



Houston Friends of Music  
*The* Shepherd School of Music

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*Music*  
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1995  
1996



*presenting*

# QUINK

Machteld van Woerden, soprano

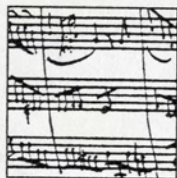
Marjolein Koetsier, soprano

Corrie Pronk, alto

Harry van Berne, tenor

Kees-Jan de Koning, bass

Quink appears by arrangement with Joanne Rile Artists Management, Inc.



*Thirty-sixth Season—Seventh Concert*

# QUINK

Stude Concert Hall

Alice Pratt Brown Hall

Rice University

February 27, 1996

8:00 p.m.

## PROGRAM

Nicholas Gombert  
(1490-1556)

Tote pulchra es  
J'ai congé pris  
C'est a grand tort  
Dulcis amica Dei  
Triste départ

Orlandus Lassus  
(1532-1594)

Matona mia cara  
Mon coeur  
Jubilate Deo  
Justorum Animae  
Christus resurgens

Claudio Monteverdi  
(1567-1643)

Lamento d'Arianna  
Lasciate me morire  
O Teseo mio  
Dove, dove e la fede  
Ahi, che non pur risponde!

## INTERMISSION

Francis Poulenc  
(1899-1963)

Salve regina  
Petites Voix  
La petite fille sage  
Le chien perdu  
En rentrant de l'école  
Le petit garçon malade  
Le herisson

Maurice Ravel  
(1875-1937)

Trois Chansons  
Nicolette  
Trois beaux oiseaux du paradis  
Ronde

Folksong and close harmony arrangements

Photographing and sound recording are prohibited.  
We further request that audible paging devices not be used during performances.  
Paging arrangements may be made with the ushers.

If it is anticipated that tickets will not be used, subscribers are encouraged to turn them in for resale.  
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**KUHF88.7FM**

The radio voice of Houston Friends of Music.



## TRANSLATIONS

### Gombert, *Tote pulchra es*

You are perfectly beautiful, my (girl)friend; no stains will be found on you; come down from the Lebanon, my dove, come and beautify yourself with a crown.

### Gombert, *J'ai congé pris*

I was dismissed without deserving it. Because of that I feel full of perplexity, for I have lost my mistress forever. Because of her virtues she was worthy of being a princess—if only she had not lacked charity.

### Gombert, *C'est a grand tort*

It is very unjust that I am in such misery and that I am done such great wrong; worse than being without a mistress is the suffering that causes me so much trouble.

### Gombert, *Dulcis amica Dei*

Lovely friend of the Lord, flowering and graceful rose, you will be my remembrance when the hour of death has come.

### Gombert, *Triste départ*

Grievous departure has put me in anguish; my body was colder than marble ever will be; numbed by mourning and withered like a tree, my face has lost all color.

### Lassus, *Matona mia cara*

My dear lady, this nice [German] soldier wants to sing a song under your window. Don, diri don. I beg you to listen to me because I sing as best I can, and I love you as Greek wine loves a capon. When I go hunting with the falcon, I will bring you snipes, fat as kidneys. If I cannot speak in beautiful sentences, it's that I don't know Petrarch nor the spring of Helicon. If you love me, I won't be a slacker, I'll kiss you all night and dance like a ram.

### Lassus, *Mon coeur*

My heart recommends itself to you, full of misery and torment. In spite of jealousy, let me say goodbye to you. My mouth, that knew how to smile and speak graciously, now only knows how to curse those who banished me from your eyes.

### Lassus, *Jubilare Deo*

Let all the earth rejoice in God; serve him with gladness; enter his presence with joy, for the Lord is God indeed.

### Lassus, *Iustorum animae*

The souls of the just are in the hands of God, and the torment of death shall not touch them; in the sight

of the unwise they seem to die, but they are at peace.

### Lassus, *Christus resurgens*

Christ, rising from the dead, now does not die; death will no longer be master over him; because he died, he died to sin once; but that he lives to God, Alleluia.

### Monteverdi, *Lamento d'Arianna*

Let me die! Because who do you want to comfort me in such a hard fate, in such great torment.

Oh, my Theseus, still I want to call you mine; you are mine indeed, even when you disappear from my eyes, oh cruel one! Turn, my Theseus, oh God! Turn back and stay with her who left the land of her father for you, her, whose naked bones will rest here on these beaches, where she is prey for ferocious, cruel beasts. Oh, my Theseus, if you knew, oh God, how poor Ariadne is in distress, maybe you would put the ship about back to the shore, repentant. But with clear winds, you sail contented, and I am the one crying; for you Athens prepares superb feasts, and I stay here, food for beasts on the lonely strand. You will happily embrace your old parents, and I will never see you again, oh mother, oh father.

Where is the fidelity you swore to me? Is this the way you put me on the high throne of your forefathers? Is this the crown with which you want to adorn my hair? Is this the scepter? These the gems and gold? To leave me to my fate, until a beast of prey tears me and devours me—ah, my Theseus, will you let her die, weeping in vain, crying for help in vain, that unfortunate Ariadne, who trusted herself to you and who gave you life and glory?

Ah, still he does not answer! Ah, he is more deaf than a snake to my complaints! Oh clouds, tornadoes, winds, submerge him in the waves! Hurry, you orcs and whales, and plunge this unclean and impious body into the whirlpool! What am I saying, ah, what am I raving, oh unhappy me! What am I asking? Oh my Theseus, it was not I that spoke these loose words; it was my fear, my sadness, yes, it was my tongue that spoke, but not my heart.

### Poulenc, *Petites Voix* (text by Madeleine Ley)

#### *La petite fille sage*

The good little girl comes home from school with her bag. She sets the table with the plates and the heavy glasses. And then she washes at the pump in the courtyard without spotting her apron. And while her little brother sleeps in his cradle, she sits on the worn stone to look at the evening star.

#### *Le chien perdu*

Who are you, stranger? Who are you, lost dog?

You dream, you slumber—perhaps you would like me to scratch you there behind your ears, sweet dog lying on the pavement, who lifts a white and black gaze toward me. Who are you, stranger, lost dog?

### *En rentrant de l'école*

Coming home from school by a lonely road, I saw the moon behind the black trees. It was round and clear and brilliant in the air . . . Coming home from school by a lonely road, have you ever heard the flying screech owl and the sweet nightingale?

### *Le petit garçon malade*

The little sick boy doesn't want to look at pictures any more; he shuts his tired eyes; he lets his warm hands drag over the covers. His mother opens the window and the white curtain blows gently out over the street in the May night. He hears the other children hopping on the sidewalk, shouting. Then, weeping silently, he buries his face in the crook of his little arm.

### *Le herisson*

When Papa found a hedgehog he brought it home. We gave him warm milk in a saucer. He wouldn't uncurl himself when he heard us talking, but if we left the kitchen he would lift his sly head, and if I kept quiet for a while, I could hear him drinking softly.

### *Ravel, Trois Chansons*

#### *Nicolette*

Nicolette, at eventide, went into the fields to gather some daisies, jonquils, and lilies, skipping and sprightly, peering here, there, and everywhere. She met a growling wolf, all shaggy, with shining eyes: "Hello, Nicolette, are you going to your grandmother's?" Breathlessly, Nicolette fled, leaving behind her cap and white clogs. She met a handsome page, with blue hose and grey doublet: "Hello, Nicolette, would you like a sweetheart?" Wisely she turned away, poor Nicolette, very slowly, sore at heart. Then she met a grey-haired lord, twisted, ugly, smelly, and big-bellied: "Hello, Nicolette, do you want all these coins?" Quickly she ran to his arms, good Nicolette, and never went back to the fields again.

#### *Trois beaux oiseaux du paradis*

Three lovely birds of paradise (my love has gone to war), three lovely birds of paradise flew by. The first was bluer than the sky, the second as white as snow, the third vermilion red. "Oh beautiful birds of paradise, what do you bring?" "I bring a glance of azure blue, and I on your snow-white forehead must place a kiss even purer." "And you, red bird of paradise, what do you bring?" "A heart all crimson red." "Ah, I feel my heart, growing cold, says—take it also."

#### *Ronde*

Do not go into the woods of Ormonde, girls, do not go into the woods: they are filled with satyrs, cen-

taurs, sly sorcerers, elves and incubi, ogres, sprites, fauns, will-o'-the-wisps, lamias, devils, devilettes, imps, goat-footed creatures, gnomes, werewolves, elves, myrmidons, enchanters and magicians, vampires, sylphs, defrocked monks, cyclopes, djinns, goblin, korrigans, necromancers, kobolds . . .

Do not go into the woods of Ormonde, boys, do not go into the woods: they are full of faunesses, bacchantes and wicked fairies, satyresses, ogresses, and babayagas, centaureses and she-devils, ghouls who come out on the Sabbath, female goblins and demons, phantoms, nymphs, myrmidons, hamadryads, dryads, naiads, menads, tyades, will-o'-the-wisps, lemurs, gnomes, succubae, gorgons, goblins . . .

*The girls:* We'll go no more to the woods of Ormonde: there are no more satyrs, no more goblins . . . The misled old women, the misled old men, have scared them all away.

*The boys:* Alas! Never more will we go to the woods: no more nymphs are there, no wicked fairies . . . The old women, the old men, have scared them all away—Ah!



### **Quink**

After a successful debut in the 1978 Holland Festival, Quink emerged as an outstanding professional ensemble. The *New York Times* has praised their "elegant phrasing, impeccable intonation, and purity of tone." The five singers, who are also active as soloists and recitalists, are at home in many areas of the capella repertoire, from Renaissance madrigals to contemporary music. As a finalist in the national competition of the Netherlands, Quink was invited to concertize with the King's Singers, the Hilliard Ensemble, and the Deller Consort. The group is regularly invited to international music festivals, and is frequently heard on radio and television in Europe. Since their first U.S. tour in 1985, Quink has held residencies at Dartmouth and the University of Massachusetts at Amherst. They have recorded works by Britten and Byrd, Italian and English madrigals, and international folksongs on the Etcetera, CBS, and Telarc labels.

