

'DRAW ON SWEET NIGHT'

A film drama with music, written and directed by TONY BRITTEN

It was not unusual that John Wilbye remained in the employ of Sir Thomas and Lady Elizabeth Kytson for most of his life – composers in the 16th century either worked for the Church or one of the great households. What is unusual is that after Wilbye's second book of madrigals was published in 1609 he appears not to have composed anything else, yet Lady Elizabeth kept him on in the house until her death in 1628, showering him with gifts including the tenancy of the most prosperous sheep farm in the area.

So why, when Elizabeth died, did Wilbye throw all this up and spend the rest of his days with her daughter, the divorcee Lady Mary Darcy in Colchester? Why did he dedicate his second book of madrigals to the beautiful and notorious Lady Arbella Stewart? A unique collaboration with I Fagiolini, this sumptuously photographed film is a feast for movie fans and music lovers alike.

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CORO
I FAGIOLINI

John
Wilbye

Draw On Sweet Night

I FAGIOLINI
ROBERT HOLLINGWORTH



At some point in my first few weeks at university, I got into a conversation with my supervisor John Milsom (who writes the accompanying note) about what were the greatest *a cappella* books of Renaissance music. We agreed on Monteverdi's fourth book of madrigals as first prize – but what came next? Schütz was a contender but John eventually chose Wilbye's second book of madrigals, though I couldn't see why *Amaryllis*, honey bees *et al* deserved this adulation. But in a very early I Fagiolini concert we discovered the sheer pleasure of both singing and also listening to Wilbye's madrigals. For although it has become fashionable to pass off English madrigals as 'just for the pleasure of the singers' (as if that was somehow a bad thing), Wilbye's have a particular aural sheen – consonant dissonance ('naughty but nice', if you like) – that places them at the turn of the 16th century as strongly as any image, text or building from the period. And for singers, their sheer joyous flow is overwhelming: they're so *grateful* to sing!

English madrigals have been out of fashion for so long that some choirs with the term 'madrigal' in their title have even renamed themselves. Culturally, perhaps Lord Blackadder is to blame: "Don't say 'tush', Percy: from 'tush' it's only a short step to 'hey nonny' and then I shall have to call the police." We hope that this first full recording of Wilbye since the 1980s inspires people to sing his madrigals again.

Six of the tracks date from our involvement with Tony Britten's 2015 film about Wilbye, itself called 'Draw on Sweet Night' (ways to stream the film or purchase the DVD are on the rear cover of this booklet). The rest we recorded in 2021 in the sort of late summer that English madrigals seem to be made for. We have tried to bring the text off the page, turning every diphthong rather than the current fashion for leaving them right to the end of the note. We've searched for colour through

clarity of tuning but also vocal timbre: the phrase 'well-wrought' kept going through my mind as we searched for real *plangency* in Wilbye's textures. Most of our time, though, was spent trying to make the sense of the words clear and not just relying on its sound (remembering Thomas Beecham's warning: "The English don't like music; just the noise it makes").

I'd like to dedicate this recording to the vocal groups of my youth, whose LPs I listened to over and over again, especially to The Consort of Musicke, whose director, Anthony Rooley, was kind to me, shared pieces he enjoyed and let me look through his library. But also to I Fagiolini's own singers, who (on the shoulders of giants), bring such understanding and commitment to this precious part of our heritage.

Robert Hollingworth

I FAGIOLINI'S
#SingTheScore
No.31
John Wilbye
Draw on sweet night (1609)

Watch I Fagiolini's YouTube episode on Wilbye's 'Draw on, sweet night' at www.ifagiolini.com/singthescore



A musical score for the madrigal 'Draw on, sweet night' by John Wilbye. The score is written for a four-part vocal ensemble (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and includes the lyrics: 'That do a swee from paine - - - - - I - - - - - lye - - - - - My life so - - - - -'. The music is in a simple, homophonic style characteristic of the English madrigal.

John Wilbye

Draw On Sweet Night

1	Draw on, sweet night	4.38
2	Weep, O mine eyes	2.00
3	Adieu, sweet Amaryllis	2.18
4	Sweet honey-sucking bees / Yet, sweet, take heed	4.44
5	Thou art but young	1.48
6	Cruel, behold my heavy ending	2.30
7	I live, and yet methinks / There is a jewel	4.10
8	I love, alas! yet am not loved	2.22
9	Oft have I vowed	2.47
10	Down in a valley / Hard destinies	5.50
11	When shall my wretched life	2.42
12	O what shall I do?	2.44
13	Love not me for comely grace	2.24

14	Happy, O happy he	2.23
15	There where I saw	3.38
16	Lady, your words do spite me	1.49
17	O wretched man	2.42
18	Ye restless thoughts	1.47
19	Lady, when I behold	2.09
20	Thus saith my Cloris bright	1.31
21	Weep, weep, mine eyes	4.23
22	Flora gave me fairest flowers	1.23
23	All pleasure is of this condition	2.33
24	Of joys and pleasing pains / My throat is sore	4.32
25	Where most my thoughts / Despiteful thus	5.59
	Total Running Time	75.48

Singing and dying

John Wilbye's madrigals

If there's one thing to regret about John Wilbye (1574-1638), it is that he composed so little. Around 75 pieces by him exist, but they are all miniatures; none lasts more than six minutes, and most are much shorter; so this 25-madrigal recital by I Fagiolini presents roughly one third of his total achievement. Everyone agrees, though, that quality more than compensates for quantity. Time and again, in these exquisite cameos, Wilbye delivers what might be reckoned the ultimate madrigal experience.

The background to these works is only partly known. Some were probably written as gifts; others may have been commissioned; a few might have been crafted expressly for publication; but none bears the name of a recipient or a date of composition, and the only clues about context and chronology come from the two printed editions in which they first appeared. In 1598, at the age of 24, Wilbye published *The first set of English madrigals*; it contains 30 pieces, scored for between three and six voices. 11 years later came its successor, *The second set of madrigals ... apt both for voyals [viols] and voyces* (1609); it adds another 34 works, again for three to six voices. Everything recorded on this album has been taken from these two sets.

A few useful facts emerge from Wilbye's preface to the 1598 collection. It was written at 'Augustine Fryers', the London residence of his employers, the Kytson family of Hengrave Hall in Suffolk. This implies that Wilbye, while in his early twenties, was partly living in London. There, he seems to have joined parties of music-loving gentlemen and musicians, who met to sing madrigals either imported in printed

editions from Italy and the Low Countries, or newly composed to English texts. Thus Wilbye's early madrigals grow out of two contexts: first, the City of London, and second, Hengrave Hall, home of the Kytsons.

In London, the 'madrigal craze' was fuelled by two musicians from St Paul's Cathedral. Nicholas Yonge, a singing-man there, in 1588 published *Musica transalpina*, a set of largely Italian madrigals adapted to English words, and its prefatory page is packed with information: Yonge tells us that he regularly hosted music meetings at his house, attended by "a great number of Gentlemen and Merchants of good accompt, as well of this realme as of forreine nations". Not only did they sing madrigals; Yonge also sold them copies of music imported from abroad. Thomas Morley, an organist at St Paul's, then went a step further, by composing and printing new pieces in the Italian style, now set to English words. It was at meetings like these that the contents of Wilbye's *First set of English madrigals* were most likely sung when they were new, relished by those "Gentlemen and Merchants", perhaps singing alongside boy choristers drawn from the choir of St Paul's.

Today, Wilbye's London has vanished. Old St Paul's burned down in the Great Fire of 1666; 'Augustine Fryers' (Austin Friars), close to the Bank of England, is erased under faceless office blocks; barely a building stands that Wilbye would have known. We are luckier, though, with his country residence, Hengrave Hall, a superb Tudor house near Bury St Edmunds. It still stands, and though partly remodelled, it retains much of its period feel. Here, we can stand in rooms where Wilbye's madrigals were relished by Sir Thomas Kytson's family, heirs, friends, progeny and staff – children, women and men. It must indeed have been the ultimate madrigal experience.

Why ‘ultimate’? What makes Wilbye’s madrigals so special? To an extent it is because they are musically so memorable – striking works when first heard, hard to forget, once experienced. Wilbye’s constant stream of invention is impressive – his judicious union of words with music, his unexpected harmonies, his thrilling textures. Above all, though, Wilbye shines because of his capacity to *develop* his musical ideas. His madrigals, especially from *The second set* of 1609, often have the breadth and tread of a viol fantasia, and indeed the 1609 titlepage makes it plain that this was intended: its contents are “*apt both for voyals and voyces*”. Many of these madrigals sound superb even when stripped of their words; and if the words are kept in place, the effect is glorious.

How did Wilbye acquire his special skills? It is a question worth asking, and interesting to answer. His base technique derives from Thomas Morley, from singing Italian madrigals by composers such as Luca Marenzio and (later) Claudio Monteverdi, and from vying with peers such as Thomas Weelkes, another precocious madrigalist-about-town, two years younger than Wilbye. An equally potent influence was John Dowland, whose songs for solo voice and lute were newly published when Wilbye was young; there is lot of Dowland in Wilbye. Third, he clearly learnt by playing and listening to fantasies for viols and lute, which taught him much about pacing and form. In short, Wilbye’s works are products of fusion, and their small number may imply that he worked on them slowly and carefully.

Wilbye’s tone, too, is distinctive. Often his verses are serious, sometimes melancholy – *Draw on, sweet night* (track 1) is an example – and they are always reflective, never dramatic. Unlike Morley, Wilbye tends not to beckon us into the make-believe

world of nymphs and shepherds, though an exception is *Down in a valley* (10). The subject of love – always viewed from a male perspective – is naturally favoured, but there are also more philosophical texts. Thus we are forced to think, not merely to enjoy, in madrigals such as *Happy, O happy he* (14) or *I live, and yet methinks I do not breathe* (7). His texts often develop as they unfold, and Wilbye is always watchful of key words that allow the mood to shift. For instance, the single word ‘night’ triggers a startling change within *There, where I saw her lovely beauty painted* (15), after which the music builds into a climax of truly searing anguish. Most of Wilbye’s texts are untraced. Could he have written them too?

In this all-Wilbye recital, I Fagiolini and Robert Hollingworth have faced two main challenges: what to omit (there are just so many fine pieces), and how to place the tracks in order. The solution reached here is to sort the madrigals into four main cycles, each of which expands from three-voice texture to pieces for four, five and finally six singers. (The cycles start at tracks 2, 7, 12 and 18 respectively.) Prefacing all this is *Draw on, sweet night*, Wilbye’s most famous work. When played in this order, the recital does deliver an ultimate madrigal experience, but it may also leave you wondering how pieces from the 1598 *First set* differ from those of the 1608 *Second set*. Does Wilbye’s art evolve? The following whistlestop tour offers some guidance, starting with the three-part madrigals, then the four-voice ones – but next leaping to the six-voice music, leaving the best to last. All agree that the madrigals for five voices are the crown jewels.

Wilbye’s three-voice pieces from the 1598 *First set* are slender pieces, reminiscent of Morley’s manner. *Weep, O mine eyes* (track 2) and *Ye restless thoughts* (18)

would be over in a jiffy, but for the fact that their internal sections are sung twice. By comparison, the three-voice madrigals from the 1609 *Second set* are serious, substantial, and through-composed. *I live, and yet methinks I do not breathe* (7) is one of Wilbye's most earnest works, calculated to make you ponder its searching text, while *O what shall I do?* (12) has the weight and scope of a five-voice madrigal, most fully worked out at the words 'O kill not love and duty'.

Echoes of Morley again suffuse the four-voice pieces from the 1598 *First set*. By Wilbye's later standards, *Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting* (19) and the witty *Thus saith my Cloris bright* (20) are charming trifles; but the famous *Adieu, sweet Amaryllis* (3) points more to the future. Its slide from minor into major for the closing line of text anticipates two hallmarks of later Wilbye: his almost psychological use of harmony, and his capacity to write great endings. The 1609 four-voice madrigals feel larger in scope, even when compact in actual duration. *I love, alas! yet am not loved* (8) grows as it unfolds; *Love not me for comely grace* (13) starts as if a Dowland song, but then builds by stages into luxuriant polyphony; *Happy, O happy he* (14), one of Wilbye's most pensive works, exquisitely lingers over its closing image of worldly life as 'a stage whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage'.

In his six-voice madrigals of 1598, Wilbye tends to wallow in rich sonority, especially when the words dwell on the hurt of unfulfilled love. *Cruel, behold my heavy ending* (6) and *When shall my wretched life* (11) are brief essays in this style; *Of joys and pleasing pains* (24) is longer and more ambitious. Standing apart from them in subject-matter is *Thou art but young, thou say'st* (5), which starts chirpily, plummets into despair at the words 'anguish' and 'torment', and then brakes sharply

at 'Oh me, that I were young again!' – a marvellous moment of pure Wilbye. None of these pieces can match the six-voice madrigals of 1609, which benefit from greater maturity. *O wretched man* (17) and *Where most my thoughts* (25) both need their texts in order to release their full sense, but *Draw on, sweet night* (1) has enough musical argument to satisfy deeply even when delivered wordlessly by a consort of viols.

Differences between the 1598 and 1609 sets are at their most extreme in the five-voice department. *Flora gave me fairest flowers* (22) and *Lady, your words do spite me* (16) of 1598 are sweet little works, but both are utterly dwarfed by their 1609 successors. *Down in a valley* (10) and *Weep, weep, mine eyes* (21) are much-admired pieces, though in each case the fit of words to music is slightly odd; could they be adaptations of viol fantasias? No such doubts surround *Oft have I vowed* (9) and *All pleasure is of this condition* (23), both of which fully explore and exploit every twist and turn of their verbal texts. As a piece of musical architecture, *There, where I saw her lovely beauty painted* (15) is breathtaking; everything builds to its stunning ending. Best of all, though, is *Sweet honey-sucking bees* (4), which is beguiling at every turn; and nothing quite prepares you for its final moments where, at an exquisite shift from minor to major, Wilbye mercilessly twists his musical knife into the wound for the words 'ah, then you die!'

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TEXTS

Edited by Claire Pelly

In the original prints punctuation is scarce and meaning sometimes opaque. The version printed here intends to offer transparency and accessibility. The intention is therefore not to be 'definitive' but, rather, to elucidate the text. Dates in brackets are publication dates.

1 **Draw on, sweet night (1609)**

ET HN CW RH ML GS CG

Draw on, sweet night! best friend unto those cares
that do arise from painful melancholy.
My life so ill, through want of comfort, fares,
that unto thee I consecrate it wholly.
Sweet night, draw on! My griefs, when they be told
to shades and darkness, find some ease from paining.
And, while thou all in silence dost enfold,
I then shall have best time for my complaining.

2 **Weep, O mine eyes (1598)**

GD RL NM

Weep, O mine eyes, and cease not.
Your spring-tides – out, alas! – methinks increase not.
O when, O when begin you
to swell so high that I may drown me in you?

3 **Adieu, sweet Amaryllis (1598)**

GD MM NM CG

Adieu, sweet Amaryllis.
For, since to part your will is –
O heavy tidings –
here is for me no bidding.
Yet once again, ere that I part with you,
Amaryllis sweet adieu.

4 **Sweet honey-sucking bees / Yet, sweet, take heed (1609)**

RL MM NM ML CG

Sweet honey-sucking bees, why do you still
surfeit on roses, pinks and violets,
as if the choicest nectar lay in them
wherewith you store your curious cabinets?
Ah, make your flight to *Melisuavia's* lips:
there may you revel in ambrosian cheer,
where smiling roses and sweet lilies sit,
keeping their spring-tide graces all the year.

Yet, sweet, take heed, all sweets are hard to get.
Sting not her soft lips, O beware of that:
for if one flaming dart come from her eye,
was never dart so sharp, ah, then you die!

5 **Thou art but young (1598)**

GD RL MM RH ML CG

Thou art but young, thou say'st,
and love's delight thou weigh'st not.
O take time while thou may'st,
lest, when thou would'st, thou may'st not.
If love shall then assail thee,
a double, double anguish will torment thee
and thou wilt wish (but wishes all will fail thee):
"Oh me, that I were young again!" And so: repent thee!

6 **Cruel, behold my heavy ending (1598)**

HN ET CW ML GS CG

Cruel, behold my heavy ending:
see what you wrought by your disdain.
Causeless I die, love still attending
your hopeless pity of my complaining.
Suffer those eyes which thus have slain me
with speed to end their killing power:
so shall you prove how love doth pain me,
and see me die still yow̄er.

[yow̄er – yours]

7 **I live, and yet methinks / There is a jewel (1609)**

CW MM ML / GD RL NM

I live, and yet methinks I do not breathe:
I thirst and drink; I drink, and thirst again:
I sleep, and yet I dream I am awake:
I hope for that I have; I have and want:
I sing and sigh; I love and hate at once.
O tell me, restless soul: what uncouth jar
doth cause such want in store, in peace such war?

Risposta (Answer)

There is a jewel which no Indian mines
can buy, no chymic art can counterfeit.
It makes men rich in greatest poverty,
makes water wine, turns wooden cups to gold:
the homely whistle to sweet music's strain.
Seldom it comes, to few from Heaven sent;
that much in little, all in nought: CONTENT.

8 I love, alas! yet am not loved (1609)

GD MM NM CG

I love, alas! yet am not loved,
for cruel she to pity is not moved.
My constant love with scorn she ill rewardeth:
only my sighs a little she regardeth.
Yet more and more the quenchless fire increaseth,
which, to my greater torment, never ceaseth.

9 Oft have I vowed (1609)

HN CW RH ML CG

Oft have I vowed how dearly I did love thee,
and oft observ'd thee with all willing duty.
Sighs I have sent still hoping to remove thee;
millions of tears I tendered to thy beauty.
Yet thou, of sighs and silly tears regardless,
suff'rest my feeble heart to pine with anguish,
whilst all my barren hopes return rewardless;
my bitter days do waste; and I do languish.

10 Down in a valley / Hard destinies (1609)

GD RL MM ML CG

Down in a valley as *Alexis* trips,
Daphne sat sweetly sleeping;
soon as the wanton touched her ruddy lips
she nicely falls a-weeping.
The wag full softly lifts her,
and to and fro he sifts her.
But when nor sighs nor kisses moved her pity,
with plaints he warbles forth this mournful ditty:

“Hard Destinies,* are Love and Beauty parted?
Fair *Daphne* so disdainful!
Cupid, thy shafts are too unjustly darted;
fond Love, thy wounds be painful.
But sith my lovely jewel
is proved so coy and cruel,
I'll live and frolic in her beauty's treasure
but languish, faint and die in her displeasure.”

*Possibly a reference to the *Moirai* – or three Fates – of Greek mythology.

11 **When shall my wretched life (1598)**

GD ET CW RH ML CG

When shall my wretched life give place to death
that my sad cares may be enforced to leave me?
Come saddest shadow, stop my vital breath,
for I am thine: then let not care bereave thee
of thy sad thrall, but with thy fatal dart
kill care and me, while care lies at my heart.

I FAGIOLINI ROBERT HOLLINGWORTH *director*

Grace Davidson	<i>soprano</i>
Rebecca Lea	<i>soprano</i>
Helen Neeves	<i>soprano</i>
Emma Tring	<i>soprano</i>
Robert Hollingworth	<i>countertenor</i>
Martha McLorinan	<i>mezzo-soprano</i>
Clare Wilkinson	<i>mezzo-soprano</i>
Matthew Long	<i>tenor</i>
Nicholas Mulroy	<i>tenor</i>
Greg Skidmore	<i>baritone</i>
Charles Gibbs	<i>bass</i>

12 **O what shall I do? (1609)**

GD CW ML

O what shall I do or whither shall I turn me?
Shall I make unto her eyes? O no; they'll burn me!
Shall I seal up my eyes and speak my part?
Then in a flood of tears I drown my heart,
for tears being stopped will swell for scope,
though they o'erflow love, life and hope.
By beauty's eye
I'll choose to die.

At thy feet I fall, fair creature rich in beauty,
and for pity call; O kill not love and duty.
Let thy smooth tongue fan on my sense thy breath
to stay thine eyes from burning me to death.
But if mercy be exiléd
from a thing so fair compiléd,
then patiently
by thee I'll die.

13 **Love not me for comely grace (1609)**

CW RH ML CG

Love not me for comely grace,
for my pleasing eye or face,
nor for any outward part,
no, nor for my constant heart:
for those may fail, or turn to ill,
so thou and I shall sever.

Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
and love me still, but know not why:
so hast thou the same reason still
to dote upon me ever.

14 **Happy, O happy he (1609)**

ET CW RH GS

Happy, O happy he who, not affecting
the endless toils attending worldly cares,
with mind repos'd, all discontents rejecting,
in silent peace his way to heav'n prepares;
deeming his life a scene, the world a stage,
whereon man acts his weary pilgrimage.

15 **There, where I saw (1609)**

GD RL MM NM GS

There, where I saw her lovely beauty painted,
where, *Venus*-like, my sacred goddess shineth;
there, with precellent object mine eyes fainted,
that fair, but fatal star, my dole divineth.

As soon as morning in her light appeareth,
her sweet salute my mind o'erclouded cleareth;
when night again the day's delight bereaveth,
my heart's true sacrifice she quick receiveth:
but night and day she craftily forsakes me,
to tedious day, to loathsome night betakes me.

16 **Lady, your words do spite me (1598)**

GD RL MM NM CG

Lady, your words do spite me,
yet your sweet lips so soft kiss and delight me;
your deeds my heart surcharg'd with overjoying,
your taunts my life destroying.
Since both have force to spill me,
let kisses sweet, Sweet, kill me.
Knights fight with swords and lances:
fight you with smiling glances.
So, like swans of Leander,
my ghost from hence shall wander,
singing and dying.

17 **O wretched man (1609)**

GD RL MM NM GS CG

O wretched man, why lov'st thou earthly life,
which nought enjoys but cares and endless trouble?
What pleasure here but breeds a world of grief?
What hour's ease that anguish doth not double?
No earthly joys but have their discontents;
then loathe that life, which causeth such laments.

18 **Ye restless thoughts (1598)**

RL CW ML

Ye restless thoughts that harbour discontent,
cease your assaults and let my heart lament.
And let my tongue have leave to tell my grief,
that she may pity, though not grant relief.
Pity would help, alas, what love hath almost slain,
and salve the wound that fester'd this disdain.

19 **Lady, when I behold (1598)**

GD RL RH GS

Lady, when I behold the roses sprouting,
which clad in damask mantles deck the arbours,
and then behold your lips, where sweet Love harbours,
my eyes present me with a double doubting.
For viewing both alike, hardly my mind supposes
whether the roses be your lips, or your lips the roses.

20 **Thus saith my Cloris bright (1598)**

RL RH ML GS

Thus saith my Cloris bright
when we of Love sit down and talk together:
“Beware of Love, dear: Love is a walking sprite,
and Love is this and that,
and O I wot not what,
and comes and goes again, I wot not whither.”
No, no, these are but bugs to breed amazing,
for in her eyes I saw his torchlight blazing.

[‘Bugs’ implies ‘spirits’ rather than insects.]

21 **Weep, weep, mine eyes (1609)**

GD RL MM ML CG

Weep, weep, mine eyes, my heart can take no rest;
weep, weep, my heart, mine eyes shall ne'er be blest;
weep eyes, weep heart, and both this accent cry,
a thousand, thousand deaths, *Flaminia*, I die.
Now *Leander* to die I fear not;
death do thy worst: I care not!
I hope, when I am dead, in *Elysian* plain
to meet, and there with joy we'll love again.

22 **Flora gave me fairest flowers (1598)**

GD RL MM ML CG

Flora gave me fairest flowers –
none so fair in Flora's treasure.
These I placed on Phyllis' bowers:
she was pleased, and she my pleasure.
Smiling meadows seem to say:
“Come, ye wantons, here to play.”

23 **All pleasure is of this condition (1609)**

RL MM NM ML CG

All pleasure is of this condition:
it pricks men forward to fruition.
But if enjoy'd, then like the humming bee,
the honey being shed, away doth flee,
but leaves a sting that wounds the inward heart
with gnawing grief and never-ending smart.

24 **Of joys and pleasing pains / My throat is sore (1598)**

GD RL RH ML NM CG

Of joys and pleasing pains I late went singing –
O joys with pains! O pains with joys consenting! –
and little thought as then of now repenting,
but now think of my then sweet bitter stinging.
All day long I my hands, alas, go wringing,
the baleful notes of which, my sad tormenting,
are ruth and moan, frights, sobs, and loud lamenting,
from hills and dales, in my dull ears still ringing.

My throat is sore, my voice is hoarse with skriking; *[Skriking – wailing]*
my rests are sighs, deep from the heart-root fetched.
My song runs all on sharps and, with oft striking
time on my breast, I shrink with hands outstretched.
Thus still and still I sing and ne'er am linning, *[Linning – ceasing]*
for still the close points to my first beginning.

25 **Where most my thoughts / Despiteful thus (1609)**

GD RL MM NM GS CG

Where most my thoughts, there least mine eye is striking;
where least I come, there most my heart abideth;
where most I love, I never show my liking;
from what my mind doth hold, my body slideth;
I careless seem, where most my care dependeth;
a coy regard, where most my soul attendeth.

Despiteful thus unto myself I languish
and in disdain myself from joy I banish.
These secret thoughts enwrap me so in anguish
that life, I hope, will soon from body vanish
and to some rest will quickly be conveyed,
that on no joy while so I liv'd hath stayed

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A Muirhead, M Scott, D Sharp, S Shepherd, I Squire, R Turbet,
K Urbschar, A Verity, A Warren, M Weisskopf, C Wyld

Visit www.ifagiolini.com/friends to learn about our Friends organisation.

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Draw on, sweet night – S Reseghetti
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Thou art but young – A Elliman
Cruel, behold my heavy ending – P Davis
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Flora gave me fairest flowers – S Caine
All pleasures are of this condition – G & J McLorinan
Of joys and pleasing plains – S Price / *My throat is sore* – M Taylor
Where most my thoughts – N Wilson-Smith / *Despiteful thus* – J & P Nash

I FAGIOLINI

I Fagiolini is internationally renowned for its innovative and thought-provoking productions: Handel with masks, Purcell with puppets (with Peter Wilson, MBE); *The Full Monteverdi* and *Betrayal: a polyphonic crime drama* (immersive theatre directed by John La Bouchardière); *Tallis in Wonderland*, a new way of hearing polyphony with live and recorded voices; *Simunye*, the South African collaboration; *How Like An Angel* with Australian contemporary circus company C!RCA for the 2012 Cultural Olympiad and performed at the Perth International Arts Festival, New York and in cathedrals across Europe; and Monteverdi’s *L’Orfeo* with puppets (with Tom Guthrie).

Through the pandemic, the group has presented new programmes in VOCES8’s online *Live From London* series: *Long, long ago* placed Charpentier’s *Messe De Minuit* alongside Howells carol-anthems and Dylan Thomas; *Angels & Demons* was a surprising romp through early Baroque pantomime, while *Re-Wilding The Waste Land* (Tamsin Greig narrating) placed T.S.Eliot’s masterpiece alongside Byrd Victoria and seven new commissions. Elsewhere online, the group’s serious



Photograph: © Matt Brodie

but off-the-wall YouTube series, SingTheScore, has found a new audience for Renaissance polyphony.

The group is an Associate Ensemble at the University of York. www.ifagiolini.com

ROBERT HOLLINGWORTH

Robert founded I Fagiolini in 1986. Away from the group he has directed the English Concert, Academy of Ancient Music, BBC Concert Orchestra, Irish Baroque Orchestra and some of the world's finest chamber choirs including Accentus, NDR Chor, the National Chamber Choir of Ireland, BBC Singers, Danish National Vocal Ensemble, RIAS Kammerchor, Capella Cracoviensis and a project with VOCES8.

He is the new Artistic Director for Stour Music and for ten years has been Reader in Music at the University of York where he directs 'The 24' and runs an MA in Solo-Voice Ensemble Singing. He has written and presented programmes on BBC Radio 3 and more recently created over 30 episodes of the YouTube choral series 'SingTheScore' as well as presenting the podcast 'Choral Chihuahua' with Harry Christophers and Eamonn Dougan.

www.percius.co.uk/roberthollingworth



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Draw On Sweet Night

2014 sessions

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EXECUTIVE PRODUCER: Tony Britten
RECORDING PRODUCER: Tim Oldham
RECORDING ENGINEER: Paul Rile
ASSISTANT ENGINEER: Barry Farmer
RECORDED AT: Specific Sound Studios, London, 28-29 August 2014

2021 sessions

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