

# English'd Madrigals

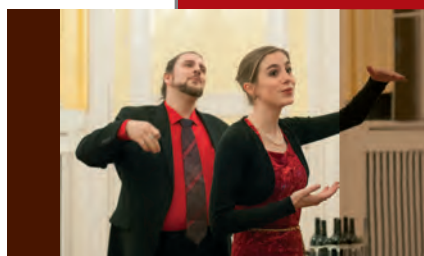
ausserhalb des Abos **Sonderkonzert Nr. 1**

**Freunde alter Musik Basel**

**29. apr  
2015**

Mi \_ 19.30 Uhr  
Musik-Akademie Basel  
Grosser Saal

Werke von Giovanni Croce,  
John Dowland und John Ward



**Anthony Rooley** \_ Leitung  
**THE CALLIOPE CONSORT**

*Eintritt frei / Kollekte*

# English'd Madrigals: 'FROM THE DARK TO THE LIGHT'

SACRED and SECULAR Poetry and Music c.1600

## 1. Pessimist Gnosis (or 'Inspired Melancholy'):

John Dowland (1563 - 1626)	Unquiet thoughts (1597)
John Dowland	Would my conceits (1597)
John Ward (1571 - 1638)	Sweet Philomel (1613)
John Ward	Come, sable night (1613)
John Ward	If the deep sighs (1613)
John Ward	Die not, fond man (1613)
John Dowland	Come away, come sweet love (1597)
John Dowland	Awake sweet love (1597)

P A U S E

## 2. Seven Penitential Psalms from King David:

Giovanni Croce (1557 - 1609)	'MUSICA SACRA' (1608, 1611)
	Lord in thy wrath reprove me not severely Blessed are they, whose faults so oft forbidden Lord, in thine anger do no more reprove me Show mercy on me, Lord, most heinous sinner Harken, O Lord, unto my most humble plainings From profound centre of my heart to Thee I cried Listen, O Lord, unto my prostrate prayer

# THE CALLIOPE CONSORT

Marta Chorzynska  
Jessica Jans  
Jasmina Matijevic  
Maria Weber  
Anna Maria Antonius Wierod

Jedediah Allen  
Matthias Deger  
Yoed Sorek  
Bram Trouwborst

## The Calliope Consort

Die Mitglieder dieses neuen Vokalensembles haben zwei Jahre lang im Masterstudiengang **“Advanced Vocal Ensemble Studies” = AVES**) als vierter Jahrgang dieses Programms an der Schola Cantorum Basiliensis zusammengearbeitet. Ihre Freude am Repertoire und ihr gemeinsames Arbeiten zeigen die Früchte eines professionellen Vokalensembles, das entschlossen und zielgerichtet kaum erkundete Wege im Repertoire des 16. und 17. Jahrhunderts sucht und die Werke auf experimentelle neue Weise präsentiert, frei von allen Effekten, die nicht im Dienst der Musik stehen. Zwar kommen die Worte an erster Stelle – im inhaltsschweren rhetorischen Stil des 16. Jahrhunderts. Vokale und Konsonanten bilden die fundamentalen Elemente für Erklingen und Rhetorik, doch werden sie mit Abwechslung, geschicktem Timing, Gestik, Klang und Stille dargeboten. Auf diese Weise werden die menschlichen Leidenschaften ergründet und dem heutigen Publikum dargeboten, einem Publikum, das eigentlich andere Wege der Kommunikation gewohnt ist. Die sinnliche klangliche und intellektuelle Erfahrung mit dieser Vokalmusik ruft hoffentlich den Wunsch nach Fortsetzung hervor!

Das aktuelle Programm „Von der Dunkelheit zum Licht“ erkundet sowohl geistliche wie auch weltliche Musik, die sich in gebildeten englischen Kreisen um 1600 gleichermaßen großer Beliebtheit erfreute. Die von Platon, Petrarca, Marsilio Ficino u. a. abgeleitete und modisch „pessimistische Gnosis“ dringt bis in die Tiefen schmerzhafter menschlicher Erfahrung vor, doch durch ihre Akzentuierung der „inspirierten Melancholie“ verwandelt sich die „Dunkelheit“ förmlich in „Licht“ – und erst durch diesen Kontrast nimmt man das Licht als solches wahr. John Dowland und John Ward waren zwei unter mehreren herausragenden Meistern dieser Kunst, doch waren beide auch für den Humor zugänglich und sie kannten ebenso das Vergnügen für die einfachen Freuden und Genüsse – wie es sich im Programm spiegelt: nach langen, düsteren Klagen wird uns gesagt: *“Die not, fond man, before thy day”* – frei übersetzt: „Hör auf zu jammern!“. Lässt man diese Stimmung hinter sich, führen uns Dowlands erlesene leichte Liebeslieder *“Come away, come sweet love”* und *“Awake, sweet love”* zu purer Wonne.

Angelehnt an diese (weltlichen) Extreme, gab es innerhalb der christlichen Tradition eine intensive Beziehung zu den Psalmen Davids, die besonders in den lutherischen, calvinistischen und in anderen reformierten Bewegungen gefördert wurde. Das Göttliche auf extremste Art anzurufen, brachte Erlösung und Freude, Glauben und Liebe. Hier boten die Vertonungen der Psalmen in italienischer Sprache durch Giovanni Croce (wieder nach Petrarca!) vielen Menschen Genuss und Freude, denn innerhalb von fünf nur Jahren wurden zwei Auflagen der Sammlung verlegt. In England entstand eine besonders kraftvolle Übersetzung durch einem gewissen „R.H.“, dessen Identität leider nicht bekannt ist. In diesem sprachlichen Kleid gewann Croces Musik auch auf der Insel zahlreiche Freunde.

Anthony Rooley  
Übersetzung: Howard Weiner

## Anthony Rooley

Das Hauptmerkmal von Anthony Rooleys Arbeit der vergangenen 40 Jahre ist wohl das Element der stetigen „Erkundung“. Diese Entdeckungsreise – viele Jahre mit seinem Ensemble "The Consort of Musicke" – ist nicht nur weit von ihrem Ende entfernt, sondern im Gegenteil von immer neuen Anfängen bestimmt! Bei jeder Wendung des Weges eröffnen sich neue, unverbrauchte Perspektiven auf die alten Themen – Musik, Dichtung, Philosophie, Gesellschaft –, verbunden mit der Herausforderung, diese Einsichten in eine moderne und gültige künstlerische Realisierung zu integrieren. Tatsächlich bleibt die „Aufführung“ für ihn eine komplexe und unendlich anspruchsvolle Aktivität, die nie aufhört, Faszination, Freude und tiefe Befriedigung zu vermitteln. In dieser späten Phase seiner Arbeit, als Dozent an der Schola Cantorum Basiliensis – Hochschule für Alte Musik und künstlerischer Leiter der „Advanced Vocal Ensemble Studies“ (AVES), ist es zwangsläufig der Kontakt zu talentierten jungen Menschen, der eine Hauptquelle seiner Inspiration und Motivation darstellt.



Foto: Susanna Drescher

# 'From The Dark To The Light': Song-texts

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## SACRED and SECULAR Poetry and Music c. 1600

**Unquiet thoughts** your civil slaughter stint,  
and wrap your wrongs within a pensive heart:  
and you my tongue that makes my mouth a mint,  
and stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art,  
Be still: for if you ever do the like,  
I'll cut the string that makes the hammer strike.

(John Dowland)

But what can slay my thoughts they may not start,  
or put my tongue in durance for to die?  
When as these eyes, the keys of mouth and heart,  
Open the lock where all my love doth lie;  
I'll seal them up within their lids for ever:  
So thoughts and words and looks shall die together

How shall I then gaze on my mistress' eyes?  
My thoughts must have some vent: else heart will break.  
My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,  
If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speak.  
Speak then, and tell the passions of desire;  
Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire.

**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, and eke whose change,  
Each change of sour, and eke whose hell reneweth every hour.

(John Dowland)

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 it,  
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.

**Sweet Philomel**, cease thou thy songs awhile,  
And will thy mates their melodies to leave.  
And all at once attend my mournful style.  
Which will of mirth your sugared notes bereave.  
If you desire the burthen of my song,  
I sigh and sob, for Phyllis I did wrong.

(John Ward)

Ye sylvan nymphs, that in these woods do shroud,  
To you my mournful sorrows I declare.  
You savage satyrs, let your ears be bowed.  
To hear my woe your sacred selves prepare.  
Trees, herbs and flowers, in rural fields that grow.  
While thus I mourn, do you some silence show.

**Come, sable Night**, put on thy mourning stole,  
and help Amyntas sadly to condole.  
Behold, the sun hath shut his golden eye,  
the day is spent, and shades fair lights supply.  
All things in sweet repose their labours close;  
Only Amyntas wastes his hours in wailing,  
whilst all his hopes do faint, and life is failing.

(John Ward)

**If the deep sighs** of an afflicted breast  
O'erwhelmed with sorrow, or the rexed eyes  
Of a poor wretch with miseries oppressed,  
For whose complaints tears never could suffice.  
Have not the power your deities to move,  
Who shall e'er look for succour from above ?  
From whom too long I tarried for relief.  
Now ask but death, that only ends my grief.

(John Ward)

There's not a grove that wonders not my woe,  
Nor not a river weeps not at my tale,  
I hear the echoes wandering to and fro  
Resound my grief through every hill and dale.  
The birds and beasts, yet in their simple kind.  
Lament for me ; no pity else I find.  
And tears I find do bring no other good.  
But as new showers increase the rising flood.

**Die not, fond Man**, before thy day.  
Love's cold December  
Will surrender  
To succeeding jocund May.  
And then, O then, sorrow shall cease ;  
Comforts abounding  
Cares confounding  
Shall conclude a happy peace.

(John Ward)

**Come away, come sweet love,**

(John Dowland)

The golden morning breaks.  
All the earth, all the air  
of love and pleasure speaks:  
Teach thine arms to embrace,  
And sweet rosy lips to kiss,  
And mix our souls in mutual bliss,  
Eyes were made for beauty's grace,  
Viewing, rueing love's long pain  
Procur'd by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away, come sweet love,  
The golden morning wastes,  
While the sun from his sphere  
his fiery arrows casts,  
Making all the shadows fly,  
Playing, Staying in the grove  
To entertain the stealth of love.  
Thither, sweet love, let us hie,  
Flying, dying in desire  
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'nly fire.

Come away, come sweet love,  
Do not in vain adorn  
Beauty's grace, that should rise  
like to the naked morn.  
Lilies on the riverside  
And the fair Cyprian flow'rs newblown  
Desire no beauties but their own,  
Ornament is nurse of pride,  
Pleasure, measure love's delight.  
Haste then, sweet love, our wished flight!

**Awake, sweet love,** thou art return'd:  
My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,  
Lives now in perfect joy.  
Let love, which never absent dies,  
Now live for ever in her eyes,  
Whence came my first annoy.  
Only herself hath seemed fair:  
She only I could love,  
She only drave me to despair,  
When she unkind did prove.  
Despair did she make me wish to die;  
That I my joys might end:  
She only, which did make me fly,  
My state may now amend.

(John Dowland)

If she esteem thee now aught worth,  
She will not grieve thy love henceforth,  
Which so despair hath prov'd.  
Despair hath proved now in me,  
That love will not unconstant be,  
Though long in vain I lov'd.  
If she at last reward thy love,  
And all thy harms repair,  
Thy happiness will sweeter prove,  
Rais'd up from deep despair.  
And if that now thou welcome be,  
When thou with her dost meet,  
She all this while but play'd with thee,  
To make thy joys more sweet.



## Seven Penitential Psalms from King David:

Giovanni Croce 'MUSICA SACRA' (1608, 1611)

### FIRST SONNET

*Ex Psal. 6.*



Lord, in thy wrath reprove mee not severely,  
Nor punish me in thy deseru'd displeasure:  
Haue mercy on my Sinns exceeding measure,  
For full of feares, my Soule is vexed drearily.

Saue it (O Lord) Almighty-most Supernall,  
Saue it (alas) from the'uer-neuer Dying:  
For who in deepe Hell (and fierce Torments frying)  
Shall sing thy praise, or can extoll th'Eternall?  
Long haue I Languisht in my grievous Sorrow's,  
My bed and bofome, with my teares I water:  
My foes Despight hath ploughd my face with furrows.  
But (now my Soule) let the vngodly Scatter:  
Hence yee wicked, sith God (so gracious for vs)  
Hath heard my moan, and doth regard my matter.

### THIRD SONNET

*Ex Psal. 38.*



Lord, in thine Anger doe no more reprove me,  
Nor in thy Furie multiply my Sorrows;  
For in my flesh I Feele thy fearfull Arrows:  
Thy heauie hand doth vnto Goodnes moue me.

Sick, in it selfe my Soule doth Sigh and Languish:  
Because my Sinns so Wholly ouercame mee,  
Sorely afflicted, and all humbled am I;  
And in my playnt, my hart Roars out for Anguish.  
My Strength eu'n fail's me, and my Sight hath fled me,  
And euery one Endeauours to vndoo mee,  
But I as Deaf, the while with Dumbnes sped me.  
In thee I hope (my God) Ah listen to me:  
Ah, Leau me not (thou that canst best bested me)  
Thou my Salvation, and Comfort sole vnto me.

### SECOND SONNET

*Ex Psal. 32.*



Blessed are they, whose faults (so oft forbidden)  
Haue free forgiuenes, and a full remission:  
And they whose Sinns (of Act and of Omision)  
Are not Imputed, but in mercy hidden.

Therefore my Crime I haue confest before thee;  
Which graciously (my God) thou hast forgiuen:  
The more therefore I Laude thee (King of Heauen)  
And all thy Saints shall in due time adore thee.  
O thou my Refuge, and my Consolation,  
Deliuer me my God which art Almighty:  
From Enemies that enuie my Salvation.  
A many Rods pursue the Sinner (rightly)  
But those that place in thee their expectation,  
Grace shall embrace. Ioy yee that walk vprightly.

### FOURTH SONNET

*Ex Psal. 51.*



Hew mercy Lord on mee most haynous Sinner,  
And mortifie my Sin so grievous guiltie;  
O cleanse me from it, Purifie me Filthy;  
For in thy sight Lord I am onely Sinner.

In Sin (thou know'st) my Sinfull mother bore mee:  
But O thou Guide vnto the heau'nly Cittie,  
Wash, wash my Soule in Lauer of thy Pittie,  
So shall no Snowe in whitenesse goe before mee.  
Giue me a cleane hart, an vntainted Spirit;  
And of thy Grace, and Face bereaue me neuer;  
So shall I more adore thy Name and feare it,  
And to thy Seruice more and more endeauour:  
Sith broken harts (as doth thy Voice auer it)  
Are th'onely Sacrifice thou loy'ft in euer.

## FIFT SONNET

*Ex Psal. 102.*



Arken O Lord vnto mine humble Playnings,  
Hide not thy Face for euer in thine Anger:  
My Dayes doe vade as Sinoak, my hart in Langor,  
Hyes (Flyes) to thee: why Shur'nt thou my Complaynings?

Friends haue I none; now from me All are flying:

In sted of Bread I haue ben fed with Ashes,  
My Drinck my Tears; while I haue felt the Lashes.  
Of thy fierce VVrath, for all mine often Crying.

All Kings and Nat'ons shall admire thy Glory,

When thou, the Sighs of humble Soules attendest;  
It shall be VVrit in an Eternall Story.

Ah! Leaue me not, Thou, thou that All Defendest,

That madest All (Heaue'n, Earth, and Ocean hoarie);  
That neuer didst Begin, and neuer Endest.

## SIXT SONNET

*Ex Psal. 102.*



From profound CENTER of my hart I cryed  
To thee O Lord, LORD let thine EAR E draw neer mee,  
To note my MOVRNINGS, and quick-quickly heare mee;  
Heare my Sad GRONES, to thy Sweet GRACE applyed.

LORD, if thou looke with RIGOUR downe into VS,

To mark our SIN, O who shall then abide it?

But, if with PARDON thou bee pleas'd to hide it  
(If MERCY thou Vouchsafe) What shall Vndoo VS?

Vpon thy WORD my SOVLE hath firmly reared

Her Tower of TRVST, there is my HOPE possesed;

With thee is MERCY, that thou maist bee feared;

MERCY, for those that are in SOVLE depressed,

ISRAEL'S Redeemer, Whom thou hast endeed

Beecom's through thee, of SINNER, SAINT and BLESSED.

## SEAVENTH SONNET

*Ex Psal. 143.*



Iften O LORD vnto my Prostrate PRAYER,  
Nor into IVDGMENT with thy Seruant enter:  
For who is IUST? The foule infernall TEMPTER  
Pursues my SOVLE with Terrors of DESPAYRE.

My hart's all inly Vext. Yet I apply'd mee

To waigh thy WORKS, thy Wonders I obserued,

But to thy MERCY the Chiefe place referued?

Then Shew my SIN, and in thy Service guide mee.

Succour mee LORD, Saue mee with expedition,

My SPIRIT fainteth: therefore mine affection,

My MINDE, my SOVLE, I lift (with all Submission):

To thee my LORD, my GOD, and my protection:

Draw mee from DANGER vnder thy Tuition,

For I thy Seruant am by thine Election.

Für die finanzielle Unterstützung danken wir herzlich:



August Pickhardt Stiftung