

St  
Martin  
in  
the  
Fields

# VOICES *In The* CRYPT

*Shall I compare thee to  
a summer's day*

*St Martin's Voices  
with Simon Russell Beale*

St Martin-in-the-Fields  
Trafalgar Square  
London  
WC2N 4JJ  
020 7766 1100  
[www.smitf.org](http://www.smitf.org)

Available to watch as many times as you like until Wednesday 21 July 2021

## PROGRAMME

Fair Phyllis I saw sitting all alone – John Farmer (c.1570-c.1601)

*Twelfth Night, Act 1, Scene 1 – William Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

It was a lover and his lass – Thomas Morley (c.1557/58-1602)

This sweet and merry month – William Byrd (c.1539/40 or 1543-1623)

The Silver Swan – Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625)

*The Tempest, Act 5, Scene 1 – Shakespeare*

Why do you use my paper ink and pen – Byrd

Weep, O mine eyes – John Bennet (c.1575-c.1614)

Io piango – Luca Marenzio (c.1553/54-1599)

*King Richard II, Act 3, Scene 2 – Shakespeare*

I shame on mine unworthiness – John Dowland (1563-1626)

April is in my mistress' face – Morley

Si, ch'io voerrei morire – Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

*Sonnet 29 – Shakespeare*

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day – Nils Lindberg (b.1933)



## PROGRAMME NOTES

*by Sarah Maxted*

The theatrical world of Elizabethan England was rich with musical entertainment. It was customary for plays to include at least one song and the diverse dramas produced at court were often lavishly accompanied by incidental music and pageantry. Whilst William Shakespeare (1564-1616) was penning his tragic and comedic masterpieces in London, Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643) and his contemporaries were developing the madrigals and intermezzi of Italian courts towards the new genre of opera. It was a period of fruitful interplay between poetry and music, resulting in interconnected works that resonate with timeless heartbreak and delight.

***Fair Phyllis*** is a madrigal by John Farmer (c.1570-c.1601), depicting the lovers Phyllis and Amyntas. The text is typical of the English madrigal genre, with its amorous and pastoral subject matter. This setting by Farmer is suitably playful; he alternates between triple and duple metre, swinging and swooning as the lovers are united and fall “a-kissing”. Farmer’s contribution to English vocal music was significant but short-lived, culminating in his 1599 *First Book of English Madrigals*.

Thomas Morley (c.1557/58-1602) was one of the most famous composers of the Elizabethan era and lived in London at the same time as Shakespeare. ***It was a lover and his lass*** is one of only a few surviving contemporary settings of Shakespeare’s verse. The text appears as a song in Act V of *As You Like It*, a comedy first performed in around 1599. Its light-hearted lyrics have invited musical settings by many composers, but in the play itself the song is received with disdain: “I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God buy you; and God mend your voices!”

***This sweet and merry month*** was composed by William Byrd (c.1539/40-1623) for *The first sett Of Italian madrigalls Englished*, a collection published by Thomas Watson in 1590. The commercial idea behind the anthology was to feed the public appetite for Italian madrigals with an easily understood English-language equivalent. Byrd’s madrigal expertly captured the polyphonic intricacy and word-painting typical of the Italian style. As was fashionable, the English text also paid homage to Queen Elizabeth, comparing her beauty to that of Helen of Troy.

Orlando Gibbons (1583-1625) was, like Byrd before him, a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal and a prolific composer of church music and instrumental works. He also published consort songs and madrigals, of which ***The Silver Swan*** is one of the most enduringly popular. It was published in 1612, with text referring to the ancient myth that swans sing only once in their lives, an exquisite ‘swan song’ in the final moments before death. Shakespeare also referenced this legend in *The Merchant of Venice*, “he makes a swan-like end, fading in music.”

***Why do I use my paper, ink and pen?*** is Byrd's setting of a remarkable poem written to commemorate the martyrdom of the Jesuit Edmund Campion in 1581. The poem is attributed to Henry Walpole, who later was also executed for his Jesuit faith and his refusal to swear an oath acknowledging Queen Elizabeth's supremacy in religion. It was a controversial and meaningful text for Byrd to set and publish, as the composer's own recusancy and catholic faith were only tolerated by the crown thanks to the value of his immense musical talent.

***Weep, O mine eyes*** is a beautiful lament by John Bennet (c.1575-c.1614), based on the 'lachrimae' ('tears') motif of John Dowland's *Flow my tears*. There is little known about Bennet's life, but his madrigal collection published in 1599 was an important part of the English madrigal canon. The language of *Weep, O mine eyes* echoes lines from Shakespeare's *Richard III*, "All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes, that I ... may send forth plenteous tears to drown the world!"

Born in northern Italy, Luca Marenzio (c.1553/54-1599) composed more than 500 madrigals during his career in the service of Italy's aristocratic elite. His published works spread across Europe, sparking the Italian madrigal craze which was capitalised on by Watson's 'madrigalls Englished' and the subsequent collections by Farmer, Bennet and others. In ***Io piango*** he sets a simple but expressive poem, exploring the bittersweet proximity of emotional pleasure and pian.

***I shame at mine unworthiness*** by John Dowland (1563-1626) is a characteristic example of the composer's famously melancholic style. Dowland had an acclaimed career as a virtuoso singer-lutenist in the courts of Europe and composed in a variety of styles, but many of his most memorable songs are anguished and mournful. *I shame at mine unworthiness* was part of a 1614 collection of devotional verse by Sir William Leighton, entitled *The teares or lamentacions of a sorrowfull soule*.

***April is in my mistress' face*** is one of the most Italianate of Thomas Morley's madrigals, published in 1594. The short text begins with flattery but twists to reveal an icy accusation of frigidity. It is believed to have been based on an Italian poem by Angelo Grillo, a Genoese nobleman who wrote under the pen name Livio Celiano and corresponded closely with Claudio Monteverdi.

Monteverdi (1567-1643) was a pioneering composer of musical drama, but until the age of 40 he devoted most of his brilliance to the writing of Italian madrigals. He published a total of nine books of madrigals, ranging greatly in theme and style. ***Si ch'io vorrei morire*** is from his fourth book, published in 1603, and is fantastically rich with chiaroscuro contrasts. Using sequences of dissonant imitation, Monteverdi creates a highly charged sensual atmosphere, alternating between tension and release.

***Shall I compare thee to a summer's day*** is a setting of Shakespeare's Sonnet 18 by the Swedish jazz composer Nils Lindberg (b. 1933). Unlike the intemperate and cold-hearted mistress of Morley's madrigal, the recipient of Shakespeare's poem is praised for eternal qualities of warmth and beauty. There is a pleasing prescience in Shakespeare's bold claim that the poem would live on "in eternal lines to Time", because it has undoubtedly become one of the most beloved poems of all time.

## TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS

**Fair Phyllis** I saw sitting all alone  
Feeding her flock near to the mountainside.  
The shepherds knew not whither she was gone,  
But after her lover Amyntas hied.  
Up and down he wandered whilst she was missing;  
When he found her, O then they fell a kissing.

### ***Twelfth Night (Act 1 Scene 1)***

*Orsino*: If music be the food of love, play on.  
Give me excess of it that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again, it had a dying fall.  
Oh, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound,  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odor. Enough, no more.  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.  
O spirit of love, how quick and fresh art thou,  
That, notwithstanding thy capacity  
Receiveth as the sea, nought enters there,  
Of what validity and pitch soe'er,  
But falls into abatement and low price  
Even in a minute. So full of shapes is fancy  
That it alone is high fantastical.

*William Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

**It was a lover and his lass,**  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny no,  
That o'er the green cornfields did pass.  
*In spring time, the only pretty ring time,*  
*When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding;*  
*Sweet lovers love the spring.*

Between the acres of the rye,  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny no,  
These pretty country folks would lie,  
*In spring time, the only pretty ring time,*  
*When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding;*  
*Sweet lovers love the spring.*

Then, pretty lovers, take the time  
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny no,  
For love is crownéd with the prime  
*In spring time, the only pretty ring time,  
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding;  
Sweet lovers love the spring.*

*William Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

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

**The Silver Swan** who, living, had no note,  
When death approach'd, unlock'd her silent throat.  
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sung her first and last, And sung no more:  
"Farewell all joys, O death come close mine eyes.  
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise."

***The Tempest (Act 5 Scene 1)***

*Prospero*: Ye elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes and groves,  
And ye that on the sands with printless foot  
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him  
When he comes back; you demi-puppets that  
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,  
Whereof the ewe not bites, and you whose pastime  
Is to make midnight mushrooms, that rejoice  
To hear the solemn curfew; by whose aid,  
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd  
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,  
And 'twixt the green sea and the azured vault  
Set roaring war: to the dread rattling thunder  
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak  
With his own bolt; the strong-based promontory  
Have I made shake and by the spurs pluck'd up  
The pine and cedar: graves at my command  
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let 'em forth  
By my so potent art. But this rough magic  
I here abjure, and, when I have required  
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,



To work mine end upon their senses that  
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,  
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,  
And deeper than did ever plummet sound  
I'll drown my book.

*William Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

**Why do I use my paper, ink and pen,**  
And call my wits to counsel what to say?  
Such memories were made for mortal men;  
I speak of Saints whose names cannot decay.  
An Angel's trump were fitter for to sound  
Their glorious death if such on earth were found.

*Henry Walpole (1558-1595) attrib.*

**Weep, O mine eyes** and cease not,  
alas, these your spring tides methinks increase not.  
O when begin you  
to swell so high that I may drown me in you?

**Io piango** et ella il volto  
Con le sue man m'asciuga,  
et poi sospira, et poi sospira  
Dolcemente et s'adira  
Con parole ch'i sassi romper ponno,  
Et dopo questo si part'ella e'l sonno.

*I cry, and my face she  
With her hands wipes,  
And then she sighs, she sighs  
Sweetly, and loses her temper  
With words that could break stones,  
And then she goes away, and with her my sleep.*

**King Richard II (Act 3 Scene 2)**

*Richard II:* No matter where – of comfort no man speak.

Let's talk of graves, of worms, and epitaphs,  
Make dust our paper, and with rainy eyes  
Write sorrow on the bosom of the earth.  
Let's choose executors and talk of wills.  
And yet not so – for what can we bequeath  
Save our deposed bodies to the ground?  
Our lands, our lives, and all, are Bolingbroke's,  
And nothing can we call our own but death;  
And that small model of the barren earth  
Which serves as paste and cover to our bones.  
For God's sake let us sit upon the ground  
And tell sad stories of the death of kings:  
How some have been depos'd, some slain in war,  
Some haunted by the ghosts they have deposed,

Some poisoned by their wives, some sleeping kill'd,  
All murdered – for within the hollow crown  
That rounds the mortal temples of a king  
Keeps Death his court, and there the antic sits,  
Scoffing his state and grinning at his pomp,  
Allowing him a breath, a little scene,  
To monarchize, be fear'd, and kill with looks;  
Infusing him with self and vain conceit,  
As if this flesh which walls about our life  
Were brass impregnable; and, humour'd thus,  
Comes at the last, and with a little pin  
Bores through his castle wall, and farewell king!  
Cover your heads, and mock not flesh and blood  
With solemn reverence; throw away respect,  
Tradition, form, and ceremonious duty;  
For you have but mistook me all this while.  
I live with bread like you, feel want,  
Taste grief, need friends – subjected thus,  
How can you say to me, I am a king?

*William Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

**I shame at mine unworthiness,**  
yet fain would be at one with Thee:  
Thou art a joy in heaviness,  
a succour in necessity.

**April is in my mistress' face,**  
And July in her eyes hath place;  
Within her bosom is September,  
But in her heart a cold December.

**Sì, ch'io vorrei morire,**  
ora ch'io bacio, amore,  
la bella bocca del mio amato core.

Ahi, car' e dolce lingua,  
datemi tanto umore,  
che di dolcezza in questo sen' m'estingua!

Ahi, vita mia, a questo bianco seno,  
deh, stringetemi fin ch'io venga meno!  
Ahi, bocca! Ahi, baci! Ahi, lingua! Torn' a dire:  
Sì, ch'io vorrei morire!

*Yes, I would like to die,  
now that I'm kissing, sweetheart,  
the luscious lips of my darling beloved.*

*Ah! dear, dainty tongue,  
give me so much of your liquid  
that I die of delight on your breast!*

*Ah, my love, to this white breast  
ah, crush me until I faint!  
Ah mouth! Ah kisses! Ah tongue! I say again:  
Yes, I would like to die!*



### **Sonnet 29**

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,  
I all alone bewep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends possessed,  
Desiring this man's art and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
(Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
    For thy sweet love remembered such wealth brings  
    That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

*William Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

### **Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?**

Thou art more lovely and more temperate.  
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
And summer's lease hath all too short a date.  
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;  
And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed;  
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,  
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,  
Nor shall death brag thou wand'rest in his shade,  
When in eternal lines to Time thou grow'st.  
    So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,  
    So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

*William Shakespeare (1564-1616)*

## PERFORMERS

### St Martin's Voices

**Soprano** Hilary Cronin and Isabella Gibber

**Alto** Jess Haig and Sophie Overin

**Tenor** Thomas Perkins and Will Wright

**Bass** George Cook and Nathan Harrison

**Andrew Earis** Conductor

**Simon Russell Beale** Reader

**St Martin's Voices** is one of London's finest and most flexible vocal ensembles. As the flagship professional choral ensemble of St Martin-in-the-Fields, they sing for concerts, broadcasts and special services at St Martin's and beyond. Recent years have seen tours to the USA and South Africa and performances alongside the Academy of St Martin in the Fields, London Mozart Players, Southbank Sinfonia and Will Todd Ensemble. Their concert repertoire ranges from Bach *Mass in B minor* to Brahms *Requiem*, Purcell *Dido and Aeneas* to Parry *Songs of Farewell*.

At the heart of St Martin's Voices performance schedule is *Great Sacred Music*, a hugely varied weekly exploration of our religious heritage in words and music. This is accompanied by regular podcast episodes, most recently as part of the series *The Song and The Story* with Rev Dr Sam Wells.

St Martin's Voices feature frequently in BBC broadcasts including Radio 3 *Choral Evensong*, Radio 4 *Sunday Worship* and *Daily Service*. In addition, they have sung for a variety of televised events and services, along with performances at Lambeth Palace, the Houses of Parliament and Greenbelt Festival. St Martin's Voices can also be heard on CD recordings, including two releases in collaboration with composer Will Todd, *Christmas in Blue* (2013) and *Passion Music* (2019).

In response to the challenges of the Covid-19 pandemic, St Martin's Voices have extended their digital recording projects, sharing regular online services and concerts, as well as featuring in the Church of England online worship resources that have attracted more than 40 million views across digital platforms.

*This concert was pre-recorded on Friday 5 March 2021 and edited together before broadcast. The performers and technical crew carefully adhere to all current government regulations for COVID-19.*

# ReSound

**ReSound** is a brand new concert series from St Martin-in-the-Fields, aiming to put St Martin's at the heart of music-making in the capital. Set across six themed weekends running from 20 May to 30 June 2021, the series offers a mix of live in-person audience events together with online content all from the beautiful surroundings of St Martin-in-the-Fields church.

Explore our range of in-person and online events by visiting the links below.



## **St Martin's Voices: Brahms Requiem**

In-person, Thursday 20th May, 7.00pm

Online, from Tuesday 25 May, 7.30pm

## **Rachel Podger: The Guardian Angel**

In-person, Friday 21 May, 7.00pm

Online, from Monday 24 May, 7.30pm



## **Academy of St Martin in the Fields**

### **Chamber Concert: Mozart and Janáček**

In-person only, Saturday 22 May, 12.30pm

## **St Martin's Voices and Will Todd Ensemble:**

### **Songs of Love**

Online only, Friday 28 May



## **Soul Sanctuary Gospel Choir: Joyful Noise**

In-person, Saturday 29 May, 4.00pm and 6.00pm

Online, from Tuesday 1 June, 7.30pm

## **Art Deco Trio: Gershwinicity**

In-person only, Monday 31 May, 3.00pm







### **Academy of St Martin in the Fields: Miniatures**

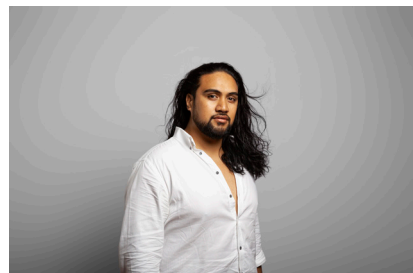
In-person, Thursday 3 June, 7.00pm

Online, from Tuesday 8 June, 7.30pm

### **Benson Wilson and Julian Drake**

In-person, Saturday 5 June, 7.00pm

Online, from Monday 7 June, from 7.30pm



### **St Martin's Voices: Brahms Liebeslieder Waltzes**

In-person, Friday 11 June, 7.00pm

Online, from Tuesday 15 June, 7.30pm

### **Academy of St Martin in the Fields Chamber Concert: Duets, Trios and Quartets**

In-person only, Saturday 12 June, 12.30pm



### **Quartet for the End of Time:**

#### **Melvyn Tan and Friends**

In-person, Saturday 19 June, 7.00pm

Online, from Tuesday 22 June, 7.30pm

### **St Martin's Voices with Anna Lapwood: Upon your heart**

In-person, Monday 21 June, 7.00pm

Online, from Wednesday 23 June, from 7.30pm



### **I Fagiolini: The ache, the bite and the banger**

In-person, Thursday 24 June, 7.00pm

Online, Wednesday 30 June, 7.30pm



## **The Hermes Experiment**

In-person, Friday 25 June, 7.00pm

Online, from Monday 28 June, 7.30pm

## **Vivaldi and the Osperia del Pieta**

In-person, Saturday 26 June, 7.00pm

Online, from Tuesday 29 June, 7.30pm



## **Other online events**

**Voices in the Crypt**, available online only from Saturday 22 May

*St Martin's Voices with Simon Russell Beale*



**Shall I compare thee to a Summer's day**

**Love bade me welcome**

**Long live fair Oriana**

## **Paddington Bear's First Concert**

Online only, from Saturday 22 May



## **The Wind in the Willows**

Online only, from Monday 31 May





## Organ Recitals

**Rachel Mahon & Ben Giddens**

Online only

Available from Saturday 26 June



## **Free, non-ticketed events**

**The Song and The Story**, in-person only, Sundays, 3.30pm



**Standing as I do before God**, Sunday 23 May

**With thee there is light**, Sunday 30 May

**Choral Miniatures**, Sunday 6 June

**Innocence and Experience**, Sunday 13 June

**The Passing of the Year**, Sunday 20 June

**In youth is pleasure**, Sunday 27 June

### **St Martin's Chorus: Music for joy and living**

**In-person only**, Saturday 26 June, 12.30pm



### **Festival Evensong with the Choir of St Martin-in-the-Fields**

**In-person**, Sunday 27 June, 5.00pm,  
*and live-streamed*

As the impact of COVID-19 continues, we need people like you to keep supporting us and helping the musicians we work with.

To help us keep playing on, please consider making a donation today: [www.smitf.org/donate](http://www.smitf.org/donate)

 @stmartins\_music

 St Martin's Music

 @stmartins\_music