

Fair Phoenix: Tales of the Winter Queen

August 26, 2020

Early Life, 1596-1612

Responce Pavin	<i>The First Booke of Consort Lessons</i> (1611)
A Scots Tune	Rowallen MS (c.1620)
Fortune My Foe	John Dowland (1563-1626)
Gunpowder Plot	Pepys Ballads, prob. early 17th c.
So Parted You	John Coprario (c.1570-1626)

Wedding to Frederick V, 1613

Mounsters Almaine	<i>The First Book of Consort Lessons</i> (1599)
Gray's Inn the First	John Coperario
“An Epithalamion, or Mariage Song” (excerpt)	John Donne (1572-1631)
Now Hath Flora Rob'd her Bow'rs	Thomas Campion (1567-1620)
Lulle Me Beyond Thee	<i>The English Dancing Master</i> (1651)
“Our revels now are ended” <i>The Tempest</i> , IV. i.	William Shakespeare (1564-1616)
Grimstock	<i>The English Dancing Master</i>

Religious Tensions, 1613-1620

Prince Ruperts March	<i>The English Dancing Master</i>
Eile Mich, Gott, zu Erretten	Heinrich Schütz (1585-1672)

Exile and Return, 1620-1662

No-body's Jigg	<i>The Dancing Master</i> , 6th ed. (1679)
Slide Soft, You Silver Floods	Henry Lawes (1596-1662)
Princes Roaeyle	Jacob van Eyck (1590-1657)
Fantasia 6 in D (excerpt)	Matthew Locke (c.1621-1677)
Never Weather-beaten Saile	Thomas Campion

“Fair Phoenix” tells the story of Elizabeth Stuart, Queen of Bohemia. Born in Scotland in 1596, Elizabeth later married Frederick V of the Palatinate, who ascended to the throne of Bohemia in 1619 only to be deposed the following year. Elizabeth’s brief reign earned her the nickname “The Winter Queen.” This program follows her tumultuous life story, with celebratory music from England on the occasion of her wedding in 1613, music borne of religious anguish during the Thirty Years' War, and finally music of mourning and hope following Elizabeth's exile from Bohemia and eventual return to England.

Seven Times Salt

Michael Barrett, tenor & lute
Karen Burciaga, harp
Agnes Coakley Cox, soprano
Nathaniel Cox, theorbo
Dan Meyers, recorder, flute
David H. Miller, viol & baritone
Matthew Wright, lute

seventimesalt.com

Texts & Translations

Gunpowder Plot

When James the First in England Reigned King, under his Royal Gracious Princely Wing
Religion flourish'd both in Court and Town, which wretched Romans strove to trample down.

At length, these wretched Romans all agreed which way to make the King and Nation bleed,
By Powder, all agree with joint Consent, to Blow up both the King and Parliament.

Under the House of the Great Parliament, this Romish Den, and Devils by consent,
The Hellish Powder-Plot they formed there, in hopes to send all flying in the Air.

But that Great God that sits in Heaven high he did behold their bloody Treachery,
He made their own Hand-writing soon betray the Work which they had Plotted many a day.

The Lord in Mercy did his Wisdom send unto the King, his People to Defend,
Which did reveal the hidden Powder-Plot, a gracious Mercy ne'er to be forgot.

Pepys Ballad Collection, prob. early 17th c.

So parted you as if the world for ever
Had lost with him her light
Now could your teares hard flint to ruth excite,
Yet may you never
Your loves againe partake in humane sight:
O why should love such two kinde harts dissever
As nature never knit more faire or firme together?

So loved you as sister should a brother
Not in a common straine,
For Princely blood doeth vulgar fire disdain:
But you each other
On earth embar't in a celestiall chaine
A lasse for love that heav'nly borne affection
To change should subject be and suffer earths infection.

Songs of Mourning, 1613

Now hath Flora rob'd her bowers
To befrend this place with flowers:
Strove aboute, strowe aboute.
The Skye rayn'd neuer kindlyer Showers.
Flowers with Bridalls well agree,
Fresh as Brides, and Bridgromes be:
Strowe aboute, strowe aboute;
And mixe them with fit melodie.
Earth hath no Princelier flowers
Then Roses white, and Roses red,
But they must still be mingled:
And as a Rose new pluckt from Venus thorne,
So doth a Bride her Bride-groomes bed adorne.

Divers divers Flowers affect
For some priuate deare respect:
Strowe aboute, strowe aboute,
Let every one his owne protect;
But hees none of Floras friend
That will not the Rose commend.
Strowe aboute, strowe aboute;
Let Princes Princely flowers defend:
Roses, the Gardens pride,
Are flowers for love and flowers for Kings,
In courts desir'd and Weddings:
And as a Rose in Venus bosome worne,
So doth a Bridegroome his Brides bed adorne.

Lord Hayes Maske, 1607

Eile, mich, Gott, zu erretten,
Herr, mir zu helfen!
Es müssen sich schämen und zu Schanden werden,
die nach meiner Seele stehen.
Sie müssen zurücke kehren und gehöhnet werden,
die mir Übels wünschen,
daß sie müssen wiederum zu Schanden werden,
die da über mich schreien: da, da!
Freuen und fröhlich müssen sein in dir,
die nach dir fragen und dein Heil lieben,
immer sagen: Hoch gelobt sei Gott!
Ich aber bin elend und arm.
Gott, eile zu mir,
denn du bist mein Helfer und Erretter,
mein Gott, verzeuch nicht!

Make haste, O God, to deliver me.
Make haste to help me!
Let those who seek after my soul
be shamed and confounded.
Let those who delight in my pain
be turned back and brought dishonor.
Let them, in their shame, cry out: Aha, aha.
Let all those who seek You
rejoice and be happy in You,
and let those who love Your salvation
always say, "Let God be magnified!"
But I am poor and needy.
Make haste unto me, O God,
You are my help and my deliverer.
My God, do not tarry!

Kleine Geistliche Konzerte, 1636

Slide soft you silver floods

And ev'ry Spring
Within these shady woods;
Let no bird sing,
But from this grove a turtle dove
Be seen to couple with his love:
But silence on each dale and mountain dwell,
Whilst that I weeping bid my love farewell.

You nymphs of Thetis' train,
You mermaids fair
That on these shores do plane
Your seagreen hair,
As you in trammels knit your locks
Weep ye, and force the craggy rocks
In heavy murmurs through broad shores tell
How that I weeping bid my love farewell.

British Library MS 53723, c.1626-1662

Never weather-beaten Saile more willing bent to shore,
Never tyred Pilgrims limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied 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 joys of Heav'ns 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.

First Booke of Ayres, 1613