

The King's Singers & Fretwork

Tom & Will

Thomas Weelkes

Hark all ye lovely saints above

Hark all ye lovely saints above
Diana hath agreed with Love,
His fiery weapon to remove.
Fa la la.
Do you not see
How they agree?
Then cease fair ladies; why weep ye?
Fa la la.

See, see, your mistress bids you cease,
And welcome Love, with love's increase,
Diana hath procured your peace.
Fa la la.
Cupid hath sworn
His bow forlorn
To break and burn, ere ladies mourn.
Fa la la.

Thomas Weelkes

Thule, the period of cosmography

Thule, the period of cosmography,
Doth vaunt of Hecla, whose sulfurious fire
Doth melt the frozen clime and thaw the sky;
Trinacrian Etna's flames ascend not higher.
These things seem wond'rous, yet more wond'rous I,
Whose heart with fear cloth freeze, with love doth fry.

The Andalusian merchant, that returns
Laden with cochineal and China dishes,
Reports in Spain how strangely Fogo burns,
Amidst an ocean full of flying fishes!
These things seem wond'rous, yet more wond'rous I,
Whose heart with fear doth freeze, with love doth fry.

William Byrd

This sweet and merry month of May (a 6)

This sweet and merry month of May,
while nature wantons in her prime,
And birds do sing, and beasts do play,
For pleasure of the joyful time,
I choose the first for holy day,
And greet Eliza with a rhyme.
O beauteous Queen of second Troy:
Take well in worth a simple toy.

William Byrd

Browning ('The leaves be green') (a 5)

The leaves be green, the nuts be brown:
they hang so high they will not come down.

Thomas Tallis

In ieiunio et fletu

In ieiunio et fletu orabant sacerdotes:
Parce, Domine, parce populo tuo,
et ne des hereditatem tuam in perditionem.
Inter vestibulum et altare
plorabant sacerdotes, dicentes:
Parce populo tuo.

*Vastend en wenend smeekten de priesters:
Sbaar, o Heer, spaar uw volk,
en leid uw erfenis niet naar de ondergang.
Tussen voorportaal en altaar
weenden de priesters, zeggende:
Sbaar uw volk.*

William Byrd | James MacMillan

Ye sacred muses

Ye sacred muses, race of Jove,
Whom Music's lore delighteth,
Come down from crystal heav'ns above
To earth, where sorrow dwelleth,
In mourning weeds with tears in eyes:
Tallis / Will * is dead and Music dies.

William Byrd: Elegie voor Thomas Tallis (ca. 1505-1585)

* James MacMillan: Elegie voor William Byrd (1543-1623)

Thomas Morley

Nolo mortem peccatoris

Nolo mortem peccatoris;
Haec sunt verba Salvatoris.

*(Ik wil niet dat een zondaar sterft;
dit zijn de woorden van de Verlosser.)*

Father I am thine only Son, sent down from heav'n mankind to save.
Father, all things fulfilled and done according to thy will, I have.
Father, my will now all is this: Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Father, behold my painful smart, taken for man on ev'ry side;
Ev'n from my birth to death most tart, no kind of pain I have denied,
But suffered all, and all for this: Nolo mortem peccatoris.

Thomas Weelkes

Death hath deprived me

Death hath deprived me of my dearest friend,
My dearest friend is dead and laid in grave,
In grave he rests until the world shall end,
As end must all things have.
All things must have an end that Nature wrought,
Must unto dust be brought.

Elegie voor Thomas Morley (1557-1602)

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Roderick Williams

Death, be not proud

Death, be not proud, though some have called thee
Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow
Die not, poor Death, nor yet canst thou kill me.
From rest and sleep, which but thy pictures be,
Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow,
And soonest our best men with thee do go,
Rest of their bones, and soul's delivery.

Elegie voor Thomas Weelkes op een tekst van John Donne (1572-1631)

William Byrd

O Lord make thy servant Elizabeth our Queen

O Lord make thy servant Elizabeth our Queen to rejoice in thy strength:
give her her heart's desire, and deny not the request of her lips;
but prevent her with thine everlasting blessing,
and give her a long life, even for ever and ever. Amen.

Thomas Weelkes

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending

As Vesta was from Latmos hill descending,
She spied a maiden queen the same ascending,
Attended on by all the shepherd's swain,
To whom Diana's darlings came running down amain,
First two by two, then three by three together,
Leaving their goddess all alone, hasted thither;
And mingling with the shepherds of her train,
With mirthful tunes her presence entertain.
Then sang the shepherds and nymphs of Diana:
Long live fair Oriana.

Thomas Weelkes

Like two proud armies

Like two proud armies marching in the field,
Joining a thund'ring fight, each scorns to yield;
So in my heart, your beauty and my reason,
One claims the crown, the other says 'tis treason.
But oh! your beauty shineth as the sun
And dazzled reason yields as quite undone.

William Byrd

If women could be fair

If women could be fair and never fond,
Or that their beauty might continue still:
I would not mervaile though they made men bond,
By service long, to purchase their good will.
But when I see, how frail these creatures are:
I laugh, that men forget themselves so far.

To mark what choice they make, and how they change,
how leving best the worst they chose out stil:
And how like haggards wilde, about they range,
Scorning after reason to follow will.
Who would not shake such bussards from the fist,
And let them fly (fair fooles) which way they list.

Yet for our sport, wee fawne and flatter both,
To pass the time, when nothing else can please:
And train them on to yield by subtil oath,
The sweet content, that gives such humour ease.
And then we say, when we their follies trie,
To play with fools, Oh what a fool was I.

Tekst: Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford (1550-1604)

William Byrd

Praise our Lord, all ye gentiles

Praise our Lord all ye gentiles, praise him all ye people,
Because his mercy is confirmed upon us,
and his truth remaineth forever. Amen.
(Psalm 117)