

*THE GOLDEN AGE OF ENGLISH
POETRY & SONG*

✕ *ÆDE CONSORT* ✕



FRIDAY MARCH 20, 2009 7:00PM
CHURCH OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT
607 CENTRAL AVENUE
ALBANY, NEW YORK

Program

Selections from *First Book of Songes* (1597)

John Dowland (1563 – 1626)

- 12. Rest a while, you cruel cares
- 3. My thoughts are winged with hopes
- 2. Who ever thinks or hopes of love for love
- 7. Dear, if you change

From *The Division-Violist* (London, 1659)

Christopher Simpson (c.1605–1669)

Untitled [Ground & Divisions in G major]

Selections from *First Book of Songes*

Dowland

- 9. Go crystal tears
- 18. His golden locks
- 5. Can she excuse my wrongs

The Earl of Essex, his galliard (anonymous setting)

Dowland

A Sad Pavan for these Distracted Times

Thomas Tomkins (1572 – 1656)

When David heard

Tomkins

~Intermission~

Hark, all ye lovely Saints above

Thomas Weelkes (1576 – 1623)

The Silver Swan

Orlando Gibbons (1583 – 1625)

Too much I once lamented

Tomkins

From *The Division-Violist*

Simpson

Prelude [in D major]

Selections from *First Book of Songes*

Dowland

- 20. Come heavy Sleep
- 14. All ye, whom Love or Fortune
- 21. Away with these self-loving lads
- 16. Would my conceit
- 17. Come again: Sweet love doth now invite

Texts

Rest awhile, you cruel cares,

Rest awhile, you cruel cares,
Be not more severe than love.
Beauty kills and beauty spares,
And sweet smiles sad sighs remove.
Laura, fair queen of my delight,
Come grant me love in love's despite,
And if I ever fail to honour thee,
Let this heavenly light I see,
Be as dark as hell to me.

If I speak, my words want weight,
Am I mute, my heart doth break,
If I sigh, she fears deceit,
Sorrow then for me must speak:
Cruel, unkind, with favour view
The wound that first was made by you:
And if my torments feigned be,
Let this heavenly light I see,
Be as dark as hell to me.

Never hour of pleasing rest
Shall revive my dying ghost,
Till my soul hath repossess'd
The sweet hope which love hath lost:
Laura, redeem the soul that dies,
By fury of thy murdering eyes:
And if it proves unkind to thee,
Let this heavenly light I see,
Be as dark as hell to me.

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes

John Schreiner, tenor

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with love.
Mount, Love, unto the moon in clearest night
And say, as she doth in the heavens move,
In earth, so wanes and waxeth my delight.
And whisper this but softly in her ears,
Hope oft doth hang the head and Trust shed tears.

And you my thoughts that some mistrust do carry,
If for mistrust my mistress do you blame,
Say though you alter, yet you do not vary,
As she doth change and yet remain the same.
Distrust doth enter hearts but not in feet,
And love is sweetest seasoned with suspect.

If she for this, with clouds do mask her eyes,
And make the heavens dark with her disdain,
With windy sighs, disperse them in the skies,
Or with thy tears dissolve them into rain;
Thoughts, hopes, and love, return to me no more
Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

—George Clifford,
3rd Earl of Cumberland (1558-1606)

Who ever thinks or hopes of love for love:

Sabrina Elyse Manna, soprano

Who ever thinks or hopes of love for love:
Or who, belov'd, in Cupid's laws doth glory:
Who joys in vows, or vows not to remove:
Who by this light god hath not been made sorry:
Let him see me eclipsed from my sun,
With dark clouds of an earth quite over-run.

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidden,
Or humble faith in constant honour arm'd
Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidden,
Who thinks that change is by entreaty charm'd,
Looking on me let him know, love's delights
Are treasures hid in caves, but kept by sprites.

—Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke (1554-1628)

Dear, if you change

Ann Marie Grathwol, mezzo-soprano

Dear, if you change I'll never choose again.
Sweet, if you shrink I'll never think of love.
Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain.
Wise, if too weak, moe wits I'll never prove.
Dear, Sweet, Fair, Wise, change, shrink, nor be not weak:
And, on my faith, my faith shall never break.

Earth with flowers shall sooner heav'n adorn,
Heav'n her bright stars through earth's dim globe
shall move,
Fire heat shall lose, and frost of flames be born,
Air made to shine as black as hell shall prove:
Earth, Heaven, Fire, Air, the world transform'd shall view,
Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you.

Go crystal tears, like to the morning show'rs

Go crystal tears, like to the morning show'rs,
And sweetly weep into thy lady's breast.
And as the dew revives the drooping flow'rs,
So let your drops of pity be address'd,
To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,
Which sleeps too sound whilst I from her depart.

Haste, restless sighs, and let your burning breath
Dissolve the ice of her indurate heart,
Whose frozen rigour, like forgetful Death,
Feels never any touch of my desert:
Yet sighs and tears to her I sacrifice,
Both from a spotless heart and patient eyes.

His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd.

Jim Crum, bass-baritone

His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd.
O Time too swift, Oh swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst Time and Age hath ever spurn'd,
But spurn'd in vain; youth waneth by increasing.
Beauty, strength, youth are flowers but fading seen:
Duty, faith, love are roots and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,
And lover's sonnets turn to holy psalms:
A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,
And feed on prayers which are Age's alms.
But though from Court to cottage he depart,
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,
Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well,
Curst be the soul that think her any wrong.
Goddess, allow this aged man his right,
To be your bedesman now that was your knight.
—George Peele (1556 – 1596)

Can she excuse my wrongs

Stephen Piwowski, bass

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?
Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?

No, no: where shadows do for bodies stand,
Thou may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.
Cold love is like to words written on sand,
Or to bubbles which on the water swim.

Wilt thou be thus abused still,
Seeing that she will right thee never?
If thou canst not overcome her will,
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Was I so base, that I might not aspire
Unto those high joys which she holds from me?
As they are high, so high is my desire:
If she this deny what can be granted be?

If she will yield to that which Reason is,
It is Reason's will that Love should be just.
Dear make me happy still by granting this,
Or cut off delays if that I die must.

Better a thousand times to die,
then for to live thus still tormented:
Dear, but remember it was I
Who for thy sake did die contented.

When David heard

When David heard that Absalom was slain, he went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and thus he said, "O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!"

—II Samuel 18, vs. 33

Hark, all ye lovely saints above

Hark, all ye lovely saints above,
Diana hath agreed with Love,
His fiery weapon to remove. Fa la.
Do you not see How they agree?
Then cease, fair ladies; why weep ye? Fa la.

See, see, your mistress bids you cease,
And welcome Love, with love's increase;
Diana hath procured your peace. Fa la.
Cupid hath sworn His bow forlorn
To break and burn, ere ladies mourn. Fa la.

The Silver Swan

The Silver Swan, who living, had no note,
When death approach'd, unlock'd 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."

Too much I once lamented,

Too much I once lamented,
while love my heart tormented,
fa la la la.
Alas, and ay me,
sat I wringing,
now chanting go, and singing,
fa la la la.

Come heavy sleep

Dan Foster, tenor

Come, heavy Sleep, the image of true Death;
And close up these my weary weeping eyes:
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,
And tears my heart with Sorrow's sigh-swoll'n cries:
Com and possess my tired thoughts-worn soul,
That living dies, till thou on me bestole.

Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
Allied to Death, child to black-face'd Night:
Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast,
Whose waking fancies doe my mind affright.
O come sweet Sleep; come or I die ever:
Come ere my last sleep comes, or come never.

All ye, whom Love or Fortune hath betrayed

Mary Abba-Gleason, mezzo-soprano

All ye, whom Love or Fortune hath betrayed;
All ye, that dream of bliss but live in grief;
All ye, whose hopes are evermore delay'd;
All ye, whose sighs or sickness wants relief;
Lend ears and tears to me, most hapless man,
That sings my sorrows like the dying swan.

Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,
Pain that presents sad care in outward view,
Both tyrant-like enforce me to complain;
But still in vain: for none my complaints will rue.
Tears, sighs and ceaseless cries alone I spend:
My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

Away with these self-loving lads,

David F. Loy, baritone

Away with these self-loving lads,
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads.
Away poor souls, that sigh and weep,
In love of those that lie and sleep,
For Cupid is a meadow God,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

God Cupid's shaft, like destiny,
Doth either good or ill decree:
Desert is born out of his bow,
Reward upon his foot doth go.
What fools are they that have not known
That Love like no laws but his own?

My songs that be of Cynthia's praise
I wear her rings on holidays,
On every tree I write her name,
And ev'ry day I read the same:
Where Honour, Cupid's rival is
There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree.
If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then well fare nothing once a year:
For many run, but one must win,
Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love, Which is the bow of Love;
And love as well the for'ster can
As can the mighty nobleman:
Sweet saint, 'tis true you worthy be,
Yet without love naught worth to me.

Would my conceit

Alla Lyubezhanina, soprano

Would my conceit, that first enforc'd my woe,
Or else mine eyes which still the same increase,
Might be extinct, to end my sorrows so,
Which now are such as nothing can release:
Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of sour,
And eke whose hell reneweth ev'ry hour.

Each hour amidst the deep of hell I fry,
Each hour I waste and wither where I sit:
But that sweet hour wherein I wish to die,
My hope alas may not enjoy it yet,
Whose hope is such, bereaved of the bliss,
Which unto all save me allotted is.

To all save me is free to live or die,
To all save me remaineth hap or hope,
But all perforce, I must abandon, I,
Sith Fortune still directs my hap a-slope,
Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,
But to my thralls I yield, for so I must.

Come again! sweet love doth now invite

Come again:
Sweet love doth now invite,
Thy graces that refrain,
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again
That I may cease to mourn,
Through thy unkind disdain:
For now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
In deadly pain and endless misery.

All the day
The sun that lends me shine,
By frowns doth cause me pine,
And feeds me with delay,
Her smiles my springs, that makes my joy to grow,
Her frowns the Winters of my woe:

All the night
My sleeps are full of dreams,
My eyes are full of streams.
My heart takes no delight,
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,
And mark the stormes are me assign'd.

Out alas,
My faith is ever true,
Yet will she never rue,
Nor yield me any grace:
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom tears, nor truth may once invade.

Gentle Love
Draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart;
For I, that do approve
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,
Did tempt while she for triumphs laughs.



Along with the impressive English vocal tradition came an equally impressive school of keyboard writing, for the organ or harpsichord (“virginals”), already developed in Henrician times and reaching its full expression during the reigns of Elizabeth and the first two Stuart kings. This music consisted of elaborate plainsong settings, fantasies and voluntaries, variations on popular melodies, and dances, of which the most frequently found are the pavan and galliard. Four composers appear today to have stood at the forefront of this literature: William Byrd, John Bull, Orlando Gibbons, and Thomas Tomkins. The first three of these died in the 1620s, but Tomkins continued writing fugues, plainsong settings, and dances, even during the music-hating commonwealth, up to his death at 84 in 1656.

The stately, elegant pavan had been used by many composers as a memorial or funerary offering, and Tomkins dedicated three of his pavans to people associated with the royalist cause: Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford (1641), William Laud, Archbishop of Canterbury (1645), and Charles Stuart, the king himself (1649). The *Sad Pavan for these distracted times* was written sixteen days after Charles’s beheading, and was the composer’s meditation on the king, whose execution was one more step in the dismantling of the churchly way of life in which Tomkins had lived for his whole life and which was his career. A person of Tomkins’s formidable intellect could not be unaware of the negative aspects of these figures, as well as the positive zeal with which they supported the church and the kingdom; however, they represented to him the essence and meaning of his life and faith, and their passing required from him a tribute of honor and dignity.

Pavans almost always have three sections or “strains,” each being repeated, usually in highly varied form. Tomkins occasionally writes out his variations in the elaborate style of the period, but for a few of his pavans, including this one, he did not. I have ventured to add varied repeats in his style, giving the piece added dimension and impressiveness. As for the title, the word “sad” should not be thought of as denoting mourning, but more in the seventeenth-century sense of a resigned acceptance of the inevitable.

The galliard, a vigorous dance in triple time, is also normally to be found in three strains. Dowland’s song “Can she excuse my wrongs” is formally and rhythmically a galliard (Dowland published it in 1603 as “The Earl of Essex, his galliard” at the time of the execution of Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, for treason), and the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book contains an anonymous setting of the song as a harpsichord piece, again without repeated strains although the song has them. Here also I have supplied decorations, retaining the interesting rhythmical ambiguity of the original. – William Carragan

Special Thanks

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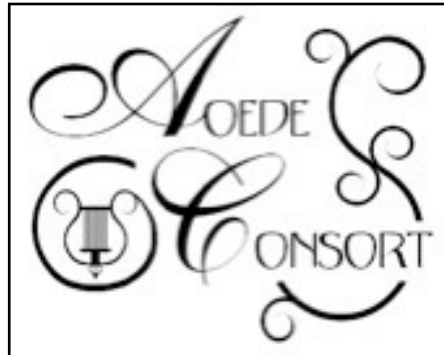
Aoede Consort

Sopranos

Alla Lyubezhanina
Sabrina Manna

Tenors

Dan Foster
John Schreiner



Altos

Mary Abba-Gleason
Ann Marie Grathwol

Basses

Jim Crum
David F. Loy
Stephen Piwowarski

André Laurent O'Neil, viola da gamba
William Carragan, harpsichord

Dan Foster, director

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Henry Purcell—*Dido & Aeneas*

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Chapin Hall, Williams College
Williamstown, Massachusetts

Baroque Masters: Handel & Lully

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St. Patrick's Church
515 19th Street Watervliet NY

Named after the Greek muse of song, Aoede Consort [ay-uh-dee] is dedicated to the preservation and furtherance of the choral arts. Through the performance of masterpieces from antiquity to the present day, community outreach and education, Aoede Consort seeks to present the highest standards of vocal performance and aims to bring a deeper understanding and appreciation for choral music to the community. Be sure to check our website or email us for information on future performances.

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