

**Consort Songs –  
Musik des Elisabethanischen Zeitalters**

**Donnerstag 22. November 12  
19.30 Kleiner Saal**

## Consort Songs

### **Anonym**

Pavin of Albarti + Gallyard

**Richard Nicholson** (1570 - 1639)

Joan, quoth John

**John Dowland** (1563 - 1626)

Lacrimae Antiquae

**John Cosyn** (?? - 1609)

Except the Lord the house do make (Psalm 127)

**Alfonso Ferrabosco I** (1543 - 1588)

In nomine I

**Richard Farrant** (1530 – 1580) /

**Robert Parsons** (1546 - 1610)

Ah, alas, you salt sea gods

**Tobias Hume** (1569 - 1629)

A Pollish Vilanel

### **Anonym**

The dark is my delight

**John Ward** (1571 - 1638)

Fantasia No.6

**John Dowland**

The Earle of Essex Galiard

**William Byrd** (1543 - 1623)

Fantasia I

**John Dowland**

Sorrow, come

**John Dowland**

Come heavy sleep (Instrumentalfassung)

So doth Tobacco,

Love makes men scorne all Coward feares,

So doth Tobacco,

Love often sets men by the eares,

So doth Tobacco.

Tobaccoe, sing sweetely for Tobaccoe,

Tobaccoe is like Love, O love it, For you see I have prowde it.

### **William Byrd: Ye Sacred Muses**

Ye sacred Muses, race of Jove,

Whom Music's lore delighteth,

Come down from crystal heav'ns above

to earth, where sorrow dwelleth,

In mourning weeds, with tears in eyes:

Tallis is dead, and Music dies.

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 lived and dieth true

Sad despair doth drive me hence,  
This despair unkindness sends.  
If that parting be offence,  
It is she which then offends.

**anonym: When Daphne from fair Poebus did fly**

When Daphne from fair Phoebus did fly,  
the West wind most sweetly did blow in her face.  
Her silken scarf scarce shaddow'd her eyes;  
The god cried, O pity, and held her in chase.

Stay, nymph, cried Apollo,  
tarry, and turn thee, sweet nymph, stay!  
Lion nor tiger, doth thee follow,  
turn thy fair eyes and look this way.

O turn, O pretty sweet  
and let our red lips meet.  
Pity, O Daphne, pity me.

**Tobias Hume: Tobacco**

Tobacco, sing sweetly for Tobacco,  
Tobacco is like love, O love it for you see I wil prove it.

Love maketh leane the fatte mens tumor  
So doth Tobacco,  
Love still dries uppe the wanton humor,  
So doth Tobacco,  
Love makes men sayle from shore to shore,  
So doth Tobacco,  
Tis fond love often makes men poor,

**John Dowland**  
Now oh now I needs must part

**P a u s e**

**John Dowland**  
The King of Denmark's Galiard

**Anonym**  
When Daphne from fair Phoebus did fly

**Anonym**  
Pavin + Galliard

**Tobias Hume**  
Tobacco

**John Dowland**  
Sir John Souch his Galiard

**John Dowland**  
Semper Dowland, semper dolens

**Thomas Tallis** (1505 – 1585)  
In nomine

**William Byrd**  
Ye sacred Muses

**Anonym**  
Pavin of Albarti + Gallyard

**Kateryna Kasper**, Gesang  
**Heidi Gröger**, Diskant- und Altgambe, Leitung  
**Jane Lazarovic**, Alt- und Bassgambe  
**Yoonji Song**, Tenorgambe  
**Lea Rahel Bader**, Bassgambe  
**Rüdiger Kurz**, Bassgambe  
**Vanessa Heinisch**, Laute

**Richard Nicholson: Joan, quoth John**

"Joan", quoth John, "when will this be?  
Tell me, when wilt thou marry me?  
My cow and eke my calf and rent,  
My land and all my tenement.  
Say, Joan, say, Joan, what wilt thou do?  
I cannot come every day to woo.

"John", quoth Joan, "'is there such haste?  
Look ere you leap, lest you make waste.  
If haste you have with me to wed,  
more belongs to a bride's bed.  
Wherefore thus must you do:  
Day and night come every hour to woo.

"John, if you will needs me have,  
this is that which I do crave:  
To let me have my will in all,  
And then with thee I'll never brawl.  
Say, John, shall this be so?  
Then you need not come every hour to woo.

**John Cosyn: Except the Lord (Psalm 127)**

Except the Lord the house do make  
And thereunto do set his hand,  
What men do build, it cannot stand.  
Likewise in vain men undertake Cities and holds to watch and  
ward,  
Except the Lord be their safeguard.

**Richard Farrant/ Robert Parsons: Ah, alas, you salt sea gods**

Ah, alas, you salt sea gods!  
Bow down your ears divine.  
Lend ladies here warm water springs  
to moist their crystal eyne.  
That they may weep and wail  
and wring their hands with me  
For death of lord and husband mine:  
Alas, lo, this is he!  
You gods! that guide the ghosts  
and souls of them that fled,  
Send sobs, send sighs, send grievous groans,  
and strike poor Panthea dead.  
Abradad, ah, alas poor Abradad!

My sprite with thine shall lie.  
Come, death, alas.  
O death most sweet, for now I crave to die.

**Anonym: The dark is my delight**

The dark is my delight,  
So is the Nightingale's  
My music's in the night  
So is the nightingale's;  
My body is but little  
So is the nightingale's  
I love to sleep against the prickle  
So doth the nightingale.

**John Dowland: Sorrow, come**

Sorrow, come! lend true repentant tears to a woeful wretched  
wight,  
Hence, despair! with sad tormenting fears.  
Do not, O do not my poor heart affright.  
Pity, help now or never,  
Mark me not to endless pain.  
Alack, I am condemn'd:  
No hope nor help there doth remain,  
But down I fall, and arise I never shall.

**John Dowland: No, o now, I needs must part**

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.