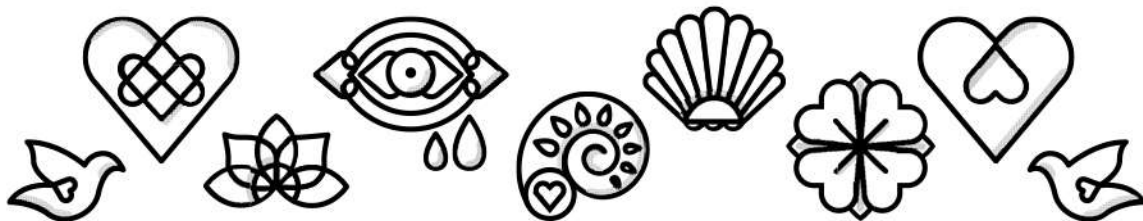


Brighton Early Music Festival 2025

LOVE bremf.org.uk



Friday 24 October, 7.30pm

St Martin's Church

OUT OF THE DEEP

Vache Baroque

Jonathan Darbourne *director*

Malcolm Sinclair *reader*

Betty Makharinsky *soprano*

Alex Potter *countertenor*

Guy Cutting *tenor*

Jolyon Loy *baritone*

Jasmine Flicker *soprano*

Thomas Kelly *tenor*

David Le Prevost *baritone*

2025 James Bowman Young Artists:

Mariana Rodrigues *soprano*

Laura Toomey *alto*

Alexander Semple *baritone*

Will Harmer *bass-baritone*

Sophia Prodanova *leader, violin*

Kate Fawcett *viola*

Felicia Graf *viola*

Jacob Garside *viola da gamba, cello*

Carina Cosgrave *double bass*

Oonagh Lee *oboe, recorder*

Joel Raymond *oboe, recorder*

Toby Carr *theorbo*

Makoto James *organ*

Dan Samsa *sound installation designer*

Vache Baroque are proud to partner with
2makeit on this project.

A short pre-concert talk will be given at 7pm
by their director, Philip Emery.

Please do explore their exhibition and
sound installation created by Dan Samsa.



Supported using public funding by

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ENGLAND**

**Brighton Early Music Festival gratefully acknowledges financial support from our
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Peter Philips 1560/61–1628	Galliard 'Dolorosa' (composed in prison, 1593)
Oscar Wilde 1854–1900	from 'De Profundis' (written in prison, 1897)
John Wilbye 1574–1638	Ye that do live in pleasures plenty (1598)
Wilde	from 'De Profundis'
Henry Purcell 1659–1695	Sweeter than roses (1695)
Wilde	from 'De Profundis'
Purcell	Jehova, quam multi sunt hastes mei (c.1680)
Wilde	Personal letter to Bosie Douglas
Purcell	In the black dismal dungeon of despair (1688)
Wilde	from 'De Profundis'
Jan Dismas Zelenka 1679–1745	De profundis (1724) mvt 1
Wilde	from 'De Profundis'
Zelenka	De profundis (1724) mvts 2 & 3
Wilde	from 'De Profundis'
Zelenka	De profundis (1724) mvt 4 & Doxology
Interval	
Richard Lovelace	from 'To Althea, from Prison' (1642)
Hans Leo Hassler	Mein G'muth ist mir verwirret (1601)
Wilde	from 'De Profundis'
Johann Sebastian Bach 1685–1750	Aus der Tiefen rufe ich, Herr, zu dir (1707?) mvts 1 & 2
Wilde	from 'De Profundis'
JS Bach	Aus der Tiefen rufe ich, Herr, zu dir (1707?) mvts 3–5
Wilde	'Desespoir'
Johannes Brahms 1833–1897 (arr. Darbourne)	Herzlich tut mich verlangen (1897)
Wilde	'The Selfish Giant'
André Campra	De profundis (1723) Requiem aeternam

The music

Written in prison and addressed to his lover Lord Alfred 'Bosie' Douglas, Oscar Wilde's 'De Profundis' letter is a work of far-reaching and often brutal self observation. What does the title – assigned posthumously by Wilde's friend and former lover Robbie Ross – tell us? In English translation, 'Out of the deep' are the opening words of Psalm 130, a text connected to Ash Wednesday and the penitential season of Lent. The symbolic ashing of foreheads that takes place on this day is a potent reminder of both human mortality – 'for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return' – and nature's unceasing process of renewal. The word 'Lent' itself has various etymologies connected to spring and the lengthening of days, a time of year when greenery returns, flowers appear, and life abounds. It is clear, then, why Psalm 130 is heard at this time, tracking as it does a patient journey from the darkness of rock-bottom despair to the hope in eventual redemption:

*Out of the deep have I called unto thee, O Lord:
Lord, hear my voice ... I look for the Lord; my soul doth wait for Him ...
My soul fleeth unto the Lord:
before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch ...
O Israel, trust in the Lord, for with the Lord there is mercy:
and with Him is plenteous redemption.*

For Lutheran Christians such as Johann Sebastian Bach, this allusion to the night time ('before the morning watch') was expressed conceptually as 'Anfechtung', or the challenge and temptation present throughout the 'dark night of the soul'. (Think of Bach's long, low, flame-guttering setting of the word '*Trauernacht*' in the aria 'Es ist vollbracht' in his Johannes-Passion.)

We can understand why Robbie Ross, knowing his friend's supercharged literary mind, chose 'De Profundis' as the title of such a soul-searching, reformatory, and ultimately cathartic piece of writing. Wilde was in the depths of his dark night, having been cast down by the establishment from a life of ever-increasing fame to one of disgrace and enforced daily hard labour. Reading the letter, we feel that, for Wilde, coming to terms with his incarceration for the 'gross indecency' of his homosexuality needed an evaluation of his whole being – emotional, romantic, literary, religious, philosophical, and artistic – and that moving towards the hope and redemption of the psalmist's 'morning' was something he could do best (and perhaps only) with his pen.

'De Profundis' is a profound and astonishing work, and one full of contradictions, something that gives it a powerfully human quality. It is also poetic in the sense that it smudges things and requires the reader to search for middle grounds of meaning and, in turn, for answers, just as Wilde was doing. This programme aims to illuminate and probe these ambiguities by placing Wilde's story within a framework of musical pieces that act as a commentary.

The Bach and Zelenka works do this more directly, with their use of the Psalm 130 text, while others like the Wilbye and Purcell pieces evoke sympathetic scenes or feelings. Peter Philips wrote his dance while in prison, just as Richard Lovelace did his poem. Framing the Bach cantata, Hans Leo Hassler was the first to harmonise the secular love song melody that Bach would later use in his Matthäus-Passion; and at the same time as Wilde was in prison, Johannes Brahms, knowing he was dying, set the tune as an organ chorale prelude with a dedication to his adored friend Clara Schumann. (Bach himself probably wrote a number of chorale preludes from his *Orgelbuchlein* while in a local jail house.) As Wilde ended his life in Paris, the closing movement from André Campra's 'De profundis' sings him to his rest.

Wilde died in 1900 at the age of just 46 in a hotel room, impoverished and essentially alone, away from family, friends and his life's love, Bosie Douglas. Looking back from our viewpoint, the last years of Wilde's life could justifiably be seen as a passion story, and his rejection, persecution and death a sort of martyrdom. The world has come a long way since then, but it is shocking to note that 61 UN member states still criminalise consensual same-sex sexual acts. We hope for that number to diminish quickly.

Thank you for making the journey to be with us tonight.

*We shall be notes in that great Symphony
Whose cadence circles through the rhythmic spheres,
And all the live World's throbbing heart shall be
One with our heart, the stealthy creeping years
Have lost their terrors now, we shall not die,
The Universe itself shall be our Immortality!*

from Oscar Wilde's 'We Are Made One with What We Touch and See'

The texts

Ye that do live in pleasures plenty,

and dwell in Music's sweetest Airs,
whose eyes are quick, whose ears are dainty,
not clogg'd with earth or worldly cares,
come sing this song, made in Amphion's praise,
who now is dead, yet you his fame can raise.
Call him again, let him not die,
but live in Music's sweetest breath;
place him in fairest memory,
and let him triumph over death.
O sweetly sung, his living wish attend ye.
These were his words, 'The mirth of heav'n
God send ye.'

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze
on a warm flowery shore, was the dear kiss,
first trembling made me freeze,
then shot like fire all o'er.
What magic has victorious love!
For all I touch or see since that dear kiss,
I hourly prove, all is love to me.

Jehova, quam multi sunt hostes mei,
quam multi insurgunt contra me.
Quam multi dicunt de anima mea,
non est ulla salus isti in Deo plane.
At tu, Jehova, clypeus est circa me:
Gloria mea, et extollens caput meum.

Voce mea ad Jehovam clamanti,
respondit mihi e monte sanctitatis suae maxime.
Ego cubui et dormivi, ego expergefeci me,
quia Jehova sustentat me.
Non timebo a myriadibus populi, quas
circumdisposuerint metatores contra me.

Surge, surge Jehova, fac salvum me, Deus mi;
qui percussisti omnes inimicos meos maxillam,
dentes improborum confregisti.

Jehova est salus super populum tuum,
sit benedictio tua maxime.

Lord, how are they increased that trouble me:
many are they that rise against me.
Many one there be that say of my soul:
There is no help for him in his God.
But thou, O Lord, art my defender:
thou art my worship, and the lifter up of
my head.

I did call upon the Lord with my voice:
and he heard me out of his holy hill.
I laid me down and slept, and rose up again:
for the Lord sustained me.
I will not be afraid for ten thousands of the
people: that have set themselves against me
round about.

Up Lord, and help me, O my God: for thou
smitest all mine enemies upon the
cheekbone; thou hast broken the teeth of the
ungodly.

Salvation belongeth unto the Lord:
and thy blessing is upon thy people.

In the black dismal Dungeon of Despair,

Pin'd with tormenting Care;
Wrack'd with my Fears, Drown'd in my Tears,
With dreadful expectation of my Doom,
And certain horrid Judgment soon to come:
Lord, here I lie, Lost to all hope of Liberty,
Hence never to remove, But by a Miracle of Love;
Which I scarce dare hope for, or expect,
Be'ng guilty of so long, so great neglect.
Fool that I was, worthy a sharper Rod,
To slight thy Courting, O my God!
For thou didst woo, entreat, and grieve,
Didst beg me to be happy, and to live;
But I would not; I chose to dwell
With Death, far from thee, too near to Hell:
But is there no Redemption, no Relief?
Jesu! Thou sav'd'st a Magdalen, a Thief!
Thy Mercy, Lord, once more advance;
O give me such a Glance as Peter had!
Thy sweet kind chiding Look
will change my Heart, as it did melt that Rock.
Look on me, sweet Jesu! as thou didst on him,
'Tis more than to create, thus to redeem.

De profundis clamavi ad te Domine.

Domine, exaudi vocem meam.

Fiant aures tuæ intendentes in vocem
deprecationis meæ.

Si iniquitates observaveris, Domine,
Domine, quis sustinebit?

Quia apud te propitiatio est;
et propter legem tuam sustinui te, Domine.

Sustinuit anima mea in verbo eius:
Speravit anima mea in Domino.

A custodia matutina usque ad noctem,

speret Israël in Domino.

Quia apud Dominum misericordia,
et copiosa apud eum redemptio.

Et ipse redimet Israël ex omnibus iniquitatibus
ejus.

Gloria Patri et Filio, et Spiritui Sancto,
Sicut erat in principio, et nunc et semper. Amen.

Out of the depths have I cried unto thee,
O Lord. Lord, hear my voice:

let thine ears be attentive to the voice of
my supplications.

If thou, Lord, shouldest mark iniquities,
O Lord, who shall stand?

But there is forgiveness with thee,
that thou mayest be feared.

I wait for the Lord, my soul doth wait,
and in his word do I hope.

My soul waiteth for the Lord more than
they that watch for the morning.

Let Israel hope in the Lord:

for with the Lord there is mercy,
and with him is plenteous redemption.

And he shall redeem Israel from all his
iniquities.

Glory be to the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit.

As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever
shall be, world without end. Amen.

Mein Gmüth ist mir verwirret,
das macht ein Jungfrau zart,
bin ganz und gar verirret,
mein Herz das kränckt sich hart,
hab tag und nacht kein Ruh,
führ allzeit grosse klag,
thu stets seufftzen und weinen,
in trauren schier verzag.

Ach daß sie mich thet fragen,
was doch die uersach sei,
warum ich führ solch klagen,
ich wolt irs sagen frei,
daß sie allein die ist,
die mich so sehr verwundet,
könndt ich ir Hertz erweichen,
würd ich bald wider g'sund.

Reichlich ist sie gezieret,
mit schön thugend ohn Ziel,
höflich wie sie gebüret,
ihre gleichen ist nicht viel,
für andern Jungfrau zart
führt sie allzeit den Preiß,
wann ichs anschau, vermeine,
ich sei im Paradeiß.

Aber ich muß aufgeben,
und allzeit traurig sein,
solts mir gleich kosten Leben,
das ist mein gröste Pein,
dann ich bin ir zu schlecht,
darumb sie mein nicht acht,
Gott wolts für leid bewahren,
durch sein Göttliche macht.

Aus der Tiefen rufe ich, Herr, zu dir.

Herr, höre meine Stimme, laß deine Ohren merken
auf die Stimme meines Flehens!

So du willst, Herr, Sünde zurechnen, Herr, wer wird
bestehen?

Erbarm dich mein in solcher Last,
nimm sie aus meinem Herzen,
die weil du sie gebüßet hast
am Holz mit Todesschmerzen,
Denn bei dir ist die Vergebung, daß man dich
fürchte.

I'm all mixed up;
this a tender maid has done to me!
I'm totally lost;
my heart is sick and sore.
I get no rest by day or night,
my pain is always so great.
I'm sighing and crying all the time;
I'm almost in despair.

If only she would ask me:
what's the matter with you?
I would tell her straight
why I carry around such pain.
That she alone is the one
who hurts me so;
If I could soften her heart
I'd soon be well again.

Her lovely virtues adorn her
rich and without end.
Gracious is her bearing;
few can compare with her.
Before other tender maidens
she always takes the prize.
When I look at her, I think
I am in Paradise.

But I must give up
and be miserable forever,
even if it should cost me my life;
this is my greatest pain.
I am not good enough for her;
she doesn't care about me.
May God keep her safe from suffering
through his divine power.

Out of the depths I call, Lord, to you.
Lord, hear my voice, let your ears take note
of the sound of my pleas!

If thus you choose, Lord, to account for sins,
Lord, who could remain?

Have mercy on me burdened so,
take them out of my heart,
since you have atoned for them
on the wood with deathly agonies,
For forgiveness is with you, so that you might
be held in awe.

Auf daß ich nicht mit großem Weh
in meinen Sünden untergeh,
noch ewiglich verzage.

so that, for great woe
I might not perish in my sins,
nor eternally despair.

Ich harre des Herrn, meine Seele harret, und ich
hoffe auf sein Wort.

I await the Lord, my soul waits, and I hope in
his word.

Meine Seele wartet auf den Herrn von einer
Morgenwache bis zu der andern.

My soul waits for the Lord from one morning
watch to the other.

Und weil ich denn in meinem Sinn,
wie ich zuvor geklaget,
auch ein betrübter Sünder bin,
den sein Gewissen naget,
und wollte gern im Blute dein
von Sünden abgewaschen sein
wie David und Manasse.

And since in my mind,
as I lamented before,
I am also a troubled sinner,
whose conscience gnaws him,
and would gladly, in your blood
be washed clean of sin,
like David and Manassah.

Israel hoffe auf den Herrn; denn bei dem Herrn
ist die Gnade und viel Erlösung bei ihm.
und er wird Israel erlösen aus allen seinen Sünden.

Israel hopes in the Lord; for mercy is with
the Lord and much redemption.
And he will redeem Israel from all its sins.

Herzlich thut mich verlange

nach einem selgen End;
weil ich hie bin umfängen
mit Trübsal und Elend.
Ich hab Lust abzuschneiden
von dieser argen Welt;
sehn mich noch ewgen Freuden:
o Jesu, komm nur bald.

My heart is filled with longing
to pass away in peace;
for woes are round me thronging,
and trials will not cease.
O fain would I be hasting
from thee, dark world of gloom,
to gladness everlasting;
O Jesus, quickly come.

Requiem aeternam dona eis, Domine,
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Grant unto them eternal rest, O Lord,
and let light perpetual shine upon them.

The performers

Vache Baroque is an ensemble of musicians passionate about connecting the broadest possible range of people to the power of Baroque music. From operas and multi-disciplinary concerts to children's shows and youth residencies, they create experiences that aim to challenge and inspire. Since their 2020 launch, they have earned widespread critical acclaim: ★★★★★ 'Witty, risky and immersive' Opera Now, 'Huge fun' The Spectator, 'An exceptional evening' The Observer, and 'one of the UK's hottest groups' Opera Today. As an award-winning UK charity, they give special focus to offering young and disadvantaged people opportunities to participate alongside leading professionals. Their education project for Deafblind Awareness Week has been nominated for a 2025 International Opera Award.

vachebaroque.com