

Early Music Chamber Choir

Ryan Olsen
Music director
Dr. Gregory Gentry
Faculty sponsor
Dr. Catherine Saucier
Faculty sponsor

Soprano
Hannah Bentley
Alaya Kuntz
Kristen Larue
Dr. Catherine Saucier

Alto
Biruta Melessa
Naomi Schmidt
Naomi St. Amand
Cheryl Tucker

Tenor
Travis Clement
Rodale Cooley
Oscar Griffin
Josiah Hagstrom
Christopher Meade

Bass
Devon Howard
Thomas Kushibab
Mike Nesvold
Colby Picton
Cal Wei Yang

The Birds and the Bees

Early Music Chamber Choir

Ryan Olsen, *conductor*

Organ Hall
School of Music
Arizona State University
Thursday, October 22, 2009
7:30 p.m.

For more information about the ASU Choral Program and upcoming events, please visit <http://asu.edu/choirs>

Program
(to be selected from the following)

Of All the Birds John Barlet (fl. 1606-10)
Of all the birds that I do know, Phillip my sparrow hath no peer, for sit she high or sit she low; be she far off or be she near. There is no bird so fair, so fine, nor yet so fresh as this of mine. For when she once hath felt the fit:

Phillip will cry still: yet, yet, yet, yet...

Come in a morning merrily when Phillip hath been lately fed; or in an evening soberly, when Phillip list to go to bed. It is a heav'n to hear my Phipp, how she can chirp with merry lip. For when she once hath felt the fit:

Phillip will cry still: yet, yet, yet, yet...

She never wanders far abroad, but is at home when I do call; if I command she lays on low, with lips, with teeth, with tongue and all. She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheer, that I believe she hath no peer. For when she once hath felt the fit:

Phillip will cry still: yet, yet, yet, yet...

Cucu, cucu Juan del Encina (1468-1529/30)
Cuckoo, cuckoo! Be mindful of the bird's song. Friend, you must know that the best woman is constantly raging to be consoled by you. So, friend, you must keep on and never give up. If your woman leaves to piss she'll take your salt along with her.

Il est bel et bon Pierre Passereau (fl. 1509-47)
He is a good and handsome, my husband, I tell you, neighbor.

There were two women from the same region asking each other "What's your husband like?" He is good and handsome. He doesn't annoy me or beat me, he does the housework and feeds the chickens while I enjoy myself. I tell you, neighbor, it's a laugh when the chickens cluck: "Little coquette, cockle-doodle-do. What's this?"

Il bianco e dolce cigno Jacques Arcadelt (c. 1507-1568)
The white and gentle swan dies singing, and I weeping reach the end of my life. What strange and diverse fate that he dies unconsolated, and I die blessed. Death, which in dying fills me full of joy and desire. If in dying no other pain I feel with a thousand deaths a day I would be content.

Le Chant des oyseaux Clément Janequin (c. 1485-c.1558)
Wake up, sleepy hearts! The god of love is calling. Wake up and be joyful, for springtime has come. The birds in their delight do marvels with their song. Listen to their words. Open up your ears and [imitations of bird calls] what are you saying? The tiny little starling, the pretty little darling. Who's that down there? Pass on villain. Good God, it is time to go and have a drink. Starling of Paris,

wise, courteous, and experienced. Off to Mass, madam? To the sermon, mistress mine! To show off at Saint Trostin your breasts and your cute little face. [imitations of bird calls] Fly, master cuckoo, leave the premises, you will not be tolerated, for you are a traitor, cuckoo. By treachery in every nest you lay your eggs without permission. Wake up, sleepy hearts!

Sweet Honey Sucking Bees John Wilbye (1574-1638)
Sweet honey sucking bees, why do you still surfeit on roses, pinks, and violets, as if the choicest nectar lay in them where with you store your curious cabinets? Ah, make your flight to Melisuevia's lips; there may you revel in ambrosian cheer, where smiling roses and sweet lilies sit, keeping their Springtide graces all the year. Yet, sweet, take heed. All sweets are hard to get. Sting not her soft lips. O beware of that, for if one flaming dart come from her eye, was never dart so sharp, ah, then you die.

Sweet Suffolk Owl Thomas Vautour (fl. 1600-20)
Sweet Suffolk owl, so trimly dight with feathers like a lady bright. Thou sing'st alone, sitting by night, "Te whit, te whoo.." Thy not, that forth so freely roll, with shrill command the mouse controls, and sings a dirge for ding souls. "Te whit, te whoo..."

Ah Robin, gentle Robin William Cornysh (d. 1523)
Ah, Robin, gentle Robin, tell me how thy leman doth and thou shalt know of mine. My lady is unkind, iwis, alac, why is it so? She lov'th another better than me an yet she will say no. Ah, Robin... I cannot think such doubleness for I find women true; in faith my lady lov'th me well; she will change for no new. Ah, Robin...

The Silver Swan Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)
The silver Swan, who living had no Note, when death approached unlocked her silent throat, leaning her breast against the reedy shore, thus sung her first and last and sung no more. Farewell all joys, O death come close mine eyes. More Geese than Swans now live, more fools than wise.

El Grillo Josquin Desprez (c.1450-1521)
The cricket is a good singer, he can sing very long. He sings all the time. But he isn't like the other birds. If they've sung a little bit they go somewhere else. The cricket remains where he is when the heat is very fierce. Then he sings only for love.