



Early Music • Alte Musik

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**Thomas
CAMPION**

Lute Songs

Steven Rickards, Countertenor

Dorothy Linell, Lute



Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

The lute enjoyed growing popularity in England with the growth of a prosperous middle class in the early sixteenth century, a development that coincided with the new availability of printed music and of books of instruction. The English lute-song is primarily a form that flourished from the publication of John Dowland's *First Booke of Songes* in 1597 until 1622, when John Attey published his *First Booke of Ayres*. During these 25 years some thirty volumes were published, a body of some six hundred songs. Among the composers contributing to the form, Thomas Campion was second only to John Dowland. Campion, however, was also a gifted poet, and in this capacity has enjoyed even wider esteem.

Born in London in 1567, the son of a lawyer, Campion studied for a time at Cambridge and later joined Gray's Inn, where the social contacts and opportunities for participation in dramatic and musical entertainments may have had a greater effect than any study of the law. In 1594 Campion contributed to the *Gesta Grayorum* of his Inn of Court, songs for which the music is lost, and the following year published *Thomae Campiani Poemata*, a collection of Latin poems and epigrams. By the beginning of the decade, at least, he had already acquired something of a reputation as a poet and his verses appear from the early 1590s in private collections. He was later involved in dispute, as a theorist, with the poet Samuel Daniel, arguing in his *Observation in the Art of English Poesy* of 1602 against the use of rhyme in English verse, seeking, without success, to promote the use of classical systems of quantitative rather than stress metre. He also developed an interest in medicine, perhaps during his time at Cambridge, and was in 1605 awarded the degree of Doctor of Medicine at the University of Caen. He contributed to entertainments at the court of King James

I, writing poems and music for masques. As a music theorist, he published in 1613 or 1614 his *A New Way of making Fowre Parts in Counter-point*, by a most *Familiar and Infallible Rule*, a useful compendium of compositional practice of the time, as the baroque dependence on a bass-line and the resulting harmony replaced earlier traditional practice.

Philip Rosseter, a professional lutenist, court-composer and theatrical manager, published in 1601 *A Booke of Ayres*. This included 42 songs, *to be sung to the Lute, Orpherian, and Base Violl*. The volume was dedicated to Sir Thomas Monson, a patron of Campion and Master of the Armoury. Of these songs the first 21 were by Campion, with the remaining settings by Rosseter, using texts from another source. In 1612 or 1613 Campion published under his own name two *Bookes of Ayres*, the first containing *Divine and Morall Songs* and the second *Light Conceits of Lovers*. These songs offer alternative methods of performance, *To be sung to the Lute and Viols, in two, three, and foure Parts, or by one Voyce to an INSTRUMENT*. The books are dedicated to Francis, Earl of Cumberland, and to his son. Campion published a second pair of books probably in 1617, dedicating them respectively to Sir Thomas Monson and his son. Monson had recently been released from imprisonment, pardoned after the charge of complicity in the murder of Sir Thomas Overbury, a *cause célèbre* of the time in which Campion was equally innocently involved. The third and fourth *Bookes of Ayres* are for one voice, with an accompaniment of viol, lute or the orpharion. In 1619 he published a collection of Latin epigrams and died in the following year, leaving what estate he had to his friend and near contemporary, Philip Rosseter.

Keith Anderson

Lute Songs

There is considerable diversity in Thomas Campion's texts. The typically Elizabethan word-play in *I care not for these Ladies* could hardly be more profane in the implication of *When we come where comfort is/She never will say no* and, indeed, in the common pun in the epithet in the phrase *countryr maide*. Against this earthiness we see again and again Campion's devoutly expressed belief in the joys of eternal life in heaven, as in *Never weather-beaten Saile*, where *Cold age deafes not there our eares, nor vapour dims our eyes*. He was a great story-teller, as in *It fell on a sommers daie*, and was happy for his compositions to be either sung or spoken as poems. Campion's own comments in the prefaces to his song-books sum up his view of song-setting: *In these English Ayres I have chiefly aymed to couple my Words and Notes lovingly together, which will be much for him to doe that hath not power over both*.

Thus in Campion's songs we find more syllabic than melismatic word-setting, without the independently contrapuntal lute accompaniments of John Dowland. In the same preface he explains that he set out his songs in separate books according to their different subjects. Of the two first *Bookes of Ayres* the first contains *Divine and Morall Songs* and the second *Light Conceits of Lovers*. The first volume, therefore, contains his sacred songs. Some are psalm-like in their setting, as in *Most sweet and pleasing are thy wayes O God*, although in *Author of light*, there is a use of chromaticism and of harmony in subtle word-painting throughout. This volume also includes *Jacke and Jone they thinke no ill*, a charming account of simplicity of country life in which Joan can call by name her cows, in contrast with the pretensions of the nobility and court.

Examples of Campion's more light-hearted songs in the subsequent volumes include the flirtatious *Come*

you pretty false-ey'd wanton and *What is it that all men possesse?*, with its characteristic treatment of women, described as "sorting all their household cares to our observed contenting". Campion shared with his contemporaries another view of women as objects of beauty. *There is a Garden in her face* and *Her rosie cheekes, her ever smiling eyes* compliment the beauty of their subject and *Vaile love mine eyes*, insists on the importance of sharing life with one's true love, for "Stars were not made to shine on one". The value attached to constancy and faithfulness is a message repeated in many songs, as in *Thou joy'st fond boy*: "Tis farre more conquest with one to live true/Then every houre to triumph Lord of new".

Views on life and love are heard in *Though you are yoong and I am olde*, and a further literary convention is explored in the beautiful *My sweetest Lesbia*, based on the poem by Catullus (*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus*). "If all would lead their lives in love like mee./ Then bloudie swords and armour should not be".

Campion's *Come, let us sound with melody the praises*, which closes the first part of the 1601 collaboration with Rosseter, is a paraphrase of Psalm XIX. The present release includes Philip Rosseter's *What then is love but mourning?* and the moving, anonymous *Miserere my maker*, a plea to the Trinity for mercy for past sins by a dying man, with its heartfelt closing chromatic phrase.

Campion summarises well enough his intentions in his own address to the reader, introducing the fourth *Booke of Ayres*, a subtle allusion to an epigram by Martial: "All these Songs are mine if you expresse them well, otherwise they are your owne.

Farewell".

Dorothy Linell

Steven Rickards

Steven Rickards has received international acclaim as one of America's finest countertenors. He was the first countertenor to be awarded a Master of Music degree in vocal performance from Indiana University, receiving his artist diploma in 1979. In 1981 Rickards received a Fulbright-Hayes Scholarship and a Rotary International Grant for continued studies at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London. He also studied in Aldeburgh with Peter Pears and Robert Spencer. He has appeared with a wide variety of early music ensembles in the United States and Britain, in addition to performances with the Opera Company of Philadelphia, the Santa Fe Opera, and the symphony orchestras of St Louis, Indianapolis, and Pittsburgh. He has sung at Carnegie Hall with the Oratorio Society of

Dorothy Linell

Since graduating from the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in 1982, Dorothy Linell has performed, recorded and broadcast throughout the United States of America and Europe. In 1985 she made her Purcell Room debut as a winner of the Worshipful Company of Musicians' Young Artist Competition. Her solo engagements have included an appearance in a Young Artists' Showcase at the Jubilee Hall in Aldeburgh and the first ever lute recital in Memphis, Tennessee. As an accompanist, she has worked with many singers, including Charles Brett,

The Rickards Linell Duo

Since its formation in 1983 at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London, the Rickards Linell Duo has toured North America, Central America, and Europe annually for over ten years. The Duo has been acclaimed by critics for its poetic, unpretentious refinement. Dressed in historically accurate Elizabethan costume, the Duo performs a wide variety of repertoire encompassing the court music of the Italian, English,

New York and in France with Robert Shaw. In 1996 he participated, as co-organizer and juror, in the Alfred Deller Memorial Countertenor Competition in 's-Hertogenbosch. Among other distinguished collaborations, in 1994 he made his debut with the New York Mostly Mozart Festival in Bach's *Mass in B minor* with the Bach Ensemble under the direction of Joshua Rifkin and subsequently appeared at a London Promenade Concert performance of Bach's *St Matthew Passion* with the same director. Steven Rickards has also appeared in modern repertoire, including the world première in 1993 in Prague of Ladislav Kubik's homage to Franz Kafka, *Der Weg*, as well as in modern revivals of rarer Baroque repertoire.

James Bowman, Tracey Chadwell, and Steven Rickards. She has performed with Robert Spencer's Consort of Six, the Scottish Early Music Consort, the Deller Consort, and the Glyndebourne and Scottish Opera companies. Dorothy Linell has performed throughout Britain for music societies and at London's South Bank. She has given over a hundred concerts for Yehudi Menuhin's Live Music Now scheme for disadvantaged or isolated audiences throughout England.

and Spanish Renaissance, folk-songs, and lute-songs. The Rickards Linell Duo has also presented first performances of works commissioned or written for it. The collaboration has brought appearances at major festivals and concert series and residences and master-classes in colleges and universities as part of its strong commitment to education.

1 **Come let us sound with melody**
(A Booke of Ayres (1601) XXI)

Come let us sound with melody the praises
Of the kings king, th'omnipotent creator,
Author of number that hath all the world in
Harmonie framed.

Heav'n is his throne perpetually shining,
His divine power and glorie thence he thunders,
One in all, and all still in one abiding,
Both Father, and Sonne.

O sacred sprite, invisible, eternall,
Ev'ry where, yet unlimited, that all things
Canst in one moment penetrate, revive me,
O holy Spirit.

Rescue, O rescue me from earthly darknes,
Banish hence all these elementall objects,
Guide my soule that thirsts to the lively Fountaine
Of thy devinness.

Cleanse my soule, O God, thy bespotted Image,
Altered with sinne so that heav'nly purenes
Cannot acknowledge me but in thy mercies,
O Father of grace.

But when once thy beames do remove my darknes,
O then I'll shine forth as an Angell of light,
And record, with more than an earthly voice, thy
Infinite honours.

2 **Tune thy Musicke to thy hart**
(First Booke of Ayres (1612/13) VIII)

Tune thy Musicke to thy hart,
Sing thy joy with thanks, and so thy sorrow:
Though Devotion needes not Art,
Sometime of the poore the rich may borrow.

Strive not yet for curious wayes:
Concord pleaseth more, the lesse 'tis strained;
Zeale affects not outward prayse,
Onely strives to shew a love unfained.

Love can wondrous things effect,
Sweetest Sacrifice, all wrath appeasing;
Love the highest doth respect,
Love alone to him is ever pleasing.

3 **Come you pretty false-ey'd wanton**
(Second Booke of Ayres (1612/13) XVIII)

Come you pretty false-ey'd wanton,

Leave your crafty smiling:
Thinke you to escape me now,
With slipp'ry words beguiling?

No; you mock't me th'other day,
When you got loose, you fled away;

But, since I have caught you now,

Ile clip your wings for flying:
Smothering kisses fast Ile heape,
And keepe you so from crying.

Sooner may you count the starres,
And number hayle downe pouring,

Tell the Osiers of the Temmes,
Or Goodwins Sands devouring,
Then the thick showr'd kisses here,
Which now thy tyred lips must beare.

Such a harvest never was,
So rich and full of pleasure,
But 'tis spent as soon as reapt,
So trustlesse is love's treasure.

Would it were dumb midnight now,
When all the world lyes sleeping:

Would this place some Desert were,
Which no man hath in keeping.

My desires should then be safe,
And when you cry'd then would I laugh;

But if ought might breed offence,
Love onely should be blamed:
I would live your servant still,
And you my Saint unnamed.

4 **There is none, O none but you**
(Second Booke of Ayres (1612/13) XIII)

There is none, O none but you,
That from mee estrange your sight,
Whom mine eyes affected to view
Or chained eares heare with delight.

Other beauties others move,
In you I all graces finde:
Such is the effect of love,
To make them happy that are kinde.

Women in fraile beauty trust,
Onely seeme you fair to mee,
Yet prove truely kinde and just,
For that may not dissembled be.

Sweet, afford mee then your sight,
That, survaying all your lookes,
Endlesse volumes I may write,
And fill the world with envyed bookes:

Which when after-ages view,
All shall wonder, and despair,
Woman to finde man so true,
Or man a woman halfe so faire.

5 Sweet exclude mee not
(Second Booke of Ayres (1612/13) XI)

Sweet exclude mee not, nor be divided
From him that ere long must bed thee:
All thy maiden doubts Law hath decided;
Sure wee are, and I must wed thee.
Presume then yet a little more:
Here's the way, barre not the dore.

Tenants to fulfill their Land-lords pleasure,
Pay their rent before the quarter:
'Tis my case, if you it rightly measure;
Put mee not then off with laughter.
Consider then a little more:
Here's the way to all my store.

Why were dores in loves despight devised?
Are not Lawes enough restrayning?
Women are most apt to be surprisid
Sleeping, or sleepe wisely fayning.
Then grace me yet a little more:
Here's the way, barre not the dore.

6 I care not for these Ladies
(A Booke of Ayres (1601) III)

I care not for these Ladies
That must be woode and praide,
Give me kind Amarillis
The wanton countrey maide;
Nature art disdaineth,
Her beautie is her owne;
Her when we court and kisse,
She cries, forsooth, let go:
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say no.

If I love Amarillis,
She gives me fruit and flowers,
But if we love these Ladies,
We must give golden showers;
Give them gold that sell love,
Give me the Nut-browne lasse,
Who when we court and kisse,
She cries, forsooth, let go:
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say no.

These Ladies must have pillowes,
And beds by strangers wrought,
Give me a Bower of willowes,
Of mosse and leaves unbought,
And fresh Amarillis,
With milke and honie fed,
Who when we court and kiss,
She cries, forsooth, let go:
But when we come where comfort is,
She never will say no.

7 **Though you are young and I am olde**
(A Booke of Ayres (1601) II)

Though you are young and I am olde,
Though your vaines hot and my blood colde,
Though youth is moist and age is drie,
Yet embers live when flames doe die.

The tender graft is easely broke,
But who shall shake the sturdie Oke?
You are more fresh and faire then I,
Yet stubs doe live, when flowers doe die.

Thou, that thy youth doest vainly boast,
Know, buds are soonest nipt with frost;
Thinke that thy fortune still doth drie,
Thou foole, tomorrow thou must die.

8 **Fire, fire, fire, fire!**
(The Third Booke of Ayres (1617) XX)

Fire, fire, fire, fire!
Lo here I burne in such desire
That all the teares that I can straine
Out of mine idle empty braine,
Cannot allay my scorching paine.
Come Trent and Humber and fayre Thames,
Dread Ocean, haste with all thy streames:
And, if you cannot quench my fire,
O drowne both mee and my desire.

Fire, fire, fire, fire!
There is no hell to my desire:
See all the Rivers backward flye,
And th'Ocean doth his waves deny,
For feare my heate should drinke them dry.
Come, heav'nly showers, then pouring downe;
Come, you that once the world did drowne:
Some then you spar'd, but now save all,
That else must burne, and with mee fall.

9 **What then is love but mourning?**
(A Booke of Ayres (1601) Part II XX: Philip Rosseter)

What then is love but mourning?
What desire but a selfe-burning?
Till shee that hates doth love returne,
Thus will I mourne, thus will I sing,
Come away, come away, my darling.

Beautie is but a blooming,
Youth in his glorie entombing;
Time hath a while which none can stay:
Then come away, while thus I sing,
Come away, come away my darling.

Sommer in winter fadeth,
Gloomie night heav'nly light shadeth,
Like to the morne are Venus flowers;
Such are her howers: then will I sing,
Come away, come away my darling.

10 **Shall I come, sweet love, to thee?**
(The Third Booke of Ayres (1617) XVII)

Shall I come, sweet love, to thee,
When the ev'ning beames are set?
Shall I not excluded be?
Will you finde no fained lett?
Let me not, for pittie, more,
Tell the long houres at your dore.

Who can tell what theefe or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey, will worke my woe,
Or through wicked foule despight:
So may I dye unredrest,
Ere my long love be possess.

But, to let such dangers passe,
Which a lovers thoughts disdaine,
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend Love's joyes in vaine.
Doe not mocke me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

11 Beauty, since you so much desire
(The Fourthe Boke of Ayres (1617) XXII)

Beauty, since you so much desire
To know the place of Cupids fire:
About you somewhere doth it rest,
Yet never harbour'd in your brest,
Nor gout-like in your heele or toe;
What foole would seeke Loves flame so low?
But a little higher, but a little higher,
There, O there lyes Cupids fire.

Thinke not, when Cupid most you scorne,
Men judge that you of Ice were borne;
For, though you cast love at your heele,
His fury yet sometime you feele;
And where-abouts if you would know,
I tell you still, not in your toe,
But a little higher, but a little higher,
There, O there lies Cupid's fire.

12 What is it all that men possesse?
(The Third Booke of Ayres (1617) XIV)

What is it all that men possesse, among themselves conversing ?
Wealth or fame, or some such boast, scarce worthy the rehearsing.
Women onely are mens good, with them in love conversing.

If weary, they prepare us rest; if sicke, their hand attends us:
When with griefe our hearts are prest, their comfort best befriends us:
Sweet or sowre, they willing goe to share what fortune sends us.

What pretty babes with paine they beare,our name and form presenting!
What we get, how wise they keepe, by sparing, wants preventing;
Sorting all their household cares to our observ'd contenting.
All this, of whose large use I sing, in two words is expressed:
Good wife is the good I praise, if by good men possessed;
Bad with bad in ill sute well, but good with good live blessed.

13 The Sypres curten of the night
(A Booke of Ayres (1601) IX)

The Sypres curten of the night is spread,
And over all a silent dewe is cast.
The weaker cares by sleepe are conquered;
But I alone, with hidious griefe agast,
In spite of Morpheus charmes a watch doe keepe
Over mine eies to banish carelesse sleepe.

Yet oft my trembling eyes through faintnes close,
And then the Mappe of hell before me stands,
Which Ghosts doe see, and I am one of those
Ordain'd to pine in sorrowes endles bands,
Since from my wretched soule all hopes are reft
And now no cause of life to me is left.

Griefe, ceaze my soule, for that will still endure
When my cras'd body is consum'd and gone;
Beare it to thy blacke denne, there keepe it sure,
Where thou ten thousand soules dost tyre upon,
Yet all doe not affoord such foode to thee
As this poore one, the worsper part of mee.

14 **Jacke and Jone they think no ill**
(The Second Booke of Ayres (1612/13) XX)

Jacke and Jone they thinke no ill,
But loving live, and merry still;
Doe their weeke dayes worke, and pray
Devotely on the holy day;
Skip and trip it on the greene,
And help to chuse the Summer Queene;
Lash out, at a Country Feast,
Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy Ale,
And tell at large a Winter tale;
Climbe up to the Apple loft,
And turne the Crabs till they be soft.
Tis all the fathers joy,
And little Tom the mothers boy.
All their pleasure is content;
And care, to pay their yearly rent.

Jone can call by name her Cowes,
And decke her windowes with greene boughs;
Shee can wreathes and tuttyes make,
And trimme with plums a Bridall Cake.
Jacke knowes what brings gaine or losse,
And his long Flail can stoutly tosse;
Make the hedge, which others breake,
And ever thinks what he doth speake.

Now, you Courtly Dames and Knights,
That study onely strange delights,
Though you scorne the home-spun gray,
And revell in your rich array;
Though your tongues dissemble deepe,
And can your heads from danger keepe;
Yet for all your pompe and traine,
Securer lives the silly Swaine.

15 **It fell on a sommers daie**
(A Booke of Ayres (1601) VIII)

It fell on a sommers daie,
While sweet Bessie sleeping laie
In her bowre, on her bed,
Light with curtaines shadowed;
Jamy came, shee him spies,
Opning halfe her heavie eies.

Jamie stole in through the dore,
She lay slumbring as before.
Softly to her he drew neere,
She heard him, yet would not heare;
Bessie vow'd not to speake,
He resolv'd that dumpe to breake.

First a soft kiss he doth take,
She lay still, and would not wake.
Then his hands learn'd to woo,
She dream't not what he would doo,
But still slept, while he smild
To see love by sleepe beguild.

Jamie then began to play,
Bessie as one buried lay,
Gladly still through this sleight
Deceiv'd in her own deceit;
And, since this traunce begoon,
She sleepes ev'rie afternoone.

16 **When to her lute Corrina sings**
(A Booke of Ayres (1601) VI)

When to her lute Corrina sings,
Her voice revives the leaden strings,
And doth in highest noates appeare
As any challeng'd echo cleere;
But when she doth of mourning speake,
Ev'n with her sighes the strings do breake.

And as her lute doth live or die;
Led by her passion, so must I:
For when of pleasure she doth sing,
My thoughts enjoy a sodaine spring;
But if she doth of sorrow speake,
Ev'n from my hart the strings doe breake.

17 **My sweetest Lesbia**
(A Booke of Ayres (1601) I)

My sweetest Lesbia, let us live and love.
And, though the sager sort our deedes reprove,
Let us not way them: heav'n's great lampes doe dive
Into their west, and strait againe revive,
But, soone as once set is our little light,
Then must we sleepe one ever-during night.

If all would lead their lives in love like mee,
Then bloudie swords and armour should not be,
No drum nor trumpet peaceful sleepes should move,
Unless alar'me came from the campe of love:
But fooles do live, and wast their little light,
And seeke with paine their ever-during night.
Timely death my life and fortune ends,
Let not my hearse be vext with mourning friends,
But let all lovers, rich in triumph, come,
And with sweet pastimes grace my happie tombe;
And, Lesbia, close up thou my little light,
And crowne with love my ever-during night.

18 **Her rosie cheekes, her ever smiling eyes**
(The Second Booke of Ayres (1612/13) XX)

Her rosie cheekes, her ever smiling eyes,
Are Spheares and beds where Love in triumph lies:
Her rubine lips, when they their pearle unlocke,
Make them seeme as they did rise
All out one smooth Currall Rocke.
Oh, that other Creatures store I knew
More worthy, and more rare:
For these are old, and shee so new,
That her to them none should compare.

Oh, could she love, would shee but heare a friend,
Or that shee onely knew what sighs pretend.
Her looks inflame, yet cold as Ice is shee,
Doe or speake, all's to one end,
For what shee is, that will shee be.
Yet will I never cease her prayse to sing,
Though she gives no regard:
For they that grace a worthlesse thing
Are onely greedy of reward.

19 Faire, if you expect admiring

(A Booke of Ayres (1601) XI)

Faire, if you expect admiring,
Sweet, if you provoke desiring,
Grace deere love with kinde requiting.
Fond, but if thy sight be blindnes,
False, if thou affect unkindnes,
Flie both love and loves delighting.
Then when hope is lost and love is scorned,
Ile bury my desires, and quench the fires that
 ever yet in vaine have burned.

Fates, if you rule lovers fortune,
Stars, if men your powers importune,
Yield reliefe by your relenting.
Time, if sorrow be not endles,
Hope made vaine, and pittie friendles,
Helpe to ease my long lamenting.
But if griefes remaine still unredressed,
I'le flie to her againe, and sue for pitie to
 renue my hopes distressed.

20 There is a Garden in her face

(The Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617) VII)

There is a Garden in her face,
Where Roses and white Lillies grow;
A heav'nly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits doe flow.
There Cherries grow, which none may buy,
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.

Those Cherries fayrely doe enclose
Of Orient Pearle a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter showes,
They looke like Rose-buds fill'd with snow.
Yet them nor Peere nor Prince can buy,
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.

Her Eyes like Angels watch them still;
Her Browes like bended bowes doe stand,
Threatning with piercing frownes to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred Cherries to come nigh,
Till Cherry ripe themselves doe cry.

21 Author of light

(The First Booke of Ayres (1612/13) I)

Author of light, revive my dying spright,
Redeeme it from the snares of all-confounding night.

Lord, light me to thy blessed way:

For, blinde with worldly vaine desires, I wander as a stray.

Sunne and Moone, Starres and underlights I see,

But all their glorious beames are mists and darknes, being compar'd to thee.

Fountaine of health, my soules deepe wounds recure,
Sweet showres of pittie raine, wash my uncleannesse pure.

One drop of thy desired grace

The faint and fading hart can raise, and in joyes bosome place.

Sinne and Death, Hell and tempting Fiends may rage;

But God his owne will guard, and their sharp paines and grieffe in time assuage.

22 Never weather-beaten Saile

(The First Booke of Ayres (1612/13) XI)

Never weather-beaten Saile more willing bent to shore,
Never tyred Pilgrims limbs affected slumber more,
Than my weary spright now longs to flye out of my troubled brest.

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soule to rest.

Ever-blooming are the joyes of Heav'n's high paradice,
Cold age deafes not there our eares, nor vapour dims our eyes;
Glory there the Sun outshines, whose beames the blessed onely see:

O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my spright to thee.

23 Most sweet and pleasing are thy wayes

(The First Booke of Ayres (1612/13) IX)

Most sweet and pleasing are thy wayes, O God,
Like Meadowes deckt with Christall streames and flowers:
Thy paths no foote prophane hath ever trod,
Nor hath the proud man rested in thy Bowers.
There lives no Vulture, no devouring Beare,
But onely Doves and Lambs are harbor'd there.

The Wolfe his young ones to their prey doth guide;
The Foxe his Cubbs with false deceit endues;
The Lyons Whelpe suckes from his Damme his pride;
In hers the Serpent malice doth infuse:
The darksome Desart all such beasts contaynes,
Not one of them in Paradiçe remaynes.

24 To Musicke bent is my retyred minde

(The First Booke of Ayres (1612/13) VII)

To Musicke bent is my retyred mind,
And faine would I some song of pleasure sing:
But in vaine joyes no comfort now I finde,
From heav'nly thoughts all true delight doth spring.
Thy power, O God, thy mercies to record,
Will sweeten ev'ry note and ev'ry word.

All earthly pompe or beauty to expresse,
Is but to carve in snow, on waves to write.
Celestiall things, though men conceive them lesse,
Yet fullest are they in themselves of light:
Such beames they yeeld as know no meanes to dye:
Such heate they cast as lifts the Spirit high.

25 Thou joy'st, fond boy
(The Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617) III)

Thou joy'st, fond boy, to be by many loved,
To have thy beauty of most dames approved.
For this dost thou thy native worth disguise,
And play'st the Sycophant t'observe their eyes.

Thy glasse thou counsel'st more t'adorne thy skin,
That first should schoole thee to be fayre within.

'Tis childish to be caught with Pearle or Amber,
And woman-like too much to cloy the chamber;
Youths should the Field affect, heate their rough Steedes,
Their hardned nerves to fit for better deedes.

Is't not more joy strong Holds to force with swords,
Then womens weaknesse take with lookes or words?

Men that doe noble things all purchase glory:
One man for one brave Act hath prov'd a story:
But if that one tenne thousand Dames o'ercame,
Who would record it, if not to his shame?

'Tis farre more conquest with one to live true,
Then every houre to triumph Lord of new.

26 Turne all thy thoughts to eyes
(The Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617) XX)

Turne all thy thoughts to eyes,
Turne all thy haire to eares,
Change all thy friends to spies,
And all thy joyes to feares:
True love will yet be free
In spite of Jealousie.

Turne darknesse into day,
Conjectures into truth;
Beleeve what th'envious say,
Let age interpret youth:
True love will yet be free
In spite of Jealousie.

Wrest every word and looke,
Racke every hidden thought;
Or fish with golden hooke,
True love cannot be caught,
For that will still be free
In spite of Jealousie.

27 Vaile, love, mine eyes
(The Fourth Booke of Ayres (1617) IV)

Vaile, love, mine eyes, O hide from me
The plagues that charge the curious minde:
If beauty private will not be,
Suffice it yet that she proves kinde.
Who can usurp heav'ns light alone?
Stars were not made to shine on one.

Griefes past recure fooles try to heale,
That greater harmes on lesse inflict;
The pure offend by too much zeale,
Affection should not be too strict.
He that a true embrace will finde
To beauties faults must still be blinde.

28 Miserere my Maker (Anon.)

Miserere my Maker:
O have mercy, on me wretch, strangely distressed
Cast down with sin oppressed.
Mightily vex'd to the soul's bitter anguish,
E'en to the death I languish.
Yet let it please Thee to hear my ceaseless crying,
Miserere, I am dying.

Miserere my Savior:
I, alas, am from my sins fearfully grieved,
And cannot be relieved.
But by Thy death which Thou did'st suffer for me;
Wherefore I adore thee
And do beseech Thee to hear my ceaseless crying:
Miserere, I am dying.

Holy Spirit, Miserere:
Comfort my distressed soul, griev'd for youth's folly
Purge, cleanse, and make it holy.
With Thy sweet due of grace and peace inspire me
Holy I desire thee
And strengthen me now in this my ceaseless crying:
Miserere, I am dying.

Recorded at The Lodge, Indianapolis, Indiana, USA,
from 6th to 9th February 1996.

Producer and Engineer: Douglas R. Dillon
Music Notes: Dorothy Linell and Keith Anderson
Cover Photo: The Rickards Linell Duo

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Thomas CAMPION: Lute Songs

Poet, physician, soldier and member of the English aristocracy, Thomas Campion led a very active and colourful life in the music and theatre circles of London. His surviving musical output is entirely in the form of a lute-song, a type of poem/song highly popular at this time and frequently on the subject of love.

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Thomas
CAMPION
 (1567-1620)

TT: 52:52

Steven Rickards, Countertenor • Dorothy Linell, Lute

1	Come let us sound with melody	2:52	15	It fell on a sommers daie	2:36
2	Tune thy Musicke to thy hart	1:36	16	When to her lute Corrina sings	1:46
3	Come you pretty false-ey'd wanton	1:43	17	My sweetest Lesbia (Music: Philip Rosseter)	4:41
4	There is none, O none but you	2:07	18	Her rosie cheekes, her ever smiling eyes	2:31
5	Sweet exclude mee not	3:15	19	Faire, if you expect admiring	1:20
6	I care not for these Ladies	2:34	20	There is a Garden in her face	2:42
7	Though you are yong and I am olde	3:07	21	Author of light	2:59
8	Fire, fire, fire, fire!	1:59	22	Never weather-beaten Saile	2:14
9	What then is love but mourning? (Music: Philip Rosseter)	2:43	23	Most sweet and pleasing are thy ways	2:45
10	Shall I come, sweet love, to thee?	2:31	24	To musicke bent is my retyred minde	2:26
11	Beauty, since you so much desire	1:46	25	Thou joy'st, fond boy	2:01
12	What is it all that men possesse?	1:43	26	Turne all thy thoughts to eyes	1:30
13	The Sypres curten of the night	5:17	27	Vaile, love mine eyes	2:12
14	Jacke and Jone they think no ill	2:37	28	Miserere my Maker (Anon.)	5:21

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 Lubin Baugin (1610/2-1663) (AKG, Berlin)



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