears and listen
And farirariron…

You shall all be captured by joy
Because the season is good
You shall hear, in my opinion, sweet music,
which the naughty king will make with a true voice

You, what are you saying?
You speak, you speak.
The little blackbird,
The sweet little thing:
who’s there? Pass, knave.
By the holy head of God
What, what, the sweet little thing,
Go now to hear the sermon.
Get thee to Mass, Madam.
It is time to go drinking,
Little starling of Paris,
Wise, courteous and well versed.
Go to the sermon, Mistress,
Get going.
.Cuckoo, cuckoo...
Saint Cackler
who cackles
... my mistress.
Go St. Trotin
Go see Saint Robin,
to show your tits
to the sweet musician,
To laugh and rejoice that’s my strategy, all
should abandon themselves to it
Nightingale of the pretty wood
To all who hear your voice
You drive away boredom
With your slang-filled throat
fereli fy, cy ty oy ty oy ot ty, trr,
tu, tu, tu, tu, tu, qui lara, qui lara,
ticun, ticun, ticun, ticun, ticun,
coqui, teo, teo, teo, teo, teo, teo, teo,
tar, frian, frian, frian, frian, frian, frian,
tycun, tycun, tycun, turry, turry, turry,
Trr, qui lara qui lara,
Et huit, huit, huit, huit,
quoi, quoi, quoi, quoi, quoi, quoi, quoi,
qui lara, ticun, ticun, ticun, coqui, coqui, coqui,
tar, tar, tar, tar, tar, fouquet, fouquet, quibi,
quibi,
tu, tu, tu, tu, tu, fouquet, fouquet,
fi, fi, fi, frian, frian, frian, frian, tr
qui lara, qui lara,
huit, huit, huit, huit,
tar, tar, tar, tar, tar, tar,
trr, trr, frr, trr, trr, trr, trr, trr, qrr, qrr, qrr, vrr, vrr, vrr, frr, vrr,
frr, frr, frr, frr, frr, frr, frr,
Fuyez, regretz, pleurs et souci, pleurs et soucy,
Car la saison l’ordonne, fuiez, regretz, pleurs et soucy,
Arrière; maistre coucou,
Sortez de no chapitre,
Chacun vous donne au hibou
Car vous n’estes qu’un traistre,
Coucou, coucou, coucou, coucou,
Par tra-i-son, en chacun nid,
Pondez sans qu’on vous sonne,
Reveillez vous, cueurs endormiz, reveillez vous,
Le dieu d’amours vous sonne.

Quel Augellin, che canta
Si dolcemente e lascivetto vola
Hor da l’abete al faggio
Et hor dal faggio al mirto,-
S’havesse humano spirto,
Direbb’: Ardo d’amor, ardo d’amore!
Ma ben arde nel core
E chiam’ il suo desio
Che li rispond’: Ardo d’amor anch’ io! Che sii tu benedetto,
Amoroso, gentil, vago augelletto!
--Gio. Battista Guarini

Flee away, regrets, tears and cares,
Because the season demands it
Shove off, master Cuckoo,
Get out of our company.
You will never be missed
For you are nothing but a traitor.
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
Treacherously, in every nest
You lay without being called.
Rouse yourselves, sleepy hearts!
The God of Love calls you.

That little bird which sings
So sweetly and gaily flies
Now from the fir to the beech tree
And now from the beech to the myrtle,
If he had a human mind, would say:
I burn with love. I burn with love.
But in his heart he burns indeed
And calls to his beloved
Who replies to him: I too am burning with love!
How fortunate you are, sweet little loving bird!
O rossignuol che in queste verdi fronde  
Sovra il fugace rio fermati suoli,  
Et forse a qualche noia ora t’involi,  
Dolce cantand’al suon de le roche onde  
Alterna teco in not’alt’è profonde  
La tua compagna, e par che ti consoli.  
A me, perch’io mi strugg’e piant’e duoli,  
Versi ad ogn’or nissun giammai risponde,  
Ne di mio danno sì sospira o gene;  
Et te s’un dolor preme  
Può ristorar un altro piacer vivo,  
Ma io d’ogni mio ben son casso e privo.  
  --Pietro Bembo

Solitario augello, se piangendo vai  
La tua perduta dolce compagnia,  
Meco ne ven, che piango anco la mia:  
Insieme potrem far i nostri lai.  
Ma tu la tua forse oggi troverai;  
Io la mia quando? e tu pur tuttavia  
Ti stai nel verde; i’ fuggo ove sia  
Chi mi conforte ad altro ch’a trar guai.  
Privo in tutto son io d’ogni mio bene,  
E nudo e grave e solo e peregrino,  
Vo misurando i campi e le mie penne.  
Gli occhi bagnati porto e’l viso chino  
E’l cor in doglia e l’alma furor di spene,  
Né d’aver cerco men fero destino.  
  --Bembo

The Blue Bird

The lake lay blue below the hill,  
O’er it as I looked there flew  
Across the waters, cold and still,  
A bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last,  
The sky beneath me blue in blue,  
A moment ere the bird had passed,  
It caught his image as he flew.  
  -- Mary E. Coleridge

O nightingale, who in these green branches  
Likes to stop above the flowing river,  
And flee perhaps from some trouble,  
Singing sweetly to the sound of the rockes  
Where your companion alternates with you  
In both high and low notes, while you seek consolation.  
But as for me, tears and sorrows invade me,  
And nobody ever answers me  
Or sighs and moans for my sorrow;  
And you, if sorrow touches you,  
You can change it for some other, real pleasure,  
But I am broken and deprived from all love.

Solitary bird, you go crying  
Having lost your sweet companion,  
Come with me, who also cry for mine,  
Together we can make our lays,  
But you will perhaps find yours today,  
As for me, when will I? And you will always be in the wood;  
where shall I go  
To find my comfort and draw healing?  
I am bereft of all my good,  
And naked and serious and alone and wandering  
I go treading the fields with my pains.  
My face carries my watery eyes  
And with them a heart in sorrow
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
Mon ami z-il est à la guerre
Trois beaux oiseaux du Paradis
Ont passé par ici.

Le premier était plus bleu que le ciel,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Le second était couleur de neige,
Le troisième rouge vermeil.

"Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Beaux oiselets du Paradis,
Qu'apportez par ici?"

"J'apporte un regard couleur d'azur
(Ton ami z-il est à la guerre)"
"Et moi, sur beau front couleur de neige, Un baiser dois mettre, encore plus pur."

Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
(Mon ami z-il est à la guerre)
Oiseau vermeil du Paradis,
Que portez vous ainsi?

"Un joli coeur tout cramoisi"
Ton ami z-il est à la guerre
"Ha! je sens mon coeur qui froidit... Emportez le aussi."

--Ravel

Three beautiful birds of paradise
(My love is gone to the war)
Three beautiful birds of paradise
Have passed this way.

The first was bluer than the sky
(My love has gone to the war)
The second was the color of snow
The third was red as vermillion.

"Beautiful little birds of paradise
(My love has gone to the war)
What do you bring here?"

"I carry an azure glance
(Your love has gone to the war)
And I must leave on a snow-white brow
A kiss, even purer."

"You red bird of paradise
(Your love has gone to the war)
What are you bringing me?"

"A loving heart, flushing crimson."
(Your love has gone to the war)
"Ah, I feel my heart growing cold . . .
Take that with you as well."

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these broken wings and learn to fly;
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to arise.

Blackbird singing in the dead of night
Take these sunken eyes and learn to see;
All your life
You were only waiting for this moment to be free.
Blackbird fly into the light of a dark black night.

--Lennon & McCartney
A Nightingale Sang in Berkeley Square

That certain night, the night we met
There was magic abroad in the air,
There were angels dining at the Ritz
And a nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

I may be right, I may be wrong,
But I’m perfectly willing to swear
That when we kissed and said goodbye
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

The moon that lingered over London town,
Poor puzzled moon, he wore a frown,
Oh how could he know we two were so in love!
The whole darn world seemed upside down.

The streets of town were paved with stars
It was such a romantic affair,
And as we kissed and said goodbye
A nightingale sang in Berkeley Square.

Bye bye Blackbird

Pack up all my care and woe,
Here I go, singin’ low.
Bye bye blackbird.

Where somebody waits for me,
Sugar’s sweet, so is she.
Bye bye blackbird.

No one here can love and understand me.
Oh, what hard luck stories they all hand me.

Make my bed and light the light;
I’ll arrive late tonight.
Blackbird, bye bye.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:

The Chamber Singers would like to thank Susan Brown and James Fitzwilliam for giving us support as our piano accompanists this semester. We are most grateful!
Skinner Hall of Music · Upcoming Events

Most concerts are free and open to the public | no reservations are required
Skinner Hall doors open 30 minutes before the performance

Thur., 11/30 · 7:30 PM - Vassar College Chamber Music Recital

Fri., 12/1 · 8:00 PM - Vassar College Jazz Ensemble & Combos

Sun., 12/3* · 7:00 PM - A Service of Lessons & Carols

The annual Advent service features readings, choral anthems, and congregational carols, culminating in a candle-lighting ceremony. Vassar College Choir, Chamber Singers, and Treble Chorus, as well as Cappella Festiva Chamber Choir and Cor Capriccio will perform. Christine Howlett, Drew Minter, and Laura Russell, *conductors

*Note Location: Vassar College Chapel

Visit online for detailed concert info & additional dates:

vassar.edu/music/concerts-events

If you would like to receive the Music Department's e-newsletter, *This Weekend in Skinner*, please contact concerts@vassar.edu