

# WIGMORE HALL 125

Sunday 28 September 2025  
7.30pm

## Baroque Trailblazers

Hugh Cutting countertenor  
The English Concert

Harry Bicket director, harpsichord, organ

Nadja Zwiener violin

Tuomo Suni violin

Alfonso Leal del Ojo viola

Louise Hogan viola

Joseph Crouch cello

Alexander Jones double bass

Sergio Bucheli theorbo

Oliver Wass harp

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

E pur io torno from *L'incoronazione di Poppea*

Che si può fare

Begli occhi

Francesco Cavalli (1602-1676)

Biagio Marini (1594-1663)

Erme e solinghe cime from *La Calisto*

Passacalio Op. 22 No. 25

Johann Christoph Bach (1642-1703)

Ach, dass ich Wassers gnug hätte

Philipp Heinrich Erlebach (1657-1714)

Wer sich dem Himmel übergeben

Johann Philipp Krieger (1649-1725)

Adagio from Sonata a4 in F

Johann Christoph Bach

Es ist nun aus mit meinem Leben

### Interval

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

'Tis Nature's Voice; thro' all the moving Wood from *Hail, bright Cecilia* Z328

Arise, my muse from *Arise, my muse* Z320

John Blow (1649-1708)

Chaconne in G

Pelham Humfrey (1647-1674)

Sleep, downy sleep

John Blow

Lovely Selina

Henry Purcell

Sonata in 4 Parts No. 6 in G minor Z807 'Chaconna'

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin from *Te Deum and Jubilate Deo* Z232

Fairest Isle from *King Arthur* Z628



Help us raise £125,000  
for 125 years of music

To find out more visit [wigmore-hall.org.uk/donate](https://wigmore-hall.org.uk/donate)



Join & Support  
Donations

Wigmore Hall is a no smoking venue. No recording or photographic equipment may be taken into the auditorium nor used in any other part of the Hall without the prior written permission of the management. In accordance with the requirements of City of Westminster persons shall not be permitted to stand or sit in any of the gangways intersecting the seating, or to sit in any other gangways. If standing is permitted in the gangways at the sides and rear of the seating, it shall be limited to the number indicated in the notices exhibited in those positions. Disabled Access and Facilities - full details from 020 7935 2141. Wigmore Hall is equipped with a loop to help hearing aid users receive clear sound without background noise. Patrons can use this facility by switching hearing aids to 'T'.



Please ensure that watch alarms, mobile phones and any other electrical devices which can become audible are switched off. Phones on a vibrate setting can still be heard, please switch off.

The Wigmore Hall Trust Registered Charity No. 1024838  
36 Wigmore Street, London W1U 2BP • [Wigmore-hall.org.uk](https://wigmore-hall.org.uk) • John Gilhooly Director

Wigmore Hall Royal Patron HRH The Duke of Kent, KG  
Honorary Patrons Aubrey Adams OBE; André and Rosalie Hoffmann; Louise Kaye; Kohn Foundation; Mr and Mrs Paul Morgan

The idea of a male singer performing vocal parts that could just as (if not more) easily be performed by women, might seem strange. But in 16th- and 17th-century England – and, to an extent, Germany – this was accepted practice. The absence of women in the church required innovative musical solutions: boys could supply treble lines, but alto lines were sung by men using their 'falsetto' range, or 'head' voice. Purcell and many of his contemporaries wrote operatic roles for the voice type.

In the 18th Century, the castrato's rise in Italy and mainland Europe threatened the existence of the operatic countertenor. Castrati, whose soaring voices were preserved past childhood through surgical intervention, dominated the stage, while the countertenor was pushed into extinction by the Classical and Romantic eras' demands for lower, more powerful voices. The mid 20th Century saw a resurgence in its popularity, thanks to Alfred Deller, who dedicated his career to neglected Renaissance and Baroque works. Today, the countertenor enjoys a golden era performing not just music written for the voice type, but championing former castrato roles and arrangements of works originally intended for female voices.

Hugh Cutting has divided his programme into Italian, German and English music, beginning with Italy. Originally performed by a contralto, the role of Ottone in **Monteverdi's** final opera *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* has more recently been sung by a countertenor. In 'E pur io torno', Ottone declares his undying love for Poppea, describing her magnetic pull as 'a flame to the sphere of fire' and 'a stream to the sea'.

**Barbara Strozzi's** 'Che si può fare' is a lament for soprano and continuo, built over a recurring four-note descending pattern. The narrator addresses the stars and fate, the recurring question 'Che si può fare?' ('What can you do?') expressing resignation in the face of unfortunate circumstances – perhaps unrequited or lost love. Also originally for soprano and continuo, 'Begli occhi' ('Beautiful Eyes') is a passionate declaration of love, in music of hypnotic contrasts. 'Erme e solinghe cime', scored for castrato, is Endimione's melancholic aria from **Cavalli's** 1651 opera *La Calisto*. In it, he addresses lonely mountain peaks, lamenting his separation from Diana. It features long, ornamental vocal lines over sparse continuo accompaniment.

A beautiful and increasingly virtuosic instrumental passacaglia by Cavalli's contemporary **Biagio Marini** precedes our journey to Germany. **Johann Christoff Bach** was an older cousin of JS Bach and was organist of the Georgenkirche, Eisenach, birthplace of JS Bach. *Ach, dass ich Wassers gnug hätte* (Ah, that I had tears enough) is a rhapsodic lament that features an additional, twisting obbligato solo violin part, adding to the repentant mood. *Es ist nun aus mit meinem Leben* (Now my life is ended) is one of a pair of JC Bach's 'death arias' – the simplicity of its melody and strophic form proves extraordinarily effective. It's arranged here from its original choral scoring.

Sunnier climes await with the mid 17th-century **Philipp Heinrich Erlebach's** 'Wer sich dem Himmel übergeben'

('Who surrenders to heaven'). This title, however, is the explanatory subtitle for the aria 'Trocknet euch ihr heissen Zähren' ('Dry your hot tears'), taken from the second volume of the composer's 1710 collection *Harmonische Freude musicalischer Freunde* (Harmonic Joys for Musical Friends).

The brief but beautiful *Adagio* from the Sonata a4 in F by **Johann Philipp Krieger** is an early work. Krieger learnt his craft in Venice and Vienna, before being made Kapellmeister at Saxe-Weissenfels in Halle, eastern Germany.

The music of **Henry Purcell** dominates the third, English part of tonight's concert. 'Tis nature's voice' is the most remarkable movement from *Hail, bright Cecilia*, a 1692 ode commissioned by the Musical Society of London to celebrate the feast day of St Cecilia, the patron saint of music. This piece is an extended, highly decorated recitative requiring superb vocal control and expressive instincts. 'Arise, my muse' is the brief but majestic title aria from Purcell's 1690 *Ode for Queen Mary's Birthday*, one of several that the composer was commissioned to write for the monarch.

Unusually, the long-breathed Chaconna is the only movement that makes up Purcell's Sonata in G minor, one of the Ten Sonatas in Four Parts that were published posthumously by Purcell's impecunious widow. The two upper violins converse, clash and wind around one another over a repeated, irregular five-bar bassline.

'Vouchsafe', a ravishing, poignant plea for mercy, forms the tender heart of Purcell's *Te Deum*, completed in 1694 for St Cecilia's Day, a year before the composer's premature death at just 36. 'Fairest Isle' from the 1691 semi-opera *King Arthur* is one of Purcell's most exquisite creations. The aria is sung by Venus, who expresses her love for the island of Britain.

**John Blow** also had strong connections to the Chapel Royal, starting there as a gentleman of the choir, before becoming one of its organists and, eventually, choirmaster. Moving on to become organist of Westminster Abbey, Blow stepped aside in 1679 to allow Purcell to take up the post (he returned there after Purcell's untimely death). 'Lovely Selina', a tale of innocent love betrayed, is one of Blow's most endearing songs setting words by playwright Nathaniel Lee. In his four-part Chaconne in G, Blow writes increasingly complex string figuration over a recurring chord sequence, before coming to an altogether gentler rest.

**Pelham Humfrey**, who directed the choir at the Chapel Royal during Purcell's time there as a treble, was once described by Samuel Pepys as 'an absolute Monsieur [as] full of form and confidence and vanity, and disparages everything and everybody's skill but his own'. *Sleep, downy sleep* sets an anonymous text calling for protection through the night, before rejoicing in the prospect of the coming day.

© Oliver Condry 2025

*Reproduction and distribution is strictly prohibited.*

## Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

### E pur io torno from *L'incoronazione di Poppea*

Giovanni Francesco  
Busenello

#### Ottone

E pur io torno qui,  
qual linea al  
centro,  
Qual foco a sfera e qual  
ruscello al mare,  
E se ben luce alcuna non  
m'appare,  
Ah! so ben io, che sta l mio  
sol qui dentro.  
Caro tetto amoroso,  
Albergo di mia vita, e del mio  
bene,  
Il passo è l cor ad inchinarti  
viene.  
Apri un balcon,  
Poppea,  
Col bel viso in cui son le sorti  
mie,  
Previeni, anima mia, precorri  
il die.  
Sorgi, e disgombra omai,  
Da questo ciel caligini, e  
tenebre  
Con il beato aprir di tue  
palpebre.  
Sogni, portate a volo,  
Fate sentire in dolce  
fantasia  
Questi sospir alla diletta mia.

Ma che veggio,  
infelice?  
Non già fantasmi o pur  
notturne larve,  
Son questi i servi di Nerone;  
ahi, ahi dunque  
Agl' insensati venti  
lo diffondo i lamenti.  
Necessito le pietre a  
deplorarmi.  
Adoro questi marmi,  
Amoreggio con lagrime un  
balcone,  
E in grembo  
di Poppea dorme  
Nerone.  
Ha condotti  
costoro,  
Per custodir se stesso dalle  
frodi.

### What can you do?

#### Otho

I have come back to this  
place, like a line to its  
beginning,  
a flame to the sphere of fire,  
a stream to the sea,  
and though I see no light  
before me,  
I know that my sun is  
within these walls.  
Beloved and loving palace,  
under whose roof lies my  
life and my love,  
my heart and I come to  
pay homage to you.  
Step on to a balcony,  
Poppea,  
reveal the fair face on  
which my fate depends,  
herald the break of day,  
my beloved.  
Arise, and banish all clouds  
and darkness from the  
sky  
by opening your beautiful  
eyes.  
Dreams, take flight now,  
carry my sighs to the one  
I love  
in a sweet reverie.

But what sight meets my  
unhappy eyes?  
These men are no ghosts  
or spirits of the night,  
they are Nero's guards;  
alas, then,  
I share my lament with  
only the uncaring breeze.  
I must ask the stones to  
take pity on me.  
I am praising these walls,  
dreaming of a balcony  
with tears in my eyes,  
and all the while Nero lies  
sleeping in Poppea's  
embrace.  
He has brought these  
men with him  
to keep him safe from  
treacherous attack.

O salvezza de' Principi  
infelice:  
Dormon profondamente i  
suoi custodi.  
Ah perfida Poppea,  
Son queste le promesse e i  
giuramenti,  
Ch'accessero il cor mio?  
Questa è la fede,  
O dio, dio, dio!  
Io son quell'Ottone,  
Che ti seguì,  
Che ti bramò,  
Che ti servì,  
Quell'Ottone  
Che t'adorò,  
Che per piegarti e intenerirti  
il core  
Di lagrime imperlò preghi  
devoti,  
Gli spirti a te sacrificando in  
voti.  
M'assicurasti al  
fine  
Ch'abbracciate avrei nel  
tuo bel seno  
Le mie beatitudini amorose;  
Io di credula speme il seme  
sparsi,  
Ma l'aria e 'l cielo a' danni  
miei rivolto,  
Tempestò di ruine il mio  
raccolto.

A futile scheme for  
princely protection:  
his soldiers are sound  
asleep.  
Ah, faithless Poppaea,  
are these the vows and  
promises  
that filled my heart with fire?  
Is this your fidelity,  
o god, o god, o god?  
I am still the same Otho  
who pursued you,  
yearned for you,  
served you,  
the same Otho  
who worshipped you,  
who, to convince you of his  
love and win your heart,  
shed tears as he uttered  
prayers of devotion,  
who sacrificed his wits in  
vows of love to you.  
At last, you gave me your  
word  
that I would find loving  
bliss  
in your fair embrace.  
I sowed a seed of  
credulous hope,  
but the elements, set  
against me,  
have brought ruin on my  
harvest.

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

Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

Che si può fare	What can you do?
<i>Sig. Brunacci</i>	
Che si può fare? Le stelle rubelle Non hanno pietà. Che s'el cielo non dà Un influxo di pace al mio penare, Che si può fare?	What can you do? The stars, intractable, have no pity. Since the gods don't give a measure of peace in my suffering, what can I do?
Che si può dire? Da gl'astri disastri Mi piovano ogn'hor; Che le perfido amor Un respiro diniega al mio martire, Che si può dire?	What can you say? From the heavens disasters keep raining down on me; Since that treacherous Cupid denies respite to my torture, what can I say?
Così va rio destin forte tiranna, Gl'innocenti condanna: Così l'oro più fido Di costanza e di fè, lasso conviene, Io raffini d'ogn'hor fuoco di pene.	That's how it is with cruel destiny the powerful tyrant, it condemns the innocent: thus the purest gold of constancy and faithfulness, alas, is continually refined in the fire of pain.
Si, sì, penar deggio, Sì, che darei sospiri, Deggio trarne i respiri. In aspri guai per eternarmi Il ciel niega mia sorte Al periodo vital Punto di morte.	Yes, yes, I have to suffer, yes, I must sigh, I must breathe with difficulty. In order to eternalize my trials heaven witholds from me the final period of death to my lifespan.
Voi spirti dannati Ne sete beati S'ogni eumenide ria Sol' è intenta a crucciar l'anima mia.	You spirits of the damned, you're blessed, since all the cruel Eumenides are intent only on torturing my soul.
Se sono sparite Le furie di Dite, Voi ne gl'elisi eterni I dì trahete io coverò gl'inferni.	Since the furies of Dis have disappeared, you spend your days in the Elysian fields while I molder in hell.
Così avvien a chi tocca Calcar l'orme d'un cieco, Al fin trabocca.	Thus it happens that he who follows the shadow of a blind god stumbles in the end.

Begli occhi	Beautiful Eyes
<i>Anonymous</i>	
Voi pur, begl'occhi, sete Porte d'un paradiso, Voi tra le scherzo e 'l riso In ciel m'introducete Ma tanto il cor m'ardete Che dal mio foco eterno Per le porte del ciel corro all'inferno.	Beautiful eyes, you are indeed doors to paradise: with a tease and a laugh you take me to heaven. But my heart burns so fiercely that my everlasting flame causes me to run, from the doors of heaven to hell.
Sì, bel seno, che tu sei Una neve animata, Sì che tua giogia grata Consola gl'ardor miei. Ma tanto alfin godei Che grande a poco a poco Fra le falde di gel provo il mio foco.	Beautiful breast, you are living snow. O how your graceful throat feeds my passionate fire. Yet so sublime is my delight, that as it grows, little by little, my fire burns amidst the snow.
Voi pur, bei crini, adoro, Cari dolci legami, Voi, preziosi stami Del mio ricco tesoro. Ma della selva d'oro Se non mi fate un dono, Fra le miniere d'or povero io sono.	I adore you, beautiful hair, dear sweet bindings, precious threads of my rich treasure. But if you won't give me some of that golden tangle, I'm impoverished amid these goldmines.
No, no, pomi e rubini, Che voi non pareggiate Di quelle labbra amate I coralli divini. Ma non mai ne' giardini Di quella bella bocca Coglier quanti vorrei baci mi tocca.	No, no, apples and rubies, you don't compare with the divine corals within those beloved lips. Yet never, in the garden of that beautiful mouth, could I gather enough kisses to satisfy my yearning.

Francesco Cavalli (1602-1676)

Erme e solinghe cime from <i>La Calisto</i>	Lonely, deserted peaks
<i>Giovanni Faustini</i>	
Endimione	Endymion
<i>Recitativo</i> Erme, e solinghe cime, Ch'al cerchio m'accostate Delle luci adorate, In voi di novo imprime, Contemplator segreto Endimione l'orme.	<i>Recitative</i> Lonely, deserted peaks, you who bring me closer to the moonlight I adore, Endymion, gazing unobserved, walks among you once again.

Le variate forme Della stella d'argento Lusingando, e baciando, Di chiare notti tra i sereni orrori, Sulla terra, e sui sassi i suoi splendori.	From the clear and peaceful night sky, the silvery moon, ever waxing and waning, caresses and kisses the rocky ground with her gleaming light.
---	--

<i>Aria</i> Lucidissima face Di Tessaglia le note Non sturbino i tuoi giri, e la tua pace.	<i>Aria</i> Most resplendent of stars, may no sound from Thessaly disrupt either your travels or your peace.
---	---

Dag!atlantici monti Traboccando le rote, Febo, del carro ardente, omai tramonti.	Let Phoebus now turn the wheels of his fiery chariot downwards and vanish behind the towering peaks.
---	---

Il mio lume nascente Illuminando il cielo Più bello a me si mostri, e risplendente.	As you rise, beloved moon, and light up the heavens, unveil yourself to me in all your fair radiance.
--	--

Astro mio vago, e caro A' tuoi raggi di gelo, Nel petto amante a nutrir fiamme imparo.	Dear beauteous star of mine, at the touch of your icy beams I feel the flames build within my loving heart.
---	--

## Biagio Marini (1594-1663)

### Passacalio Op. 22 No. 25

## Johann Christoph Bach (1642-1703)

### Ach, dass ich Wassers gnug hätte

*Liturgical text*

Ach, dass ich Wassers gnug hätte in meinem Haupte, Und meine Augen Tränenquellen wären, Dass ich Tag und Nacht beweinen könnte meine Sünde! Meine Sünde gehe über mein Haupt, Wie eine schwere Last sind sie mir zu schwer worden, Darum weine ich so, Und meine beiden Augen fliessen mit Wasser.	O, that I had tears enough in my head and that my eyes were a fountain of tears that, day and night, I might lament my transgressions. For my sins are gone over my head, and are like a sore burden, too heavy for me to bear, therefore I do weep, the tears flowing from both my eyes.
---	--

Meines Seufzens ist viel, und mein Herz ist betrübet, Denn der Herr hat mich voll Jammers gemacht Am Tage seines grimmigen Zorns.	My sighing is great, and my heart is oppressed, for the Lord hath stricken me with anguish and woe in the day of his vengeance and wrath.
--	--

## Philipp Heinrich Erlebach (1657-1714)

### Wer sich dem Himmel übergeben

*Anonymous*

Trocknet euch, ihr heissen Zähren, Augen, sucht euch aufzuklären, Seufzer, steigt nicht mehr empor! Denn die Sonne bricht hervor. Was mich bis hieher gedrückt, Furcht und Pein wird nun überwunden sein, Alles ist vorbei gerückt. Trocknet euch, ihr heissen Zähren, Recht getan und gut Gewissen Ist ein sanftes Ruhekissen, Drauf die Unschuld Lager hält. Wohl, wer sich dies auch bestellt. Als denn lässt sich's freudig lachen, Ob der Neid Nebst der Falschheit dieser Zeit Gleich ein scheel Gesichte machen. Recht getan und gut Gewissen, Stillet euch, ihr heissen Zähren, Augen, sucht euch aufzuklären: Seufzer, was bewegt euch noch? Denn der Himmel liebt mich doch. Dem hab' ich mich überlassen, Dieser wacht, Und so kann bei düster Nacht Sich mein Herz auch mutig fassen. Stillet euch, ihr heissen Zähren.	Who surrenders to Heaven  Dry your hot tears, try, O eyes, to be cheerful, sighs – no longer rise! For the sun now appears. What till now has oppressed me, fear and pain shall now be overcome, all is now past. Dry your hot tears, to have done what is right, with a clear conscience, is a soft pillow on which innocence lies. Happy he who has done this. One can now laugh with joy, even though envy and the deceit of this age Immediately grimace. To have done what is right, with a clear conscience, will dry your hot tears, try, O eyes, to be cheerful: why do you still sigh? For Heaven loves me still. I have surrendered to Heaven, it watches over me, and thus can I in gloomy nights be courageous. Dry your hot tears.
---	---

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

Johann Philipp Krieger (1649-1725)

Adagio from Sonata a4 in F

Johann Christoph Bach

Es ist nun aus mit meinem Leben      Now my life is ended

Anonymous

Es ist nun aus mit meinem Leben, Gott nimmt es hin, der es gegeben. Kein Tröpflein mehr ist in dem Fass, Es will kein Fünklein mehr verfangen, Des Lebens Licht ist ausgegangen. Kein Körnlein läuft mehr in dem Glas, Es ist nun aus, es ist vollbracht, Welt, gute Nacht!	Now my life is ended, God who gave it, takes it to him. Not the smallest drop remains in the vessel, no faint spark will now avail it, life's light is extinguished. Not the least grain of sand still runs through the glass, it is now ended, it is accomplished, world, good night!
Komm, Todestag, du Lebenssonne, Du bringest mir mehr Lust und Wonne, Als mein Geburtstag bringen kann, Du machst ein Ende meinem Leiden, Das sich schon mit den Kindtaufsfreuden Vor jenen hat gefangen an. Nun ist es aus, es ist vollbracht, Welt, gute Nacht!	Come, day of death, o sun of life, you bring me more joy and bliss than the day of my birth can bring, you put an end to my suffering, which before the joys of christening was already begun. Now it is ended, it is accomplished, world, good night!
Welt, gute Nacht! Behalt das Deine Und lass mir Jesum als das Meine, Denn ich lass meinen Jesum nicht! Behüt euch Gott, ihr, meine Lieben, Lasst meinen Tod euch nicht betrüben, Durch welchen mir so wohl geschieht; Mein Leid ist aus, es ist vollbracht, Welt, gute Nacht!	World, good night! Keep what is yours, and leave Jesus as mine own, for I will not leave my Jesus! May God protect you, my dear ones, let my death not grieve you, since it has brought me such happiness; my suffering is ended, it is accomplished, world, good night!

Was wollet ihr euch nach mir sehnen? Ei, stillet, stillet eure Tränen, Weil meine schon gestillet sind, Mir wischt sie Jesus von den Augen, Was sollen denn die euren taugen, Und lachet mit mir als ein Kind. Was Jesus macht, ist wohlgemacht! Welt, gute Nacht!	Why would you grieve for me? Ah, ease your tears, for mine are eased already; Jesus wipes them from my eyes; what use then should yours be, laugh with me like a child. That which Jesus does is well done! World, good night!
---	--

Interval

Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

'Tis Nature's Voice; thro' all the moving Wood from *Hail, bright Cecilia* Z328

Nicholas Brady

'Tis Nature's Voice; thro' all the moving Wood  
Of Creatures understood:  
The Universal Tongue to none  
Of all her num'rous Race unknown.  
From her it learnt the mighty Art  
To court the Ear or strike the Heart:  
At once the Passions to express and move;  
We hear, and straight we grieve or hate, rejoiced or love;  
In unseen Chains it does the Fancy bind;  
At once it charms the Sense and captivates the Mind.

Arise, my muse from *Arise, my muse* Z320

Thomas D'Urfey

Arise, my muse, and to thy tuneful lyre  
Compose a mighty ode  
Whose charming nature may inspire  
The bosom of some listening God  
To consecrate thy bold attempting verse,  
And Gloriana's fame disperse  
O'er the wide confines of the universe.

John Blow (1649-1708)

Chaconne in G

## Pelham Humfrey (1647-1674)

### Sleep, downy sleep

*Thomas Flatman*

Sleep! downy sleep! come close my eyes,  
Tired with beholding vanities!  
Welcome, sweet sleep,  
That drives away the toils and follies of the day.

On thy soft bosom will I lie,  
Forget the world, and learn to die.  
O Israel's watchful shepherd, spread  
Tents of angels round my bed.

Let not the spirits of the air  
Whilst I slumber, me ensnare;  
But guard thy suppliant free from harms,  
Clasped in thy everlasting arms.

Clouds and thick darkness is thy throne,  
Thy wonderful pavilion;  
O dart from thence a shining ray,  
And then my midnight shall be day.

Thus when the morn, in crimson dressed,  
Breaks through the windows of the east,  
My hymns of thankful praise shall rise  
Like incense of the morning sacrifice.

## John Blow

### Lovely Selina

*Anonymous*

Lovely Selina, innocent and free  
From all the dangerous arts of love,  
Thus in a melancholy grove  
Enjoy'd the sweetness of her privacy.  
Till envious gods, designing to undo her,  
Depatch'd the swain not unlike to woo her.

It was not long e'er the design did take:  
A gentle youth, born to persuade,  
Deceiv'd the too, too easy maid.  
Her scrip and garland she did forsake,  
And rashly told the secrets of her heart,  
Which the fond man would ever more impart.

False Florimel, joy of my heart, said she,  
'Tis hard to love, and love in vain;  
To love, and not be lov'd again.  
And why should love and prudence disagree?  
Pity ye pow'rs, that sit at ease above,  
If e'er you know what 'tis to be in love!

## Henry Purcell

### Sonata in 4 Parts No. 6 in G minor Z807 'Chaconna'

### Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin from *Te Deum and Jubilate* *Deo* Z232

*Liturgical text*

Vouchsafe, O Lord, to keep us this day without sin.  
O Lord, have mercy upon us.  
O Lord, let thy mercy lighten upon us, as our trust is in thee.  
O Lord, in thee have I trusted, let me never be confounded.

### Fairest Isle from *King Arthur* Z628

*John Dryden*

Fairest isle, all isles excelling,  
Seat of pleasure and of love.  
Venus here will choose her dwelling,  
And forsake her Cyprian grove.  
Cupid from his fav'rite nation  
Care and envy will remove;  
Jealousy, that poisons passion,  
And despair, that dies for love.

Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,  
Sighs that blow the fire of love,  
Soft repulses, kind disdainings,  
Shall be all the pains you prove.  
Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,  
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove;  
And as these excel in beauty,  
Those shall be renown'd for love.