



(LEMS 8031)

JOHN DOWLAND

MUSIC OF LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP

THE SALTIRE SINGERS

THE ARTISTS

Patrica Clark, soprano
Jean Allister, contralto
Edger Fleet, tenor
Frederick Westcott, bass
With Desmond Dupre, lute

NOTES

Virtuoso lutenist, skilled singer, continental traveler, musician at the court of King Christian IV of Denmark: upon these accomplishments did the reputation of John Dowland (1563-1626) rest during his lifetime. Today we remember him simply as a composer – the first, and among the greatest, of the practitioners of the accompanied solo song. The English part-song could trace its history far back into the Middle Ages; William Byrd had already written for solo voice and viols. But it was Dowland who conceived the solo-song with lute, and developed it into an exquisite art-form. His first set in 1597 ushered in a brief but brilliant age of lute-song composition which was to produce some thirty volumes of music, ending in 1613 with the fourth reprinting of that same, immensely popular set.

Dowland produced a second book in 1600, a third in 1603, and a fourth and last (called "A Pilrimes Solace") in 1612. In recalling his accomplishment in the solo lute song, we must not overlook the fact that his collected song output was highly varied in manner of performance, in sources, and in style. Concerning the first, the title-page of the 1597 set states: "The First Booke of Songs or Ayres of foure parts, with Tablature for the Lute. So made, that all the parts together, or either of them severally, may be wing to the lute, orpherian, or Viol de gambo." Only a small number of songs in the later books were written out specifically for solo voice and lute; the choice in most, as in the 4-part songs recorded here, was left to the performers.

The forms and rhythmic characteristics of certain songs suggest that they were originally dance-tunes. Now oh now, whose melody was long known as "the frog galliard," is in fact a coranto, as is When Phoebus first. If my complaints, on the other hand, was a galliard and is found as such in Dowland's magnificent instrumental book, the 1604 "Lachrimae."

The stage was a second source of songs. Tell me, true Love was surely a simple masque song, written for an ensemble of soloists, chorus and instruments. Simple homophonic songs may have been as well, like the vigorous Say Love and the light, Swift Away with these. The style of Think'st thou then suggests its origin as a solo lute-song. Unusual is Fine Knacks, reminiscent of the London Peddlars' songs, but with a moral twist so characteristic of Dowland: "Though all my wares be trash, the heart is

Finally we find works conceived as part-songs with the lute accompaniment as substitute. Me, me and none but me and the canzonet What if I come from the third book. From the fourth come the superb madrigal Sweet, stay awhile, and the sacred songs In this trembling shadow and When sin sore wounding. These latter, in their masterly contrapuntal design, their subtle handling of rhythm, their use of cross-relations and expressive chromaticism, betray the controlling hand of a master craftsman and deeply sensitive spirit.

The Saltaire Singers took their name from the Scottish flag of St. Andrew and were formed to specialise in the vocal chamber music of many centuries. Appearances at various European Festivals, including Edinburgh, gained them a unique international reputation in the field.

"This was the kind of singing to make one worship the human voice."
- DAILY EXPRESS, LONDON

--Notes by David Josephson

Recorded in London

TRACKS AND TIMES:

1. Away with these self-loving lads (First Book of Songs), for 4 voices & lute - 1:51
2. Sweet stay awhile, why will you rise? (A Pilgrimes Solace), for 4 voices & lute - 3:25
3. In this trembling shadow cast (A Pilgrimes Solace), sacred song for 4 voices & lute - 5:04
4. Now, O now I needs must part (First Book of Songs), for 4 voices & lute - 4:33
5. What if I never speed? (Third Book of Songs), for 4 voices & lute - 3:34
6. Me, me, and none but me (Third Book of Songs), for 4 voices & lute - 3:42
7. Say, Love if ever thou didst find (Third Book of Songs), for 4 voices & lute - 1:46
8. Tell me, true Love (A Pilgrimes Solace), for voice, bass viol, 4 part chorus & lute - 7:09
9. When Phoebus first did Daphne love (Third Book of Songs), for 4 voices & lute - 1:15
10. Think'st thou then by thy feigning (First Book of Songs), for 4 voices & lute - 2:34
11. Where Sin, Sore Wounding (A Pilgrimes Solace), sacred song for 4 voices & lute - 1:15
12. If My Complaints Could Passions Move (First Book of Songs), sacred song for 4 voices & lute - 2:48
13. Fine Knacks for Ladies (Second Book of Songs), for 4 voices & lute - 2:21

LYRICS:

1. BOOK I

Away With These Self-Loving Lads

Away with these self-loving lads,
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads.

Away poor souls, that sigh and weep,
In love of them that lie and sleep.
For Cupid is a meadow God,
And forceth none to kiss the rod.

God Cupid's shaft, like destiny,
Doth either good or ill decree:
Desert is born out of his bow,
Reward upon his foot doth go.
What fools are they that have not known
That Love likes no laws but his own?

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holidays:
On ev'ry tree I write her name,
And ev'ry day I read the same.
Where Honour, Cupid's rival is
There miracles are seen of his.

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree.
If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then well fare nothing once a year!
For many run, but one must win,
Fools only hedge the cuckoo in.

The worth that worthiness should move
Is love, which is the bow of Love
And love as well the for'ster can
As can the mighty nobleman.
Sweet saint, 'tis true you worthy be,
Yet without love naught worth to me.

2. BOOK IV

Sweet, Stay Awhile

Sweet, stay awhile! Why will you rise?
The light you see comes from your eyes;
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
To think that you and I must part.
O stay, or else my joys must die
And perish in their infancy.

Dear, let me die in this fair breast,
Far sweeter than the Phoenix' next
Love, raise desire by his sweet charms
Within this circle of thine arms.
And let they blissful kisses cherish
Mine infant joys that else must perish.

3. BOOK IV

In This Trembling Shadow

In this trembling Shadow, cast
From those boughs which They winds shake,
Far from human troubles plac'd
Songs to the Lord would I make.
Darkness from my mind then take,
For Thy rites none may begin
Till they feel Thy light within.

As I sing sweet flow'rs I'll strew

From the fruitful valleys brought
Praising Him by whom they grow
Him that Heaven and Earth hath wrought'
Him that all things fram'd of nought,
Him that all for man did make,
But made man for his own sake.

Music all they sweetness lend
While of His high pow'r I seek
On whom all pow'rs else depend:
But my breast is now too weak;
Trumpets shrill the air should break
All in vain my sounds I raise;
Boundless pow'r asks boundless praise.

4. BOOK I

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

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

5. BOOK III

What if I never Speed?

What if I never speed? Shall I straight yield to despair?
And still on sorrow speed, that can no loss repair?
Or shall I change my love? For I find pow'r to depart.
And in my reason prove I can command my heart.
But if she will pity my desire, and my love requite,
Then ever shall she live my dear delight.
Come, while I have a heart to desire thee
Come, for either I will love or admire thee.

Oft have I dream'd of joy, yet I never felt the sweet,
But, tired with annoy, my griefs each other greet;
Oft have I left my hope, as a wretch by fate forlorn.
But love aims at one scope, and lost will still return.
He that once loves with a true desire never can depart,
For Cupid is the king of every heart.

Come, while I have a heart to desire thee
Come, for either I will love or admire thee.

6. BOOK III

Me, Me, and None But Me

Me, Me, and None but me dart home,
O gentle death,
And quickly, for I draw too long this idle breath;

O how long till I may fly to heav'n above
Unto my faithful and beloved turtle dove.

Like to the silver swan, before my death I sing;
And yet alive my fatal knell I help to ring.
Still I desire from earth and earthly joys to fly;
He never happier liv'd that cannot love to die.

7. BOOK III

Say Love, If Ever Thou Didst Find

Say love, if ever though didst find
A woman with a constant mind?
None but one.
And what should that rare mirror be?
Some goddess or some queen is she;
She, she, she and only she
She only queen of love and beauty.

But could they fiery poison'd dart
At no time touch her spotless heart,
Nor come near?
She is not subject to Love's bow;
Her eye commands, her heart saith no,
No, no, no, and only no,
One no another still doth follow.

How might I that fair wonder know,
That mocks desire with endless no.
See the moon
That ever in one change doth grow,
Yet still the same, and she is so;
So, so, so, and only so
From heav'n her virtues she doth borrow.

To her then yield thy shafts and bow,
That can command affections so:
Love is free;
So are her thoughts that vanquish thee.
There is no queen of love but she,
She, she, she, and only she,
She only queen of love and beauty.

8. BOOK IV

Tell Me, True Love

Tell me, true love, where shall I seek they being?
In thoughts or words, in vows or promise making?
In reasons, looks, or passions never seeing?
In men on earth or women's minds partaking?
Thou canst not die; and therefore living tell me
Where is thy seat?
Why doth this age expel thee?

Mount then, my thoughts, here is for thee no dwelling,
Since Truth and Falsehood live like twins together.
Believe not sense, eyes, ears, touch, taste, or smelling;
Both Art and Nature's forc'd; put trust in neither.
Only she doth true Love captive bind
In fairest breast, but in a fairer mind.

O fairest mind enrich'd with Love's residing
Retain the best, in hearts let some seed fall;
Instead of weeds Love's fruits may have abiding;
At harvest you shall reap increase of all.
O happy love! More happy man that finds thee!
Most happy Saint that keeps, restores, unbinds thee.

9. BOOK III

When Phoebus First Did Daphne Love

When Phoebus first did Daphne love,
And no means might her favor move,
He crav'd the cause; the cause (quoth she)
Is, I have vow'd virginity.

Then in a rage he sware, and said:
'Past fifteen none but one should live a maid.'
If maidens then shall chance he sped
Ere they can scarcely dress their head,
Yet pardon them for they be loath
To make good Phoebus break his oath,
And better 'twere a child were born
Than that a god should be forsworn.

10. BOOK I

Think'st Thou Then By Thy Feigning?

Think'st thou then by thy feigning
Sleep, with a proud disdain,
Or with thy crafty closing
Thy cruel eyes reposing,
To drive me from thy sight,
When sleep yields more delight,
Such harmless beauty gracing.
And while sleep feigned is,
May not I steal a kiss,
Thy quiet arms embracing?

O that my sleep dissembled,
Were to a trance resembled,
Thy cruel eyes deceiving,
Of lively sense bereaving;
Then should my love requite
Thy love's unkind despite,
While fury triumph'd boldly
In beauty's sweet disgrace;
And liv'd in sweet embrace
Of her that lov'd so coldly.

Should then my love aspiring,
Forbidden joys desiring,
So far exceed the duty
That virtue owes to beauty?
No Love seek not thy bliss,
Beyond a simple kiss,
For such deceits are harmless,
Yet kiss a thousand-fold.
For kisses may be bold
When lovely sleep is armless.

11. BOOK IV

Where Sin Sore Wounding

Where sin sore wounding
Daily doth oppress me,
There grace abounding/Freely doth redress me,
So that resounding/Still I shall confess Thee
Father of mercy.

Though sin offending/Daily doth torment me,
Yet grace amending/Since I do repent me,
At my life's ending/Will, I hope, present me
Clear to Thy mercy.

12. BOOK I

If My Complaints Could Passions Move

If my complaints could passions move,
Or make Love see wherein I suffer wrong,
My passions were enough to prove
That my despairs had govern'd me too long.
O Love, I live and die in thee,
Thy grief in my deep sighs still speaks;
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me,
My heart for thy unkindness breaks;
Yet thou dost hope, when I despair,
And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain.
Thou say'st thou canst my harms repair,
Yet for redress, thou let'st me still complain.

Can Love be rich, and yet I want?
Is Love my judge, and yet am I condemn'd?
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant;
Thou made a God, and yet thy pow'r contemn'd.
That I do live, 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 here despair, which truly saith:
I was more true to Love than Love to me.

13. BOOK II

Fine Knacks for Ladies

Fine knacks for ladies, cheap, choice, brave and new
Good penny-worths, but money cannot move.
I keep a fair but for the fair to view;
A beggar may be liberal of love.
Though all my wares be trash, the heart is true.

Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again;
My trifles come as treasures from my mind.
It is a precious jewel to be lain;
Sometimes in shell th'rient pearls we find;
Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain.

Within this pack pins, points, laces and gloves,
And divers toys fitting a country fair;
But my heart (lives) where duty serves and loves,
Turtles and wins, court's brood a heav'nly pair.
Happy the heart that thinks of no removes.

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