

# AWAKE SWEET LOVE, AN ANTHOLOGY OF LUTE MUSIC

## BIOGRAPHIES

### CD1-4

**Jakob Lindberg** was born in Djursholm in Sweden and developed his first passionate interest in music through the Beatles. He started to play the guitar and soon became interested in the classical repertoire. From the age of fourteen he studied with Jörgen Rörby who also gave him his first tuition on the lute. After reading music at Stockholm University he went to London to study at the Royal College of Music, where he further developed his knowledge of the lute repertoire under the guidance of Diana Poulton, and decided towards the end of his studies to concentrate on renaissance and baroque music; he is now one of the most prolific performers in this field. Jakob has made numerous recordings for BIS, many of which are pioneering in that they present a wide range of music on CD for the first time. He has brought Scottish lute music to public attention, demonstrated the beauty of the Italian repertoire for chitarrone and recorded chamber music by Vivaldi, Haydn and Boccherini on period instruments. He is the first lutenist to have recorded the complete solo lute music by John Dowland and his recording of Bach's music for solo lute is considered to be one of the most important readings of these works.

An active continuo player on the theorbo and arch lute, Jakob has worked with many well known English ensembles including The English Concert, Taverner Choir, The Purcell Quartet, Monteverdi Choir, Chiaroscuro, The Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment and The Academy of Ancient Music. He is also in demand as an accompanist and has given recitals with Emma Kirkby, Ann Sofie von Otter, Nigel Rogers and Ian Partridge. He assisted Andrew Parrott in the musical direction of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas* given by The Royal Swedish Opera at Drottningholm Court Theatre in 1995, and also directed from the chitarrone the much acclaimed performances of Jacopo Peri's *Euridice* given there in 1997.

It is particularly through his live solo performances that he has become known as one of the finest lutenists in the world today, with concerts all over the globe from Tokyo and Beijing in the East to San Francisco and Mexico City in the West.

In addition to his busy life as a performer, Jakob Lindberg teaches at the Royal College of Music in London where he succeeded Diana Poulton as professor of lute in 1979

### CD5-6

**Mario D'Agosto** began his musical training as a guitarist. After completing his studies at the Conservatory and having obtained his diploma in guitar under the constant guidance of Giuliano Balestra, he was attracted by the repertoire of the Renaissance and Baroque, and began to study the lute. Later, with Hopkinson Smith he studied technique and musical aesthetics of the period, at International courses in Estoril (Portugal), Rome, Banyuls and at the University of Tours (France). He has given solo performances in many parts of the world including Italy, Europe, and Central and Southern America, and has recorded for radio and television broadcasts both in Italy and abroad.

He has been a member of the jury for a number of international competitions.

With the "Accademia Strumentale Romana" he has recorded a CD of music by Alessandro Scarlatti. He has also collaborated with "I Cantori di S. Carlo" in a variety of important musical events in Europe. With Rosario Cicero (Renaissance and

Baroque Guitar) he has created some unusual concert structures: from an original instrumental duo which has led to the recording of 'Diferencias' on the art of variation, to the group "Antiquaviva" which has created performances combining music, poetry and dance.

As a soloist he has recorded a CD for the Niccolo label, with music by S. L. Weiss. In Duo with Rosario Cicero he has produced "Diferencias," on the art of variation.

He has taught lute at the Conservatorio of Music in Bari and is regularly invited to hold seminars and master-classes at the "International Arts Academy" in Rome.

### CD7

**Luciano Contini** was born in Sassari, Sardinia, in 1958.

After completing his guitar studies with A.Marrosu and O.Ghiglia with awards in various competitions, he began, in the 1980's to dedicate himself to performance practice of renaissance and baroque music, and began playing the lute, exclusively.

From 1982, after graduating cum laude in musicology from the University of Bologna, he continued his studies at the famous Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, Basel, Switzerland, with H. Smith, E. Dombois and J. Christensen.

He began an intense concertistic career which carried him to Europe, the two Americas and Japan, performing for such prestigious institutions as the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde and the Konzerthaus in Vienna, the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in Paris, the Staatsoper in Berlin and the Teatro alla Scala in Milano with musicians like A. Curtis, B. Dickey, C. Banchini, J. Christensen, R. Clemencic, J. Savall, R. Muti.

Along with several radio and television recordings he has participated in numerous productions of compact discs for different labels, as chamber musician and soloist. His solo CD's with music of A. Piccinini and G. Zamboni have been highly recommended by the international critics.

Luciano Contini teaches at the University for Music and Performing Arts and at the Private University "Konservatorium Wien" in Vienna.

### CD8

**Francesca Torelli** was born in Reggio Emilia, Italy. After earning a degree in lute with the highest marks at the Conservatory of Verona under the guidance of Orlando Cristoforetti, she completed her studies with Nigel North at the Guildhall School of Music in London. At the same time, she studied renaissance and baroque singing with Auriol Kimber.

From the beginning, her concert activities have featured the repertoires for voice and lute (singing while accompanying herself on the instrument), as well as the solo repertoire for lute and theorbo and basso continuo.

As a soloist, she has participated in numerous festivals in Europe and Australia.

She has provided and played the music for various theatrical productions and has appeared as a lutenist on television programs for RAI 2, Channel 4, and others.

She has collaborated with the orchestra of the Maggio Musicale Fiorentino, the Vivaldi ensemble of the Solisti Veneti, and with various choirs and chamber orchestras.

She has recorded for the labels Dynamic, Stradivarius, Mondo Musica and Nuova Era, with the ensembles Sans souci, Cappella Palatina, Accademia Farnese and the chamber orchestra Offerta

Musicale of Venice. She has also recorded for the national Italian radio (RAI Radiotre) and for other radio and television networks throughout Europe.

For over a decade she has performed in concert and on disc (for the label Tactus) as theorbist with the ensemble Cappella Artemisia, participating in numerous European festivals (the Festival Monteverdi of Cremona, in Bern, for the Concerti del Quirinale in Rome, in Bonn, at the Segni Barocchi in Foligno, for the festival Frauen in der Musik in Herne, in Lugano, and elsewhere).

She has also made two solo recordings (on Tactus) with music by two important 17th-century Italian lute composers: Alessandro Piccinini and Pietro Paolo Melli.

In 2007 A tutor for the Theorbo, an handbook written by Francesca Torelli went out for Ut Orpheus editions [www.utorpheus.com](http://www.utorpheus.com) This is the first practical method dedicate to this instrument.

Francesca Torelli has edited publications of music for theorbo (for SPES), and written articles on certain Italian composers for lute for various musical periodicals.

She is the founder and director of the ensemble Scintille di musica with whom she has recorded a CD for the Futuro antico series on EMI : Mantova, la musica alla corte dei Gonzaga, featuring the voice of Angelo Branduardi. Since 2007 three more cd went out of the same series, with Francesca Torelli director-lutenist: these recordings are about Sixteenth and Seventeenth century Italian music and obtained great public consense.

She has taught lute at the conservatories of Bari and Vicenza and has held seminars and master classes at numerous Universities and musical institutions. She is currently professor of lute at the "GiuseppeVerdi" Conservatory in Milan

#### CD9

**Yavor Genov** was born in Stara Zagora, Bulgaria, and began studying classical guitar at the age of nine. During the next few years the classical repertory became his main interest and occupation, and he continued his guitar studies at the secondary musical school in his home town and subsequently with Panajot Panajotov at Sofia University.

Here he developed his interest in Medieval, Renaissance and Baroque music, and participated in his first masterclasses concerning the interpretation of early music, under the tuition of Ashley Solomon and Kreetta-Maria Kentala.

Immediately after his graduation, Genov directed his activities, both as a performer and musicologist, to the field of early music. He studied the lute and basso continuo with Jakob Lindberg, and expanded his doctoral thesis on Gregorian chant. Genov's repertory spans the time of the very first lute books to the gallant style of the second half of the 18th century. He has given solo recitals in Bulgaria, Sweden and the Netherlands, and has performed as a lutenist and continuo player in many prestigious early music events, such as the Lufthansa Festival of Baroque Music (London), Musica Antiga de Barcelona and Oude Muziek / Fabulous Fringe (Utrecht).

In 2010 he was invited to play for the European Union Baroque Orchestra (EUBO), performing under the baton of Lars Ulrik Mortensen, Enrico Onofri and Christina Pluhar.

Genov has recorded solo as well as chamber Renaissance and Baroque repertory for Bulgarian National Radio. In 2009 he completed his PhD thesis, which, based on the Antiphoner – one of the most important books in Medieval music history – saw Genov awarded the Youngest Scholar Award of the Bulgarian Academy of Sciences for his research.

#### CD10-12

**Miguel Yisrael** was born in Lisbon, where he began his musical and artistic career, earning his Diploma in Classical Guitar in 1994. From 1999 to 2004, after studying the lute at the Paris Conservatoire with Claire Antonini, he completed his

musical education with Hopkinson Smith in Basel, Switzerland, at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis.

As a soloist, Miguel Yisrael has given recitals in France, Portugal, the UK, Spain, Germany, Belgium, Austria, Switzerland, the USA, Canada and China. In 2000, he took part in a television documentary devoted to the lutenist Hopkinson Smith, broadcast by Mezzo, Classica, RTBF and TSR.

Miguel Yisrael has recorded two solo CDs for Brilliant Classics, in 2008 and 2010, earning a 'Diapason d'Or Découverte' for The Court of Bayreuth (94026) and a '5 Diapason' for Les Baricades Mistérieuses (93701).

He is the author of a major treatise on the Baroque lute entitled Method for the Baroque Lute, published in Italy by Ut Orpheus in 2008. In 2010, he also created a new collection of Baroque lute music scores for the same publisher, called La Rhétorique des Dieux.

Miguel Yisrael performs on lutes built by Renzo Salvador of Liège, Belgium. He currently lives in Paris, where he teaches Renaissance and Baroque lute.

#### CD13

##### **RUFUS MÜLLER - tenor**

Rufus Muller was born in Kent, England. He spent the years 1977-81 as a choral scholar at New College, Oxford. In 1984 he sang the role of Bastien in Mozart's Bastien and Bastienne with Kent Opera, and in 1985 won first prize in the English Song Award in Brighton.

Rufus has worked with conductors such as Richard Hickox, Gustav Leonhardt, Frans Bruggen, Philippe Herreweghe and Nicholas Kraemer. His oratorio appearances have taken him all over Europe. He has given recitals in the Wigmore Hall in London, as well as on BBC radio, and in Frankfurt, Tokyo, Madrid, Utrecht and Salzburg.

Rufus sang the Evangelist in Jonathan Miller's dramatic production of Bach's St. Matthew Passion in London to great critical acclaim. He also sang Aminta for Opera de Normandie's production of the rarely-performed Euridice by Peri, Tersandre in Lully's opera Roland in Paris, Lisbon and Dresden, conducted by Rene Jacobs, and the Evangelist in the St. John Passion in Minsk and in the St. Matthew Passion in New York.

##### **CHRISTOPHER WILSON - lute**

Christopher Wilson studied the lute at the Royal College of Music in London with Diana Poulton. Since leaving he has established himself as one of the leading lutenists in Great Britain, specialising in the performance of renaissance music. He has given many broadcasts on radio and television as a soloist and as an ensemble performer. His concert tours have taken him to most countries of Europe - including Scandinavia, the Baltic States and Russia - Hong Kong, Japan and the USA.

As well as performing with this own ensemble, Kithara, and many other leading early music groups, Christopher Wilson's increasing interest in the lute song repertoire has led him to work with various song recitalists. He has appeared on over 50 recordings, including many as solo lutenist.

#### CD14

##### **MICHAEL CHANCE - counter-tenor**

Michael Chance is one of the world's most sought-after counter-tenors on the concert platform (both in oratorio and in recitals), on stage, on CD, radio and television.

His operatic performances have taken him onto many of the world's great opera stages in works by Handel, Monteverdi and Britten. These include Covent Garden (Semele), the Glyndebourne Festival (A Midsummer Night's Dream), Aix-en-Provence Festival (Semele), the Paris Opera (Giulio Cesare), Netherlands Opera (the Monteverdi Cycle), Australian Opera in Sydney (Baz Luhrmann's production of A Midsummer Night's Dream) and the Teatro Sao Carlos, Lisbon (Rinaldo and Gluck's Orfeo). He has also sung Gluck's Orfeo on a major USA tour in conjunction with Christopher Hogwood and the Mark Morris

Dance Group (also at the Edinburgh Festival) and appeared in the world premieres of Judith Weir's *A Night at the Chinese Opera* and Sir Harrison Birtwistle's *The Second Mrs Kong*. He has made many recordings, including the Grammy award-winning *Semele* (DG/Nelson), Bach's *St Matthew Passion* (DG/Gardiner and Vanguard Classics/ Cleobury), *Messiah* (DG/Pinnock and Philips/ Marriner), *Gluck's Orfeo* (Sony/Bernius), *L'Incoronazione di Poppea* (DG/Gardiner) and *Handel's Giustino* (Harmonia Mundi/McGegan).

#### **Nigel North - archlute/theorbo**

Nigel North was initially inspired into music, at age 7, by the early 60's instrumental pop group "The Shadows". Nigel studied classical music through the violin and guitar, eventually discovering his real path in life, the lute, when he was 15. Basically self taught on the lute, he has (for over 30 years) developed a unique musical life which embraces activities as a teacher, accompanist, soloist, director and writer.

Some "mile stones" on the way have included the publication of a continuo tutor (Faber 1987)- representing his work and passion for this subject. The music of J.S.Bach has been another passion, and the 4 Volume CD collection "Bach on the Lute" was recorded on the Linn Records label (1994-1997), now available as a 4 disc box set.

The ensemble *Romanesca* was formed by Nigel, together with Andrew Manze (violin) and John Toll (harpsichord & organ). For ten years (1988-1998) they explored, performed and recorded 17th century chamber music winning several international awards for their recordings.

Nigel North enjoys accompanying singers and is also an enthusiastic teacher. For over 20 years he was Professor of Lute at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama, in London; from 1993-1999 he was Professor at the Hochschule der Künste, Berlin; 2005-2207 he was Lute Professor at the Royal Conservatory in Den Haag , Netherlands, and since January 1999 Nigel North has been Professor of Lute at the Early Music Institute, Indiana University, Bloomington in the USA.

#### **Richard Boothby - viola da gamba**

After studying with Nikolaus Harnoncourt in Salzburg, he founded the Purcell Quartet in 1984 and was a founder member of Fretwork in 1985. Since then his career has been bound up with these two groups with whom he records and tours; and through whom he plays the broadest range of repertoire for the instrument from the earliest music to the latest contemporary music commissioned for viols.

With the Purcell Quartet he has recorded nearly 50 albums with them for Hyperion and Chandos. He tours Europe, Japan and the United States regularly with both ensembles. In 1998 he directed performances of Monteverdi's 'L'Incoronazione di Poppea' with the Purcell Quartet; and in 2001 directed them in a fully-staged production of 'L'Orfeo' , with Mark Padmore in the title role.

As a soloist, he has given many recitals of the rich solo repertoire, and in 1994 he recorded the three Bach sonatas for viola da gamba and harpsichord with Shalev Ad-El for Chandos Records, to critical acclaim. He has given many recitals of the great suites by Antoine Forqueray, with whose music he feels a special affinity. He is professor of Viola da Gamba at the Royal College in London.

#### **Maggie Cole - harpsichord**

Maggie Cole enjoys a richly varied musical life with performances on harpsichord, fortepiano and piano. Born in the USA, she began playing the piano from an early age. A keen interest in early keyboards led her to England where she now makes her home. Maggie's teachers were Jill Severs and Kenneth Gilbert and she is pleased to be part of this harpsichord "family tree" which began with Wanda Landowska. Best known in Britain through numerous recitals on BBC Radio 3 and appearances at leading festivals, abroad she has performed

in venues from Seattle to Moscow, and from Finland to India. In addition to solo recitals - with Bach's 'Goldberg Variations' a speciality, given in London, Paris, Cologne, Basel, Mallorca and Chicago - she frequently performs in duos with partners including Nancy Argenta soprano, Michael Chance counter tenor, Philippa Davies flute, Catherine Mackintosh violin and Steven Isserlis cello. She is also particularly devoted to the Classical chamber music repertoire and explores this with her fortepiano trio, "Trio Goya" (Maggie, Kati Debretzeni, violin and Sebastian Comberty, cello).

From the 20th century, Maggie plays concertos by Falla, Poulenc and Gerhard. Gavin Bryars has written 'After Handel's Vesper' for her, and she takes every opportunity to programme works by Dodgson, Hallgrímsson, Ligeti and Andriessen. She gave first performances in 2006 of new harpsichord concertos by Tansy Davies and Peter Child.

Maggie performs frequently in the USA on fortepiano and harpsichord with the chamber ensemble, "Sarasa". With the group, she takes performances and workshops into areas where classical music is not often heard - facilities for young offenders, hospitals, prisons and geriatric homes. This work has become of increasing interest to her as an amplification of her extensive private teaching practise.

Alongside her activities as a player, Maggie is active as a promoter of concerts. Focusing on her immediate neighbourhoods, she has run a 5 year series of charity concerts at London Lighthouse, raising a considerable sum of money for this AIDS/HIV facility. She currently promotes concerts at Bush Hall with the aim of bringing this hall's exceptional charm and acoustic to a growing audience.

Recordings of a recital on various harpsichords on Hyperion and of Scarlatti on Saydisc, have been followed by several on Virgin Classics: a Bach recital, his 'Goldberg Variations' (a top selection in various CD surveys), Soler keyboard sonatas, Boccherini sonatas with Steven Isserlis, and Poulenc's *Concert Champêtre* with the City of London Sinfonia conducted by Richard Hickox. With Catherine Mackintosh she has recorded the complete Bach sonatas for Chandos, and a solo recital of music by Handel, Scarlatti, Arne, JC Bach and Gavin Bryars has been released on Droffig. "Mozartiana" - music for cello and fortepiano with Sebastian Comberty, and JS Bach flute sonatas with Philippa Davies. 2012 has seen the release of Schubert sonatas for violin and fortepiano on Naxos (with violinist, Jacqueline Ross). Maggie is on the faculty of *Cursos Manuel de Falla* held annually in Granada, Spain, and she is professor of fortepiano at Guildhall School of Music and Drama.

**SUNGTEXTS****CD13****1. UNQUIET THOUGHTS**

Unquiet thoughts, your civil slaughter stint,  
 And wrap your wrongs within a pensive heart:  
 And you: my tongue that makes my mouth a mint,  
 And stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art,  
 Be still: for if you ever do the like  
 I'll cut the string that makes the hammer strike.

But what can Stay my thoughts they may not start,  
 Or put my tongue in durance for to die?  
 When as these eyes, the keys of mouth and heart,  
 Open the lock where all my love doth lie;  
 I'll seal them up within their lids for ever:  
 So thoughts, and words, and looks shall die together.

How shall I then gaze on my mistress' eyes?  
 My thoughts must have some vent: else heart will break.  
 My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,  
 If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speak.  
 Speak then, and tell the passions of desire;  
 Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire.

**2. WHO EVER THINKS OR HOPES OF LOVE**

Who ever thinks or hopes of love for love:  
 Or who belov'd in Cupid's laws doth glory:  
 Who joys in vows, or vows not to remove:  
 Who by this light-god hath not been made sorry:  
 Let him see me eclipsed from my sun,  
 With dark clouds of an earth quite over-run.

Who thinks that sorrows felt, desires hidden,  
 Or humble faith in constant honour armed,  
 Can keep love from the fruit that is forbidden,  
 Who thinks that change is by entreaty charmed,  
 Looking on me let him know, love's delights  
 Are treasures hid in caves, but kept by sprites.  
 Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke

**3. MY THOUGHTS ARE WING'D WITH HOPES**

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with love.  
 Mount Love unto the moon in clearest night  
 And say, as she doth in the heavens move,  
 In earth so wanes and waxeth my delight:  
 And whisper this but softly in her ears,  
 Hope oft doth hang the head, and Trust shed tears.  
 And you my thoughts that some mistrust do carry,

If for mistrust my mistress do you blame.  
 Say though you alter, yet you do not vary,  
 And she doth change, and yet remain the same:  
 Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect,  
 And love is sweetest season'd with suspect.

If she, for this, with clouds do mask her eyes,  
 And make the heavens dark with her disdain,  
 With windy sights, disperse them in the skies,  
 Or with they tears dissolve them into rain;  
 Thoughts, hopes, and love return to me no more  
 Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.  
 Ascribed to George,  
 Earl of Cumberland

**4. IF MY COMPLAINTS COULD PASSIONS MOVE**

(Captain Digorie Piper's Galliard)  
 If my complaints could passions move,  
 Or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong:  
 My passions were enough to prove,  
 That my despairs had govern'd me too long.

O Love, I live and die in thee,  
 Thy grief in my deep sights still speaks:  
 Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me,  
 My heart for thy unkindness breaks:  
 Yet thou dost hope when I despair,  
 And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain.

Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair,  
 Yet for redress, thou let'st me still complain.  
 Can Love be rich, and yet I want?  
 Is Love my judge, and yet I am condemn'd?  
 Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant:  
 Thou made a God, and yet thy power contemn'd.  
 That I do live, it is thy power:  
 That I desire it is thy worth:  
 If Love doth make men's lives too sour,  
 Let me not love, not live henceforth.  
 Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,  
 That you that of my fall may hearers be  
 May hear Despair, which truly saith,  
 I was more true to Love than Love to me.

**5. CAN SHE EXCUSE MY WRONGS?**

(The earl of Essex's Galliard)  
 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,  
 Thou 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 live thus still tormented:  
 Dear, but remember it was I  
 Who for thy sake did die contented.

**6. NOW; O NOW; I NEEDS MUST PART**

(The "Frog" Galliard)  
 Now, O now, I needs must part,  
 Parting though I absent mourn.  
 Absence can no joy impart:  
 Joy once fled cannot return.  
 While I live I needs must love,  
 Love lives nor when Hope is gone.  
 Now at last Despair doth prove,  
 Love divided loveth none.  
 Sad despair doth drive me hence,  
 This despair unkindness sends.  
 If that parting be offence,  
 It is she which then offends.

Dear, if I do not return,  
 Love and I shall die together.

For my absence never mourn,  
Whom you might have joyed ever:  
Part we must though now I die,  
Die I do to part with you.  
Him Despair doth cause to lie,  
Who both liv'd and dieth true.  
Sad despair doth drive me hence,  
This despair unkindness sends.  
If that parting be offence,  
It is she which then offends.

#### 7. DEAR, IF YOU CHANGE

Dear, if you change, I'll never choose again.  
Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love.  
Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain.  
Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll never prove.  
Dear, Sweet, Fair, Wise, change, shrink, nor be not weak:  
And, on my faith, my faith shall never break.

Earth with her flow'rs shall sooner heav'n adorn,  
Heav'n her bright stars through earth's dim  
globe shall move,  
Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flames be born,  
Air made to shine as black as hell shall prove:  
Earth, Heaven, Fire, Air, the world transform'd shall view.  
Ere I prove fill'd to faith, or strange to you.

#### 8. BURST FORTH MY TEARS

Burst forth my tears, assist my forward grief:  
And show what pains imperious Love provokes.  
Kind tender lambs, lament Love's scant relief;  
And pine, since pensive Care my freedom yokes.  
O pine, to see me pine, my tender flocks.

Sad pining Care, that never may have peace,  
At Beauty's gate in hope of pity knocks;  
But Mercy sleeps while deep Disdain increase,  
And Beauty Hope in her fair bosom yokes.  
O grieve to hear my grief, my tender flocks.

Like to the winds my sights have winged been;  
Yet are my sights and suites repaid with mocks:  
I plead, yet she repineth at my teen.  
O ruthless rigour harder than the rocks,  
That both the shepherd kills, and his poor flocks.

#### 9. GO CRYSTAL TEARS

Go, crystal tears, like to the morning show'rs,  
And sweetly weep into thy lady's breast.  
And as the dews revive the drooping flow'rs,  
So let your drops of pity be address'd,  
To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,  
Which sleeps too sound whilst I from her depart.

Haste, restless sighs, and let your burning breath  
Dissolve the ice of her indurate heart,  
Whose frozen rigour like forgetful Death,  
Feels never any touch of my desert:  
Yet sighs and tears to help sacrifice,  
Both from a spotless heart and patient eyes.

#### 10. THINK'ST THOU THEN BY THY FEIGNING?

Think'st thou then by thy feigning  
Sleep, with a proud disdain,  
Or with thy crafty closing  
Thy cruel eyes reposing,  
To drive me from thy sight,  
When sleep yields more delight,  
Such harmless beauty gracing,  
And while sleep feigned is,  
May not I steal a kiss,

Thy quiet arms embracing.

O that my sleep dissembled,  
Were to a trance resembled,  
Thy cruel eyes deceiving,  
Of lively sense bereaving:  
Then should my love require  
Thy love's unkind despite,  
While fury triumph'd boldly  
In beauty's sweet disgrace:  
Of her that lov'd so coldly

Should then my love aspiring,  
Forbidden joys desiring,  
So far exceed the duty  
That virtue owes to beauty?  
No Love seek not thy bliss,  
Beyond a simple kiss:  
For such deceits are harmless.  
Yet kiss a thousand fold.  
For kisses may be bold  
When lovely sleep is armless.

#### 11. COME AWAY, COME SWEET LOVE

Come away, come sweet love,  
The golden morning breaks.  
All the earth, all the air,  
Of love and pleasure speaks:  
Teach thine arms then to embrace,  
And sweet  
Rosy  
Lips to kiss,  
And mix our souls in mutual bliss.  
Eyes were made for beauty's grace,  
Viewing,  
Rueing  
Love's long pain  
Procur'd by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away, come sweet loved,  
The golden morning wastes,  
While the sun from his sphere,  
His fiery arrows casts;  
Making all the shadows fly,  
Playing,  
Staying  
In the grove,  
To entertain the stealth of love.  
Thither, sweet love, let us hie,  
Flying,  
Dying  
In desire,  
Wing'd with sweet hopes and heav'nly fire.

Come away, come sweet love,  
Do not in vain adorn  
Beauty's grace, that should rise,  
Like to the naked morn:  
Lilies on the river's side,  
And fair  
Cyprian  
Flow'rs new-blown,  
Desire no beauties but their own.  
Ornament is nurse of pride,  
Pleasure  
Measure  
Love's delight:  
Haste then sweet love our wished flight.

**12. REST AWHILE YOU CRUEL CARES**

Rest awhile you cruel cares,  
 Be not more severe than love.  
 Beauty kills and beauty spares,  
 And sweet smiles sad sighs remove:  
 Laura, fair queen of my delight,  
 Come grant me love in love's despite,  
 And if I fail ever to honour thee,  
 Let this heavenly light I see,  
 Be as dark as hell to me.

If I speak, my words want weight,  
 Am I mute, my heart doth break,  
 If I sigh, she fears deceit,  
 Sorrow then for me must speak:  
 Cruel, unkind, with favour view  
 The wound that first was made by you:  
 And if my torments feigned be,  
 Let this heavenly light I see,  
 Be as dark as hell to me.

Never hour of pleasing rest  
 Shall revive my dying ghost,  
 Till my soul hath repossess'd  
 The sweet hope which love hath lost:  
 Laura redeem the soul that dies,  
 By fury of thy murdering eyes:  
 And if it prove unkind to thee,  
 Let this heavenly light I see,  
 Be as dark as hell to me.

**13. SLEEP, WAYWARD THOUGHTS**

Sleep, wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love:  
 Let not my Love be with my love diseas'd.  
 Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger move,  
 But pine you with my longings long displeas'd.  
 Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake:  
 So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

But, O the fury of my restless fear!  
 The hidden anguish of my flesh desires!  
 The glories and the beauties that appear,  
 Between her brows, near Cupid's closed fires,  
 Thus while she sleeps, moves sighing for her sake:  
 So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my Love doth rest:  
 Fear in my love, and yet my Love secure:  
 Peace in my Love, and yet my love oppress'd:  
 Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.  
 Sleep, dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake:  
 So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

**14. ALL YE, WHOM LOVE OR FORTUNE**

All ye, whom Love or Fortune hath betray'd;  
 All ye, that dream of bliss but live in grid;  
 All ye, whose hopes are evermore delay'd;  
 All ye, whose sighs or sickness wants relief;  
 Lend ears and rears to me, most hapless man,  
 That sing my sorrows like the dying swan.

Care that consumes the heart with inward pain,  
 Pain that presents sad care in outward view,  
 Both tyrant-like enforce me to complain:  
 But still in vain: for none my plaints will rue.  
 Tears, sighs and ceaseless cries alone I spend:  
 My woe wants comfort, and my sorrow end.

**15. WILT THOU, UNKIND, THUS REAVE ME?**

Wilt thou unkind thus reave me  
 Of my heart, of my heart, and so leave me?

Farewell: Farewell,  
 But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)  
 Kiss me sweet, sweet my jewel.

Hope by disdain grows cheerless,  
 Fear doth love, love doth fear, beauty peerless.  
 Farewell: Farewell,  
 But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)  
 Kiss me sweet, sweet my jewel.

If no delays can move thee,  
 Life shall die, death shall live still to love thee.  
 Farewell: Farewell,  
 But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)  
 Kiss me sweet, sweet my jewel.

Yet e thou mindful ever,  
 Heat from fire, fire from heat none can sever.  
 Farewell: Farewell,  
 But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)  
 Kiss me sweet, sweet my jewel.

True love cannot be changed,  
 Though delight from desert be estranged.  
 Farewell: Farewell,  
 But yet or e'er I part (O cruel)  
 Kiss me sweet, sweet my jewel.

**16. WOULD MY CONCEIT**

Would my conceit, that first enforc'd my woe,  
 Or else mine eyes which still the same increase,  
 Might be extinct, to end my sorrows so,  
 Which now are such as nothing can release:  
 Whose life is death, whose sweet each change of sour,  
 And eke whose hell reneweth ev'ry hour.

Each hour amidst the deep of hell I fry,  
 Each hour I waste and wither where I sit:  
 But that sweet hour wherein I wish to die,  
 My hope alas may not enjoy it yet,  
 Whose hope is such, bereaved of the bliss,  
 Which unto all save me allotted is.

To all save me is free to live or die,  
 To all save me remained, hap or hope:  
 But all perforce I must abandon, I,  
 Sith Fortune still directs my hap a-slope.  
 Wherefore to neither hap nor hope I trust,  
 But to my thralls I yield, for so I must.

**17. COME AGAIN: SWEET LOVE DOTH NOW INVITE**

Come again:  
 Sweet love doth now invite,  
 Thy graces that refrain,  
 To do me due delight,  
 To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,  
 With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again  
 That I may cease to mourn,  
 Through thy unkind disdain:  
 For now left and forlorn,  
 I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,  
 In deadly pain and endless misery.

All the day  
 The sun that lends me shine,  
 By frowns do cause me pine,  
 And feeds me with delay,  
 Her smiles my springs, that makes my joys to grow,  
 Her frowns the Winters of my woe:

All the night  
 My sleeps are full of dreams,  
 My eyes are full of streams,  
 My heart takes no delight,  
 To see the fruits and joys that some do find,  
 And mark the storms are me assign'd.

Out alas,  
 My faith is ever true,  
 Yet will she never rue,  
 Nor yield me any grace:  
 Her eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,  
 Whom tears, nor truth may once invade.

Gentle Love  
 Draw forth thy wounding dart,  
 Thou canst not pierce her heart,  
 For I that to approve,  
 By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts,  
 Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.

### 18. HIS GOLDEN LOCKS

His golden locks Time hath to silver turn'd.  
 O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing!  
 His youth 'gainst Time and Age hath ever spurn'd,  
 But spurn'd in vain: youth waneth by increasing.  
 Beauty, strength, youth are flow'rs but fading seen:  
 Duty, faith, love are roots and ever green.  
 His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,  
 And lover's sonnets rum to holy psalms:  
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,  
 And feed on prayers which are Age's alms:  
 But though from Court to cottage he depart,  
 His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.  
 And when he saddest sits in homely cell,  
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song,  
 Blest be the hearts that wish my Sovereign well,  
 Curs'd be the soul that think her any wrong.  
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right,  
 To be your bedesman now that was your knight.  
 Sir Henry Lee

### 19. AWAKE, SWEET LOVE: THOU ART RETURN'D (Galliard)

Awake, sweet love, thou art return'd:  
 My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,  
 Lives now in perfect joy.  
 Let love, which never absent dies,  
 Now live for ever in her eyes,  
 Whence came my first annoy.  
 Only herself hath seemed fair:  
 She only I could love,  
 She only drove me to despair,  
 When she unkind did prove.  
 Despair did make me wish to die;  
 That I my joys might end:  
 She only, which did make me fly,  
 My state may now amend.

If she esteem thee now aught worth,  
 She will not grieve thy love henceforth,  
 Which so despair hath prov'd.  
 Despair hath proved now in me,  
 That love will not unconstant be,  
 Though long in vain I lov'd.  
 If she at last reward thy love,  
 And all thy harms repair,  
 Thy happiness will sweeter prove,  
 Rais'd up from deep despair.  
 And if that now thou welcome be,

When thou with her dost meet,  
 She all this while but play'd with thee,  
 To make thy joys more sweet.

### 20. COME, HEAVY SLEEP

Come, heavy Sleep the image of true Death;  
 And close up these my weary weeping eyes:  
 Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,  
 And tears my heart with Sorrow's sight-swoll'n cries:  
 Come and possess my tired thoughts, worn soul,  
 That living dies, till thou on me bestole.  
 Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,  
 Allied to Death, child to his black-fac'd Night:  
 Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast,  
 Whose waking fancies do my mind affright.  
 O come sweet Sleep; come or I die for ever:  
 Come ere my last sleep comes, or come thou never.

### 21. AWAY WITH THESE SELF-LOVING LADS

Away with these self-loving lads,  
 Whom Cupid's arrow never glads.  
 Away poor souls, that sigh and weep,  
 In love of them that lie and sleep.  
 For Cupid is a meadow God,  
 And forceth none to kiss the rod.

God Cupid's shaft, like destiny,  
 Doth either good or ill decree:  
 Desert is born out of his bow,  
 Reward upon his foot doth go.  
 What fools are they that have not known.  
 That Love likes no laws but his own?

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,  
 I wear her rings on holidays,  
 On every tree I write her name.  
 And every day I read the same:  
 Where Honour, Cupid's rival is,  
 There miracles are seen of this.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,  
 I blot her name out of the tree.  
 If doubt do darken things held dear,  
 Then well fare nothing once a year:  
 For many run, but one must win,  
 Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move  
 Is love, which is the bow of Love;  
 And love as well the for'ster can  
 As can the mighty nobleman:  
 Sweet saint, 'tis true you worthy be,  
 Yet without love naught worth to me.  
 Fulke Greville, Lord Brooke

**CD14****1. CROWN THE ALTAR**

Crown the altar, deck the shrine.  
Behold the bright seraphic throng  
Prepar'd our harmony to join,  
The sacred Quire attend too long.  
From Birthday Ode to Queen Mary, 1689

**2 STRIKE THE VIOL**

Strike the viol, touch the lute,  
Wake the harp, inspire the flute:  
Sing your Patroness's praise,  
Sing in cheerful and harmonious lays.  
From Birthday Ode to Queen Mary, 'Come ye sons of art, away,  
1694

**3. IF MUSIC BE THE FOOD OF LOVE**

If music be the food of love  
Sing on till I am filled with joy;  
For then my listening soul you move  
To pleasures that can never cloy,  
Your eyes, your mien, your tongue declare  
That you are music everywhere.  
Pleasures invade both eye and ear,  
So fierce the transports are they wound,  
And all my senses feasted are;  
Though yet the treat is only sound,  
Sure I must perish by your charms,  
Unless you save me in your arms.  
From Birthday Ode to Queen Mary, 1683

**4. IN THE BLACK DISMAL DUNGEON OF DESPAIR**

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 Judgement soon to come:  
Lord here I lye, 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 did'st woe intreat, and grieve,  
did'st beg me to be happy, and to live;  
but I wou'd not; I chose to dwell with Death,  
far ham thee, too near to Hell:  
But is there no Redemption, no Relief! Jesu!  
Thou sav'd'st a Magdalen, a Thief!  
O Jesu! 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 did'st on him,  
'tis more then to create thus to redeem.  
Dr William Fuller

**5. MUSIC OR A WHILE**

Music for a while shall all your cares beguile:  
Wond'ring how your pains were eas'd,  
And disdaining to be pleas'd,  
Till Alecto free the dead from their eternal bands,  
Till the snakes drop from her head,  
And the whip from out her hands.  
Music for a while shall all your cares beguile.  
From Oedipus, 1692

**6. SINCE FOM MY DEAR ASTREA'S SIGHT**

Since from my dear Asrrea's sight  
I was so rudely torn  
My soul has never known delight

Unless it were to mourn.  
But, oh, alas, with weeping eyes,  
And bleeding heart I lie,  
Thinking on her whose absence' tis  
That makes me wish to die.  
From Dioclesian

**7. THRICE HAPPY**

Thrice happy Lovers, may you be for ever free,  
From the tormenting Devil, Jealousie;  
From all the anxious Cares and Strife  
That attends a married Life.

Be to one another true  
Kind to her as she's to you.  
And since the Errors of the Night are past,  
May he be ever Constant, she be ever Chaste.  
From The Fairy Queen, 1692

**8. BY BEAUTEIOUS SOFTNESS**

By beautiful softness mix'd with majesty  
An empire over every heart she gains,  
And from her awful pow'r, none would be free  
She with such sweetness and such justice reigns.  
From Birthday Ode to Queen Mary, 1689

**9. HERE THE DEITIES APPROVE**

Here the Deities approve  
The God of Music and of Love;  
All the talents they have lent you,  
All the blessings they have sent you,  
Pleas'd to see what they bestow,  
Live and thrive so well below.  
From the St Cecilia Ode 'Welcome to all the pleasures; 1683

**10. O SOLITUDE**

O solitude, my sweetest choice,  
Places devoted to the night,  
Remote from tumult and from noise,  
How ye my restless thoughts delight,  
O solitude, my sweetest choice.

O heav' ns, what content is mine,  
To see these trees, which have appear'd  
From the nativity of time,  
And which all ages have rever'd,  
To look today as fresh and green  
As when their beauties first were seen.

O, how agreeable a sight  
These hanging mountains do appear,  
Which th'unhappy would invite  
To finish all their sorrows here,  
When their hard fate makes them endure  
Such woes as only death can cure.

O, how I solitude adore,  
That element of noblest wit,  
Where I have learnt Apollo's love,  
Without the pains to study it,  
For thy sake I in love am grown.

With what thy fancy does pursue;  
But when I think upon my own  
I hate it for that reason too,  
Because it needs must hinder me  
From seeing and from serving thee.  
O solitude. O how I solitude adore.  
Katherine Philips



**11. SWEETER THAN ROSES**

Sweeter than roses, or cool evening breeze,  
 on a warm flowery shore was the dear, 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.  
 From "Pausanius"

**12. 'TIS NATURE'S VOICE**

'Tis Nature's voice, thro' all the moving wood  
 of creatures understood,  
 The Universal tongue, to none of all her  
 num'rous race unknown.  
 From her it learnt the mighty art  
 To court the ear, or strike the heart.  
 At once the passions to express and move.  
 We hear, and straight we grieve or hate; rejoice or love.  
 In unseen chains, it does the fancy bind  
 At once it charms the sense, and captivates the mind.  
 From Ode on St Cecilia Day, 1692

**13. INCASSUM, LESBIA, INCASSUM ROGAS**

Incassum, Lesbia, incassum rogas,  
 Lyra mea, mens est immodulata:  
 Terrarum orbe lachrymarum pleno,  
 Dolorum pleno,  
 Rogiras tu cantilenam?

En nymphas! En pastores!  
 Caput omne reclinat  
 Junctorum instar,  
 Admodum fletur,  
 Nec Galatea canit,  
 Nec ludit Tityrus agris;  
 Non curant oves,  
 Moerore peiditi.

Regina, heu,  
 Arcadiae regina periit,  
 O damnum non exprimendum,  
 Non suspiriis, non gemitibus imis.  
 Pecroris aut queruli  
 Singultre turbido,  
 Miseros Arcades!  
 O quam lugentes!  
 Suorum gaudium oculorum mirum abiit  
 Nunquam, O nunquam reversum!  
 Stella sua tixa  
 Coelum ultra lucet.  
 Elegy on Queen Mary's death, 1694

**13. THE QUEEN'S EPICEDUM**

To no purpose, Lesbia, do you entreat me,  
 My lyre, my mind is deranged;  
 Do you beseech me to sing to you  
 Of the world filled with weeping,  
 Full of sorrow?

Behold the nymphs! Behold the shepherds!  
 Every head is bent  
 Joined as one,  
 Weeping inconsolably.  
 Galatea sings no longer;  
 Nor does Tityrus play in the fields;  
 They do not tend the cattle,  
 But are abandoned in their grief

The queen, alas,  
 The queen of Arcadia is gone,

O loss that cannot be expressed,  
 Not by sighs, nor by the deepest moaning,  
 Nor by the convulsive sobbing  
 Of mournful souls,  
 Miserable Arcadians!  
 O how they mourn!  
 The wondrous joy of their eyes  
 Is gone, never; never to be restored!  
 Her star shines for ever  
 More brightly than the heavens.

**14. ONE CHARMING NIGHT**

One charming night gives more delight  
 Than a hundred lucky days.  
 Night and I improve the taste,  
 Make the pleasure longer last  
 A thousand several ways.  
 From The Fairy Queen

**15. AN EVENING HYMN**

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light,  
 and bid the world good night,  
 To the son bed my body I dispose:  
 But where shall my soul repose?  
 Dear God, even in thy arms,  
 And can there be any so sweet security?  
 Then to thy rest, O my soul!  
 And singing, praise the mercy  
 That prolongs thy days.  
 Halleluia!  
 William Fuller