

move

What if a day or a month or a year

Elizabethan
lute songs
and Ayres



Gerald English
Jonathan Rubin, *lute*



Sharyn Wicks, *gamba*

Gerald English



Jonathan Rubin

Sharyn Wicks



What if a day or a month or a year

- 1** What if a day or a month or a year
anon / poem: Thomas Campion 1606 1'26"
- 2** Fain I would, but oh I dare not *Alfonso Ferrabosco 1'00"*
- 3** The night watch *Anthony Holborne LUTE & GAMBA 1'38"*
- 4** In darkness let me dwell *John Dowland 1610 4'22"*
- 5** Pavan *Alfonso Ferrabosco LUTE 4'56"*
- 6** Were every thought an eye *John Dowland 1'50"*
- 7** Gig *Francis Cutting LUTE 0'45"*
- 8** Shall I come, sweet love to thee?
poem and music by Thomas Campion 2'05"
- 9** So, so leave off this last lamenting kiss
Alfonso Ferrabosco / poem: "The Expiration" by John Donne 3'27"
- 10** Shall I seek to ease my grief? *Alfonso Ferrabosco 2'38"*
- 11** Can she excuse my wrongs? *John Dowland 3'09"*
- 12** Mrs Anne Markham's pavan *Francis Cutting LUTE 6'22"*
- 13** Sweet, if you like and love me still *Robert Jones 1608 1'42"*
- 14** Unconstant love *Alfonso Ferrabosco 1'58"*
- 15** A toy *Francis Cutting LUTE 0'42"*
- 16** Sorrow, stay *John Dowland 1600 3'35"*
- 17** Shall I look to ease my grief *Robert Jones 1608 1'39"*
- 18** Robin *anon LUTE 2'25"*
- 19** I care not for these ladies *Thomas Campion 2'30"*
- 20** Like hermit poor *Alfonso Ferrabosco 1'45"*
- 21** Lord Zouch, his march *anon LUTE 1'12"*
- 22** Me, me and none but me *John Dowland 3'09"*
- 23** It fell on summers day *Thomas Campion 2'24"*
- 24** The frog galiard *John Dowland LUTE & GAMBA 1'48"*
- 25** Lady, if you so spite me *John Dowland 1610 2'19"*
- 26** Go to bed sweet muse *Robert Jones 1608 2'22"*

The English Ayre grew out of the Madrigal to become a unique if short lived art form. Despite the self imposed restrictions, it does show considerable variation. Like so many works of the past, the fascinating miniatures demand careful recreation especially in terms of balance, to bring them to life. The Lute is a unique instrument, capable of playing multi-stranded music as well as simple chordal songs. However it is not by any stretch of the imagination a loud instrument, and every singer to the lute must remember this fact.

Robert Jones addressed his readers thus: “Ever since I practised speaking, I have practised singing”. Born about 1575, he read music at St. Edmund’s Hall, Oxford. His first Book of Ayres, published in 1600, contained 21 songs (These could be sung by four voices or by one voice accompanied by the Lute). These were followed by a second book of solo songs in 1601, a book of madrigals in 1607 and his third “and last” book of ayres in 1608. Happily, this turned out to be a false cadence and two more books followed in 1609 and 1610. The strongest feature of his best songs is the happy union of text and melody.

Anthony Holborne was married in St. Margaret’s Westminster on 14 June 1554 and died in December 1602. That he was respected amongst his peers

is shown by the number of published dedications to him. Amongst these is Downlands song “I saw my lady weep”. At least three quarters of his output was dance music.

Francis Cutting’s life remains a mystery. The first known reference is contained in the poor rate book of St. Clement Dane, London, where a “Francis Cotting” was rated at four pence in 1583, 1588 and 1589. Although one of the most distinguished 16th century composers for the lute, he was never a member of a court circle of musicians.

Alfonso Ferrabosco was born in Greenwich sometime before 1578 and was buried there on the 11 of March 1628. An English composer of Italian descent, he was a lutenist, violinist and singer. After his father’s return to Italy he was brought up by one of Queen Elizabeth’s emigre musicians, Gomer Van Amster Wycke, and was surrounded by music and musicians from an early age. When his book of ayres appeared in 1609, it was lauded by Thomas Campion. Ferrabosco, as a court musician, played at Elizabeth’s funeral and went on to teach the Princes’ Henry and Charles. He collaborated with Ben Johnson and Inigo Jones in the production of lavish masques between 1605 and 1622, writing music for eight of them. Following his death his two elder sons were given his court positions.

Thomas Campion was baptized on

the 12th of February 1567 and died in London, and buried on the 1st of March 1620. He was a poet composer and physician. Amongst the most prolific of English song writers, he was unique in that he wrote all his own texts. His first published songs appeared in Rosseter’s A Book of Ayres published 1601. However in 1598 he had already published his first book of poetry, in Latin. He remained equally busy as a poet and composer from 1607. We find his name amongst the list of poets and composers supplying texts and music for the masques provided for James I and his Queen.

John Dowland, the greatest lutenist composer of his time, stated that he was born in London in 1563. He was buried also in London, on the 20th of February 1626. Always unsuccessful in his attempts to gain a position at Elizabeth’s Court, Dowland spent many years abroad, both in travel and employment. His admiration for Marenzio took him to Italy travelling through Padua, Ferrara and Florence. His most famous appointment was to the Court of Denmark at Elsinore. For this he turned down offers from Moritz, Landgrave of Hesse, who admired him greatly. From Elsinore came his second and third Book of Ayres. He remained at the Danish Court from November 1598 to March 1606, after which he returned to London.

1 What if a day or a month or a year
Crown thy delights
with a thousand sweet contentings,
May not the chance of a night,
or an hour,
Cross thee again with as many sad
tormentings?
Fortune, honour, beauty, youth,
Are but blossoms dying;
Wanton pleasures, doting love,
Are but shadows flying.
All our joys
are but toys,
Idle thoughts deceiving;
None have power
of an hour
in their lives bereaving.

Th'Earth's but a point of the world,
and a man
Is but a point to the world's
comparèd centre
Then shall a point of a point be so vain
As to triumph in a silly point's adventer?
All is hazard that we have,
There is nothing biding;
Days of pleasure are like streams
Through fair meadows gliding.
Weal and woe,
Time doth go,
In time there's no returning.
Secret fates
Guide our states
Both in mirth and mourning.

2 Fain I would, but O I dare not
speak my thoughts at full to praise her.
Speak the best, cries Love, and spare not,
Thy speech can no higher raise her.
Thy speech than thy thoughts are lower.
Yet thy thoughts doth not half know her.

4 In darkness let me dwell
The ground, the ground
shall sorrow, sorrow be,

The roof despair to bar all,
all cheerful light fromme
The walls of marble black
that moist'ned, that moist'ned
Still shall weep, still shall weep,
My music, my music
hellish, hellish jarring sounds jarring,
jarring sounds to banish,
banish friendly sleep.
Thus wedded to my woes
and bedded to my tomb
O let me living die,
O let me living, let me living, living die,
Till death, till death do come,
till death, till death do come,
till death, till death do come.

6 Were every thought an eye,
And all those eyes could see,
Her subtle wile their sights would beguile
And mock their jealousy.
Desire lives in her heart,
Diana in her eyes.
'Twere vain to wish women true; 'tis well
If they prove wise.

Such a love deserves more grace
Than a truer heart that hath no conceit
To make use both of time and place
When a wit hath need of all his sleight.

Her fires do inward burn,
They make no outward show;
And her delights amid the dark shades
That none discover grow.
The flower's growth is unseen,
Yet every day it grows;
So where her fancy is set it thrives,
But how none knows.

8 Shall I come, sweet love, to thee
When the evening beams are set?
Shall I not excluded be?
Will you find no feigned let?
Let me not, for pity, more

Tell the long, long hours,
Tell the long hours at your door.

But to let such dangers pass,
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend love's joys in vain.
Do not mock me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

9 So, so leave off this last lamenting kiss
Which sucks two souls
and vapours both away.
Turn thou ghost that way
and let me turn this,
and let ourselves be night our happy day.
We ask none leave to love,
nor will we owe
any so cheap a death as saying, go.

Go, go, and if that word
have not quite kill'd thee,
Ease me with death
by bidding me go too.
O, if it have, let my word work on me,
And a just office on a murderer do.
Except it be too late to kill me so,
Being double dead, going and bidding go.

10 Shall I seek to ease my grief?
No my sight is lost with eyeing
Shall I speak and beg relief?
No my voice is hoarse with crying.
What remains but only dying?
What remains but only dying?

Love and I of late did part,
But the boy, my peace envying,
Like a Parthian threw his dart
Backward and did wound my flying.
What remains but only dying?
What remains but only dying?

11 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, when shadows do
for bodies stand
Thou may'st be abused
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'er - come her will
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Was I so base that 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 die I 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.

13 Sweet if you like and love me still,
And yield me love for my good will,
And do not from your promise start
When your fair hand gave me your heart,
If dear to you I be
As you are dear to me,
Then yours I am and will be ever,
No time nor place my love shall sever,
but faithful still I will persevere,
Like constant marble stone,

Loving but you alone.

But if you favour more than one,
(Who loves thee still and none but thee.)
If others do the harvest gain
That's due to me for all my pain.
Yet that you love to range
And oft to chop and change,
Then get you some new-fangled mate,
My doting love shall turn to hate,
Esteeming you (though too too late)
Not worth a pebble stone,
Loving not me alone.

14 Unconstant Love,
why should I make my moan,
Or send sad sighs unto thy careless ear?
Since thy affection and thy faith is gone,
and all those virtues
which I once held dear?
Farewell, farewell, most false of all to me
That with affection dearly,
dearly lovèd thee.

16 Sorrow, sorrow, stay!
Lend true repentant tears
To a woeful, woeful wretched wight
Hence, hence, despair, with thy
tormenting fears!
Do not, O do not my heart,
poor heart affright.
Pity, pity, pity, pity, pity, pity,
help now or never.
Mark me not to endless pain,
mark me not to endless pain.
Alas, I am condemn'd,
alas, I am condemn'd
I am condemnèd ever.
No hope, no help there doth remain,
But down, down, down, down, I fall
but down, down, down I fall, down,
And arise, down, and arise.
I never shall.
But down, down, down, down I fall,
but down, down, down,

down I fall, down,
And arise, down, and arise I never shall.

17 Shall I look to ease my grief?
No, my sight is lost with eyeing
Shall I speak and beg relief?
No, my voice is hoarse with crying.
What remains, what remains,
what remains,
but only dying?

She whom then I lookèd on,
My remembrance beautifying,
Stays with me though I am gone,
Gone and at her mercy lying.
What remains but only dying?

19 I care not for these ladies
that must be wooed and prayed;
Give me kind Amaryllis,
the wanton country maid.
Nature Art disdaineth;
her beauty is her own.
Her when we court and kiss, she cries:
forsooth, let go!
But when we come where comfort is,
she never will say No.

If I love Amaryllis,
she gives me fruit and flowers;
But if we love these ladies,
we must give golden showers.
Give them gold that sell love;
give me the nut-brown lass,
Who when we court and kiss, she cries:
forsooth, let go!
But when we come where comfort is,
she never will say No.

These ladies must have pillows
and beds by strangers wrought.
Give me a bower of willows,
of moss and leaves unbought,
And fresh Amaryllis
with milk and honey fed,

Who when we court and kiss, she cries:
forsooth, let go!
But when we come where comfort is,
she never will say No.

20 Like hermit poor
in place obscure
I mean to spend my days
of endless doubt,
To wail such woes as time cannot recure,
Where none but Love shall find me out;
And at my gates despair shall,
despair shall linger still,
To let in Death when love and Fortune,
when love and Fortune will.

22 Me, me and none but me,
dart home, O gentle Death,
And quickly, for I draw too long
this idle breath.
O how I long till I may fly
to heaven above
Unto my faithful, unto my faithful
and beloved turtle dove.

Like to the silver swan,
before my death I sing;
And, yet alive, my fatal knell
I help to ring.
Still I desire from earth
and earthly joys to fly.
He never happy lived, never happy lived
that cannot love to die.

23 It fell on a summers day,
While sweet Bessy sleeping lay
In her bower on her bed,
Light with curtains shadowed,
Jamie came. She him spies,
Opening half her heavy eyes.

Jamie stole in through the door;
She lay slumbering as before.
Softly to her he drew near;
She heard him, yet would not hear.

Bessy vowed not to speak;
He resolved that dump to break.

First a soft kiss he doth take;
She lay still and would not wake.
Then his hands learned to woo;
She dreamt not what he would do,
But still slept, while he smiled
To see love by sleep beguiled.

Jamie then began to play;
Bessy as one buried lay,
Gladly still through this sleight
Deceived in her own deceit.
And since this trance begun,
she sleeps every afternoon.

25 Lady, if you so spite me, so spite me
Wherefore do you so oft,
so oft kiss, kiss and delight me,
Sure that my heart oppress'd, oppress'd,
sure that my heart oppress'd,
oppress'd and over cloyed
May break, may break thus over joy'd,
over joyed?
If you seek to spill, to spill me,
Come kiss me, sweet,
come, kiss me, sweet,
come, kiss me, sweet and kill me,
So shall your heart, your heart,
your heart be eased,
And I shall rest content and die,
and die well pleased.

26 Go to bed, sweet muse, take thy rest.
Let not thy soul be so oppress'd.
Though she deny thee,
She doth but try thee
Whether thy mind
Will every prove unkind.
O love is but a bitter sweet jest.

Muse not upon her smiling looks,
Think that they are but baited hooks,
Love is a fancy,

Love is a franzy,
Let not a toy
Then breed thee such annoy,
But leave to look upon such fond books.



Recorded 16th and 18th July 1979 in Ormond College Chapel, University of Melbourne.
❧ *Although originally planned as a vinyl LP which never saw the light of day, we can now present on CD the entire 63 minute program (too long for an LP). It was worth the waiting!* ❧ *The original dbx 4 channel tapes were recently unearthed, resurrected and digitally mixed and edited by Martin Wright of Move Records.* ❧ *Cover picture from a 17th century engraving from a private collection, used by permission.* ❧ *Program notes: Gerald English.* ❧ *Gerald English biography: Belinda Webster.* ❧ © 1995 Move Records, Australia.

move.com.au

Both born in Sydney, **Sharyn** and **Jonathan Rubin** have performed extensively throughout the world since meeting each other during their studies at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis, Switzerland in 1976. They have been associated as continuo players with some of the finest historical performances of baroque operas. Sharyn has performed with William Christie, Michael Corboz and Helmut Müller-Braüth and Jonathan has recorded on some twenty discs with Nikalous Harnoncourt, Jean-Claude Malgoire, Michel Corboz and William Christie. In the pedagogical field they have taught in Australia, Hong Kong, Israel, Switzerland, France and Germany, and Jonathan has held the position of Lute teacher at Geneva conservatorium of Music since 1979.

During a career spanning more than forty years, **Gerald English** has enjoyed success as a performer of operatic and concert repertoire, as a recording artist and as an academic. He has given premier performances of some of the greatest works of this century and built close working relationships with such composers as Stravinsky, Henze, Britten, Tippett and Ford, often premiering their works in performances under their own direction.

Gerald was a founding member of the Deller Consort and has had many years of experience in music of the Elizabethan period. He has sung regularly for the Glyndebourne Festival, the Royal Opera at Covent Garden, La Scala, and in Sydney, Adelaide, Manchester, Edinburgh, Florence, Rome, Paris and Buenos Aires. Premier performances include Britten's Nocturne with Sir



John Barbirolli conducting the Halle Orchestra, Henze's *We Come to the River* directed by the composer at Covent Garden, Dallapicolla's *Ulisse* conducted by the composer in Rome, and Berio's *Opera* for the Florence Festival. He has also premiered all the works for tenor by Andrew Ford.

Since 1978 he has been a resident of Australia and during the first ten years directed the opera study at the Victorian College of the Arts, Melbourne. He also supervised postgraduate vocal

studies in baroque music and movement.

Gerald sang Janacek's *Diary of One who Disappeared* as part of the 1992 Melbourne International Festival, and in the same year he premiered Andrew Ford's *Harbour* with the Australian Chamber Orchestra. Other recent highlights include the role of the storyteller in the premier of Peter Tahourdin's *Heloise & Abelard* for the West Australian Opera, Ravel's *Chansons madécasses* with the Australia Ensemble, performances of Peggy Glanville-Hicks' *Letters from Morocco* with the Hunter Orchestra and the Tasmanian Symphony Orchestra, and the soloist in scenes and interludes from Ligeti's *Le Grand Macabre* with the Melbourne Symphony Orchestra.

In 1993 he was awarded one of the prestigious Australian Creative Artists' Fellowships. Gerald has made many recordings, including the complete vocal works of Monteverdi for HMV. In 1994 Tall Poppies released his first solo recording since the 1970s, and the first recording of classical repertoire that he has ever made (Schumann Lieder). Further projects for Tall Poppies include the works of Andrew Ford (*Whispers*) and Peggy Glanville-Hicks. For Move Records he has recorded cantatas by Telemann, Handel and Bach with the group Il Pastor Fido (*Music Love and Passion*).