

# WIGMORE HALL

Monday 16 September 2024  
1.00pm

Iestyn Davies countertenor  
Sergio Bucheli lute

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Strike the viol, touch the lute from *Come, ye sons of art, away* Z323 (1694)

By beauteous softness mixed with majesty from *Now Does the Glorious Day Appear (Ode for Queen Mary's Birthday)* Z332 (1689)

Lord, what is man? (A Divine Hymn) Z192 (pub. 1693)

Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger  
(c.1580-1651)

Toccata No. 6 (pub. 1611)

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

O solitude, my sweetest choice Z406 (1684-5)

Sweeter than roses Z585 (1695)

John Dowland (1563-1626)

The Frog Galliard

Behold a wonder here (pub. 1603)

Flow, my tears (pub. 1600)

Nico Muhly (b.1981)


From *4 Traditional Songs* (performed unaccompanied) (2011)  
*A brisk young lad • The cruel mother • The bitter withy*

John Dowland

A Fancy P73

George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

O Lord, whose mercies numberless from *Saul* HWV53 (1738)

 This concert is being broadcast on BBC Radio 3



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## Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

### Strike the viol, touch the lute from *Come, ye sons of art, away* Z323 (1694)

*Nahum Tate*

Strike the viol, touch the lute,  
Wake the harp, inspire the flute.  
Sing your patroness's praise,  
In cheerful and harmonious lays.

### By beauteous softness mixed with majesty from *Now Does the Glorious Day Appear* (Ode for Queen Mary's Birthday) Z332

(1689)

*Henry Purcell, after Thomas Shadwell*

By beauteous softness mixed with majesty  
An empire over every heart she gains;  
And from her awful power none could be free  
She with such sweetness and such justice reigns.

### Lord, what is man? (A Divine Hymn) Z192

(pub. 1693)

*William Fuller*

Lord, what is man, lost man, that thou should'st be  
So mindful of him, that the Son of God  
Forsook his glory, his abode,  
To become a poor, tormented man?  
The deity was shrunk into a span,  
And that for me, O wondrous love, for me.  
Reveal, ye glorious spirits, when ye knew  
The way the Son of God took to renew  
Lost man, your vacant places to supply,  
Blest spirits, tell,  
Which did excel,  
Which was more prevalent,  
Your joy or your astonishment,  
That man should be assum'd into the deity,  
That for a worm a God should die?

O for a quill drawn from your wing  
To write the praises of eternal love;  
O for a voice like yours to sing  
That anthem here which once you sung above.  
Hallelujah!

## Giovanni Girolamo Kapsberger

(c.1580-1651)

### Toccata No. 6 (pub. 1611)

## Henry Purcell

### O solitude, my sweetest choice Z406

(1684-5)

*Katherine Philips after Antoine Girard de Saint-Amant*

O solitude, my sweetest choice!  
Places devoted to the night,  
Remote from tumult and from noise,  
How ye my restless thoughts delight!  
O solitude, my sweetest choice!  
O heav'ns! what content is mine,  
To see these trees, which have appear'd  
From the nativity of time,  
And which all ages have rever'd,  
To look today as fresh and green  
As when their beauties first were seen.  
O, how agreeable a sight  
These hanging mountains do appear,  
Which th'unhappy would invite  
To finish all their sorrows here,  
When their hard fate makes them endure  
Such woes as only death can cure.  
O, how I solitude adore!  
That element of noblest wit,  
Where I have learnt Apollo's lore,  
Without the pains to study it.  
For thy sake I in love am grown  
With what thy fancy does pursue;  
But when I think upon my own,  
I hate it for that reason too,  
Because it needs must hinder me  
From seeing and from serving thee.  
O solitude, O how I solitude adore!

### Sweeter than roses Z585 (1695)

*Anonymous*

Sweeter than roses,  
Or cool evening breeze on a warm flowery 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,  
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

*Please do not turn the page until the song and its accompaniment have ended.*

## John Dowland (1563-1626)

### The Frog Galliard

#### Behold a wonder here (pub. 1603)

*Anonymous*

Behold a wonder here:

Love hath receiv'd his sight,  
Which many hundred years  
Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infused be  
By Cynthia in his eyes,  
As first have made him see  
And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep  
For them that laugh the while,  
Nor wake for them that sleep,  
Nor sigh for them that smile.

So pow'rful is the beauty  
That Love doth now behold,  
As Love is turn'd to duty,  
That's neither blind nor bold.

This beauty shows her might  
To be of double kind,  
In giving Love his sight  
And striking Folly blind.

#### Flow, my tears (pub. 1600)

*Anonymous*

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.

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.

## Nico Muhly (b.1981)

### From 4 Traditional Songs (performed unaccompanied) (2011)

*Traditional*

#### A brisk young lad

A brisk young lad, he courted me,  
He stole away my liberty,  
He stole my heart with a free good-will,  
He has it now and he'll keep it still.

There is a flow'r I've heard them say,  
Would ease my heart both night and day,  
I would to God that flow'r I could find  
That would ease my heart and my troubling mind.

Dig me a grave both wide and deep,  
Set marble stones at my head and feet,  
And a turtle white dove carve over above  
To let the world know that I died of love.

#### The cruel mother

There was a lady lived in York,  
All alone and a loney,  
A farmer's son, he courted her  
All down by the greenwood side.

He courted her for sev'n long years,  
All alone and a loney,  
At last she had a child by him,  
All down by the greenwood side.

She pitched her knee against a tree,  
All alone and a loney,  
And there she found great misery,  
All down by the greenwood side.

She pitched her back against a thorn,  
All alone and a loney,  
And there she had her baby boy.  
All down by the greenwood side.

She drew the fillet off her head,  
All alone and a loney,  
She bound the baby's hands and legs  
All down by the greenwood side.

She drew a knife both long and sharp,  
All alone and a loney,  
She pierced the baby's innocent heart,  
All down by the greenwood side.

She wiped the knife upon the grass,  
All alone and a loney,  
The more she wiped the blood run fast,  
All down by the greenwood side.

She washed her hands all in the spring,  
All alone and a loney,  
Thinking to turn a maid again,  
All down by the greenwood side.

As she was going to her father's hall,  
All alone and a loney,  
She saw three babes a-playing at ball,  
All down by the greenwood side.

One dressed in silk, the other in satin,  
All alone and a loney,  
The other stark-naked as ever was born,  
All down by the greenwood side.

'O dear baby if you was mine,  
All alone and a loney,  
I'd dress you in silk, and satin so fine,  
All down by the greenwood side.'

'O dear mother I once was thine,  
All alone and a loney,  
You never would dress me coarse or fine,  
All down by the greenwood side.

'The coldest earth, it was my bed,  
All alone and a loney,  
The green grass was my coverlet,  
All down by the greenwood side.

'O mother, mother for your sin,  
All alone and a loney,  
Heav'ngate you shall not enter in,  
All down by the greenwood side.

'There is a fire beyond Hell's gate,  
All alone and a loney,  
And there you'll burn both early and late,  
All down by the greenwood side.'

### The bitter withy

As it befell on a bright holiday,  
Small hail from the sky did fall,  
Our Saviour asked his mother dear  
If he might go and play at ball.

At ball, at ball, my own dear Son,  
It's time that you were gone,  
And don't let me hear of any mischief  
At night when you come home.

So up the hill and down the hill  
Our sweet young Saviour ran,

Until he met three rich young lords,  
'Good morning' to each one.

'Good morn, good morn, good morn' said they,  
'Good morning' then said he,  
'And which of you three rich young lords  
Will play at ball with me?'

'We all are lords' and ladies' sons,  
Born in a baron hall,  
And you are nothing but a poor maid's child,  
Born in an oxen stall.'

Sweet Jesus turned him round about,  
He neither laughed nor smiled,  
But the tears came trickling from his eyes  
Like water from the sky.

Then he made him a bridge from the beams of the  
Sun  
And over the water ran he,  
The rich young lords chased after him  
And drown'd they were all three.

Then up the hill and down the hill  
Three rich young mothers ran,  
Saying 'Mary mild fetch home your child  
For drown'd is ours each one.'

So Mary mild fetched home her child  
And laid him across her knee  
And with a handful of withy twigs,  
She gave him slashes three.

'Ah bitter withy, ah bitter withy,  
You've causèd me to smart,  
And the willow shall be the very first tree  
To perish at the heart.'

## John Dowland

### A Fancy P73

## George Frideric Handel (1685-1759)

### O Lord, whose mercies numberless from *Saul* HWV53 (1738)

*Charles Jennens*

O Lord, whose mercies numberless  
O'er all thy works prevail:  
Though daily man Thy law transgress,  
Thy patience cannot fail.  
If yet his sin be not too great,  
The busy fiend control;  
Yet longer for repentance wait,  
And heal his wounded soul.