

A CELEBRATION OF THE SCOTTISH RENAISSANCE

MUSIC OF RENAISSANCE SCOTLAND FOR VOICE AND INSTRUMENTS

Ensemble San Felice:

Laura Andreini, soprano
Marco Di Manno, flutes
Federico Bardazzi, viol da gamba
Andrea Benucci, lute
Oscar Meana, dulcian

Jamie Reid Baxter, narrator

This programme is largely a celebration of Renaissance Scotland's premier collector of music, Thomas Wode [i.e. Wood], vicar of St Andrews (d.1592). All the works marked with an asterisk are taken from his double set of Partbooks, copied at St Andrews between 1562 and 1592. The other works on the programme celebrate two Scottish women poets. Lady Margaret Cunningham's sonnet of c.1606 is found printed anonymously as 'A Godly Song' at the end of various Scottish psalters from 1635 onwards, marked to be sung 'as the 110 Psalm', a tune originally taken from the French metrical psalter. The secular song 'Gentil madonna', first recorded in 1543, is the original seed from which ultimately sprang the tune used by Alexander Montgomerie for his 'Lyk as the dum Solsequium'. Montgomerie's song appears in Thomas Wode's partbooks, and it was to its irresistible melody that the Calvinist aristocrat Elizabeth Melville wrote her virtuosic 'Thanksgiving to God for his giftis'.

Before the Reformation, Thomas Wode was a monk of Lindores Abbey; thereafter, he worked for the Kirk in St Andrews. A fine penman, he filled his partbooks with coloured capitals and marginal illustrations; and also with couthy annotations which are a rich source of information about the music, its composers, and the fate of art-music in post-Reformation Scotland. Wode's partbooks, in fact, constitute an incomparable treasury of music sung and played in sixteenth century Scotland. The indefatigable David Laing realised this, and in 1868 published an illustrated article on the psalm settings contained in the books. Kenneth Elliott drew heavily on their contents for *Musica Britannica*, XV 'Music of Scotland', first published in 1957. Helena Mennie Shire's *Song, Dance and Poetry* of 1969 makes numerous references to Wode, and in 1970, John MacQueen drew attention to Wode's importance at the beginning of his introduction to *Ballatis of Lufe*.

Between 8 August and 28 October 2011, all eight surviving Partbooks will be brought together for the first time since the 1600s, in the exhibition *Singing the Reformation* at Edinburgh University Library. Two CDs of music from the partbooks will be launched at the exhibition, as will a lavishly illustrated book *Jhone Angus, Monk of Dunfermline and the Music of the Scottish Reformation*, by E. Patricia Dennison, Michael Lynch and Jamie Reid Baxter, containing a CD of all Angus's surviving compositions. There will be a choral concert of music from Wode's partbooks in St Giles Cathedral on 20 August 2011.

Wode's books have all been digitised and can be consulted on the internet: see <http://www.ed.ac.uk/schools-departments/divinity/research/projects/wode-psalter>

Programme

- 1. *Anon.*, Prince Edwards Paven & Galliard**
- 2. *Costanzo Festa*, O passi sparsi**
- 3. *Alexander Montgomerie*, A late regrate of Leirning to Love**
- 4. *Elizabeth Melville, Lady Culross*, A Call to come to Christ**
- 5. *Anon.*, Ane uther paven & galliard**
- 6. *Orlando di Lasso*, Susanne ung jour**
- 7. *Sir Richard Maitland/Andro Blackhall*, Ane Ballat of the Creatioun of the world**
- 8. *Sir Jhone Fethy*, O God abufe**
- 9. *James Lauder*, My Lord of Marche Paven, *followed by* The Quein of Inghland's Paven**
- 10. *Filippo Azzaiolo*, Gentil madonna**
- 11. *Elizabeth Melville, Lady Culross*, Ane Thankisgiving to god for his benefeitis**
- 12. *Lady Margaret Cunnungham*, Sonnet to the tune of Ps. 110**
- 13. *Jhone Angus*, The Sang of Simion**

Texts

1. *Anonymous

Prince Edwards Paven & Galliard

2. *Costanzo Festa (c.1490-1545)

O passi sparsi

O passi sparsi, o pensier' vaghi et pronti,
o tenace memoria, o fero ardore,
o possente desire, o debil core,
oi occhi miei, occhi non già, ma fonti!
O fronde, honor de le famose fronti
o sola insegna al gemino valore!
O faticosa vita, o dolce errore,
che mi fate ir cercando piagge et monti!
O bel viso ove Amor in seme pose
gli sproni e 'l fren ond'el mi punge et volve,
come a lui piace, et calcitrar non vale!
O anime gentili et amorose,
s'alcuna à 'l mondo, et voi nude ombre et polve,
deh ristate a veder quale è 'l mio male.

(Francesco Petrarca)

3. *Alexander Montgomerie (d.1598) – music anon.

A late regrate of Leirning to Love

Quhat mightie motione so my mynd mischeivis?
Quhat vncouth cairis throu all my corps do creep?
Quhat restles rage my Resone so bereivis?
Quhat maks me loth of meit, of drink, of sleep?
I knou not nou vhat Countenance to keep
For to expell a poysons that I prove.
Alace, alace that evir I leirnd to Love.

A frentick fevir throu my flesh I feill,
I feill a passione can not be exprest,
I feill a byll within my bosum beill,
No Cataplasme can weill empesh that pest,
I feill myself with seiknes so possest.
A madnes maks my moirth from me remove.
Alace, alace that evir I leirnd to Love.

My hopeless hairt, vnhappiest of hairts
Is hopild and hurt with Cupids huikit heeds
And thirlit throu with deidly poysond dairts
That inwardly within my breist it bleids
Yit fantasie my fond affection feeds
To run that race bot ather rest or rove
Alace, alace that evir I leirnd to Love.

All gladnes nocht bot aggravats my grief;
All mirrines my murning bot augments.
Lamenting toons best lyks me for releif,
My sicknes soir to sorou so consents
For cair the cairful comounly contents.
Sik harmony is best for thair behove.
Alace, alace that evir I leirnd to Love.

4. *Elizabeth Melville, Lady Culross (c.1575-1640)*

A Call to Come to Christ

(To the tune of Marlowe's 'Passionate Shepherd to his Love')

Come live [with me] and be my love
And all these pleasurs thou shalt prove
That in my word hath warned thee
O loath this life and live with me

This life is but a blast of breath
Nothing so sure as dreadful death
And since the time no man can know
Sett not thy love on things below

For things below will wear away
And beautie brave will soon decay
Look to that life that last for ever
And love the love that failes the never

I never failed the in thy need
I call I cry ye come with speed
Come near and gain a crown of Glore
Give me thy heart I seek no more

Thy heart is mine I bought it deir
Then send it not a whouring here
This lawless lust and love prophane
Such pleasures false shall end in pain

Should pleasures false possesse thy heart
Since thou and they with pain must part

Then think upon these pleasures pure
That shall for ever more endure

For ever more a word of weight
Stand still and strive faint not to fight
And thou shall have that rich reward
That for the pure is now prepar'd

It is prepar'd in heaven above
By me thy King thy Lord and love
That for thy love tholl'd torments sore
Synne vanquished death and Reigns in Glore

And though I Reign in Glore for ever
Thy faithfull friend forgets the never
But hath prepared a place for thee
Wher thou may ring in joy with me

In endless joy with me and lasting light
To sing amongst the saints so bright
Wher thou may sitt and sweetly sing
A song of love to Christ the King

Then Christ the King shall thee embrace
Then thou shall see my blessed face
Then thou shall hear such harmanie
Which shall for sweetness ravish thee

Thow ravished with grace and Glore
Shall soon forget thy labours sore
Then thou shall see such heavenly sights
And feed upon such dear delights

Such dear delights cannot be told
As to thy eyes thou shalt behold
No ear hath heard, no heart can think
The sweetness that thy soul shall drink

Then thou shall drink that living well
Which shall thy dwining drowth expell
Then thou shall feed on dainties dear
And fill thy soul with Angels chear

[The Angels that behold Gods face
Sing hymns before the throne of grace]
Then thou shall hear those pleasant songs
That to thy Lord and love belongs.

Ane uther paven & galliard

6. *Orlando di Lasso (c.1531-1594)

Susanne ung jour

Susanne ung jour d'amour sollicitée
Par deux viellardz, convoitans sa beauté,
Fust en son coeur triste et desconfortée,
Voyant l'effort fait à sa chasteté.
Elle leur dict, Si par desloyauté
De ce corps mien vous avez jouissance,
C'est fait de moy. Si ie fay resistance,
Vous me ferez mourir en deshonneur.
Mais j'aime mieux périr en innocence,
Que d'offenser par peché le Seigneur.

7. *Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington (1496-1586)*

Ane ballat of the creatioun of the warld, man his fall, And redemptioun, maid to the tone of the banks of helecon

God be his word his work began
To forme the erth and hevin for man
 The sie and watter deip
The sone, the mone, the starris bricht
The day divydit frome the nicht
 Thair coursis for to keip,
The beistis that on the grund do mufe
 And fische in to the se
Ffowlis in the air to fle abvfe
 Off ilk kynd creat hee.
Sum creiping, sum fleiting,
 Sum fleing in the air,
So heichtly, so lichtly
 In moving heir and thair.

Thir workis of grit magnificence
Perfytit be his providence
 According to his will,
Nixt maid he man to gif him gloir,
Did with his ymage him decoir,
 Gaif parradice him till.
Into that garding hevinly wrocht
 With plesowris mony one,
The beistis of every kynd war brocht,
 Thair Names he sowld expone;
Thame nemmyng, and kennyng,

As he list for to call;
For pleising, and eising
Off man, subdewit thame all.

In hevinly joy man so possest
To be allone god thocht not best,
Maid eve to be his maik;
Bad thame incress and mvltiplie
And eit of every fruct and trie,
Thair plesour thay sowld taik;
Except the trie of gud & Ill,
That in the middis dois stand,
Forbad that thay sowld cum it till
Or twiche it with thair hand.
Leist plucking, or lucking,
Baith thay and als thair seid
Seveirly, awsteirly,
Suld dye withowt remeid.

Now adame and his lusty wyfe
In parradyce leidand thair lyfe
With plesowris infineit,
Wanting na thing sowld do thame eiss,
Ilk beist obeying thame to pleiss
As thay cowld wiss in spreit,
Behald the serpent subtilly
Invyand manis estait,
With wickit craft and subtilty
Eve temptit with dissait.
Nocht feiring, bott speiring,
Quhy scho take not hir till
In vsing and chusing
The fruct of gud and Ill.

Eve with thir fals wordis thus allurit
Eit of the fruct, and syne procurit
Adame the same to play.
Behald said scho, how pretious,
So dilicat and delitious
Besyd knowlege for ay.
Adame puft vp in warldly gloir,
Ambitioun, and of pryd,
Eit of the fruct, allace thairfoir,
And swa thay baith did slyd,
Neglecting, foryetting,
The eternall goddis command,
Quja scurgit and purgit
Thame quyt owt of that land.

Adame, thy pairt quha can excuse,

With knowlege thow that did abuse
 Thy awin felicitie;
The serpentis fals inventing,
The womanis sone consenting,
 Was nocht sa wickitlie;
God did prefer the to this day,
 And thame subdewid to the,
So all that thay cowld mene or say,
 Sowld not haif movit the
To brecking, abiecking
 That heich command of lyfe,
Quhilk gydit, provydit
 The ay to leif but stryfe.

Behald the stait that man was in,
And als how it he tint throw syn
 And loist the same for ay.
Yit god his promiseis dois performe,
Send his sone of the virgyn borne,
 Oure ransone for to pay.
To that gret god lat ws gif gloir,
 To ws hes bene so gude,
Quha be his deith did ws restoir
 Quhairof we war denude,
Nocht karing, nor sparing
 His body to be rent,
Redemyng, releiving
 Ws quhen we war all schent.

8. *Sir Jhone Fethy (d.c.1569)*

O God abufe

O God abufe, so weill thou hes devyst
me to be puneist with infirmitye,
That from the youth the rage I have suppryst
In tyme begone I thought bot fantasye.
Heir I beseik thy godly majesty
That this good mynd stand with continuance,
Sen ever and ains I wat that I mon dye.
Lord of my prayer haue compatiencie.
O witles youth that bot syght present
Na thing before nor efter what may fall
Thou dois nathing bot that thou sall repent,
All thy sweit joy sall turn in bitter gall.
Sen na refuge nor help thou may on call,
And warldly welth may make thee no supplye,
Aske grace at him, wha giffis grace to all,
And he will help in thy necessity.

9. **James Lauder*

My Lord of Marche Paven*

*followed by *the Quein of Ingland's Paven*

10. *Filippo Azzaiolo (1530-1569)*

Gentil madonna

Gentil madonna, del mio cor patrona,
e di mia vita ancor,
Sola nel mondo mia ferma colonna,
rimedio a ogni mio ardor.
Son qui venuto per dirti il tutto
di parte in parte, tutte le pene
 che l'amor viene.
Gentil madonna, il rimedio sei tu,
Deh, non star più!

11. *Elizabeth Melville, Lady Culross*

Ane thanksgiving to god for his benefeitis(to the tune of 'Solsequium')

 O god above
 sould not thy love
 and merceis move
my saull and all the poweris of my hairt
 Whill I have dayis
 to pene thy prais
 and schaw always
Thy workis thy wonderous workis in everie pairt.
 O how can it be thought
 thy great mercie
 that all the world hes wrought
 ffor us onlie
 the earth the air
 the hevinis so fair
the staris into the firmament so bright
 the sune the moone
 glansing abone
to caus the earth to glister with hir light.

5. Thy love was so
 that When our fo
 procur'd oure wo

and maid ws all in Adame for to stray
and eat the trie
to caus ws die
eternallie
becaus thy preceptis we did disobey
then did thou disappoynt
That serpentis slight
and did thy sone annoynt
with oill most bright
and sent him down
for our ransoun
for to redeim thy chosin childrein deir
that we might rigne
with Chryst our King
in endles joy efter our suffering heir.

6. Thou governis all
both great and small
and ridis from thrall
the captive, and doth pitie the opprest
thou dantonis kingis
and onelie rignis
and reullis all thingis
evin as thy godlie wisdome thinketh best.
Thou trampis proud tirrorantis down
under thy feit
and pluckis from kingis thair croun
quhen thou thinkis meit
the humble men
exaltis thou then
and liftis the lowlie hairt above the sky
The proud at last
thou dois down cast
and heiris the pure opprest quhen they do cry.

10. O quhat is man
Lord think I than
that thow began
thy great and wonderous workis for him alone
thow did not spair
thy angellis fair
but punisch'd sair
thair pryd and banisch'd them out of thy throne
and put them clein away
out of thy sicht
preferring dust and clay
to angellis bricht
thou caus'd them go
to endless wo
becaus they onlie sinned in thair thought

and granted grace
to Adamis race
that hes so manie wicked actiounis wroucht.

11. O loving Lord
that ws restor'd
quho can record
thy wondrous workis and merceis manifold
quho can confes
thy worthines
or yit expres
thy noble actis or how can they be told
quhen I pure wretch do preace
them to declair
I am constrain'd to ceas
and say no more
they far do pas
manis spirit so bas
my wit so waik can nevir comprehend
thy majestie
in hevin so hie
that nevir did begin nor yit sall end.

12. To thee theirfoire
all praise and glore
be evirmore
O father with the sone oure saviour sweit
quho was not laith
to suffer death
to stay thy wraith
All prais be also to the holie Spirit
quho dois thy awin defend
in dangeris deip
and comfortis to the end
Thy chosin scheip
O king of kings
that livis and rignes
Thrie personis joynit in one and one in thrie
that schynis so bricht
In glorious licht
All laud and prais be to thy majestie!

12. Lady Margaret Cunningham (d.1622)

Sonnet (1606)

set to the (originally French) tune of Ps.110 in the 1635 Scottish Metrical Psalter

What greater wealth then a contentit mynd?
What povertie so great as want of grace?

What greater joye then fynd Jehovah kynd?
What greater greiff then see His angry face?
What greater wit then run CHRIST IESUS race?
What greater follie nor defectiouns fell?
What greater gaine then godlines to embrace?
What greater losse nor change the Heaven for hel?
What greater freedome nor in CHRIST to dwell?
What greater bondage nor a Soules to sin?
What greater valiance nor subdue thysell?
What greater shame then to the divell to rinn?
 And leave the LORD Who hath so dear us boght:
 Judge ye his Saincts gif this be trew or nocht.

13. *Jhone Angus (d.1596)*

The Sang of Simion

Now, suffer me, O Lord, as thou didst once accord,
Hence to depart in peace,
Since I have had the sight of thy great saving might,
Which shall our sins all release.

For Him thou hadst prepared, and to the world declared,
By all the prophets of old:
As to the Gentiles grace, and Israel solace,
Which is thy own chosen fold.

(William Whittingham, c.1524-1579)