



Masters of the English Reformation Secular Songs and Dances

a virtual presentation by the

Early Music Hawaii Ensemble
Scott Fikse, director

Friday, January 22, 2021 at 7:00 pm
through Sunday, January 31 at 10:00 pm

performers

Singers: Naomi Barrett, Taylor Ishida, Sarah Lambert Connelly,
Benjamin Sobel, Tómas Ramos, Scott Fikse, Keane Ishii

Organ/Harpsichord: Katherine Crosier
Director: Scott Fikse

Program

As Vesta was from Latmos Hill

Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending,
She spied a maiden Queen the same ascending,
Attended on by all the shepherds' swain,
To whom Diana's darlings came running down amain,
First two by two, then three by three together,
Leaving their goddess all alone hasted thither;
And mingling with the shepherds of her train,
With mirthful tunes her presence entertain.

Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana,
Long live fair Oriana!

A Silly Sylvan

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

1 A silly sylvan, kissing heav'n-born fire,
Scorchèd his lips for his so fond desire:
I, not so fond, but gazed whilst such fire burned,
And all my heart straight into flames was turned.

2 The sylvan justly suffered for his kiss,
His fire was stol'n, and stol'n things go amiss;
But I, alas! unjustly; for to have her,
Her heav'nly fire the Gods and Graces gave her.

La Volta

William Byrd (c. 1540-1623)

Why do I use my paper, ink and pen?

William Byrd

Why do I use my paper, ink and pen,
And call my wits to counsel what to say?
Such memories were made for mortal men;
I speak of Saints whose names cannot decay.
An Angel's trump were fitter for to sound
Their glorious death if such on earth were found.

Fancy for two to play (4 hands)

Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656)

Can she excuse my wrongs?

John Dowland (1563-1626)

1. 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 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 overcome her will,
thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

2. 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 reasons 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,
then for to live thus still tormented:
Dear but remember it was I
Who for thy sake did die contented.

Come again, sweet love doth now invite

John Dowland

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
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.

Sweet Nimphe

Thomas Morley (1557-1602)

Sweet nymph come to thy lover,
Lo, here alone our loves we may discover,
Where the sweet Nightingale with wanton glosses,
Hark! her love too discloses.

I go before my darling

Thomas Morley

I go before, my darling,
Follow thou to the bower in the close alley,
There we will together
Sweetly kiss each other,
And, like two wantons,
Dally, dally, dally...

Worcester Braules

Thomas Tomkins

Now, O now, I needs must part

John Dowland

1 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 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!

2 Dear, when from thee I am gone,
Gone are all my joys at once.
I loved 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 do sense bereave,
never shall affection die.
Sad despair...