

For the convenience of concertgoers
the Garden Café remains open until 6:00 pm.

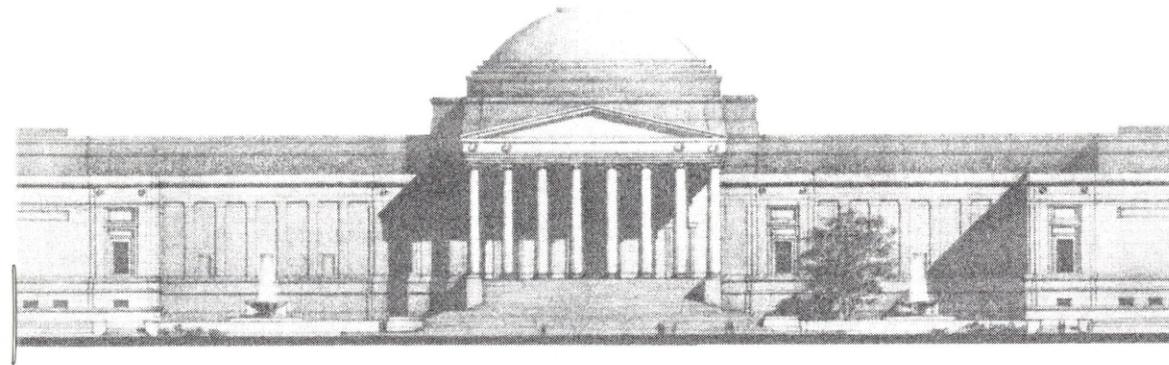
The use of cameras or recording equipment during the
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pagers, and other electronic devices are turned off.

Please note that late entry or reentry of
the West Building after 6:30 pm is not permitted.

Music Department
National Gallery of Art
Sixth Street and Constitution Avenue NW
Washington, DC

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Landover, MD 20785

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The Sixty-eighth Season of
The William Nelson Cromwell and F. Lammot Belin
Concerts

National Gallery of Art
2,742nd Concert

Emma Kirkby, *soprano*
Jakob Lindberg, *lutenist*

October 25, 2009
Sunday Evening, 6:30 pm
West Building, West Garden Court

Admission free

Program

Orpheus in England — Dowland and Purcell
Celebrating the 350th anniversary of Purcell's birth

John Dowland (1563–1626)

Come heavy sleep

Shall I strive with words to move?

A shepherd in a shade

By a fountain where I lay

Away with these self-loving lads

Lachrimae

Earl of Essex' galliard

Come ye heavy states of night

Farewell unkind, farewell

Prelude

Fantasia

Toss not my soul

In darkness let me dwell

INTERMISSION

Henry Purcell (1659–1695)

She loves and she confesses too

They tell us that you mighty pow'rs above

Sweeter than roses

*What a sad fate is mine
Bess of bedlam*

*Six Short Pieces for Lute
(arranged by Jakob Lindberg)*

*Cebell
Ritornell "The Grove"
A New Irish Measure
A New Ground
Hornpipe
A New Scottish Measure*

*Fly swift ye hours
Music for a while*

The Musicians

EMMA KIRKBY

As a classics student at Oxford and then a schoolteacher, Emma Kirkby sang for pleasure in choirs and small groups, always feeling most at home in Renaissance and baroque repertoire. In 1971 she joined the Taverner Choir and two years later began her long association with the Consort of Musicke. At a time when most university-trained sopranos were not seeking a sound appropriate for early instruments, she had to find her own approach. She credits London soprano Jessica Cash with helping her find her niche and move into a career as a professional singer, along with the directors, fellow singers, and instrumentalists with whom she has worked over the years.

Kirkby has built long-term relationships with several chamber groups and orchestras, including the Armonico Consort, Florilegium, the Freiburger Barockorchester, Fretwork, London Baroque, l'Orfeo (of Linz, Austria), the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, and the Purcell Quartet. Kirkby has made well over a hundred recordings, from sequences of Hildegard von Bingen and madrigals of the Italian and English Renaissance to cantatas and oratorios of the baroque and works of Mozart, Haydn, and Johann Christian Bach. Since 2000 she has collaborated with the Swedish record company BIS, and has recorded numerous CDs, including Handel motets and cantatas, Christmas pieces, and music of Couperin with London Baroque, lute songs with Anthony Rooley and Jakob Lindberg, and songs by Amy Beach. This year BIS issued a compilation entitled "The Artistry of Emma Kirkby," featuring highlights from her complete recordings with the company. Despite all the recording activity, Kirkby still prefers live concerts—especially the pleasure of repeating programs with colleagues. Even in those repeat performances, she finds an opportunity to create something new from her wide-ranging repertoire.

In 1999 Kirkby was voted Artist of the Year by Classic FM Radio listeners. In November 2000 she received the Order of the British Empire, and in November of 2007 she was appointed a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire. In June 2008 she returned to her alma mater, Oxford Univer-

sity, to receive an honorary doctorate of music. She appears at the National Gallery by arrangement with Schwalbe and Partners of New York City.

JAKOB LINDBERG

Jakob Lindberg was born in Djursholm, Sweden, where as a youth he developed his first passionate interest in music through the Beatles. He started to play guitar and soon became interested in the classical repertoire. At age fourteen he began his studies with Jörgen Rörby, who also gave him his first lesson on the lute. After reading music at Stockholm University, he went to London to study at the Royal College of Music. Here he further developed his knowledge of the lute repertoire under the guidance of Diana Poulton and concentrated on Renaissance and baroque music. Through his live solo performances, Lindberg has become known as one of the finest lutenists in the world today, and he has given recitals in many parts of Europe as well as in Australia, Canada, China, Japan, Korea, Mexico, Russia, and the United States. He also teaches at the Royal College of Music in London, where he succeeded Poulton as professor of lute in 1979.

Lindberg has made numerous recordings for BIS, many of which are pioneering in that they present first recordings of a wide range of music. He has brought Scottish lute music to public attention, demonstrated the beauty of the Italian repertoire for *chitarrone*, and recorded chamber music by Boccherini, Haydn, and Vivaldi on period instruments. He is the first lutenist to have recorded the complete lute music of John Dowland and his recording of Johann Sebastian Bach's music for solo lute is considered to be one of the most important readings of these works.

Lindberg is an active continuo player on the theorbo and arch lute and has worked with many well known English ensembles including the Academy of Ancient Music, Chiaroscuro, the English Concert, the Monteverdi Choir, the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, the Purcell Quartet, and the Taverner Choir. He is also in demand as an accompanist and has given recitals with Anne Sofie von Otter, Ian Partridge, and Nigel Rogers as well as Emma Kirkby.

Jakob Lindberg performs on a ten-course Renaissance lute by Sixtus Rauwolf, who was active in Augsburg in the 1590s. Only four other lutes by Rauwolf are known to have survived. These can be found in Metropolitan Museum in New York, the Claudius Collection in Copenhagen, a private collection in England, and the Fugger Museum in Augsburg. Jakob Lindberg's instrument is from circa 1590 and has been carefully restored. Dendrochronology (a method of dating wooden objects which involves examining the tree-rings) confirms that the soundboard is original and dates the wood to 1418–1560. This instrument is probably the oldest lute in playable condition with its original soundboard.

Thomas Campion, in his preface to Philip Rosseter's *Book of Ayres* of 1601, famously defined the ideal English Air as "short and well-seasoned," deploring the current fashion for songs "bated with fugue and chained with synco-pation." This is likely to refer to the work of John Dowland, whose *First Book of Songs*, published initially in 1597, was a huge success and already by 1600 in the first of four reprints. Dowland was famous across northern Europe for his playing as well as for his compositions. He spent several years in Copenhagen on a huge salary at the court of King Christian IV, and another of his patrons, Moritz, Landgraf of Hesse, dubbed him "der Englische Orpheus." Dowland's music traveled further than he did, even to Sweden and Russia. His style is indeed more complex than that of Campion and Rosseter. They chose to set poems plainly, with simple chordal accompaniment, in a type of enhanced speech delivery. In contrast, Dowland, who had spent some years of his youth in France, strove for an effect celebrated by some of the French Academicians—a sort of alchemical magic, the text and the music combining in such a way as to raise the listener to a higher level of enraptured awareness. This is in no way lessened by the predominantly melancholy tone of Dowland's songs. Melancholy was his artistic "persona"—hence the title of his famous pavan *Semper Dowland, semper dolens* (Dowland is always grieving), and the even more famous *Lachrimae* (Tears)—but one should not draw too many literal conclusions from this about a man who one contemporary described as "living a life of lawful merriment." *The Earl of Essex' galliard* uses virtuosic cross-rhythms to reflect the wordplay that was the trademark of that dazzling courtier, a great favorite of Queen Elizabeth, (until she brought an end to his mad arrogance at the scaffold in 1601). In its third section we hear the folk tune *Shall we go walk the woods so wild?*

Emma Kirkby's selection of songs begins with vintage melancholy in *Come heavy sleep*, with its typically emblematic first phrase (in these brief pieces not a bar is wasted). *Shall I strive with words to move* was named in an instrumental source as *Henry Nowell's galliard*, after a young man in Queen Elizabeth's court whose dancing she liked so much that she called

him her "Bonny Boots." Since she was famous for "dancing six galliards daily before breakfast," this was quite a compliment. Henry Nowell died tragically young; it is not known whether the tender yearning love-lyric was his, or whether it was added later, but it seems to end on a hopeful note.

Elizabethan courtiers, like their counterparts elsewhere in Europe, loved to play at shepherds and nymphs. The ultimate nymph was of course the Virgin Queen herself, subject of many a joyful homage (*By a fountain where I lay*). Her ultra-refined nobles could fashion pastoral laments to her (*A shepherd in a shade*), or even cheekily tease her (as Cynthia in *Away with these self-loving lads*).

The master of melancholy was anything but monochrome. Robert Burton's widely-circulated book *The Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621) specifies at least four types of this fashionable condition, which the author calls a "humour." The highest type is that of the contemplative philosopher, and the lowest that of the moaning lover, which Burton found absurd. Dowland's songs embody all shades in between. In the songs in this program one finds the lovesick shepherd, a bereaved daughter (*Come ye heavy states of night*), the bittersweet song of the runaway maiden (*Farewell unkind, farewell*)—could this be Jessica's farewell to Shylock?—a beautifully world-weary philosopher (*Toss not my soul*) and, finally, the epitome of melancholic genius (*In darkness let me dwell*)—a piece still shocking in its modernity.

Henry Purcell's short but golden career is well known to music lovers. He worked in a period when the arts flourished in England. Along with the monarchy, the Restoration in 1660 brought dramatic and musical performances back London, and there were fine groups of singers and instrumentalists available at court, church, and theater. In the minimal medium of solo song, Purcell left pieces of an astonishing range in style and function, setting a wide variety of lyrics. One of his consummate and characteristic skills was that of the ground (repeating bass line), of which there are three in this program: *She loves and she confesses too*, on Abraham Cowley's witty lyric of wily seduction; *What a sad fate is mine*, in which a typical moaning lover's lament is deliciously colored with dissonances that borrow from modal harmonies; and the amazing *Music for a while*, originally sung as a

musical interlude in John Dryden's play *Oedipus* (1678). Tiresius, a seer, uses music to summon and pacify spirits from the underworld whom he wishes to consult, reflecting the archetypal belief in the power of music to challenge even death.

They tell us that you mighty pow'rs above comes from Henry Purcell's incidental music for another Dryden play, *The Indian Queen* (1664). It deals with lovesickness, but in sweetly lilting music that brings some calm to a turbulent scene. *Sweeter than roses* tells of that rarity, a successful love; it is in fact an extended rhapsody on the effect of a single kiss, and one has to hope the singer will go on to taste some more. By contrast, in *Bess of bedlam*, published in the posthumous anthology *Orpheus Britannicus* as a single song, random changes of mood and tempo paint the poignant portrait of a bereaved lover driven mad with grief and, either in mind or in fact, already dead and dwelling in the underworld

Fly swift ye hours, also published in *Orpheus Britannicus* as a single song, is a bravura piece. The lover, dreaming of his Belvedera, bids time go faster for him in flurries of eighth notes, alternates these with sad and luscious recitatives, and ends in tender resignation to his fate. On the scale of melancholy utterances this ranks fairly low, because one senses in the last phrases a certain confidence that the beauty of this declaration will woo the lady at last.

Program notes by Emma Kirkby, Jakob Lindberg, and Lynda Sayce

Next Week at the National Gallery of Art

Masques

Music by Charpentier, Couperin, Lully, and Rameau

Presented in honor of

*Renaissance to Revolution: French Drawings
from the National Gallery of Art, 1500–1800*

October 28, 2009

Wednesday, 12:10 pm

West Building Lecture Hall



Till Fellner, pianist

Beethoven piano sonatas nos. 4, 15, 24, 25, and 27

November 1, 2009

Sunday Evening, 6:30 pm

West Building, West Garden Court

Texts for Sunday, October 25, 2009
Emma Kirkby, soprano, and Jakob Lindberg, luteninst

Songs by John Dowland

Come, heavy sleep,
The image of true death:
And close up these my weary weeping eyes,
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath
And tears my soul with sorrow's sigh-swollen
cries.
Come and possess my tired thoughts, worn soul
That living dies till thou on me be stole.

Shall I strive with words to move,
When deeds receive not due regard?
Shall I speak, and neither please,
Nor be freely heard?
Grief alas, though all in vain,
Her restless anguish may reveal;
She alone my wounds shall know,
Though she will not heal.
All woes have end, though a while delayed,
Our passion proving;

A shepherd in a shade his plaining made
Of love and lovers' wrong,
Unto the fairest lass that trod on grass
And thus began his song:
"Since Love and fortune will, I honor still
Thy fair and lovely eye:
What conquest will it be, sweet nymph, to thee
If I for sorrow die?
Restore, restore my heart again
Which Love by thy sweet looks hath slain,
Lest that enforced by your disdain I sing
Fie, fie on love, it is a foolish thing.

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 for ever,
Come ere my last sleep comes or come never.

Anonymous

Oh, that time's strange effects
Could but make her loving!
Storms calm at last, and why may not she
Leave off her frowning?
Oh, sweet Love, help her hands,
My affection crowning!
I wooed her, I loved her, and none but her
admire;
Oh come, dear love, and answer my desire!

Anonymous (Attributed to Sir Henry Noell)

My heart where have you laid, O cruel maid?
To kiss when you might save,
Why have ye cast it forth as nothing worth,
Without a tomb or grave?

O let it be intombed and lie
In your sweet mind and memory,
Lest I resound on every warbling string,
Fie, fie on love, that is a foolish thing."

Anonymous

By a fountain where I lay,
All blessed be that blessed day!
By the glimmering of the sun,
O never be that shining done!
When I might see alone
My true love's fairest one,
Love's delight,
Love's clear sight,
No world's eyes can clearer see —
A fairer sight none, none can be.

Fair with garlands all addressed,
Was never nymph more fairly blest,
Blessed in the highest degree,
So may she ever blessed be,
Came to this fountain near
With such a smiling cheer,
Such a face,
Such a grace,
Happy, happy eyes that see
Such a heavenly sight as she.

Away with these self-loving lads
Whom Cupid's arrow never glads:
Away, poor souls that sigh and weep
In love of those 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 feet doth go:
What fools are they that cannot own
That Love likes no laws but his own!

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

Then I forthwith took my pipe,
Which I all fair and clean did wipe,
And upon a heavenly ground,
All in the grace of beauty found,
Played this roundelay:
"Welcome fair Queen of May,
Sing, sweet air,
Welcome fair,
Welcome be the shepherds' Queen,
The glory of all our green.

Anonymous

If Cynthia crave her ring of me,
I blot her name out of the tree:
If doubt do darken things held dear,
Then welfare 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 softer can,
As can the mighty nobleman:
Sweet Saint, 'tis true you worthy be,
Yet without love nought worth to me.

Anonymous

Come ye heavy states of night

Do my father's spirit right;
Soundings baleful let me borrow,
Burdening my song with sorrow;
Come, sorrow, come: her eyes that sings
By thee are turned into springs.

Come, ye virgins of the night
That in dirges sad delight;
Quire my anthems; I do borrow
Gold nor pearl, but sounds of sorrow;
Come, sorrow, come.

Anonymous

Farewell, unkind farewell, to me no more a father,
Since my heart, my heart holds my love most dear.
The wealth which thou dost reap another's hand must gather,
Though my heart, my heart still lies buried there.
Then farewell, then farewell, O farewell,
Welcome, my love, welcome, my joy forever.

'Tis not the vain desire of human fleeting beauty,
Makes my mind to live though my means do die.
Nor do I Nature wrong, though I forget my duty:
Love not in the blood but in the spirit doth lie.
Then farewell, then farewell, O farewell,
Welcome, my love, welcome, my joy forever.

Anonymous

Toss not my soul, O love, 'twixt hope and fear
Show me some ground
where I may firmly stand
Or surely fall, I care not which appear,
So one will close me in a certain band;
When once of ill the uttermost is known,
The force of sorrow quite is overthrown.

Take me, assurance, to thy blissful hold
Or thou, despair, into thy darkest cell;
Each hath full rest: the one in joys enrolled,
Th'other in that he fears no more, is well.

Anonymous

In darkness let me dwell

The ground shall sorrow be;
The roof despair, to bar
All cheerful light from me.
The walls of marble black
That moistened still shall weep;
My music hellish jarring sounds

To banish friendly sleep.
Thus wedded to my woes
And bedded to my tomb,
O let me living die, till Death do come.
In darkness.

Anonymous

Songs by Henry Purcell

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 begin,
Lo, triumph, enter in.
What's this, ye Gods? What can it be?
Remains there still an enemy?
Bold Honor stands up in the gate,
And would yet capitulate.
Have I o'ercome all real foes,
And shall this phantom me oppose?
Noisy nothing, stalking shade,
By what witchcraft wert thou made,
Thou empty cause of solid harms?

Prelude and Song from Orazia:

Note from the score: In this section, Orazia and her lover, Montezuma, are held captive by the villain Traxalla, who offers to spare the hero if Orazia will submit. Orazia sings of her love and torment.

They tell us that you mighty powers above
Make perfect your joys and your blessings by Love.
Ah! Why do you suffer the blessing that's there
To give a poor lover such sad torments here?

Yet though for my passion such grief I endure,
My love shall like yours still be constant and pure.
To suffer for him gives an ease to my pains
There's joy in my grief and there's freedom in chains;

If I were divine he could love me no more
And I in return my adorer adore
O let his dear life then, kind Gods, be your care
For I in your blessings have no other share.

John Dryden (1631-1700) and Sir Robert Howard (1626-1698)

But I shall find out counter charms,
Thy airy devilship to remove
From this circle here of love
Sure I shall rid myself 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 but in the light.

Abraham Cowley (1618–1667), from *The Mistress*, published 1656

Sweeter than Roses

Sweeter than roses or cool evening breeze
 On a warm flow'ry shore
 Was the dear kiss; first trembling made me
 freeze,
 Then shot like fire all o'er.

What a sad fate is mine,

My love is my crime;
 Or why should he be,
 More easy and free
 'To all than to me?

Bess of Bedlam

From silent shades and the Elysian groves
 Where sad departed spirits mourn their loves
 From crystal streams
 and from that country where
 Jove crowns the fields with flowers all the year,
 Poor senseless Bess,
 cloth'd in her rags and folly,
 Is come to cure her lovesick melancholy.

"Bright Cynthia kept her revels late
 While Mab, the Fairy Queen, did dance,
 And Oberon did sit in state
 When Mars at Venus ran his lance.

In yonder cowslip lies my dear,
 Entomb'd in liquid gems of dew;
 Each day I'll water it with a tear,
 Its fading blossom to renew.

For since my love is dead
 and all my joys are gone,
 Poor Bess for his sake, A garland will make,
 My music shall be a groan.

I'll lay me down and die
 within some hollow tree,
 The rav'n and cat,
 The owl and bat
 Shall warble forth my elegy.

What magic has victorious love;
 For all I touch or see
 Since that dear kiss, all, all is love to me.

Richard Norton, from *Pausanias* (1686)

But if by disdain
 He can lessen my pain,
 'Tis all I implore,
 To make me love less,
 Or himself to love more.

Anonymous

Did you not see my love as he pass'd by you?
 His two flaming eyes, if he comes nigh you,
 They will scorch up your hearts: Ladies beware
 ye,
 Lest he should dart a glance that may ensnare
 ye!

Hark! Hark! I hear old Charon bawl,
 His boat he will no longer stay,
 And furies lash their whips and call:
 Come, come away, come, come away.

Poor Bess will return
 to the place whence she came,
 Since the world is so mad
 she can hope for no cure.
 For love's grown a bubble, a shadow, a name,
 Which fools do admire and wise men endure.

Cold and hungry am I grown.
 Ambrosia will I feed upon,
 Drink nectar still and sing."

Who is content,
 Does all sorrow prevent,
 And Bess in her straw,
 Whilst free from the law,
 In her thoughts is as great, great as a king.

Anonymous

Fly swift, ye hours, fly swift, thou lazy sun;
Make haste and drive the tedious minutes on.
Bring back my Belvidera to my sight,
My Belvidera, than thyself more bright.

Swifter than Time my eager wishes move,
And scorn the beaten paths of vulgar love.
Soft peace is banish'd from my tortur'd breast,
Love robs my days of ease, my nights of rest.

Yet tho' her cruel scorn provokes despair,
My passion still is strong as she is fair.
Still must I love, still bless the pleasing pain,
Still court my ruin and embrace my chain.

Anonymous

Music for a while

Shall all your cares beguile
Wond'ring how your pains were eased
And disdain to be pleas'd
Till Alecto free the dead
From their eternal bands;
Till the shakes drop from her head
And the whip from out her hands;
Music for a while
Shall all your cares beguile.

John Dryden/Nathaniel Lee, from *Oedipus* (1678)