

Love Among the Ruins

Adieu mes amours - Cornish
I love unloved - Henry VIII
Ah, Robin - Cornish
Remember me my dear - Anon.

Ancor che col partire - Cipriano da Rore
Tanto t'amo - Merulo
Qual è più grand' o Amore - Cipriano da Rore
Madonna, poi ch'uccidermi - Merulo
Ben qui si mostra'l ciel - Cipriano da Rore

Let us roll all our strength Four Sonnets for Four Voices - Rudolf Kelterborn
Rose plaisant - Philippe Caron
In one year - Kelterborn
S'il est ainsi - Caron
Betere is tholien - Kelterborn
Pour regard doeul - Caron
Unerbittlich ist der Tod - Kelterborn

Interval

Web From the First Book of Madrigals - Gavin Bryars
Stormy
Almond Tree

Just as the ash-glow
Within minutes

Grace, vertu - Roquelay
Jouissance vous donnerai - Gardane
Si par souffrir - Courtois
O mal d'aimer - Janequin
Douce memoire - Gardane
Le dueil issu - de Villiers

She weeps over Ragoon - Jan Steele

My love she mourn'th for me - Cornish
Adieu madame - HenryVIII

Romeo and Juliet - Peter Erskine

The complete score of Rudolf Kelterborn's Four Sonnets for Four Voices, written for The Hilliard Ensemble in 1997, includes optional interludes for an instrumental group consisting of lutes, theorbo, baroque guitars and triple harp. In this entirely vocal programme we try to maintain the space between the Sonnets by interspersing Kelterborn's settings of Marvell, Browning, Petrarch, Dickinson and others with chansons by Philippe Caron. Of him little is known except that he was composing around the middle of the 15th century.

Of Caron's successors represented in this programme all are perhaps rather obscure with the exception of Janequin (c.1475-1560) whose O mal d'aymer reflects upon the sorrows of love - rather different from his more famous forays into birdsong and other vocal sound effects in Le chant des oiseaux and La guerre.

The two Italian madrigalists are from a younger generation; Cipriano da Rore lived from 1515 -1565 and Claudio Merulo, who was organist at St. Mark's, in Venice during the time of the Gabriellis, from 1533-1604.

Gavin Bryar's has composed several pieces for The Hilliard Ensemble, including Glorious Hill and The Cadman Requiem. His First Book of Madrigals (1998-2000), with texts by Blake Morrison (who was also the librettist of Bryars' opera Dr. Ox's Experiment) is the first part of a continuing project to write madrigals for each day of the week. There are thirteen pieces in the set written for us, of which we will perform five.

The American percussionist and composer Peter Erskine, who, like Gavin Bryars has been composer-in-residence at The Hilliard Summer School, was kind enough to rearrange his piece, Romeo and Juliet for us.

Jan Steele's studied at London and York Universities. His setting of James Joyce's poem, from the collection Pomes Penyeach, dates from 1994.

Of the early English pieces in this programme three are from the songbook of Henry VIII while the others are all by William Cornysh. Cornysh (c.1465-1523) was a poet, actor and musician who served as Master of The Chapel Royal during the reign of Henry VIII. Several of his works are to be found in the Eton Choirbook, the main manuscript source for this period of English music.

Adieu mes amours - Cornish

Adieu mes amours et mon désir,
Je vous déprise de part amant;
Et si je vous ai fait de plaisir
Si n'a patience commandement.

Pardonnez-moi très humblement,
Je le demande;
J'ai mis mon coeur à service loyalement.
Hélas! J'ai bien perdu ma peine.

I love unloved Anonymous (Henry VIII's Songbook)

I love unloved; such is mine adventure,
and cannot cease till I sore smart;
But love my foe, that fervent creature
Whose unkindness hath killed mine heart.

Ah Robin - William Cornish

Ah Robin, gentle Robin,
Tell me how thy leman doth
And thou shalt know of mine.

My lady is unkind, iwis,
Alac, why is she so?
She lov'th another better than me
And yet she will say no.

Ah Robin, gentle Robin,
Tell me how thy leman doth
And thou shalt know of mine.

I cannot think such doubleness
For I find women true;
In faith my lady lov'th me well;
She will change for no new.

Ah Robin, gentle Robin,
Tell me how thy leman doth
And thou shalt know of mine.

Remember me my dear - Anon.

Remember me my dear,
I humbly you require
For my request that loves you best
With faithful heart entire
My heart shall rest within your breast.
Remember me my dear.

Remember me, alas,
And let all rigour pass
That I may prove in you some love
To my joy and solace.
True love to move I most behove;
Remeber me alas.

Remember me dear heart
That of pains has my part.

Your words unkind sinks in my mind,
And does increase my smart;
Yet shall ye find me true and kind!
Remember me dear heart.

Ancor che col partire - da Rore

Ancor che col partire Io mi senta morire,
Partir vorrei ogn'hor, ogni momento,
Tant'è il piacer ch'io sento
De la vita ch'aquisto nel ritorno;
E così mill'e mille volt'il giorno,
Partir da voi vorrei,
Tanto son dolci gli ritorni miei.

*Although in parting I feel I am dying,
I would part every hour, every moment,
So great is the pleasure that I feel
In the life I gain on my return;
And so thousands of thousands of times a day
I would part from you,
So sweet are my returns.*

Tanto t'amo - Merulo

Tanto t'amo, tanto t'adoro, o Donna
che mille volte il di rinasso e moro.

Tanto stento, tanto m'accoro, o Donna
che mille volte il di rinasso e moro.

Tanto peno, tanto ho martoro, o Donna
che mille volte il di rinasso e moro.

Tanto voglio, tanto vo dire, o Donna
che spero nel tuo petto un di morire.

Qual è più grand'o Amore - da Rore

Qual è più grand'o Amore,
La crudeltà di quest'o il mio dolore?
Il tuo dolor è eterno,
Et ella è più crudel d'alcun inferno.

Ch'è più, la sua bellezz'o la mia fede?
Dirò per terminar vostre querele,
Non ha, quant'il sol vede
Di lei più bella e più di me fedele.

*Which is the greater, Love,
Her unkindness or my pain?
Your pain is everlasting,
And she is harsher than any Inferno.*

*Which is greater, her beauty or my trust?
In answer I declare that
under the sun there is none more lovely than her and none more faithful than I.*

Madonna, poi ch'uccidermi volete - Merulo

Madonna, poi ch'uccidermi volete, non nego di morire,
Ma se con dolci sguardi voi potete la mia vita finire,
Non è più giusta voglia ch'io muoia di dolcezza che di doglia.

Ben qui si mostra'l ciel - da Rore

Ben qui si mostra'l ciel vago e sereno,
E qui ridon le rose e i liete fiori,
Spirando amati odori
Destan gl'augelli a dolce canto ameno;

Ma ria ventur'al fin, lasso! ne sorge,
Ch'Amor tacitamente
Tesse fra fiori e l'herbe un placido angue,

Onde venen sì dolce ai petti porge
Ch'il cor soavemente
Pien di dolce desio morendo langue.

*How splendidly appears the clear, drifting sky,
how abundant are the roses and cheerful flowers, giving off delightful scents
arousing the birds to delightful, sweet song.*

*But it ends in an ill result, alas!
For Love in silence weaves with flowers and grass a silent snake, whence he offers such sweet poison to
our breast that the heart gently languishes and dies of sweet desire.*

Sonett I - Rudolf Kelterborn

Let us roll all our strength, and all
Our sweetness, up into one ball:
And tear our pleasures with rough strife,
Thorough the iron gates of Life.
Thus, though we cannot make our sun
Stand still, yet we will make him run.

Andrew Marvell 1621-78 (To his coy mistress)

Frohen Mut auch gib
Grünende Nacht dem Einsamen
Dem sein Stern erlosch,
Goldne Stunde in Wein.

Georg Trakl 1887-1914 (Träumerei)

Rose Plaisant - Philippe Caron

Rose plaisant arant comme grant,
Secret d'amours et très noble fontaine,
Pendez regard sur ce' pauvre transy
Qu'en vous servant
Est sy

De riches dons qui sont en vos domayne.

Sonett II - Kelterborn

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
South and North,
And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
As the sky,
Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force -
Gold, of course.
Oh heart! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns!
Earth's returns
For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin!
Shut them in,
With their triumphs and their glories and the rest!
Love is best.

Robert Browning 1812-89 (Love among the ruins)

S'il est ainsy - Caron

S'il est ainsy que plus je ne vous voye
Et que mon oeil en desespoir s'envoye,
Que feray je, madame? quel confort
Ara mon cuer? quel desja desconfort
Ou lac de dueil en pleurs noyer l'envoye?

Hélas je souloyt obtenir
Par vostre amoureux maintenir
Ce que par grace maintenir
Me faisoit en joyeux soulas.

Mais plus ne puis contratenir
S'espoir n'y veult le maintenir
Qui ne me faille maintenir
En tristesse disant Hélas.

Sonett III - Kelterborn

Betere is tholien while sore
Then mournen evermore.
Geynest under gore,
Herkne to my roun!

Anonymus 14th Century

Cosi sol d'una chiara fonta viva
Move'l dolce e l'amaro ond'io mi pasco;
Una man sola mi risana e punge.

Francesco Petrarca 1304-74

Der und jener mag vor mir
Das gelobte Land ererben.
Lass mich, Phillis, nur bey dir
Auf den hohen Hügeln sterben.

Christian Hoffmann 1617-79

Pour regard doeul - Caron

Pour regard doeul failx semblant amoreulx
Pour bien parler ne maintien gracieulx
Un sol confort je n'ay de ma maitresse.

Hellas, amour dites moy pourquoi esse
Sui je du nombre au parfaits malheureux?

Sonett IV - Kelterborn

Unerbittlich ist der Tod.
Irgendwann bauen wir uns em Haus,
Irgendwann machen wir unser Testament,
Irgendwann wird geteilt, was wir übrig lassen,
Irgendwann herrscht im Lande der HaB,
Irgendwann trägt uns die Flut davon.

2000 BC - German translation by Frank Geerk

Let down the Bars, Oh Death !
The tired Flocks come in
Whose bleating ceases to repeat,
Whose wandering is done.

Thine is the stillest night,
Thine the securest fold;
Too near thou art for seeking thee,
Too tender to be told.

Emily Dickinson 1830-86

From the First Book of Madrigals - Gavin Bryars

1. Web

The spider's lurking-parlour
its vestibule of thread
he spin of its walls
closing in and round us
until the hall we entered
hoping to visit life
becomes the manor of our death.
No skylight over the door

no flue of air
only the trap of shadows
and darkness ripening
in the heart of the sun.

2. Stormy

I should have seen from your eyes
and the lightning which broke in them
the storms that lay ahead.

The white ecstasy of bedsheets,
smashed pots and broken furniture,
the forked static of your touch.

But storms pass like headaches do.
Today the rain, in carpet-tacks.
Alone together, we watch the rain.

3. Almond Tree

We met under the fork of an almond tree
as March came slowly into leaf.
Our love blossomed like a snow-storm.
White confetti paved the street.

What are we to do now autumn's here?
Your eyes are cold, my arms have shrunk.
The years seem a tangle of dry twigs.
Can we get through them without love?

4. Just as the ash-glow

Just as the ash-glow
and cinder-light of the skies
lose all their lustre
once you've seen the moon rise,

and the volted daisies
and bruised delphiniums
pale into nothing
when the sunflower blooms,

and the swallows
plinking on their long string
sound merely garrulous
if you've heard the lapwing.

so the women I'd been eyeing
were a dimmed light
when you walked into vision
that first night.

5. Within minutes

Within minutes, our first conversation,
I knew.
Out of nowhere, from the rim of a wine-glass,
the flash
of knowledge, as if there were no choice.
Sewn up.
Like the moment the plane drops through the clouds
and the land spreads out its patchwork, and you see,
in crushing detail, the future race to meet you.
Just like that.
Blake Morrison

Grace, vertu - Roquelay

Grace, vertu, bonté, beaulté, noblesse
Sont à m'ame; point ne le faultt celer.
Trop my desplaist d'en ouyr mal parler;
Je hay celuy qui son honneur blesse.

*Grace, virtue, goodness, beauty, nobility,
My beloved possesses them all. This should in no way be hidden.
Much it displeases me to hear ill spoken of her;
I despise him who wounds her honour.*

Jouyssance vous donneray - Gardane

Jouyssance vous donneray,

Mon amy, et vous meneray
La où pretend vostre esperance;
Vivante ne vous laysseray,
Encores, quant morte seray,
L'esprit en aura souvenance.

*Pleasure will I give you my beloved,
and I will lead you where your hopes aspire.
While I live, I will never leave you, and even in death, my spirit will always remember.*

Si par souffrir - Courtois

Si par souffrir l'on peult vaincre Fortune,
Je croy en plus le prix me demourer;
Car nuict et jour je ne fais que penser
A ma douleur et soubdaine infortune.

*If by suffering one can conquer fortune,
then I believe that the victory is mine;
for night and day I do nothing but think
of my sorrow and sudden ill-fate.*

O mal d'aymer - Janequin

O mal d'aymer qui tous maux outrepasse,
O mal d'aymer qui les hommes martyre,
O mal d'aymer qui veulx que je trepasse,
O mal qui fais que mon las cueur empire,
Or sus, tous maux, esponge qui attire
Complainctes, pleurs, ennuys, gemissementz,
O mal qui n'as devant ny apres pire,
Un jour sois las de me livrer torment.

*Oh pain of love, all woes surpassing,
pain of love who martyrs men
and wishes me dead,
oh grief that weighs heavy on my tired heart.
Be gone all ill,*

*source of laments., tears, griefs, groans.
Oh sickness which surpasses all others
may you one day be weary of tormenting me.*

Douce mémoire - Gardane

Douce mémoire en plaisir consumée,
O siècle heureux qui cause tel savoir.
La fermeté de nous deux tant aimée,
Qui à nos maux a su si bien pouvoir,
Or maintenant a perdu son pouvoir,
Rompant le but de ma seul'espérance,
Servant d'exemple à tous piteux à voir.
Fini le bien, le mal soudain commence.

*Sweet memory, consumated in pleasure,
our happy time of such understanding.
The constancy of our two loving souls
which could triumph over all adversity
has now alas lost all its former power
and all my hopes have been completely dashed,
a sad case for pitying eyes to see.
Good is finished, misfortune has beset us.*

Le dueil issu - de Villiers

Le dueil issu de la joye incertaine
Permet aux yeulx seulement le pleurer.
De l'endurer dont vous aures la peine
Avec celluy qui vous peult demeurer.
O quel malheur a voulu procurer
Qu'ayez perdu au change pour choisir.
C'est double dueil qu'il vous fault endurer,
Si mon travail vous peult donner plaisir.

*Uncertain joy brings sorrow,
And that leads only to weeping.
Enduring this, then, you add more grief*

*To that you already suffer.
Oh what misfortune has contrived
That you should lose simply by choosing.
It is double sorrow you must endure,
If my grief gives you pleasure.*

She weeps over Rahoon - Jan Steele

Rain on Rahoon falls softly, softly falling,
Where my dark lover lies.
Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling,
At grey moonrise.

Love, hear thou
How soft, how sad his voice is ever calling,
Ever unanswered, and the dark rain falling,
Then as now.

Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie and cold
As his sad heart has lain
Under the moongrey nettles, the black mould
And muttering rain.

James Joyce

My love she mourn'th for me - William Cornish

My love she mourn'th for me, for me,
My love she mourn'th for me;
Alas, poor heart, sen we depart,
Mourn ye no more for me.

In loves dance, sith that our chance,
Of absence needs must be,
My love, I say, your love do way,
And mourn no more for me.

It is no boot to me heart root
But anguish and pity,
Wherefore, sweet heart, your mind revert
And mourn no more for me.

Thus here an end; good Lord, defend
all lovers that true be,
And in especial from jeopardies all
My love that mourn'th for me.

Adieu madame Anonymous (Henry VIII's Songbook)

Adieu! madame, et ma maitresse,
Adieu! mon solas et ma joie!
Adieu! jusque revoi
Adieu! vous dis par grand' tristesse.

Romeo & Juliet - Peter Erskine

As the wings of night unfold
And its darkest feathers spread
None can bargain with the sun
Nor escape the deepest bed.
Dark needs light, its brighter twin,
One without the other lost,
Formed together ring and pin,
Life the purchase, death the cost.
Time, so time will bring us home,
Lift us, troubled souls and true,
Carry forth these broken things:
Capulet and Montague.

Anne Hills