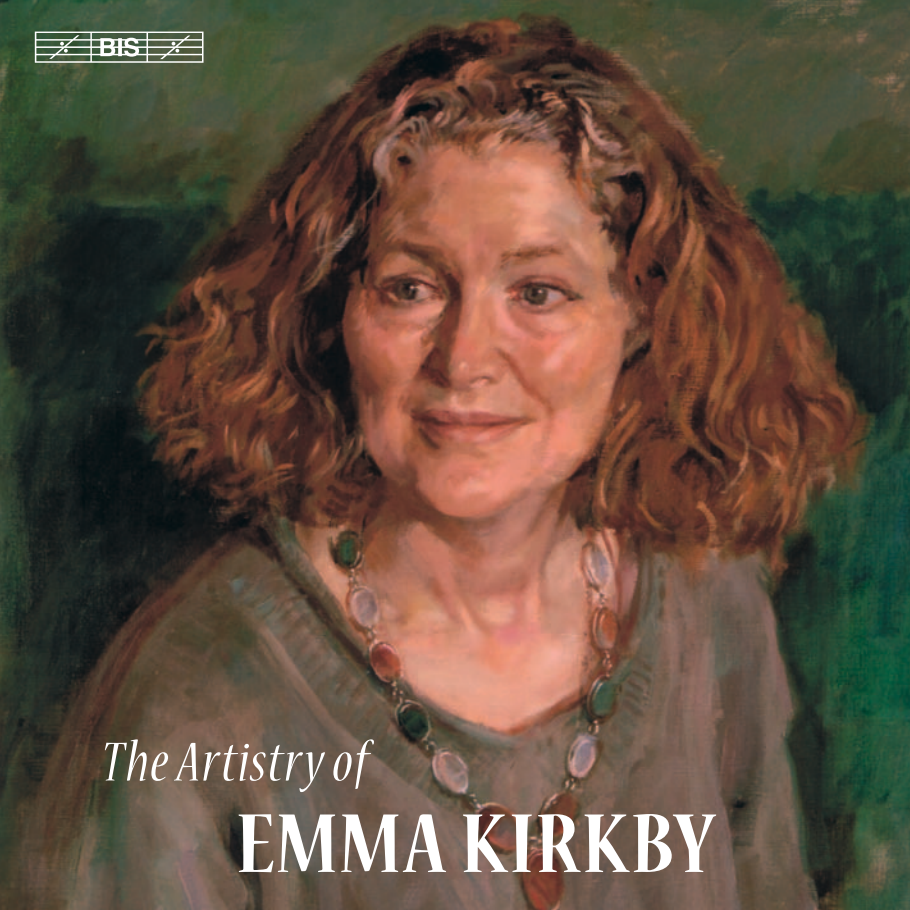


A detailed oil painting of a woman with voluminous, curly, reddish-brown hair. She has a gentle smile and is looking slightly to the right of the viewer. She is wearing a dark green, textured garment and a necklace with large, oval-shaped beads in shades of green, purple, and brown. The background is a dark, textured green.

The Artistry of

EMMA KIRKBY

THE ARTISTRY OF
EMMA KIRKBY

HÄNDEL, GEORG FRIEDRICH (1685–1759)

GLORIA

16'09

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------|------|
| 1 | Gloria in excelsis Deo | 2'32 |
| 2 | Et in terra pax | 2'29 |
| 3 | Laudamus te | 1'10 |
| 4 | Gratias agimus tibi | 0'54 |
| 5 | Domine Deus | 1'29 |
| 6 | Qui tollis | 4'23 |
| 7 | Quoniam tu solus sanctus | 1'05 |
| 8 | Cum Sancto Spiritu | 2'03 |

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC BAROQUE ORCHESTRA
LAURENCE CUMMINGS *conductor*

SALVE REGINA for soprano, two violins and basso continuo

10'35

- | | | |
|----|--------------------------|------|
| 9 | Salve Regina | 5'24 |
| 10 | Eja ergo advocata nostra | 3'37 |
| 11 | O clemens, o pia | 1'27 |

O QUALIS DE CÆLO SONUS

11'33

for soprano, two violins and basso continuo

- | | | |
|----|------------------------------------|------|
| 12 | Sonata | 0'58 |
| 13 | Recitativo: O qualis de cælo sonus | 0'45 |
| 14 | Ad plausus ad jubila | 3'27 |

15	Recitativo: Eja ergo, mortalis	0'22
16	Gaude, tellus benigna	4'17
17	Alleluja	1'42

CÆLESTIS DUM SPIRAT AURA 11'47

for soprano, two violins and basso continuo

18	Sonata	1'35
19	Recitativo: Cœlestis dum spirat aura	0'31
20	Felix dies, præclara, serena	4'19
21	Recitativo: Vestro, religiosi principes	0'34
22	Tam patrono singulari	3'05
23	Alleluja	1'40

LAUDATE PUERI (PSALM 112) 21'40

for soprano, two violins and basso continuo

24	Laudate pueri Dominum	2'04
25	Sit nomen Domini benedictum	2'11
26	A solis ortu usque ad occasum	1'08
27	Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus	2'38
28	Quis sicut Dominus	3'19
29	Ut collocet eum cum principibus	1'40
30	Qui habitare facit	3'17
31	Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto	5'07

LONDON BAROQUE · CHARLES MEDLAM *director*

INGRID SEIFERT *violin* · RICHARD GWILT *violin*

CHARLES MEDLAM *violoncello* · TERENCE CHARLSTON *harpsichord/organ*

BÖDDECKER, PHILIPP FRIEDRICH (1607–83)

- 1 NATUS EST JESUS for soprano and basso continuo 4'54

BACH, JOHANN SEBASTIAN (1685–1750)

- 2 ÖFFNE DICH MEIN GANZES HERZE 3'20
from the cantata 'Nun komm, der Heiden Heiland', BWV 61
for soprano and basso continuo
- 3 BEREITE DIR, JESU, NOCH ITZO DIE BAHN 4'11
from the cantata 'Herz und Mund und Tat und Leben', BWV 147a
for soprano, violin and basso continuo
- LONDON BAROQUE · CHARLES MEDLAM *director*

GRAUPNER, CHRISTOPH (1683–1760)

CANTATA 'ACH GOTT UND HERR' 17'51

- 4 Choral: Ach Gott und Herr 2'30
- 5 Recitativo: O Gott, o Gott, was hab ich doch getan? 2'33
- 6 Aria: Seufzt und weint, ihr matten Augen / Recitativo: Ich fühle Pein 8'14
- 7 Recitativo: Doch Seele, geh zurücke 1'01
- 8 Aria: Stelle dich zufrieden 3'30

THEATRE OF EARLY MUSIC

JOHN ABBERGER *oboe* · CHRISTINE MORAN & CHRISTINA ZACHARIAS *violins*

DAVID MILLER *viola* · RICHARD CAMPBELL *viola*

REUVEN ROTHMAN *double bass* · CHRISTOPHER JACKSON *organ*

COUPERIN, FRANÇOIS (1668–1733)

[9] PREMIÈRE LEÇON DE TÉNÈBRES POUR LE MERCREDY SAINT 15'29

[10] TROISIÈME LEÇON DE TÉNÈBRES POUR LE MERCREDY SAINT 11'08

AGNÈS MELLON *soprano* [10]

CHARLES MEDLAM *bass viol* • TERENCE CHARLSTON *organ*

DE LALANDE, MICHEL-RICHARD (1657–1726)

[11] TROISIÈME LEÇON DE TÉNÈBRES DU MERCREDY SAINT 16'05

CHARLES MEDLAM *bass viol* • TERENCE CHARLSTON *organ*

SCARLATTI, ALESSANDRO (1660–1725)

NON SÒ QUAL PIÙ M'INGOMBRA

13'45

Cantata Pastorale for soprano, two violins and basso continuo

- | | | |
|---|--|------|
| 1 | I. Recitativo: Non sò qual più m'ingombra... | 2'18 |
| 2 | II. Aria: Che sarà? chi'a me lo dice?... | 4'14 |
| 3 | III. Recitativo: È nato, al fin mi dice... | 1'02 |
| 4 | IV. Aria Pastorale: Nacque, col Gran Messia... | 6'07 |

O DI BETLEMME, ALTERA POVERTA VENTUROSA

16'38

Cantata per la Natale for soprano, two violins, viola and basso continuo

- | | | |
|----|---|------|
| 5 | I. [Recitativo]: O di Betlemme, altera povertà venturosa... | 2'20 |
| 6 | II. [Aria]: Dal bel Segno d'una Stella... | 2'00 |
| 7 | III. [Recitativo]: Presa d'uomo la forma... | 0'44 |
| 8 | IV. [Aria]: L'autor d'ogni mio bene... | 3'51 |
| 9 | V. [Recitativo]: Fortunati Pastori!... | 0'37 |
| 10 | VI. [Pastorale]: Tocco la prima sorte a voi, pastori... | 7'04 |

LONDON BAROQUE · CHARLES MEDLAM *director*

(Tracks 5–10: with IRMGARD SCHALLER *viola* & WILLIAM CARTER *lute*)

ARIOSTI, ATTILIO MALACHIA (1666–1729)

PUR ALFIN GENTIL VIOLA

10'50

Cantata à Voce Sola con la Viola d'Amore

[11] Aria: Pur alfin gentil viola... 5'22

[12] [Recitativo]: Non fu saggio il consiglio... 1'04

[13] Aria: Beltà che col rigor... 4'24

THOMAS GEORGI *viola d'amore*

LUCAS HARRIS *archlute*

MIME YAMAHIRO BRINKMANN *violoncello*

AMODEI, CATALDO (1649–93)

[14] SU L'ORE CHE L'AURORA 11'51

for voice, harpsichord and theorbo

[15] VA', CHÉ L'HAI FATTO A ME 8'39

for voice and archlute

[16] LIEVE AL PIÈ, GRAVE AL PASSO 9'32

(Cantata sacra per la Beatissima Vergine)

for voice, harpsichord and theorbo

JAKOB LINDBERG *theorbo/archlute*

LARS ULRİK MORTENSEN *harpsichord*

DOWLAND, JOHN (1563–1626)

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------|------|
| 1 | O SWEET WOODS | 6'27 |
| 2 | I SAW MY LADY WEEPE | 5'36 |
| 3 | DAPHNE WAS NOT SO CHASTE | 2'09 |
| 4 | FAREWELL TOO FAIRE | 3'12 |
| 5 | TIME'S ELDEST SONNE | 3'44 |

ANTHONY ROOLEY *lute*

DOWLAND, JOHN

- | | | |
|---|------------------------------------|------|
| 6 | SHALL I STRIVE WITH WORDS TO MOVE? | 3'02 |
|---|------------------------------------|------|

DANYEL, JOHN (1564–c. 1626)

- | | | |
|---|-------------------------------|------|
| 7 | DOST THOU WITHDRAW THY GRACE? | 1'33 |
|---|-------------------------------|------|

JOHNSON, ROBERT (c. 1583–1633)

- | | | |
|---|----------------------------------|------|
| 8 | FULL FATHOM FIVE THY FATHER LIES | 1'49 |
|---|----------------------------------|------|

D'INDIA, SIGISMONDO (c. 1582–c. 1629)

- | | | |
|---|--------------------------|------|
| 9 | DA L'ONDE DEL MIO PIANTO | 3'20 |
|---|--------------------------|------|

SCHIMMELPFENNIG, GEORG (1582–1637)

- | | | |
|----|---------------------|------|
| 10 | DOLCE TEMPO PASSATO | 5'02 |
|----|---------------------|------|

	SCHÜTZ, HEINRICH (1585–1672)	
11	EILE MICH, GOTT, ZU ERRETEN	3'04
	MOULINIÉ, ETIENNE (c. 1600–after 1669)	
12	PAISIBLE ET TÉNÉBREUSE NUIT	2'52
	BOËSSET, JEAN-BAPTISTE (1614–85)	
13	QUE PHILIS A L'ESPRIT LÉGER	1'37
	JAKOB LINDBERG <i>lute</i>	
	LAWES, HENRY (1596–1662)	
14	ANACREON'S ODE, CALL'D THE LUTE (original Greek)	2'08
15	ANACREON'S ODE, CALL'D THE LUTE (‘English’d, to be sung by a Basse alone’)	1'48
16	AT DEAD LOW EBB OF NIGHT (‘A tale out of Anacreon’)	3'07
	BLOW, JOHN (1649–1708)	
17	SAPPHO TO THE GODDESS OF LOVE	6'11
	WILSON, JOHN (1595–1674)	
18	DIFFUGERE NIVES (Horace, Odes IV, 7)	3'33
	FERRABOSCO, ALFONSO II (c. 1578–1628)	
19	SO BEAUTIE ON THE WATERS STOOD	1'29

LAWES, HENRY

20 ORPHEUS' HYMN TO GOD 2'24

GREENE, MAURICE (1696–1755)

21 ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE 3'31

WELDON, JOHN (1676–1736)

22 STOP, O YE WAVES 2'24

ANTHONY ROOLEY *theorbo-lute*

TT: 4h 52m 32s

Originally, **Emma Kirkby** had no expectations of becoming a professional singer. As a classics student at Oxford and then a schoolteacher she sang for pleasure in choirs and small groups, always feeling most at home in Renaissance and Baroque repertoire. She joined the Taverner Choir in 1971 and in 1973 began her long association with the Consort of Musicke. Emma took part in the early Decca Florilegium recordings with both the Consort of Musicke and the Academy of Ancient Music, at a time when most college-trained sopranos were not seeking a sound appropriate for early instruments. She therefore had to find her own approach, with enormous help from Jessica Cash in London, and from the directors, fellow singers and instrumentalists with whom she has worked over the years.

Emma feels privileged to have been able to build long-term relationships with chamber groups and orchestras, in particular London Baroque, the Freiburger Barockorchester, L'Orfeo (of Linz) and the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, and now with some of the younger groups such as the Palladian Ensemble and Florilegium.

To date she has made well over a hundred recordings of all kinds, from sequences of Hildegard of Bingen to madrigals of the Italian and English Renaissance, cantatas and oratorios of the Baroque, works of Mozart, Haydn and J.C. Bach – and even a disc of songs by the American composer Amy Beach, who died in 1944.

Her collaboration with BIS, which is showcased in this collection, began in 2000 and has resulted in ten discs so far. Several of these have been recorded in the 14th-century stone church of Länna, north of Stockholm in Sweden – a venue she treasures above almost all others.

Despite all the recording activity, however, she still prefers live concerts, especially the pleasure of performing favourite programmes with colleagues; every

occasion, every place and every audience will combine to create something new from this wonderful repertoire.

In 1999 Emma was voted Artist of the Year by Classic FM Radio listeners; in November 2000 she received the Order of the British Empire, and in 2007 was appointed Dame Commander of the Order. Also in 2007 *BBC Music Magazine*, in a survey to find ‘the greatest sopranos’, placed Emma at number 10, in the company of larger-than-life divas such as Maria Callas and Victoria de los Angeles. While recognizing that such press items are inevitably parochial, partial, controversial, and outdated as soon as they appear, she is pleased at the recognition implied for an approach to singing that values ensemble, clarity and stillness alongside the more obvious factors of volume and display.

‘The Artistry of Emma Kirkby’? Perhaps ‘The *Enduring* Artistry of Emma Kirkby’ might seem an even more appropriate title to some encountering this set of CDs, especially those fortunate enough to have heard her in concert recently or to have bought one of her more recent records. True, the silver thread (to employ just one of the many metaphors that have been applied to that distinctive voice) is now perhaps just fractionally of wider gauge, the lower register just that shade fuller and stronger, perhaps, dare I say, even to its advantage. But in essence ‘the English nightingale’, an epithet coined (I think) by lutenist Anthony Rooley, continues to enchant with the same natural ease and fluency as she has always done.

That this should be so in some ways occasions no surprise, for it was always entirely predictable that the Kirkby voice would survive the wear and tear of time. The repertoire she has made her own and the *parlando* style of delivery, never strained or effortful, ensured that. That her appetite for singing and touring remains seemingly largely undiminished is perhaps more surprising, but as one of the more intelligent singers I’ve encountered, there is little doubting that Emma will know when the time comes to hang her own lyre of Orpheus on the wall. For those of us then young enough to rush with bright-eyed fervency to embrace the revolutionary (it was, of course, no such thing, but we weren’t right about everything!) ‘rediscovery’ of early music in the 1960s and 1970s, Emma remains not only one of our heroes, but one who seems to have always been there and we’re simply grateful that she still is.

I wish I could write of the first time I heard Emma in concert. I would love to say how it was one of the defining experiences of my musical life, how the seemingly effortless production and infinite purity of the young Kirkby voice took one into a kind of angelic presence, how it was a life-changing experience. Yet in all honesty I cannot now remember. In any event, it was most likely with the Consort

of Musicke, rather than as a soloist, that I first heard her live, since it was with that ensemble, founded by her long-time partner Anthony Rooley, that Emma made most of her early appearances and continued to work for many years. That she should have done so is a mark of what has always been one of the most endearing and central tenets of both her character and her musical philosophy – an innate modesty and the total lack of pretension of any kind that is surely manifest in her oft-expressed love of working with other musicians. You can sense this in concert, for few singers convey this sense of genuine warmth and rapport with their fellow performers to anything like the same degree. To watch Emma's rapt concentration on an instrumental colleague playing an *obbligato* solo in something she is singing is an education in itself. A few years ago I did an interview with Emma on a day during which she had been rehearsing Purcell's *Dido*, one of her regrettably few operatic roles. She told me that in the famous lament, she and the cellist 'weren't quite meeting each other'. Her answer was to get down on the floor and sing with the cellist, almost directing her sound into the instrument. It worked and what had previously been difficult became easy.

This very real and generously given interest in her colleagues is repaid not simply by admiration and respect, which are relatively easily won among fine professionals, but something far, far more rare – genuine love and affection. Charles Medlam, the cellist and gambist of London Baroque, an ensemble with whom Emma has worked on countless occasions, put it like this when I asked him about working with her: 'In spite of fame, fortune and prowess she remains for us just Emma, this lovely person who happens to sing and whom the gods have delivered to us as work colleague. On an artistic level I am always fascinated by the concentration that envelops us when she stands amongst us and sings. I don't often hear her in concert, but when I have she has proved to me that there can be as much drama in a lute song as in a romantic opera.'

While the years have dimmed the precise identity of that first occasion, memories crowd in not only of individual concerts, and recordings that thankfully remain as verifiable testimony, but also of the fierce turf wars we fought on Emma's behalf in those early years, the disputes with the Verdians and Puccinists, who mocked our heroine for a voice they found small, boyish, 'white', vibrato-less, virginal or inexpressive. (It is, incidentally, a mark of the person that Emma herself has for long been ever-ready to draw attention to the fact that there are people who dislike her vocal quality). Those battles have of course long since been largely won, although a stray marauder still occasionally puts his head above the parapet. As to all those concerts over the years, well, there's no bigger bore than the enthusiast who tells you that you should have heard xyz doing such and such thirty years ago. But I hope to be forgiven a vividly recalled personal vignette that casts light not on Emma's artistry, but on her total naturalness and lack of pretension. Some years ago she gave a recital with harpsichordist Lars Ulrik Mortensen as part of a series of celebrity concerts held in a rather smart hotel on the south coast of England. On arrival Emma found that she had managed to select odd shoes, but undaunted on went the shoes and on went the recital. Not a comfortable solution to the problem, so long before Handel's distraught Lucretia had brought the first half to a close, Emma had shed the offending shoes in favour of bare feet, an operation undertaken with the maximum of disarming charm and the minimum of distracting fuss.

As the four discs assembled for this tribute go some way to demonstrating, Emma Kirkby's repertoire over the years has flowered to achieve a quite exceptional breadth, ranging as it does from Hildegard of Bingen through to Haydn and Mozart and stylistically encompassing a range from *air de cour* to Bach cantata or Italian aria. To everything she sings is brought not only the gloriously apparent ease of vocal production and a mastery of vocal technique that allows

every *appoggiatura*, every ornament, every run to be articulated with breath-taking accuracy, but also the same care, attention and intelligent approach to the text. True, there are times when the more subtle aspects of Emma's art can be lost in too large a space; she herself is self-evidently most at ease in an intimate space in which she can 'play' her audience, employing the three performing principles identified by Tony Rooley as emanating from Castiglione's handbook of courtly manners, *Il Cortegiano*. From *decoro* comes the outward show, which includes care in preparation and the sense of what is appropriate, its dangers of rigidity tempered by that wonderful word *sprezzatura*, which owns to a casual, careless mien. Yet capping both *decoro* and *sprezzatura* is *grazia*, a state of divine bliss that is a gift bestowed without limitation, but which cannot be summoned and may or may not be present in any particular situation. Perhaps no single word is better capable of summing up 'this lovely person who happens to sing'.

So, Divine Emma, the arrival of your 60th birthday inspires not only the customary best wishes and congratulations, but also our heartfelt thanks. Our thanks for all those concerts at which we've arrived wondering what *outré* garb you'll be wearing this evening, our thanks for the warmth of personality you bring wherever you are, but most of all our profoundest thanks for enriching our lives immeasurably.

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The music historian Brian Robins has published two books, *The John Marsh Journals: The Life and Times of a Gentleman Composer*, and *Catch and Glee Culture in Eighteenth-Century England*. He is also a contributor to scholarly journals and the revised *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians*, as well as being active as a broadcaster and reviewer.

Since 1822 the **Royal Academy of Music** in London, Britain's senior music college, has prepared students for a successful career in music according to the evolving demands of the profession. The Academy's students, who make up a vibrant community in which over fifty countries are represented, follow diverse programmes which range from performance to composition, jazz, media, musical theatre and opera. The Historical Performance Department offers intensive training in all aspects of historically-informed interpretation, providing opportunities for 'traditional' and 'modern' instrumentalists alike. Laurence Cummings, head of the department since 1997, studied at Oxford University and the Royal College of Music. He plays harpsichord and organ continuo with many of the world's leading period instrument groups, and regularly conducts the English Concert and the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment.

London Baroque was formed in 1978 and is regarded worldwide as one of the foremost exponents of baroque chamber music, enabling its members to devote their professional lives to the group. A regular fifty or so performances a year has given the group a cohesion and professionalism akin to that of a permanent string quartet. The ensemble's repertoire spans a period from the end of the sixteenth century up to Mozart and Haydn, with works of virtually unknown composers next to familiar masterpieces of the baroque and early classical eras. London Baroque is a regular visitor at the Salzburg, Bath, Beaune, Innsbruck, Utrecht, York, Ansbach and Stuttgart Bach festivals. The ensemble has appeared on television in England, France, Germany, Belgium, Austria, Holland, Spain, Sweden, Poland, Estonia and Japan.

The **Theatre of Early Music** (TEM), founded in 2001 by its artistic director Daniel Taylor, is a group of some of the world's finest musicians, sharing a par-

ticular passion for early music. The core of TEM consists of a Montreal-based ensemble primarily made up of young musicians whose distinctive style leads to captivating readings of magnificent but often neglected works. In various constellations, prominent international musicians in the field perform on the platform provided by the Theatre of Early Music and led by Daniel Taylor in their regular concert series in Canada, on tours around the world and on recordings.

Agnès Mellon has been a member of the Chapelle Royale under Philippe Herreweghe and Les Arts Florissants under William Christie. As a soloist, she has had the opportunity to sing under the direction of many conductors including Gardiner, Malgoire, Koopman, Leonhardt, Kuijken and Jacobs. She has performed in such prestigious venues as the Opéra de Paris, the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, Salle Pleyel, Carnegie Hall, the Concertgebouw and the Amsterdam Opera, as well as in several halls in Tokyo.

Thomas Georgi studied at Cornell University and the State University of New York at Stony Brook. He is a member of the Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra as well as a keen ambassador for the viola d'amore, performing solos on that instrument on tour across North America and in Europe, Australia and Japan. He has recorded for BIS three discs containing the works for viola d'amore by Attilio Ariosti. Thomas Georgi's website, www.violadamore.com, promotes understanding of the instrument with pictures and downloadable sound files.

Lucas Harris studied the lute and continuo playing in Milan and in Bremen. He now lives in Canada, where he plays regularly with the Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra. He also works with the Smithsonian Chamber Players, New York Collegium, Seattle Baroque and other ensembles. During breaks in his continuo-

playing schedule, he delves into the sublime repertoire of the baroque lute, as well as teaches, for instance at Oberlin Conservatory's Baroque Performance Institute, where he directs an opera project each summer.

After gaining a performance diploma on the modern cello at Toho Gakuen School of Music in Tokyo, **Mime Yamahiro Brinkmann** studied historical performance on both violoncello and viola da gamba at the Royal Conservatory in The Hague where she graduated with a Solo Performance Diploma ('UM') in 1998. She is active as a soloist and as a member of world-leading early-music groups and has toured Europe, the Americas, the Middle East, Australia, Japan and South Africa.

Jakob Lindberg was born in Djursholm in Sweden and developed his first passionate interest in music through the Beatles. After studies at Stockholm University, he developed his knowledge of the solo lute repertoire at the Royal College of Music in London under the guidance of Diana Poulton. A highly prolific performer in this field, Lindberg has made numerous recordings for BIS, including the complete solo lute music by John Dowland and by J.S. Bach. He is also an active continuo player on the theorbo and archlute, and a sought-after accompanist, working with such as musicians as Anne Sofie von Otter and Ian Partridge.

Lars Ulrik Mortensen studied at the Royal Academy of Music in Copenhagen, and later under Trevor Pinnock in London. Working as a soloist and chamber musician with distinguished colleagues including John Holloway and Jaap ter Linden, he has toured extensively in Europe, the United States, Mexico, South America and Japan. Between 1996 and 1999 Mortensen was professor of harp-

sichord and performance practice at the Hochschule für Musik in Munich. He is also active as a conductor, and has been the artistic director of the ensemble Concerto Copenhagen since 1999.

In 1969 the lutenist **Anthony Rooley** founded the pioneering early music ensemble The Consort of Musicke, which continues to be one of the chief vehicles for his inspiration. He has recorded extensively and continues to perform solo and duo repertoire with the sopranos Evelyn Tubb and Emma Kirkby. Besides teaching, for instance at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis and the Orpheus Institute in Ghent, Rooley is also active as a writer and researcher, with the continuing aim of searching out the best of forgotten English music. Recent projects include performances of the 1850s pre-Raphaelite madrigals of Robert Lucas Pearsall and *The Passions* by William Hayes, a contemporary of Handel.

Ursprünglich hatte Emma Kirkby nicht die Absicht, das Singen zu ihrem Beruf zu machen. Als Studentin der Klassischen Philologie in Oxford und dann als Schullehrerin sang sie aus reinem Vergnügen in Chören und kleinen Ensembles, wobei sie sich stets in der Musik der Renaissance und des Barock am meisten zu Hause fühlte. 1971 stieß sie zum Taverner Choir, 1973 begann ihre langjährige Zugehörigkeit zum Consort of Musicke. An der frühen Decca-Reihe Florilegium wirkte sie mit dem Consort of Musicke und der Academy of Ancient Music mit – zu einer Zeit, da die an den Hochschulen ausgebildeten Sopranistinnen sich kaum für einen Klang interessierten, der dem historischen Instrumentarium angemessen gewesen wäre. So mußte sie ihren eigenen Ansatz finden, unterstützt vor allem von Jessica Cash in London sowie den Leitern, Sängern und Instrumentalisten, mit denen sie im Laufe der Jahre zusammenarbeitete.

Emma Kirkby empfindet es als Privileg, daß sie langfristige Beziehungen mit Kammerensembles und Orchestern aufbauen konnte, insbesondere mit London Baroque, dem Freiburger Barockorchester, L'Orfeo (Linz) und dem Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, aber auch mit jüngeren Gruppen wie dem Palladian Ensemble und Florilegium. Derzeit liegen von ihr weit über 100 Einspielungen aller Art vor – von Sequenzen der Hildegard von Bingen bis zu Madrigalen der italienischen und englischen Renaissance, Kantaten und Oratorien des Barock sowie Werke von Mozart, Haydn und J. Chr. Bach – und sogar eine CD mit Liedern der amerikanischen Komponistin Amy Beach (gest. 1944). Ihre Zusammenarbeit mit BIS, die im Fokus der vorliegenden Sammlung steht, hat 2000 begonnen und bislang zehn CDs hervorgebracht. Mehrere davon wurden in der Steinkirche von Länna eingespielt, nördlich von Stockholm – ein Ort, den sie fast allen anderen Veranstaltungsstätten vorzieht. Trotz ihrer umfangreichen Aufnahmetätigkeit schätzt Emma Kirkby weiterhin vor allem die Live-Auftritte

– und insbesondere das Vergnügen, Lieblingsprogramme mit Kollegen aufzuführen: Der jeweilige Anlaß, der jeweilige Auftrittsort und das jeweilige Publikum tragen dazu bei, etwas Neues aus diesem wundervollen Repertoire entstehen zu lassen.

1999 wurde Emma von den Hörern des Classic FM Radio zur „Künstlerin des Jahres“ gewählt; im November 2000 erhielt sie den Order of the British Empire, 2007 wurde sie zum Dame Commander of the Order ernannt. Ebenfalls 2007 belegte sie in einer *BBC Music Magazine*-Umfrage auf der Suche nach den „Größten Sopranistinnen“ Platz 10 – in Gesellschaft so überlebensgroßer Diven wie Maria Callas und Victoria de los Angeles. Obschon ihr klar ist, daß derlei Presseaktionen zwangsläufig begrenzt, einseitig, strittig und bereits veraltet sind, wenn sie erscheinen, so freut sie sich doch über diese Anerkennung eines sängerischen Ansatzes, der neben den offenkundigeren Faktoren Klangvolumen und Selbstdarstellung insbesondere Ensemblegeist, Klarheit und Stille schätzt.

„Emma Kirkbys Kunst“? Manche, die diese CDs in Händen halten, würden vielleicht „Emma Kirkbys fortdauernde Kunst“ für den angemesseneren Titel halten – insbesondere jene, die das Glück hatten, sie in jüngerer Zeit bei einem Konzert oder auf einer ihrer neueren CDs gehört zu haben. Es mag zutreffen, daß der Silberfaden (um nur eine der vielen Metaphern zu verwenden, die ihrer Stimme zuteil wurden) nun vielleicht von geringfügig weiterem Ausmaß ist, und das tiefere Register um genau diese Nuance voller und stärker – und dies vielleicht sogar (wenn ich so vermessen sein darf) zu seinem Vorteil. Im Wesentlichen aber bezaubert die Englische Nachtigall – ein Beiname, der meines Wissens auf den Lautenisten Anthony Rooley zurückgeht – auch weiterhin mit jener natürlichen Leichtigkeit und Gewandtheit, die ihre Markenzeichen geworden sind.

Daß dies so sein würde, ist in gewisser Hinsicht keine Überraschung, denn es war stets klar abzusehen, daß Emma Kirkbys Stimme der Gefahr des Verschleißes trotzen würde. Ihre Repertoirewahl und der Parlando-Stil ihres nie angestregten oder mühevollen Vortrags haben dafür gesorgt. Dagegen überrascht vielleicht mehr, daß ihre Lust am Singen und Konzertieren offenbar weitgehend unvermindert ist; und da sie eine intelligente Sängerin ist, wird sie, wird sie selber am besten wissen, wann die Zeit gekommen ist, die Leier des Orpheus an den Nagel zu hängen. Für jene von uns, die damals jung genug waren, um mit glühender Inbrunst die revolutionäre (natürlich war sie dies nicht, aber wir konnten nicht immer Recht haben!) „Wiederentdeckung“ der Alten Musik in den 1960er und 1970er Jahren zu begrüßen, bleibt Emma nicht nur eine unserer Heldinnen, sondern eine, die immer da gewesen zu sein scheint – und wir sind einfach dankbar, daß sie dies immer noch ist.

Ich wünschte, ich könnte über das erste Mal schreiben, als ich Emma in einem Konzert hörte. Wie gern würde ich sagen, daß es sich um eine der wichtigsten

Erfahrungen meiner musikalischen Entwicklung handelte, daß die scheinbar mühelose Tonerzeugung und unendliche Reinheit ihrer jungen Stimme uns in eine engelsgleiche Gegenwart versetzte, daß diese Erfahrung mein Leben veränderte. Doch um ehrlich zu sein: Ich kann mich nicht mehr daran erinnern. Live habe ich sie höchstwahrscheinlich zum ersten Mal mit dem Consort of Musicke (und nicht als Solistin) erlebt, hat sie doch mit diesem, von ihrem einstigen Lebenspartner Anthony Rooley gegründeten Ensemble die meisten ihrer frühen Auftritte absolviert und auch später noch viele Jahre zusammengearbeitet. Daß dies so war, verdankt sich einem der von Anfang an liebenswertesten und zentralen Grundzüge ihres Charakters und ihrer Musikphilosophie: angeborene Bescheidenheit und vollkommen unprätentiöses Wesen, wie es sich auch in ihrer oft bekundeten Vorliebe manifestiert, mit anderen Musikern zusammenzuarbeiten. Man spürt das bei ihren Konzerten, denn wenige Sänger vermitteln dieses Gefühl von echter Wärme und harmonischer Übereinstimmung mit ihren Mitmusikern auf ähnlich überzeugende Weise. Emmas konzentrierte Versunkenheit zu beobachten, wenn ein Instrumentalist ein obligates Solo in einem ihrer Gesangsstücke spielt, ist ein ganz eigener Anschauungsunterricht. Vor einigen Jahren interviewte ich Emma an einem Tag, an dem sie Purcells *Dido* geprobt hatte – eine ihrer leider wenigen Opernrollen. Sie erzählte mir, daß sie und der Cellist sich in dem berühmten Klagegesang „nicht unbedingt getroffen“ hätten. Sie ging daraufhin in den Orchestergraben und sang in der Nähe des Cellisten, wobei sie ihren Klang geradezu in das Instrument hineinlenkte. Es funktionierte – und was zuvor schwierig gewesen war, war nun ein Leichtes.

Dieses sehr reale und freigiebige Interesse an ihren Kollegen wird nicht einfach durch Bewunderung und Respekt zurückgezahlt, sondern mit etwas weitaus Seltenerem: echter Liebe und Zuneigung. Charles Medlam, der Cellist und Gambist von London Baroque – ein Ensemble, mit dem Emma bei zahllosen Gelegen-

heiten zusammengearbeit hat – formulierte dies, als ich ihn über ihre Zusammenarbeit befragte, folgendermaßen: „Trotz Ruhm, Glück und Können bleibt sie für uns einfach Emma – diese wunderbare Person, die zufälligerweise singt und die die Götter uns als Arbeitskollegin zugeteilt haben. Auf einer künstlerischen Ebene bin ich immer fasziniert von der Konzentration, die uns umgibt, wenn sie mitten unter uns steht und singt. Ich höre sie nicht oft bei ihren Konzerten, aber wenn, dann ist sie für mich immer ein Beweis, daß in einem Lautenlied soviel Dramatik steckt wie in einer romantischen Oper.“

Während die genaue Identität jener ersten Begebenheit im Laufe der Jahre in den Hintergrund gedrängt wurde, erinnere ich mich nicht nur an einzelne Konzerte und Aufnahmen, die glücklicherweise nachprüfbare Zeugnisse bleiben, sondern auch an die heftigen Revierkämpfe, die wir in jenen frühen Jahren in Emmas Namen ausfochten – die Auseinandersetzung mit den Verdianern und Puccinisten, die unsere Heldin wegen ihrer angeblich kleinen, jungenhaften, „weißen“, vibratolosen, jungfräulichen oder ausdruckslosen Stimme verspotteten. (Bereitwillig darauf hinzuweisen, daß ihre stimmlichen Eigenschaften nicht von allen Menschen geschätzt werden, ist übrigens seit jeher ein weiterer von Emmas Charakterzügen.) Diese Schlachten sind natürlich schon lange geschlagen und im Wesentlichen gewonnen, obwohl der ein oder andere streunende Marodeur von Zeit zu Zeit noch seinen Kopf über die Brüstungsmauer hebt. Was all die Konzerte im Laufe der Jahre angeht: Es gibt nichts Langweiligeres als den Enthusiasten, der Ihnen erzählt, Sie hätten hören sollen, wie XYZ dies & das vor dreißig Jahren gemacht habe. Man möge mir indes eine persönliche Vignette verzeihen, an die ich mich lebhaft erinnere und die nicht nur auf Emmas Kunst, sondern auch auf ihre Natürlichkeit und unprätentiöse Art Licht wirft: Vor einigen Jahren trat sie mit dem Cembalisten Lars Ulrik Mortensen im Rahmen einer Meisterkonzert-Reihe in einem eher kleinen Hotel an der Südküste Englands auf.

Bei ihrer Ankunft stellte Emma fest, daß sie versehentlich unbequeme Schuhe ausgewählt hatte, unerschrocken aber nahm sie das Recital in Angriff. Freilich war das keine angenehme Lösung, und so trennte sie sich von den ärgerlichen Schuhen, lange bevor Händels verzweifelte Lucrezia die erste Hälfte beendete – ein Vorgang, der mit einem Höchstmaß an entwaffnendem Charme und einem Minimum an Ablenkung vonstatten ging.

Wie diesen vier als Tribut zusammengestellten CDs zu entnehmen ist, hat sich Emma Kirkbys Repertoire im Laufe der Jahre zu überaus ungewöhnlichem Umfang entfaltet – von Hildegard von Bingen bis zu Haydn und Mozart; in stilistischer Hinsicht vom *air de cour* bis zur Bach-Kantate oder der italienischen Arie. Alles, was sie singt, erfährt nicht nur eine herrlich leichte Tonerzeugung und eine meisterliche Vokaltechnik, die es ihr ermöglicht, jede Appoggiatura, jede Verzierung, jede Passage mit atemberaubender Präzision zu artikulieren – dieselbe Sorgfalt, Aufmerksamkeit und intelligente Herangehensweise gilt auch dem Text. Wohl wahr, daß die subtileren Aspekte von Emmas Kunst in einem allzu großen Saal verlorengehen können; sie selber fühlt sich naheliegenderweise in einem intimeren Raum am wohlsten, wo sie mit ihrem Publikum „spielen“ kann, indem sie die drei Vortragsprinzipien berücksichtigt, die, so Tony Rooley, in Castigliones Handbuch höfischer Manieren *Il Cortegiano* ihren Ursprung haben: *Decoro* bezeichnet die äußere Darbietung, zu der sorgfältige Vorbereitung und ein Sinn für Angemessenheit zählen; die implizite Gefahr des Lächerlichen wird von dem wundervollen Begriff *sprezzatura* gebändigt, der ein ungezwungen-sorgloses Verhalten meint. Überboten aber werden *decoro* und *sprezzatura* von *grazia* – einem Zustand göttlicher Glückseligkeit, einer unbeschränkt gewährten Gabe, die sich indes nicht nach Belieben herbeirufen läßt, sondern in einer bestimmten Situation zur Verfügung stehen kann oder auch nicht. Vielleicht ist kein anderes Wort besser in der Lage, „diese wunderbare Person, die zufälligerweise singt“, zu umschreiben.

Und so, Göttliche Emma, ruft Dein 60. Geburtstag nicht nur die üblichen Glückwünsche und Gratulationen hervor, sondern auch unseren tiefempfundenen Dank. Unseren Dank für all diese Konzerte, vor denen wir uns fragten, welches extravagante Gewand Du heute tragen würdest, unseren Dank für Deine Herzlichkeit, die Du überall mit Dir trägst, aber vor allem: unseren tiefsten Dank dafür, daß Du unser Leben unschätzbar bereicherst.

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Der Musikhistoriker Brian Robins hat zwei Bücher veröffentlicht: *The John Marsh Journals: The Life and Times of a Gentleman Composer* und *Catch and Glee Culture in Eighteenth-Century England*. Er hat Artikel und Beiträge in wissenschaftlichen Fachzeitschriften und im neubearbeiteten *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* publiziert und ist außerdem als Rundfunkmoderator und Kritiker tätig.

Seit 1822 bereitet die Londoner **Royal Academy of Music**, Großbritanniens älteste Musikkonservatorium, Studenten auf eine erfolgreiche Laufbahn gemäß den sich entwickelnden Anforderungen des Musikerberufs vor. Die Studenten der Academy, die aus über fünfzig Ländern kommen und eine überaus lebendige Gemeinschaft bilden, durchlaufen unterschiedliche Lehrpläne, die von der Instrumental- oder Gesangsausbildung bis zu Komposition, Jazz, Medien, Musiktheater und Oper reichen. Die Abteilung für historische Aufführungspraxis bietet intensive Lehrgänge für alle Aspekte historisch informierter Interpretation an, wobei sie sowohl „traditionellen“ wie auch „modernen“ Instrumentalisten Rechnung trägt. Laurence Cumming, der die Abteilung seit 1997 leitet, hat an der Oxford University und am Royal College of Music studiert. Er spielt Cembalo- und Orgelcontinuo bei vielen der international führenden historischen Instrumentalensembles und dirigiert regelmäßig das English Concert und das Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment.

London Baroque, 1978 gegründet, gilt weltweit als einer der führenden Klangkörper im Bereich barocker Kammermusik, was den Musikern ermöglicht, ihre berufliche Tätigkeit ganz dem Ensemble zu widmen. Eine regelmäßige Anzahl von rund 50 Aufführungen jährlich hat der Gruppe eine Verbundenheit und eine Professionalität verschafft, wie sie einem festen Streichquartett entsprechen. Das Repertoire des Ensembles reicht vom Ende des 16. Jahrhunderts bis hin zu Mozart und Haydn, wobei Werke nahezu unbekannter Komponisten neben bekannten Meisterwerken des Barock und der Frühklassik stehen. London Baroque ist regelmäßiger Gast bei den Festivals in Salzburg, Bath, Beaune, Innsbruck, Utrecht, York, Ansbach und Stuttgart. Fernsehproduktionen mit dem Ensemble wurden in England, Frankreich, Deutschland, Belgien, Österreich, Holland, Spanien, Schweden, Polen, Estland und Japan ausgestrahlt.

Agnès Mellon war Mitglied der Chapelle Royale unter Philippe Herreweghe und Les Arts Florissants unter William Christie. Als Solistin konnte sie unter der Leitung zahlreicher bedeutender Dirigenten wie Gardiner, Malgoire, Koopman, Leonhardt, Kuijken und Jacobs singen. Sie ist an so renommierten Häusern wie der Opéra Paris, dem Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, der Salle Pleyel, der Carnegie Hall, dem Concertgebouw und der Oper Amsterdam sowie in verschiedenen Sälen Tokios aufgetreten.

Das 2001 von seinem Künstlerischen Leiter Daniel Taylor gegründete **Theatre of Early Music** (TEM) ist ein Ensemble aus einigen der international hervorragendsten Musikern, die eine besondere Leidenschaft für die Alte Musik teilen. Der Kern des TEM besteht aus einer in Montreal angesiedelten Gruppe junger Musiker, deren charakteristischer Stil fesselnde Interpretationen von großartigen, aber oftmals vernachlässigten Werken erzeugt. Prominente Musiker aus aller Welt treten in zahlreichen Konstellationen mit dem Theatre of Early Music unter Leitung von Daniel Taylor auf – in dessen regelmäßiger Konzertreihe in Kanada, bei weltweiten Konzertreisen und für CD-Aufnahmen.

Thomas Georgi hat an Cornell University und der State University of New York at Stony Brook studiert. Er ist Mitglied des Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra sowie ein leidenschaftlicher Botschafter der Viola d'amore, mit der er in Nordamerika, Europa, Australien und Japan solistisch auftritt. Für BIS hat er zwei CDs mit Viola d'amore-Werken von Ariosti eingespielt; die dritte und letzte CD dieser Reihe wird demnächst veröffentlicht. Thomas Georgis Website www.violadamore.com fördert mit Bildern und Klangbeispielen ein breiteres Verständnis für dieses Instrument.

Lucas Harris hat Laute und Continuospiel in Mailand und in Bremen studiert. Derzeit lebt er in Kanada, wo er regelmäßig mit dem Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra spielt. Außerdem arbeitet er mit den Smithsonian Chamber Players, dem New York Collegium, Seattle Baroque und anderen Ensembles zusammen. Zwischen seinen Continuoengagements befaßt er sich mit dem sublimer Repertoire der Barocklaute und unterrichtet u.a. am Baroque Performance Institute des Oberlin Conservatory, wo er alljährlich im Sommer ein Opernprojekt leitet.

Nach dem Erhalt des Konzertdiploms für modernes Cello an der Toho Gakuen School of Music in Tokio hat **Mime Yamahiro Brinkmann** am Königlichen Konservatorium in Den Haag historische Aufführungspraxis auf dem Violoncello und der Viola da gamba studiert und 1998 ihr Solo-Konzertdiplom („UM“) erhalten. Als Solistin und Ensemblemitglied spielt sie mit international führenden Alte-Musik-Gruppen und ist in Europa, Amerika, dem Mittleren Osten, Australien, Japan und Südafrika aufgetreten.

Jakob Lindberg wurde im schwedischen Djursholm geboren; sein erstes leidenschaftliches Interesse an der Musik entfachten die Beatles. Nach Studien an der Universität Stockholm entwickelte er bei Diana Poulton am Royal College of Music seine Kenntnis des solistischen Lautenrepertoires. Als einer der produktivsten Interpreten auf diesem Gebiet hat Jakob Lindberg zahlreiche CDs für BIS aufgenommen, darunter Gesamteinspielungen der Werke für Laute solo von John Dowland und J.S. Bach. Außerdem ist Jakob Lindberg ein vielbeschäftigter Continuo-Spieler auf Theorbe und Erzlaute sowie ein gefragter Begleiter, der u.a. mit Anne Sofie von Otter und Ian Partridge zusammenarbeitet.

Lars Ulrik Mortensen hat an der Königlichen Musikakademie in Kopenhagen und danach bei Trevor Pinnock in London studiert. Er arbeitet als Solist und Kammermusiker mit renommierten Musikerinnen und Musikern wie John Holloway und Jaap ter Linden zusammen; Konzertreisen haben ihn durch ganz Europa, die USA, Mexiko, Südamerika und Japan geführt. Von 1996 bis 1999 war er Professor für Cembalo und Aufführungspraxis an der Hochschule für Musik in München. Lars Ulrik Mortensen ist auch als Dirigent tätig; seit 1999 ist er Künstlerischer Leiter des Ensembles Concerto Copenhagen.

Der Lautenist **Anthony Rooley** gründete 1969 das bahnbrechende Alte-Musik-Ensemble The Consort of Musicke, das auch weiterhin eines der wichtigsten Vehikel seiner Inspiration darstellt. Er hat eine Vielzahl von Einspielungen vorgelegt und gibt Recitals und Duo-Konzerte mit den Sopranistinnen Evelyn Tubb und Emma Kirkby. Neben seiner Lehrtätigkeit – u.a. an der Schola Cantorum Basiliensis und dem Orpheus Institut, Ghent – ist Rooley auch als Autor und Forscher tätig, immer auf der Suche nach den besten unter den vergessenen Werken englischer Musik. Zu den Projekten aus jüngerer Zeit gehören Aufführungen der präraffaelitischen Madrigale von Robert Lucas Pearsall aus den 1850er Jahren und *The Passions* von William Hayes, einem Zeitgenossen Händels.

Initialement, Emma Kirkby n'avait pas l'intention de devenir chanteuse professionnelle. Alors qu'elle était étudiante à Oxford et plus tard, institutrice elle chantait pour le plaisir dans des chœurs ou de petits ensembles et se sentait le plus à l'aise dans le répertoire de la Renaissance et de l'époque baroque. Elle se joignit au Taverner Choir en 1971 et amorça en 1973 sa longue association avec le Consort of Musicke. Emma participa aux premiers enregistrements de la collection *Florilegium* chez Decca aussi bien avec le Consort of Musicke qu'avec l'Academy of Ancient Music à une époque où la plupart de ses collègues sopranos ne se souciaient pas de trouver une sonorité appropriée aux instruments anciens. Elle dut donc déterminer sa propre approche avec l'aide inestimable de Jessica Cash à Londres et de chefs, de collègues chanteurs et d'interprètes avec qui elle allait travailler au cours des années suivantes.

Emma se sent choyée d'avoir pu bâtir des relations à long terme avec certains ensembles et orchestres notamment le London Baroque, le Freiburger Barockorchester, L'Orfeo (de Linz) ainsi que The Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment et, de nos jours, avec des ensembles plus jeunes comme le Palladian Ensemble et le Florilegium.

En 2008, elle avait participé à plus de cent enregistrements dont le répertoire comprend des séquences d'Hildegard von Bingen, des madrigaux de la Renaissance italienne et anglaise, des cantates et des oratorios de l'époque baroque, des œuvres de Mozart, Haydn et Johann Christian Bach et même des mélodies de la compositrice américaine Amy Beach décédée en 1944.

Sa collaboration avec BIS, documentée dans cette collection, débuta en 2000 et comptait en 2008, dix albums. Plusieurs d'entre eux ont été enregistrés dans une église du quatorzième siècle, toute de pierre, située à Länna, au nord de Stockholm en Suède, un lieu qu'elle chérit plus que tout autre. Malgré son intense travail en studio, elle continue de préférer le concert, en particulier le plaisir de

présenter des programmes faits d'œuvres qu'elle préfère en compagnie de collègues où chaque possibilité, chaque lieu et chaque public se combinent pour parvenir à partir de ce merveilleux répertoire à quelque chose de nouveau

En 1999, Emma a été élue Artiste de l'année par les auditeurs de Classic FM Radio en Angleterre. En novembre 2000, elle a reçu l'ordre de l'Empire britannique et en 2007, elle était nommée Dame Commandeur de l'Ordre. Également en 2007, *BBC Music Magazine* la plaça en dixième position des grandes sopranos, en compagnie de géantes telles Maria Callas et Victoria de Los Angeles. Bien qu'elle reconnaisse que de telles nominations puissent résulter d'un esprit de clocher, être partiales, prêter à la controverse et se voir dépassées dès leur publication, elle se réjouit de cette reconnaissance publique face à une approche du chant qui reconnaît tout autant l'ensemble, la clarté et le calme que des facteurs plus évidents comme le volume et la projection.

« L'art d'Emma Kirkby » ? Peut-être que le titre de « La longévité artistique d'Emma Kirkby » aurait davantage satisfait ceux qui ont acquis cet album et surtout ceux qui ont eu le bonheur de l'entendre récemment en concert ou d'acheter l'un de ses enregistrements. Certes, le « fil d'argent » (pour reprendre l'une des nombreuses métaphores utilisées pour décrire sa voix) n'est peut-être maintenant plus tout à fait ce qu'il était, le registre grave un tantinet plus fort et plus puissant, oserais-je dire, peut-être avantageusement. Néanmoins, le rossignol britannique, une épithète trouvée (je crois) par le luthiste Anthony Rooley, continue d'enchanter avec la même aisance que toujours.

Qu'il en soit ainsi ne devrait, pour ainsi dire, pas nous surprendre puisqu'il était prévisible que la voix de Kirkby allait survivre au passage du temps. Le répertoire qu'elle a fait sien et sa déclamation *parlando*, jamais forcée ou exigeante, le garantissaient. Que son appétit pour le chant et les tournées demeure pratiquement intact est peut-être plus surprenant. Mais en tant que l'une des chanteuses les plus intelligentes que j'aie rencontrées il ne fait aucun doute qu'Emma saura lorsqu'il sera temps d'accrocher sa lyre d'Orphée au mur. Pour ceux d'entre nous qui étaient à l'époque assez jeunes pour accourir avec ferveur pour embrasser la redécouverte « révolutionnaire » (ce n'était bien sûr pas le cas mais nous ne pouvions toujours avoir raison !) de la musique ancienne dans les années 1960 et 1970, Emma est restée non seulement notre héroïne mais il semble qu'elle ait toujours été là et nous sommes tout simplement reconnaissant qu'elle y soit toujours.

J'aimerais évoquer la première fois que j'ai entendu Emma en concert. J'aimerais dire que ce fut l'une des expériences les plus déterminantes de ma vie musicale, combien la production apparemment sans effort et l'infinie pureté de la voix de la jeune Kirkby me la fit voir comme une sorte d'apparition angé-

lique, à quel point il s'agit d'une expérience qui allait changer ma vie. Honnêtement, je ne m'en souviens pas. Quoi qu'il en soit, c'était probablement au sein du Consort of Musicke plutôt qu'en tant que soliste que je l'ai entendue pour la première fois en concert puisque c'est avec cet ensemble fondé par son partenaire musical de longue date, Anthony Rooley, qu'Emma fit la plupart de ses premières apparitions et a continué de travailler pendant plusieurs années. Qu'elle fit cela est une preuve de ce qui constitue l'un des aspects les plus attachants et les plus fondamentaux de son caractère et de sa philosophie musicale : une modestie innée et une absence totale de prétention qui se manifeste dans son amour souvent exprimé pour le travail en compagnie d'autres musiciens. On peut le percevoir en concert car peu de chanteurs parviennent à exprimer à un tel degré cette chaleur et cette connexion authentiques avec leurs collègues interprètes. Observer la concentration extrême d'Emma vis-à-vis un collègue instrumentiste dans un solo obligé est une leçon en soi. Il y a quelques années, j'ai interviewé Emma une journée où elle avait répété le rôle de Didon de l'opéra *Didon et Énée* de Purcell, l'une de ses malheureusement trop rares prises de rôle. Elle me dit que dans la fameuse lamentation, le violoncelliste et elle « ne parvenaient pas tout à fait à se rejoindre ». Sa solution au problème fut de descendre dans la fosse d'orchestre et de chanter avec le violoncelliste, en projetant pratiquement sa voix dans l'instrument. Cela fonctionna et ce qui avait jusqu'alors été difficile devint facile.

Cet intérêt véritable et généreux pour ses collègues est non seulement payé de retour par l'admiration et le respect certes relativement faciles à se mériter parmi les bons professionnels, mais également par quelque chose de beaucoup plus rare : un amour sincère et de l'affection. Charles Medlam, le violoncelliste et gambiste du London Baroque, un ensemble avec lequel Emma a maintes fois travaillé, l'exprima en ces termes quand je lui demandai de me décrire le travail

avec elle : « Malgré la gloire, la fortune et les prouesses, pour nous, elle est tout simplement restée Emma, cette personne aimable qui se trouve être une chanteuse et que les dieux nous ont donnée comme collègue. Sur le plan artistique, je suis constamment fasciné par la concentration qui nous enveloppe lorsqu'elle se trouve avec nous et qu'elle chante. Je ne l'ai pas souvent entendue en concert mais les fois où je l'ai fait, elle m'a prouvé qu'il pouvait y avoir autant d'intensité dramatique dans une mélodie avec luth que dans un opéra romantique ».

Alors que les années ont quelque peu estompé cette identité précise de la première fois, des souvenirs liés à des concerts et à des enregistrements s'accumulent et restent un témoignage heureusement attesté mais également lié aux guerres auxquelles nous nous livrâmes au nom d'Emma au cours de ces premières années. Ces disputes avec les « verdistes » et les « puccinistes » qui se moquaient de notre héroïne pour sa voix qu'ils trouvaient petite, masculine, « blanche », sans vibrato, virginal ou inexpressive. (C'est, mentionnons-le, un autre témoignage de la personnalité d'Emma qui a elle-même pendant longtemps attiré l'attention sur le fait qu'il existait des personnes qui ne prisait pas sa voix). Ces batailles ont évidemment été remportées depuis bien qu'une voix discordante puisse encore à l'occasion se faire entendre. En ce qui concerne tous les concerts donnés depuis des années, il n'est guère de plus grands casse-pieds que ceux qui vous disent que vous auriez dû entendre xyz chanter ceci ou cela il y a trente ans. J'espère néanmoins que je serai pardonné par une anecdote personnelle qui jette la lumière non pas sur l'art d'Emma mais sur son naturel et son absence de prétention. Il y a quelques années, elle donnait un récital avec le claveciniste Lars Ulrik Mortensen dans le cadre d'une série de récitals donnés par des célébrités dans un hôtel plutôt chic sur la côte sud de l'Angleterre. À son arrivée, Emma réalisa qu'elle avait choisi des chaussures

quelque peu inappropriées mais, sans s'en émouvoir, elle poursuit avec son récital – et ses chaussures. Puisque cela ne constituait pas la solution la plus confortable au problème, avant que la Lucrèce tourmentée de Händel ne conclue la première partie de son récital, elle se déchaussa pour poursuivre pieds nus, une opération menée avec un maximum de charme et un minimum de chichi.

Comme les quatre disques réunis pour cet hommage le démontrent, le répertoire d'Emma Kirkby s'est étendu au cours des années pour s'étendre des années d'Hildegard von Bingen jusqu'à Haydn et Mozart et, au point de vue stylistique, de l'air de cour aux cantates de Bach et aux arias italiens. Tout ce qu'elle chante est le résultat non seulement de l'aisance glorieusement apparente de son émission vocale et de sa maîtrise de la technique vocale qui lui permet d'articuler chaque appogiature, chaque ornement et chaque passage rapide avec une aisance à couper le souffle mais également du même soin, de la même attention et de la même approche intelligente du texte. Certes, il peut arriver que certains des aspects les plus subtils de l'art d'Emma puissent être perdus dans un espace trop grand. Elle se sent naturellement plus à l'aise dans un cadre intime dans lequel elle peut « jouer » de son auditoire et appliquer les trois principes d'interprétation identifiés par Tony Rooley qui proviennent du manuel de Castiglione consacré aux manières de la cour. Du *decoro*, provient le spectacle extérieur qui inclut le soin dans la préparation et le sens de ce qui est approprié, de ses dangers liés à la rigidité tempérés par ce mot merveilleux de *sprezzatura* qui reconnaît devoir à une contenance désinvolte et insouciant. Puis, réunissant le *decoro* et la *sprezzatura*, la *grazia*, un état de bonheur divin qui est un don donné sans limite mais qui ne peut être commandé et qui peut être présent – ou pas – dans n'importe quelle situation. Peut-être n'existe-t-il pas de mot davantage apte à décrire « cette personne aimable qui se trouve être chanteuse ».

Ainsi, divine Emma, l'arrivée de votre soixantième anniversaire inspire non

seulement les vœux habituels et les félicitations mais également nos plus sincères remerciements. Nous vous remercions pour tous ces concerts auxquels nous avons assisté en nous demandant quelle robe spectaculaire vous porteriez ce soir-là ; nous vous remercions pour la chaleur et la personnalité que vous affichez peu importe où vous vous trouvez ; mais encore davantage, nous vous remercions de l'enrichissement inestimable que vous apportez à notre vie.

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L'historien musical Brian Robins est l'auteur de deux ouvrages : *The John Marsh Journals: The Life and Times of a Gentleman Composer* et *Catch and Glee Culture in Eighteenth-Century England*. Il écrit également des articles pour des publications académiques ainsi que pour la version révisée du *New Grove Dictionary of Music and Musicians* en plus de travailler à la radio et en tant que critique.

Depuis 1822, le **Royal Academy of Music** de Londres, le plus ancien collège de musique en Angleterre, forme des étudiants en vue d'une carrière fructueuse en musique en accord avec les exigences grandissantes de la profession. Les étudiants de l'Academy qui constituent une communauté vivante représentant plus de cinquante pays sont inscrits dans divers programmes allant de l'interprétation à la composition et incluant le jazz, les médias, la scène musicale et l'opéra. Le département de musique sur instrument ancien offre une formation solide couvrant tous les aspects de ce type d'interprétation et offre des possibilités pour les instrumentistes, tant « baroqueux » que « modernes ». Laurence Cummings, qui en 2008 était le directeur de ce département depuis 1997, a étudié à Oxford University ainsi qu'au Royal College of Music. Il tient le continuo, au clavecin et à l'orgue, avec plusieurs des meilleurs ensembles sur instruments anciens au monde et dirige régulièrement l'English Concert et l'Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment,.

Le **London Baroque** fut fondé en 1978 et est considéré mondialement comme l'un des meilleurs ensembles de musique de chambre baroque, permettant à ses membres de consacrer leur vie professionnelle au groupe. Une cinquantaine de concerts par année a donné à la formation une cohésion et un professionnalisme semblables à ceux d'un quatuor à cordes permanent. Son répertoire couvre une période s'étendant de la fin du 16^e siècle jusqu'à Mozart et Haydn, passant des œuvres de compositeurs pratiquement inconnus à des chefs-d'œuvre familiers du baroque et du classicisme. Le London Baroque est un visiteur régulier aux festivals Bach de Salzbourg, Bath, Beaune, Innsbruck, Utrecht, York, Ansbach et Stuttgart et il a paru à la télévision en Angleterre, France, Allemagne, Belgique, Autriche, Hollande, Espagne, Suède, Pologne, Estonie et au Japon.

Agnès Mellon a été membre de la Chapelle Royale de Philippe Herreweghe et des Arts Florissants de William Christie. Elle chante en tant que soliste sous la direction de plusieurs chefs importants dont John Eliot Gardiner, Jean-Claude Malgoire, Ton Koopman, Gustav Leonhardt, Sigiswald Kuijken et René Jacobs. Elle s'est produite dans des salles prestigieuses comme l'Opéra de Paris, le Théâtre des Champs-Élysées, la Salle Pleyel, Carnegie Hall, le Concertgebouw et l'Opéra d'Amsterdam ainsi que dans plusieurs salles au Japon.

Le **Theatre of Early Music** (TEM) fondé en 2001 par son directeur artistique, Daniel Taylor est un groupe qui réunit quelques-uns des meilleurs musiciens de notre époque, partageant une passion commune pour la musique ancienne. Le TEM est basé à Montréal et a été formé par des musiciens ayant un style distinctif, qui, joint à l'expertise et l'enthousiasme de Daniel Taylor, mène à des lectures captivantes d'œuvres magnifiques mais souvent négligées. Des musiciens de réputation internationale dans le domaine de la musique ancienne ont profité de la plate-forme qu'est le Theatre of Early Music dirigé par Daniel Taylor dans le cadre de leur série de concerts au Canada, de tournées à travers le monde et d'enregistrements.

Thomas Georgi étudie à la Cornell University ainsi qu'à la State University of New York à Stony Brook. Il est membre de l'Orchestre baroque Tafelmusik et est un ambassadeur passionné de la viole d'amour. Il se produit en soliste sur cet instrument à travers l'Amérique du Nord, en Europe, en Australie et au Japon. En 2008, il avait réalisé deux enregistrements consacrés à des œuvres pour viole d'amour pour BIS alors qu'un troisième était prévu. Le site internet de Thomas Georgi, www.violadamore.com encourage la découverte de l'instrument par le biais d'images et de fichiers sonores à télécharger.

Lucas Harris étudie le luth et le continuo à Milan et à Bremen. En 2008, il vivait au Canada où il joue régulièrement avec l'Orchestre baroque Tafelmusik. Il travaille également avec le Smithsonian Chamber Players, le New York Collegium, le Seattle Baroque et d'autres ensembles. Durant les pauses que lui offrent son calendrier de continuiste, il se consacre au répertoire sublime du luth baroque et enseigne, notamment à l'Oberlin Conservatory's Baroque Performance Institute où il monte un projet d'opéra à chaque été.

Après avoir obtenu un diplôme de performance au violoncelle moderne à l'École de musique Toho Gakuen à Tokyo, **Mime Yamahiro Brinkmann** étudie l'interprétation sur instrument ancien, aussi bien au violoncelle qu'à la viole de gambe, au Conservatoire royal de La Haye où elle obtient un diplôme d'interprétation soliste (« UM ») en 1998. Elle se produit en tant que soliste et en tant que membre des meilleurs ensembles de musique ancienne au monde et joue en Europe, en Amérique, au Moyen-Orient, en Australie, au Japon et en Afrique du Sud.

Jakob Lindberg est né à Djursholm en Suède et développe sa première passion musicale à l'écoute des Beatles. Après des études à l'Université de Stockholm, il développe sa connaissance du répertoire pour luth seul au Royal College of Music à Londres auprès de Diana Poulton. Interprète prolifique, Lindberg a réalisé de nombreux enregistrements pour BIS, incluant l'œuvre complète pour luth seul de John Dowland et de Johann Sebastian Bach. Lindberg est également actif en tant que continuiste au théorbe ainsi qu'un accompagnateur recherché et travaille notamment en compagnie d'Anne Sofie von Otter et d'Ian Bostridge.

Lars Ulrik Mortensen étudie à l'Académie royale de musique à Copenhague puis avec Trevor Pinnock à Londres. Il se produit en tant que soliste et chambriste en compagnie de collègues réputés comme John Holloway et Jaap ter Linden un peu partout en Europe, aux États-Unis, au Mexique, en Amérique du Sud et au Japon. Entre 1996 et 1999, Mortensen est professeur de clavecin et d'interprétation à la Hochschule für Musik à Munich. Il est également actif en tant que chef et, en 2008, était le directeur artistique de l'ensemble Concerto Copenhagen depuis 1999.

Le luthiste **Anthony Rooley** fonde en 1969 le Consort of Musicke l'un des pionniers des ensembles de musique ancienne, qui en 2008 constituait toujours l'un des principaux instruments de son inspiration. Il réalise de nombreux enregistrements et continue de fréquenter le répertoire pour instrument seul et pour duo en compagnie des sopranos Evelyn Tubb et Emma Kirkby. En plus d'enseigner, notamment à la Schola Cantorum Basiliensis et à l'Institut Orpheus à Gand, Rooley écrit et fait des recherches consacrées à la musique anglaise oubliée. Parmi ses projets récents, mentionnons des concerts de madrigaux préraphaéliens des années 1850 de Robert Lucas Pearsall et des Passions de William Hayes, un contemporain de Händel.

Presentation made by Professor Richard Jenkyns, Public Orator, at a ceremony held at Oxford University on 18th June 2008, during which the honorary degree of Doctor of Music was awarded to Emma Kirkby.

Dame Carolyn Emma Kirkby
OBE, MA, FGSM, FRCM, HON. FRAM, HON. FTCL

Soprano and Proponent of Early Music

Ecquid facere nequeunt qui litteris humanioribus Oxoniae bene studuerunt? Abhinc tres annos virum honestavimus qui eis studiis perfectis ad physicam se contulit praemimque Nobelianum nactus est; et hodie feminam ad gradum doctoris extollimus quae non omnino in musicam prius incubuit quam scripta Graeca et Latina satis perscrutata erat. Illa aetate Eduardus Fraenkel, vir doctissimus et formidolosus, discipulos docuit vel terruit; quem ea dicitur ut Orpheus lyra bestias ita leporc domare potuisse. Certum est ex eo tempore vix minus quam Orpheia ipsum eam homines arte sua fascinavisse. Existimator musicae quidam haud ineptus est arbitratus optimam eam esse ex omnibus cantatricibus quae numquam opera Iosephi Verdi cecinerint. Vocis pulchritudinem quis nescit? Quam alii (stulte, ut opinor) sono puerulorum, alii campanae, alii argenti liquidi rivo comparaverunt. Sed laudem etiam maiorem meo iudicio meruit quia huic dono a Deo dato peritiam scientiam doctrinam addidit.

Apud poetas deae saepius ut invidae et petulantes repraesentantur: ita Iuno in Vergilii Aeneide adfirmat se cum optata impetrare nequeat ipsum Acheronta esse moturam. Quare haudquaquam sine causa, ut puto, cantatrices quae magnum nomen adeptae sunt divae saepe nuncupantur. A quibus haec omnino discrepat, quae cum gloriari potuerit, comitatem et verecundiam usque servavit. Ipsa dixit eo honore quo nuper donata est serenitatem et liquiditatem vocis et cantantium inter se cohaerentiam potius quam magnitudinem vel ostentationem celebrari. Concordiam non solum sonorum sed et musicorum fovet; quare cum ab omnibus laudatur tum permultorum suscitatur amor.

Praesento philomelam Anglicam, decimam Musam, Carolinam Emmam Kirkby, Excellentissimi Ordinis Imperii Britannici Dominam Commendatricem, Collegii de Somerville et alumnam et sociam honoris causa adscriptam, ut admittatur honoris causa ad gradum Doctoris in Musica.

Dame Carolyn Emma Kirkby
OBE, MA, FGSM, FRCM, HON. FRAM, HON. FTCL

Soprano and Proponent of Early Music

Is there anything that those who have read Greats at Oxford cannot do? Three years ago we honoured a man who after completing this degree turned to physics and won a Nobel Prize for it, and today we confer a doctorate on a lady who did not devote her whole time to music until she too had made this thorough study of Greek and Latin texts. In those days the vastly learned and formidable Eduard Fraenkel was teaching (or terrorising) his pupils, but she is said to have subdued him by her charm as Orpheus subdued the beasts with his lyre. At all events, in the succeeding years her art has come close to that of Orpheus himself in its power to bewitch the world. A competent critic has described her as the best singer never to have sung Verdi. The beauty of her voice is known to all; some have compared it (quite wrongly, I believe) to a boy's voice, others to a bell, and yet others to a stream of silver. But I suggest that she deserves the greater praise for adding to this God-given talent musicality, technical mastery and historical understanding.

The poets often represent goddesses as jealous and self-assertive; thus Juno in Virgil's *Aeneid* declares that since she cannot get her way she will raise Hell itself. So I think that there is good reason for celebrated sopranos to be called divas. This honorand is entirely different: with ample reason to boast about herself, she has always remained easy and modest. She has herself said that her recent damehood should be taken as a tribute to the virtues of stillness, clarity and ensemble rather than volume and display. She seeks harmony not only in the music itself but also among the performers; and accordingly she has earned, besides the praise of all, the affection of many.

I present an English nightingale, a tenth Muse, Carolyn Emma Kirkby, DBE, former student and Honorary Fellow of Somerville College, to be admitted to the honorary degree of Doctor of Music.

1—8 GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL: GLORIA

Gloria in excelsis Deo

Et in terra pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis.

Laudamus te,
Benedicimus te,
Adoramus te,
Glorificamus te.

Gratias agimus tibi
Propter magnam Gloriam tuam.

Domine Deus, Rex cœlestis,
Deus Pater omnipotens.
Domine Fili unigenite, Jesu Christe,
Domine Deus, Agnus Dei,
Filius Patris,

Qui tollis peccata mundi,
Miserere nobis,
Qui tollis peccata mundi
Suscipe deprecationem nostram.
Qui sedes ad dexteram Patris,
Miserere nobis.

Quoniam tu solus sanctus.
Tu solus Dominus.
Tu solus Altissimus, Jesu Christe.

Cum Sancto Spiritu, in gloria Dei Patris.
Amen.

Glory to God in the highest,

And peace to his people on earth.

Lord God,
Heavenly King,
Almighty God
And Father,

We worship you,
We give you thanks.

We praise you for your glory.
Lord Jesus Christ,
Only Son of the Father,
Lord God,
Lamb of God.

You take away the sins of the world,
Have mercy on us;
You take away the sins of the world,
Receive our prayer.
You are seated at the right hand of the father,
Have mercy on us.

For you alone are the Holy One,
You alone are the Lord,
You alone are the most high, Jesus Christ

With the Holy Spirit, in the glory of God the Father.
Amen.

[9]—[11] GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL: SALVE REGINA

Salve Regina mater misericordiae
vita dulcedo et spes nostra!

Ad te clamamus exules filii Evæ
ad te suspiramus gementes et flentes
in hac lacrimarum vale.

Eja ergo advocata nostra
illos tuos misericordes oculos
ad nos converte.

Et Jesum, benedictum
fructum ventris tui
nobis post hoc exilium
ostende.

O clemens, o pia,
o dulcis virgo Maria,

Hail O Queen, mother of mercy,
Our life's sweetness and hope!

We, exiled children of Eve, beseech you,
We sigh to you groaning and weeping
In this vale of tears.

Behold then, our advocate,
Turn your merciful eyes
Upon us.

And reveal to us, Jesus,
The blessed fruit of your womb
After our exile
Here on earth.

O merciful, O holy,
O sweet virgin Mary!

(translation: Charles Medlam)

12–17 GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL: O QUALIS DE CÆLO SONUS

Sonata

Recitativo

O qualis de cælo sonus
 tamquam advenientis,
 spiritus vehementis
 totam reple domum amore?
 et suavis auræ sibilus
 mortalium corda dum perflat,
 ad sanctos amoris æstus
 improvisus invitat?

Ad plausus, ad júbila
 pellantur cordis nubila,
 recedat culpæ nox.
 Lux micat cælo fulgida,
 aura spirat cordi turgida,
 sancti amoris blanda est vox.

Recitativo

Eja ergo, mortalis,
 ignaræ cæcitas procul
 pelle timores,
 et tu, turba fidelis,
 decantare divinos summi
 regis amores.

Gaude, tellus benigna,
 decora, sanctus amor
 descendit ad te.
 Cordis laus sit plena,
 sonora, mentes nostras
 invitet ad se.

Alleluja!

Sonata

Recitative

What is this sound from heaven
 Like the arrival of
 A vehement breath which fills
 The whole world with love?
 And the rustling of a gentle wind
 Blowing through the heart of mortals,
 A sudden swell of love invites
 Us to virtue?

The mists of the heart are removed
 To approbation and jubilation,
 The night of shame recedes.
 A brilliant light shines from heaven,
 A full wind breathes on the heart,
 Sweet is the voice of holy love.

Recitative

Push far away therefore
 The blind fears
 Of the ignorant mortal,
 And you, faithful followers,
 Sing the divine love
 Of the high king.

Rejoice, abundant magnificent
 Earth, holy love
 Descends on you.
 Let your praise be full
 And sonorous to the heart,
 Let it there invite our minds.

Alleluia!

(translation: Charles Medlam)

18–23 GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL: CÆLESTIS DUM SPIRAT AURA

Sonata

Recitativo

Cælestis dum spirat aura
Divinus dum cælo ignis
In mortalium corda descendit
Humana captivitatis vincula
de terra solvens Antonius
Triumphans ad astra consendit.

Felix dies, præclara, serena
O quam cara quam amœna,
Toti mundo jucunda tu es.
Immortali es gaudio plena
nostri cordis dulcissima spes.

Recitativo

Vestro, religiosi principes
Munere, clarum de cælo sidus
Nobis fulget Antonius,
Et lucidos protectionis radios
Pro te, Julianelle, difundens
divini amoris ignem ascendit in te.

Tam patrono singulari Corda
Licet immolari laudis in obsequium.
Tibi optamus famulari,
Dona patrocinium
Et cum audis invocari.

Alleluja.

Sonata

Recitativo

While holy breath is exhaled,
While divine fire descends from heaven
Into the hearts of mortals,
Anthony, loosening the earthly
Chains of captivity, triumphant
Ascends to the heavens.

Happy day, remarkable, serene,
O how dear and pleasant,
You are joy to all the world.
You are full of immortal joy,
O sweetest hope of our heart.

Recitativo

By means of your gift, O great
Princes of religion, Anthony
Shines brilliant stars on us,
And diffusing the bright light of the
Protector for you, Julianellus,
He raises the fire of divine love to you.

So it is permitted to our only protector
That our hearts are consumed with submission of praise.
We wish to serve thee,
Give us protection
And while you listen, invoke thee.

Alleluia.

(translation: Charles Medlam)

[24]—[31] GEORG FRIEDRICH HÄNDEL: LAUDATE PUERI

Laudate pueri Dominum:
laudate nomen Domini

Praise ye the Lord,
Praise the name of the Lord.

Sit nomen Domini benedictum,
ex hoc nunc, et usque in seculum.

Blessed be the name of the Lord
From this time forth and for evermore.

A solis ortu usque ad occasum,
laudabile nomen Domini.

From the rising of the sun unto the going down
Of the same, the Lord's name is to be praised.

Excelsus super omnes gentes
Dominus, et super cœlos gloria eius.

The Lord is high above all nations
And his glory above the heavens.

Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster,
qui in altis habitat et humilia
respicit in cœlo et in terra?

Who is like unto the Lord our God, that hath his
Seat on high, that humbleth himself to behold
Things that are in heaven and in the earth?

Suscitans a terra inopem et de
stercore erigens pauperem,

He raiseth the poor out of the dust and
Lifteth up the needy from the dunghill,

Ut collocet eum cum principibus,
cum principibus populi sui.

That he may set him with princes,
Even the princes of his people.

Qui habitare facit sterilem in
domo, matrem filiorum lætentem.

He maketh the barren woman to keep house,
And to be a joyful mother of children.

Gloria Patri, et Filio
et Spiritui Sancto,
sicut erat in principio,
et nunc et semper,
et in secula seculorum.
Amen.

Glory be the Father, Son,
And Holy Ghost,
As it was in the beginning
Is now and ever shall be,
World without end.
Amen.

(Psalmus 112)

(Psalm 113, King James Bible of 1611)

1 PHILIPP FRIEDRICH BÖDDECKER: NATUS EST JESUS

*Natus est Jesus,
natus est Deus.
Natus est salvator noster.
Venite laeti.*

Joseph lieber Joseph mein,
bring mir her die Windelein,
dass ich's Kindelein lege drein,
und fein sanft es schlafe ein.

*Venite omnes,
Portate munera
Offerte laudes,
Venite dico
Venite omnes,
Et cum laetitia cantate.*

Joseph, trag das Kindelein
bis ich mach das Bettelein,
Küss und herz das Jesulein, eia.

*O altitudo
O dulcis virgo,
O pulchra Mater
Tu peperisti
splendorem nostrum.*

Joseph, gib das Kindelein,
dass ich's leg in das Krippelein.
Nun schlaf mein liebes Kindelein,
Gott der will dein Vater sein, eia.

*O Jesu parvule,
Jesu dulcissime,
Laude dignissime,
Rex gloriosissime,
Da nos laudemus te
et cantemus in aeternum.
Alleluja.*

*Jesus is born,
God is born.
Our saviour is born.
Come and rejoice.*

Joseph my dearest
Bring me swaddling
Where I can lay the child
And put it gently to sleep.

*Let everyone come,
Bring gifts
Offer praises,
Come, I say unto you
Come
And sing with joy.*

Joseph, hold the child
Until I have made his little bed
Kiss and cradle little Jesus, behold.

*O most high,
Gentle virgin
O beauteous mother
You have given birth
To him who shines on us.*

Joseph, give me the little child,
That I may lay him in the cradle.
Sleep now dear little child,
For you are the son of God, behold.

*Little Jesus,
Most gentle Jesus,
Most worthy to be praised,
Most glorious king.
Let us praise thee
And sing for ever.
Alleluja.*

2 JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH:
ÖFFNE DICH MEIN GANZES HERZE

Öffne dich mein ganzes Herze,
Jesus kömmt und ziehet ein.
Bin ich gleich nur Staub und Erde,
will er mich doch nicht verschmähn,
seine Lust an mir zu sehn,
dass ich seine Wohnung werde.
O wie selig werd'ich sein!

Open up, my heart, completely
Jesus is coming and will make his home there.
And if I will soon be only dust and earth
He will not shun me,
But will find joy in me
And come and dwell in me.
Oh how blessed will I then be!

3 JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH:
BEREITE DIR, JESU, NOCH ITZO DIE BAHN

Bereite dir, Jesu, noch itzo die Bahn,
mein Heiland, erwähle die gläubende Seele
und siehe mit Augen der Gnaden mich an.

Prepare, Jesus even now the way,
Choose, O saviour, the believing soul
And look at me with merciful eyes.

[4]—[8] CHRISTOPH GRAUPNER: ACH GOTT UND HERR

Choral

Ach Gott und Herr, wie groß und schwer
sind mein' begangne Sünden.
Da ist Niemand, der helfen kann
in dieser Welt zu finden.

Accompagnato

O Gott, o Gott, was hab ich doch getan?
Die Erde siehet mich mit Augen voller Ekel an.
Der Himmel lässt sich mit Blitz und Donner hören,
ja selbst mein Herz will meine Qual vernehmen.
O Gott, o Gott, was hab ich doch getan?
Die Brut der Sünden lässt mich kein Trostwort finden.
Der Geist wird matt und schwach,
und ein betrübtes Ach
will mir auf dieser Babelserden
ein Trauerecho werden:
O Gott, o Gott, was hab ich doch getan?
Die Seele fühlt Höllepein:
Gott ist nicht weiter mein.
O Donnerwort, o Herzensschlag,
o Sündenangst, o Jammertag!
Wie werd ich doch bestehn?
Ich kann vor Schmerz nichts weiter sprechen,
die Worte sind gebrochen,
und ich muss vergehn.

Aria

Seufzt und weint, ihr matten Augen,
Herz und Seele, brich entwei.

Recitativo

Ich fühle Pein bei meinen Sündenflammen,
und Gott will mich verdammen.
Ach, ich muss mit tausend Klagen
unter diesen Seufzern sagen,
dass ich nun verloren sei.

Chorale

Oh, Lord and God, how great and heavy
Are the sins that I have committed.
In this world there is nobody
To be found who can help.

Accompagnato

O God, o God, what have I done?
The earth regards me with eyes filled with disgust.
Heaven lets itself be heard with thunder and lightning,
Yea, even my heart wishes to increase my torment.
O God, o God, what have I done?
The ever-multiplying sins let me find no comfort.
The spirit becomes dull and weak,
and a tearful 'Oh!'
Will become for me a mourning echo
in this Babel-like world:
O God, o God, what have I done?
My soul feels the pain of hell:
God is no longer mine.
O thunderous word, o heartbeats,
o sinful anxiety, o day of misery!
How shall I survive this?
Because of my pain I can no longer speak,
The words are broken
And I must pass away.

Aria

Sigh and weep, ye dull eyes,
Heart and soul, break asunder.

Recitativo

I feel pain from the flames of my sins,
And God will condemn me.
Oh, with a thousand laments,
I must amid these sighs declare
That I am now lost.

Verloren! ja, o Zentnerwort,
das mir das ganze Herz durchbohrt.
(**Aria da capo**)

Recitativo

Doch Seele, geh zurücke,
gedenk an Gottes Vaterblicke,
wirf dich vor dessen Majestät und sprich:
Ach Vater, nimm mich doch zu Gnaden an!
Ich bitte dich um die durchgrabnen Füße,
die ich in heil'ger Andacht küsse.
Vergib, was ich getan, so wird sein Herze brechen
und er dir diesen Trost versprechen:

Aria

Stelle dich zufrieden, angefochtne Seele,
Jesus wird in dieser Pein
auch dein liebster Tröster sein.
Er wird dir ein süßes Lachen
in dem Trauerherzen machen,
darum trau auf ihn allein.

Lost! Yea, o heavy charge
That bores through my entire heart.
(**Aria da capo**)

Recitativo

Yet, my soul, go back,
Think of God's paternal gaze,
Cast yourself before His majesty, and say:
Oh, Father, accept me into Your mercy!
I ask you, by the pierced feet
Which I kiss in holy devotion.
Forgive what I have done; then will His heart soften
And He will promise you this comfort:

Aria

Be content, beleaguered soul,
Even in this pain will Jesus
Be your dearest consolation.
He will instil a sweet smile
Into your sorrowful heart;
Therefore trust in Him alone.

[9] FRANÇOIS COUPERIN:
PREMIÈRE LEÇON DE TÉNÈBRES POUR LE MERCREDY SAINT

Incipit Lamentatio Jeremiæ Prophetæ

ALEPH quomodo sedit sola civitas
plena populo facta est quasi vidua domina
gentium princeps provinciarum facta est
sub tributo

BETH plorans ploravit in nocte et lacrimæ eius
in maxillis eius non est qui consoletur eam ex
omnibus caris eius omnes amici eius spreverunt
eam et facti sunt ei inimici

GIMEL migravit Iuda propter afflictionem et
multitudinem servitutis habitavit inter gentes
nec invenit requiem omnes persecutores eius
adprehenderunt eam inter angustias

DALETH viæ Sion lugent eo quod non sint qui
veniant ad sollempnitatem omnes portæ eius
destructæ sacerdotes eius gementes virgines
eius squalidæ et ipsa oppressa amaritudine

HE facti sunt hostes eius in capite inimici illius
locupletati sunt quia Dominus locutus est super
eam propter multitudinem iniquitatum eius
parvuli eius ducti sunt captivi ante faciem tribulantis

Jerusalem, converterte ad Dominum Deum tuum

(The Lamentations of Jeremiah, 1:1–5)

Here beginneth the Lamentations of Jeremiah

How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of
people! how is she become as a widow! she that
was great among the nations, and princess among
the provinces, how is she become tributary!

She weepeth sore in the night, and her tears are on
her cheeks: among all her lovers she hath none to
comfort her: all her friends have dealt treacherously
with her, they are become her enemies.

Judah is gone into captivity because of affliction,
and because of great servitude: she dwelleth among
the heathen, she findeth no rest: all her persecutors
overtook her between the straits.

The ways of Zion do mourn, because none come
to the solemn feasts: all her gates are desolate:
her priests sigh, her virgins are afflicted, and she
is in bitterness.

Her adversaries are the chief, her enemies prosper;
for the LORD hath afflicted her for the multitude
of her transgressions: her children are gone into
captivity before the enemy.

Jerusalem, turn back to the Lord your God.

(King James Bible of 1611)

10–11 FRANÇOIS COUPERIN / MICHEL-RICHARD DE LALANDE:
TROISIÈME LEÇON DE TÉNÈBRES POUR LE MERCREDY SAINT

IOD manum suam misit hostis ad omnia
desiderabilia eius quia vidit gentes ingressas
sanctuarium suum de quibus praeceperas
ne intrarent in ecclesiam tuam

CAPH omnis populus eius gemens et quærens
panem dederunt pretiosa quæque pro cibo ad
refocilandam animam vide Domine considera
quoniam facta sum vilis

LAMED o vos omnes qui transitis per viam
adtentate et videte si est dolor sicut dolor meus
quoniam vindemiavit me ut locutus est
Dominus in die iræ furoris sui

MEM de excelso misit ignem in ossibus meis
et erudit me expandit rete pedibus meis
convertit me retrorsum posuit me desolatam
tota die mærore confectam

NUN vigilavit iugum iniquitatum mearum in
manu eius convolute sunt et inpositæ collo meo
infirmata est virtus mea dedit me Dominus in
manu de qua non potero surgere

Jerusalem, convertere ad Dominum Deum tuum.

(The Lamentations of Jeremiah, 1: 10–14)

The adversary hath spread out his hand upon all her
pleasant things: for she hath seen that the heathen
entered into her sanctuary, whom thou didst command
that they should not enter into thy congregation.

All her people sigh, they seek bread; they have
given their pleasant things for meat to relieve the
soul: see, O LORD, and consider; for I am become
vile.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? behold,
and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow,
which is done unto me, wherewith the LORD
hath afflicted me in the day of his fierce anger.

From above hath he sent fire into my bones, and
it prevaileth against them: he hath spread a net
for my feet, he hath turned me back: he hath
made me desolate and faint all the day.

The yoke of my transgressions is bound by his hand:
they are wreathed, and come up upon my neck: he
hath made my strength to fall, the LORD hath
delivered me into their hands, from whom I am
not able to rise up.

Jerusalem, turn back to the Lord your God.

(King James Bible of 1611)

1-4 ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI: NON SÒ QUAL PIÙ M'INGOMBRA

Recitativo

Non sò qual più m'ingombra,
 Fuor del'usato mio,
 Gioia, ò stupore!
 Poc' anzi oscura e bruna era la notte;
 E l'ombra, con argenteo splendore,
 Appena gli feria raggio di Luna,
 Or chiaro in un momento,
 Ride l'aria serena,
 E il Colle intorno indora
 il Dio del giorno.
 Arsa de freddo gelo
 Languia l'erbetta, e' il prato;
 Or su leggiadro stelo,
 Già spunta il fior, di bei colori ornato.
 Guari non è, che il fonte
 Pur negava gelato,
 Di bagnar come pria, l'arida sponda.
 Or dal vicino monte,
 Alletta, e piace, il mormorio, dell'onda.

Aria

Che sarà? chi'a me lo dice?
 Son felice, e non intendo,
 mentre lieto vò godendo
 La cagion del mio piacer.
 E non sà, contenta l'alma
 Questa calma, e questa pace
 Che m'alletta e tanto piace,
 Perchè mai mi fà goder.

Recitativo

I don't know what burdens me more
 Than usual,
 Joy or astonishment!
 Only a short time ago the night was dark
 And the shadows with their silver glory
 Were hardly touched by the moon's rays,
 Now suddenly
 The air rejoices
 And the God of day
 Gilds the hills round about.
 The grass and the meadows
 Languish and burn with cold ice.
 Now a flower blooms on a delicate
 Stem, adorned with beautiful colours.
 It is not long since the icy
 Fountain neglected to bathe,
 The arid bank as it did before.
 Now the murmuring of the waters
 From a nearby mountain soothe and please.

Aria

What is happening? Who will tell me?
 I rejoice and do not understand,
 In my joy,
 The cause of my delight.
 And my contented soul does not know
 This calm, this peace
 Which so soothes and pleases me,
 Nor why it brings such joy.

Recitativo

È nato, al fin mi dice,
 Rischiarato il pensiero;
 È nato il Gran Messia
 Da nostri Padri lungamente atteso;
 Me'l dice l'Alma mia,
 Me l'attesta l'acceso Cor,
 Che reso felice,
 Non paventa rovine al caro Oville.
 Lo palesa l'Aprile,
 Che le campagne infiora,
 E' il biondo raggio
 Del nuovo Sol, che nacque,
 Dell'ombre oscure, a vendicar
 l'oltraggio.
 Me l'additano l'acque,
 Che non affrena il gel rigido, e fiero.
 Sì, sì ch'è nato il Messia,
 dice il pensiero.

Aria Pastorale

Nacque, col Gran Messia,
 La pace all'orbe intiero
 Così dice il pensiero,
 E me l'attesta il cor.
 E lieta l'Alma mia,
 Non sente affanni rei,
 E godon gl'occhi miei
 In mezzo al gelo al fior.

Recitative

He is born, at last my
 Enlightened soul explains it to me;
 The Messiah is born,
 Long prophesied by our forefathers;
 My soul tells me this
 As does my burning heart,
 Which now happy
 Fears no harm to the beloved flock.
 April reveals it
 In the flowering of the countryside
 And the blond rays
 Of the new Sun, who is born
 And who will avenge, from out of the
 Dark shadows, the fall of man.
 The waters show me that
 Unyielding, disdainful ice will not prevent it.
 Yes, the Messiah is born,
 My heart tells me so.

Pastoral Aria

He is born and with the great Messiah
 Peace returns to the whole earth
 Thus my reason tells me
 And my heart is witness.
 My soul is full of joy,
 It feels pain no longer,
 My eyes rejoice at the
 Flower in midst of the ice.

(translation: Charles Medlam)

[5]—[10] ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI:

O DI BETLEMME, ALTERA POVERTÀ VENTUROSA

[Recitativo]

O di Bethlemme,
altera povertà venturosa!
Se chi fece ogni cosa,
Se chi muove ogni sfera in te discende,
E l' Autor della Luce,
Ne suoi primi vagiti, a te risplende.

[Aria]

Dal bel Segno d' una Stella
Spunta a noi l' Eterno Sole.
Da una pura verginella
Nacque già l' Eterna prole.

[Recitativo]

Presa d' uomo la forma,
Alle gelide tempre d' inclemente stagione
Soggiace il gran Bambino.
E d' acerbo destino per sottrarre al rigore
L' umanità cadente,
Del suo corpo innocente fa scudo a noi
L' appassionato amore.

[Aria]

L' autor d' ogni mio bene
Scioglie le mie catene
E stretto è in fasce.
Il tutto ei fè da nulla
Eppur lo veggio in Culla,
E in terra nasce.

[Recitative]

O Bethlehem,
Lucky in your proud poverty!
For the maker of all things, he who
Moves the planets, descends to you,
The Bringer of Light will honour you
With his first cries.

[Aria]

From the bosom of a star
The eternal sun rises amongst us.
From a virgin pure
The everlasting son was born

[Recitative]

In the shape of man
The great Child suffers the ice and cold
Of the inclement season.
And to remove fallen mankind
From the rigours of harsh destiny,
Holy love shields us
By means of his innocent body

[Aria]

The author of all my joys
Loosens my chains, but he himself
Is constrained in swaddling.
He made all out of nothing
Yet lies in a cradle,
And was born here on earth.

[Recitativo]

Fortunati Pastori!
 Giacchè v'è dato in sorte
 che il Signor della vita,
 Immortale, increato,
 Respiri fra di voi l'aure primiere!
 Al dolce suon giulivo
 di zampogne innocenti,
 D'un Dio fatto mortale
 Correte a celebrar l'alto Natale!

[Pastorale]

Tocco la prima sorte a voi, pastori,
 Perchè si fa Gesù di Dio l'Agnello.
 Offrite alla sua cuna i vostri cuori,
 Mirate quanto è vago e quanto è bello.
 Lasciate i vostri armenti e la capanna,
 Abbandonate sì le pecorelle.
 V'è una speranza in lui, che non v'inganna
 E che vi può dar loco in fra le stelle.

[Recitativo]

O shepherds blessed with fortune!
 Since destiny has given you
 That the Saviour,
 Immortal, divine, breathes
 Among you his first breaths.
 To the merry sound
 Of innocent bagpipes
 Hurry to celebrate the extraordinary
 Birth of a God made man.

[Pastorale]

Fate chose you first, o shepherds,
 Since Jesus is the lamb of God.
 Offer your hearts to his cradle,
 Behold how sweet and beautiful he is.
 Leave your flock and your hut
 Abandon even your sheep.
 In him there is hope which will not
 Deceive and which will give you a place among the stars.

(translation: Charles Medlam)

11–13 ATTILIO MALACHIA ARIOSTI: PUR ALFIN GENTIL VIOLA

Aria

Pur alfin gentil Viola
 tu giungesti à questi prati
 che languian d'amor per te.
 Vedi la superba Rosa
 che orgoglioso sopra i fior nemica impera.
 Mà al tuo aspetto meno altera
 fra l'erbette vezzosette
 china il fronte al tuo bel piè.

Recitativo

Non fu saggio il consiglio, o Rosa mia,
 per spavento de fior, l'alzarsi il Trono
 sopra il dorso crudel d'accuta spina.
 Forse apprendere volesti à chiunque regna
 che per le vie del Sangue, sol s'impera
 o pur che insegna gelosia di Regno
 à custodir con il rigor un soglio!
 O quanto mai t'inganni o fior superbo
 sol l'amor de Vasalli
 rende temuto il Grande,
 Oggi tu'l vedi e con rossor lo provi
 giache à te ribellati e fiori, e Piante
 stanchi del tuo rigore
 per Regina del Prato, oggi s'acclama
 Violetta gentil che inspira amore.

Aria

Beltà che col rigor
 legar pretende un cor
 per sempre in schiavitù
 non ben l'intende.
 Talor la crudeltà
 consumma un vero amor
 e la vendetta poi
 di tanti schermi suoi
 d'odio s'accende.

Aria

So at last, gentle Viola
 You've arrived at these meadows
 Which languish with love for you.
 See the arrogant Rose
 Who proudly rules over the other flowers;
 But to your less proud form
 Among the lovely young grasses
 She bows her head to your fair foot.

Recitativo

It was not wise council, O my Rose,
 Through fear of the flowers to raise up a throne
 Upon your cruel back of sharp thorns.
 Perhaps you wished to impart to all rulers
 That one can only rule by means of blood;
 Or rather, that jealousy of your kingdom
 Has taught you to defend the throne with cruelty.
 Oh, how you deceive yourself, arrogant flower:
 Only the love of his followers
 Causes a leader to be feared.
 Today you can see it, and you prove it with your blushing,
 Now that the flowers and foliage rebel against you;
 Weary of your cruelty,
 Today they proclaim as queen of the meadow
 The gentle violet who inspires love.

Aria

A beauty that with harshness
 Aims to bind a heart
 Into eternal slavery
 Doesn't understand it.
 Sometimes cruelty
 Consumes a true love,
 And then revenge
 For so many abuses
 Is ignited with hatred.

(translation: Lucas Harris)

14 CATALDO AMODEI: SU L'ORE CHE L'AURORA

Su l'ore che l'aurora
 Per coronare al dì bambino il crine
 Sparge l'argentea brine,
 Sovra dorata prora
 Ove siede l'amante
 Filli il piede portò con lieto viso;
 Ma vidde in un istante
 cangiarsi a sua sventura in pianto il riso,
 Mentre il drudo adorato,
 Per violenza del fato
 Che i decreti al mortal sempre nasconde,
 Cadde precipitoso in seno all'onde.

Ond'ella afflitta intanto
 Per caso sì fatale,
 Sommersa in mar di pianto,
 Celebrava penando il funerale:

“Dolce ben, caro tesoro,
 Tu nell'onde sei sepolto;
 Io, sepolta nel martoro,
 Morir teco oggi ho risolto.

Lagrimare io voglio ogn'ora,
 sospirare ogni momento,
 Viver vo' sempre in tormento,
 Fin che torni, oppur ch'io mora.

Ma come tu potrai tornare in vita,
 Se la vita dal core è già fuggita?

Tocca a me solo il morire,
 Ché se in mar tua morte nacque,
 Per dar bando al mio martire
 Morir voglio anch'io nell'acque:

Ché presso alla mia vita il cielo aduna
 Non la tomba al mio cor, ma sol la cuna.

At that same hour when dawn
 To crown the locks of infant day
 Scatters the silver brine,
 Towards the gilded prow
 Whereon her lover sat,
 Phyllis, joyful, made her way;
 But in an instant saw
 Fate turn her laughter into tears,
 While her beloved dear,
 By cruel Fate's decree,
 That hides its wishes still from men,
 Plunged headlong in the watery deep.

While she afflicted sore
 By such a sad event,
 Plunged in a sea of tears,
 These obsequies performed:

'Dear treasure, sweetest love,
 Entombed beneath the waves;
 And I, entombed in martyrdom,
 Resolve this day to die with you.

Each hour I will pass in tears,
 Each moment I will sigh;
 In torment I will always live,
 Till you return, or else I die.

But how can you return to life,
 If from the heart all life is fled?

Death now alone remains to me,
 If in the sea your death is born,
 Then to proclaim my martyrdom,
 I also seek a watery grave.

For Heaven gives my heart in life
 A cradle, not a grave.

Ma chi mi ferma il piede?
 Chi mi trattiene, o Dio?
 Deh! Fermatevi o dei, col morir mio:
 Non negate pietade alla mia fede!

Fa' pur quanto sai,
 Destino crudele!
 Con petto più forte
 In vita et in morte
 Ai chiusi miei rai
 Vogl'io esser fedele.
 Fa' pur quanto sai,
 Destino crudele!

Non è poca fortuna,
 Aver col proprio ben la sepoltura."

Udite acerbo caso:
 Ha pria del sol, un più bel sol l'ocaso;
 E fe' veder con la sua fé costante
 Che non stima il morir un core amante.

But who can stay my foot?
 Or hold me back, dear God?
 Ye Gods, with my own death, be still:
 Deny not mercy to my faith!

Do all you will,
 O cruel fate!
 With stronger heart
 In life and death
 Until my eyes are closed
 I will be true.
 Do all you will,
 O cruel fate!

It is a thing of some avail
 To share a lover's grave.'

Mark well a bitter tale:
 Before the sun, a fairer sun is setting;
 And showing how, through constant faith,
 For loving heart death holds no fear.

15 CATALDO AMODEI: VA', CHÉ L'HAI FATTO A ME

Va', ché l'hai fatto a me, barbaro arciero,
 Ché contro il voler mio
 M'hai reso amante il core.
 Empio tiranno Amore,
 Sapré ben io
 Vendicarmi di te con sdegno altero.
 Va', ché l'hai fatto a me, barbaro arciero.

Appena io credea
 Che il core godea
 Un lieto sereno,
 Che il dardo d'un guardo
 Aperse nel seno,
 La libertà fuggì con passo alato:
 Me ne vendicherò, nume bendato.

Oh qual fiera vendetta
 Vuo' prender contro te, fanciul tiranno:
 Ogni tuo fiero inganno
 Paleserò, sì, sì!
 Bruggiarti io spero
 Col foco c'ho nel sen l'arco e le piume;
 spero, barbaro nume,
 Involarti coi venti
 De' miei sospiri ardenti
 Il velo c'hai negl'occhi. A suon di cetra
 Ti chiamerò crudele,
 Fabbro d'iniquità, centro di frodi,
 Che nessuno ti lodi;
 Che nessuno ti siegua, esclamerò!
 Me ne vendicherò!

Pregherò sdegno guerriero,
 Che severo
 L'arco impugni contro te.
 Farò voti alla ragione
 Che a tenzone
 Saggia mova a prò di me.

Away, how you used me, cruel archer,
 For quite against my will
 You inclined my heart to love.
 Cupid, wicked tyrant,
 I will know how
 To be avenged with proud disdain.
 Away, how you used me, cruel archer.

Just when I thought
 My heart enjoyed
 A happy calm,
 There suddenly appeared
 The dart within my breast.
 And freedom fled apace:
 I'll be avenged, blind god.

What bold revenge
 I seek, you tyrant boy;
 Your every proud design
 I surely will reveal.
 I will burn with fire
 That rages in my breast your bow and feathers;
 Rude spirit,
 I will blow away,
 With my tormented sighs,
 The veil before your eyes. My echoing lyre
 Will sound your cruelty,
 Unjust, deceitful one.
 Let no one follow you;
 Nor serve you, I will urge.
 For I will be avenged!

I will entreat, proud warrior,
 That heartlessly
 Your bow will turn on you.
 My vows to Reason I will make,
 So in the contest she
 Will wisely act for me.

Darò sulle furie,
D'oltraggi et ingiurie:
Io ti caricherò.
Me ne vendicherò.

Ma dove son, che parlo?
Ahi! Forsennato,
Ecco ch'io son legato
Da un sciolto crine.
Ecco ch'un guardo, un riso
A lagrimar m'invita.

Oh com'è folle
Colui ch'opporsi crede
Al gran poter d'amore
Al cui strale, al cui ardore
Soggiace ogn' alma e l'universo cede.

Sì, sì, torna mio core
A piangere, or che, misero,
Torni ad amar! Non pensar
Con l'onde del tuo pianto il destin frangere.

Resistere chi puote,
Con l'impero d'Amor? Chi può dar forza,
Chi può frenare i sensi,
Che non prestino ossequio alla beltà?

A Dio, libertà!
Son preso, son vinto:
Ovunque m'aggrò,
Sospiro, sospiro.
Di lacci son cinto;
Da un guardo ridente,
Piangente mendico,
Mendico pietà.
A Dio, libertà.

I will become enraged,
And heap my calumnies
And injuries on you.
I'll be avenged.

But what is this I say?
Alas! Possessed,
For I am captive bound
To flowing tresses,
Here is a glance, a laugh,
Provoking me to tears.

How mad the one
Who thinks he can oppose
The mighty power of love,
Whose passion and whose dart
Subjects each soul so all the world gives way.

Yes, turn again, my heart,
To tears when, wretched one,
You love again! Do not presume
To change your fate with floods of tears.

Who can withstand
The power of love? Who can find strength,
Who the senses can deny
Homage to beauty paid?

Farewell, liberty!
I am captive, I am felled:
Whichever way I turn,
I sigh, I sigh.
In snares I lie entwined;
From laughing glance,
Tearful, I beg,
I beg for mercy.
Farewell, liberty.

16 CATALDO AMODEI: LIEVE AL PIÈ, GRAVE AL PASSO

Lieve al piè, grave al passo e vaga al volto,
 L'intatta Galilea,
 Del Nazzareno Infante inclita Madre,
 Corteggiata da squadre
 Di sostanze assistenti,
 Preme le zolle ebreë
 Di montagne giudee;
 E dove posa il piè, ben sia che stampi
 Zodiaci di splendor, lattee di lampi.

Orizzonti palestini,
 Ch'accogliete in grembo il sole,
 Or tra danze e tra carole
 A tal dea porgete inchini.

Fermate, rimirate
 La bellezza, la vaghezza
 Di sì alta imperatrice;
 Che direte al veder un sì bel viso?
 "Passeggia per i monti il Paradiso."

Su da sponde di vostr'onde
 Accorrete o Teti qui,
 Ed a cori di stupori
 Deh, lodate un sì bel dì.

Venite pur, venite!
 Poiché, al solo mirar donna sì bella,
 Con tacita favella
 Direte ben, già ch'ìl dovere il vole:
 "Stazionario de' monti è fatto il sole."

La rosa tenera,
 Con suoi cinabri,
 Con lingua mutula
 Li giuri fé.
 Il giglio candido
 Con lattei labri
 Tra fogli argentei
 Gli baci il piè.

With fleeting foot but solemn tread
 Lovely, unsullied Galilee,
 Illustrious mother of the infant Nazarene,
 Courted on every side
 By her attendant trains,
 Presses the Hebrew lands,
 Among Judaea's hills;
 And where she sets her foot, there spring
 Zodiacs of splendour and lightning flashes bright.

Palestine's horizons,
 Whose womb receives the sun
 Between the roundel and the dance,
 Before the goddess now incline.

Stop here, once more behold
 The fair and lovely form
 Of such an empress high;
 What will you say of face so sweet?
 'That Paradise walks on the hills.'

Emerging from your crested waves,
 Run, Thetis, to this place,
 And in astonished chorus praise,
 In truth, a day so beautiful.

Then come away, come, come away!
 For merely seeing such a lady fair,
 With silent speech
 You will proclaim, since duty wills it so:
 'The sun has stopped upon the hills.'

Let tender rose,
 Vermilion crowned,
 With silent tongue
 Its faith proclaim.
 Let lily white
 Part milky lips
 In silver leaves
 And kiss her feet.

Ogn' arena un fior dischiuda
 E d'eserciti odorati,
 Ingemmati
 Dalle perle di natura,
 Ricolmisi lo stel, e lieto al core
 Tra smeraldi suoi gli porga onore.

Che se ciò poco sia,
 Squarci nubi di cielo
 Tempestati a nemi d'oro
 Formin pur, per suo decoro,
 Coltre azzurra a un tanto telo,
 Poiché ben è ragion che tra suoi raggi,
 Sovra pezzi di ciel Maria viaggi.

Passeggiano fastosi
 Sovra giudaici colli,
 Precipizi di luce;
 E da zaffiri eterni
 Rovesci l'Etra pur, per dargli omaggi,
 Abissi di splendor, mare di raggi.

Ché a sì alta eroina in un tal loco
 Ogn'ossequio alla fin o è nulla, o è poco.

Each field unlocks a flower,
 And perfumed hosts,
 Bejewelled
 With nature's pearls,
 Thrust up their stems and, light of heart,
 Mid emeralds their homage pay.

And then however small,
 Let merest wisps of cloud,
 By golden nimbus blown,
 Form with their very shape
 An azure blanket woven,
 For truly here among the rays
 On Heaven's filaments the Virgin walks.

Deep abysses of light
 In splendour walk
 Upon Judaea's hills;
 And with eternal sapphires,
 To pay her homage now, the very ether pours
 Chasms of splendour, a sea of rays.

For to a noble heroine in such a place
 All tributes, finally, little or nought avail.

1 JOHN DOWLAND: O SWEET WOODS

O sweet woods the delight of solitarinesse,
O how much doe I love your solitarinesse,

From fames desire, from loves delight retir'd,
In these sad groves an Hermits life I led,
And those false pleasures which I once admir'd
With sad remembrance of my fall I dread,
To birds, to trees, to earth, impart I this,
For shee lesse secret, and as sencelesse is.

O sweet woods...

Experience which repentance onely brings,
Doth bid mee now my hart from love estrange,
Love is disdained when it doth looke at Kings
And love loe placed base and apt to change:
Ther power doth take from him his liberty,
Hir want of worth makes him in cradell die,

O sweet woods...

You men that give false worship unto Love,
And seeke that which you never shall obtaine,
The endlesse worke of Sisiphus you prove,
Whose end is this to know you strive in vaine,
Hope and desire which now your Idols bee,
You needs must loose and feele dispaire with mee.

O sweet woods...

You woods in you the fairest Nimphs have walked,
Nimphes at whose sight all harts did yeeld to Love,
You woods in whom deere lovers oft have talked,
How doe you now a place of mourning prove,
Wansted my Mistres saith this is the doome,
Thou art loves Childbed, Nursery, and Tombe.

O sweet woods...

2 JOHN DOWLAND: I SAW MY LADY WEEPE

I saw my lady weepe,
 And sorrow proud to bee advanced so:
 In those faire eies, where all perfections keepe,
 Hir face was full of woe,
 But such a woe (beleeve me) as wins more hearts,
 Then mirth can doe, with hir intysing parts.

Sorow was there made faire,
 And passion wise, teares a delightfull thing,
 Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare,
 Shee made hir sighes to sing,
 And all things with so sweet a sadnesse move,
 As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

O fayrer than aught ells,
 The world can shew, leave of in time to grieve,
 Inough, inough, your joyfull lookes excell,
 Teares kills the heart believe,
 O strive not to bee excellent in woe,
 Which onely breeds your beauties overthrow.

3 JOHN DOWLAND: DAPHNE WAS NOT SO CHASTE

Daphne was not so chaste as she was changing,
 Soon begun Love with hate estranging:
 He that today triumphs with favors graced,
 Fals before night with scornes defaced:
 Yet is thy beautie fainde, and ev'rie one desires,
 Still the false light of thy traiterous fires.

Beautie can want no grace by true love viewed,
 Fancie by lookes is still renewed:
 Like to a fruitfull tree it ever groweth,
 Or the fresh spring that endless floweth.
 But if that beautie were of one consent with love,
 Love should live free, and true pleasure prove.

4 JOHN DOWLAND: FAREWELL TOO FAIRE

Farewell too faire, too chaste but too too cruell,
 Discretion never quenched fire with swords:
 Why hast thou made my heart thine angers fuell,
 And now would kill my passions with thy words.
 This is proud beauties true anatomy,
 If that secure severe in secresie, farewell, farewell.

Farewell too deare, and too too much desired,
 Unlesse compassion dwelt more neere thy heart:
 Love by neglect (though constant) oft is tired,
 And forc't from blisse unwillingly to part,
 This is proud beauties true anatomy,
 If that secure severe in secresie, farewell, farewell.

5 JOHN DOWLAND: TIME'S ELDEST SONNE

Times eldest sonne, olde age, the heyre of ease,
 Strengths foe, loves woe, and foster to devotion,
 Bids gallant youths in marshall prowes please,
 As for himselfe, hee hath no earthly motion,
 But thinks, sighes, teares, vowes, praiers and sacrifices,
 As good as shoves, maskes, justes, or tilt devices.

Then sit thee downe, and say thy *Nunc Demittis*,
 With *De Profundis*, *Credo*, and *Te Deum*,
 Chant *Miserere* for what now so fit is,
 As that, or this, *Paratum est cor meum*,
 O that thy Saint would take in worth thy hart,
 Thou canst not please hir with a better part.

When others sings *Venite exultemus*,
 Stand by and turne to *Noli emulari*,
 For *quare fremuerunt use oremus*
Vivat Eliza, for an *ave mari*,
 and teach those swains that lives about thy cell,
 To say *Amen* when thou dost pray so well.

[6] JOHN DOWLAND: SHALL I STRIVE WITH WORDS TO MOVE

Shall I strive with words to move,
When deeds receive not due regard?
Shall I speak, and neither please,
Nor be freely heard?

Grief, alas, though all in vain,
Her restless anguish must reveal:
She alone my wound shall know,
Though she will not heal.

All woes have end,
though awhile delay'd,
Our patience proving.
O that Time's strange effects
Could but make her loving.

Storms calm at last,
and why may not she
Leave off her frowning?
O sweet Love, help her hands
My affection crowning.

I woo'd her, I lov'd her,
and none but her admire.
O come, dear joy,
And answer my desire.

[7] JOHN DANYEL: DOST THOU WITHDRAW THY GRACE?

Dost thou withdraw thy grace
For that I should not love,
And think'st thou to remove
M' affections with thy face?

As if that love did hold no part
But where thy beauty lies,
And were not in my heart
Greater than in thy fair eyes?

Ah yes! 'tis more, more is desire
There, where it wounds and pines;
As fire is far more fire
Where it burns than where it shines.

[8] ROBERT JOHNSON: FULL FATHOM FIVE...

Full fathom five thy father lies;
Of his bones are coral made;
Those are pearls that were his eyes;
Nothing of him that does fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell:
Ding-dong,
Hark! Now I hear them – Ding-dong, bell.

(William Shakespeare, from 'The Tempest')

9 SIGISMONDO D'INDIA: DA L'ONDE DEL MIO PIANTO

Da l'onde del mio pianto a dietro volti
 Corrano i fiumi e i fonti,
 Cadano sveltì a' miei sospiri i monti,
 Freni suo corso a' miei lamenti il cielo,
 E di notturno velo
 Pietoso al mio dolor s'ammanti il giorno;
 Né mai faccia ritorno
 Più dall'ocaso in oriente il sole.
 Mutisi il fato a queste mie parole;
 La costanza è incostante.
 La fede è morta, Amor non è più amante.

From the waves of my weeping
 Let the rivers and springs turn and run backwards,
 Let the mountains fall headlong with my sighs
 The sky halt in its course at my laments
 And day,
 For pity of my grief, shroud itself in night;
 Nor ever again the setting sun
 Return to the Orient.
 Let Fate fall silent at these my words:
 Constancy is inconstant,
 Fidelity is dead, Love is no longer loving.

10 GEORG SCHIMMELPFENNIG: DOLCE TEMPO PASSATO

Dolce tempo passato
 Dov'ora sei? S'io pens' in te,
 Crescon' i dolori miei.
 Tu sei passato e non ritorni mai.
 Ahi, perché non moro di pene e guai?
 Tu fosti a me sì dolce e caro
 Ma lass' adesso ben provo l'amaro.
 Ahi, del perduto ben la rimembranza
 M'uccid'et in me ogni dolor avanza.

Sweet time past,
 Where are you now? If I think on you
 My griefs increase.
 You are past and won't return.
 Ah, why am I not dead from pain and torment?
 You were so sweet and dear to me
 But now alas, I feel real bitterness.
 Ah, the memory of my lost love
 Kills me as every sadness grows in me.

11 HEINRICH SCHÜTZ: EILE MICH, GOTT, ZU ERRETEN

Eile mich, Gott, zu erretten,
 Herr, mir zu helfen!
 Es müssen sich schämen und zu Schanden
 werden, die nach meiner Seelen stehen.
 Sie müssen zurückkehren 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.

(Psalm 70)

Make haste, O God, to deliver me;
 make haste to help me, O Lord.
 Let them be ashamed and confounded
 that seek after my soul:
 let them be turned backward, and put to confusion,
 that desire my hurt.
 Let them be turned back for a reward
 of their shame that say: Aha, aha.
 Let all those that seek thee
 rejoice and be glad in thee:
 and let such as love thy salvation
 say continually, let God be magnified.
 But I am poor and needy:
 make haste unto me, O God:
 thou are my help and my deliverer;
 O Lord, make no tarrying.

(King James Bible of 1611)

12 ETIENNE MOULINIÉ: PAISIBLE ET TÉNÉBREUSE NUIT

Paisible et ténébreuse nuit,
 Sans lune et sans étoiles,
 Renferme le jour qui me nuit,
 Dans tes plus sombres voiles.
 Hâte tes pas, déesse, exauce-moi:
 J'aime une brune comme toi.
 J'aime une brune dont les yeux
 Font dire à tout le monde
 Que, quand Phébus quitte les cieux,
 Pour se cacher dans l'onde,
 C'est le regret de se voir surmonté
 Du doux éclat de leur beauté.

Heavy night of shadows,
 Without moon or stars
 Close the day that gives me pain
 In your darkest veil.
 Make haste, goddess, I beg you:
 I love a dark lady like you.
 I love a dark lady whose eyes
 Make every one say
 That when Phoebus leaves the sky
 To hide in the ocean,
 It is for grief to be outshone
 By the sweet ray of their beauty.

13 JEAN-BAPTISTE BOËSSET: QUE PHILIS A L'ESPRIT LÉGER

Que Philis a l'esprit léger
 L'on seroit bien malheureux d'être son berger;
 Je bénirai toujours les Dieux
 Qui m'ont défendu des traits de ses yeux.
 Il est vrai qu'elle a tant d'appas
 Qu'il faudrait n'avoir point de yeux pour ne l'aimer pas ;
 Aussi je dois bénir les Dieux
 Qui m'ont défendu des traits de se yeux
 Sa beauté peut tout enflammer;
 Même un Dieu en la voyant la voudrait aimer.
 Pour moi je veux bénir les Dieux
 Qui m'ont défendu des traits de ses yeux.

Phyllis is so flighty
 It would be bad luck to be her swain;
 Every day I'll bless the gods
 Who've kept me safe from her eyes.
 It's true she has such charms
 You'd have to be blind not to love her:
 So I should bless the gods
 Who've kept me safe from her eyes
 Her beauty can set everyone alight:
 Even a god who saw her would fall for her;
 Me, I want to bless the gods
 Who've kept me safe from her eyes!

14—15 HENRY LAWES: ANACREON'S ODE, CALL'D THE LUTE

θελω λέγειν Ἀτρείδας,
 θελω δὲ Κάδμον ἄδειν,
 ὁ βάρβιτος δὲ χορδαῖς
 Ἔρωτα μῶνον ἤχει.
 ἤμειψα νεῦρα πρῶην
 καὶ τὴν λύρην ἅπασαν·
 ἁγῶ μὲν ἦδον ἄθλους
 Ἑρακλέους· λύρη δὲ
 Ἔρωτας ἀντεφώνει.
 χαίριτε λοιπὸν ἡμῖν,
 ἥρωες· ἡ λύρη γὰρ
 μόνους Ἔρωτας ἔξει.

(Anacreon)

I long to sing the seidge of Troy;
 or Thebe's which Cadmus rear'd so high;
 but though with hand and voice I strove,
 my Lute will sound nothing but Love.
 I chang'd the strings, but 'twould not do't;
 at last I took another Lute;
 and then I tried to sing the praise
 of All-performing Hercules.

But when I sung Alcide's name,
 my Lute resounds Love, Love again.
 Then farewell all ye Grecian Peers,
 and all true Trojan Cavalleers:
 nor Godds nor men my Lute can move;
 'tis dumb to all but Love, Love, Love.

16 HENRY LAWES: AT DEAD LOW EBB OF NIGHT

At dead low ebb of night, when none
 But Great Charles Wayn was driven on;
 When Mortals strict cessation keep,
 To re-recruit themselves with sleep;
 'Twas then a Boy knockt at my gate.
 Who's there, said I, that calls so late?
 O let me In! he soon reply'd,
 I am a Childe; and then he cry'd,
 I wander without guide or light,
 Lost in this wet, blind, Moonless night.
 In pity then I rose, and straight
 Unbarr'd my dore; and sprang a light:
 Behold, It was a Lovely Boy,
 A sweeter sight ne're bless'd mine Eye:
 I view'd him round, and saw strange things;
 A Bow, a Quiver, and two Wings;
 I led him to the fire, and then
 I dry'd and chaf'd his hands with mine:
 I gently press'd his tresses, curls,
 Which new faln rain had hung with perls:
 At last, when warm'd, the yonger said,
 Alas my Bow! I am afraid
 The string is wet; Pray (Sir) let's try;
 Let's try my Bow. Do, do, said I.
 He bent it; Shot so quick and smart,
 As though my liver reach'd my heart.
 Then in a trice he took his flight,
 And laughing said; My Bow is right,
 It is, O 'tis! For as he spoke,
 'twas not his Bow, but my Heart is broke .

17 JOHN BLOW: SAPPHO TO THE GODDESS OF LOVE

Oh Venus! Daughter of the mighty Jove!
 Who art so knowing in the art of love;
 Assist me now; oh! quickly send relief
 And suffer not my heart to break with grief;
 If ever thou hast heard me when I prayed
 Oh! come now great goddess, come to thy Sappho's aid;
 Oft have my prayers, such favours hast thou shown,
 From Heaven's golden mansions called thee down.

See she comes in her Carulean car,
 The flying chariot cuts the yielding air;
 See how the nimble sparrows stretch the wing;
 And through the region do the goddess bring;
 To me she comes, to me she's ever kind,
 And smiling, asks me what afflicts thy mind?
 Why am I called? Why? Tell me what is't thou wants:
 Oh! Venus, don't you know why all these plaints?

'Tis love, 'tis love, I rage, the fatal dart
 Sticks in my side; how can I bear the smart?
 What youth, what raging lover shall I gain?
 Where is the captive that should wear my chain?
 Alas, poor Sappho, who is this ingrate?
 Who wrongs thy love, repays with scorn or hate?
 Does he now fly thee? He shall soon return,
 Shall follow thee, and with like ardour burn.

Will he no present at thy hands receive?
 He shall repent it, and more largely give:
 The force of love no longer shall withstand;
 He shall be fond, be all at thy command:
 When wilt thou work this change? Now, Venus, free,
 Now ease my mind of all this misery;
 Forsake me not; my powerful helper be,
 Let Phaon love; but let him love like me.

18 JOHN WILSON: DIFFUGERE NIVES

Diffugere nives, redeunt iam gramina campi
 arboribus comæ,
 Mutat terra vices, et decrescentia ripas
 flumina prætereunt.
 Gratia cum Nymphis geminisque sororibus audet
 ducere nuda choros.
 Immortalia ne spes monet annus et alnum
 quæ rapit hora diem.
 Frigora mitescunt Zephyris, ver proterit æstas
 interitura simul.
 Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit: et mox
 bruma recurrit iners.
 Damna tamen celeres reparant cælestia Lunæ:
 nos ubi decidimus
 quo pius Aeneas, quo Tullius dives et Ancus,
 pulvis et umbra sumus.
 Quis scit an adjiciant hodiernæ crastina summæ
 tempora Dii superi?
 Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico
 quæ dederis animo.
 Quum simul occideris, et de te splendida Minos
 fecerit arbitria,
 non, Torquate, genus, non te facundia, non te
 restituet pietas.
 Infernis neque enim tenebris Diana pudicim
 liberat Hippolytum:
 nec Lethæa valet Theseus abrumperè claro
 vincula Perithoo.

(Horace: Odes IV, 7)

The snow, dissolv'd, no more is seen,
 The fields and woods, behold, are green;
 The changing year renews the plain,
 The rivers know their banks again;
 The sprightly Nymph and naked Grace
 The mazy dance together trace;
 The changing year's progressive plan
 Proclaims mortality to Man,
 Rough winter's blasts to spring give way,
 Spring yields to summer's sovran ray;
 Then summer sinks in autumn's reign,
 And winter holds the world again.
 Her losses soon the moon supplies,
 But wretched Man, when once he lies
 Where Priam and his sons are laid,
 Is naught but ashes and a shade.

Who knows if Jove, who counts the score,
 Will toss us in a morning more?
 What with your friend you nobly share
 At least you rescue from your heir.
 Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,
 When Minos once has fixed your doom,
 Or eloquence or splendid birth
 Or virtue shall restore to earth.
 Hippolytus, unjustly slain,
 Diana calls to life in vain,
 Nor can the might of Theseus rend
 The chains of hell that hold his friend.

(English version by Samuel Johnson)

19 ALFONSO FERRABOSCO II: SO BEAUTIE ON THE WATERS STOOD

So beautie on the waters stood
 when Love had sever'd earth from floud.
 So, when he parted ayre from fire,
 he did with concord all inspire,
 and then a motion hee them taught,
 that elder than himselfe was thought;
 which thought was yet the childe of earth,
 for Love is elder than his birth.

20 HENRY LAWES: ORPHEUS' HYMN TO GOD

O King of Heav'n and Hell, of Sea and Earth;
 who shak'st the World when thou should'st Thunder forth;
 whom Devils dread, and Hosts of Heaven prayse;
 whom Fate (which masters all things else) obeys;
 Eternall Cause! Who on the winds dost ride;
 and Nature's face with thick dark Clouds dost hide:
 cleaving the Ayre with Balls of dreadfull Fire;
 guiding the Starrs, which run, and never tire;
 about thy Throne bright Angels stand, and bow,
 to be dispatcht to Mortals heer below.
 Thy early Spring in purple Robes comes forth;
 Thy Summer's South does conquer all the North;
 and though thy Winter freeze the Hearts of Men,
 glad Wine from Autumn cheers them up again.

21 MAURICE GREENE: ORPHEUS WITH HIS LUTE

Orpheus with his Lute made trees
and the mountaintops that freeze
bow themselves when he did sing.

To his music plants and flowers
ever rose, as Sun and show'ers
there had made a lasting Spring.
Everything that heard him play,
ev'n the billows of the Sea,
hung their heads and then lay by.
In sweet Music is such Art,
killing care and grief of Heart,
– fall asleep or hearing die.

(William Shakespeare, from 'Henry VIII')

22 JOHN WELDON: STOP, O YE WAVES

Stop, O ye waves, and hear me tell,
what joy, what pains of grief a wretched Swain befell;
then rowl away, and rowling to each other say,
let us Love, and let us play,
in wanton murmurs while we may.
For so did once the Thracian Swain,
but while you thus securely glide,
O! think, when you come to th' highest tide
of pleasure, you must then divide,
as Orpheus did, and far as wide.



ORPHEUS SURROUNDED BY ANIMALS

ROMAN MOSAIC, FIRST HALF OF THE 3RD CENTURY AD, PALERMO, ITALY.

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The first appearance by Emma Kirkby on the BIS label was in 1988 as a member of the Consort of Musicke, performing a programme of madrigals from the time of Christian IV of Denmark (BIS-CD-392). A closer and more recent collaboration began in 2000 with the CD *Christmas Music* with London Baroque and since then a further nine discs have been released. This collection contains recordings from all of these, with the exception of *Chanson d'amour* – songs by Amy Beach (BIS-CD-1245) and the recent disc of solo cantatas *Handel in Italy* (BIS-SACD-1695). Future projects include a recording, with the counter-tenor Daniel Taylor, of *Tilge, Höchster, meine Sünden*, Bach's transcription of Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* (BIS-SACD-1546), an all-Handel programme (including *Neun Deutsche Arien*) with London Baroque (BIS-SACD-1615), a collection of Italian duets and trios from the early 17th century with the soprano Susanne Rydén and the baritone Peter Harvey (BIS-CD-1715), and *Orpheus in England*, a recital of lute songs with Jakob Lindberg (BIS-SACD-1725). For further details regarding Emma Kirkby's recordings, please visit www.bis.se

RECORDING DATA

Disc 1

[1–8] Recorded in May 2001 at the Duke's Hall, Royal Academy of Music, London, England (Original release: BIS-CD-1235)

Recording producer: Jonathan Freeman-Attwood, Sound engineer: Ingo Petry, Digital editing: Jeffrey Ginn

[9–31] Recorded in September 1999 at St Martin's, East Woodhay, Hampshire, England (BIS-CD-1065)

Recording producer and sound engineer: Jens Braun, Digital editing: Jeffrey Ginn

Disc 2

[1–3] Recorded in March 2000 at St Martin's, East Woodhay, Hampshire, England (BIS-CD-1135)

Recording producer and sound engineer: Ingo Petry, Digital editing: Dirk Lüdemann

[4–8] Recorded in February 2006 at Chapelle Notre-Dame-de-Bon-Secours, Montreal, Canada (previously unreleased)

Recording producer and sound engineer: Jens Braun, Digital editing: Elisabeth Kemper

[9–11] Recorded in September 2005 at St Martin's, East Woodhay, Hampshire, England (BIS-CD-1575)

Recording producer and sound engineer: Hans Kipfer, Digital editing: Elisabeth Kemper

Disc 3

[1–10] Recorded in March 2000 at St Martin's, East Woodhay, Hampshire, England (BIS-CD-1135)

Recording producer and sound engineer: Ingo Petry, Digital editing: Dirk Lüdemann

[11–13] Recorded in August 2007 at Länna Church, Sweden (BIS-CD-1675)

Recording producer, sound engineer and digital editing: Christian Starke

[14–16] Recorded in November 2002 at Länna Church, Sweden (BIS-CD-1415)

Recording producer and sound engineer: Marion Schwebel, Digital editing: Christian Starke, Julian Schwenkner

Disc 4

[1–5] Recorded in April 2004 in Länna Church, Sweden (BIS-CD-1475)

Recording producer and sound engineer: Marion Schwebel, Digital editing: Bastian Schick

[6–13] Recorded in November 2005 at Länna Church, Sweden (BIS-CD-1505)

Recording producer, sound engineer and digital editing: Rita Hermeyer

[14–22] Recorded in July 2001 at St Margaret's Church, Walmgate (The Early Music Centre), York, England (BIS-CD-1435)

Recording producers: Chris Thorpe, Anthony Rooley, Sound engineer and digital editing: Chris Thorpe

Executive producer: Robert Suff

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