



Saturday 18 October, 3.30pm

St Paul's Church

BREMF EMERGING ARTISTS SHOWCASE

The Lyons Mouth

The Royal Sackbut Collective

Interval

Chantefable

Londinium Consort

Brighton Early Music Festival's **BREMF Emerging Artists** scheme has been supporting and mentoring young artists since 2007. As well as this performance showcase, the emerging ensembles benefit from mentoring, training and development opportunities including a new summer residency for 2025 at Hawkwood College in Gloucestershire. They are also supported and enabled to take live music into schools across Brighton and wider Sussex.

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The Lyons Mouth

Elsbeth Piggott *soprano*

Ailsa Campbell *soprano*

Ellie Stamp *mezzo-soprano*

James Botcher *tenor*

Tom Lowen *bass*

The Byrds & the Bees

William Byrd c.1540–1623

Laudibus in sanctis

Claudio Monteverdi 1567–1643

Io mi son giovinetta

Raffaella Aleotti 1575–post 1620

Vidi speciosam

John Wilbye 1574–1638

Sweet honey-sucking bees

Byrd

Though Amaryllis dance in green

The Lyons Mouth presents 'The Byrds & the Bees', a romp through 16th-century English and Italian countrysides. Bold shepherdesses tease amorous shepherds, cymbals and harps praise God seemingly of their own accord, while bees revel in ambrosian cheer, drunk on the nectar stored in their 'curious cabinets'...

'Laudibus in sanctis', the opening piece in William Byrd's *Cantiones Sacrae* of 1591, finds the composer at his most playful, cramming dance rhythms, onomatopoeia and textual effects into a five-minute firework display as all creation finds its voice in the purpose of praising God. The level of word painting present here was usually reserved for secular pieces such as those by Wilbye and Byrd later in the programme, and reflects the progression of vocal music on the continent, where Claudio Monteverdi was pushing text-led composition to its extreme, as shown in his madrigal 'Io mi son giovinetta' (Fourth book of madrigals, 1603). The first line's gleeful 'rido' is set with long lines of quick interweaving notes that make it impossible not to feel like you're laughing mid-performance; the dactylic setting of the shepherdess's dismissive 'fuggi' are the fast footsteps of flight. This is a miniature masterpiece of gleeful drama and an example of Monteverdi's skill at setting a duologue for five equal voices.

'Vidi speciosam' is taken from the only publication of Raffaella Aleotti, her *Sacrae cantiones* of 1593, which has the distinction of being the first known instance of a woman having sacred music published. The five parts of this motet would have been divided between voices and instruments sung and played by the nuns at Aleotti's San Vito convent. The text from the Song of Songs, set sensuously and playfully, was a devotional text for the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, and demonstrates poets' penchant for using nature as a metaphor for carnal love, even in the bible; something which Wilbye, in 'Sweet honey-sucking bees' (published in *The Second Set of Madrigals*, 1609), makes flagrant use of, likening flowers to the lips of a woman. After hearing from

the bees, Byrd has the final word with his 1588 secular pastoral song 'Though Amaryllis dance in green', returning to the theme of desire teasingly spurned, whilst reminiscent of the dancing textures of the opening number.

The Lyons Mouth is a dynamic vocal consort of young professional singers, renowned for their emotionally charged performances and imaginative programming. The ensemble was founded in 2022 by a group of musicians who all studied under Robert Hollingworth at the University of York. That early experience performing in the university's Jack Lyons Concert Hall instilled in them a mission rooted in storytelling – drawing listeners into the narrative of each performance. Their concerts span Renaissance madrigals, baroque masterpieces, and cutting-edge new works, often presented with theatrical flair. The ensemble has appeared at prestigious venues and festivals, with recent performances at St Martin-in-the-Fields, Manchester's Stoller Hall, St John's Waterloo, Stour Music and Brecon Baroque Festival. International engagements include their debut at the 2025 Utrecht Early Music Fringe Festival. Looking ahead, The Lyons Mouth is set to perform in the York Concerts Series later this year, and Bedford Sings Festival in 2026.

thelyonsmouth.com

Laudibus in sanctis Dominum celebrate
supremum:

firmamenta sonent inclita facta Dei.

Inclita facta Dei cantate, sacraque potentis
voce potestatem saepe sonate manus.

Magnificum Domini cantet tuba martia
nomen:

perieria Domino concelebrate lira.

Laude Dei resonent resonantia

tympana summi,

alta sacri resonent organa laude Dei.

Hunc arguta canant tenui psalteria corda,

hunc agili laudet laeta chorea pede.

Concava divinas effundant cymbala laudes,
cymbala dulcisona laude repleta Dei.

Omne quod aethereis in mundo

vescitur auris

Halleluya canat tempus in omne Deo.

Celebrate the Lord most high in holy praises:

let the firmament echo the glorious deeds
of God.

Sing ye the glorious deeds of God, and with
holy voice sound forth oft the power of his
mighty hand.

Let the warlike trumpet sing the great name
of the Lord:

celebrate the Lord with Pierian lyre.

Let resounding timbrels ring to the praise of
the most-high God,
lofty organs peal to the praise of the
holy God.

Him let melodious psalteries sing with
fine string,

him let joyful dance praise with nimble foot.

Let hollow cymbals pour forth divine praises,
sweet-sounding cymbals filled with the
praise of God.

Let everything in the world that feeds upon
the air of heaven

sing alleluia to God for evermore.

"Io mi son giovinetta

e rido e canto alla stagion novella",
cantava la mia dolce pastorella,
quando subitamente
a quel canto il cor mio
cantò quasi augellin vago e ridente:
"Son giovinetto anch'io
e rido e canto alla gentil e bella
primavera d'amore,
che nei begli occhi tuoi fiorisce." Ed ella:
"Fuggi, se saggio sei," - disse -: l'ardore,
fuggi, chè in questi rai
primavera per te non sarà mai."

Vidi speciosam sicut columbam
ascendentem desuper rivos aquarum:
cuius inaeestimabilis odor erat nimis in
vestimentis eius.
Et sicut dies verni, flores rosarum
circumdabant eam, et lilia convallium.

Sweet honey-sucking bees,

why do you still surfeit on roses, pinks and
violets, as if the choicest nectar lay in them
wherewith you store your curious cabinets?
Ah, make your flight to Melisuavia's lips.
There may you revel in ambrosian cheer,
where smiling roses and sweet lilies sit,
Keeping their springtide graces all the year.

Yet, sweet, take heed, all sweets are hard to get:
Sting not her soft lips, O, beware of that,
for if one flaming dart come from her eye,
was never dart so sharp, ah, then you die.

Though Amarillis dance in green,

like Fayrie Queene,
and sing full cleere,
Corina can with smiling cheer:
yet since their eyes make hart so sore,
hey ho, chill love no more.

Ah wanton eyes my friendly foes,
and cause of woes:
your sweet desire,
breedes flames of ice and freese in fire:
yee skorne to see mee weep so sore,
hey ho, chill love no more.

"I am a young girl
and I laugh and sing in the new season!"
Thus sang my sweet sheperdess,
when suddenly
my heart, at that song,
Sang like a pretty merry little bird:
"I too am young
and I laugh and sing in the sweet and
beautiful springtime of love
That blossoms in your beautiful eyes!"
"Flee, if you are wise," she said, "from the fire!
Flee, for in these eyes
there will never be springtime for you."

I saw the fair one rising like a dove
above the streams of water:
whose priceless fragrance clung to her
garments.
And as on a spring day, she was surrounded
by roses and lily-of-the-valley.

Love yee who list I force him not,
sith God it wot,
the more I wayle,
the lesse my sighes and teares prevaile,
what shall I doe but say therefore,
hey ho, chill love no more.

The Royal Sackbut Collective

Jonathan Stevens, Buchen Zhao, Jessica Anderson, Pau Hernández, Ben Holford, Jonny Lovatt, José Teixeira *sackbuts* **Andrew Cowie** *sackbut, harpsichord*

Communion of the Divine

Henry VIII 1491-1547

En vray amoure

Claudio Monteverdi 1567-1643

Lamento della Ninfa

Giovanni Gabrieli c.1554/1557-1612

Exaudi Deus

‘En vray amoure’ is attributed to Henry VIII and can be heard as a reflection of the connection from heaven to earth, symbolising Henry’s divine anointment as a monarch. Although the piece would have been part of the repertoire of the Tudor court, probably accompanying a basse dance, the lines between secular and sacred music are much more blurred than we might think. ‘En vray amoure’ is often programmed with ceremonial works, simultaneously evoking the grandeur of Henry’s court and projecting the majesty of his role as ‘Defender of the Faith’ under the doctrine of the divine right of kings. The text is highly repetitive and interestingly appears on only one vocal line in the original manuscript, allowing space for both ornamentation and interpretation of phrasing.

The madrigal ‘Lamento della Ninfa’ is a tragic love story, narrated by a quasi-Greek chorus trio of male voices and the lamenting Nymph sung by the soprano. In replacing the male vocal parts with sackbuts, the Nymph’s anguish on earth is amplified; her prayer from nature to the heavens is full of the language of human suffering and contrasts with the innate unconditional love from God felt through the (now wordless) sackbut ‘chorus’. Monteverdi was writing with an Aristotelian conception of the natural world (as opposed to Newtonian) – meaning that perception of time was relative to change – and as a result, narration, movement and gesture are an integral part of the music. This interplay is often mentioned in period discussions of music-drama or early opera. This makes our performance of ‘Lamento della Ninfa’ unique in its removal of sung text from the narrative; the Nymph’s ‘Passion of the Spirit’ is intensified, the importance of prayer imperative.

Giovanni Gabrieli’s ‘Exaudi Deus’ was first published posthumously in 1615 as part of his *Symphoniae Sacrae*, a monumental collection of 63 sacred works involving multiple choirs, polyphonal counterpoint and flexible scorings of vocalists and instrumentalists. The performance tradition of sackbut (and cornett) players either doubling vocalists or being interchanged with them was massively shaped by Gabrieli’s work, and he was also instrumental in the development of the perception of the sackbut as pure representation of the divine. It is fitting then, that his *Exaudi Deus* – an extra-liturgical motet and devotional prayer venerating the glory of God – is performed today by seven sackbuts; hearing the music without the text magnifies the ineffability of God and represents the symbiosis of earth and heaven.

The Royal Sackbut Collective is a historical brass chamber ensemble founded at the heart of the Royal College of Music brass department in 2024. Under the tuition of sackbut legend Sue Addison, the group has showcased its passion for promoting all the artistic possibilities that the historical trombone offers, from rediscovering rarely performed early works to commissioning new pieces. As a collective, they enjoy the flexibility of various instrumentation, and they often invite other musicians to their performances, such as percussionists or singers. Their debut concert, dedicated to the memory of Peter Bassano, took place at the Salvation Army's Regent Hall, and since then, they have become esteemed members of the Historical Performance department at the RCM. The members of TRSC are keen and skilled musicians who enjoy busy freelance careers while finishing their undergraduate and postgraduate degrees.

Lamento della Ninfa

Prima parte

Non avea Febo ancora
recato al mondo il dì
ch'una donzella fuora
del proprio albergo uscì.

The god Phoebus had still to light
the great fires of the dawn
when the nymph left her dwelling.

Sul pallidetto volto
scorgease il suo dolor,
spesso gli venia sciolto
un gran sospir dal cor.

Her face a pale temple
in its ruins of grief;
her cries – a heart, rending.

Sì calpestando fiori,
errava or qua, or là,
i suoi perduti amori
così piangendo va.

Hither and thither she went,
stumbling through flowers,
grieving the love she had lost.

Seconda parte

Amor, dicea, il ciel
mirando il piè fermò
dove, dov'è la fé
che 'l traditor giurò?

Hear me, O Love, she begged the heavens,
– stock still now, rooted to the spot –
what happened to that traitor's vow,
'Togetherness and trust'?

Fa che ritorni il mio
amor com'ei pur fu,
o tu m'ancidi, ch'io
non mi tormenti più.

I just want him back,
but as he was before.
If you cannot – then kill me;
I cannot bear this agony.

Miserella, ah più no,
tanto gel soffrir non può.

Poor her!
She cannot bear all this coldness.

Non vo' più ch'ei sospiri
se non lontan da me,
no, no, che i suoi martiri
più non dirammi, affé!

Perché di lui mi struggo
tutt'orgoglioso sta,
che sì, che sì se 'l fuggo
ancor mi pregherà?

Se ciglio ha più sereno
colei che 'l mio non è,
già non rinchiude in seno
Amor si bella fé.

Né mai si dolci baci
da quella bocca havrai,
né più soavi; ah, taci,
taci, che troppo il sai.

Terza parte

Sì tra sdegnosi pianti
spargea le voci al ciel;
così ne' cori amanti
mesce Amor fiamma e gel.

Exaudi, Deus, orationem meam, et ne
despexeris deprecationem meam:

Intende mihi, et exaudi me. Contristatus sum
in exercitatione mea, et conturbatus sum

A voce inimici, et a tribulatione peccatoris.

Quoniam declinaverunt in me iniquitates,
et in ira molesti erant mihi.

No more will I listen to his sighs,
unless we are separated by a thousand seas
No! No longer will I martyr myself for this.
I am destroying myself because of him,

And the worse it is, the more gorged,
the more satisfied he seems.
If I were to flee from him,
perhaps then he might come begging?

That woman's eyebrows
may be arched more perfectly than mine,
but sealed within my breast, O Love,
lives a faithfulness still fairer.

And that woman's mouth will never open
to give such kisses as I can give!
(Hush! Say nothing –
you know only too well!)

With these cries she cast
her anguish to the heavens;
and so it is that in the heart of every lover
burns, side-by-side, love's flame and ice.

Hear, O God, my prayer, and despise not my
supplication:

be attentive to me and hear me. I am grieved
in my exercise; and am troubled,

at the voice of the enemy, and at the
tribulation of the sinner.

For they have cast iniquities upon me: and in
wrath they were troublesome to me.

Chantefable

Mariana Rodrigues *soprano*

Andrew Cowie *harpsichord*

From Hillside Gardens

Honoré d'Ambruys fl.1680–1710

Le doux silence de nos bois

Claudio Monteverdi 1567–1643

Voglio di vita uscir

Percy Bysshe Shelley 1792–1822

* Love's philosophy

Anonymous Codex Zuola

Entre dos álamos verdes

Luís Vaz de Camões c.1524/25–1580

* A fermosura desta fresca serra

Marc-Antoine Charpentier 1643–1704

Sans frayeur dans ce bois

Harriet Cameron b.2000

* Nature's perfume surrounds me

Traditional arr. Andrew Cowie

Red is the Rose

* spoken poetry with improvised music

From Hillside Gardens is a pastoral journey curated by Chantefable to walk you across the quiet unspoken parts of our surroundings through humanity's oldest tradition, storytelling.

'Le doux silence de nos bois' by Honoré d'Ambruys reflects pastoral peace: woodland quiet broken only by birdsong becomes a setting for love in spring. This is followed by Claudio Monteverdi's 'Voglio di vita uscir', asking to leave life and be swallowed up by the earth. Monteverdi broke from the previous contrapuntal traditions of Palestrina and contemporaries in his *seconda prattica* to better illustrate his surrounding world through music, often going for textural composition rather than limiting compositional freedom and use of dissonance.

Percy Shelley produced most of his major works in the last four years of his life, including 'Love's philosophy'. Shelley was a longtime advocate of free love, arguing that if all of nature shares love, why shouldn't people? We continue to the Iberian contributions to the programme starting with the 17th-century song 'Entre dos álamos verdes'. Two poplar trees try to unite, but contrary to Shelley's idea of nature's freedom in love, the river passing between the two trees prevents them from embracing. 'Entre dos álamos verdes' is taken from the Codex Zuola, a collection of anonymous Spanish songs from Peru gathered by the Franciscan Fray Gregorio de Zuola. We've paired this with Luís Vaz de Camões, one of Portugal's greatest poets, who describes in 'A fermosura desta fresca

serra' how the splendour of mountains, streams and skies is overshadowed by the absence of one's beloved.

Marc-Antoine Charpentier's 'Sans frayeur dans ce bois' continues our pastoral theme. Charpentier was an incredibly prolific composer and died as *le maitre de musique* of Sainte-Chappelle in Paris, where he is buried. Here, a woman ventures into the woods alone. There she sees a man, Thyrsis, acknowledging her lack of fear in this situation, but also a desire to experience it. We juxtapose this with a work by a modern female poet and BREMF Emerging Artist Harriet Cameron, whose new poem 'Nature's perfume surrounds me' pulls us back into our current reality and allows us to reminisce on our pasts. We finish our journey with the Irish folk ballad 'Red is the Rose', blending together the styles explored through the programme and also the memories one might take away from it.

From Hillside Gardens demonstrates how music and poetry, across languages and throughout time, have used the imagery of landscape to give voice to human feeling. Chantefable invites the audience to join their chapter in the long history of storytelling, walking with them through the hills and woods, the briars and bogs, the quiet places where past and present meet.

Fresh from their double recital debut at the Royal Albert Hall, **Chantefable** is 'two musicians bursting with talent and passion for their art' (*A Young(ish) Perspective*, September 2025). The duo is a one-of-a-kind song and story experience developed by vocalist Mariana Rodrigues and harpsichordist/pianist Andrew Cowie. Their performances combine vocal music with spoken poetry blended with improvised music which serves to elevate the spoken text in real time. Every performance is different, never to be heard again, and is unique to every space and audience. The first historical instance of *chantefable* appears in the 13th-century French medieval tale *Aucassin et Nicolette* and was traditionally storytelling in alternating spoken and sung passages. The duo has also recently featured as the closing performances for the Bloomsbury Festival and the Vilalte Music Festival in the south of France, the annual opening concert at Southwark Cathedral and at the St Mary le Strand International Chamber Music Series. Chantefable is delighted to be BREMF 2025/26 Emerging Artists.

mariana-rodrigues.com/chantefable

Le doux silence de nos bois

n'est plus troublé que de la voix
des oiseaux que l'amour assemble.

Bergère, qui fais mes désirs,
voici le mois charmant des fleurs
et des zéphyr
et la saison qui te ressemble.

Ne perdons pas un moment des beaux jours.
C'est le temps des plaisirs et des tendres
amours.

Songeons en voyant le printemps,
qu'il en est un dans nos beaux ans
qu'on n'a qu'une fois en sa vie.

Mais c'est peu que d'y songer,
il faut, belle Phillis, il faut le ménager,
cette saison nous y convie.

Voglio di vita uscir, voglio che cadano
quest'ossa in polve e queste membra in
cenere,
e che i singulti miei tra l'ombra vadano,
già che quel piè ch'ingemma l'herbe tenere
sempre fugge da me, ne lo trattengono
i lacci, ohimè, del bel fanciul di Venere.
Miei sensi del sepolcro all' orlo vengono,
e dalla vita quasi s'accongedano
poi ch'un sol pegno di mercè non tengono.

Vo che gl'abissi il mio cordoglio vedano,
e l'aspro mio martir le furie piangano,
e che i dannati al mio tormento cedano.
A Dio crudel, gli orgogli tuoi rimangono
a crudelir con altri. A te rinuncio,
né vo' più che mie speme in te si frangano.

S'apre la tomba, il mio morir t'annuncio.

Una lagrima spargi, et alfin donami
di tua tarda pietade un solo nuncio,

e s'amando t'offesi, homai perdonami.

The gentle silence of our woods
is no longer disturbed except by the voice
of the birds that love gathers.

Shepherdess who fulfils my desires,
here is the charming month of flowers
and zephyrs
and the season that is like you.

Let us not lose a moment of the beautiful days.
It is the time of pleasures and of tender loves.

Let us dream, while we look at the spring,
that there is one in our beautiful years
that we have only once in our lives.

But it is too little to dream of it,
we must, lovely Phillis, we must tend to it,
this season invites us to do so.

I want to leave this life behind,
I want these bones to crumble to dust and
these limbs to turn to ashes,
I want my sobs to fade into the shadows.
For the feet that grace the tender grass
always run from me, and alas, are not bound
by the shackles of Venus's fair son.
My senses approach the mouth of the tomb
and bid farewell to life
since they possess not even a token of mercy.

I want hell's abyss to see my grief,
the Furies to weep over my agonies,
and the damned to yield before my torment.
Farewell, cruel one, let your pride remain
to persecute others. I renounce you,
I no longer want my hopes to be shattered by
you.

The tomb is open, I give you warning of my
death.

Shed a tear for me, and give me at last
the merest hint that you, too late, take pity on
me;
and if by loving you I have given offence,
forgive me.

Love's philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
and the rivers with the ocean,
the winds of heaven mix for ever
with a sweet emotion;
nothing in the world is single;
all things by a law divine
in one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven
and the waves clasp one another;
no sister-flower would be forgiven
if it disdained its brother;
and the sunlight clasps the earth
and the moonbeams kiss the sea:
what is all this sweet work worth
if thou kiss not me?

Entre dos álamos verdes

que forman juntos un arco,
por no despertar las aves
pasaba callando el Tajo.

Juntar los troncos querían,
los enamorados brazos,
pero el envidioso río
no deja llegar los ramos.

A fermosura desta fresca serra

e a sombra dos verdes castanheiros,
o manso caminhar destes ribeiros,
donde toda a tristeza se desterra;

o rouco som do mar, a estranha terra,
o esconder do sol pelos outeiros,
o recolher dos gados derradeiros,
das nuvens pelo ar a branda guerra;

enfim, tudo o que a rara natureza
com tanta variedade nos of'rece,
me está, senão te vejo, magoando.

Sem ti, tudo me enjoa e me avorrece;
sem ti, perpetuamente estou passando,
nas mores alegrias, mór tristeza.

Between two green poplars
that together form an arch,
in order not to wake up the birds
the Tagus passed silently.

They wanted to join the trunks,
the loving arms,
but the envious river
doesn't let the branches reach.

The beauty of this cool mountain range
and the shade of the green chestnut trees,
the gentle flow of these streams,
where all sadness is banished;

the hoarse sound of the sea, the strange land,
the sun hiding behind the hills,
the gathering of the last cattle,
the gentle war of the clouds in the air;

in short, everything that rare nature
offers us with such variety,
hurts me, if I do not see you.

Without you, everything sickens and bores me;
without you, I am perpetually passing,
in the greatest joys, the deepest sadness.

Sans frayeur dans ce bois,

seule je suis venue.

J'y vois Tircis sans être émue.

Ah! N'ai-je rien à ménager?

Qu'un jeune coeur insensible est à plaindre!

Je ne cherche point le danger,
mais du moins, je voudrais le craindre

Without fear into these woods
alone I came.

There I see Thyrsis, and was not stirred.

Ah, can I bring nothing to bear?

For a young heart without feeling is to be
lamented.

While I do not seek danger,
I would at least like to fear it.

Nature's perfume surrounds me.

The aroma clear and fresh,
the ground damp, making me regret my choice of shoe.

The sky painted in the bold colours of June,
melodic conversations drifting down from the trees.

Coffee hot in my hand,
ruby red flowers painted onto the china,
faded from many mornings past.

Unchanged is the landscape,
timeless, like a capsule of memories.

As I wonder slowly to the top of the hill,
I look over a view I could paint in my dreams.

Red is the rose

Come over the hills, my bonny Irish lass,
come over the hills to your darling.
You choose the road, love, and I'll make the vow,
and I'll be your true love forever.

Red is the rose that in yonder garden grows,
fair is the lily of the valley,
clear is the water that flows from the Boyne
but my love is fairer than any.

'Twas down by Killarney's green woods that we strayed,
when the moon and the stars they were shining,
the moon shone its rays on her locks of golden hair,
and she swore she'd be my love forever.

Londinium Consort

Emanuele Addis *lute, cittern*

Rachel Allen *soprano*

Otto Hashmi *recorder*

Özgür Kaya *viola da gamba*

Mikołaj Piszczorowicz *viola da gamba*

In the woods soe wylde

Robert Johnson c.1583–1633

Hark! Hark! The lark

John Dowland c.1563–1626

O sweet woods

Dowland arr. Ben Finlay

Can she excuse my wrongs?

Love and nature have long been intertwined in music and poetry, each reflecting the other's beauty, cruelty, and mystery. In the woods soe wylde draws its title from a Tudor melody that wanders restlessly between the bustling court and the solace of the forest, capturing the tension between human desire and the healing quiet of the natural world.

The programme begins with Shakespeare's 'Hark! Hark! The lark', a radiant morning song in which nature calls lovers to awaken. The lark's flight, the opening marigolds, and the rising sun all celebrate renewal, offering a gentle answer to the earlier songs of sorrow.

Dowland's 'O sweet woods' continues this journey inward. Written in the shadow of political and romantic exile, it revels in solitude while mourning the absence of love. The woods are both sanctuary and mirror: their silence reflects the poet's loss, yet their enduring beauty hints at transcendence. Wanstead's forest, once alive with courtly encounters, becomes a place of meditation where the heart confronts its own frailty.

Ben Finlay's arrangement of 'Can she excuse my wrongs?' begins with an echo of 'Will yow walke the woods soe wylde', a melody Dowland himself weaves into his song. A restless phasing motif evokes the feverish pace of city life, gradually giving way to the stillness of the woods. Here, exile becomes a refuge, and heartbreak finds space to breathe. Dowland's text, attributed to the Earl of Essex, pleads for justice in love, yet its music offers a kind of release, as if nature itself absorbs the sting of rejection.

Together, these works chart a path through love's trials and nature's consolations, from the city's restless turmoil to the quiet wisdom of the woods. In their union, we hear both the ache of human longing and the eternal, restorative voice of the natural world.

Londinium Consort is an emerging London-based ensemble comprised of current and former students of the Royal Academy of Music, Royal College of Music, and Guildhall School of Music and Drama. Exploring the intersection of old and new music, the group takes its name from the ancient name of the City of London, reflecting the city's living history and rich cultural landscape. In 2024, Londinium Consort won the New Elizabethan Award organised by the Musicians' Company and made their Wigmore Hall debut in February 2025 as part of the Prize Winners' concert. They are now Young Artists of both Brighton Early Music Festival and the City Music Foundation. The ensemble is grateful to the Continuo Foundation for supporting their debut album, *Crossing Paths* (2025), and the accompanying launch tour to Scotland and Wales in 2026.

Hearke, hearke, the Larke at Heavens gate sings,
and Phoebus gins arise,
[His Steeds to water at those Springs
on chalic'd Flowres that lyes:]
And winking Mary-buds begin to ope their Golden eyes
With every thing that pretty is, my Lady sweet arise: Arise arise.

O sweet woods! The delight of solitariness!
O how much do I love your solitariness!

From Fame's desire, from Love's delight retired,
in these sad groves an hermit's life I lead:
and those false pleasures, which I once admired,
with sad remembrance of my fall, I dread.
To birds, to trees, to earth, impart I this;
for she less secret, and as senseless is.
O sweet woods! the delight of solitariness!
O how much do I love your solitariness!

Experience which repentance only brings,
doth bid me, now, my heart from Love estrange!
Love is disdained when it doth look at Kings;
and Love low placèd base and apt to change.
There Power doth take from him his liberty,
here Want of Worth makes him in cradle die.
O sweet woods! the delight of solitariness!
O how much do I love your solitariness!

You men that give false worship unto Love,
and seek that which you never shall obtain;
the endless work of Sisyphus you prove,
whose end is this, to know you strive in vain.
Hope and Desire, which now your idols be,
you needs must lose, and feel Despair with me.
O sweet woods! the delight of solitariness!
O how much do I love your solitariness!

You woods, in you the fairest Nymphs have walked:
nymphs at whose sights all hearts did yield to love.
You woods, in whom dear lovers oft have talked,
how do you now a place of mourning prove?
Wanstead! my Mistress saith this is the doom.
Thou art love's child-bed, nursery, and tomb.
O sweet woods! the delight of solitariness!
O how much do I love your solitariness!

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?

Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?
No, no; where shadows do for bodies stand,
that may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.

Cold love is like to words written on sand,
or to bubbles which on the water swim.
Wilt thou be thus abused still,
seeing that she will right thee never?
If thou canst not o'ercome her will,
thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Was I so base, that I might not aspire
unto those high joys which she holds from me?
As they are high, so high is my desire,
if she this deny, what can granted be?
If she will yield to that which reason is,
it is reason's will that love should be just.

Dear, make me happy still by granting this,
or cut off delays if that I die must.
Better a thousand times to die
than for to love thus still tormented:
Dear, but remember it was I
who for thy sake did die contented.