Centre for Renaissance & Reformation Studies

Blest Pair of Sirens

A Cavalier Cabaret

by John Edwards

Emmanuel College Chapel

Friday May 8.

The Characters:

Henry Lawes: former music teacher to the Egerton family and former court musician.
Played by Benjamin Done

Alice Egerton: Henry's former student, now Countess of Carbery
Played by May Sadan.

Mary Egerton: Henry's former student now Lady Herbert of Cherbury and Castle-Island.
Played by Kaela Peever

Featuring **John Edwards** on the Theorbo

Show Notes:

Before the Restoration the commercial English stage was not a place where an educated woman was permitted to exercise the skills she had acquired in the sister arts of rhetoric and music. The more intimate and controllable domestic performance space, however, was hers to command.

By the early 1620s Henry Lawes was a household musician for the Egerton family, where his duties included teaching the daughters of the John, Earl of Bridgewater to sing, as well as working as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal and a 'Musician in Ordinary for the Lutes and Voices'. In 1634 the Earl of Bridgewater was appointed Lord President of Wales, and to celebrate he decided to commission a household masque. Henry recommended he engage the young John Milton as author and 'Sweet Echo' was sung by a teenaged Alice Egerton in A Masque Presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, or as it is now better known, *Comus*.

A few years later, with the court disbanded and the king executed, Henry turned his hand to concert production in Oxford (a subscription based public concert then being a novelty) and to seeing his many songs into print. He dedicated his Ayres and Dialogues of 1653 to Alice and Mary, by then great ladies in their own right. The songbook contains settings of poems by the great poets of his generation including Carew, Herrick and Waller. Waller's poems where the composer/teacher praises a lady for her skill in delivering his work (and pats himself on the back for his teaching) seem to be written for some household performance by the sisters. Our performance in this quasi-dramatic context allows us to deliver these delightful pieces which might seem out of place in a typical concert. Might we imagine, too, that Lawes's imitation of Monteverdi's famous Lamento d'Arianna was made to order so the Egertons had an English version of this seminal piece?

The theorbo was likely developed from bass lutes for the 'New Music' of the Florentine Camerata in the last decade of the 16th century. Masque designer Inigo Jones is said to have brought the first theorbo to England by 1604 and it soon eclipsed the lute proper as the accompanying instrument for solo song. All the songbooks from the 1620s to the earliest of those that contain Henry Purcell say 'with a bass for theorbo-lute or bass viol' with no mention of harpsichord. By the Restoration English players had developed their own theorbo (Pepys puts his out to 'have a new neck and double strings') but the large Italianate instrument can be seen in portraits of Lady Mary Wroth and court musician Jacques Gaultier from earlier in the century.

Program of Songs

Reading: The dedication from Henry Lawes's *Ayres and Dialogues* (1653)

Scene one - Wherein Henry Lawes delivers his songbook and some flowers to the Ladies, and he seems more impressed by Lady Mary's singing of his song than Lady Alice's of another's, despite her redoubled efforts.

A Pot of Flowers Presented to Chloris ..... Henry Lawes
To Lillies ..... William Lawes
Have you seen the bright lily grow ..... Robert Johnson
The Rose ..... Henry Lawes
To the Same Lady..... Henry Lawes
Have you seen the white lily grow..... Robert Johnson
To Pansies.....,.....,.....William Lawes
To the Virgins, to make much of Time ..... William Lawes

Scene two - Wherein Henry sets the scene for the performance of a scene concerning a shepherd and a nymph and comments thereon using songs composed by his good friend John Wilson.

Prelude ..... John Wilson
In the merry month of May ..... John Wilson
A Dialogue - Shepherd and Nimph ....., ... Henry Lawes
Wherefore peep'st thou..... John Wilson

Scene three - Wherein Henry pays Lady Alice her due after she sings his famous song, and she responds with a little self-congratulation of her own.

Prelude ..... John Wilson
The Eccho ..... John Wilson
Sweet Echo..... Henry Lawes
To a Lady Singing ..... Henry Lawes
The Lark ..... Henry Lawes

Scene four - Wherein the Ladies want to sing some Italian songs but a scornful Henry responds by singing the Table of Contents, complete with rubrics. Lady Mary persists with Monteverdi's famous opera excerpt.

Prelude .....John Wilson
Victoria, victoria ..... Giacomo Carissimi
Amarilli ..... Giulio Caccini
Tavola ..... Henry Lawes
Lamento d'Arianna (excerpt) ..... Claudio Monteverdi

Scene five - Wherein Henry insists on his English setting of Ariadne's lament and they all celebrate her deliverance by the god of wine.

Reading: The story of Theseus and Ariadne, as much as concerns the ensuing Relation

Prelude and ritornello after .....John Wilson
Theseus O Theseus ..... Henry Lawes
A glee to Bacchus .....Charles Coleman

Lyrics

SCENE 1

To the Right Honorable, the two most Excellent Sisters, Alice Countesse of Carbery, and Mary Lady Herbert of Cherbury and Castle-Island, Daughters to the Right Honorable, John Earle of Bridgewater,

I need not tell your Ladiships, that since my Attendance on His late Majesty I have neglected the exercise of my Profession. Yet, I have made some Compositions, which now I resolve to publish to the World.But no sooner I thought of making these Publick, than of inscribing them to Your Ladiships, most of them being Composed when I was employed by Your ever Honour'd Parents to attend Your Ladishipps Education in Musick; who excelled most Ladies, especially in Vocal Musick, wherein You were so absolute, that You gave Life and Honour to all I set and taught You. I could therefore do nothing more becomming my Gratitude than a Dedication of These to both Your Ladiships.

Your Ladiships most humbly devoted Servant,
Henry Lawes.

A Pot of Flowers Presented to Chloris

See Chloris, see, how Nature brings all
what she owes to thee that springs; these
Roses from your Cheeks did grow, those
Lllies from your Bosomes snow; this
various Tulip from your Eyes, from
whence it bears so rich a prize.

Those purple streams in Azure set,
Gave being to this Violet;
These sprigs of Bayes we ne'er did see
Till you taught Shepherds Poetrie:
And all these flowers of purest red
Sprung up where once your finger bled.

These Pansyes which so low do creep,
Grew up one Night where you did sleep;
So did these Poppyes, and from thence
They have their sleepy influence;
And all their leaves be came thus green
In hope by you they should be seen.

And here I bring them in an Urn
Of water, which them selves did mourn,
Fearing to wyther and grow drye
By too much Sun shine of your Eye:
For if your Beams the World inflame,
Poor things, they needs must feel the
same.

Henry Hughes

The Lily

White though ye be; yet, Lillies, know,
From the first ye were not so:
But Ile tell ye
What befell ye;
Cupid and his Mother lay
In a Cloud; while both did play,
He with his pretty finger prest
The rubie nipple of her breast;

Out of which, the creame of light,
Like to a Dew,
Fell downe on you,
And made ye white.

Robert Herrick

Have you seene the bright lilly grow

Have you seene the bright lilly grow
Before rude hands have toucht it,
Have you markt the fall of snow
Before the soil has smutcht it?
Have you felt the woolle of beaver
Or swans downe ever,
Or have smelt to the budde of the brier,
Or the narde in the fire,
Or have tasted the bagge of the bee?
O soe white, O soe softe, O soe sweet is
shee.

Ben Jonson

The Rose

Go, lovely Rose,
Tell her that wasts her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.
Tell her thats young,
And shuns to have her graces spi'd,
That had thou sprung
In Desarts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retyr'd,
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herselfe to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admirdd.
Then die, that she
The common Fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet, and fair.

Edmund Waller

To the Same Lady

Chloris yourself you so excell,
When you vouchsafe to breath my thought,
That like a spirit, with this spell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That Eagle's fate and mine are one,
Which, on the shaft that made him dye,
Espy'd a feather of his own,
Wherewith he wont to soar so high.

Had Eccho, with so swete a grace,
Narcissus lowd complaints return'd,
Not for reflection of his face,
But of his voyce, the boy had mourn'd.

Edmund Waller

Have you seene the bright lilly grow

Have you seene the bright lilly grow
Before rude hands have toucht it,
Have you markt the fall of snow
Before the soil has smutcht it?
Have you felt the woolle of beaver
Or swans downe ever,
Or have smelt to the budde of the brier,
Or the narde in the fire,
Or have tasted the bagge of the bee?
O soe white, O soe softe, O soe sweet is shee.

Ben Jonson

To Pansies

Ah, Cruel Love must I endure
All thy scorne, and fynde no cure?
Are thy medicines made to be
Helps to all others but to mee?
I'll leave thee, and to pansies come:
Comforts you'll affoord me some.
You can ease my hart, and doe
What love could nare be brought unto.

Robert Herrick

To the Virgins, to make much of Time

Gather your Rosebuds while yiu may,
Old Time is still a flying:
And this same Flower that smiles to day,
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lampe of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting;
The sooner will his Race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That Age is best, which is the first,
When Youth and blood are warmer,
Expect not the last and worst
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry,
For having lost but once your prime,
You may forever tarry.

Robert Herrick

SCENE 2

In the merry month of May

In the merry month of May
In a morne by brake of day,
Forth I walk'd by the wood-side
When as May was in hir pride:
There I spyed all alone
Phillida and Coridon.

Much a doe there was, God wot
Hee would love and she would not
Hee said, his love was every true
She said, None was false to you.
Hee said, He had lov'd her long;
She said, Love should take no wrong.

Coridon would kisse hir then;
She said, Maids must kiss no men
Till they did for good and all
Then she made the shepherds call
All the Gods to witness truth
Never was lovd a so faire a youth.

Then with many a pretty oath,
As yea and nay, and faith and troth,
Such as silly shepherds use
When they will not aove abuse,
Love, which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded,

And Phyllida, with garlands gay,
Was crownd the Lady of the May.

Nicholas Breton

A Dialogue - Shepherd and Nimph

Chorus:
This mossy bank they prest.
That aged oak did canopy the happy pair
All night from the dark air.
Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke,
When the day breaking their embraces broke.

Shepherd:
See Love the blushes of the morn appear,
And now she hangs her pearly store
Robb'd from the Eastern shore,
In Cowslips-bell and Roses ear:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nimph:
Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
But show my sun must set, no morn'
Shall shine, till thy return,
The yellow planet, and the grey
Dawn shall attend thee on thy way.

Shepherd:
If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine.

Nimph:
My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.

Shepherd:
Those drops will make their beams more clear:
Love's flames will shine on ev'ry tear.

Chorus:
They wept and kist, and from their lips and eyes
In a mixt dew of briny sweet
Their joys and sorrows meet:
But she cries out:

Nimph:
Shepherd arise,
The sun betrays us else to spies.

Shepherd:
The winged hours fly fast whilst we embrace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.

Nimph:
Then let us pinion Time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shepherd:
Hark!

Nimph:
Ah me! Stay

Shepherd:
For ever.

Nimph:
No no, arise, we must be gone.

Shepherd:
My Nest of Spice.

Nimph:
My Soul.

Shepherd:
My Paradise.

Chorus:
Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes,
Grief interrupted speech, with tears supplies.

Thomas Carew

Wherefore peep'st thou

Wherefore peep'st thou, envious Day?
We can kiss without thee;
Lovers hate that golden ray
Which thou bear'st about thee.
Go, and give them light that sorrow,
Or the sailor flying:
Our embraces need no morrow,
Nor our kisses eyeing.

We shall curse thy envious eye
For thy soon betraying;
Or condemn thee for a spy,
If thou find'st us playing.
Get thee gone, and lend thy flashes
Where there's need of lending:
Our affections are not ashes,
Nor our pleasures ending.

Were we cold or wither'd here,
We could stay thee by us;
Or but one another's sphere,
Then thou shouldst not fly us.
We are young, thou spoilst our pleasure;
Go to sea and slumber;
Darkness only lends us leisure
Our stolen joys to number.

John Donne (?)

SCENE 3:
The Eccho

Thou Heaven threat'ning Rock
Gentler then she, since of my paine,
thou still more sensible wilt be only
when thou giv'st leave to complaine
Echo:
to complaine
But thou dost Answeare too,
although in vaine thou Answerst
when thou canst no pitty show?
Echo:
O!
What dost thou speake and pitty too;
then yet a further favor doe,
and tell if of my Greefe I any end shall know?
Echo:
No
Sure she will pitty him that loves hir so truly
Echo:
You lye
Vile Rock thou now growst so unruly,
that hadst thou life as thou hast voice,
thou shouldst dy at my foot.
Echo:
Dye at my foot,
Thou canst not make me doo't
unlesse thou leave it to my choyce,
who thy hard sentence shall fulfill
when thou shalt say I dye
to please hir only will I will
When she comes hither
then I prithee tell thou art my monument,
and this my last farwell.
Echo:
Well.

Owen Feltham (?)

Sweet Echo

Sweet Eccho, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's Margent greene,
And in the violet Embroidered vale,
Where the love-lorne Nightingale,
Nightly to thee, her sad song mourneth well,

Canst thou not tell me of a gentle payre,
That likest thy Narcissus are,
O if thou have
hid them in some flowerye Cave,
tell me but where,
sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere;
soe maiest thou be transpanted to the skies,
And hold a Counterpoint to all Heav'ns
Harmonies!

John Milton

To a Lady Singing

While I listen to thy voice,
Chloris, I feele my life decay,
that pow'rfull noyse
cal's my fleeting soul away;
O suppress that magick sound,
which destroyes with out a wound!
peace! Chloris, peace, or singing dye,
that together thou and I
to heav'n may go;
for all we know
of what the blessed doe above,
is that they sing, and that they love.

Edmund Waller

The Lark

Swift through the yielding air I glide,
while night's sable shades abide:
Yet in my flight (though ne're so fast)
I tune and time the wild winds blast.

And ere the sun be come about,
teach the young lark his lesson out;
Who early as the day is born
sings his shrill anthem to the rising morn:

Let never mortal lose the pains
to imitate my aiery strains,
Whose pitch too high for human ears,
was set me by the tuneful spheres.

I carol to the fairies' King,
wakes him a-morning when I sing:
And when the sun stoops to the deep,
rock him again and his fair Queen asleep.

Anon

SCENE 4:
An Italian Ayre

Victoria, mio core!
Non lagrimar più,
È sciolta d'Amore
La vil servitù.

Già l'empia a' tuoi danni
Fra stuolo di sguardi,
Con vezzi bugiardi
Dispose gl'inganni;

Le frode, gli affanni
Non hanno più loco,
Del crudo suo foco
È spento l'ardore!

Anon

Tavola

In quel gelato core una voce;
Piagne Madonna segl'occhi vostri a due voci;
O sempre e quando, tudi salvar mi cirche,
certe è scorno, misera non creda,
ohime de lumi già, macche
squallido dalli pallida labra;
Così mia vita, a tre voci.

The Table of Contents of Antonio Cifra's
Scherzi & Arie

Lamento d'Arianna (excerpt)

Lasciatemi morire
Lasciatemi morire;
E che volete voi che mi conforte
In così dura sorte,
In così gran martire?
Lasciatemi morire.

Ottavio Rinuccini

SCENE 5

The story of Theseus and Ariadne, as much as concerns the ensuing Relation, is this.

Theseus going over into Creet to fight with the Minotaure, being come into Creet, Ariadne the Kings Daughter there fell in love with him, and gave him a Clew of thread, by which after he had slain the Minotaure he extricated himselfe out of that perplexed Labyrinth: having thus obtained the Victory, he carryed her along with him into the Island Naxos, where he tooke occasion to leave her as she was asleep, In this while, Ariadne complaining of Theseus his infidelity, resolving to destroy her selfe, having made her own Epitaph, was comforted by Bacchus, who comming thither was enamoured of her Beauty, and took her to his protection.

Ariadne sitting upon a Rock in the Island Naxos, deserted by Theseus, thus complains.

Theseus, O Theseus

Theseus, O Theseus, hark!
but yet in vain;
Alas deserted I complain;
it was some neighb'ring Rock,
more soft then he,
whose hollow bowels pitty'd me,
and beating back that false and cruell
name,
did comfort and revenge my shame,
the faithless whither wilt thou flye?
Stones dare not harbour cruelty.

Tell me ye Gods, who e're ye are,
why, O why, made ye him so faire?
tell me wretch why thou
mad'st not thy selfe more true?
Beauty from him might copies take,
more majestick Heroes make,
and falshood learn a wile from him too,
to beguile: restore my Clue,
'tis here most due,
for 'tis a Labrinth of more subtle Art,
to have so faire a face, so fowle a heart:

The rav'nous Vulter tear his breast,
the rowling stone disturbe his rest;
let him next feele Ixions wheel,
add one fable more to
cursing Poets store,
then yet rather let him live
twine his woof of days
with some thread stoln from mine;
but if you'l torture him,
how e're torture my heart,
you'l find him there

Till mine eyes drank up his and his drank
mine,
I ne'r thought souls might kiss, spirits joyne:
Pictures till then, took me as much as men,
Nature and Art moveing alike my heart;
but his faire visage made me find
pleasures
and fears,
hopes, sighs and tears, as severall seasons
of the mind.
Should thine Eye Venus on his dwell,
thou wouldst invite him to thy shell,
caught by that live jet,
venture the second net,
and after all thy dangers faithlesse he;

The streams so court the yielding bankes,
and gliding thence ne're pay their thankes,
the winds so woo the flowers,
whisp'ring among fresh bowers,
and having rob'd them of their smels,
flye thence perfum'd to other Cels;
this is familiar hate, to smile, kill,
though nothing pleas thee,
yet my ruin will:
Death hover, hover, o're me then,
waves let your christall womb,
be both my fate and tomb,
I'le sooner trust the sea then men.

And ye, O Nimphs below who sit,
in whose swift floods his vows he writ,
snatch a sharp Diamond from your richer
Mines,
in some Mirror grave these sadder lines;
which let some God convey to him
that so he may in that both read at once
and see those lookes that caus'd my destiny.

In Thetis Armes I Ariadne sleep, drown'd:
First in mine own tears, then in the deep:
Twice banish'd, first by love, and then by hate,
the life that I preserv'd became my fate,
who leaving all was by him left alone,
that from a Monster fre'd, himselfe prov'd one:

Thus then I F--- but looke, O mine eyes,
be now true spies, yonder, yonder comes my
dear,
now my wonder, once my fear;
see Satyrs dance along in a confused throng,
whilst horns and pipes rude noice,
do mad their lusty joyes;
Roses his forhead crown,
that recrowns the flowers;
where he walks up and down,
he makes the Desarts Bowers;
the Ivy and the Grape hide not,
adorne his shape,
and green leaves cloath his waving Rod,
'tis he; 'tis either Theseus or some God.

William Cartwright

A Glee to Bacchus

To Bacchus, we to Bacchus sing,
with Wine and mirth we'l conjure him,

By Ariadnes wrongs,
and the false youths harms,
by the Rock in his breast,
and her tears sore opprest,
By the Beauty she fled
and the Pleasures of a bed,
appear, appear in Bottles here.

By this purple Wine
thus pour'd on the shrine;
and by this Beer glasse
to the next kind Lass;
by a girl twice nine,
that will claspe like a Vine,
appear, appear in Bottles here.

By the men thou'st won,
and the women undone;
By the friendship thou hast made,
and the secrets betray'd;
By the power over sorrow
thus charm'd till tomorrow,
appear, appear in Bottles beer. (Sic)

Anon

Fin

The Musicians in Ordinary would like to thank:
Bernice Neal, Jennifer Francisco, Natalie Oeltjen, Hallie Fishel, Deanne Williams and Darryl Edwards

Performers

Kaela Peever, mezzo-soprano, is an upcoming artist in her third year of the Bachelor of Music in Performance program at the University of Toronto. She studies under the guidance of Frédérique Vézina and Dr. Bradley Christensen. Originally from Kelowna, BC, she returned to her home province to perform with Opera Kelowna, as a chorus member in *Così fan tutte*, Gianni Schicchi, *Pagliacci*, and *La Traviata*. She was alsorecently a chorus member in Lidarti's *Esther*, alongside gifted colleagues. Outside the practice room, Kaela enjoys spending time outdoors with her dog, Trixie, as well as reading and baking cookies.

Soprano **May Sadan** has been passionate about spreading joy through the art of singing from an early age, beginning formal voice studies at the age of 15. May is active as both a soloist and choral singer, with engagements including the France-Canada Academy of Vocal Arts' program of French Mélodie, University of Toronto productions of *Le Nozze di Figaro* and Saint-Saëns' *Oratorio de Noël,* the NATS Canadian Art Song Showcase and the Die Schöne Müllerin Research Project led by Colin Ainsworth and Laura Loewen. She has appeared as Gretel in Summer Opera Lyric Theatre's *Hansel and Gretel* and serves as Soprano Lead and Soloist at Trinity-St. Paul's United Church. May recently completed a Bachelor of Music degree in Voice Performance.

Tenor **Benjamin Done** completed his Master of Music degree in Opera at the University of Toronto, with credits including Charles Darnay (*A Tale of Two Cities*), John Adams (*The Mother of Us All*), "Casey" Baldwin (*The Bells of Baddeck*), Marco Palmieri (*The Gondoliers*), and Colonel Fairfax (*Yeoman of The Guard*). Ben also sings with the Canadian Opera Company Chorus and Tafelmusik Chamber Choir. On the concert stage, Ben has been featured as tenor soloist with various ensembles including Tafelmusik and the Sudbury Symphony Orchestra with highlights including Handel's *Messiah*, Bach's *Christmas Oratorio* and *Magnificat*, Mozart's *Requiem*, Haydn's *Lord Nelson Mass*, and Orff 's *Carmina Burana.*

Lutenist **John Edwards** leads *The Musicians In Ordinary* which explores the repertoire of the Renaissance and early Baroque. He has played continuo for many orchestras and in the theatre and has been music director for productions of *Romeo and Juliet, Twelfth Night,* Cheeky Magpie's *Toronto Noir* and Creation Theatre Company's *Shakespeare's Saints and Sinners.* He led a concert of music for a *Restoration Tempest* for the Shakespeare Association of America and has given lectures at universities throughout North America. For *The Musicians In Ordinary* he has produced a series of podcasts on the music, poetry and theatre of the 16th and 17th century and a 'pod-play' of John Milton's *Comus* with its original songs and dance music.

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