



PRESENTS

EMMA KIRKBY, SOPRANO & JACOB LINDBERG, LUTE

Tuesday, 27 October 2009 at 7:30 ■ Wisconsin Lutheran College ■ Milwaukee, WI

## Orpheus in England - Dowland and Purcell

Celebrating the 350th Anniversary of Purcell's Birth

### John Dowland (1563-1626)

Come heavy sleep  
Shall I strive with words to move?  
A shepherd in a shade  
By a fountain where I lay  
Away with these self-loving lads  
Lachrimae  
Earl of Essex' galliard  
Come ye heavy states of night  
Farewell unkind, farewell  
Prelude  
Fantasia  
Toss not my soul  
In darkness let me dwell

### *Interval*

### Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

She loves and she confesses too  
They tell us that you mighty pow'rs above  
Sweeter than roses  
What a sad fate is mine  
Bess of Bedlam

Six short pieces for Lute (arranged by J. Lindberg):

*Cebell*  
*Ritornell "The Grove"*  
*A New Irish Measure*  
*A New Ground*  
*Hornpipe*  
*A New Scottish Measure*

Fly swift ye hours  
Music for a while



# NOTES ON THE PROGRAM

## ORPHEUS IN ENGLAND

music of Dowland and Purcell

### 10-course Renaissance lute by Sixtus Rauwolf, Augsburg c. 1590

In 1991 Jakob Lindberg bought a very rare lute in an auction at Sotheby's in London. A brandmark identifies the maker as Sixtus Rauwolf, a prolific luthier who lived and worked in Augsburg. Only four other lutes by him are known to have survived; one is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, one in the Claudius Collection in Copenhagen, one in a private collection in England and one in the Fugger Museum in Augsburg. Jakob Lindberg's instrument is from c.1590 and has been carefully restored by the two lute makers, Michael Lowe and Stephen Gottlieb, and by the violinmaker and restorer David Munro. Dendrochronology (a method of dating wooden objects which involves examining the tree-rings) confirms that the soundboard is original and dates the wood to 1418-1560. This instrument is thus, to our knowledge, the oldest lute in playable condition with its original soundboard.

Thomas Campion, in his preface to John Rosseter's Book of Airs of 1601 famously defined the ideal English Air as "short and well-seasoned" deploring the current fashion for songs "bated with fugue and chained with syncopation." This is likely to refer to the work of **John Dowland**, whose First Book of Songs, published initially in 1597, was a huge success and already by 1600 in the first of four reprints. Dowland was famous all over northern Europe for his playing as well as his compositions. He spent several years in Copenhagen on a huge salary at the court of King Christian the Fourth, and another of his patrons, Moritz, Landgraf of Hesse, dubbed him "der Engländer Orpheus." His music travelled further than he did, even to Sweden and Russia. His style is indeed more complex than that of Campion and Rosseter. While they chose to set the poems plainly, with simple chordal accompaniment, in a sort of enhanced speech delivery, Dowland, who had spent some years of his youth in France, was probably aiming at the effect celebrated by some of the French Academicians as a sort of alchemical magic, the text and the music combining in such a way as to raise the listener to a higher level of enraptured awareness. This is in no way lessened by the predominantly melancholy tone of Dowland's songs (well represented in tonight's selection!). Melancholy was his artistic persona - hence the title of his famous Pavan **Semper Dowland, semper dolens** ("Dowland is always grieving") and the even more famous **Lachrimae** which, we are told, was published in eight capital cities of Europe - but one should not draw too many literal conclusions from this about a man whom one contemporary described as "living a life of lawful merriment." **The Earl of Essex' Galliard** uses virtuosic cross-rhythms to reflect the wordplay that was the trademark of that dazzling courtier, a great favourite of Queen Elizabeth, (until his mad arrogance had to be stopped at the scaffold in 1601). In its third section we hear a popular folk tune, "shall we go walk the woods so wild?"

Tonight's selection of songs begins with vintage melancholy in **Come heavy sleep** with its typically emblematic first phrase. In these brief pieces not a bar is wasted. **Shall I strive with words to move?** was named in an instrumental source as "Henry Nowell's Galliard," after a young man at the Court whose dancing the queen liked so much she called him her "Bonny Boots." (Since she was famous for "dancing six galliards daily before breakfast" this was quite a compliment.) Henry Nowell died tragically young; it is not known whether the tender yearning love-lyric was his, or whether it was added later, but it seems to end on a hopeful note.

The courtiers, like their counterparts elsewhere in Europe, loved to play at shepherds and nymphs, taking from the Classical world of Arcadia the notion of song contests in that pristine world of golden innocence. The ultimate nymph was of course the Virgin Queen herself, subject of many a joyful homage (**By a fountain where I lay**). Her ultra-refined nobles could fashion pastoral laments to her (**A shepherd in a shade**), or even cheekily tease her (as Cynthia in **Away with these self-loving lads**).

The master of melancholy was anything but monochrome; Burton's widely circulated book *The Anatomy of Melancholy* specified at least four types of this fashionable "fin-de-siècle" condition, from the highest, that of the contemplative philosopher, to the absurd lowest, that of the moaning lover, and Dowland's songs embody all shades in between. Tonight's programme features, beside the lovesick shepherd, a bereaved daughter (**Come ye heavy states of night**), the bittersweet song of the runaway maiden (**Farewell unkind farewell** - could this be Jessica's farewell to Shylock?), a beautifully worldweary philosopher (**Toss not my soul**) and, finally, the epitome of melancholic genius **In darkness let me dwell**, a piece still in our era shocking in its modernity.

Henry Purcell's short but golden career is well known to today's music lovers. He worked in a period of euphoria: alongside the monarchy, the Restoration brought back dramatic and musical performances, and there were fine groups of singers and

instrumentalists available in court, church and theatre. In the minimal medium of solo song Purcell left pieces of an astonishing range in style and function, setting a wide variety of lyrics. One of his consummate and characteristic skills was that of the “ground” (repeating bass line) of which there are three tonight: **She loves and she confesses too**, on Abraham Cowley’s witty lyric of wily seduction: **What a sad fate is mine**, in which a typical moaning lover’s lament is deliciously coloured with “blue note” dissonances: and the amazing **Music for a while** (see below). There is plenty of melancholy here too; no surprise, since sad songs are the ones that most surely move the listener (why else, in the last scene of Purcell’s *Fairy Queen*, does King Oberon mark the joyful marriage-day by asking the nymph Sylvia for a favourite song – The Plaint or “Nay let me weep for ever”?). **They tell us that you mighty powers above**, from *The Indian Queen*, deals with lovesickness but in sweetly lilting music to shed some calm on a turbulent scene. **Sweeter than Roses** tells of that rarity, a successful love; it in fact an extended rhapsody on the effect of a single kiss, and one has to hope the singer will go on to taste some more. By contrast, in **Bess of Bedlam**, published in the posthumous anthology *Orpheus Britannicus* as ‘a single song’, random changes of mood and tempo give us the poignant portrait of a bereaved lover driven mad with grief and, either in mind or in fact, already dead and dwelling in the underworld

**Fly swift ye hours**, published in *Orpheus Britannicus* as ‘a single song’ is a bravura piece; the lover, dreaming of his Belvedera, bids time go faster for him in flurries of semiquavers, alternates these with sad and luscious recitative, and ends in tender resignation to his fate. On the scale of melancholic utterances this comes fairly low, because we sense in the last phrases a certain confidence that the beauty of this declaration will woo the lady at last.

We end with the enduring **Music for a while**. This amazing piece, originally sung as part of the grim tragedy of Oedipus, has been cherished for centuries as a paean to the power of music to challenge even death.

### **The Mary Burwell lute tutor of 1660**

<http://www.lutesandguitars.co.uk/htm/cat06.htm>

This well-known manuscript tutor for the eleven-course baroque lute was published in facsimile in 1974 by Boethius Press. The book was written either by Mary Burwell (born in 1654, married in 1672) or by her mother Elizabeth (1613–1678); it is possible that the lute teacher whose comments are transcribed was John Rogers, who taught the lute in London.

There are several comments concerning the lute, and some echo Mace’s remarks in *Musick’s Monument* (1676). The following remark, quoted from the first paragraph of the 2nd Chapter of the *Mary Burwell Lute Tutor* (c. 1660–72, page 3), titled *Of The Increase of the Lute and its Shape*, makes very interesting reading:

“ . . . besides all Bolonia Lutes are in the shape of a pare and those are the best Lutes but there goodness is not attributed to there figure but to their antiquity; to the Skill of those Lutemakers to the quality of the wood and seasoning of it and to the varnishing of it. The Bolonia Lutes are knowne by there shape and varnish which is darkish red. Laux Mauller and Hunts Frith have beene the twoe cheifest Lutemakers that have lived at Bolonia who have rendered there names immortall by the melodious sound of that famous Instrument and will still make them resound through all the earth as long as it will please God to mainteyne the harmony of the universe. The lute being like an ocean that cannot be emptied but is full of so much riches that the more we take from it the more remains to take.“

Mary Burwell Lute Tutor c.1670

# PROGRAM TEXTS

## **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 soul with sorrow's sigh-swollen cries.  
Come and possess my tired thoughts worn soul  
That living dies till thou on me be stole.

Come, shadow of my end and shape of rest,  
Allied to death, child to his black-faced night,  
Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast,  
Whose waking fancies do my mind affright.  
O come sweet sleep, come, or I die for ever,  
Come ere my last sleep comes or come never.

*Anon*

## **Shall I strive with words to move,**

When deeds receive not due regard?  
Shall I speak, and neither please,  
Nor be freely heard?  
Grief alas, though all in vain,  
Her restless anguish may reveal;  
She alone my wounds shall know,  
Though she will not heal.  
All woes have end, though a while delayed,  
Our passion proving;  
Oh, that time's strange effects  
Could but make her loving!  
Storms calm at last, and why may not she  
Leave off her frowning?  
Oh, sweet Love, help her hands,  
My affection crowning!  
I wooed her, I loved her, and none but her admire;  
Oh come, dear love, and answer my desire!

*Anon (/Sir Henry Noell?)*

## **A shepherd in a shade** his plaining made

Of love and lovers' wrong,  
Unto the fairest lass that trod on grass  
And thus began his song:  
"Since Love and fortune will, I honour still  
Thy fair and lovely eye:  
What conquest will it be, sweet nymph, to thee  
If I for sorrow die?  
Restore, restore my heart again  
Which Love by thy sweet looks hath slain,  
Lest that enforced by your disdain I sing  
Fie, fie on love, it is a foolish thing.

My heart where have you laid, O cruel maid?  
To kiss when you might save,  
Why have ye cast it forth as nothing worth,  
Without a tomb or grave?  
O let it be intombed and lie  
In your sweet mind and memory,  
Lest I resound on every warbling string,  
Fie, fie on love, that is a foolish thing."

*Anon*

## **By a fountain where I lay**

All blessed be that blessed day!  
By the glimmering of the sun,  
O never be that shining done!  
When I might see alone  
My true love's fairest one,  
Love's delight,  
Love's clear sight,  
No world's eyes can clearer see -  
A fairer sight none, none can be.

Fair with garlands all addressed,  
Was never nymph more fairly blest,  
Blessed in the highest degree,  
So may she ever blessed be,  
Came to this fountain near  
With such a smiling cheer,  
Such a face,  
Such a grace,  
Happy, happy eyes that see  
Such a heavenly sight as she.

Then I forthwith took my pipe,  
Which I all fair and clean did wipe,  
And upon a heavenly ground,  
All in the grace of beauty found,  
Played this roundelay:  
"Welcome fair Queen of May,  
Sing, sweet air,  
Welcome fair,  
Welcome be the shepherds' Queen,

The glory of all our green.

*Anon*

## **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 feet doth go:  
What fools are they that cannot own  
That Love likes no laws but his own!

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,  
I wear her rings on holidays,  
On every tree I write her name,  
And every day I read the same:  
Where honour Cupid's rival is,  
There miracles are born 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 welfare 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 softer can,  
As can the mighty nobleman:  
Sweet Saint, tis true you worthy be,  
Yet without love nought worth to me.  
*Anon*

### **Come ye heavy states of night**

Do my father's spirit right;  
Soundings baleful let me borrow,  
Burdening my song with sorrow;  
Come, sorrow, come: her eyes that sings  
By thee are turned into springs.

Come, ye virgins of the night  
That in dirges sad delight;  
Quire my anthems; I do borrow  
Gold nor pearl, but sounds of sorrow;  
Come, sorrow, come..  
*Anon*

**Farewell unkind farewell**, to me no more a father,  
Since my heart, my heart holds my love most dear.  
The wealth which thou dost reap another's hand must gather,  
Though my heart, my heart still lies buried there.  
Then farewell, then farewell, O farewell,  
Welcome, my love, welcome, my joy forever.

'Tis not the vain desire of human fleeting beauty,  
Makes my mind to live through my means do die.  
Nor do I Nature wrong, though I forget my duty:  
Love not in the blood but in the spirit doth lie.  
Then farewell, then farewell, O farewell,  
Welcome, my love, welcome, my joy forever. *Anon*

**Toss not my soul**, O love, 'twixt hope and fear  
Show me some ground where I may firmly stand  
Or surely fall, I care not which appear,  
So one will close me in a certain band;  
When once of ill the uttermost is known,  
The force of sorrow quite is overthrown.

Take me, assurance, to thy blissful hold  
Or thou, despair, into thy darkest cell;  
Each hath full rest: the one in joys enrolled,  
Th'other in that he fears no more, is well.  
When once of ill..  
*Anon*

### **In darkness let me dwell**

The ground shall sorrow be;  
The roof despair, to bar  
All cheerful light from me.  
The walls of marble black  
That moistened still shall weep;

My music hellish jarring sounds  
To banish friendly sleep.  
Thus wedded to my woes  
And bedded to my tomb,  
O, let me living die, till Death do come.  
In darkness..  
*Anon*

### **Purcell:**

#### **She loves and she confesses too,**

There's then at last no more to do;  
The happy work's entirely done,  
Enter the town which thou hast won;  
The fruits of conquest now begin,  
Lo, triumph, enter in.  
What's this, ye Gods? What can it be?  
Remains there still an enemy?  
Bold Honour stands up in the gate,  
And would yet capitulate.  
Have I overcome all real foes,  
And shall this phantom me oppose?  
Noisy nothing, stalking shade,  
By what witchcraft wert thou made,  
Thou empty cause of solid harms?  
But I shall find out counter charms,  
Thy airy devilship to remove  
From this circle here of love  
Sure I shall rid myself of thee  
By the night's obscurity,  
And obscurer secrecy;  
Unlike to ev'ry other spright  
Thou attempt'st not men to affright  
Nor appear'st but in the light.  
*Abraham Cowley (1618-1667), from The Mistress, published 1656*

#### *Prelude & Song (Orazia):*

#### **They tell us that you mighty powers above**

Make perfect your joys and your blessings by Love.  
Ah! Why do you suffer the blessing that's there  
To give a poor lover such sad torments here?

Yet though for my passion such grief I endure,  
My love shall like yours still be constant and pure.  
To suffer for him gives an ease to my pains  
There's joy in my grief and there's freedom in chains;

If I were divine he could love me no more  
And I in return my adorer adore  
O let his dear life the, kind Gods, be your care  
For I in your blessings have no other share.

Note from score: In this section, Orazia and her lover, Montezuma, are held captive by the villain Traxalla, who offers to spare the hero if Orazia will submit. Orazia sings of her love and torment.

*John Dryden (1631-1700) and Sir Robert Howard (1626-1698)*

### **Sweeter than Roses**

Sweeter than roses or cool evening breeze  
On a warm flow'ry shore  
Was the dear kiss; first trembling made me freeze,  
Then shot like fire all o'er.  
What magic has victorious love;  
For all I touch or see  
Since that dear kiss, all, all is love to me.  
*Richard Norton in "Pausanias"*

### **What a sad fate is mine,**

My love is my crime;  
Or why should he be,  
More easy and free  
To all than to me?

But if by disdain  
He can lessen my pain,  
'Tis all I implore,  
To make me love less,  
Or himself to love more.  
*Anon*

### **Bess of Bedlam**

From silent shades and the Elysian groves  
Where sad departed spirits mourn their loves  
From crystal streams and from that country where  
Jove crowns the fields with flowers all the year,  
Poor senseless Bess, cloth'd in her rags and folly,  
Is come to cure her lovesick melancholy.

"Bright Cynthia kept her revels late  
While Mab, the Fairy Queen, did dance,  
And Oberon did sit in state  
When Mars at Venus ran his lance.

In yonder cowslip lies my dear,  
Entomb'd in liquid gems of dew;  
Each day I'll water it with a tear,  
Its fading blossom to renew.

For since my love is dead and all my joys are gone,  
Poor Bess for his sake  
A garland will make,  
My music shall be a groan.

I'll lay me down and die within some hollow tree,  
The rav'n and cat,  
The owl and bat  
Shall warble forth my elegy.

Did you not see my love as he pass'd by you?  
His two flaming eyes, if he comes nigh you,  
They will scorch up your hearts: Ladies beware ye,  
Lest he should dart a glance that may ensnare ye!

Hark! Hark! I hear old Charon bawl,  
His boat he will no longer stay,  
And furies lash their whips and call:  
Come, come away, come, come away.

Poor Bess will return to the place whence she came,  
Since the world is so mad she can hope for no cure.  
For love's grown a bubble, a shadow, a name,  
Which fools do admire and wise men endure.

Cold and hungry am I grown.  
Ambrosia will I feed upon,  
Drink Nectar still and sing."  
Who is content,  
Does all sorrow prevent,  
And Bess in her straw,  
Whilst free from the law,  
In her thoughts is as great, great as a king.  
*Anon*

**Fly swift, ye hours,** fly swift, thou lazy sun;  
Make haste and drive the tedious minutes on.  
Bring back my Belvidera to my sight,  
My Belvidera, than thyself more bright.

Swifter than Time my eager wishes move,  
And scorn the beaten paths of vulgar love.  
Soft peace is banish'd from my tortur'd breast,  
Love robs my days of ease, my nights of rest.

Yet tho' her cruel scorn provokes despair,  
My passion still is strong as she is fair.  
Still must I love, still bless the pleasing pain,  
Still court my ruin and embrace my chain.  
*Anon*

### **Music for a while**

Shall all your cares beguile  
Wond'ring how your pains were eased  
And disdaining to be pleas'd  
Till Alecto free the dead  
From their eternal bands;  
Till the shakes drop from her head  
And the whip from out her hands;  
Music for a while  
Shall all your cares beguile  
*John Dyden/Nathaniel Lee, from "Oedipus", 1678*

## ABOUT EMMA KIRKBY & JACOB LINDBERG



### **Emma Kirkby, soprano**

Originally, Emma Kirkby had no expectations of becoming a professional singer. As a classics student at Oxford and then a schoolteacher she sang for pleasure in choirs and small groups, always feeling most at home in Renaissance and Baroque repertoire. She joined the Taverner Choir in 1971 and in 1973 began her long association with the Consort of Musicke. Emma took part in the early Decca Florilegium recordings with both the Consort of Musicke and the Academy of Ancient Music, at a time when most college-trained sopranos were not seeking a sound appropriate for early instruments. She had to find her own approach, with enormous help from Jessica Cash in London, and from the directors, fellow singers and instrumentalists with whom she has worked over the years. Emma feels privileged to have built long-term relationships with chamber groups and orchestras, in particular London Baroque, the Freiburger Barockorchester, L'Orfeo (of Linz), the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Fretwork, the Purcell Quartet, and now also with younger groups, such as Florilegium and the Armonico Consort. She has made well over a hundred recordings, from sequences of Hildegard of Bingen to madrigals of the Italian and English Renaissance, cantatas and oratorios of the Baroque, works of Mozart, Haydn and J. C. Bach. Recent recordings include: "Handel – Opera Arias and Overtures 2" for Hyperion, Bach wedding cantatas for Decca, Bach Cantatas 82a and 199 for Carus, J.C. Bach Motets with L'Orfeo for CPO, and Byrd Consort Songs with Fretwork, for Harmonia Mundi USA. Since 2000 Emma's happiest collaboration has been with the Swedish record company, BIS., recording Handel motets and cantatas, Christmas pieces and Couperin with London Baroque, lute songs with Anthony Rooley and Jakob Lindberg, songs by Amy Beach, and programmes in the magical acoustics of Laenna church in Sweden. This year BIS issued a compilation entitled "The Artistry of Emma Kirkby", drawing on nine CDs in all.

In 1999 Emma was voted Artist of the Year by Classic FM Radio listeners; in November 2000 she received the Order of the British Empire, and November 2007 saw her appointed a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire. She was delighted in June 2008 to return to her alma mater, Oxford University, and receive an Honorary Doctorate of Music. BBC Music Magazine, in April 2007, in a survey of critics to find "The greatest sopranos", placed Emma at number 10.

Despite all the recording activity, Emma still prefers live concerts, especially the pleasure of repeating programmes with colleagues; every occasion, every venue and every audience combine to create something new from this wonderful repertoire.



### **Jakob Lindberg, lutenist**

Jakob Lindberg was born in Djursholm in Sweden and developed his first passionate interest in music through the Beatles. He started to play the guitar and soon became interested in the classical repertoire. From the age of fourteen he studied with Jörgen Rörby who also gave him his first tuition on the lute. After reading music at Stockholm University he went to London to study at the Royal College of Music. Here he further developed his knowledge of the lute repertoire under the guidance of Diana Poulton and decided towards the end of his studies to concentrate on renaissance and baroque music.

Jakob Lindberg is now one of the most prolific performers in this field. He has made numerous recordings for BIS, many of which are pioneering in that they present a wide range of music on CD for the first time. He has brought Scottish lute music to public attention, he has demonstrated the

beauty of the Italian repertoire for chitarrone and he has recorded chamber music by Vivaldi, Haydn and Boccherini on period instruments. He is the first lutenist to have recorded the complete solo lute music by John Dowland and his recording of Bach's music for solo lute is considered to be one of the most important readings of these works.

Jakob Lindberg is an active continuo player on the theorbo and arch lute and has worked with many well known English ensembles including The English Concert, Taverner Choir, The Purcell Quartet, Monteverdi Choir, Chiaroscuro, The Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment and The Academy of Ancient Music. He is also in demand as an accompanist and has given recitals with Emma Kirkby, Ann Sofie von Otter, Nigel Rogers and Ian Partridge. He assisted Andrew Parrott in the musical direction of Purcell's Dido and Aeneas given by The Royal Swedish Opera at Drottningholm Court Theatre in 1995. He also directed from the chitarrone the much acclaimed performances of Jacopo Peri's Euridice given there in 1997.

It is particularly through his live solo performances that he has become known as one of the finest lutenists in the world today; he has given recitals in many parts of Europe and in Japan, Mexico, Russia, Australia, Canada, Korea, China and the USA. Jakob Lindberg also teaches at the Royal College of Music in London, where he succeeded Diana Poulton as professor of lute in 1979.