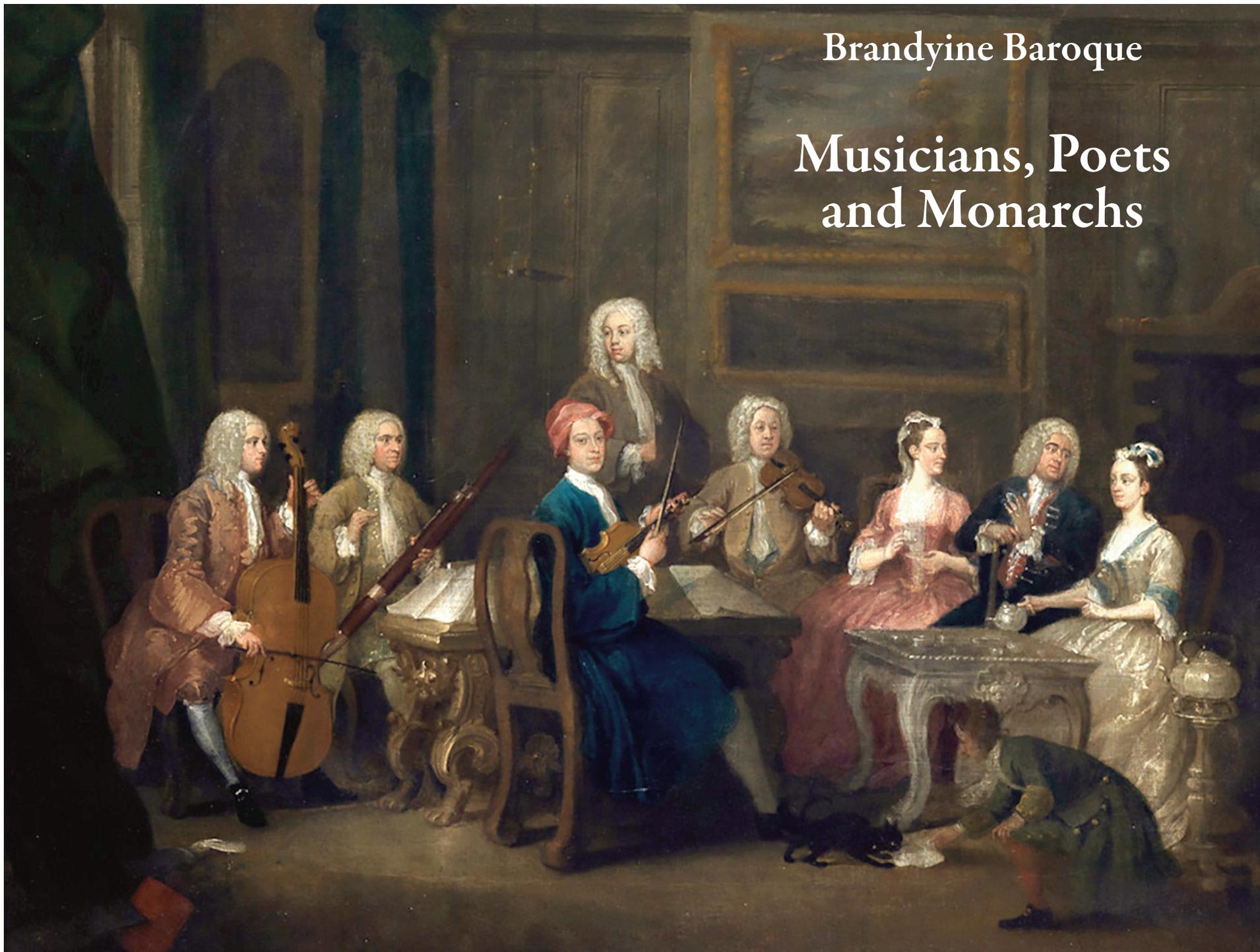


Brandyine Baroque

# Musicians, Poets and Monarchs



*Musicians, Poets and Monarchs*  
17<sup>th</sup> Century English Songs and Play at Home

Almain & Coranto

Alfonso Ferrabosco II  
(c1575-1628)

Weep no more my wearied eyes

Nicolas Lanier  
(1588-1666)

The Lark

Henry Lawes  
(1596-1662)

If love's a sweet passion

She love, and she confesses too

(A Song Upon a Ground)

An Evening Hymn: on a ground

(Now that the sun hath veil'd his light)

Hark, how all things in one sound rejoice!

Henry Purcell

(1659-1695)

Mark how the blushful morn (The Marigold)

Like hermit poor in pensive place obscure

The Fly

Nicolas Lanier  
(1588-1666)

Henry Lawes  
(1596-1662)

Laura Heimes, soprano

John Mark Rozendaal, treble and bass viol

Donna Fournier, bass viol

Karen Flint, harpsichord and organ

Suite #4

Fantazia

Almaine

Galliard

William Lawes  
(1602-1645)

A Fancy in G

Alfonso Ferrabosco I  
(1543-1588)

So, so leave off this last lamenting kiss

Alfonso Ferrabosco II  
(c1575-1628)

No more shall meads be deckt with flow'rs

Nicolas Lanier  
(1588-1666)

Divisions on a Ground in G

Christopher Simpson  
(c1602-6-1669)

**Weep no more my wearied eyes,**  
Leave off your sad lamenting;  
Cease my voice your mournful cries,  
Since she, only she, cruel she  
pleasure takes in my tormenting.  
And my griev'd heart,  
Long time with sighs oppress'd,  
Which endlessly to her I sent  
As messengers of my unrest,  
Now let her know,  
All love to her is spent.

Nicolas Lanier

I carol to the Fairies King,  
Wakes him a-mornings when I sing:  
And when the Sun stoops to the deep,  
Rock him again  
And his fair Queen asleep.

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

Nicolas Lanier

So may'st thou thrive in love, fond boy:  
If silent tears and sighs discover  
Thy grief, thou never shalt enjoy  
The just reward of a bold lover;  
But when the moving accent (thou)  
Shalt constant faith and service vow,  
Thy Celia shall receive those charms,  
With open ears, and with unfolded arms.

Nor blind love, no more shall boast  
Or glory in my tormenting;  
Her disdains my love hath lost,  
For that, only that, only that,  
Bred my too, too late repenting.  
Now, now no more,  
My heart, shall beauty charm  
With rosy cheek or glist'ring eye,  
For in fair looks lies hidden harm,  
And love's too blind  
The danger to espy.

**The Lark**

Swift through the yielding air I glide,  
While night's sable shades abide:  
Yet in my flight (though ne'er so fast)  
I Tune and Time the wilde winds blast:  
And ere the Sun become about,  
Teach the young Lark his lesson out,  
Who early as the day is born  
Sings his shrill Anthem to the rising Moon:  
Let never Mortal lose the pains  
To imitate my airy strains,  
Whose pitch too high for human Ears,  
Was set me by the tuneful Spheres.

Henry Lawes

**Like hermit poor in pensive place obscure,**  
I mean to spend my days in endless doubt,  
To wail such woes as time cannot recure,  
Where none but love shall ever find me out.  
And at my gates despair shall linger still,  
To let death in, when love and fortune will.

Nicolas Lanier

A gown of grey my body shall attire,  
My staff of broken hopes whereon I stay,  
Of late repentence link'd with long desire,  
The couch is fram'd whereon my limbs I'll lay.  
And at my gates despair shall linger still,  
To let death in, when love and fortune will.

### The Fly

When this Fly liv'd, she us'd to play  
In the Sunshine all the day,  
Till coming near my Celia's sight,  
She found a new and unknown light,  
So full of glory as it made  
The Noonday Sun, a gloomy Shade.  
Then this am'rous Fly became my Rivall,  
And did court my flame.  
She did from hand to bosome skip,  
And from her breath, her cheek, her lip,  
Suck't all the incense, Mirrhe and Spice,  
And grew a Bird of Paradise.  
At last into her Eye she flew,  
There scorcht in flames, and drown'd in dew  
Like from the Suns sphere she fell,  
And with her dropt a Tear,  
Of which a Pearl was straight compos'd  
Wherein her Ashes lie inclos'd:  
Thus she receiv'd from Celia's Eye,  
Funeral Flame, Tombe Obsequie.

**So, so leave off, this last lamenting kiss,**      **Alfonso Ferrabosco, II**  
Which sucks two soules, and vapours both away,  
Turne thou ghost that way,  
And let me turne this,  
And let our selves benight our happy day.  
We aske none leave to love,  
Nor will we owe any so cheape  
A death as saying goe,  
Nor will we owe any so cheape  
A death as saying goe.

Goe, goe, and if that worde hath not quite kill'd,  
Ease me with death by bidding me goe to:  
O, if it hath let my word worke on me,  
And a just office on a murderer do.

### Henry Lawes

Except it be too late to kill me so,  
Being double dead, going and bidding goe,  
Except it be too late to kill me so,  
Being double dead, going and bidding goe.

**No more shall meads be deck'd with flow'rs,**      **Nicolas Lanier**  
Nor sweetness live in rosy bow'rs,  
Nor greenest buds on branches spring,  
Nor warbling birds delight to sing,  
Nor April violets paint the grove,  
When once I leave 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 hills o'erflow:  
Black Lethe shall oblivion leave,  
Before 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 turn'd to night;  
And in that night no star appear,  
When e'er 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,  
When e'er I leave bright Celia's love.

**If love's a sweet passion,**      **Henry Purcell**  
Why does it torment?  
If a bitter, Oh tell me,  
Whence comes my content?

Since I suffer with pleasure,  
Why should I complain,  
Or grieve at my fate,  
When I know 'tis in Vain?  
Yet, so pleasing the pain is,  
So soft is the dart,  
That at once it both wounds me  
And tickles my heart.

I press her hand gently,  
Look languishing down,  
And by passionate silence  
I make my love known.  
But Oh! How I'm blest  
When so kind she does prove,  
By some willing mistake  
To discover her love.  
When in striving to hide,  
She reveals all her flame,  
And our eyes tell each other  
What neither dares name.

**She Loves, and she confesses too,**  
There's then at last no more to do;  
The happy Work's entirely done,  
Enter the Town which thou hast won:  
The fruits of Conquest  
Now, now, now begin,  
*I-o*, Triumph, enter in.

What's this, ye Gods!  
What can it be!  
Remains there still an Enemy!  
Bold *Honour* stands up in the Gate,  
And wou'd yet capitulate,  
Have I o'ercome all real Foes,  
And shall this Phantom me oppose?

**Henry Purcell**

Noisy nothing, stalking Shade,  
By what Witchcraft wert thou made,  
Thou empty cause of solid Harms?  
But I shall find out Counter Charms,  
Thy Airy Devilship to remove  
From this Circle here of Love:

Sure I shall rid my self of thee,  
By the Night's obscurity,  
And obscurer secrecy.  
Unlike to ev'ry other Spright,  
Thou attempt'st not Men to affright,  
Nor appear'st, nor appear'st  
But in the Light.

**An Evening Hymn: on a ground.**

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light,  
And bid the world goodnight,  
To the soft bed my body I dispose;  
But where, where shall my soul repose?  
Dear, dear God, even in thy arms,  
Ev'n in thy arms:  
And can there be any so sweet security?  
Can there be any so sweet, so sweet security?  
Then to thy rest, O my soul!  
And singing, praise the mercy  
That prolongs thy days.  
Hallelujah, hallelujah, hallelujah.

**Henry Purcell**

**Hark! Hark! how all things in one sound**

Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!  
And the world seems to have one voice,  
The world seems to have one voice.  
Hark! Hark! How all things in one sound  
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice, rejoice!

**Henry Purcell**

**Karen Flint**, harpsichordist, is the founding artistic director of Brandywine Baroque with concerts held in Wilmington and Rehoboth Beach, Delaware. Ms. Flint established the Dumont Concerts in 2003, a weekend festival of harpsichord recitals. Now called Harpsichord Heaven, the programs are given on her collection of antique instruments in Delaware. She studied harpsichord with Edward Parmentier and Egbert Ennulat and organ with Fenner Douglass and Paul Terry and has degrees from Oberlin Conservatory of Music and The University of Michigan. Ms. Flint is Adjunct Instructor of Harpsichord at the University of Delaware.

**Donna Fournier** plays viola da gamba and baroque cello with *Mélomanie* and *La Bernardinia Baroque Ensemble* and has been a guest artist with such groups as *Opera Lafayette*, *Tempesta di Mare*, *The Chamber Orchestra of Philadelphia* and *The Philadelphia Classical Symphony*. *The Philadelphia Inquirer* acclaimed her solo work as “poised, soulful ... [and] played with particular depth.” Donna has recorded Buxtehude cantatas for PGM, Telemann trio sonatas for the Lyrichord, Boismortier trio sonatas for A Casa Discos, *Jacquet de La Guerre* and Bousset cantatas for Plectra Music, and new music for baroque ensemble for Meyers Music and Furious Artisans.

Praised for her “sparkle and humor, radiance and magnetism” and hailed for “a voice equally velvety up and down the registers”, soprano **Laura Heimes** is widely regarded as an artist of great versatility, with repertoire ranging from the Renaissance to the 21st century. She has collaborated with many of the leading figures in early music and has been heard at the Boston, Berkeley, Connecticut and Indianapolis Early Music Festivals. In addition, Ms. Heimes has performed at the Oregon and Philadelphia Bach Festivals under the baton of Helmuth Rilling, the Carmel Bach Festival under Bruno Weil and Paul Goodwin, and in Rio de Janeiro and Sao Paulo, Brazil. With the Philadelphia Orchestra she appeared as Mrs. Nordstrom in Stephen Sondheim’s *A Little Night Music*. She made her Carnegie Hall debut in Handel’s *Messiah* and in December 2011 she appeared in the acclaimed staged production of the same work

with the Pittsburgh Symphony under Maestro Honeck. Ms. Heimes has recorded for Dorian, Pro Gloria Musicae, Plectra Music, Sonabilis, Albany, Avian and Zefiro records. For more information visit [www.lauraheimes.com](http://www.lauraheimes.com).

**John Mark Rozendaal**, cello, specializes in teaching and performing stringed instrument music from the baroque and renaissance eras. As founding Artistic Director of Chicago Baroque Ensemble, he performed and led seven seasons of subscription concerts, educational programs, radio broadcasts, and recordings for the Cedille and Centaur labels. Mr. Rozendaal served as principal violoncellist of *The City Musick* and *Basically Bach*, and has performed both solo and continuo roles with many period instrument ensembles, including the *Newberry Consort*, *Orpheus Band*, and the *King’s Noyse*, *Boston Early Music Festival Orchestra*, the *Catacoustic Consort*, *Philomel*, *Parthenia*, *The New York Consort of Viols*, *Empire Viols*, and the *Kansas City Chorale*. He is a member of *Trio Settecento* with violinist, Rachel Barton Pine and harpsichordist, David Schrader, and the consort, *LeStrange Viols*.