

Farewell, Unkind: Songs and Dances of John Dowland (1563–1626)

Program

TIME STANDS STILL

Lachrimae Pavan (lute)

Time stands still

Time stands still with gazing on her face, / stand still and gaze for minutes, houres and yeares, to give place: / All other things shall change, but she remains the same, / till heavens changed and their course & time has lost his name. / Cupid does hover up and down blinded with her faire eyes, / and fortune captive at her feete contem'd and conquered lies.

Whom Fortune, Love, and Time attend on, / Her with my fortunes, love, and time I honour will alone. / If bloodless Envy say Duty hath no desert, / Duty replies that Envy knows herself his faithful heart. / My settled vows and spotless faith no fortune can remove, / Courage shall show my inward faith, and faith shall try my love.

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 doth cause me pine / And feeds me with delay; Her smiles my springs that makes my joy to grow, / Her frowns the [cruel] 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 [that] are [to] me assign'd.

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 my shafts / Did tempt, while she for [mighty] triumph laughs.

AWAKE, SWEET LOVE

If my complaints could passion move

If my complaints could passion move, / Or make love see wherein I suffer wrong, / O Love, I live and die in thee, / Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks; / Yet thou dost hope when I despair, / And when I hope thou mak'st me hope in vain. / My passions were enough to prove / That my despairs had govern'd me too long. / Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me, / My heart for thy unkindness breaks; / Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair, / Yet for redress thou lett'st, thou lett'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 pow'r condemn'd. / That I do love, it is thy power; / That I desire, it is thy worth; / If love doth make men's lives too sour, / Let me not love, nor 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.

Captain Digorie Piper's Galliard (lute)

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 pains, / Procured by beauty's rude disdain.

Come away, come sweet love, / 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, / Winged with sweet hopes and heavenly 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 flowers 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.

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?

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, / That 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 the never? / If thou canst not o'er come 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 is my desire, / If she this deny, what can be granted? / 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 of delays if that I die must. / Better a thousand times to die / Than for to love thus still tormented: / Dear, but remember it was I / Who for thy sake did die contented.

The Earl of Essex, his Galliard (lute)

Come, heavy sleep, the image of true death

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 sigh-swoll'n cries. / Come, and possess my tired thought, worn soul / That living dies, till thou on me be stole.

Come, shadow of my end and shape of the rest / Allied to death, child to his black-faced 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.

Awake, sweet love

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 forever 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 could 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 inconstant me, / 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 I that now thou welcome be / When thou with her dost met, / She all this while but play'd with thee / To make thy joys more sweet.

I HEARD A BIRD SING – DOWLAND AND THE OTHERS

Faire, if you expect admiring

Thomas Campion (1567–1620)

Faire, if you expect admiring / Sweet, if you provoke desiring, / Grace deere love with kind requiting, / Fond, but if thy sight be blindnes, / False, if thou affect unkindnes, / Flie both love and loves delighting. / Then when hope is lost and love is scorned, / Ile bury my desires, and quench the fires that ever yet in vaine have burned.

Fates, if you rule lovers fortune, / Stars, if men your powers importune, / Yield reliefe by your relenting: / Time, if sorrow be not endles, / Hope made vaine, and pittie friendles, / Helpe to ease my long lamenting. / But if griefes remaine still unredressed, / Ile flie to her againe, and sue for pitie to renue my hopes distressed.

My Lady Hunsdon's Puffe (lute)

Où luis-tu soleil de mon âme?

Pierre Guédron (1570–1620)

Où luis-tu soleil de mon âme? Où luis-tu flambeau de mes yeux? / Oubliaras-tu toujours les cieux, Et au sein de Thétis ta flame? / Or que mon beau soleil ne luit, / Le jour ne m'est plus qu'une nuit.

Sortez donc mon phæbus de l'onde, / Et nous redonnez un beau jour: / Sans vous ma vie & mon amour / Ne peut voir, ni vivre en ce mone. / Or que mon...

Revenez donc lumière sainte, / Vostre œil me promét un esté, / Sans vous je me sens tourmenté / D'un hiver d'ennuis & de crainte. / Or que mon...

Where are you shining, sun of my soul? / Where are you shining, torch of my eyes? / Will you always forget the heavens / And, in Thetis's breast, your passion? *Now that my beautiful sun does not shine, / Day is no more than night to me.*

Raise, therefore, my Phoebus from the waves / And give us back bright daylight. / Without you, my life and my love / Can neither see nor live in this world. *Now that my beautiful...*

Come back, therefore, holy light, / Your eye promises me a summer; Without you I feel tormented / By a winter of cares and fear. *Now that my beautiful...*

Shall I sue, shall I seek for grace?

Shall I sue, shall I seek for grace? / Shall I pray, shall I prove? / Shall I strive to a heav'nly joy with an earthly love? / Shall I think that a bleeding heart or a wounded eye / Or a sigh can ascend the clouds to attain so high?

Silly wretch, forsake these dreams / of a vain desire; / O bethink what high regard / holy hopes do require. / Favour is as fair as things are, / treasure is not bought; / Favour is not won with words, / nor the wish of a thought.

Pity is but a poor defence / for a dying heart; / Ladies' eyes respect no moan / in a mean desert. / She is too worthy far / for a worth so base; / Cruel and but just is she / in my just disgrace.

Justice gives each man his own; / though my love be just, / Yet will not she pity my grief; therefore die I must. / Silly heart, then yeild to die, / perish in despair; / Witness yet how fain I die / when I die for the fair.

As I mee walked in a May morning,

Thomas Ravenscroft (1592–1635)

As I mee walked in a May Morning, / I heard birde sing. Cuckow.

Shee nod ded up and downe, and swore all by her crowne / Shee had friends in the towne, Cuckow.

All you that married be, learne this song of me, / So shall we not agree, Cuckow.

All young men in this throng, to marry that thinke it long, / Come learne of me this song, Cuckow.

Fantasia (lute)

FAREWELL, UNKIND

If that a sinner's sighs be Angel's food

If that a sinner's sighs be Angel's food, / Or that repentant tears be Angel's wine, / Accept, O Lord, in this most pensive mood / These hearty sighs and doleful plaints of mine, / That went with Peter forth most sinfully, / But not, as Peter did, weep bitterly.

Stay, Time, a while thy flying

Stay, Time, a while thy flying, / Stay and pity me dying. / *Come, come, close mine eyes; better to dies blessed / Than to live, to live thus distressed.*

For Fates and friends have left me, / And of comfort bereft me. *Come, come, close mine eyes...*

To whom shall I complain me / When thus friends do disdain me? / 'Tis Time that must befriend me, / Drown'd in sorrow, to end me. / *Come, come, close mine eyes...*

Tears but augment this fuel / I feed by night, o cruel. / Light griefs can speak their pleasure; / Mine are dumb passing measure. / *Quick, quick, close my eyes...*

Dowland's Adieu (lute)

Farewell, unkind, farewell, to me no more a father

Farewell, unkind, farewell, to me no more a father, / Since my heart holds my love most dear: / *Then farewell, O farewell; / welcome my love, welcome my joy forever.*

The wealth which thou dost reap / another's hand must gather, / Though thy heart still lies buried there. / *Then farewell...*

'Tis not the vain desire / of human fleeting beauty / Makes my mind to live, / though my means do die. / Nor do I Nature wrong, / though I forget my duty; / Love, not in the blood, / but in the spirit, doth lie. / *Then farewell...*

Now, oh now I needs must part

Now, oh 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 not 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, when I from thee am gone, / Gone are all my joys at once. / I lov'd thee and thee alone, / In whose love I joyed once. / And although your sight I leave, / Sight wherein my joys do lie. / Till that death doth sense bereave, / Never shall affection die. / *Sad despair...*

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...*

****Unless otherwise indicated, all pieces by John Dowland****

The Boston Camerata

Anne Azéma, *Artistic Director; mezzo soprano*

Camila Parias, *soprano*

Deborah Rentz-Moore, *alto*

Corey Dalton Hart, *tenor*

Andrew Padgett, *bass-baritone*

with

Nigel North, *lute*

Q&A moderated by Anne Azéma and Nigel North

This program was conceived by Nigel North and Anne Azéma with the generous help of Joel Cohen.

Nigel North plays an 8-course lute after Vendelio Venere, 1592 (Padua)
Malcom Prior, Norwich, England, 2024