

# WIGMORE HALL

Monday 16 September 2024  
7.30pm

Tim Mead countertenor  
Sergio Bucheli lute

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Behold a wonder here (pub. 1603)  
I saw my Lady weep (pub. 1600)  
Shall I strive with words to move (pub. 1612)  
A Fancy P73  
Come again, sweet love doth now invite (pub. 1597)  
Fair, sweet, cruel (pub. 1607)  
Weep you no more sad fountains (pub. 1603)  
A Fancy P5

Thomas Ford  
John Dowland

Robert Johnson (c.1583-1633)  
John Dowland  
Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Have you seen the bright lily grow (c.1616)  
Sorrow, stay, lend true repentant tears (pub. 1600)  
Never weather beaten sail (pub. 1613)

## Interval

John Dowland

In darkness let me dwell (pub. 1610)  
Me, me, and none but me (pub. 1603)  
Care-charming sleep (c.1614)  
Forlorn Hope Fancy  
Mrs M E her funeral tears for the death of her husband  
*Grief, keep within • Drop not, mine eyes • Have all our  
passions?*

Robert Johnson  
John Dowland  
John Danyel (c.1564-1626)

John Dowland  
William Lawes (1602-1645)  
John Dowland

Farewell  
I'm sick of love (1648)  
If that a sinner's sighs (pub. 1612)  
Say, love if ever thou didst find (pub. 1603)

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The solo song with lute accompaniment was the popular song of its Tudor and Jacobean day. Lute songs run through Shakespeare's plays, and were both court entertainment and home amusement. Lyrics are mostly anonymous, generally amorous, sometimes political and occasionally religious. In the 20th Century the lute song achieved a revival as part of the Early Music movement and for a while belonged almost exclusively to the countertenor repertoire, although how much this was authentic practice remains debatable.

The lute is Arabic in origin, a relative of the oud and derived from *al-'ūd* which means 'the wood' (of which it is made). It became popular in Europe after the Fall of Constantinople in 1453 when Eastern culture flooded west. European makers refined the instrument, thinning the wood, while players caressed the strings by hand, discarding the plectrum in favour of a softer touch. Shakespeare has a player on stage at the start of *Twelfth Night* and idealises music as 'the food of love ... it comes upon the ear like the sweet sound that breathes upon a bank of violets, stealing and giving odour'.

The greatest lute player and composer of the age was **John Dowland**. He was 35 when, in 1598, the poet Richard Barnfield in a sonnet wrote 'Dowland to thee is dear whose heavenly touch / upon the lute doth ravish human sense...' Despite his reputation, Dowland failed to get a job at Queen Elizabeth's court and instead became an itinerant musician around the courts of Europe. To provide for his family in London he published books of songs, which he might not have done had he been salaried here. Each contains about 20 songs. *The First Book* came out in 1597 and was so popular that it was reprinted five times in 15 years. It contains 'Come again, sweet love doth now invite', one of Dowland's most sensuous songs, its panting refrain erotically charged.

The *Second Book* appeared in 1600 opening with 'I saw my Lady weep', whose hanging final chord resolves on the following song, suggesting that the contents were performed in sequence. Here the resolution is the love song 'Shall I strive with words to move' from the fourth book *A Pilgrimes Solace*, which Dowland published in 1612 when he had, as it were, ceased his own pilgrimage. It includes his devotional songs like the richly penitential 'If that a sinner's sighs', setting Simon Peter's bitter weeping (after his denial of Christ) to a descriptive, long wailing melody. Humble Christian yearning is epitomised by the simple 'Never weather beaten sail' by **Thomas Campion**, a lute-playing physician who compared his tuned strings to the balance of humours in the body.

Dowland called his 1603 publication the *Third and Last Book*, underestimating his own creativity. Elizabeth died that year and 'Behold a wonder here' credits her in the guise of Cynthia with curing Love's or Cupid's blindness. Other songs in the book would certainly have been

interpreted in the light of the departed monarch: 'Weep you no more sad fountains' ends with a restful refrain on 'she lies sleeping'. 'Me, me, and none but me' longs to be with the turtle dove in heaven. The urgently propulsive 'Say, love if ever thou didst find', which ends the programme, dwells on the Queen's unique qualities. 'A woman with a constant mind? None but one!'

The job which Dowland craved at court was held by John Johnson whose son **Robert Johnson** was the composer most associated with Shakespeare's troupe, The King's Men. In the theatre, the lyricists were known, where at court they were anonymous. Johnson Junior set 'Have you seen the bright lily grow' to words by Ben Jonson from the play *The Devil is an Ass*, based on a real life witch trial in which a number of women were hanged on the false testimony of a 15-year-old boy. Johnson also set 'Care-charming sleep' from the tragedy *Valentinian* by John Fletcher, Shakespeare's successor as the King's Men's chief playwright. Johnson was also music tutor to James I's son Henry, as was the court musician **Thomas Ford** who composed the melodiously syncopated 'Fair, sweet, cruel' by an unknown author. Because of court patronage, musicians tended to side with the royalists during the Civil War (the Puritans banned secular music and shut the theatres). Among them was **William Lawes**, who set 'I'm sick of love' by the poet Robert Herrick. Lawes was killed at the Siege of Chester.

On his travels, Dowland collected works by other composers, English and foreign, which were published as *A Musically Banquet* in 1610 along with perhaps the greatest of all his songs, 'In darkness let me dwell', in which lute and voice combine with complete equality in a single outpouring of emotional anguish. **John Danyel** was often linked with Dowland and described as his equal although while the latter's reputation was maintained through his songs, the former published little during his life and has been relatively forgotten. One of Danyel's works to survive is the extraordinarily beautiful, three-part mourning song 'Mrs M E her funeral tears', which ingeniously converges on the same climax from three different starting points.

Not least to give the singer a break, a number of Dowland's lute solos intersperse the songs. These remained largely in manuscript, often in a hand other than Dowland's, and the pioneering scholar Diana Poulton, for many years Professor of Lute at the Royal College of Music, scoured private collections of lute music in stately homes and European courts for the sources. For 'Fancy' read fantasia, a long flowing complex work based on a series of unrelated motifs. The two exquisite chromatic works bracketing the Danyel are opposites, each beginning with a chromatic scale, falling in *Forlorn Hope*, rising in *Farewell*.

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## John Dowland (1563-1626)

### 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.

### I saw my Lady weep (pub. 1600)

*Anonymous*

I saw my lady weep,  
And Sorrow proud to be advanced so,  
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep.  
Her face was full of woe,  
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts,  
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

O fairer than aught else  
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve.  
Enough, enough, your joyful looks excels.  
Tears kill the heart, believe;  
O strive not to be excellent in woe,  
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

### Shall I strive with words to move (pub. 1612)

*Anonymous*

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 must reveal:  
She alone my wound shall know,

Though she will not heal.

All woes have end, though awhile delayed,  
Our patience proving.  
O that Time's strange effects  
Could but make her loving.

Storms calm at last, and why may not she  
Leave off her frowning?  
O sweet love, help her hands  
My affection crowning.

I wooed her, I loved her, and none but her admire.  
O come dear joy, and answer my desire.

## A Fancy P73

### Come again, sweet love doth now invite

(pub. 1597)

*Anonymous*

Come again, sweet love doth now invite  
Thy graces, that refrain  
To do me due delight,  
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die  
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again, that I may cease to mourn  
Through thy unkind disdain.  
For now left and forlorn  
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die  
In deadly pain and endless misery.

All the day the sun that lends me shine  
By frowns do cause me pine,  
And feeds me with delay;  
Her smiles my springs that makes my joys to grow;  
Her frowns the winters of my woe.

All the night my sleeps are full of dreams,  
My eyes are full of streams;  
My heart takes no delight  
To see the fruits and joys that some do find,  
And mark the storms are me assigned.

Out, alas,  
My faith is ever true,  
Yet will she never rue,  
Nor yield me any grace;  
Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,  
Whom tears nor truth may once invade.

*Song continues overleaf. Please turn the page as quietly as possible.*

Gentle Love,

Draw forth thy wounding dart,  
Thou canst not pierce her heart,  
For I that to approve,  
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,  
Did tempt, while she for mighty triumph laughs.

## Thomas Ford

**Fair, sweet, cruel** (pub. 1607)

*Anonymous*

Fair, sweet, cruel, why dost thou fly me,  
Go not, oh go not from thy dearest.  
Though thou dost hasten I am nigh thee;  
When thou seem'st far then am I nearest.  
O tarry then and take me with you.  
Fie, fie, sweetest, here is no danger.  
Fly not, oh fly not, Love pursues thee.  
I am no foe nor foreign stranger.  
Thy scorns with fresher hope renews me.  
O tarry then and take me with you.

## John Dowland

**Weep you no more sad fountains** (pub. 1603)

*Anonymous*

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
What need you flow so fast?  
Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!  
But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping,  
Softly now, softly lies  
Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets;  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at e'en he sets?  
Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping,  
Softly now, softly lies  
Sleeping.

## A Fancy P5

**Robert Johnson** (c.1583-1633)

**Have you seen the bright lily grow** (c.1616)

*Ben Jonson*

Have you seen the bright lily grow  
Before rude hands have touched it?  
Have you marked but the fall of the snow  
Before the earth hath smutched it?  
Have you felt the wool of beaver,  
Or swan's down ever?  
Or have smelt o' the bud o'the brier,  
Or the nard in the fire?  
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?  
O so white, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

## John Dowland

**Sorrow, stay, lend true repentant tears**

(pub. 1600)

*Anonymous*

Sorrow, stay, lend true repentant tears,  
To a woeful wretched wight,  
Hence, despair with thy tormenting fears:  
O do not my poor heart affright.  
Pity, help now or never,  
Mark me not to endless pain,  
Alas I am condemned ever,  
No hope, no help there doth remain,  
But down, down, down, down I fall,  
Down and arise I never shall.

## Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

**Never weather beaten sail** (pub. 1613)

*Thomas Campion*

Never weather-beaten Saile more willing bent to  
shore,  
Never tyred Pilgrims limbs affected slumber more;  
Then my weary spright now longs to flye out of my  
troubled brest.  
O come quickly sweetest Lord, and take my soule to  
rest.  
Ever-blooming are the joyes of Heav'ns high  
paradice,  
Cold age deafes not there our eares, nor vapour  
dims our eyes;  
Glory there the Sun out-shines, whose beames the  
blessed onely see.  
O come quickly glorious Lord, and raise my spright  
to thee.

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## Interval

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## John Dowland

### In darkness let me dwell (pub. 1610)

*Anonymous*

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.

### Me, me, and none but me (pub. 1603)

*Anonymous*

Me, me and none but me, dart home, O gentle Death,  
And quickly, for I draw too long this idle breath.  
O how I long till I may fly to heav'n above,  
Unto my faithful, unto my faithful beloved turtle  
dove.

Like to the silver swan, before my death I sing,  
And yet alive my fatal knell I help to ring.  
Still I desire from earth and earthly joys to fly,  
He never happy liv'd, never happy liv'd that cannot  
love to die.

## Robert Johnson

### Care-charming sleep (c.1614)

*John Fletcher*

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,  
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose  
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud  
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud  
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,  
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,  
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain,  
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;  
Into this prince gently, oh gently slide,  
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

## John Dowland

### Forlorn Hope Fancy

### John Danyel (c.1564-1626)

### Mrs M E her funeral tears for the death of her husband

*Anonymous*

## Grief, keep within

Grief, keep within and scorn to show but tears,  
Since joy can weep as well as thou,  
Disdain to sigh, for so can slender cares,  
Which but from idle causes grow.  
Do not look forth, unless thou didst know how  
To look with thine own face, and as thou art.  
And only let my heart,  
That knows more reason why,  
Pine, fret, consume, swell, burst and die.

## Drop not, mine eyes

Drop not, mine eyes, nor trickle down so fast,  
For so you could do oft before  
In our sad farewells and sweet meetings past.  
And shall his death now have no more?  
Can niggard sorrow yield no other store  
To show the plenty of affliction's smart?  
Then only thou, poor heart,  
That know'st more reason why,  
Pine, fret, consume, swell, burst and die.

## Have all our passions?

Have all our passions certain proper vents,  
And sorrow none that is her own,  
But she must borrow others' complements  
To make her inward feelings known?  
Are joy's delights and death's compassion shown  
With one like face and one lamenting part?  
Then only thou, poor heart,  
That know'st more reason why,  
Pine, fret, consume, swell, burst and die.

## John Dowland

### Farewell

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

## William Lawes (1602-1645)

### I'm sick of love (1648)

*Robert Herrick*

I'm sick of love: O let me lie  
Under your shades to sleep or die!  
Either is welcome, so here I have  
Or here my bed, or here my grave.  
Why do ye sigh, and sob, and keep  
Time with the tears that I do weep?  
Can ye have sense, or do ye prove  
What crucifixions are in love?  
I know ye do, and that's the why  
Ye weep, being sick of love as I.

## John Dowland

### If that a sinner's sighs (pub. 1612)

*Anonymous*

If that a sinner's sighs be Angel's food,  
Or that repentant tears be Angel's wine,  
Accept, O Lord, in this most pensive mood,  
These hearty sighs and doleful plaints of mine,  
That went with Peter forth most sinfully:  
But not as Peter did, weep, weep bitterly.

### Say, love if ever thou didst find (pub. 1603)

*Anonymous*

Say, Love, if ever thou didst find  
A woman with a constant mind?  
None but one.  
And what should that rare mirror be?  
Some goddess or some queen is she;  
She, she, she and only she,  
She only queen of love and beauty.

But could thy fiery poison'd dart  
At no time touch her spotless heart,  
Nor come near?  
She is not subject to Love's bow;  
Her eye commands, her heart saith no,  
No, no, no, and only no;  
One no another still doth follow.

How might I that fair wonder know,  
That mocks desire with endless no.  
See the moon  
That ever in one change doth grow,  
Yet still the same, and she is so;  
So, so, so, and only so,  
From heav'n her virtues she doth borrow.

To her then yield thy shafts and bow,  
That can command affection so:

Love is free;  
So are her thoughts that vanquish thee.  
There is no queen of love but she,  
She, she, she, and only she,  
She only queen of love and beauty.