

Early Music Now

Presents

PLAINE & EASIE

Continental Connections

Across the Water in the English Renaissance

Linda Tsatsanis, soprano ■ Shulamit Kleinerman, violin

Nathan Whittaker, bass violin ■ John Lenti, lute

Saturday, 12 February 2011 at 5:00 ■ All Saints' Cathedral ■ Milwaukee, Wisconsin

PROGRAM

Please hold applause until the conclusion of each section.

See, see, mine own sweet jewel..... Thomas Morley (c. 1557-1602)
Mistress Winter's JumpAttr. John Dowland (1563-1626)
Though Philomela lost hir love Thomas Morley

Ev'ry singing bird..... Luca Marenzio (c. 1553-1599)/English Trans. Thomas Watson (ca. 1557-1592)
Duo..... Alfonso Ferrabosco (c. 1543-1588)
Fantasia a 3 Bassano
Amarilli mia bella Giulio Caccini (1551-1618)/Jacob van Eyck (c. 1589/90-1657)/Anon.

Susanne un jourOrlando di Lasso (c. 1532-1594)
Susanne ung jour Giovanni Bassano (c. 1558-1617)

La bounetteAnon. (*The Mulliner Book*, c. 1545-1570)
La doune cella
La shy myze
En vrai amourHenry VIII

Si le parler et le silence Pierre Guédron (c.1570-1620)
Sir Robert Sidney, his Galliard.....John Dowland
Aux plaisirs, aux délices, bergère Pierre Guédron

INTERMISSION

Pavane de SpaigneMichael Praetorius
Passava Amor su arco desarmado Anon. (*Musicall Banquet*, 1610)
The Old Spagnoletta Giles Farnaby (c. 1560-c. 1600)
Muy lindaAnthony Holborne (c. 1545-1602)
Vuestros ojos tienen d'AmorAnon. (*Musicall Banquet*)

Flow my tearsJohn Dowland
Lachrime PavaenJohann Schop (c. 1590-1667)
In darkness let me dwellJohn Dowland

Chi passa per 'sta strada..... Filippo Azzaiolo (1530 - 1569)

We gratefully acknowledge the generous support of an anonymous donor for the sponsorship of this concert.

PROGRAM NOTES

London in the early seventeenth century was, as now, one of the world's most cosmopolitan cities and a productive center (viz., centre) of literature, art and music. The turn of the century comprised some of the best years of Shakespeare and John Donne, Nicholas Hilliard and Anthony van Dyck, William Byrd, Thomas Morley and myriad others. The kind of people that patronized the great artists of the Elizabethan era were of a rare breed: fabulously wealthy, powerful people with *exquisite* taste, one of whom was very much in charge and could have any of the others beheaded. There weren't many of them, and they all knew each other. As such, we hardly need imagine the gossip and intrigue and rumors that must have flown among these elect patrons of the artistic giants of their time.

What whispers there must have been, for example, among the musical cognoscenti, among the fashionable amateur-lutenist set, among the power brokers at the royal court when in 1610 John Dowland, the greatest lutenist of his time, the composer of the *Lachrimae* pavane (renaissance Europe's greatest hit) and of three volumes of lute songs, one of which (Volume 1) was already in its third printing, returned home to England after becoming one of the greatest celebrities in the hemisphere, only to be passed over for a job at the royal court *for the fifth time*. While he had gotten himself in trouble for being Catholic back in the 1580s, and had a bit of a reputation for being kind of surly, Dowland would have been a prestigious ornament for any court; indeed, he had already spent some years in what he referred to as a kind of exile, as one of Europe's best-paid musicians in the court of Christian IV of Denmark.

It has never been fully explained why Dowland, the greatest Elizabethan lutenist and songwriter, was never in the employ of Elizabeth herself, but intrigues aside, what is of greater interest is what he brought back with him from his years abroad, and to a certain extent what he left in Europe when he went home. Dowland mentions a wife and some children in some correspondence, the only one for whom we have a Christian name being a son, Robert. Shortly after Dowland's return in 1610, Robert, not yet twenty, published two anthologies, *A Varietie of Lute-lessons* and *A Musically Banquet*. The *Varietie* is a collection of solo lute music from most of the best-known lutenists of the late sixteenth century, English, Italian, French, and northern European. The *Banquet* is a stupendous collection of songs for voice and lute, mostly also with a written bass line, English, French, Italian and Spanish. The Italian ones, such as Caccini's "*Amarilli*," are of special interest to lutenists as they provide fully written-out examples of contemporary continuo practice. It's a little surprising to find any Spanish numbers included, particularly as Hispano-British relations were a trifle frosty right around the end of the sixteenth century, something to do with an Armada or something. As it has been for musicians of every era, however, music with what Jelly Roll Morton called "the Spanish tinge" never fails to pique the enthusiasm of an audience, and composers from Holborne to Ravel have done some of their most charming work in the Spanish idiom. Pierre Guédron's "*Si le parler*" was included as a truly breathtaking example of the tone of hushed innuendo that characterizes the best of French courtly song. We also include a gay pastoral ditty with less innuendo and more happy shepherds.

Since we have no reason to believe that young Robert had ever left London by the time of these two ambitious publications, we can presume that John Dowland (who contributed at least nine pieces to the *Varietie* and two songs to the *Banquet*, including the real black pearl of the collection and of tonight's program, "In darkness let me dwell") handed his kid a couple of reams of music he had collected in his years on the Continent and helped him sort them into a couple of viable commercial publications.

Something else Dowland picked up while in Europe was Orlando di Lasso's chanson "*Susanne un jour*," which enjoyed great popularity throughout the late sixteenth century. Dowland borrowed *Susanne* and reworked it as a galliard, *The Right Honourable the Lord Viscount Lisle...his galliard*. Both on the Continent and in England, *Susanne* was the basis of dozens of instrumental pieces. Our inclusion of Bassano's diminutions (extravagant ornamentation of the melody) gives some indication of the improvisatory practices to which the tune was frequently subjected.

Now, what did Dowland leave in Europe?

The *Lachrimae* pavane is one of the first real hits in world music. It's best known as the song "Flow my teares," but it seems Dowland wrote the instrumental version some time before he set words to it. The famous "tear" motif that opens the song is likely traceable to a madrigal by Luca Marenzio, but wherever the material came from, Dowland worked it into a melancholy lather at a time when melancholy was terribly fashionable, and the piece survives in at least 100 continental sources. Though Schop was born a little later than most of our composers, his treatment of the theme shows a not only good example of improvisatory style, but demonstrates the currency that *Lachrimae* retained on the Continent even a few decades after its composition.

Dowland has also received credit for the charming dance tune “Mistress Winter’s Jump,” which was picked up later and printed by Michael Praetorius.

Marenzio, the probable supplier of the tear motif, was already well-known in England from the inclusion of a number of his madrigals in the successful 1588 publication, *Musica Transalpina*. This collection of Italian madrigals with English words, from which we take “Ev’ry singing bird” (originally “*Vezzosi augelli*”), started a bit of a mania in England for Italianate madrigals, and Thomas Morley (whose *Plaine and Easie Introduction to Practicall Musicke* gives our ensemble its name) took to the new style with aplomb, writing not only scads of charming madrigals but also many light canzonets and instrumental compositions with the same lithe contrapuntal charm and pictorial writing as his Italian models.

All this foreign musical flavor was not new to London, however. The Tudor court had been importing musicians for years, from Philip van Wilder to the Ferraboscos (Alfonso senior, Alfonso junior) and the Bassano family (huge clan of instrument makers and musicians). Henry VIII himself wrote a number of rather good French chansons and dances with French titles. Besides the ostentatious cosmopolitanism of the royal court (where the actual Britishness of just about every British monarch was and is a matter of some debate) and the fashionable circles that surrounded it, Filippo Azzaiolo’s “*Chi passa*” was one of those catchy numbers that survived in so many forms that it’s nearly impossible to think of 16th-century London, and not just the fabulously wealthy part, not resounding with it. Indeed, it was listed as a tune for at least a few broadside ballads, so without doubt, it was known and whistled by common folk. Here it is with its original words, with our own divisions (variations) interspersed.

— John Lenti

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

Joyné Hands

See, see, mine own sweet jewel,
What I have for my darling:
A robin-redbreast and a starling.
These I give both in hope to move
thee
Yet thou say'st that I not love thee.

Though Philomela lost her love,
Though Philomela lost her love,
fresh notes she warbleth yes again;
Fa la la la la.
He is a fool that lovers prove;
and leaves to sing to live in pain.
Fa la la la.

Every singing bird

Every singing bird that in the wood rejoices
Come and assist me with your charming voices:
Zephyrus come too and make the leaves and the
fountains Gently to send a whispering sound unto
the mountains:
And from thence pleasant echo, sweetly replying
Stay here playing, when my Phyllis now is lying,
And lovely Graces with wanton Satyrs come and
play Dancing and singing and Music with a song.

Amarilli mia bella

*Amarilli mia bella, non credi ò del mio cor dolce desio,
d'esser tu l'amor mio? Credilo pur, e se timor t'assale,
prendi questo mio strale, aprimi'l petto, e vedrai scritto il
cuore: "Amarilli è'l mio amore."*

Amarilli mia bella

My fair Amaryllis, do you not believe that you are my heart's
sweet desire, that you are my beloved? Believe it, and if you are
doubtful take this arrow of mine; open my breast, see written on
my heart: "Amaryllis is my beloved."

Susanne un jour

*Susanne un jour d'amour sollicitée
Par deux vieillardz, convoitans sa beauté,
Fust en son coeur triste et desconfortée,
Voyant l'effort fait à sa chasteté.
Elle leur dict, Si par desloyauté
De ce corps mien vous avez jouissance,
C'est fait de moy. Si ie fay resistance,
Vous me ferez mourir en deshonneur.
Mais j'aime mieux périr en innocence,
Que d'offenser par peché le Seigneur.*

Susanne un jour

Susanne one day, entreated to love
By two old men who lusted after her beauty,
Was sad and discomfited in her heart,
Seeing the attempt made on her chastity.
She said to them: if by treachery
You gain possession of my body,
I am undone, if I show resistance
You will make me die in shame,
But I prefer to perish in innocence
Than to offend the Lord by sinning.

Si le parler et le silence

*Si le parler et le silence Nuit à notre heur également,
Parlons donc ma chère espérance,
Du cœur et des yeux seulement;
Amour ce petit dieu volage Nous apprend ce muet langage.*

Si le parler et le silence

If words and silence are both harmful to our good fortune,
then, my dear hope,
let only our hearts and our eyes speak;
Love, that inconstant god, teaches us this wordless language.

*Que le regard vole e revole, Messenger de nos passions,
Et serve au lieu de la parole Pour dire nos intentions.
Amour . . .*

May our looks fly back ward and forward, messengers of our
passion, and serve in place of words to confess our intentions.
Love . . .

*Mais si quelqu'âme est offence De nous voir discourir des
yeux, nous parlerons de la pensée, Comme les anges dans les
cieux. Amour . . .*

Should any soul be offended by observing the discourse of our
eyes, then shall we speak through thought, as angels in heaven
above. Love . . .

*Ainsi par un doux artifice Nous tromperons les courtisans,
Et nous rirons de la malice De mille fâcheux médisants,
Qui n'en sauront pas d'avantage, Ignorant ce muet langage.*

Thus by sweet artifice shall we deceive the court, and laugh at
the malice of a thousand slanderers, who will know nothing of
it, being ignorant of our wordless language.

*Aux plaisirs, aux délices bergères
Aux plaisirs, aux délices bergères
Il faut être du temps menagères:
car il s'écoule et se perd d'heure en heure,
et le regret seulement en demeure.
A l'amour, aux plaisirs, aux bocages,
employés les beaux jours de votre âge.*

*Maintenant la saison vous convie
de passer en aimant votre vie:
déjà la terre a pris sa robe verte,
d'herbe et de fleurs la campagne est couverte.
A l'amour . . .*

*Ce qui vit, qui ce meurt, qui respire,
d'amour parle, ou murmure ou soupire:
aussi le coeur qui n'en sent la pointure
s'il est vivant, il est contre nature.
A l'amour . . .*

*Passava Amor su arco desarmado
Passava Amor su arco desarmado
Los ojos baxos, blando y muy modesto;
Dexava m'ya atras muy descuidado.*

*Quan poco espacio pude gozar esto.
Fortuna de embidiosa dixo luego;
"¿Teneos, Amor, porque vays tam presto?"*

*Bolvio de presto a mi el nigno ciego,
Muy enojado enverse reprehendido
Que no hay reprehension do sta su fuego.*

*Ay prados, bosques, selvas, que criastes,
Tan libre corzón como era el mio,
Porque tan grave mal no te estorbastes.*

*Vuestros ojos tienen d'Amor no se que
Vuestros ojos tienen d'Amor no se que,
que me yelan, me roban, me hieren, me matan a fê.
Porque me mirays con tanta aflicción,
y a mi corazón, me aprisionays?
Que si vos me mirays yo os acusare.*

Aux plaisirs, aux délices bergères
To pleasure! To pastoral delights!
Time must be employed to the fullest,
for it is running out hour by hour,
and only regret remains with us.
To love! To pleasure! To the woods!

Use the beautiful days of your age.
Now the season invites you to spend your life with loving:
already the earth is shrouded in green,
and the countryside is covered with grass and flowers.
To love! . . .

Whoever lives, dies or breathes,
whoever speaks of love, murmurs or sighs:
if a heart which is alive hasn't been struck,
it is against nature.
To love! . . .

INTERMISSION

Passava Amor su arco desarmado
Love walked by unarmed,
eyes downcast, mild and full of modesty;
he left me far behind, quite forgotten.

How little time I had to enjoy this.
Fortune, envious, then said:
"Stay, Love, why so fast?"

The unseeing child came quickly back to me,
in fury at being thus reproved,
for where his fire is lit there is no reproof.

Ah, meadows, woods and forests,
who nurtured such a free heart as was mine,
why did you not oppose this terrible wrong?

Vuestros ojos tienen d'Amor no se que
Your eyes hold I know not what of Love,
for in truth they freeze me, rob me, wound me, kill me.
Why do you look at me with such affliction,
and imprison my heart?
If you look at me, I shall denounce you.

Flow, my tears

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs,
Exiled for ever, let me mourn;
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,
There let me live forlorn.

Down vain lights, shine you no more,
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their lost fortunes deplore.
Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled;
And tears and sighs and groans my weary days
Of all joys have deprived.

Chi passa per 'sta strada

*Chi passa per sta strad' e non sospira, beato s'è, falalila,
Beato é chi lo puo, lo puote fare per la reale
Affacciati mo, se non ch'io moro mo, falalila*

*Affacciati, che tu me dai la vita, Meschino me, falalila,
Se'l cielo non ti possa consolare Per la reale,
Affacciati mo . . .*

*Et io ci passo da sera e mattina, Meschino me, falalila,
Et tu, crudel, che non t'affacci mai, Perché lo fai?
Affacciati mo . . .*

*Compar Vassillo, che sta a suo loco, Beato, s'è, falalila,
Salutami no poco la comare Per la reale
Affacciati mo . . .*

From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is thrown;
And fear and grief and pain for my deserts
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to contemn light,
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite.

In darkness let me dwell

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 moist'ned 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.

Chi passa per 'sta strada

He who passes down this street and does not sigh is blessed,
Happy is he who can do anything for that royal one.
Show yourself at the window lest I die right now.

Come to the window, that I may live, Poor wretch.
If heaven cannot comfort you, Truly comfort you,
Show yourself . . .

And I who pass by night and day, Poor wretch.
And you, cruel one, never appear. Why is that so?
Show yourself . . .

Godfather Vassillo, who lives in her home, Happy are you.
Bid the lady good day, for the royal one.
Show yourself . . .