



Saturday 23 October, 4pm  
St Martin's Church

## **BREMF LIVE! SHOWCASE**

**Short sets by young artists from Early Music Live!**

**Arculo Consort of Viols**  
**The Swan Consort**

short interval

**Lilium Convallium**

**Arculo Consort of Viols**

Tim Burton *treble and bass viols*  
Matthew Farrell *treble viol, countertenor*  
Rowan Bidmead *tenor and bass viols*  
Cai Waverley-Hudson *tenor and bass viols*  
Tim Edwards *bass viol*

### **The tears of the muses**

Dowland 1563–1626

M. Thomas Collier his Galiard

Dowland

Mistresse Nichols Almand

Dowland

M. George Whitehead his Almand

Tobias Hume 1569–1645

Cease leaden slumber

Anthony Holborne c. 1545–1602

The Tears of the Muses

Holborne

Fairie Round

William Byrd c. 1543–1623

My mistress had a little dog

John Dowland was a renowned English lutenist and is much loved by modern audiences. Dowland received a BMus degree from Oxford in 1588 and had a career that spanned the courts of Europe where, most notably, he was court lutenist for Christian IV of Denmark between 1598-1606. His adopted motto 'Semper Dowland, Semper Dolens' goes some way to explaining the melancholy tone of many of his works. It is thought that his music reflects the shortcomings in his own life, for example his rejection from the court of Queen Elizabeth. However, the dances we are playing today show the lively, joyful side of his music that is often overlooked.

Tobias Hume was a soldier and advocate for the bass viol in a time where the lute still held supremacy in English society. His first book of musical compositions, *Musicall Humours* was the very first to be devoted to the viol, but he was ahead of his time as the viol soon surpassed the lute as the instrument of choice.

Despite being a visionary and incredibly original (one of his pieces requires one player to sit on the lap of another while they play the same instrument) he did not have commercial success, and had to resort to mercenary work towards the end of his life, and even appears to have lost his sensibilities when he promoted himself to the rank of Colonel in a letter to the king and parliament. While he may not have been appreciated in his time, we greatly enjoy his works and are delighted to present the song 'Cease leaden slumber' from his *Poeticall Musicke*, his second book of music.

An accomplished lutenist and courtier in Elizabeth's court was Anthony Holborne, a contemporary of the more influential and more universally reputed composers John Dowland, and William Byrd of England and the Gabriellis, Andrea and Giovanni, in Italy. His *Pavans, Galliards, Almains, and other short Aeirs both grave, and light in five parts, for Viols, Violins, or other Musicall Winde Instruments* (1599) shows how this dance-inspired music for mixed consort reflects a significant demarcation from the rigidly contrapuntal and retrospective style of the whole consort (especially viols) style of the fancy (fantasia) and characterises the 'fun-loving' spirit of this late 16th-century music. .

William Byrd is one of England's most acclaimed composers from the 16th century. Best known for his sacred compositions, he also composed a considerable quantity of secular works, largely for viol consort. While not as numerous as his other genres, he did also compose secular consort songs for solo voice and viol consort accompaniment, of which this song is one. The lyrics describe a dog owned by the singer's mistress, including the comical characteristics of the dog, such as his habits of hunting rabbits, but also his sad demise at the hands of the mistress' brutish husband. We hope you enjoy listening to this song as much as we enjoy playing it.

**Arculo** is an exciting young viol consort founded in Cardiff in 2018 whose members are all alumni of the Royal Welsh College of Music and Drama. The consort has performed many concerts and evensongs around the UK, most notably at Lichfield, Gloucester and Llandaff Cathedrals.

As well as performing early music, Arculo have developed a passion for discovering new music for viols. On their debut EP 'À3', they recorded a new Fantasia by American viol player and composer; Thomas Kurz, alongside music by Christopher Tye and Giovanni Coperario. The consort believes that new music is a great way to reach out to those who don't know or listen to classical music. By commissioning and performing new music, Arculo aims to engage new listeners of this genre, as well as the music of the renaissance and baroque periods. Commissioning new music for period instruments also adds to the sustainability to the early music genre and the evolution of classical music as a whole.

**arculo.co.uk**

# The Swan Consort

Anita Datta *soprano, artistic director*

Ailsa Campbell *soprano*

Lewis Cullen *countertenor*

Robin Datta *tenor*

Samuel Gilliatt *bass*

with

Yair Avidor *theorbo*

## 'Et in Arcadia': The Story of the [Un]Faithful Shepherd

Richard Nicholson 1563–1639	Sing, shepherds all
Schütz 1585–1672	Fuggi, O mio core
Claudio Monteverdi 1567–1643	Quel Augellin che canta
Luca Marenzio 1553–1599	Se tu, dolce mio ben
Sigismondo d'India 1582–1629	Dorinda, ah! Diro mia
Marenzio	Ferir quel petto, Silvio
Antonio Cifra c. 1584–1629	Troppo ben può
Thomas Weelkes 1576–1623	Hark, all ye lovely saints

*'Il pastor fido'*, or 'The Faithful Shepherd', is an epic poem in the tragicomic style published in Venice in 1590. Few works of literature have been set so many times in European song. Excerpts of Guarini's texts were set not only by Monteverdi, de Wert, Marenzio, d'India, Handel and Rameau, but countless others whose names are less familiar to us today. The key characters of the poem also appear in sung and spoken folklore across Europe throughout the following centuries

Like all good epics, *Il pastor fido* has multiple plots. Various lovers' tangles play out in Arcadia, where a sacrifice of a virgin must be made each year as penance for historical offences against the Goddess Diana. Of the main plot (lovers Mirtillo and Amaryllis), you will hear more later from Lillium Convallium. However today we focus on the 'secondary' storyline of Silvio and Dorinda.

Silvio is a boisterous and wily youth who, being descended from Hercules (and thus Zeus himself), is betrothed to Amaryllis in a scheme to bring an end to the curse upon Arcadia. Meanwhile, the nymph Dorinda is madly in love with him. Silvio however has no interest in women whatsoever. Despite the exhortations of his father's old servant Linco to enjoy his youth and sexuality, he refuses to spend any time in amorous pursuits and prefers instead to hunt. In order to spend time close to Silvio, Dorinda turns herself into the guise of a wolf and follows him one day on the hunt. Silvio strikes her with an arrow, and on coming towards the body finds her wounded body which has reverted to its true form. He nurses her back to health, and falls in love with her in the process. As the main plotline between Mirtillo and Amaryllis is resolved, Silvio and Dorinda also find love and happiness together.

Today we present the storyline of Silvio and Dorinda through a collage of settings by different Italian madrigalists, bookended by two English madrigals that may be said to reference the cosmology of Arcadia. The pastoral images of Guarini's poem resonate harmoniously with the romanticisation of the English landscape that has captured the imagination of artists of all kinds throughout the creative history of the British Isles. We conceive of our programme today then as a multi-lingual masque, a minstrel's tale of youthful pride that takes a fall, but is transfigured by love.

**Fuggi, O mio core**

non vedi la man bella  
che congiurata coi begl'occhi anch'ella  
per farti prigionier  
vien ti a ferire,  
ma lasso ecco un sospir nunzio infelice,  
ch'esce del petto e dice  
che più giova il fuggire,  
egli è già preso,  
egli convien morire.

**Quel Augellin, che canta**

si dolcemente  
e lascivetto vola  
hor da l'abete al faggio  
et hor dal faggio al mirto,-  
s'havesse humano spirto,  
direbb': Ardo d'amor, ardo d'amore!  
Ma ben arde nel core  
e chiam' il suo desio  
che li rispond':  
ardo d'amor anch' io!  
Che sii tu benedetto,  
amoroso, gentil, vago augelletto!

**Se tu, dolce mio ben,** mi saettasti,

quel ch'è tuo saettasti  
e feristi quel segno  
ch'è proprio del tuo strale.  
Quelle mani a ferirmi  
han seguito lo stil de tuoi begl' occhi.  
Ecco, Silvio, colei che in odio hai tanto,  
eccola in quella guisa  
che la volevi a punto.

Bramastila ferir: ferita l'hai.  
Bramastila tua preda: eccola preda.  
Bramastila al fin morta: eccola à morte.  
Che vuoi tu più da lei? Che ti può dare  
più di questo Dorinda?  
Ah, garzon crudo,  
ah, cor senza pietà, tu non credesti  
la piaga che per te mi fece Amore;  
poi quest' hor tu negar della tua mano?  
Non hai creduto il sangue  
ch'io versava da gl'occhi;  
crederai questo che'l mio fianco versa?

Flee, O my heart,  
do not look at the beautiful hand,  
which conspires with her beautiful eyes  
to make you a prisoner  
and comes to wound you.  
But alas, here is a sigh, an unhappy announcement  
from my breast, saying  
It is better to flee,  
but he who is already captured,  
goes away only to die.

That little bird which sings  
so sweetly  
and gaily flies  
now from the fir to the beech tree  
and now from the beech to the myrtle,  
if he had a human mind,  
would say: I burn with love, I burn with love!  
But in his heart he burns indeed  
and calls to his beloved  
who replies to him:  
I too am burning with love!  
How fortunate you are,  
sweet little loving bird!

If you, my sweet love, have struck me with your arrow,  
you have struck that which is yours,  
and wounded that target  
which is proper for your dart.  
Those hands, in wounding me,  
have followed the dagger of your fair eyes.  
Behold, Silvio, her whom you hate so much,  
behold her in precisely that state  
in which you have wished her.

You sought to wound her: you have wounded her.  
You sought her as your prey: behold her, your prey.  
You sought her finally dead: behold her at the point of death.  
What more can you want from her? What more than this  
can Dorinda give you?  
Ah, cruel lad,  
heart without pity, you did not believe  
the injury that Love gave me for you;  
can you now deny that given by your hand?  
You did not believe the blood  
that poured forth from my eyes;  
will you believe that which my side pours forth?

**Dorinda, ah! dirò 'mia'**, se mia non sei  
se non quando ti perdo e quando morte  
da me ricevi, e mia non fosti allora  
ch'ì ti potei dar vita?  
Pur "mia" dirò, ché mia  
sarai malgrado di mia dura sorte;  
e se mia non sarai con la tua vita,  
sarai con la mia morte.  
Tutto quel che 'n me vedi,  
a vendicarti è pronto.  
Con quest'armi t'ancisi,  
e tu con queste ancor m'anciderai.  
Ti fui crudele, e io  
altro da te che crudeltà non bramo.  
Ti disprezzai superbo:  
Ecco, piegando le ginocchia a terra,  
riverente t'inchino;  
e ti chieggo perdon, ma non già vita.  
Ecco gli strali e l'arco;  
ma non ferir già tu gli occhi o le mani,  
colpevoli ministri  
d'innocente voler; ferisci il petto,  
ferisci questo mostro,  
di pietade e d'amore aspro nemico;  
ferisci questo cor che ti fu crudo:  
eccoti il petto ignudo.

#### **Ferir quel petto, Silvio?**

Non bisognava agli occhi miei scovrirlo,  
s'avevi pur desio ch'io ti ferissi.  
O bellissimo scoglio,  
già dall'onda e dal vento  
de le lagrime mie, de' miei sospiri  
sì spesso invan percosso,  
è pur ver che tu spiri  
e che senti pietate? O pur m'inganno?  
Ferir io te? Te pur ferisca Amore,  
ché vendetta maggiore  
non so bramar che di vederti amante.

Sia benedetto il dì che da prim'arsi!  
benedette le lagrime e i martiri!  
Di voi lodar, non vendicar, mi voglio.  
Sia pur di me quel che ne ciel è scritto;  
in te vivrà il cor mio,  
né, pur che vivi tu, morir poss'io.

**Troppo ben può** questo tiranno Amore,  
Poiche non val fuggire  
A chi no'l può soffrire.  
Quando i' penso talor com' arde, e punge.  
l' dico; ah core stolto  
Non l'aspettar, che fai?  
Fuggilo sì, che non ti prenda mai.

Dorinda, ah! shall I call you 'mine', though mine you are not,  
but when I lose you and when death  
from me you receive, and you weren't mine  
back then, when I could give you life?  
Yes, "mine" I shall call you, because mine  
you shall be in spite of my harsh fate;  
and if you shall not be mine in life,  
you will be upon my death.  
All that you see in me  
is ready to avenge you  
I killed you with these weapons  
and with the same you will kill me yet.  
I was cruel to you, and I  
don't desire anything other than cruelty.  
Haughtily I despised you:  
here, bending my knees to the ground,  
I prostrate before you reverently;  
and I ask you forgiveness, yet ask not life.  
Here are the arrows and the bow;  
do not wound the eyes or the hands,  
guilty agents  
of an innocent will; wound the breast,  
wound this monster,  
harsh enemy of mercy and of love;  
wound this heart that was cruel to you:  
here is my bare breast.

Wound that breast, Silvio?

You should not have bared it to my eyes  
if you wanted me to wound it.  
Oh, most beautiful rock,  
already by the waves and gales  
of my tears, of my sighs,  
so often uselessly lashed,  
is it true that you breathe yet  
and that you feel mercy? Or am I deceived?  
That I shall wound you? Let Love wound you instead,  
for greater revenge  
I could not wish than to see you become a lover.

Blessed be the day that I first became enflamed!  
Blessed be the tears and sufferings!  
I want to praise you, not be avenged of you.  
May be of me what is written in heaven;  
in you shall live my heart,  
nor, as long as you live, can I die.

All too strong is this tyrannical Love:  
even he who despises it  
is unable to flee from it.  
At times, when I think of how it burns and stings,  
I say: – Ah, foolish heart,  
what are you doing? Don't long for it!  
Run away, that it may never catch you –.

Ma poi sì dolce il lusinghier mi giunge,  
Ch'i' dico, ah core sciolto  
Perche fuggito l'hai?  
Prendilo sì, che non ti fugga mai

But then, love hits me, so sweet and flattering  
that I say: – Ah, silly heart,  
why did you ever run from it?  
Catch it, instead, that Love may never leave you

**The Swan Consort** is an elite chamber choir based in the UK. They were founded in 2018 by British Asian conductor, Anita Datta, and launched with a residency in Lincoln Cathedral and Beverley. In their first year alone they performed to acclaim at venues including the University of Cambridge, Lincoln Cathedral and Beverley Minster, and were invited to sing festal Mass for Ascension Day in York Minster. The Swan Consort specialise in retrieving forgotten gems from the European Renaissance, and discovering new music by diverse voices in the present day. With their engaging and person-centred approach, they present meaningful programmes that engage new audiences whilst delighting and surprising seasoned concert-goers. The Swan Consort have been highly praised for their ongoing collaboration with Chicago-based musicologist Dr Eric Esparza in performing the rarely heard Vespers Motets of Venetian composer Francesco Cavalli's collection. Equally their explorations into new music and cross-cultural expressions have touched listeners, and sparked new projects and collaborations nationally and internationally.

[theswanconsort.com](http://theswanconsort.com)

## Lilium Convallium

Peter Martin *tenor*

Abel Balazs and Eloise MacDonald *violin*

Nick Drey *cello*

Vicente Chavarría *harpsichord, director*

## Raise the flame of love

François Couperin 1668–1733

Selections from *Le Parnasse ou l'apothéose de Corelli*

Jean-Philippe Rameau 1683–1764

Cantata: 'Le berger fidèle'

Rafael Castellanos c. 1725–1791

¡Ay! ténganmele, señores

Jean-Philippe Rameau's 1728 cantata *Le berger fidèle* is one of his last small-scale works before he began tackling the world of opera. Like his first opera *Hippolyte et Aricie*, *Le berger fidèle* deals with mythological themes, such as shepherds, nymphs, goddesses, and the idylls of Arcadia. Directly inspired by Guarini's text *Il pastor fido*, it tells the tale of Mirtillo and Amaryllis, two star-crossed lovers in the crosshairs of temptation. Mirtillo, unable to allow his lover to be sacrificed on the altar to Diana, offers himself in exchange. Amazed by his faithfulness, a satisfied Diana blesses the couple and nullifies the sacrifice as Hymen, god of love, raises his torch.

Meanwhile, Castellanos' *tonada* '¡Ay! ténganmele, Señores' showcases the other side of amorous ardour: sacred love. Castellanos, who was chapel master at Guatemala Cathedral in the late 18th century, wrote this *tonada* for the feast of the Ascension of the Lord in 1776. The text describes a female narrator who is 'ill with an original malady' – a metaphor for original sin. Her love comes and cures her, but she is despondent that he is now leaving her, for he is 'going and going and going' and

she thus pleads for the listener to hold on to him. Written in the style of a *jácara*, this piece of vernacular sacred music, performed here for the first time in the modern day, is a window into the prolific world of music-making in what was then the Viceroyalty of New Spain.

Intercalated between these works are selected movements from François Couperin's sonata *Parnassus or The Apotheosis of Corelli*. This programmatic sonata imagines the composer Corelli, renowned and revered even in life, arriving at the gates of Parnassus and admiring the beauty before him.

### **Le berger fidèle**

#### *Récitatif*

Prêt à voir immoler l'objet de sa tendresse,  
le fidèle Myrtil déplore ses malheurs;  
il soupire, il gémit sans cesse  
et sa voix aux Échos dit ainsi ses douleurs:

#### *Air plaintif*

Diane, apaise ton courroux!  
Par un horrible sacrifice,  
peux-tu briser des nœuds si doux?  
Faut-il qu'Amaryllis périsse?  
Ah, si sa timide innocence  
sur vos autels doit expirer,  
Dieux! Quelle est donc la récompense  
que la vertu doit espérer?

#### *Récitatif*

Mais c'est trop me livrer à ma douleur mortelle:  
un autre doit mourir pour elle.  
Hâtons-nous de la secourir  
pour sauver ce qu'il aime un amant doit périr.

#### *Air gai*

L'amour qui règne dans votre âme,  
berger, a de quoi nous charmer.  
Par votre généreuse flamme,  
vous montrez comme il faut aimer.  
L'amant léger brise ses chaînes  
quand le sort trahit ses désirs.  
Sans vouloir partager les peines,  
il veut avoir part aux plaisirs.

#### *Récitatif*

Cependant à l'autel le berger se présente;  
son front est déjà ceint du funeste bandeau ...  
Arrêtez! Diane est contente  
d'un amour si rare et si beau!  
Myrtil obtient la fin des maux de l'Arcadie  
et lorsqu'il croit perdre la vie,  
L'Hymen pour cet amant allume son flambeau.

#### *Air vif et gracieux*

Charmant Amour, sous ta puissance,  
tôt ou tard on sent tes faveurs.

### **The Faithful Shepherd**

About to see the object of his tenderness immolated,  
the faithful Myrtil deplures his misfortunes;  
he sighs, he moans endlessly  
and his voice to the Echoes declares his sorrows thus:

Diana, appease your anger!  
By a horrible sacrifice,  
can you break knots so soft?  
Must Amaryllis perish?  
Ah, if her timid innocence  
on your altars must expire,  
Gods! So what is the reward  
that should virtue hope for?

But it is too much to indulge in my mortal pain:  
another must die for her.  
Let's hurry to rescue her.  
to save what he loves, a lover must perish.

The love that reigns in your soul,  
shepherd, has something to charm us.  
By your generous love,  
you show how much you have to love.  
The flighty lover breaks his chains  
when fate betrays his desires.  
Without wanting to share the sorrows,  
he wants to share in the pleasures.

However at the altar the shepherd presents himself;  
his forehead is already encircled by the fatal band ...  
Stop! Diana is happy  
with a love so rare and so beautiful!  
Myrtil gets an end to the evils of Arcadia  
and when he thinks he's losing his life,  
Hymen for this lover lights his torch.

Charming Love, under your power,  
sooner or later we feel your favours.

Souvent dans les plus grands malheurs,  
elles passent notre espérance.  
Tu ne fais sentir tes rigueurs  
que pour éprouver la constance,  
Tu veux que la persévérance  
puisse mériter tes faveurs.

**¡Ay! ténganmele, señores**

*Estríbillo*

¡Ay! ténganmele, señores,  
A mi agraciado Galán,  
ténganle, que se me va.

*Coplas*

Doliente esposa vivía  
de un achaque original,  
bajó la Vida a curarme,  
vase y quedo mortal.

Era mi achaque un resfrío  
y era mi cura el sudar,  
él tomó un sudor de sangre  
y con él curó mi mal.

Desahuciada me hallé  
y es lo bueno en tanto mal,  
que con Vida estoy sin Vida,  
pues la Vida se me va.

Con tan Divinas finezas  
[H]oy se me quiere ausentar,  
ay Dios, que muero de amores,  
Jesús, que me muero ya.

often in the greatest misfortunes,  
they surpass our hope.  
You don't make your rigours feel  
that to test constancy,  
you wish that perseverance  
may deserve your favours.

*Refrain*

Oh, hold him for me, my lords,  
to my graceful Love,  
hold him, for he is leaving me.

*Verses*

A hurting wife lived  
of an original illness,  
life came down to cure me,  
but now he goes and I stay mortal.

My illness was a cold  
and my cure was to sweat,  
he took a sweat of blood  
and with it cured my illness.

At my end I found myself  
and it is the good amidst so much bad,  
for with Life, I am without Life,  
for Life is leaving me.

With such divine finery  
today he wishes to be absent,  
Oh God, I die of Love,  
Jesus, for I die now.

**Lilium Convallium** was founded in 2019 by conductor Vicente Chavarría and is composed of current and former students at the Royal College of Music in London. The ensemble made its debut in spring of that year in a showcase of French Baroque music. Their current formation – a trio sonata plus a tenor – gives them the flexibility to explore repertoire from across the 17th and 18th centuries. After an unforeseen hiatus due to the coronavirus pandemic, the ensemble presents its formal debut this afternoon and is honoured to be part of the BREMF Live! scheme.

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