

The South African Early Music Trust presents

Divine Hymns with some Grounds

vocal and instrumental music by

Henry Purcell

Gape Consort

Lente Louw - soprano

Nick de Jager, Nico Holtzhausen - tenors

Charles Ainslie - bass-baritone

Colleen Oxtoby - treble viol

Rebekka Sandmeier, Sandra Orchard - tenor viols

John Frith - bass viol

Andrew Cruickshank & Hans Huyssen - basso continuo

With kind support from the Rupert Music Foundation



Programme

All works by Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

O solitude	soprano solo
Fantazia a 3 – No 3 in g minor	viol consort
Young Thirsis fate: An elegy upon the death of Mr Thomas Farmer	tenor solo with bass chorus
Hosanna to the highest	bass solo with tenor chorus
The Blessed Virgin's Expostulation: Tell me, some pitying angel	soprano solo
Ground in c minor	harpsichord solo
Scena: In guilty night	scene for 3 voices

INTERVAL

Funeral Sentences <i>March</i>	4 voices and viol consort
Man that is born of a woman <i>March</i>	
In the midst of life we are in death <i>Canzona</i>	
Thou know'st, Lord, the secrets of our hearts	
Chaconne in g minor	harpsichord solo
Fly swift ye hours	bass solo
Close thine eyes: Upon a Quiet Conscience	soprano and bass duet
Fantazia a 4 – No 5 in B flat	viol consort
An Evening Hymn on a Ground: Now that the sun hath veil'd his light	tenor solo
Out of the deep	4 voices

Performers

Lente Louw: holds an LLM in environmental law from NWU, where she also studied voice with renowned lieder specialist, Werner Nel. Since moving to the Cape she has not only established herself as a respected recitalist but also appears regularly as soloist under the baton of Barry Smith and most recently as Theodora and Dido and in the Mozart Requiem. She is currently finding immense fulfilment in developing a unique, relevant, informed and exciting approach to the performance of early music through her involvement with the Cape Consort. Lente is a student of Nellie du Toit and teaches voice at Bishops College and Milnerton High.

Nick de Jager: has a particular interest in early and baroque music. Most recently he performed Purcell's Dido & Aeneas, Bach's St Matthew Passion and Handel's Theodora and Messiah, all under the baton of Dr Barry Smith at the Music Academy of St Andrew. During Easter 2011 he was part of the Music Academy's successful performance of Mozart's Requiem, which he will be performing again at the Klein Karoo Nasionale Kunstefees later this year. Nick is a member of the Cape Bar.

Nico Holtzhausen: has been studying singing with Andre Howard and Lloyd Strauss-Smith and is currently taking lessons with Hanna van Niekerk. He has completed his UNISA performance licentiate in singing. Previously he was a member of the *a capella* group, *A Few Oaks*. Nico is an engineer.

Charles Ainslie: is establishing himself in South Africa as one of the country's exciting bass-baritones and is continuing his singing studies with Sarita Stern. Charles has performed a wide range of solo oratorio and opera roles both in South Africa (with many of the country's leading choirs) and in the UK (with various small opera companies). Charles is a founder member of the Cape Consort.

Andrew Cruickshank: made his mark in the South African music world as a pianist, harpsichordist, accompanist, composer and singer. He was musical director of the Johannesburg-based vocal solo-ensemble *Mass Appeal* with which he was able to give expression to his keen interest in and to his solid knowledge of the informed performance practice of Renaissance and Baroque music as well as perform contemporary music. He has been instrumental in founding the Cape Consort and currently works in the actuarial profession.

Hans Huysen: is a composer, conductor and cellist, with a special interest in informed performance practice of early and contemporary music, as well as the incorporation of principles of indigenous African musical traditions into the current musical practices. In 2010 he received the Helgaard Steyn Award – South Africa's most prestigious composition prize – for his *Proteus Variations*. Apart from spearheading various local initiatives to foster a contextualized appreciation of early music, he is the musical director of the Munich based ensemble *così facciamo*, which has gained considerable reputation for its original Baroque opera productions.

Colleen Oxtoby: studied at the University of Pretoria and the Orff-Institut in Salzburg. She teaches and occasionally plays the piano and cello, having become distracted in recent years by the viol and especially by its consort literature. At present she is studying for a Master's degree in Music at UCT.

Rebekka Sandmeier: has recently been appointed associate professor of musicology at the South African College of Music, UCT; she only moved to South Africa in February this year. Her scholarly interest in the music of the 16th and 17th century sparked the desire to perform early music in a historically informed manner. She has been playing the baroque violin and viola da gamba in various ensembles in Germany since 2004.

Sandra Orchard: plays the (modern) violin and viola in various orchestral and ensemble groups, but has long had a standing passion for the music of the 16th to 18th centuries, especially when played on instruments of the period. She is equally at home on the viol, baroque violin and baroque viola.

John Frith: has had an abiding obsession with viol playing and early music since his undergraduate days. He has played with various groups in Cape Town including *Musica Antiqua*, the *Cape Town Early Music Group* and, latterly, the *Cape Viol Consort*. He currently lectures in Mathematics at UCT.

Texts

O solitude, my sweetest choice!
Places devoted to the night,
Remote from tumult and from noise,
How ye my restless thoughts delight!
O solitude, my sweetest choice!
O heav'ns! what content is mine
To see these trees, which have appear'd
From the nativity of time,
And which all ages have rever'd,
To look today as fresh and green
As when their beauties first were seen.
O, how agreeable a sight
These hanging mountains do appear,
Which th' unhappy would invite
To finish all their sorrows here,
When their hard fate makes them endure
Such woes as only death can cure.
O, how I solitude adore!
That element of noblest wit,
Where I have learnt Apollo's lore,
Without the pains to study it.
For thy sake I in love am grown
With what thy fancy does pursue;
But when I think upon my own,
I hate it for that reason too,
Because it needs must hinder me
From seeing and from serving thee.
O solitude, O how I solitude adore!

Katherine Philips, based on a text in French by Antoine Girard de Saint-Amant

Young Thirsis' fate ye hills and groves deplore,
Thirsis, the pride of all the plains,
The joy of nymphs, and envy of the swains,
The gentle Thirsis is no more.
What makes the spring retire,
And groves their songs decline?
Nature for her lov'd Thirsis seems to pine,
Whose artful strains and tuneful lyre
Made the spring bloom and did the groves inspire;
What can the drooping sons of art,
From this sad hour impart,
To charm the cares of life,
And ease the lover's smart?
While thus in dismal notes we mourn
The skilful shepherd's urn;
To the glad skies his harmony he bears,
And as he charm'd the Earth,
Transports the Spheres.

Nahum Tate

Hosanna to the highest. Joy betide
The heavenly bridegroom and his holy bride.
Let heav'n above be filled with songs,
Let earth triumph below;
For ever silent be those tongues that can be silent now.
You rocks and stones, I charge you all to break
Your flinty silence if men cease to speak;
You that possess the sacred art
Or now or never show it,
Plead not your Muse is out of heart:
Here's that creates a poet.
Be ravish'd, earth, to see this contract driv'n
'Twixt sinful men and reconcil'd heav'n.
Dismount, you quire of angels, come,
With men your joys divide;
Heav'n never showed so sweet a bridegroom,
Nor earth so fair a bride.

Anonymous

Tell me, some pitying angel, quickly say,
Where does my soul's sweet darling stray,
In tiger's, or more cruel Herod's way?
Ah! rather let his little footsteps press
Unregarded through the wilderness,
Where milder savages resort:
The desert's safer than a tyrant's court.
Why, fairest object of my love,
Why dost thou from my longing eyes remove?
Was it a waking dream that did foretell
Thy wondrous birth? no vision from above?
Where's Gabriel now that visited my cell?
I call; he comes not; flatt'ring hopes, farewell.

Me Judah's daughters once caress'd,
Call'd me of mothers the most bless'd.

Now (fatal change!) of mothers most distress'd.

How shall my soul its motions guide?
How shall I stem the various tide,
Whilst faith and doubt my lab'ring soul divide?

For whilst of thy dear sight beguil'd,
I trust the God, but oh! I fear the child.

Nahum Tate, words paraphrased Luke 2: vv.4-

Scena: In guilty night

Chorus:

In guilty night, and hid in false disguise,
Forsaken Saul to Endor comes and cries:

Saul:

Woman, arise, call pow'rful arts together,
And raise the ghost, whom I shall name, up hither.

Witch:

Why should'st thou wish me die? Forbear, my son,
Dost thou not know what cruel Saul has done?
How he has kill'd and murder'd all
That were wise and could on spirits call?

Saul:

Woman, be bold, do but the thing I wish,
No harm from Saul shall come to thee from this.

Witch:

Whom shall I raise or call? I'll make him hear.

Saul:

Old Samuel, let only him appear!

Witch:

Alas!

Saul:

What does thou fear?

Witch:

Nought else but thee,
For thou art Saul, alas! And has beguiled me.

Saul:

Peace, and go on, what seest thou? Let me know.

Witch:

I see the gods ascending from below.

Saul:

Who's he that comes?

Witch:

An old man mantled o'er.

Saul:

Oh! That is he, let me that ghost adore.

Samuel:

Why hast thou robb'd me of my rest to see
That which I hate, this wicked world and thee?

Saul:

Oh! I'm sore distressed, vexed sore;
God has left me and answers no more;
Distress'd with war, with inward terrors too,
For pity's sake tell me what shall I do?

Samuel:

Art thou forlorn of God and com'st to me?
What can I tell thee but misery?
Thy kingdom's gone into thy neighbour's race,
Thine host shall fall before thy face.
Tomorrow, then, till then farewell, and breathe:
Thou and thy son tomorrow shall be with me beneath.

Chorus:

Farewell.

Funeral Sentences

Man that is born of a woman hath but
A short time to live, and is full of misery.
He cometh up, and is cut down like a flow'r;
He flee'th as it were a shadow, and ne'er
Continueth in one stay.

In the midst of life we are in death: of whom
May we seek for succour, but of thee, O Lord,
Who for our sins art justly displeas'd? Yet,
O Lord, most mighty, O holy and most
Merciful Saviour, deliver us not into the bitter
Pains of eternal death.

Sacred text: Job 4: vv. 1-2

Thou knowest, Lord, the secrets of our hearts;
Shut not thy merciful ears unto our pray'rs;
But spare us, Lord most holy,
O God most mighty,
O holy and most merciful Saviour,
Thou most worthy Judge eternal,
Suffer us not at our last hour,
For any pains of death to fall away from Thee.

Sacred text

Fly swift, ye hours, fly swift, thou lazy sun;
Make haste and drive the tedious minutes on.
Bring back my Belvidera to my sight,
My Belvidera, than thyself more bright.

Swifter than Time my eager wishes move,
And scorn the beaten paths of vulgar love.
Soft peace is banish'd from my tortur'd breast,
Love robs my days of ease, my nights of rest.

Yet tho' her cruel scorn provokes despair,
My passion still is strong as she is fair.
Still must I love, still bless the pleasing pain,
Still court my ruin and embrace my chain.

Anonymous

Close thine eyes and sleep secure,
Thy soul is safe, thy body sure.
We that guard thee, he thee keeps,
Who never slumber, never sleeps.
A quiet conscience in a quiet breast
Has only peace, has only rest.
The music and the mirth of kings
Are out of tune, unless she sings.
Then close thine eyes in peace and rest secure
No sleep so sweet as thine, no rest so sure.

Francis Quarles

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light
And bids the world goodnight
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?
Dear God, even in thy arms,
And can there be any more sweet security?
Then to thy rest O my soul,
And singing, praise the mercy that prolongs thy days.
Alleluia.

William Fuller

Out of the deep have I called to thee, O Lord.
Lord, hear, O hear my voice.
O let thine ears consider well the voice of my complaint,
Lord, hear, O hear the voice of my complaint.
If thou, Lord, should'st be extreme to mark what is done amiss,
Lord, who may abide it?
But there is mercy with thee: therefore shalt thou be feared.

I look for the Lord, my soul doth wait for him,
In his word is my trust.
My soul fleeth unto the Lord before the morning watch:
I say, before the morning watch.
O Israel, trust in the Lord: for with the Lord there is mercy,
And with him is plenteous redemption.

Psalm 130: vv. 1-7

Upcoming performances

Il mio core

Early Baroque soprano duet programme
with Mandie de Villiers-Schutte and Lente Louw

Wednesday, 15 June 2011, Cape Town, 20h00 (St. Martini Church, 240 Long St)

Friday, 17 June 2011, Stellenbosch, 19h30 (Louw Erasmus Hall, P.J. Olivier Art Centre, 3 Blom St, Die Braak)