

THE DEPARTMENT OF MUSIC  
VASSAR COLLEGE

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# 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. 13 <sup>th</sup> c.
Foweles in the frith	Anon. 13 <sup>th</sup> c.
Par maintes foys Beatrix Postley, <i>soprano</i> , Isabel Granger, <i>alto</i> , Drew Minter <i>countertenor</i>	Jehan Vaillant, 14 <sup>th</sup> c.
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
Solingo augello Beatrix Postley, <i>soprano</i> , Maria Cusick, <i>soprano</i> , Christie Burnside, <i>alto</i> , Avery Duer, <i>alto</i> , Finley Greene, <i>bass</i>	de Monte
The Blue Bird Abbye Friedman, <i>soprano</i>	Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)

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 rossignol 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, oci, oci.  
oci, oci, oci, oci, oci.  
fi de li, fi de li, fi de li, fi.  
oci, oci, oci, oci, oci, oci.  
oci, oci, oci, fi, fi.  
fi du cucu qui d'amours veult parler."

Si vous suppli, ma tres douce alouette.  
que voz 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:  
"Oci, oci, oci, oci, oci, oci, oci, oci.  
oci seront qui nos vont guerroyant."

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 veult toujours au vert bocage,  
Aux champs voler et par tous autres lieux  
Sa liberté aimant mieux que sa cage.  
Mais le mien coeur, qui demeure en ostage  
Sous triste deuil qui le tient en ses lacs,  
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 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, 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 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 shield.

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 bloody 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, cueurs endormis,  
Le dieu d'amours vous sonne,  
À ce premier jour de may  
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 joye mis,  
Car la saison est bonne, Vous orrez, à mon  
advis, 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!  
Sainte teste 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 courtoys 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 devis,  
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,  
qui la ra, qui la ra, qui la ra,  
huit, huit, 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 ty 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, teo, teo,  
 teo,  
 tar, frian, frian, frian, frian, frian, frian, frian,  
 tycun, tycun, tycun, turry, turry, turry, quiby.  
 Trr, qui lara qui lara,  
 Et huit, huit, huit, huit,  
 quoi, 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, ti, fi, ti, frian, frian, frian, frian, fi,ti, tr,  
 qui lara, qui lara,  
 huit, huit, huit, huit,  
 tar, tar, tar, tar, tar, tar, tar, tar,  
 trr, trr, fir, trr, trr, trr, trr, qrr, qrr, qrr, vrr, vrr, fir,  
 vrr,  
 fir, fir, fir, fir, fir, fir, fir, fir,  
 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'êtes qu'un traistre,  
 Coucou, coucou, coucou, coucou,  
 Par tra-i-son, en chacun nid,  
 Pondez sans qu'on vous sonne,  
 Reveillez vous, cueurs endormiz, revillez vous,  
 Le dieu d'amours vous sonne.

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.

**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,  
 Amorososo, gentil, vago augelletto!  
 --Gio. Battista Guarini

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  
Alternata teco in not'alt'e 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 si sospira o geme;  
Et te s'un dolor preme  
Può ristorar un altro piacer vivo,  
Ma io d'ogni mio ben son casso e privo.  
--Pietro Bembo

**Solino augello**, se piangendo vai  
La tua perduta dolce compagna,  
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 che 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 pene.  
Gli occhi bagnati porto e'l viso chino  
E'l cor in doglia e l'alma fuor 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 rocks  
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  
(My 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](http://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](mailto:concerts@vassar.edu)