

## Fortune My Foe

### Englishmen In Exile

1 Pavan	John Dowland (1563-1626)
2 Can She Excuse My Wrongs	John Dowland
3 King of Denmark's Galliard	John Dowland
4 Fortune My Foe (Complainte)	Matthew Holmes Consort Books (c. 1595)
5 Faction That Ever Dwells	John Dowland
6 Canzona á 5 Super "O Nachbar Roland"	Samuel Scheidt (1587-1654)
7 My Lord Willoughbies Welcome Home	Roxburghe Ballads, arr. STS
8 Pavana Anglica	Peter Phillips (c. 1560-1633)
9 Galliard to Phillips Pavan	Thomas Morley (1557-1602)
10 The Souldiers Song	Tobias Hume (1569-1645)
11 Volta	Thomas Simpson (1582-1628)
12 My Choice	John Bull (1562-1628)/arr. & divisions by D. Meyers
13 Bull's Goodnight	John Bull/arr. STS
14 Pitties Lamentation	Pepys Ballads (c.1680)
15 Soldier's Life / The Pilgrim	<i>The English Dancing Master</i> (1651), ed. John Playford

## SEVEN TIMES SALT

Karen Burciaga - baroque violin  
Daniel Meyers - recorders, flute, bagpipes, percussion  
Josh Schreiber - bass & tenor viol  
Matthew Wright - lute, cittern

with

Michael Barret - tenor, recorder

*live concert recording June 2006*

### Notes

The late 16th century was in many respects the golden age of England, though not for quite all of its inhabitants. Many found themselves obliged to seek their fortunes abroad for various reasons, including religious persecution (even under the relatively tolerant rule of Elizabeth I, Catholicism was frowned upon), the 1572 Act of Parliament limiting musicians' involvement in "common...interludes and minstrels," and perhaps especially because of the lucrative opportunities at the many small courts of continental Europe. Composers were not the only ones to leave home; English actors and writers also travelled far and wide, bringing with them English plays, masques, and dance music.

One of the enduring imprints that English musicians left on the continent was the "English" pavan, a polyphonic piece composed of three contrasting sections, often employing plangent chromaticism and cross-relations, and changes into triple meter. Another important legacy was the idea of grouped dance suites, which the French and Germans eventually codified into the almand-courant-sarabande-gigue suite form that is familiar to most modern musicians. Perhaps the most lasting legacy of these English exiles, though, was the apotheosis of musical melancholy; some of the most sublime examples of English Renaissance music are devoted to portraying the state of melancholy (believed by Renaissance physicians to be an actual physical condition, caused by too much black bile accumulating in the body). What the doctors declared to be unhealthy, the composers made undeniably fashionable, and soon all the courts of Europe were relishing melancholy as the most desired of musical affects.

Perhaps no composer owes so much of his success to melancholy as John Dowland, the Anglo-Irish lutenist who penned the famous piece "Semper Dowland, Semper dolens" (always Dowland, always sorrowing). While he is probably best remembered for his song "Flow My Teares" (later expanded into the wildly popular Lachrimae consort settings), second place in the Dowland lute-song oeuvre undoubtedly belongs to **Can She Excuse My Wrongs**, one of the greatest examples of the "complaint" genre, in which a spurned lover attempts to convince his beloved to grant his carnal desires.

After years of striving to obtain an official position at Elizabeth's court (his Catholicism was probably largely to blame for his lack of professional success), Dowland left England and held various positions in Germany, Italy, and Denmark. In 1612 he finally realized his lifelong ambition when James I appointed him court lutenist, but by that time, he had been eclipsed by other rising stars.

Dowland was not the only Catholic who was denied a position at the English court; his contemporary Peter Phillips left England in the 1590s for the religious tolerance of the Netherlands. Known for his sacred music and choral motets, he also composed a great deal of keyboard music, including fantasias and variations on pavans and galliards. His **Pavana Anglica** exemplifies the English use of chromaticism and divisions on repeated material; as a keyboard piece, its clear four-part writing happily allows four separate musicians to play their own distinct lines, with only minor changes. While in the Low Countries, Phillips served Lord Thomas Paget, an exile himself, whose brother Charles was a double agent between England and Rome. In 1593, Phillips was arrested for acting as a courier for Charles and served two months in prison. Guilty or not, his experience with the Pagets made its mark; in 1609 he was ordained as a priest, and he never returned to England.

Violinist William Brade left England in 1590, for professional rather than religious reasons. He enjoyed moderate success first in Germany, then at the Danish court during Dowland's time there. He was known for his volumes of dance music, which included branles, mascaradas, and voltas—dance forms that had become largely unknown outside of England. Thomas Simpson, another string player, worked in Heidelberg, Buckeburg, and eventually Copenhagen in 1622, where Christian IV still reigned. During his time abroad, roughly 1608-1628, he published four collections of four- and five-part dance music. His **Volta** comes from the *Taffel Consort* of 1621, which includes not only many of his own compositions but also works of his German colleagues and fellow expatriates.

These English composers clearly left their mark on musicians of the Germanic states such as Samuel Scheidt, a great German admirer of English style (he succeeded William Brade as Kappellmeister in Halle in 1619). His *Ludi Musicali* of 1621 contains paduans, galliards, courants, and canzons, all prime examples of the Anglo-German repertory. He gathered these ideas from Brade, whom he knew in Germany, and indirectly from Phillips through Jan Sweelinck (who for a brief time was Scheidt's teacher). His canzonas are largely based on French and English folk tunes, and the **Canzona á 5 Super O Nachbar Roland** is no exception—it quotes the famous English song My Lord Willoughby's Welcome Home, which we also present as a ballad.

"Brave Lord Willoughby" was not the only British soldier who made his mark on the musical world; Tobias Hume, a Scottish-born military man and viol player, lived a life almost as colorful as his music. Though he considered himself a professional soldier, and served as a mercenary throughout Europe for thirty years, he was no dilettante as a viol player. Sadly, his self-taught virtuosity did much to ensure that his music was not highly regarded during his lifetime—his pieces were often too rough in style to be popular at court, but also too technically demanding to be easily accessible by amateurs. He was known to carry his viol with him even while encamped in the field, and he did much to advance the popularity of the viol as a solo instrument, boldly claiming "and from henceforth, the statefull instrument Gambo Violl, shall with ease yeelde full various and as devicefull Musicke as the Lute." The **Souldiers Song**, written for accompaniment by viol rather than by lute, is a fine demonstration of the techniques which characterize Hume's unique style of viol music. Unlike his contemporaries Dowland, Brade, and Simpson, though, Hume never truly did find a professional home. When he returned to England at the age of 60 after having fought battles and played music in almost every country in Europe, he found himself destitute and dependent on the charity of the Charterhouse in London. Past his prime as both a soldier and a musician, his final petition to Parliament in 1642, volunteering his help in constructing "engines of warre" for the New Model Army, fell on deaf ears, and he died penniless and disconsolate in 1645, with *Musical Humors* as his only true legacy.

It would seem difficult to find a more colorful life (musical and otherwise) than that of Hume, but the career of John Bull, a Welshman, makes Hume's life seem tame by comparison. Bull was a talented keyboardist, singer, and skilled improviser, a consummate virtuoso; music, however, was not his only pursuit. After a tempestuous time at Oxford that included womanizing, espionage, and at least one lawsuit for breaking and entering, he was finally expelled in 1613 on the charge of adultery. As the Archbishop of Canterbury remarked, "the man hath more music than honesty and is as famous for marring of virginity as he is for fingering of organs and virginals." He fled to Brussels under cover of darkness, later gaining the post of organist at Antwerp Cathedral, though at first it was offered conditionally, dependent upon his refraining for three years' time from the activities which had made him so controversial in England. **My Choice** and **Bull's Goodnight** are two examples of his numerous keyboard works, many of which appear in the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book.

Although we have titled tonight's program "Fortune My Foe," most of these Englishmen proved that fate was not always unkind, each finding a measure of success in his own way. Only Hume seems to have truly run afoul of Fortune, in light of which we have chosen to pay tribute to him with the country dance tune **Soldier's Life**. We bid a final farewell to all of our "exiles" with the rousing strains of **The Pilgrim**, a lighthearted dance tune in honor of those who dared to brave Fortune and spread English genius throughout 17th-century Europe. —Daniel Meyers & Karen Burciaga, 2006/2012

## Texts

2.

**Can she excuse my wrongs** with Virtue's cloak?  
Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?  
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?  
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?  
No, no: where shadows do for bodies stand,  
Thou may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.  
Cold love is like to words written on sand,  
Or to bubbles which on the water swim.  
Wilt thou be thus abused still,  
Seeing that she will right thee never?  
If thou can'st not o'ercome her will,  
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Was I so base, that I might not aspire  
Unto those high joys which she holds from me?  
As they are high, so high is my desire:  
If she this deny, what can granted be?  
If she will yield, to that which Reason is,  
It is Reason's will that Love should be just.  
Dear, make me happy still by granting this,  
Or cut off delays if that die I must.  
Better a thousand times to die,  
Than for to live thus still tormented:  
Dear, but remember it was I  
Who for thy sake did die contented.

5.

**Faction that ever dwells**  
In court, where wit excels.  
Hath set defiance:  
Fortune and Love have sworn,  
That they were never born  
Of one alliance.

Cupid, which doth aspire,  
To be God of Desire,  
Swears he gives laws;  
That where his arrows hit,  
Some joy, some sorrow it,  
Fortune no cause.

Fortune swears weakest hearts  
(The books of Cupid's arts)  
Turn'd with her wheel.  
Senseless themselves shall prove  
Venter hath place in love,  
Ask them that feel.

This discord it begot  
Atheists, that honour not.  
Stature thought good,  
Fortune should ever dwell  
In court, where wits excel,  
Love keep the wood.

So to the wood went I,  
With love to live and lie,  
Fortune's forlorn.  
Experience of my youth,  
Made me think humble Truth  
In deserts born.

My saint I keep to me,  
And Joan herself is she,  
Joan fair and true.  
She that doth only move  
Passions of love with love  
Fortune adieu!

7.

### **My Lord Willoughbies Welcome Home**

The fifteen day of July, with glistering Speare and Shield  
A famous fight in Flanders was foughten in the field:  
The most courageous Officers was English Captains three;  
But the bravest in the Battel was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Norris, a valiant man was he;  
The other Captain Turner that from field would never flee;  
With fifteen hundred fighting men, alas there was no more,  
They fought with fortie thousand then upon the bloudie shore.

"Stand to it, noble Pike-men, and look you round about;  
And shoot you right, you Bow-men, and we will keep them out;  
You Musquet and Calliver\* men, do you prove true to me, \* hand gun  
I'll be the foremost man in fight," says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy they fiercely did assail,  
They fought it out most furiously not doubting to prevail,  
The wounded men on both sides fell most piteous for to see,  
Yet nothing could the courage quell of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours in all mens view the fight endured sore,  
Until our men so feeble grew that they could fight no more,  
And them upon dead horses full savourly they eate  
And drank the puddle water, for no better could they get.

And when they fed so freely, they kneeled on the ground,  
And praised God devoutely for the courage they had found,  
And beating up their colours the fight they did renew,  
And turning toward the Spanyards, a thousand more they slew.

Then quoth the Spanish general, "Come let us march away,  
I fear we shall be spoiled all, if that we longer stay,  
for yonder comes Lord Willoughby, with courage fierce and fell:  
He will not give one inch of ground for all the Devils in Hell."

And then the fearful enemy was quickly put to flight,  
Our men pursued courageously and rout their forces quite,  
And at last they gave a shout, which echoed through the sky,  
"God and St. George\* for England!" the conquerors did cry. *\*patron saint of England*

Then courage, noble English men, and never be dismayd,  
If that we be but one to ten we will not be afraid  
To fight with forraign Enemies, and set our Country free,  
And thus I end the bloody bout of brave Lord Willoughby.

10.

### The Souldiers Song

I sing the praise of honor'd wars,  
the glory of wel gotten skars,  
the bravery of glittering shields,  
of lusty harts & famous fields:  
For that is Musicke worth the eare of Jove,  
a sight for kings, & still the Soldiers love:  
Look, for me thinks I see  
the grace of chivalry,  
the colours are displaid,  
the captaines bright araid:  
See now the battels rang'd  
bullets now thick are chang'd:  
Harke, harke, shootes and wounds abound  
the drums allarum sound:  
The Captaines crye za za za, za, za  
The Trumpets sound tar ra ra ra ra ra  
tar ra ra ra tar ra ra ra tar ra ra ra,  
O this is musicke worth the eare of Jove,  
a sight for Kinges, and stil the Soldiers love.

14.

### Pitties Lamentation for the Cruelty of this Age

Well worth Predecessors, and Fathers by name.  
That lived in England long times a goe:  
Whose wondrous deedes were done for their fame,  
Which now heer in England breedeth our woe:  
Then Pitty did rest, in every mans brest:  
And Cruelty had no place to make his nest  
*Oh happy England that lived in that state,  
When Pitty was Porter at every mans gate.*

But Pitty (alack) tis quite fled and gone,  
True friendship and love is banisht away:  
Plaine dealing now walketh mourning alone,  
And no man relieves him by night nor by day:  
No Pitty we see, in any degree,  
But fraud and deceit, and vile butchery.  
*Oh happy England...*

Oh what is there now in this wicked age,  
That man will not doe to accomplish the end,  
Which he hath intended in mallice and rage,  
Though halfe that he hath in his mischiefe he spend  
Men wanting the grace,  
That love to imbrace.  
Which in former times,  
Had eminent place:  
*Oh happy England...*

Poore ragged Conscience, where dost thou live?  
Banisht (I doubt me) from Towne and from Citty:  
Poverty beggeth yet few men wil give,  
And plentie is sparing the more is the pittie,  
For gorgious aray now beareth such sway  
That by her continuance, all things decay,  
*O happy England...*

If this happy world would once againe more,  
Returne to her former vertue and grace:  
All men with bounty would part with there store,  
To build by poore Pitty a perpetuall place:  
So Pitty will rest, in every mans brest:  
And Cruelty find no place, to make his nest.  
*Be happy O England to live in that state,  
When Pitty was Porter at every mans gate.*