



CHAMBER MUSIC FESTIVAL

2020 FESTIVAL

Iestyn Davies *counter tenor*

Elizabeth Kenny *lute*

Say Love if Ever Thou Didst Find

Say, Love if ever thou didst find

A woman with a constant mind

None but one

And what should that rare mirror be

Some goddess or some queen is she

She and only she

She only queen of love and beauty

But could thy fiery poison'd dart

At no time touch her spotless heart

Nor come near?

She is not subject to Love's bow

Her eye commands, her heart saith 'No

No and only no

One no another still doth follow

How might I that fair wonder know

That mocks desire with endless no

See the moon

That ever in one change doth grow

Yet still the same and she is so

So and only so

From Heav'n her virtues she doth borrow

To her then yield thy shafts and bow

That can command affections so

Love is free

So are her thoughts that vanquish thee

There is no queen of love but she

She and only she

She only queen of love and beauty

Lute solo - King of Denmark's Galliard

Can She Excuse my Wrongs

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?
Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?

No, no, where shadows do for bodies stand
Thou may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dimmed
Cold love is like to words written on sand
Or to bubbles which on the water swim

Wilt thou be thus abused still
Seeing that she will right thee never?
If thou can'st not o'ercome her will
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever

Was I so base, that I might not aspire
Unto those high joys which she holds from me?
As they are high, so high is my desire
If she this deny, what can granted be?

If she will yield to that which Reason is
It is Reason's will that Love should be just
Dear, make me happy still by granting this
Or cut off delays if that I die must

Better a thousand times to die
Than for to live thus still tormented
Dear, but remember it was I
Who for thy sake did die contented

Lute Solo - The Lady Rich's Galliard

Flow My Tears

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!
Exiled for ever, let me mourn
Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings
There let me live forlorn

Down vain lights, shine you no more
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their last fortunes deplore
Light doth but shame disclose

Never may my woes be relieved
Since pity is fled
And tears and sighs and groans my weary days, my weary days
Of all joys have deprived

From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is thrown
And fear and grief and pain for my deserts, for my deserts
Are my hopes, since hope is gone

Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell
Learn to contemn light
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite

Come Again

Come again
Sweet love doth now invite
Thy graces that refrain
To do me due delight
To see, to hear
To touch, to kiss
To die with thee again
In sweetest sympathy

Come again
That I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain
For now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh
I weep, I faint
I die, in deadly pain
And endless misery

Gentle love
Draw forth thy wounding dart:
Thou canst not pierce her heart;
For I that do approve
By sighs and tears
More hot than are
Thy shafts, did tempt while she
For scanty triumphs laughs

In Darkness Let Me Dwell

In darkness let me dwell; the ground shall sorrow be,
The roof despair, to bar all cheerful light from me;
The walls of marble black, that moist'ned still shall weep;
My music, hellish jarring sounds, to banish friendly sleep.
Thus, wedded to my woes, and bedded in my tomb,
O let me dying live, till death doth come, till death doth come.