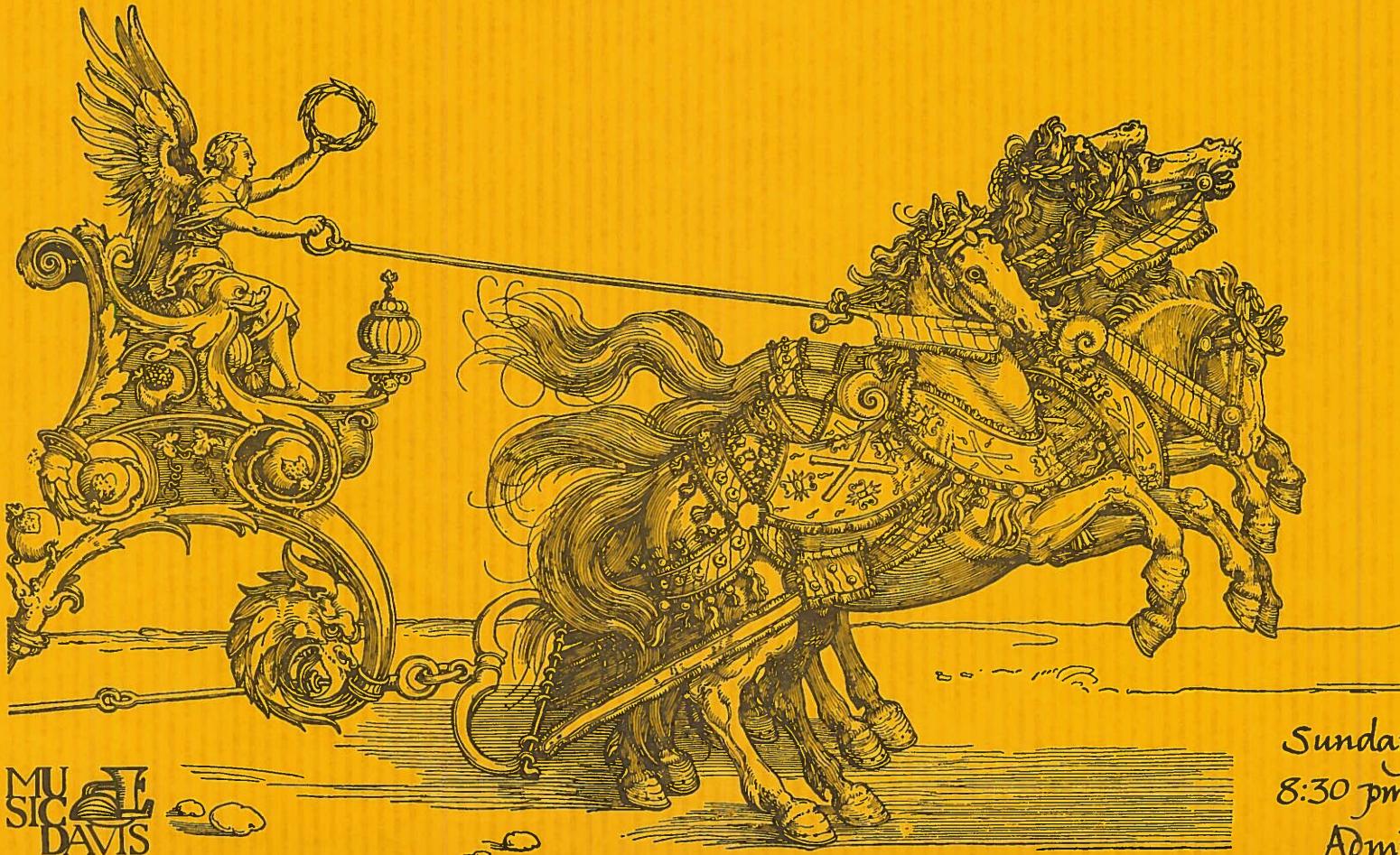


University of California, Davis
The Department of Music presents the

EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE

directed by David Nutter

in a program of 17th century English music
including works by Lawes, Locke and Purcell



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Sunday March 14 1982
8:30 pm Main Theatre
Admission Free

EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE

David Nutter, director

PROGRAM

Pavan-Galliard	John Dowland (1563-1626)
<u>Alleluia, I heard a voice</u>	Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)
Fantasia	Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)
<u>When David heard</u>	Thomas Weelkes
Pavan-Galliard	John Dowland-Thomas Simpson (1582-after 1630)
<u>O care thou wilt dispatch me</u>	Thomas Weelkes (Faith Liu, Elizabeth Martin, Elizabeth Morris, Grey Brothers, Thomas Estes)
A Sad Pavan on these Distracted Times	Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656) (Carrie Kramer, harpsichord)
Three Fancies	Michael East (c1580-1648)
Come, lets be gone Stay yet a while I cannot stay	
<u>Leave, O my soul</u>	Thomas Tomkins
- Intermission -	
Pavan-Galliard	John Farmer (fl 1591-1601)- Thomas Simpson
<u>Audi, Domine, clamantes ad te</u>	Matthew Locke (1621-1677)
Suite No. 5 in F Major	Matthew Locke
Fantazie, Pavan, Ayre, Courante, Almand, Saraband, Jigg (Fred Weyman, recorder; Jeanette Leifson, harpsichord)	
Pavan	Matthew Locke
<u>Music for a while</u>	Henry Purcell (1659-1695) (Sandra Lipsman, soprano)
Scena: <u>In guilty night</u>	Henry Purcell (Gerry Prody, Elizabeth Martin, Robert Crumney)
Suite of masque dances	Simon Ives (1600-1662) Pavan, Ayre, Ayre, Almaine, Coranto
Masque: <u>Britannia triumphans</u>	William Lawes (1602-1645)

THE EARLY MUSIC ENSEMBLE

David Nutter, director

Soprano: Sandra Lipsman, Faith Liu, Christine Moore,
Gerry Prody

Alto: Kay Dewey, Elizabeth Martin, Elizabeth Morris,
Helen Nutter

Tenor: Grey Brothers, Richard Brunner, Steven Law

Baritone: Jules Loventhal, Lorenz Schultz

Bass: Robert Crummey, Thomas Estes, Steven Kenner

INSTRUMENTALISTS: (director of the wind ensemble: Alisa Gould)
(director of the viol consort: Carrie Crompton)

Sarah Brosier, viol
Barbara Brandon, recorder
Carrie Crompton, viol
Frances Dodd, violin
Carrie Kramer, organ, harpsichord
Jeanette Leifson, recorder, harpsichord
Faith Liu, violin
Ciro Scotto, viol
denise joy slobodnik, viol
Nancy Steffensen, flute
Luanne Thompson, recorder
Frey Weyman, recorder

The Department of Music invites your contributions to the Music Department Award Fund, which includes the Fannie Kopald Stein Award for Excellence in Musical Performance. A box is provided in the lobby; please give generously. Thank you.

The use of cameras or recording equipment is forbidden.

Latecomers will be seated only at suitable intervals in the program.

A 17th century Swiss writer who knew England well observed that "their Musick, like their Temper, inclines to gravity". No wonder given the political and religious turmoil which wracked England for so long, and from which no composer could remain entirely aloof. Stylistically, English composers became subject to the wholesale importation of foreign fashion which began in the Elizabethan period. But a strong native tradition remained in vigour; for instance the fierce chromaticism and the mournful lyricism of Weelkes' O Care thou wilt despatch me both ultimately derive from Italian models, yet no Italian composer dared to expose in the same way the grinding false relation F-F sharp, or to interpolate the gay "Fa-la" refrain of the balletto within such a "tragic" context. This novel and vigorous stylistic synthesis, wherein late Renaissance traditions receive a belated but splendid final flowering, is similarly apparent in the typically North Italian rondo structure of the anthem-motet Alleluia, I heard a voice, though the slithering five-syllable declamation of "Alleluia" is wholly English in its rhythmic shape and contrapuntal elaboration. Yet for imaginative power, and ranking among Weelkes' finest compositions, little can compare to the sacred madrigal When David heard, a tour-de-force of polyphonic drama.

Thomas Tomkins was a pupil of Byrd and succeeded his mentor as Chapel Royal organist in 1623. Leave, O my soul was published posthumously in Musica Deo Sacra (1678); it shows a close affinity with the verse anthems of Byrd in its imitative and sequentially developed melodies and in the polyphonic writing of the organ part, perhaps originally conceived for a consort of viols. Tomkins' choruses are dexterously wrought and display some fine touches of lively word-painting. Tomkins, a royalist for whom Cromwell's Commonwealth promised little reward, wrote his "A Sad Pavan: for these distracted times" shortly following Charles I's execution on January 30, 1649. Its evocation of melancholy follows the Renaissance conception established by that arch-purveyor of sadness, John Dowland.

The Restoration period marks the emergence of the Baroque style in England. Matthew Locke, who accompanied Charles II into exile in the Netherlands during the Commonwealth, openly exposed the Catholic faith and became Queen Henrietta's resident house composer. A favorite of Charles, he satisfied the monarch's acquired taste for the Italian concertato idiom in sacred works such as Audi, Domine, clamantes ad te. As may be expected, the instrumental writing in the opening sinfonia and rifornelli is extremely fine, and the whole informed by a deft handling of linear chromaticism, affective solos and rolling triple-meter choruses. It hardly need be said that the greatest composer of the Restoration was Henry Purcell, "Orpheus Britannicus", and "the Pride and Wonder of the Age, the Glory of the Temple and the Stage". Of the many songs Purcell wrote for the theatre, Music for awhile is a wonderfully elegiac example, unfolding as it does a variety of expressive moods over a ground bass in its evocation of the power of music. The dramatic scene In guilty night is unique among Purcell's works, though its origins can be traced to the biblical dialogues of John Hilton and Robert Ramsey composed earlier in the century.

The circumstances surrounding the genesis of the masque Britannia triumphans may be briefly summarized as follows: In 1637 Charles I had proclaimed himself "sovereign of the seas" with a view to controlling navigation and fishing rights in the Channel and the North Sea. To enforce this he needed a strong navy which he sought to finance by the imposition of a tax known as "ship money". Enacted without the consent of Parliament, the tax aroused almost universal hostility. Britannia triumphans, allegorically similar to earlier Caroline masques, was concocted with a view to bolster Charles' sagging popularity, to serve as political propaganda for his not so (as it turned out) "secret Wisdom", and to heap abuse on the Puritans--devastatingly represented in the masque by the personification of "Imposture". The court artists who collaborated on this effort were the poet William Davenant, who wrote the text, the architect Inigo Jones, who was charged with the mise en scene, and the composer William Lawes, later killed in the battle of Chester on 24 September 1645.

Though Lawes' music survives for only the three last scenes of the masque, what remains reveals a taut tonal organization and an effective use of music for theatrical purposes. To claim that the music is not profound (and Lawes was a profound composer) is to miss the point. The coordination of elaborately costumed singers and dancers with the scenic marvels effected by complex stage machinery required a simplicity and directness of which Lawes was a subtle yet persuasive master. We join the action at the moment when the king himself ("Britanocles") is called upon by Fame to appear (Davenant's description reads: "Fame, remaining hovering in the air, rose on her wings singing, and was hidden in the clouds"). There follows a maritime scene in which the main character is the sea-nymph Galatea ("Galatea came waving forth, riding on the back of a dolphin, in a loose snow white garment; about her neck chains of pearl...her fair hair disheveled and mixt with silver, and in some part covered with a veil which she with one hand graciously held up"). The leave-taking (Valediction) is curiously suggestive and not without overtones of playful ribaldry; one can only imagine that Charles was enormously pleased.

Alleluia, I heard a voice

Alleluia,
I heard a voice as of strong thund'rings, saying,
Alleluia!
Salvation and glory and honour and power be unto
the Lord our God and to the Lamb for evermore.
Alleluia!

(Revelation 19, vv. 1 & 6)

When David heard

When David heard that Absalom was slain he went up
to his chamber over the gate and wept; and thus he said:

O my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee,
O Absalom, my son!

(II Samuel 18, v. 33)

O Care thou wilt despatch me

O Care thou wilt despatch me,
if Music do not match thee.
Fa la la...
So deadly dost thou sting me,
Mirth only help can bring me.
Fa la la...

Hence Care; thou art too cruel,
come Music sick man's Jewel.
Fa la la...
His force had well nigh slain me:
but thou must now sustain me.
Fa la la...

(Madrigals of 5 and 6 parts, 1600)

Leave, O my soul!

verse: Leave, O my soul, this baser world below;
O leave this doleful dungeon of woe,
and soar aloft to that supernal rest,
which maketh all the saints and angels blest.

chorus: Lo! there the godhead's radiant throne
like to ten thousand suns in one.

verse: Lo! there thy Saviour dear in glory dight,
chorus: ador'd of all the pow'r's of heaven bright.

verse: Lo! there that Head that bled with thorny wound,
shines ever with celestial glory crown'd,
chorus: that hand that held the scornful reed
makes all the fiends infernal dread.

verse: That back and side that ran with bloody streams,
daunt angels' eyes with their majestic beams.
Those feet once fasten'd to the cursed tree,
trample on hell and death in glorious glee.

chorus: Those lips once drench'd with gall do make
with their dread doom the world to quake.

verse: Behold those joys thou never canst behold,
those precious gates of pearl, those streets of gold;
those streams of life, those trees of paradise
that never can be seen by mortal eyes:

chorus: and when thou seest this state divine,
think that it is or shall be thine.

verse: See there the happy troops of purest sprites
that live above in endless true delights:
and see where once thyself must ranged be,
and look and long for immortality.

chorus: And now beforehand help to sing
Alleluias to heaven's King.

(Musica Deo Sacra, 1668, words anonymous)

Audi, Domine, clamantes ad te

chorus: Audi, Domine, clamantes ad te,
audi suspirantes, ad te Domine clamantes.

verse: Domine, quando habitabimus in tabernaculo tuo?
Quando exultabimus in salutari tuo?
Quando Domine, O quando, quando?

chorus: Ela pectore missa dolenti,
ite in coelum, ite suspiria,
cordis nuncli, elia languenti
murmure, dicite nostra martiria,
ite in coelum, ite suspiria.

verse: Iactate procellis in umbris,
in undis, afflictae gementi
non quies est menti,
non est ulla pax.

chorus: Ela in coelum, ite suspiria,
ite dicite, nostra martiria.

verse: Solve nexum pertinacem,
Solve corporis ligamen,
Jesu cordium levamen
trahere me post sequacem.
Sat spinas calcavi,
nunc rosas exquirio,
per umbras erravi,
ad lucem aspiro.

chorus: Rosa post spinas pullulet decora,
clara post noctem rutillet aurora.
Ite ergo nulla mora,
ite in coelum, ite suspiria,
ite dicite nostra martiria.

(translation: "Hear, O Lord, those that cry to Thee, hear those that sigh to Thee, crying: Lord, when shall we live in Thy tabernacle? When shall we rejoice in Thy salvation? When, Lord, O when? Go sighs, sent from a sorrowful breast, go to heaven, messengers of the heart, and in faint murmurs tell our suffering; go sighs, go to heaven. Tossed by tempests, in shadows, in the waves, despairing and groaning, the mind has no quiet, no peace at all. Go to heaven, go sighs, go and tell our sufferings. Release this binding knot, release the body from its ties, O Jesus, solace of our hearts, draw me following after Thee. I have trodden on thorns enough, now I seek out roses; I have wandered in shadows, now I endeavor to reach the light. After the thorns, springs forth the lovely rose; after the night, bright dawn reddens the sky. Go, therefore, with no delay: go sighs, go to heaven, go and tell our sufferings.")

Music for awhile

Music for awhile shall all your cares beguile;
wond'ring how your pains were eas'd
and disdaining to be pleas'd
till Alecto free the dead
from their eternal band;
till the snakes drop from her head,
and the whip from out her hand.

Music for a while shall all your cares beguile.

(from Oedipus, Dryden and Lee, 1692)

Scena: In guilty night
(words paraphrased from 1 Samuel 28, vv. 8-20)

Chorus: In guilty night, and hid in false disguise,
forsaken Saul to Endor comes and cries:

Saul: Woman, arise, call pow'rful arts together,
And raise the ghost, whom I shall name, up hither.

Witch: Why should'st thou wish me die?
Forbear, forbear my son,
Dost thou not know what cruel Saul has done?
How he has kill'd and murder'd all,
That were wise and could on spirits call?

Saul: Woman, be bold, but do the thing I wish,
No harm from Saul shall come to thee for this.

Witch: Whom shall I raise or call? I'll make him hear.

Saul: Old Samuel, let only him appear!

Witch: Alas! Alas!

Saul: What dost thou fear?

Witch: Nought else but thee,
For thou art Saul, alas, and hast beguiled me.

Saul: Peace, peace, and go on, what seest thou? let me know.

Witch: I see the gods ascending from below.

Saul: Who's he that comes?

Witch: An old man mantled o'er.

Saul: Oh! that is he, let me that ghost adore.

Samuel: Why hast thou robb'd me of my rest to see
That which I hate, this wicked world and thee?

Saul: Oh! I'm sore distress'ed, vexed sore;
God has left me and answers me no more;
Distress'd with war, with inward terrors too,
For pity's sake tell me what shall I do?

Samuel: Art thou forlorn of God and com'st to me?
What can I tell thee then but misery?
Thy kingdom's gone into thy neighbour's race,
Thine host shall fall by sword before thy face.
Tomorrow then, till then farewell and breathe:
Thou and thy son shall be with me beneath.

Chorus: Farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell, farewell.

Masque: Britannia triumphans
Part of the King's Masque

Chorus: Britanocles, the great and good appears,
His person fills our eyes, his name our ears,
His virtue every drooping spirit cheers!

Fame: Why move these princes of his train so slow,
As, taking root, they would to statues grow,
But that thesir wonder of his virtue turns them so!

Claconia: 'Tis fit you mix that wonder with delight,
Fame againe As you were warm'd to motion with his sight,
To pay the expectation of this night.

Arts and Science: To pay the expectation of this night.

Chorus: Move then in such a noble order here,
4 Voices As if you each his governed planet were,
And he mov'd first to move you in each sphere.

Chorus: O with what joy you'll measure out the time!
Each breast like his still free from every crime,
Whose pensive weight might hinder you to climb.

Galatea's Song

"Simphony"

Galatea:

So well Britanocles o'er seas doth reign
Reducing what was wild before,
That fairest sea-nymphs leave the troubled main,
And haste to visit him on shore.
What are they less than nymphs since each make shew
Of wondrous immortality.
And each those sparkling treasures wears that grow
Where breathless divers cannot pry?

3 Voices:

On ever moving waves they us'd to dance
Unto the whistling of the wind;
Whose measures hit and meet by erring chance,
Where music can no concord find.

Galatea:

But now for their majestic welcome try
How ev'n and equally they'll meet,
When you shall lead them by such harmony,
As can direct their ears and feet.

Chorus:

When you shall lead them by such harmony,
As can direct their ears and feet.

Valediction

"Simphony"

Song:

Wise nature, that the dew of sleep prepares
To intermit our joys and ease our cares,
Invites you from these triumphs to your rest!
May ev'ry whisper that is made be chaste,
Each lady slowly yield, yet yield at last;
Her heart a pris'ner to her lover's breast.
To wish unto our royal lover more
Of youthful blessings than he had before,

3 Voices:

Were but to tempt old nature 'bove her might,
Since all the odour, music, beauteous fire,
We, in the spring, the spheres, the stars, admire,
Is his renew'd and better'd ev'ry night!

Chorus:

To bed, to bed! may every lady dream
From that chief beauty she hath stolen a beam,
Which will amaze her lover's curious eyes!
Each lawful lover, to advance his youth,
Dream he hath stolen his vigour, love, and truth;
Then all will haste to bed but none to rise!

(Sir William Davenant)