



*International
Presentations of
Music & Dance*

THE UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Emma Kirkby

Soprano

Anthony Rooley

Lute

THURSDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 4, 1982, AT 8:30
RACKHAM AUDITORIUM, ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

The English Orpheus

- A Contention between Hope and Despair JOHN DOWLAND
- Fantasia ALFONSO FERRABOSCO
- Grief, keep within JOHN DANYEL
- Pavan FERRABOSCO
- Thou Mighty God DOWLAND
- Semper Dowland, semper dolens DOWLAND
- Sweet birds deprive us never JOHN BARTLETT

INTERMISSION

Come, shepherds come
Perfect and endless circles are } WILLIAM LAWES
Love I obey

I rise and grieve
The Lark } HENRY LAWES
A tale out of Anacreon

Stript of their green
What a sad fate } HENRY PURCELL
When first Amintas sued for a kiss

*Mr. Rooley: London, Decca, Hyperion, and L'Oiseau Lyre Records.
Miss Kirkby: Decca and Hyperion Records.*

About the Artists

Anthony Rooley studied for three years at the Royal Academy of Music where his love of history and philosophy led him to study the music of the Renaissance. He owned his first lute in 1968 and later combined it with voice and viol to form The Consort of Musicke, one of today's leading specialist Renaissance ensembles. The ensemble covers all the major secular music of the period 1450-1650, with special emphasis in recent years on the English repertoire *circa* 1600. One major project to emanate from the Consort is a 21-record set of the "Complete Works of John Dowland," which has received accolades from critics throughout the world.

In addition to the Consort, which is nearly a full-time concern, Mr. Rooley has been deeply involved in many innovations in early music. In 1976 he began the Early Music Centre in London. In May 1977 he provided the inspiration and initiation for a conference of the Future of Early Music in Britain, and this work continues with the full committee which organized it. Since 1973 he has arranged and directed five specialist summer schools. Mr. Rooley also finds time for teaching and lecturing. He has worked at the Royal Academy of Music, the Guildhall School of Music, the Early Music Centre, and Leicester University. He has written "The Penguin Book of Early Music" and is currently preparing a book on John Dowland.

While studying classics at Oxford University, **Emma Kirkby** pursued a growing interest in Renaissance and Baroque music. Since then she has worked with several early music groups, principally The Consort of Musicke, the Taverner Consort, Musica Reservata, and the Academy of Ancient Music. Her first love is the English lute song repertoire which she explores so thoroughly with Anthony Rooley. With him, she directs the Consort in a BBC series, "The English Madrigal." Her many recordings include "The Lady Musick," accompanied by Mr. Rooley; soloist in "Madrigals and Wedding Songs for Diana" with the Consort of Musicke Madrigal Ensemble and Viol Consort; and a release of John Ward Madrigals of 1613. She is also in much demand as a teacher.

This evening's concert takes place during two simultaneous conferences under the auspices of the University School of Music: the forty-eighth annual meeting of the American Musicological Society and the fifth annual meeting of the Society for Music Theory, both of which are meeting through Sunday of this week. Prior to the conference openings, the artists led a master class yesterday for music students.

A Season to Celebrate!

- JULIAN BREAM, *Guitar* Sun. Nov. 7
Music of de Visée, Weiss, Bach, Walton, Berkeley, Rodrigo, and Turina
- LYDIA ARTYMIW, *Pianist* Fri. Nov. 12
Clementi: Sonata, Op. 47, No. 2; Schubert: Sonata in G, Op. 78; Brahms:
Variations and Fugue on a Theme by Handel
- LEIPZIG GEWANDHAUS ORCHESTRA/KURT MASUR Sun. Nov. 14
Beethoven: Violin Concerto (Karl Suske, soloist); Mahler: Symphony No. 1
- BORODIN TRIO Sat. Nov. 20
Tchaikovsky: Trio in A minor; Schubert: Trio in E-flat, Op. 100
- Handel's "Messiah" Fri.-Sun. Dec. 3-5
- LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC/CARLO MARIA GIULINI Tues. Dec. 7
Schubert: Symphony No. 4; Bruckner: Symphony No. 9
- PITTSBURGH BALLET, Tchaikovsky's "Nutcracker" Fri.-Sun. Dec. 17-19
- GUARNERI STRING QUARTET Sun. Jan. 9
- TAMBURITZANS FOLK ENSEMBLE Sat. Jan. 15
- SANTIAGO RODRIGUEZ, *Pianist* Thurs. Jan. 27
- MARCEL MARCEAU, *Mimist* Sat. & Sun. Jan. 29 & 30
- HÅKAN HAGEGÅRD, *Baritone* Wed. Feb. 9
Songs of Mozart, Busoni, Schubert, Berg, Wolf, and Scandinavian composers

New brochure with complete information available upon request.

UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY

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TEXTS

A Contention between Hope and Despair -- John Dowland

Sorrow, stay! lend true repentant tears to a woeful wretched wight. Hence, Despair! with thy formenting fears, O do not my poor heart affright. Pity, help! now or never, mark me not to endless pain. Alas, I am condemned ever, no hope, no help there doth remain. But down, down, down I fall, and arise I never shall.

Die not before thy day, poor man condemned, but lift thy low looks from the humble earth. Kiss not Despair and see sweet Hope condemned, the hag hath no delight but moan for mirth. O fie, poor fondling! fie! be willing to preserve thyself from killing. Hope, thy keeper, glad to free thee, bids thee go and will not see thee. Hie thee quickly from thy wrong! So she ends her willing song.

Mourn! mourn! Day is with darkness fled. What heaven then governs earth? O none but hell in heaven's stead chokes with his mists our mirth. Mourn! mourn! look now for no more day nor night, but that from hell. Then all must as they may in darkness learn to dwell. But yet this change must needs change our delight, that thus the sun should harbour with the night.

Grief, keep within -- John Danyel (Mrs M E her funeral tears for the death of her husband)

Grief, keep within and scorn to show but tears, since joy can weep as well as thou. Disdain to sigh, for so can slender cares, which but from idle causes grow. Do not look forth, unless thou didst know how to look with thine own face and as thou art; and only let my heart, that knows more reason why, pine, fret, consume, swell, burst, and die.

Drop not, mine eyes, nor trickle down so fast, for so you could do oft before in our sad farewells and sweet meetings past; and shall his death now have no more? Can niggard sorrow yield no other store to show the plenty of affliction's smart? Then only thou, poor heart, that know'st more reason why, pine, fret, consume, swell, burst, and die.

Have all our passions certain proper vents, and sorrow none that is her own, but she must borrow others' complements to make her inward feelings known? Are joy's delights and death's compassion shown with one like face and one lamenting part? Then only thou, poor heart, that know'st more reason why, pine, fret, consume, swell, burst, and die.

Thou Mighty God -- John Dowland

Thou mighty God, that rightest every wrong, listen to Patience in a dying song. When Job had lost his children, lands, and goods, Patience assuages his excessive pain; and when his sorrows came as fast as floods, Hope kept his heart till Comfort came again.

When David's life by Saul was often sought, and worlds of woes did compass him about; on dire revenge he never had a thought, but in his griefs Hope still did help him out.

When the poor cripple by the pool did lie full many years in misery and pain, no sooner he on Christ had set his eye but he was well, and comfort came again. No David, Job nor cripple in more grief, Christ, give me patience and my hope's relief.

Sweet birds deprive us never -- John Bartlett

Surcharged with discontent, to Sylvane's bower I went to ease my heavy grief-opposed heart, and try what comfort winged creatures could yield unto my inward troubled smart, by modulating their delightful measures to my ears pleasing ever. Of strains so sweet, sweet birds deprive us never.

The thrush did pipe full clear, and eke with very merry cheer the linnet lifted up her pleasant voice. The goldfinch chirped and the pie did chatter, the blackbird whistled and bade me rejoice, the stockdove murmured with a solemn flatter. The little daw, ka-ka he cried; the hic-quail he beside tickled his part in a parti-coloured coat. The jay did blow his hautboy gallantly. The wren did treble many a pretty note. The woodpecker did hammer melody. The kite, tiw-whiw, full oft cried, soaring up aloft, and down again returned presently. To whom the herald of cornutos all sung cuckoo ever, whilst poor Margery cried: Who did ring night's 'larum bell? Withal all did do well. O might I hear them ever. Of strains so sweet, sweet birds deprive us never.

Then Hesperus on high brought cloudy night in sky; when lo, the thicket-keeping company of feathered singers left their madrigals, sonnets and elegies, and presently shut them within their mossy severals. And I came home and vowed to love them ever. Of strains so sweet, sweet birds deprive us never.

Come, shepherds come -- William Lawes

Com shepherds com com away without delay whilst the gentle time doth stay, grene woods ar dumbe and can never tell to any those deare kisses and thos many swet embraces that are given dainty pleasures that would even raise in coldest age a fyer and give virgin blood desire, then if ever now or never come and have it, think not I dare deny it if you crave it.

Perfect and endless circles are -- William Lawes

Perfect and Endles Circles Are, and such of late, myne and my loves hart were, but if now the Red be from my Poore hart fled, you ar the cause, why it is pale and dead; for gazing on your eyes, my hart stood still, amazed was and thus became both pale and ill, smyle now and what before was white, you'le view, Cornelian being restorde by you.

Love I obey -- William Lawes

Love I obey, shoot home thy dart, tis for a bleeding wounded hart, whome oft I'have herd to murmer tones, for me would move the Ruthless stones.

Fly, fly, why staves my tardy sense to quench that flaming influence which else to cinders streight will burne all vertue in One sacred Urne.

Why dost thou July looke, and sigh as if it breathd forth had thy life O Tyrant love, for see the Redd is turned to Paleness, bewtyes dead.

May I forsaken be of all unpityed moe funerall, my ashes through the world be blown for love is dead, and bewtyes gone.

A tale out of Anacreon -- Henry Lawes

At dead low ebb of night, when none but Great Charles Sayn was driven on, when mortals strict cessation keep, to re-recruit themselves with sleep, 'twas then a Boy knockt at my gate. Who's there, said I, that calls so late? O let me in! he soon reply'd, I am a Childe, and then he cry'd, I wander without guide or light, lost in this wet, blind, Moonless night. In pity then I rose, and straight unbarr'd my door, and sprang a light: Behold it was a Lovely Boy, a sweeter sightne're bless'd mine Eye: I view'd him round, and saw strange things; a Bow, a Quiver, and two Wings; I led him to the fire, and then I dry'd and chaf'd his hands with mine: I gently press'd his tresses, curles, which new faln rain had hung with perls: At last, when warm'd, the Yonker said, Alas my Bow! I am afraid the string is wet; 'Pray (Sir) let's try; let's try my Bow. Do, do, said I. He bent it; shot so quick and smart, as though my liver reach'd my heart. Then in a trice he took his flight, and laughing said: My Bow is right, it is O 'tis! For as he spoke, 'twas not his Bow, but my Heart is broke.

Stript of their green -- Henry Purcell

Stript of their green our groves appear, our Vales buried deep in Snow; the blowing North controuls the Aire, a nipping cold chills all below. The frost has glaz'd our deepest streams, Phoebus withdraws his kindly beams. Yet Winter blest be thy return, thou'st brought the Swain for whom I us'd to mourn; and in thy Ice with pleasing flames we burn, and in thy Ice with pleasing flames we burn.

Too soon the Sun's reviving heat will thaw thy Ice and melt thy Snow; trumpets will sound, and Drums will beat, and tell me the dear, dear Youth must goe: then must my weak unwilling Arms, resign him up to stronger Charms: what flowers, what Sweets, what Beauteous thing, when Damon's gone, can aese or pleasure bring? Winter brings Damon, Winter is my Spring; Winter brings Damon, Winter is my Spring.

What a sad fate -- Henry Purcell

What a sad, sad Fate is mine; my Love is my crime: or why shou'd he be more easy and free to all, than to me? But if by disdain he can lessen my pain, 'tis all, I implore; to make me love less, or himself to love more.

When first Amintas sued for a kiss -- Henry Purcell

When first Amintas sued for a kiss, my innocent heart was tender; that though I push'd him away from the bliss, my eyes declar'd my heart was won. I fain an artful coyness would use, before I the fort did surrender; but love would suffer no more such abuse, and soon, alas! my cheat was known. He'd sit all day, and laugh and play, a thousand pretty things would say; my hand he'd squeeze, and press my knees, 'till further on he got by degrees.

My heart, just like vessel at sea, would toss when Amintas came near me; but ah! so cunning a Pilot was he, through doubts and fears he'd still sail on. I thought in him no danger could be, so wisely he knew how to steer me.

But soon, alas! was brought t'agree to taste of joys before unknown; well might he boast his pain not lost, for soon he found the golden coast, enjoyed the ore, and touched the shore where never merchant went before.