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With endless teares

Johannette Zomer Soprano

Fred Jacobs Lute and Theorbo



Johannette Zomer

The Dutch soprano Johannette Zomer began her studies at the Sweelinck Conservatorium Amsterdam in 1990 with Charles van Tassel, after having worked as a microbiology analyst for several years. In June 1997 she was awarded her Performance Diploma. Since then she has received coaching by Diane Forlano (London), Claudia Visca (Wuppertal) and Marlena Malas (New York)

Her repertoire ranges from medieval music through all music of the baroque and classical eras, including opera, but also Lieder, French Romanticism and Contemporary music. The prestigious 'Gramophone' magazine said of her: 'A new voice to watch'.

Johannette's concert appearances are also many and various. She has worked with Baroque specialists such as Philippe Herreweghe, Ton Koopman, Frans Brüggen, Gustav Leonhardt, René Jacobs, Reinard Goebel and Paul McCreech, but has also worked with conductors including Kent Nagano, Daniel Harding, Iván Fischer, Marcus Creed and Valery Gergiev. In 2008 she made her debut with both the Concertgebouw Orchestra (in the Matthew Passion conducted by Iván Fischer) and the Mozarteum Orchester Salzburg (in the B minor Mass under Ivor Bolton). Further she regularly gives recitals accompanied by lute player Fred Jacobs or fortepiano specialist Arthur Schoonderwoerd.

In October 1996 Johannette made her opera debut as Tebaldo in Verdi's *Don Carlo* with the Nationale Reisopera. Since then she has made regular appearances in roles including Belinda, Pamina, La Musica, Euridice, Dalinda and Ilia, and also as Amanda in Ligeti's *Le Grand Macabre* and Mélisande in Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande*. In January 2009 she made her debut at the Netherlands Opera in a new production by David Alden/Ivor Bolton of Cavalli's *Ercole Amante*.

She contributes regularly to CD-recording projects. A few of her most recent releases are the Bach Cantatas disc with the English ensemble Florilegium, for which she won an Edison Award in June 2008, and the CD *L'Esprit Galant*, on which she displays, together with lutenist Fred Jacobs, the development of French 17th Century Song (both Channel Classics).

www.johannettezomer.com

Fred Jacobs

Fred Jacobs studied lute and theorbo with Anthony Bailes at the Sweelinck Conservatory in Amsterdam. In 1985 he co-founded The Locke Consort acknowledged for their interpretations and praised for their recordings of 17th Century English chamber music. He is a member of the Gabrieli Consort and Players, The Parley of Instruments, the Baroque Orchestra of the Netherlands Bachsociety and the Monteverdi Continuo-ensemble of the Bavarian State Opera, where he has performed in all Monteverdi and Cavalli productions since 1997.

Fred Jacobs is a regular accompanist of many distinguished singers, such as Anne Azéma, Michael Chance and Maarten Koningsberger. With Johannette Zomer he has been recording a series of programmes devoted to 17th Century monody for which his research has unveiled many hidden treasures.

Over the years Fred has been a guest at the mayor early music festivals in Europe and the United States. He performs in opera productions in London, Paris, Munich, Amsterdam and Florence. Fred Jacobs has worked with many conductors such as Gustav Leonhardt, Frans Brüggen, Ivor Bolton, Andrew Parrot, Marc Minkowski and Richard Egarr. With Emma Kirkby, Carolyn Watkinson, and Maarten Koningsberger he runs workshops on the English lute song and on French 'Air de Cour'.

Since 1995 he teaches lute and theorbo at the Amsterdam Conservatory.

With endless teares

There is a gradual increase in the use of unfigured bass, implying a continuo realization, instead of the explicit accompaniment in tablature for the lute song in Jacobean England, after about 1610. Although the lute was to remain the accompanying instrument of choice, other instruments, theorbos for example, could now replace it, depending on the situation. It is not clear when the theorbo was first used in England but the great architect, stage designer and masque producer Inigo Jones has been mentioned as having brought the first one back from a journey to Italy before 1605. The *new* Italian vocal music came from different sources: Robert Dowland printed Caccini's *Amarilli* in his *Musical Banquet* in 1610 and Angelo Notari published his *Prime Nuove Musiche (per cantare con la tiorba...)* in London in 1613. Its declamatory style became particularly popular in the context of Jones' masque: an extravagant art form as Stuart propaganda, combining grandiose theatre effects, dance and 'operatic' singing, often accompanied by a consort of plucked instruments.

'New years expect new gifts: sister, your harp
Lute, lyre, theorbo, all are called today....'

in the words of playwright Ben Jonson, who collaborated with Inigo Jones in producing the masques.

Robert Johnson was one of the first composers to write a declamatory type of ayre with just a continuo line. Beside his duties at court, where he was appointed lutenist in 1604, he wrote for the theatre. From 1611 onwards he became involved in several masque productions for which he provided some delightful dance music. Four Almains for solo lute are included here. The last one, known as *The Prince's Almain*, was later arranged by William Brade for his five-part collection of predominantly English dance music (Hamburg, 1617).

The versatile Nicholas Lanier became lutenist to the *King's Musick* in 1616 but had already composed vocal music for a masque by Thomas Campion, in which he also sang, in 1613. He wrote music for several masques by Ben Jonson and also collaborated with Robert Johnson. At the accession of Charles I he was appointed the first *Master of the King's Musick*. As an art connoisseur he was involved in the purchase of many pictures,

formerly the Duke of Mantua's, some of which are still in the royal collection. His three visits to Italy between 1625 and 1628 connected with this enterprise, brought him into contact with the latest musical developments there. Lanier was an innovator of English song, writing declamatory song and the first English recitative: *Hero and Leander*, inspired by laments by Claudio Monteverdi and Sigismondo d'India. He also adopted the Italian ground bass over which a varied vocal line is repeated several times. A good example is *No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers* on a poem by the cavalier poet Thomas Carew.

Henry Lawes was the leading English songwriter in the middle of the 17th century. No less than 433 of his songs have survived. He became a member of the *Chapel Royal* in 1626 and one of Charles I's musicians *for the lutes and voices* in 1631. He must have taken part in many court masques of the 1630's. Although Lawes is mentioned by John Playford as having been teaching Italian vocal technique for many years, French influences, triple-time dance formulas in particular, are also recognizable in his songs.

Lute playing in England had been dominated by French composers since the late 1620's and the most important lutenist at court was the colourful Jacques Gautier, a friend of Lawes, who managed to seduce his royal pupil, Queen Henriëtta Maria by his *thundering way* of playing. Gautier's Courantes were the sort of lute pieces with which Lawes was familiar. Henry Lawes' main source of inspiration came from his intensive contact with the group of cavalier poets at court. The pastoral themes in their poetry often reflect real events, as in Henry Hughes' *Amintor's welladay*, probably on the Queen's departure for the continent, either to raise money for Charles in 1642 or finally in 1644. *Amarillis by a spring* and *Sleep soft, you cold clay cinders* are very different from the lyric grace one finds in Johnson and Lanier. Lawes uses a style imitating speech, in which rests and rhythm underline the meaning of the verse. I'm not the first one to quote John Milton's famous tribute to Lawes of 1648:

'Harry whose tunefull and well-measur'd song
first taught our English how to span
words with just note and accent, not to scan
with Midas eares, committing short and long'

Lawes' lament for Ariadne is a great example of this. This long monologue exhibits a very different mood from Lanier's *Hero and Leander* which has an obvious Italian feel with its

dramatic exclamations, but has probably been affected by it. Henry Lawes set the long poem by William Cartwright in a more delicate way, carefully following the text and its arguments in a series of connected strophes. The so-called *Epitaph* where at one point Ariadne breaks off in the middle of a sentence: 'Thus then I- But look! O mine eyes' in the original poem is remarkable. Lawes almost supplies the missing word by adding 'f', presumably 'fall'.

The sophisticated world of the cavalier poets and their favourite composer, Henry Lawes, came to an end with the civil war, which led to the execution of Charles I in 1649. The next ten years, the period of Oliver Cromwell's Commonwealth, were devastating for English musical institutions. In 1646 Nicholas Lanier had left England for the Low Countries, 'old, unhappy in a manner of exile...'.

With the Restoration of the monarchy and the coronation of Charles II in 1660, a new generation of musicians, representing a different musical style much influenced by the French tastes of the new king, became prominent.

Pelham Humfrey, who probably studied in France with Jean-Batiste Lully, was one of them. The diarist Samuel Pepys, after a dinner in 1667, called him 'an absolute Monsieur, as full of form and confidence and vanity, and disparages everything and everybody's skill but his own...', a rising star obviously. He composed for the *Chapel Royal*, the *Private Music* and for the theatre.

In 1672 he was appointed *Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal* where he taught the choristers violin, lute and theorbo, his pupils including the young Henry Purcell. Humfrey's solo songs performed here are light, witty and, as in *How severe is forgetful old age*, like dance songs in triple-time. *O love, if even thou'lt ease a heart* is a theatre song from John Crowne's *History of Charles VIII of France* (1671). The declamatory opening of *Cupid once when weary grown* recalls the style of Lawes, although it is followed by a light-hearted triple time section.

Henry Purcell's light songs, like the one in a Scottish vein included here, owe much to Humfrey's style. In sadder mood Purcell is unsurpassed. *If grief has any pow'r* and *Farewell, all joys* are embedded in the sort of melancholy that had been a strong feature of English music and poetry since late Elizabethan and Jacobean times. Endless tears had been shed since then...

For many, Purcell's genius is summed up in his well-known *Music for a while*. This song, on an exciting ground-bass, was written for *Oedipus* (1678) by Nathaniel Lee and John

Dryden. Purcell's music was probably composed for the 1692 revival. By then he must already have been hailed as the *English Orpheus*, as was testified later by his publisher Henry Playford in the foreword to *Orpheus Britannicus* (1698): 'The Author's extraordinary Talents in all sorts of Musick is sufficiently known, but he was especially admir'd for the Vocal, having a peculiar genius to express the Energy of English words, whereby he mov'd the passions of all his Auditors.'

For us, after four CD's of exploring its wealth, he crowns a century of extraordinary song writing.

Fred Jacobs

Mit endlosen Tränen

Es gibt eine allmähliche Zunahme in der Verwendung der Bassliniennotierung, und sie beinhaltet die Einführung des Generalbasses an Stelle der vollständigen Tabulatur als Begleitung für das Lautenlied im Jakobinischen England von nach etwa 1610. Obwohl die Laute weiterhin das bevorzugte Begleitinstrument blieb, konnte sie jetzt auch durch andere Begleitinstrumente, zum Beispiel Theorben, ersetzt werden, abhängig von der Situation. Es ist nicht bekannt, wann die Theorbe erstmals in England verwendet wurde, aber vom bedeutenden Baumeister, Bühnenbildner und Theaterproduzent Inigo Jones wird gesagt, dass er die erste schon vor 1605 von einer Reise nach Italien mitgebracht habe. Die *neue* italienische Vokalmusik kam aus verschiedenen Quellen: Robert Dowland druckte Caccini's *Amarilli* in seinem *Musical Banquet* im Jahre 1610, und Angelo Notari veröffentlichte seine *Prime Nuove Musiche* (*per cantare con la tiorba...*) 1613 in London. Ihr deklamatorischer Stil wurde insbesondere beliebt im Zusammenhang mit Jones' *Masque*: einer extravaganten Kunstform als Stuart-Propaganda, welche grandiose Bühnentänze und 'opernartiges' Singen, oftmals von einem Ensemble von Zupfinstrumenten begleitet, miteinander kombinierte.

‘Neue Jahre erwarten neue Gaben: Schwester, deine Harfe
Laute, Lyra, Theorbe, alle sind sie heut gerufen ...’

mit den Worten des Bühnendichters Ben Jonson, der mit Indigo Jones bei der Produktion der *Masques* zusammenarbeitete.

Robert Johnson war einer der ersten Komponisten, welcher den deklamatorischen Typ der Ayre mit nur einer Generalbasslinie schrieb. Neben seinen Pflichten am Hofe, wo er 1604 zum Lautenisten ernannt wurde, schrieb er für das Theater. Ab 1611 war er an mehreren Masque-Inszenierungen beteiligt, für die er so manche köstliche Tanzmusik schrieb. Vier Almains für Laute solo sind hier aufgenommen. Die letzte, bekannt als die *The Prince's Almain*, wurde später von William Brade für seine fünfstimmige Sammlung von vorwiegend englischer Tanzmusik (Hamburg, 1617) arrangiert.

Der vielseitige Nicholas Lanier wurde 1616 Lautenist bei *The King's Musick*, aber er hatte 1613 schon Vokalmusik für eine Masque von Thomas Campion komponiert, in der er ebenfalls sang. Er schrieb Musik zu mehreren Masques von Ben Jonson und arbeitete auch mit Robert Johnson zusammen. Bei der Thronbesteigung Charles' I. wurde er zum ersten *Master of the King's Musick* ernannt. Als Kunstskenner war er am Erwerb vieler Gemälde beteiligt, die vorher dem Herzog von Mantua gehört hatten und von denen sich einige noch in der königlichen Sammlung befinden. Seine drei Reisen nach Italien zwischen 1625 und 1628 im Zusammenhang mit diesem Unterfangen brachten ihn in Verbindung mit den jüngsten musikalischen Entwicklungen dort. Lanier war ein Erneuerer des englischen Liedes, indem er deklamatorische Lieder und das erste englische Rezitativ schrieb: *Hero and Leander*, inspiriert durch Klagelieder von Claudio Monteverdi und Sigismondo d'India. Er übernahm auch den italienischen Basso ostinato, über den eine veränderte Melodie mehrfach wiederholt wird. Ein gutes Beispiel ist *No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers* über ein Gedicht des Kavalierdichters Thomas Carew.

Henry Lawes war der führende englische Liederkomponist in der Mitte des 17. Jahrhunderts. Nicht weniger als 433 seiner Lieder blieben erhalten. 1626 wurde er Mitglied der *Chapel Royal* und 1631 einer der Musiker *for the lutes and voices* Charles' I. Er muss sich an vielen der Hof-Masques der 1630er Jahre beteiligt haben. Obwohl John Playford erwähnt, dass Lawes viele Jahre lang italienische Gesangstechnik lehrte, sind in seinen Liedern auch französische Einflüsse, insbesondere Tanzformen im Dreiertakt, zu erkennen.

Im Lautenspiel Englands hatten seit dem Ende der 1620 Jahre französische Komponisten dominiert, und der bedeutendste Lautenspieler am Hofe war der schillernde Jacques Gautier, ein Freund von Lawes, dem es gelang, seine königliche Schülerin, die Queen Henrietta Maria, durch seine *überwältigende* Art des Spielens zu verführen. Gautier's Courantes waren die Art von Lautenstücken, mit denen Lawes vertraut war.

Henry Lawes' Hauptquelle der Inspiration war sein intensiver Kontakt zur Gruppe der Kavalierpoeten am Hof. Die pastoralen Themen in ihrer Dichtung geben oftmals wirkliche Ereignisse wieder, wie in Henry Hughes' *Amintor's welladay*, vielleicht gelegentlich der Abreise der Königin zum Kontinent, entweder um Geld für Charles zu beschaffen im Jahre 1642 oder schließlich 1644. *Amarillis by a spring* und *Sleep soft, you cold clay cinders* unterscheiden sich sehr von der lyrischen Anmut, die sich bei Johnson und Lanier findet. Lawes verwendet einen Stil imitierenden Vortrag, in dem Pausen und Rhythmen die Bedeutung der Verse unterstreichen. Ich bin nicht der erste, der John Miltons berühmten Beitrag zu Lawes von 1648 zitiert:

‘Harry, dessen melodisch und wohlgestaltet Lied
erst lehrte unsere Engländer, wie zu betonen
die Wörter mit Note und Akzent nur, nicht zu horchen
mit Midas Ohren, gefährdend kurz und lang’

Lawes Klagelied um Ariadne ist ein gutes Beispiel dessen. Dieser lange Monolog demonstriert eine ganz andere Stimmung als Laniers *Hero and Leander*, das mit seinen dramatischen Aufschreien ein deutlich italienisches Mitgefühl zeigt, aber vielleicht wurde er davon beeinflusst. Henry Lawes vertonte das lange Gedicht von William Cartwright in einer sehr feinfühligten Weise, wobei er sorgfältig dem Text und seinen Ausführungen in einer Reihe miteinander verbundenen Strophen folgte. Der sogenannte *Epitaph*, in dem Ariadne an einer Stelle in der Mitte des Satzes: ‘Nun denn, ich – Aber sieh! Oh meine Augen’ im ursprünglichen Gedicht abbricht, ist bemerkenswert. Lawes trägt das fehlende Wort fast bei, in dem er ‘f’ hinzufügt, vermutlich für ‘falle’.

Die anspruchsvolle Welt der Kavalierpoeten und ihres bevorzugten Komponisten, Henry Lawes, endete mit dem Bürgerkrieg, der 1649 zur Hinrichtung von Charles I. führte. Die nächsten zehn Jahre, die Zeit von Oliver Cromwells Commonwealth, waren für die musikalischen Gesellschaften Englands verheerend. Im Jahre 1646 war Nicholas Lanier von England in die Niederlande gezogen, ‘alt, unglücklich in einer Art des Exils...’.

Mit der Wiedereinführung der Monarchie und der Krönung Charles' II. im Jahre 1660 wurde eine neue Generation von Musikern führend, die einen ganz anderen musikalischen Stil verwendete, der weitgehend vom französischen Geschmack des neuen Königs beeinflusst war.

Pelham Humfrey, der möglicherweise in Frankreich bei Jean-Batiste Lully studierte, war einer von ihnen. Der durch sein Tagebuch bekannte Samuel Pepys bezeichnete ihn nach einem Essen im Jahre 1667 als 'einen perfekten Monsieur, ebenso vollendet in der Form und im Selbstvertrauen wie im Stolz, und er schaut auf alles und jedermanns Erfahrung herab, außer seiner eigenen...', offenbar ein aufgehender Stern. Er komponierte für die *Chapel Royal*, die *Private Music* und fürs Theater.

Im Jahre 1672 wurde er zum *Master of the Children of the Chapel Royal* ernannt, wo er die Chorknaben im Spiel der Violine, der Laute und der Theorbe unterrichtete, und zu seinen Schülern gehörte auch der junge Henry Purcell. Humfreys hier gebotene Sologesänge sind locker, geistvoll und, wie in *How severe is forgetful old age*, gleich Tanzliedern im Tripeltakt. *O love, if even thou'lt ease a heart* ist ein Bühnenlied aus John Crownes *History of Charles VIII of France* (1671). Der deklamatorische Beginn von *Cupid once when weary grown* erinnert an den Stil von Lawes, wenngleich darauf ein lockerer Abschnitt im Tripeltakt folgt.

Henry Purcells leichte Lieder, wie das im schottischen Stil, haben Humfreys Stil viel zu verdanken. In bedrückter Laune ist Purcell unübertroffen. *If grief has any pow'r* und *Farewell, all joys* sind in der Art von Melancholie verankert, welche seit dem Ende der Elisabethanischen und der Jakobinischen Zeit ein herausragendes Merkmal englischer Musik und Dichtung war. Endlose Tränen sind seitdem geflossen....

Vielen erscheint Purcells Genius in seinem bekannten *Music for a while* zusammengefasst. Dieses Lied über einen anregenden Grundbass komponierte er für *Oedipus* (1678) von Nathaniel Lee und John Dryden. Purcells Musik war vielleicht für die Wiederaufführung von 1692 komponiert worden. Bis dahin muss er schon als der *English Orpheus* umjubelt gewesen sein, wie später von seinem Verleger Henry Playford im Vorwort zu *Orpheus Britannicus* (1698) bestätigt: 'Die außergewöhnliche Begabung des Autors für alle Arten der Musik ist hinlänglich bekannt, aber er wurde insbesondere seiner Gesangswerke wegen bewundert, indem er ein besonderes Talent zeigte, die Kraft der englischen Worte zum Ausdruck zu bringen, mit denen er die Leidenschaft aller seiner Hörer erregte.'

Für uns, nachdem wir vier CD's mit Liedern aus dieser Zeit aufgenommen haben, ist er die Krönung eines Jahrhunderts aussergewöhnlicher Liedkompositionen.

Fred Jacobs

Übersetzung: Erwin Peters

Avec des larmes intarissables

Après 1610 environ, on nota en Angleterre jacobéenne une intensification graduelle de l'usage de la notation sur la ligne de basse dans le domaine des chants accompagnés au luth, impliquant une réalisation de la basse continue. Si le luth resta l'instrument d'accompagnement de prédilection, d'autres instruments, comme le théorbe par exemple, purent alors le remplacer selon les circonstances. Nul ne sait exactement quand le théorbe fut utilisé pour la première fois en Angleterre. Inigo Jones, grand architecte, décorateur de théâtre et producteur de masques, fut toutefois mentionné comme étant le premier à en avoir rapporté un avant 1605 d'un voyage en Italie. La nouvelle musique italienne vocale provint de diverses sources: Robert Dowland imprima l'*Amarilli* de Caccini dans son *Musical Banquet* en 1610 et Angelo Notari publia sa *Prime Nuove Musiche (per cantare con la tiorba...)* à Londres en 1613. Le style déclamatoire de cette musique italienne devint particulièrement populaire dans le contexte des masques de Jones: il s'agissait d'une forme artistique extravagante faisant la propagande des Stuart, associant les effets grandioses du théâtre, la danse et le chant 'd'opéra', le tout étant souvent accompagné par un ensemble d'instruments à cordes pincées.

'Les années nouvelles attendent de nouveaux dons: ma sœur, votre harpe, luth, lyre, théorbe, sont tous appelés aujourd'hui...'

Ces lignes reprennent les mots de Ben Jonsons, dramaturge qui travailla avec Indigo Jones sur la production d'un certain nombre de masques.

Robert Johnson fut l'un des premiers compositeurs à écrire un type d'ayre déclamé comprenant juste une ligne de basse continue. Parallèlement à ses obligations à la cour, où il fut engagé comme luthiste en 1604, il composa pour le théâtre. À partir de 1611, il fut impliqué dans diverses productions de masque pour lesquelles il fournit quelques délicieuses pages de musique de danse. Quatre Almans pour luth solo ont été incluses ici. La dernière, connue sous le titre de *Prince's Alman* fut arrangée plus tard par William Brade pour son recueil de pièces à cinq parties, comprenant principalement de la musique anglaise de danse (Hambourg, 1617).

Nicholas Lanier, personnage aux talents variés, devint luthiste de la *King's Musick* en 1616. En 1613, il avait cependant déjà écrit de la musique vocale pour un masque de

Thomas Campion, dans lequel il apparut également comme chanteur. Il composa de la musique pour différents masques produits par Ben Jonson et collabora avec Robert Johnson. À l'avènement de Charles I^{er}, il fut nommé premier *Master of the King's Musick*. Connaisseur d'art, il fut impliqué dans l'achat de nombreux tableaux ayant appartenu au Duc de Mantoue – et dont certains font encore partie de la collection royale. Lors des trois voyages qu'il fit dans le cadre de cette mission en Italie entre 1625 et 1628, il put se faire une idée des derniers développements musicaux auxquels assista ce pays. Lanier fut un innovateur dans le domaine du chant anglais. Il composa des chants déclamés et les premiers récitatifs en Anglais. Son *Hero and Leander* fut inspiré par les lamentations de Claudio Monteverdi et de Sigismondo d'India. Il adopta également le principe de la basse obstinée italienne, basse reprise plusieurs fois au-dessous d'une ligne vocale variée. *No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers*, composé sur un poème du poète cavalier Thomas Carew, en est un bon exemple.

Henry Lawes fut le principal compositeur anglais de chants accompagnés au luth du milieu du 17^{ème} siècle – pas moins de 433 de ses chants furent conservés. Il fut nommé membre de la *Chapel Royal* en 1626 et devint en 1631 l'un des musiciens *pour les luths et les voix* de Charles I^{er}. Il participa probablement aux nombreux masques donnés à la cour dans les années 1630. Bien que John Playford mentionnât que Lawes enseigna la technique vocale italienne pendant de longues années, on retrouve également des traces d'influences françaises dans ses œuvres, et notamment des formules de danses à trois temps.

En Angleterre, à partir de la fin des années 1620, le jeu du luth fut dominé par les compositeurs français. Le luthiste le plus important à la cour était Jacques Gautier, personnage haut en couleurs, ami de Lawes, qui parvint à séduire son élève royale, la Reine Henriëtte Maria par son *jeu phénoménal*. Les Courantes de Gautier faisaient partie des pièces pour luth qui étaient familières à Lawes. La source principale d'inspiration de Henry Lawes provint de ses contacts intensifs à la cour avec le groupe des poètes cavaliers. Dans leur poésie, les thèmes pastoraux étaient souvent le reflet d'événements réels, comme dans *Aminitor's welladay* que Henry Hughes écrit probablement suite au départ de la reine pour le continent, afin d'obtenir de l'argent pour Charles en 1642 ou 1644. *Amarillis by a spring* and *Sleep soft, you cold clay cinders* diffère fortement de l'élégance lyrique que l'on trouve chez Johnson et Lanier. Lawes utilisa un style imitant la parole, dans lequel le silence et le rythme soulignent le sens du vers. Je ne suis pas le premier à

citer le célèbre hommage que John Milton fit à Lawes en 1648:

‘Harry dont le chant mélodieux et bien mesuré
enseigna le premier à nos Anglais comment construire
les mots avec la note et l’accent justes, à ne pas écouter
avec les oreilles de Midas, confondant les brèves et les longues’

La lamentation d’Ariane de Lawes en est un très bon exemple. Si ce long monologue est d’un style très différent de celui utilisé par Lanier dans son *Hero and Leander*, clairement imprégné par la manière italienne et ses exclamations dramatiques, il fut toutefois probablement inspiré par lui. Henry Lawes mit en musique le long poème de William Cartwright de manière plus délicate, suivant soigneusement le texte et ses arguments dans une série de strophes reliées entre elles. Ce qu’on appelle l’*Epitaph* dans le poème original, lorsque à un certain moment Ariane s’arrête brusquement au milieu de sa phrase: ‘Thus then I- But look! O mine eyes’, est remarquable. Lawes remplaça presque le mot manquant en ajoutant un ‘f’, vraisemblablement pour ‘fall’.

Le monde sophistiqué des poètes cavaliers et leur compositeur favori, Henry Lawes, parvint à son terme avec la guerre civile qui conduisit à l’exécution de Charles Ier en 1649. Les dix années suivantes, période du Commonwealth d’Oliver Cromwell, furent dévastatrices pour les institutions musicales anglaises. En 1646, Nicholas Lanier quitta l’Angleterre pour les Pays-Bas, ‘vieux, malheureux, comme dans une sorte d’exil...’.

Avec la restauration de la monarchie et le couronnement de Charles II en 1660, une nouvelle génération de musiciens devint prépondérante, représentant un style musical différent, très influencé par les goûts français du nouveau roi.

Pelham Humfrey, qui fit probablement ses études en France auprès de Jean-Baptiste Lully, fut l’un d’entre eux. Le chroniqueur Samuel Pepys, après un dîner en 1667, le qualifia de ‘Monsieur absolu, pétri de formes, de confiance et de vanité, décrivant tout et l’adresse de chacun sauf la sienne...’. C’était visiblement une étoile montante. Il composa pour la *Chapel Royal*, la *Private Music* et le théâtre.

En 1672, il fut nommé *Master des Children of the Chapel Royal* où il enseigna aux choristes le violon, le luth et le théorbe. Parmi ses élèves se trouvait le jeune Henry Purcell. Les chants pour voix seule de Humfrey exécutés ici sont légers, pleins d’esprit et ressemblent, comme dans *How severe is forgetful old age*, à des chants dansés à trois temps.

O love, if even thou'lt ease a heart est un chant extrait de l'*History of Charles VIII of France* (1671) de John Crowne. L'ouverture déclamatoire de *Cupid once when weary grown*, bien que suivie par une section enjouée à trois temps, rappelle le style de Lawes.

Les chansons légères de Purcell, comme celle de style écossais choisie ici, doivent beaucoup au style de Humfrey. Dans l'expression de la tristesse, Purcell resta insurpassé. *If grief has any pow'r* et *Farewell, all joys* sont noyés dans une sorte de mélancolie qui constitue un trait fortement caractéristique de la musique et de la poésie anglaise depuis la fin des périodes élisabéthaine et jacobéenne. Depuis cette époque, se répandent des larmes intarissables...

Pour un grand nombre, tout le génie de Purcell est résumé dans son célèbre *Music for a while*. Ce chant, composé sur une magnifique basse obstinée, fut écrit pour l'*Oedipus* (1678) de Nathaniel Lee et John Dryden. La musique de Purcell fut probablement composée pour la reprise de l'œuvre en 1692. Dès lors, ce dernier fut salué comme un *Orphée anglais*, comme le certifia plus tard son éditeur John Playford dans la préface de son *Orpheus Brittannicus* (1698): 'Les Talents extraordinaires de l'auteur dans toutes sortes de musiques sont suffisamment connus. Il a cependant été particulièrement admiré dans le genre vocal, ayant un génie singulier à exprimer l'énergie des mots anglais, au moyen duquel il ébranle les passions de tous ses auditeurs.'

Après quatre disques compacts, au terme de l'exploration de la richesse de ce répertoire constitué par les chants accompagnés au luth et au théorbe, il couronne pour nous un siècle d'écriture extraordinaire pour cet effectif.

Fred Jacobs

Traduction: Clémence Comte

Robert Johnson (c.1583-1633)

1 Have you seen but the bright lily grow

Have you seen but the bright lily grow
Before rude hands had touched it
Have you marked but the fall of the snow
Before the soil has smutched it,
Have you felt the wool of beaver,
Or swansdown ever,
Or have smelt of the bud
Of the briar or the nard in the fire,
Or have tasted the bag of the bee,
O so white, o so soft,
O so sweet, so sweet is she.

Do but look on her eyes! They do light
All that love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her hair! It is bright
As love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that sooth her!
And from her arched brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face:
As alone, there triumphs to the life,
All the gain, all the good,
All the gain, all the good of the elements strife.

(from Ben Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*, 1616)

2 Woods, rocks and mountains

Woods, rocks and mountains and ye desert
places
Where nought but bitter cold and hunger
dwells,

Hear a poor maid's last will, killed with disgraces.
Slide softly while I sing, you silver fountains,
And let your hollow waters like sad bells
Ring to my woes whilst miserable I,
Cursing my fortunes, drop a tear and die.

Griefs, woes and groanings, hopes and all such lies
I give to broken hearts that daily weep,
To all poor maids in love, my lost desiring.
Sleep sweetly while I sing my bitter moaning,
And last, my hollow lovers that ne'er keep
Truth in their hearts, whilst miserable I,
Cursing my fortunes, drop a tear and die.

3 With endless tears

With endless tears that never cease
I saw a heart lie bleeding
Whose griefs did more and more increase,
Her pains were so exceeding.
When dying sighs could not prevail
She then would weep amain,
When flowing tears began to fail,
She then would sigh again.

Her sighs like raging winds did blow,
Some grievous storm foretelling,
And tides of tears did overflow
Her cheeks the rose excelling.
Confounding thoughts so filled her breast
She could not more contain,
But cries aloud: 'Hath love no rest,
No joys, but endless pain.'

4 Come hither you that love

Come hither you that love, and hear me sing
Of joys still growing
Green, fresh, and lusty, as the pride of spring,
And ever blowing.
Come hither youths that blush and dare not
know
What is desire,
And old men worse than you, that cannot
blow
One spark of fire.
And with the pow'r of my enchanting song,
Boys shall be able men,
And old, and old men young.

Come hither you that hope, and you that cry,
Leave off complaining,
Youth, strength, and beauty, that shall never
die
Are here remaining.
Come hither fools, and blush, you stay so long
From being blest,
And madmen worse than you, that suffer
wrong,
Yet seek no rest.
And in an hour with my enchanting song,
You shall be ever pleas'd,
And young, and young maids long.
(from Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Captain*, 1612)

5 Come, heavy sleep

Come, heavy sleep, thou image of true death,
And close up these my weary weeping eyes,

Whose spring of tears do stop my vital breath,
And tears my heart with sorrow's sigh-swoll'n
cries.

Come and possess my tired thought-worn soul,
That living, living dies, till thou on me be
stole.

Come, shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
Allied to death, child to his black-faced night:
Come thou and charm these rebels in my
breast,
Whose waking fancies do my mind affright.
O come, sweet sleep; come or I die forever:
Come e'er my last sleep comes, or come never.

Nicholas Lanier (1588-1666)

8 Mark how the blushful morn

Mark how the blushful morn in vain
Courts the am'rous marigold
With sighing blasts and weeping rain,
Yet she refuses to unfold.
But when the planet of the day
Approaches with his pow'rful ray,
Then she spreads, then she receives
His warmer beams into her virgin leaves.

So shalt thou thrive in love, fond boy;
If silent tears, and sighs discover
Thy grief; thou never shall enjoy
The just reward of a bold lover;
But when with moving accent thou

Shalt constant faith, and service vow,
Thy Celia shall receive those charms
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

(Thomas Carew, *Boldness in Love*, 1640)

9 I wish no more

I wish no more thou should'st love me;
My joys are full in loving thee;
My heart's too narrow to contain
My bliss if thou should'st love again.

Thy scorn may wound me, but my fate
Leads me to love, and thee to hate;
Yet I must love while I have breath,
For not to love were worse than death.

Then shall I sue for scorn or grace,
A lingering life, or death's embrace;
Since one of these I needs must try,
Love me but once, and let me die.

Such mercy more thy fame shall raise,
Than cruel life can yield thee praise;
It shall be counted who so dies,
No murder, but a sacrifice.

10 No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers

No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers,
Nor sweetness dwell in rosy bow'rs;
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing;
Nor April violets paint the grove,
If I forsake my Celia's love.

The fish shall in the ocean burn,
And fountains sweet shall bitter turn;
The humble vale no floods shall know,
When floods shall highest hill o'erflow;
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave,
If e'er my Celia I deceive.

Love shall his bow and shafts lay by,
And Venus' doves want wings to fly;
The sun refuse to show his light,
And day shall then be turned to night;
And in that night no star appear,
If once I leave my Celia dear.

Love shall no more inhabit earth,
Nor lovers more shall love for worth;
Nor joy above in heaven dwell,
Nor pain torment poor souls in hell;
Grim death no more shall horrid prove,
If e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

(Thomas Carew, *The Protestation*: a sonnet)

Henry Lawes (1596–1662)

13 Amarillis by a spring

Amarillis by a spring's,
Soft and soul-melting murmurings,
Slept, unto whom a red-breast fled,
Who simply thinking she was dead,
To bury her brought spearmint fine
And leaves of finest eglantine.
When placing them, he saw her stir,

At which, afraid, he flew from her
Unto a myrtle growing by,
Whence, marking from her either eye
A thousand flames of love to fly,
Poor robin red-breast then drew nigh
And seeing her not dead, but all disleaved,
He chirped for joy to see himself deceived.

(adapted from a poem by Robert Herrick)

14 *Amintor's welladay*

Chloris, now thou art fled away,
Amintor's sheep are gone astray;
And all the joy he took to see
His pretty lambs run after thee,
Is gone, is gone, and he alone,
Sings nothing now but welladay.

His oaten pipe that in thy praise
Was wont to play such rondelays,
Is thrown away, and not a swain
Dares pipe, or sing, within his plain;
't Is death for any now to say
one word to him but welladay.

The maypole where thy little feet
So roundly did in measures meet,
Is broken down, and no content
Comes near *Amintor* since you went.
All that I ever heard him say
Was *Chloris, Chloris*, welladay.

Upon those banks you used to tread
He ever since hath laid his head,

And whisper'd there such pining woe,
As not a blade of grass will grow;
O *Chloris! Chloris!* Come away,
And hear *Amintor's* welladay.

(Henry Hughes, *Upon the Queen's Departure*)

15 *Sleep soft, you cold clay cinders*

Sleep soft, you cold clay cinders that late clad
So fair, the fairest soul the vast earth had:
In thought (aye me) of you I inly feel
A numb ice (through each failing art'ry) steal
Like a death's sleep, welcome as ease to pains,
Water to thirst, freedom to who remains
Hasp'd in strict irons, here still let me mourn,
Till I (like Niobe) to stiff marble turn,
Or falling, melt away in this sad dream
(Cyane-like) into a silver stream.

16 *Chloris dead, lamented by Amintor*

Mourn, mourn with me, all true enamoured
hearts,
And shepherds throw your pipes away;
Cupid go burn thy arrows and thy darts,
Let night forever smother day:
For Chloris our bright sun is dead
And with her all our joys are fled.

Love is with grief congealed into a stone,
And o'er my *Chloris'* grave she lies;
Where round about the Graces sit and moan,
Neglecting other deities;
The valleys where her flocks she fed
Are drowned with tears since she is fled.

Then follow me, where comfort never shined,
Down, down into some darker cell;
There see Amintor weep, till he grow blind
And comfortless forever dwell:

The Gods I fear will soon repent
This universal punishment.

(Henry Hughes)

19 Ariadne's Lament

Theseus! Oh Theseus! Hark! But yet in vain
Alas, forsaken I complain.
It was some neighb'ring rock more soft than he
Whose hollow bowels pitied me,
And beating back that false and cruel name,
Did comfort and revenge my flame.
Then, faithless, whither wilt thou fly?
Stones dare not harbour cruelty!

Tell me, ye gods, who e'er ye are,
Why, oh why made you him so fair?
And tell me, wretch, why thou
Mad'st not thyself more true.
Beauty from him might copies take
And more majestic heroes make,
And falsehood learn a wile
From him too to beguile!
Restore my clue;
'Tis here most due,
For 'tis a lab'rinth of more subtle art
To have so fair a face, so foul a heart!

The rav'nous vulture tear his breast,
The rolling stone disturb his rest;

Let him next feel
Ixion's wheel,
And add one fable more
To cursing poet's store,
And then yet rather let him live and twine
His woof of days with some thread stolen from
mine.

But if you'll torture him howe'er,
Torture my heart; you'll find him there.
Till mine eyes drank up his,
And his drank mine,
I ne'er thought souls might kiss
And spirits join.
Pictures, till then,
Took me as much as men,
Nature and art
Moving alike my heart.
But his fair visage made me find
Pleasures and fears,
Hopes, sighs, and tears,
As several seasons of the mind.
Should thine eye, Venus, on his dwell,
Thou wouldst invite him to thy shell,
And caught by that live jet
Venture the second net,
And after all thy dangers, faithless he,
Shouldst thou but slumber, would forsake
e'en thee.

The streams so court the yielding banks
And gliding thence ne'er pay their thanks.
The winds so woo the flowers,
Whispering among fresh bowers,
And having robbed them of their smells,

Fly thence perfumed to other cells.
This is familiar hate, to smile and kill.
Though nothing please thee, yet my ruin will.
 Death! Hover on me then;
 Waves, let your crystal womb
 Be both my fate and tomb.
I'll sooner trust the sea than men.

Yet for revenge to heav'n I'll call
And breathe one curse before I fall:
Proud of two conquests, minotaur and me.
That by my faith, this by thy perjury,
May'st thou forget to wing thy ships with white
That the black sails may to the longing sight
Of thy gray father tell thy fate and he
Bequeath that sea his name, falling like me.
Nature and love thus brand thee, whilst I die
'Cause thou forsak'st, Aegeus 'cause thou
drawest nigh.

And ye, oh nymphs below who sit,
In whose swift floods his vows he writ,
Snatch a sharp diamond from your richer mines
And 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 looks that caused my destiny!

(Her Epitaph)

In Thetys' arms I, Ariadne, sleep,
Drowned first in mine own tears, then in the
deep:

Twice banished, first by love and then by hate,
The life that I preserved became my fate,
Who leaving all, was by him left alone,
That from a monster freed, himself proved
one.

Thus then I f[all]...But look! 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 noise
Do mad their lusty joys.
Roses his forehead crown,
And that recrowns the flow'rs
Where he walks up and down,
He makes the desert bow'rs,
The ivy, and the grape
Hide, not adorn his shape,
And green leaves clothe his waving rod,
'Tis he, 'tis either Theseus, or some god.

(William Cartwright)

Pelham Humfrey (1647-1674)

22 Cupid once, when weary grown
Cupid once, when weary grown
With women's errands, laid him down
On a refreshing rosy bed;
The same sweet covert harboured
A bee; and as she always had

A quarrel with Love's idle lad,
Stings the soft boy; pains and strong fears
Straight melt him into cries and tears:
As wings and feet would let each other,
Home he hastens to his mother;
There on her knees he hangs his head,
And cries, Oh, mother! I am dead:
An ugly creature, called a bee;
Oh, see it swell! has murdered me.

Venus with smiles replied, Oh, sir!
Does a bee's sting make all this stir?
Think what pains attend those darts
Wherewith thou still art wounding hearts;
E'en let it smart, perchance that then,
Thou'lt learn more pity towards men.

23 Oh! That I had but a fine man

Oh! That I had but a fine man,
A sweet man, a dainty man,
And a spicy one,

For now I lie by myself all alone,
And the cold sweat comes me upon,
And alack, for my love I die!
And if I die, why then I die.

Daughter, why should'st thou desire for to
wed,
And hast neither pot nor pan?

Oh mother, take you no care for that,
So I may but have a man;

A sweet man, a fine man, a dainty man,
A delicate man, and a spicy one.

For now I lie by myself all alone etc.

24 O Love, if e're thou'lt ease a heart

O Love! If e're thou'lt ease a heart
That owns thy pow'r divine,
And bleeds with thy too cruel dart,
And pants with never ceasing smart;
Take pity now on mine.
Under thy shades I fainting lie;
A thousand times I wish to die;
But when I find cold death too nigh,
I grieve to lose my pleasing pain ,
And call my wishes back again.

But thus, as I sat all alone
In shady myrtle grove,
When to each gentle sigh and moan,
Some neighb'ring echo gave a groan,
Came by the man I loved;
Oh, how I strove my grief to hide!
I panted, blushed, and almost died,
And did each tattling echo chide,
For fear some breath of moving air
Should to his ears my sorrows bear.

And, oh ye pow'rs! I'd die to gain
But one poor parting kiss;
And yet I'll suffer wracks of pain,
E're I'd one thought or wish retain
That honour thinks amiss:

Thus are poor maids unkindly used,
By love and nature both abused;
Our tender hearts all ease refused:
And when we burn with secret flame,
Must bear the grief, or die with shame.

(John Crowne, from *The History of Charles VIII of France*)

25 How severe is forgetful old age

How severe is forgetful old age,
To confine a poor lover so!
That I almost despair to see even the air;
Much more my dear Damon, hey ho!

Though I whisper my sighs out alone,
I am trac'd wheresoever I go;
That some treacherous tree
Hides this old man from me;
And there he counts ev'ry Hey ho! hey ho!

How shall I this Argus blind?
And so put an end to my woe;
For whilst I beguile
His frowns with a smile;
I betray myself with a Hey ho!

My restraint, then alas! must endure,
So that, since my sad doom I know:
I'll pine for my love
Like the turtle-dove;
And breathe out my life in Hey ho! hey ho!

Henry Purcell (1659?–1695)

26 If grief has any pow'r

If grief has any pow'r to kill,
I have received my doom;
The tyrant has declar'd his will,
My time's not long to come;
So close he has besieged my heart,
No moment's ease I find,
In vain I struggle with the dart
That galls my tortured mind.

Nor do I beg for a reprieve,
I'm not so fond to live;
Nor will I any longer grieve,
Will you one smile but give.
Your mercy then should to my heart
An easy death convey,
I'd then defy the pow'r of smart,
And melt in joys away.

27 When first Amintas sued for a kiss (to a Scotch tune)

When first Amintas sued for a kiss,
My innocent heart was tender;
That though I pushed him away from the bliss,
My eyes declared my heart was won;
I fain an artful coyness would use
Before I the fort did surrender:
But love would suffer no more such abuse,
And soon alas! My cheat was known.
He'd sit all day, and laugh and play,
A thousand pretty things would say;

My hand he'd squeeze, and press my knees,
'till farther on he got by degrees.

My heart, just like a vessel at sea,
Would toss when Amintas was near me,
But ah! So cunning a pilot was he!
Through doubts and fears he'd still sail on:
I thought in him no danger could be,
So wisely he knew how to steer me;
And soon, alas! was brought to agree,
To taste of joys before unknown.
Well might he boast his pain nor lost,
For soon he found the golden coast;
Enjoy the ore, and touched the shore,
Where never merchant went before.

(Thomas D'Urfey)

28 Music for a while

Music, music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile:
Wond'ring how your pains were eased
And disdaining to be pleased,
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands;
Till the snakes drop from her head
And the whip from out her hand.
Music, music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.

(from *Oedipus*, text: John Dryden)

29 Farewell, all joys!

Farewell, all joys! when he is gone,
That filled each hour with pleasure,

To waves and wind, not half so kind,
I must resign this treasure.
Whilst I with pensive look, and tears,
This cruel absence mourn;
With moving sighs and panting fears,
Court them for his return.

That happy minute, when it comes,
Will satisfaction give;
Though I endure, I'm then most sure
In lasting love to live.
In my Alexis' godlike mind,
None can destroy that bliss;
He must be faithful, true and kind,
And I forever his.

Discography Johannette Zomer & Fred Jacobs



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Recording engineer, editing

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Barbara Villiers as the penitent Magdalen,
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Theorbos: Malcolm Prior, 1986
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Liner notes

Fred Jacobs

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Julia Muller

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Cables

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Fred Jacobs *Lute and Theorbo*

Robert Johnson (1583-1633)

- | | | |
|---|--|------|
| 1 | Have you seen but the bright lily grow | 1.46 |
| 2 | Woods, rocks and mountains | 3.41 |
| 3 | With endless tears | 1.55 |
| 4 | Come hither you that love | 1.40 |
| 5 | Come, heavy sleep | 2.14 |
| 6 | Almain | 1.08 |
| 7 | The Prince's Almain | 1.02 |

Nicholas Lanier (1588-1666)

- | | | |
|----|--|------|
| 8. | Mark how the blushful morn | 1.36 |
| 9 | I wish no more | 1.10 |
| 10 | No more shall meads be deck'd with flowers | 3.00 |

Robert Johnson

- | | | |
|----|--------|------|
| 11 | Almain | 1.09 |
| 12 | Almain | 2.14 |

Henry Lawes (1596-1662)

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|------|
| 13 | Amarillis by a spring | 1.46 |
| 14 | Amintor's welladay | 2.05 |
| 15 | Sleep soft, you cold clay cinders | 1.54 |
| 16 | Chloris dead, lamented by Amintor | 2.09 |

Jacques Gautier (late 16th c. - before 1660)

- | | | |
|----|----------|------|
| 17 | Courante | 1.20 |
| 18 | Volte | 1.15 |

Henry Lawes

- | | | |
|----|------------------|------|
| 19 | Ariadne's Lament | 9.49 |
|----|------------------|------|

Jacques Gautier

- | | | |
|----|----------|------|
| 20 | Courante | 1.35 |
| 21 | Cloches | 1.22 |

Pelham Humfrey (1647-1674)

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------------------|------|
| 22 | Cupid once, when weary grown | 1.59 |
| 23 | Oh! That I had but a fine man | 1.11 |
| 24 | O Love, if e'er thou'lt ease a heart | 3.34 |
| 25 | How severe is forgetful old age | 1.15 |

Henry Purcell (1659?-1695)

- | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|------|
| 26 | If grief has any pow'r | 1.54 |
| 27 | When first Amintas sued for a kiss | 1.38 |
| 28 | Music for a while | 3.56 |
| 29 | Farewell, all joys! | 1.56 |

total time:	65.12
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