



Sunday 12 October, 7.30pm

St Martin's Church

QUEEN OF HEARTS

The Gesualdo Six

Guy James *countertenor*

Alasdair Austin *countertenor*

Joseph Wicks *tenor*

Josh Cooter *tenor*

Simon Grant *baritone*

Owain Park *director & bass*

Antoine Brumel c.1460–c.1512

Sub tuum praesidium

Johannes Ockeghem c.1410–1497

Intemerata Dei mater

Loyset Compère c.1445–1518

Plaine d'ennuy / Anima mea

Jean Mouton c.1459–1522

De tous regretz

Margaret of Austria (attrib.) 1480–1530

Se je souspire / Ecce iterum

Owain Park b.1993

Prière pour Marie

Jean Lhéritier c.1480–c.1551

Sub tuum praesidium

Interval



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Josquin des Prez c.1450–1521	Nymphes des bois / Requiem aeternam
Josquin	Mille regretz
Pierre de La Rue c.1452–1518	Secretz regretz
Brumel	Tous les regretz
Costanzo Festa c.1485–1545	Quis dabit oculis
Ninfea Crutwell-Reade b.1989	Plaisir n'ai plus
Josquin	O Virgo prudentissima

The music

Over the past few years, it has been a joy to delve further into the rich tapestry of musical works that inspired our *Josquin's legacy* project, which explored the cross-currents of texts and the movement of 'Oltremontani' composers (from the Franco-Flemish School who came 'over the Alps' to northern Italy) as they travelled around Renaissance Europe. As we developed our concert programmes for performance, a new thread emerged: music that connected the queenly courts of Europe. There are several fantastic and beautifully illuminated sources containing music written for these courts, and many of them are preserved in the United Kingdom.

In this programme, we explore music that venerates the Virgin Mary – the 'regina caelorum' – and that memorialises her terrestrial counterparts, highlighting the interwoven lives of Anne of Brittany, Margaret of Austria, and – in England – Anne Boleyn and Mary Tudor. We feature works which build new upon old, in particular two motet-chansons where sacred Latin texts are presented alongside contemporary courtly concerns in the vernacular. Just as medieval Catholic liturgy appropriated the Song of Songs to venerate the Blessed Virgin Mary, motet-chansons allowed court composers to work Song of Songs texts into secular music for the court, blurring the distinction between heavenly and earthly queens.

We have thoroughly enjoyed putting together this collection, and our particular thanks go to Guy James for his work researching and preparing editions of the music. We enjoy the feeling of intrigue and excitement when singing this repertoire, and look forward to how this programme will develop in the coming years.

Owain Park

The texts

Sub tuum praesidium confugimus,
sancta Dei genitrix;
nostras deprecationes ne despicias
in necessitatibus meis,
sed a periculis cunctis libera nos
semper virgo Maria benedicta.

Intemerata Dei mater, generosa puella,
milia carminibus quam stipant agmina divum,
respice nos tantum, si quid jubilando meremur.

Tu scis, virgo decens, quanti discrimine agatur
exulibus,
passimque quibus jactemur arenis.

Nec sine te manet ulla quies spes nulla laboris,
nulla salus patriae, domus aut potiunda
parentis
cui regina praees, dispensans omnia;
laeto suscipis ore pios
dulci quos nectare potas
et facis assiduos epulis accumbere sacris.

Aspiciat facito miseros pietatis ocello Filius,
ipsa potes;
Fessos hinc arripe sursum, diva, virgo manu,
tutos et in arce locato.

Plaine d'ennuy / Anima mea

Text after Song of Songs 5: 6 – 8

Plaine d'ennuy de longue main atteinte
de déplaisir en vie langoureuse,
dis a par moy que seroit bien heureuse
se par la mort estoit ma vie estainte.

Bassus:

Anima mea liquefacta est.
Filiae Jerusalem, nuntiate dilecto meo
quia amore languero.

To your protection we fly,
holy mother of God;
do not spurn our prayers
in our time of need,
but from all perils set us free,
ever blessed virgin Mary.

Undeclared mother of God, noble maiden,
around whom thousands of the heavenly host
throng with their songs, pray look down on us,
if in our joyous praise we earn any merit.
You know, seemly maiden, how much danger
exiles are exposed to,
and on what shoals we are everywhere tossed.

Neither does any rest abide without you, nor
hope for our hardships, nor salvation for our
homeland, nor attaining the abode of the Father,
over which you preside as queen.
Dispensing all things with a joyful face, you
sustain the pious, to whom you give sweet
nectar to drink, and whom you cause to recline
perpetually at sacred feasts.

Make the Son look upon the wretched with the
eye of piety: you yourself have this power.
Deliver the weary upward from this place, divine
maiden, by your hand, and place them safe in
the citadel.

Filled with boredom at long waiting,
with unhappiness at idle life,
tell me how I might be happy if by death
my life were to be ended.

My soul melted.

Daughters of Jerusalem, tell my beloved
that I languish from love.

De tous regretz ung tout seul me tormente
et le support ne puy plus soubstenir.
Triste seray sans joye maintenir,
jusques a ce qu'auray qui me contente.

Se je souspire / Ecce iterum

Source: Brussels, Bibliothèque Royale de Belgique, MS 228, ff. 56v–58

Se je souspire et plaingz,
disant 'Helas, aymy!'
Et par champs et par plains
je plains mon doulx amy.
Sur tous l'avoir eslu,
mai fiere destinée
par mort le m'a toulu,
dolente infortunée.
Mes chantz sont de deuil plains;
bon jour n'ay ne demy.
Vous qui oyes mes plaints,
avez pitie de my!

Bassus:

Ecce iterum novux dolor accedit!
Nec satis erat infortunissime Cesaris filie
conjugem amisisse dilectissimum;
nisi etiam fratrem unicum mors acerba
surriperet.
Doleo super te, frater mi Philippe, Rex optime;
nec est qui me consoletur.

O vox omnes qui transitis per viam, attendite et
videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus!

Prière pour Marie

Words by Pierre Gringore, on the visit of Mary
Tudor to Paris in 1514

Comme la paix entre Dieu et les hommes
par le moyen de la Vierge Marie
fut jadis faicte, ainsi a present sommes
bourgeois François déchargez de nos sommes,
car Marie avec nous se marie.
Justice et paix auprès d'elle
au parc de France et pays d'Angleterre,

Of all regrets just one torments me,
and bearing it I can no longer manage.
Sad will I be without joy to hold,
until I have what contents me.

Translation by Martin Picker

Thus I sigh and lament,
saying "Helas, aymy!"
And in fields and plains
I grieve for my sweet friend.
He was chosen above all,
but proud destiny
has by death taken him from me,
the sad, unfortunate one.
My songs are full of sorrow;
I have neither a good day nor half.
You who hear my laments,
have pity on me!

Behold, again a new sorrow comes!
It was not enough for the most unfortunate
daughter of the Emperor to have lost her dearest
husband; bitter death must steal even her own
brother.
I mourn thee, my brother Philip, greatest King;
nor is there anyone to console me.

O ye who pass this way, attend and see if there is
any sorrow like my sorrow!

As the peace between God and man
Through the means of the Virgin Mary
Was once made, so are we now,
French bourgeois, released of our burdens,
Because Mary has married us;
Justice and peace appear through her
In the fields of France and countryside of
England;

puis que le lien d'amours tient l'armoire.
acquis avons, pour nous nul n'en varie,
Marie au ciel et Marie en la terre.

Sub tuum praesidium confugimus,
sancta Dei genitrix;
nostras deprecationes ne despicias
in necessitatibus meis,
sed a periculis cunctis libera nos
semper virgo Maria benedicta.

Nymphes des bois / Requiem aeternam

Nymphes des bois, déesses des fontaines,

chantres experts de toutes nations,
changez vos voix fort clères et hautes
en cris tranchants et lamentations.
Car d'Atropos très terrible satrape
vostre Okeghem a trape en sa trape,
le vrai trésor de musique et chef d'œuvre,
(qui de trépas désormais plus n'échappe),
dont grand deuil est que la terre œuvre.
Aoutez vous d'habit de deuil,
Josquin, Perchon, Brumel, Compère,
et pleurez grosses larmes d'œil;
perdu avez vostre bon père.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE. AMEN.

Requiem aeternam dona eis Domine
et lux perpetua luceat eis.

Mille regretz de vous habandonner
et d'eslonger vostre face amoureuse.
J'ay si grand deuil et paine douloureuse
qu'on me vera brief mes jours definir.

Secretz regretz de nature enemis,
par grief tourmens mon penser ont transmis
de tout plaisir en deuil et desplaisance;
si de brief temps je n'ay resjouissance
par le secours de mes loyaux amis.

Since the ties of love restrain arms,
we have acquired for ourselves, nothing less,
Mary in heaven and Mary on earth.

To your protection we fly,
holy mother of God;
do not spurn our prayers
in our time of need,
but from all perils set us free,
ever blessed virgin Mary.

Nymphs of the woods, goddesses of the
fountains,
singers renowned across all nations,
turn your voices most clear and high
to piercing cries and laments.
Because Atropos, the terrible satrape,
has caught your Okeghem in her trap,
the true treasure and masterpiece of music,
(who from death no longer escapes),
for whom great mourning covers the earth.
Put on your clothes of mourning,
Josquin, Perchon, Brumel, Compère,
and weep great tears from your eyes;
you have lost your good father.

MAY HE REST IN PEACE. AMEN.

Give them eternal rest, Lord,
and let perpetual light shine on them.

A thousand regrets to leave you
and to be far from your loving face.
I suffer such deep sorrow and grievous pain
that soon I will end my days.

Secret regrets at hostile nature,
by tormenting grief my mind has been turned
from all pleasure to misery and unhappiness;
if in a short time I have no joyfulness
through the help of my loyal friends.

Tous les regretz qu'onques furent au monde,
venez a moy queleque part que je soie.
Prennez mon cueur en sa dolleur par fonde
et le fendez que madame le voye.

Quis dabit oculis nostris fontem lacrymarum
et plorabimus die ac nocte coram Domino?

Britannia, quid ploras?
Musica sileat.
Francia, cur deducta lugubri veste moerore
consumeris?
Anna requiescat in pace.

Plaisir n'ai plus

Words by Clément Marot

Plaisir n'ai plus, mais vis en déconfort.
Fortune m'a remis en grand douleur.
L'heur que j'avais est tourné un malheur,
malheureux est, qui n'a aucun confort.

Fort suit dolent, et regret me remord,
Morte m'a ôté ma Dame de valeur.
L'heur que j'avais est tourné un malheur,
malheureux est, qui n'a aucun confort.

Valoir ne puis, en ce monde suis mort.
Morte est m'amour, dont suis en grand langoeur.
Langoureux suis, pleine d'amère liqueur,
le coeur me part pour sa dolente mort.

O Virgo prudentissima

quam coelo missus
Gabriel supremi regis
nuntius plenam testatur gratia.

Te sponsam factor omnium,
te Matrem Dei Filius,
te vocat habitaculum
suum beatus spiritus.

Tu stella maris diceris
quae nobis inter scopulos,
inter obscuros turbines
portum salutis indicas.

All regrets there have been in the world,
come to me wherever I may be.
Take my heart in its grief profound
and break it so my lady sees it.

Who will give our eyes a fountain of tears?
And we shall weep day and night in the
presence of the Lord.
Brittany, why do you lament?
Let music keep silent.
France, why did you tear your vest in mourning
and are spent with grief?
May Anne rest in peace.

Translation by Ninfea Cruttwell-Reade

Pleasure I have no longer, but a life of discomfort.
Fortune has dealt me a great sorrow.
The time that I had has turned to misfortune,
Unhappy is he who lacks all comfort.

Deep is my mourning, and regret consumes me.
Death has robbed me of my precious lady.
The time that I had has turned to misfortune:
Unhappy is he who lacks all comfort.

I can be of no worth, to this world I am dead.
Dead is my love, and great my languor.
Languishing, I am filled with a bitter cordial,
My heart breaks at her sorrowful death.

O Virgin most wise
whom Gabriel, sent from heaven
as messenger of the most-high king,
affirms as full of grace,

The maker of everything called you wife,
the Son of God called you mother,
the blessed Spirit
calls you his home.

You are called star of the sea,
you who show us among the rocks
and dark winds
the harbour of salvation.

Per te de tetro carcere
antiqui patres exerunt;
per te nobis astriferae
panduntur aulae limina.

Audi Virgo puerpera
et sola Mater integra;
Audi precantes quesimus
tuos Maria servulos.

Repelle mentis tenebras
disrumpe cordis glaciem.
Nos sub tuum praesidium
confugientes protege.
Alleluia.

Through you the ancient fathers
are freed from their foul prison;
through you are opened to us
the gates of the starry palace.

Hear, child-bearing virgin
and the only mother who remains unblemished;
hear your servants praying
as we call to you, Mary.

Drive the shadows from our minds,
shatter the ice in our hearts.
Protect us, who take refuge
under your guardianship.
Alleluia.

The performers

The Gesualdo Six is an award-winning ensemble comprising some of the UK's finest consort singers, directed by Owain Park. Praised for their imaginative programming and impeccable blend, the group formed in 2014 for a performance of Gesualdo's *Tenebrae Responsories* in Cambridge and has gone on to perform around the world. Highlights include performances at venues including Wigmore Hall, Miller Theatre in New York and Sydney Opera House, and at the BBC Proms. The ensemble has collaborated with Fretwork and director Bill Barclay on concert-theatre work *Secret Byrd*.

The Gesualdo Six is committed to music education, regularly hosting workshops for young musicians and curating composition competitions, most recently drawing entries from over 300 composers worldwide. The group has commissioned new works from Shruthi Rajasekar and Joanna Marsh, alongside *coronasolfège for 6* by Héloïse Werner.

The ensemble has harnessed the power of social media to make classical music accessible to millions worldwide, creating captivating videos from beautiful locations. The group released its debut recording *English Motets* on Hyperion in 2018 to critical acclaim. This has been followed by eight further albums, and tenth album *Radiant Dawn* was released in August 2025.

thegesualdosix.co.uk

As well as directing The Gesualdo Six, **Owain Park** is Principal Guest Conductor of the BBC Singers and works with ensembles including Southbank Sinfonia and Chamber Choir Ireland. In 2024, he conducted the BBC Singers in a selection of Bruckner motets at the BBC Proms, as a prelude to the Berlin Philharmonic's performance of Bruckner's Symphony No. 5. He also conducted the BBC Symphony Orchestra in works by Anne Dudley and Iain Farrington as part of the BBC Singers at 100 celebrations at the Barbican.

Owain's compositions, published by Novello, have been performed internationally by ensembles including The Tallis Scholars and Aurora Orchestra. In 2023, his piece *Battle Cry*, featured on a collaborative album by mezzo-soprano Helen Charlston and theorbo player Toby Carr, won the Gramophone Award for Best Concept Album.

Owain is also a keen gardener, and when not on stage he can be found raking leaves, pruning shrubs, or picking cherry tomatoes.

owainpark.co.uk