

# Parthenia: Consort of Viols

Rosamund Morley, treble viol  
Lawrence Lipnik, tenor viol  
Beverly Au and Lisa Terry, bass viols  
with  
Julianne Baird, soprano  
Cheryl Bensman, soprano & Daniel Swenberg, lute

## *The Four Ages of Elizabeth: A TUDOR SONGBOOK*

### *Princess Elizabeth*

Though some saith	Henry VIII (1491-1547)
Adieu mes amours	William Cornysh (1465-1523)
Where be ye my love	Anon. (early 16 <sup>th</sup> c.)
Hugh Ashton's Maske	Hugh Ashton, attrib. (c. 1485-c. 1558)
Je fille quand dieu me donne de quoy	Philip Van Wilder (c. 1500-1553)
Phillip's Dump	Van Wilder
Ave Maria	Parsons
Ut re mi fa sol	Robert Parsons (c. 1534-1572)

### *Elizabeth Regina*

Eliza is the fairest Queen/Come again	Edward Johnson (fl. 1571-1601)
Prelude and Voluntary	Byrd
This merry pleasant spring	Anon. (16 <sup>th</sup> c.)
<i>Elizabethan Dance Suite</i>	
Pavin of Albarti	Innocenzio Alberti (c. 1535-1615)
Gallyard	Anon. (c. mid-16 <sup>th</sup> c.)
Allemana d'amor	Anon. (c. mid-16 <sup>th</sup> c.)
The Fair young virgin	William Byrd (c. 1540-1623)

### *Intermission*

### *Crises and Conflicts of the Queen*

Tiento de Batalla	Sebastiàn Aguilera de Heredia? (c. 1565-1627)
Fantasia à4	Byrd
In fields abroad	Byrd
Je suis déshéritée	Pierre Cadéac (fl. 1530-1558)
Our father God celestial (The Lord's prayer)	Anon. Scottish (16 <sup>th</sup> century)

### *Triumphs of Oriana*

Fantasia à4	Alfonso Ferrabosco the younger (c. 1575-1628)
Come gentle Swains	Thomas Campion (c. 1565-1628)
Lightly she whipped o'er the dales	John Mundy (c. 1555-1630)
From <i>Pavans, Galliards, Almains and other short Aeirs</i> (1599)	Anthony Holborne (c.1550-1602)
As it fell on a Holie Eve	
Paradizo	
Heigh ho holiday	
Long live fair Oriana	Ellis Gibbons (1573-1603)

## PROGRAM NOTES

As all watchers of television and film are aware, the life of Queen Elizabeth I of England was not an easy one. Her childhood was plagued with uncertainty, even neglect, as her father Henry VIII compulsively sought a consort to bear him a son and heir (and beheaded her mother in the process); nevertheless she received a superlative education resulting in her ability to speak French and Italian fluently, extemporize orations in Latin, and make her way in Greek. Like her father, she consoled herself with music, learning to play the lute and virginals, and to appreciate the compositions of the best musicians of England and the continent.

Her reign as Queen was a constant balancing act to maintain her power and position, and to keep England peaceful, prosperous, and above all, independent. As the Protestant daughter of Henry VIII she recoiled at the idea of recognizing papal authority, yet she knew from experience that the persecution of Catholics could lead to bloody insurgency. “*Video et taceo*” was her motto: “I see, but I say nothing.” Thus as the end of her 44-year reign drew to a close, she was the focus of what amounted to a cult, admired, beloved, and everywhere praised.

Henry VIII himself (whose music opens this program) was highly educated and well-versed in music, for he had been a second son, not expected to accede to the throne but to join the clergy – perhaps, ultimately, to be the Archbishop of Canterbury. His older brother Arthur having died in 1502, Henry became king in 1509 at the age of eighteen, and immediately began to build his musical establishment, which figured importantly at meetings with foreign dignitaries, processions, and banquets. The manuscript in which his own forty-odd compositions now survive was compiled, probably over a period of time, before 1520 – well before he became restless and dissatisfied with his first Queen, Catherine of Aragon – hence he could sing: “I love true where I did marry.”

William Cornysh (d. 1523), the probable author of “*Adieu mes amours*,” was Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal, an actor and playwright, and most probably a legacy from the court of Henry VII. His style is reminiscent of earlier Tudor songs, and his use of French would have been typical of songs written for court entertainments. The anonymous “*Where be ye, my love*” is also marked as an early Tudor song by its refrain “*alone, alone.*”

At the end of his reign Henry VIII had 322 musical instruments in his cabinets, and 58 musicians in his employ. Hugh Ashton (or Aston) was an Oxford-educated keyboardist at court from 1510. Lutenist Philip van Wilder did not arrive until 1520. Already famous in Europe, Wilder would become the richest and most favored musician of the era, Master of the Children of the Privy Chamber, teacher of the lute to Mary Tudor, Edward VI, and probably Elizabeth, happy recipient of a monastery and appurtenant lands when Henry became head of the Church of England, and the subject of a portrait by Holbein.

Elizabeth was established on her throne in 1558, five years before Robert Parsons came to the Chapel Royal to oversee the secular entertainments presented by the choirboys. He was much admired all over England for sacred pieces like the magnificent five-part *Ave Maria*, and was universally mourned when he drowned, at forty, while attempting to ford the Trent in January 1570.

One of Elizabeth’s most respected and beloved “*Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal*,” William Byrd, replaced Parsons in that year. He was known to be a devout Catholic, but composed motets and liturgical music for both Protestant and “*Popish*” rites, with texts in either English or Latin. It seems that Elizabeth herself had a taste for the English service in Latin. Byrd was born near Lincoln Cathedral (he would have worked with Parsons there) where his first adult employment was as organist and Master of the Choristers. His post required that he teach the choirboys not just singing but how to play the *viola da gamba*; thus a consort of viols like ours, with a voice or voices, inevitably steers toward the music of William Byrd. The Prelude and Voluntary that introduces the next group is arranged for viols from a 1591 collection of

Byrd's keyboard pieces called *My Ladie Nevell's Booke*.

The young Queen Elizabeth – perhaps remembering the near poverty of her childhood – hit upon a most ingenious way of preserving the royal exchequer: going “on progress.” It was a lifelong custom, and had many political benefits as well. She would travel for months in the year with a large retinue to the houses of earls and barons, gracing them with her presence but also expecting to be entertained, lodged and fed, and given gifts in exchange. “Her Highness hath done honour to my poor house by visiting me,” wrote one host, “and seemed much pleased at what we did to please her. My son made a fair speech, to which she did give a most gracious reply. The women did dance before her, whilst cornets did salute from the gallery; and she did vouchsafe to eat two morsels of rich comfit cake, and drank a small cordial from a gold cup. ... Two ushers did go before, ... six drums and six trumpets waited in the Court, and sounded at her approach and departure.”

All of this at the host's expense, of course. Some nobles admitted that they “hid the silver” when she was due. “Eliza is the fairest Queen” was performed, with accompanying “spectacle,” on one of these occasions at Elvetham in 1591. The Queen was so delighted that she had the whole production repeated twice. Our suite of Elizabethan dances are of the type that would have been heard in accompaniment to the dancing women, and “This merry pleasant spring” would undoubtedly have been pantomimed as well as sung.

Perhaps Elizabeth's greatest skill was in the avoidance of conflict. Although embroiled from time to time in military confrontations with France, Ireland, and especially Spain, she managed for the most part to put off her adversaries with diplomacy and negotiations for marriage contracts. Why would a foreign monarch wage war on England if he thought he could conquer it by marriage? She hesitated to give her commanders too much authority, for, as she observed, when they had the bit in their teeth they tended “to be transported with an haviour of vainglory.” Thus she was often criticized for weakness, but with the repulsion of the Spanish Armada in 1588 (which owed a great deal to the weather) she was generally judged a great military strategist and victor. William Byrd's “In fields abroad” undoubtedly refers to the fighting Queen in “petticoats,” though his meaning, as in so many of the verses he set to music, is somewhat obscure.

The French presence in Scotland was a situation Elizabeth resisted for many years. It was one of the factors that led to the nineteen-year imprisonment and ultimate execution of Mary, Queen of Scots. The absorption of French influence into Scottish culture is attested to by the use of Pierre Cadéac's “four-voice “Je suis déshéritée” for the contrafact “Our Father God Celestial,” a verse paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer in three stanzas.

*The Triumphs of Oriana* was a compendium, published by Thomas Morley in 1601, of madrigals in praise of Elizabeth by the leading composers of the day, with various texts but all ending with the couplet “Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana / ‘Long live fair Oriana!’” The pieces by Campion, Mundy, and Ellis Gibbons (who was Orlando Gibbons's brother) are all from this collection.

Anthony Holborne, described by the lutenist and composer John Dowland as a “Gentleman Usher to the Queen,” in 1599 published about seventy five-part *Pavans, Galliards, Almains*, etc. – virtually the only music of his that survives – from which we have culled three dances and arranged them for four viols.

~ Lucy Cross

TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

**Though some saith** that youth ruleth me,  
I trust in age for to tarry;  
God and my right and my duty,  
From them shall I never vary:  
Though some saith...  
Pastimes of youth sometime among,  
None can say but necessary,  
I hurt no man, I do no wrong;  
I love true where I did marry:  
Though some saith...  
I pray you all that aged be,  
How well did ye your youth carry?  
I think some was of each degree;  
There-in a wager lay dare I:  
Though some saith..  
Then soon discuss that hence we must,  
Pray we to God and Saint Mary  
That all amend; and here an end,  
Thus saith the king, the eighth Harry:  
Though some saith...

**Adieu! Mes amours** et mon desir,  
Je vous déprends de part amant;  
Et si je vous si fait déplaisir,  
Ce n'est pas sans commandement.  
Pardonnez moi très humblement,  
Je le demande; J'ai mis mon coeur  
à service loyalement.  
Hélas! J'ai bien perdu ma peine.

Adieu my love and my desire,  
I relinquish your love,  
and if I have done you displeasure  
it was but upon your own command.  
I most humbly beg your pardon,  
I have given my heart  
in loyal service.  
Alas, I have quite wasted my trouble.

**Where be ye my love,** And where be ye gone?  
I am so sad; To make me glad it is but you my love, alone.  
Your company Makes me so merry From care and from all moan,  
But when ye miss, No joy it is But you, my love, alone;  
It is but you, my love, alone.  
When ye be hence With your absence My mirth and joy is gone;  
Me to comfort, Is no resort But you, my love, alone.  
The time passing To dance or sing,  
To 'suage somewhat my moan Is nothing; No comforting  
But you, my love, alone.

**Je file quand Dieu** me donne de quoy,  
Je file ma quenouille auvoy,  
En un jardin m'en entray,  
Je file quand Dieu me donne de quoy,  
Trois fleurs d'amour j'y trouvoy.  
Je vay, je vien, je tourne, je vire,  
Je ferre, jefile, je tons, je raiz,  
Je danse, je sauté, je ris, je chante,  
Je chauffe mon four;  
Je garde mes ouailles du loup.  
Je file quand Dieu me donne de quoy...

I spin when God gives me the wherewithal,  
I spin my distaff openly.  
I entered a garden  
I spin when God gives me the wherewithal,  
Three flowers of love did I find there.  
I go, I come, I turn, I whirl,  
I shoe horses, I sheer, I cut, I clip,  
I dance, I jump, I laugh, I sing,  
I heat my oven;  
I protect my sheep from the wolf,  
I spin when God gives me the wherewithal...

**Ave, Maria**, gratia plena;  
Dominus tecum:  
benedicta tu in mulieribus,  
et benedictus fructus ventris tui, Amen

Hail, Mary, thou that art highly favored,  
the Lord is with thee:  
blessed are you among women  
and blessed is the fruit of your womb. Amen.

**Eliza is the fairest Queen** That ever trod upon the green.  
Eliza's eyes are blessed stars, inducing peace, subduing wars.  
O blessed be each day and hour Where sweet Eliza builds her bower!

Come again sweet nature's treasure, Whose looks hold joys exceeding measure.  
Come again, world's star-bright eye, Whose absence makes eternal night.

Eliza's hand is crystal bright, Her words are balm, her looks are light.  
Eliza's breast is that fair hill, Where virtue dwells, and sacred skill.  
O blessed be each day and hour Where sweet Eliza builds her bower!

**This merry pleasant spring,**  
Hark, hark, how the sweet birds sing  
And carol in the copse and on the briar.  
Jug jug jug jug jug! The nightingale delivers  
It it it! The sparrow sings his hot desire;  
The robin, he records;  
The lark, he quivers.  
O sweet sweet sweet as ever,  
From strains so sweet, sweet birds deprive us never.

**The fair young virgin** is like the rose untainted  
In garden fair, while tender stalk doth bear it,  
Sole, and untoucht, with no resort acquainted;  
No shepherd nor his flock doth once come near it:  
Th'air, full of sweetness, the morning fresh depainted;  
The earth, the water, with all their favours cheer it;  
Dainty young gallants, and ladies most desired,  
Delight to have therewith their heads and breasts attired.

But not so soon, from green stock where it grewed,  
The same is pluckt, and from the branch removed;  
As lost is all from heaven and earth that flowed;  
Both favour, grace and beauty best beloved.  
The virgin fair, that hath the flower bestowed  
(Which more than life to guard, it her behoved)  
Loseth her praise, and is no more desired  
Of those, that late unto her love aspired.

**In fields abroad** where trumpets shrill do sound,  
where glaives and shields do give and take the knocks,  
where bodies dead do overspread the ground,  
and friends to foes are common butchers' blocks,  
a gallant shot well managing his piece,  
in my conceit deserves a golden fleece.

Who makes his seat a stately stamping steed,  
whose neighs and plays are princely to behold,  
whose courage stout, whose eyes are fiery red,  
whose joints well knit, whose harness all of gold,  
doth well deserve to be no meaner thing  
than Persian knight whose horse made him a king

By that bedside where sits a gallant Dame,  
who casteth off her brave and rich attire,  
whose petticoat sets forth as fair a frame  
as mortal men or gods can well desire,  
who sits and sees her petticoat unlaced,  
I say no more, the rest are all disgraced.

**Je suis déshéritée** Puisque j'ai perdu mon ami.  
Seule il m'a laissée, Pleine de pleurs et de souci.  
Rossignol du bois joli, Sans point faire demeure,  
Va-t'en dire à mon ami Que pour lui suis tourmentée.

I am disinherited since I have lost my lover.  
He has left me all alone, full of grief and anguish.  
Nightingale in the trees above, without any further delay,  
go tell my lover that I am tormented by longing for him.

**Our Father God celestial** now are we come to pray to thee.  
We are thy children therefore we call hear us father mercifully.  
Now blessed be thy godly name amongst us all for it is right.  
There is no other but the same. Whereby mankind must be saved.

Thy kingdom come thy heav'nlie rigne thou rings in us and we in thee.  
Thy will be done and hail design in eirthe as in heav'n inteirle.  
Give us this day our daylie breide our sauls and bodies to refresche  
And all sie things as we haive neid thy trewë kirk for to redres.

Our debts ar gryt and infinet we pray thee, Lord, thame to remit.  
Lyk as we forgive thame all quyt our debtors all frelie remit.  
Lead us nocht in temptatioun delyver us we Thee imploir  
From evill and vexatioun for thyne is kingdom power and glore.

**Come, gentle swains**, and shepherd's dainty daughters,  
Adorned with courtesy and comely duties,  
Come, sing and joy, and grace with lovely laughters  
The birthday of the beauty of beauties.  
Then sang he shepherds and nymphs of Diana:  
Long live fair Oriana.

**Lightly she whipped o'er the dales**,  
Making the woods proud with her presence;  
Gently she trod the flowers;  
And as they gently kissed her tender feet  
The birds in their best language bade her welcome,  
Being proud that Oriana heard their song.  
The clove-foot satyrs singing  
Made music to the Fauns a-dancing,  
And both together with an emphasis  
Sang Oriana's praises;  
Whilst the adjoining woods with melody  
Did entertain their sweet sweet harmony.  
Then sang he shepherds and nymphs of Diana:  
Long live fair Oriana.

**Long live fair Oriana.**  
Hark, did you ever hear so sweet a singing?  
They sing young Love to waken.  
The nymphs unto the woods their Queen are bringing.  
There was a note well taken!  
O good! O hark how joyfully 'tis dittied,  
I never heard a rarer,  
I never saw a fairer.  
Then sing ye shepherds and nymphs of Diana:  
Long live fair Oriana.