



Temple Music

Tuesday 13th October 2020

7pm

Temple Church

The Sixteen *Author of Light*

Campion Author of Light (tutti)

Cornysh My love she mourn'th

Byrd Ad Dominum cum tribularer

Cornysh Ah, Robin, gentle Robin

Campion Most sweet and pleasing are thy ways

Anon I am a jolly foster

Campion Never weather-beaten sail (solo)

Cornysh Woefully array'd

Campion To music bent is my retired mind (solo)

Cornysh Hoyda, jolly rutterkin

Campion Shall I come sweet love to thee? (solo)

de Monte Super flumina Babylonis

Byrd Quomodo cantabimus

Cornysh Ave Maria, Mater Dei

Campion Never weather-beaten sail (tutti)

Streaming of this concert is made possible by very generous support
from **Katie Bradford**

This concert is generously support by the **Quadrant Chambers Consortium**

Conducted by
Harry Christophers

Soprano
Katy Hill
Alexandra Kidgell

Alto
Daniel Collins
Edward McMullan

Tenor
Simon Berridge
Jeremy Budd
Mark Dobell
George Pooley

Bass
Ben Davies
Rob Macdonald

Lute
David Miller

The Sixteen respectfully requests that audience members reserve their applause until after each group of pieces, as indicated, rather than after each piece.

Campion *Author of light*

Author of light, reuiue my dying
spright ;
Redeeme it from the snares of
all-confounding night.
Lord, light me to thy blessed way :
For blinde with worldly vaine de-
sires, I wander as a stray.
Sunne and Moone, Starres and
vnderlights I see,
But all their glorious beames are
mists and darknes, being com-
par'd to thee.

Fountaine of health, my soules
deepe wounds recure,
Sweet showres of pittie raine, wash
my vncleannesse pure.
One drop of thy desired grace
The faint and fading hart can raise,
and in ioyes bosome place.

Sinne and Death, Hell and tempt-
ing Fiends may rage ;
But God his owne will guard, and
their sharp paines and
grief in time asswage.

Cornysh *My love she mourn'th*

Ben Davies *Bass*

My love she mourn'th 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

I shall not fail,
But sure retail
From all other that be,
In well and wo
My heart to go
With her that mourn'th 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

Byrd *Ad Dominum cum
tribularer*

Ad Dominum cum tribularer
clamavi,
et exaudivit me.
Domine, libera animam meam a
labio mendacii
et a lingua dolosa.
Quid detur tibi,
aut quid apponatur tibi, ad lin-
guam dolosam?
Sagittae potentis acutae
cum carbonibus desolatoriis.

Heu mihi, quia incolatus meus
prolongatus est;
habitavi cum habitantibus Cedar,
multum incola fuit anima mea.
Cum his qui oderunt pacem,
eram pacificus;
ego pacem loquebar,
et illi bellum conclamabant.

When I was in distress I called
on the Lord,
and he gave ear to me.
Lord, set free my soul from the
lying mouth
and from the deceitful tongue.
What reward shall you have,
what shall be laid on you, de-
ceitful tongue?
The sharp arrows of the
mighty
and the coals that devastate.

Woe is me, I have too long
been a sojourner;
I have lived among the inhabit-
ants of Kedar,
long has my soul dwelt among
them.
With those who hate peace,
I was a peacemaker;
I spoke of peace,
and they called out for war.

Cornysh *Ah, Robin, gentle
robin*

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

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 ...

I cannot think such double-
ness,
For I find women true;
In faith my lady lov'th me well;
She will change for no new.
Ah, Robin ...

Campion *Most sweet and
pleasing are thy ways*

Edward McMullan *Alto*
David Miller *Lute*

Most sweet and pleasing are thy
wayes, O God,
Like Meadowes deckt with Christall
streames and flowers:
Thy paths no foote prophane hath
euer trod:
Nor hath the proud man rested in
thy Bowers:
There liues no Vultur, no deuouring
Beare,
But onely Doues and Lambs are
harbor'd there.

The Wolfe his young ones to their
prey doth guide;
The Foxe his Cubbs with false
deceit endues;
The Lyons Whelpe suckes from his
Damme his pride;
In hers the Serpent malice doth
infuse:
The darksome Desart all such
beasts contaynes,
Not one of them in Paradice
remaynes.

Anon *I am a jolly foster*

I am a loly foster
I am a loly foster
and haue ben many a day
and foster will I be styll
for shote ryght well I may
for shot ryght well I may

Wherfor shuld I hang vp my bow
vpon the gren wod bough
I cane bend and draw a bow
and shot well enough
I am a loly foster

wherfor shuld I tye vp my hownd
vnto the gren wod spray
I can luge and make a sute
as well as any in may
I am. a loly foster

Campion *Never weather-beaten sail*

Katy Hill *Soprano*
David Miller *Lute*

Never weather-beaten sail
more willing bent to shore.
Never tired pilgrim's limbs
affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now
longs to fly out of my troubled
breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord,
and take my soul to rest.

Ever blooming are the joys of
Heaven's high Paradise.
Cold age deafs not there our
ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines
whose beams the blessed only
see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord,
and raise my sprite to thee!

Cornysh *Woefully array'd*

*Woefully array'd,
My blood, man,
For thee ran,
It may not be nayed;
My body blo and wan,
Woefully array'd.*

1. Behold me, I pray thee
with all thy whole reason
and be not hard-hearted,
and for this encheason,
sith I for thy soul sake
was slain in good season,
beguiled and betrayed
by Judas' false treason.
Unkindly entreated, with sharp
cord sore
fretted the Jews me threatened.
They mowed, they grinned,
they scorned me,
condem'd to death, as thou
may'st see;
woefully array'd.

2. Thus naked am I nailed,
O man, for thy sake; I love
thee,
then love me, Why sleep'st
thou?

Awake, awake,
remember my tender heart-
root for thee brake;
with pains my veins con-
strained to crake;
thus tugged to and fro,
thus wrapped all in woe,
whereas never man was so
entreated,
thus in most cruel wise
was like a lamb offer'd in sac-
rifice;
woefully array'd.

3. Of sharp thorn I have worn
a crown on my head.
So pained, so strained,
so rueful, so red.
Thus bobbed, thus robbed,
thus for thy love dead;
unfeigned, not deigned,
my blood for to shed.
My feet and handes sore
the sturdy nailes bore;
what might I suffer more
than I have done, O man, for
thee?
Come when thou list,
welcome to me!
Woefully array'd.

Campion *To music bent is my
retired mind*

Daniel Collins *Alto*
David Miller *Lute*

To Musicke bent is my retyred
minde,
And faine would I some song of
pleasure sing ;
But in vaine ioys no comfort
now I finde,
From heau'nly thoughts all true
delight doth spring.
Thy power, O God, thy mercies,
to record,
Will sweeten eu'ry note and
eu'ry word.

All earthly pompe or beauty to
expresse,
Is but to carue in snow, on
waues to write.
Celestiall things, though men
conceiue them lesse,
Yet fullest are they in
themselves of light :
Such beames they yeeld as
know no meanes to dye,
Such heate they cast as lifts the
Spirit high.

Cornysh *Hoyda, jolly rutterkin*

Hoyda, hoyda, jolly rutterkin.'
Hoyda, hoyda, like a rutterkin.

Rutterkin is come unto our
town,
In a cloak without coat or gown,
Save a ragged hood to cover
his crown.

Rutterkin can speak no English.
His tongue runneth all on
buttered fish
Besmeared with grease about
his dish.

Rutterkin shall bring you all
good luck,
A stoup of beer up at a pluck,
Till his brain be as wise as a
duck.

When Rutterkin from board will
rise,
He will piss a gallon-pot full at
twice,
And the over plus under the
table of the new guise.

Campion *Shall I come sweet
love to thee?*

Alexandra Kidgell *Soprano*
David Miller *Lute*

Shall I come, sweet love, to
thee
When the evening beams are
set?
Shall I not excluded be?
Will you find no feignèd let?
Let me not, for pity, more
Tell the long hours at your door.

Who can tell what thief or foe
In the covert of the night
For his prey will work my woe,
Or through wicked foul despite?
So may I die unredressed,
Ere my long love be possessed.

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.

de Monte *Super flumina
Babylonis*

Super flumina Babylonis illic
sedimus et flevimus, cum
recordaremur Sion.

By the rivers of Babylon, there
we sat down, yea, we wept,
when we remembered Zion.

In salicibus in medio ejus
suspendimus organa nostra:

We hanged our harps upon the
willows in the midst thereof.

quia illic interrogaverunt nos,
qui captivos duxerunt nos,
verba cantionum;

For there they that carried us
away captive required of us a
song; and they that wasted us

et qui abduxerunt nos: Hymnum
cantate nobis de canticis Sion.

required of us mirth, saying,
Sing us one of the songs of
Zion.

Byrd *Quomodo cantabimus*

Quomodo cantabimus canticum
Domini in terra aliena?

How shall we sing the song of
the Lord in a strange land?

Si oblitus fuero tui, Jerusalem,
oblivioni detur dextera mea.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let
my right hand be forgotten.

Adhæreat lingua mea faucibus
meis, si non meminero tui;
si non proposuero Jerusalem in
principio lætitiæ meæ.

Let my tongue cleave to my
jaws, if I do not remember thee:
Remember, O Lord, the
children of Edom, in the day of
Jerusalem:

Memor esto, Domine, filiorum
Edom, in die Jerusalem:
qui dicunt: Exinanite, exinanite
usque ad fundamentum in ea.

Who say: Rase it, rase it, even
to the foundation thereof.

Cornysh *Ave Maria, Mater Dei*

Ave Maria, Mater Dei,
Regina caeli, Domina mundi,
Imperatrix inferni:
Miserere mei et totius populi
Christiani,
Et ne permittas nos mortaliter
peccare
Sed tuam sanctissimam
voluntatem adimplere.
Amen

Campion *Never weather-beaten sail*

Never weather-beaten sail
more willing bent to shore.
Never tired pilgrim's limbs
affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now
longs to fly out of my troubled
breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord,
and take my soul to rest.

Ever blooming are the joys of
Heaven's high Paradise.
Cold age deafs not there our
ears nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines
whose beams the blessed only
see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord,
and raise my sprite to thee!

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The Temple Music Foundation is grateful for the support of:

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A recording of this concert will be available to view for a month on the TMF website. Please see www.templemusic.org for details as to when the recording will be available.

Streaming of this concert is made possible by very generous support from **Katie Bradford**



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Temple Music

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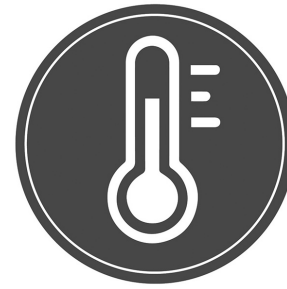
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