



Thursday 16 October, 7.30pm
St Paul's Church

MUSIC DIVINE: GIBBONS 400

BREMF Consort of Voices

James Elias *director*

Cavillum Consort of Viols

Matthew Farrell *treble viol I*

Jacob Garside *treble viol II/tenor viol I*

Cai Waverley-Hudson *tenor viol II*

Theo Nisbett *bass viol I*

Robert Cavaye *bass viol II*

The Malcolm Rose Memorial Concert

An annual concert given by emerging artists, sponsored in memory of Lewes-based harpsichord maker and supplier Malcolm Rose.

Malcolm was passionate about the Festival's work with young artists, and the fund aims to support an emerging ensemble to give a concert at BREMF each year. We are grateful to the fund for supporting tonight's appearance by Cavillum Consort of Viols.



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Orlando Gibbons 1583–1625

Thomas Weelkes 1576–1623

Thomas Tallis 1515–1585

Gibbons

John Sheppard c.1515–1558

Gibbons

Gibbons

Orazio Vecchi 1550–1605

Gibbons

Ralph Vaughan Williams 1872–1958

Gibbons

Interval

Henry Purcell 1659–1695

Gibbons

Purcell

Gibbons

Gibbons

Vaughan Williams

Alfonso Ferrabosco the younger
c.1575–1628

Gibbons

Robert Pearsall 1795–1856

Gibbons

Gibbons

Hosanna to the Son of David

Hosanna to the Son of David

The God of love my shepherd is

Song 46: Drop, drop, slow tears

Libera nos I

O Lord, in thy wrath

In nomine a 5 No. 1

Il bianco e dolce cigno

Dainty fine bird

The Turtle Dove

Blessed are all they

Rejoice in the Lord alway

O Lord, I lift my heart to thee

Hear my prayer

Song 1: Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round

Fair ladies that to love captived are

What is our life?

Come away, death

Four-note Pavan

Fair is the rose

Lay a Garland

O clap your hands together

The silver swan

The music

Orlando Gibbons is an important figure in the development of English choral music and is often thought to represent the transition between the Renaissance and Baroque styles. He was brought up in the English choral tradition and became a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal in the reign of James I. He undeniably had a strong influence on Henry Purcell: not only was he his predecessor as organist of Westminster Abbey, but also his son Christopher Gibbons taught Purcell music as a young man.

During his lifetime, and for a period after his death, Gibbons was well known mainly for his sacred works. His two services of Evensong canticles as well as his anthems continue to be performed up to the present day. Regular churchgoers will have sung his songs (though they may not know it!) as hymns; he has more tunes in English hymnals than almost any other composer with the exception of JS Bach. He was also a pioneer of the verse anthem, a composition where much of the text is sung as a verse (or solo), interspersed with chorus sections sung by the full choir.

More recently, he has also become famous as a madrigal composer. The *madrigal* – from a word that meant ‘in the mother tongue’ (rather than in Latin) – originated in Italy, and as part of his influences, we have an Italian madrigal from Vecchi, the only non-English composition in the programme.

Representing Gibbons’ influences this evening, we have Weelkes (a contemporary, but a few years older), Sheppard, Tallis and Vecchi. In terms of his influence on other composers, we have Purcell, Pearsall and Vaughan Williams. It is not too difficult to hear the influence of Gibbons’ style of music on these later composers, with the imitative polyphonic entries and skilful use of passing notes in the middle parts to create a very fluid harmonic structure. Nevertheless, we are experimenting today, by having the viols accompanying us in some of the more modern pieces, in order to make it yet easier for us to hear the influence of Gibbons’ period in their composition. We are delighted to welcome the Cavillum Consort of Viols to join us today. They are rarely asked to perform pieces from the 19th or 20th centuries, so we hope you enjoy hearing these works as you have never heard them before.

James Elias

The texts

Hosanna to the Son of David:

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.
Blessed be the King of Israel.
Peace in heaven, and glory in the highest places.
Hosanna in the highest heavens.

The God of love my shepherd is,

and he that doth me feed;
while he is mine and I am his,
what can I want or need?

He leads me to the tender grass,
where I both feed and rest;
then to the streams that gently pass:
in both I have the best.

Drop, drop, slow tears,

and bath those beauteous feet,
which brought from heaven
the news and Prince of Peace.

In your deep floods
drown all my faults and fears;
nor let his eye see sin,
but through my tears.

Libera nos, salva nos, justifica nos,
O beata trinitas.

O Lord, in thy wrath rebuke me not:
neither chasten me in thy displeasure.
Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak:
O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.
My soul is also sore troubled:
but, Lord, how long wilt thou punish me?
O save me, for thy mercy's sake.

Il bianco e dolce cigno

cantando more, ed io
piangendo giung' al fin del viver mio.
Stran' e diversa sorte,
ch'ei more sconcolato
ed io moro beato.
Morte che nel moriré
m'empie di gioia tutto e di desire.
Se nel morir, altro dolor non sento,
di mille mort' il di sarei contento.

The white and sweet swan
dies singing, and I,
weeping, reach the end of my life.
Strange and different fate,
that he dies disconsolate
and I die a blessed death,
which in dying fills me
full of joy and desire.
If in dying, were I to feel no other pain,
I would be content to die a thousand
deaths a day.

Dainty fine bird that art encaged there.
Alas, how like thine and my fortunes are!

Both prisoners be and both singing thus,
strive to please her that hath imprisoned us.

Only thus we differ, thou and I
thou liv'st singing, but I sing and die.

The Turtle Dove

Fare you well, my dear, I must be gone,
and leave you for a while;
if I roam away I'll come back again,
though I roam ten thousand miles, my dear,
though I roam ten thousand miles.

So fair thou art, my bonny lass,
so deep in love am I;
but I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
till the stars fall from the sky, my dear,
till the stars fall from the sky.

The sea will never run dry, my dear,
nor the rocks melt with the sun,
but I never will prove false to the bonny lass I love,
till all these things be done, my dear,
till all these things be done.

O yonder doth sit that little turtle dove,
he doth sit on yonder high tree,
a-making a moan for the loss of his love,
as I will do for thee, my dear,
as I will do for thee.

Blessed are all they that fear the Lord and walk in his ways,
for thou shalt eat the labour of thy hands,
O well is thee and happy shalt thou be.

Thy wife shall be like the fruitful vine upon the walls of thine house,

Thy children like the olive branches round about thy table,
lo, thus shall the man be blessed that feareth the Lord.

The Lord from out of Sion shall so bless thee
that thou shalt see Jerusalem in prosperity all thy life long.
Yea, that thou shalt see thy children's children
and peace upon Israel.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost.
As it was in the beginning is now and ever shall be. Amen.

Rejoice in the Lord alway! And again, I say, rejoice!
Let your moderation be known unto all men.
The Lord is at hand.

Be careful for nothing,
but in everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving,
let your requests be made known unto God.

And the peace of God which passes all understanding
shall keep your hearts and minds, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Rejoice in the Lord alway! And again, I say, rejoice!

O Lord, I lift my heart to thee,
my soul in thee doth ever trust.
O let me not confounded be,
but make me righteous with the just.

Hear my prayer O Lord
and let my crying come unto thee.

Eternal Ruler of the ceaseless round
of circling planets singing on their way,
guide to the nations from the night profound
into the glory of the perfect day.
Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be
guided and strengthened and upheld by thee.

Fair ladies that to love captived are,

and chaste desires do nourish in your mind,
let not her fault your sweet affections
ne blot the bounty of all womankind.

What is our life? A play of passion.

Our mirth the music of division.
Our mother's wombs the tiring houses be,
where we are dress'd for this short comedy.

Heav'n the judicious sharp spectator is,
that sits and marks still who doth act amiss.
Our graves, that hide us from the searching sun
are like drawn curtains when the play is done.

Thus march we, playing to our latest rest;
only we die in earnest, that's no jest.

Come away, come away, death,

and in sad cypress let me be laid.
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O, prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
on my black coffin let there be strown.
Not a friend, not a friend greet
my poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
lay me, O, where
sad true lover never find my grave,
to weep there!

Fair is the rose yet fades with heat or cold.

Sweet are the violets, yet soon grow old.
The lily's white yet in one day, 'tis done.
White is the snow, yet melts against the sun.

So white, so sweet was my fair mistress' face,
yet altered quite in one short hour's space.
So short lived beauty a vain gloss doth borrow,
breathing delight today, but none tomorrow.

Lay a garland on her hearse,
of dismal yew,
maidens, willow branches wear,
say she died true.
Her love was false, but she was firm.
Upon her buried body lie lightly,
thou gentle earth.

O clap your hands together, all ye people:
O sing unto God with the voice of melody.
For the Lord is high, and to be feared:
he is the great King of all the earth.

He shall subdue the people under us:
and the nations under our feet.
He shall choose out an heritage for us:
e'en the worship of Jacob, whom he loved.

God is gone up with a merry noise:
and the Lord with the sound of the trumpet.
O sing praises, sing praises unto our God:
O sing praises, sing praises unto the Lord our King.

For God is the King of all the earth:
sing ye praises with the understanding.
God reigneth over the heathen:
God sitteth upon his holy seat.

For God, which is highly exalted,
doth defend the earth as it were with a shield.

Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost:
As it was in the beginning, is now and ever shall be. Amen.

The silver swan, who living had no note,
when death approached, unlock'd her silent throat;
leaning her breast against the reedy shore,
thus sung her first and last, and sung no more:
'Farewell, all joys; O death, come close mine eyes;
more geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.'

The performers

BREMF Consort of Voices was founded by Deborah Roberts in 2009 and is a consort of semi-professional, student and experienced amateur singers. Dedicated to giving dramatic and exciting performances of music from the Renaissance and early Baroque, the ensemble gives several concerts each year in collaboration with BREMF. It has taken part in music ranging from 15th-century chant and polyphony, to the spectacular 1589 Florentine Intermedi with renaissance orchestra and great Venetian works with The English Cornett & Sackbut Ensemble. Now directed by James Elias, for the 2024 Brighton Early Music Festival the choir joined Netherlands-based ensemble Cappella Pratensis in a programme of 15th-century music by Dufay, Dunstable and Frye.

bremf.org.uk/ensembles/bcv

Sopranos:

Cat Hogan-Jones ⁴
Harriet Hyatt ³
Hannah Loach
Pam Mason ³
Rebecca Rees
Cathy Rowland

Altos:

Maria Birch ³
Janet Gascoine
Bibi Lees ²
Silvia Reseghetti
Charlotte Tayler

Tenors:

Charlie Barrow
Nick Boston
Nicolas Chisholm
Peter Larcombe ³
David Waterhouse ⁴

Basses:

Matthew Bright ⁴
John Gillies
Tony Jay ³
Simon Madge ¹
Matthew Ryan
Bill Vickery
Stephen Wilmot

¹ soloist in The Turtle Dove

² soloist in Blessed are all they

³ verse in Blessed are all they

⁴ verse in Rejoice in the Lord alway

James Elias has been singing in choirs for nearly half a century, studying under James O'Donnell, George Guest and Richard Marlow in various Cambridge choirs, before singing and conducting regularly in churches, concerts, recordings and broadcasts in London and abroad. Now a specialist in *a cappella* choral music, his negligible claims to musical fame include being three yards away from José Carreras on stage in a performance of Bizet's *Carmen*, and singing at the Sydney Opera House.

Cavillum Consort of Viols is a new ensemble founded by Matthew Farrell, drawing on a core group of emerging viol players. Many of the players in the consort are alumni of the BREMF Live emerging artists programme, having previously performed as part of other ensembles. The Cavillum Consort is excited to make its BREMF debut and to collaborate with BREMF Consort of Voices.