

## PRE-CONCERT LECTURE

Penelope Gouk, University of Manchester

“The Marvellous Effects of Music:

Natural Magic and Experimental Science in Seventeenth-Century England”

## MUSIC, SCIENCE AND NATURAL MAGIC IN 17TH-CENTURY ENGLAND THE OKLAHOMA COLLEGIUM MUSICUM

Eugene Enrico, director

Jennie Olson, soprano

Meryl Mantione, mezzo-soprano

Salvatore Champagne, tenor

Kerry Barnett, baritone

David Settle, baritone

Felicia Moye, concertmaster

Isaac Ospovat, violin

Matthew Diekman, viola

Gregory Sauer, violoncello

Kristin Davies, flute, recorder

Elisabeth McCabe, trumpet

Clark Kelly, harpsichord

Larry Hammett, lute, guitar

Daryl Hammack, bass

## PROGRAM

The Lords' Masque (1613) . . . . . Thomas Campion (1567-1620)

Tom O'Bedlam (Mania and the Twelve Frantics' Entrance)

Come away, bring thy golden theft (Orpheus Summons Prometheus in a  
Cloud Machine)

Kerry Barnett, baritone; Larry Hammett, lute

Advance your choral motions now (Stars Move in the Machine)

Kristen Davies, flute

### Four Ayres of Darkness and Madness

Come, Heavy Sleep . . . . . John Dowland (1562-1626)  
Salvatore Champagne, tenor; Larry Hammett, lute

Lasso vita mia . . . . . Dowland  
Meryl Mantione, mezzo soprano; Felicia Moye, violin;  
Gregory Sauer, violoncello; Larry Hammett, guitar

In Darkness Let Me Dwell . . . . . Dowland  
Jennie Olson, soprano; Larry Hammett, guitar

So Quick, So Hot, So Mad . . . . . Campion  
Salvatore Champagne, tenor; Larry Hammett, lute

Chaconne in F Major . . . . . Henry Purcell (1659-1695)  
Clark Kelly, organ

Two Fantasias . . . . . Alfonso Ferrabosco (c.1578-1628)  
Felicia Moye, violin; Isaac Ospovat, violin;  
Matthew Diekman, viola; Gregory Sauer, violoncello

### Selections from The Catch Club or Merry Companions

I gave her cakes . . . . . Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Fy! Nay! Prithee John! . . . . . Purcell

Sir Walter, enjoying his Damsel . . . . . Purcell

As Roger last night . . . . . Purcell

When Celia was Learning . . . . . John Isum  
Salvatore Champagne, tenor; Kerry Barnett, David Settle, baritones;  
Clark Kelly, harpsichord

Selections from **The Division Violin** (1685)

**A Prelude for the Violin** . . . . . Thomas Baltzar (c.1630-1663)  
Felicia Moye, violin

**A Division on John Come Kiss Me Now** . . . . . Baltzar  
Isaac Ospovat, violin; Larry Hammett, lute;  
Gregory Sauer, violoncello; Clark Kelly, harpsichord

Selections from **The Indian Queen** (1695) . . . . . Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

**Trumpet Tune**

**I Come to Sing Great Zempoala's Story**  
Salvatore Champagne, tenor

**What Flatt'ring Noise is This, At Which My Snakes All Hiss?**  
Kerry Barnett, baritone

**Scorn'd Envy Here's Nothing**  
Salvatore Champagne

**I Fly From the Place Where Flattery Reigns**  
Kerry Barnett

**Begone, Curst Fiends of Hell**  
Salvatore Champagne

**We the Spirits of the Air**  
Jennie Olson, Meryl Mantione, sopranos

**I Attempt from Love's Sickness to Fly in Vain**  
Jennie Olson

**We the Spirits of the Air**  
Jennie Olson, Meryl Mantione

**Trumpet Tune**

**I Come to Sing Great Zempoala's Story**

**TEXTS AND TRANSLATIONS**

Come away; bring thy golden theft,  
Bring, bright Prometheus, all thy lights,  
Thy fires from Heav'n bereft  
Show now to human sights.

Come quickly, come! thy stars to our stars straight present,  
For pleasure being too much deferr'd loseth her best content.  
What fair dames wish, should swift as their own thoughts appear:  
To loving and to longing hearts every hour seems a year.

See how fair, O how fair, they shine!  
What yields more pomp beneath the skies?  
Their birth is yet divine,  
And such their form implies.

Large grow their beams, their near approach afford them so;  
By nature sights that pleasing are, cannot too amply show;  
O might these flames in human shapes descend this place,  
How lovely would their presence be, how full of grace!

*In the end of the first part of this song, the upper part of the scene was discovered by the sudden fall of a curtain; then in clouds of several colors (the upper part of them being fiery, in the middle heightened with silver) appeared eight stars of extraordinary bigness, which so were placed as that they seemed to be fixed between the firmament and the earth. In the front of the scene stood Prometheus, attired as one of the ancient heroes.*

Advance your choral motions now,  
 You music-loving lights:  
 This night concludes the nuptial vow,  
 Make this the best of nights:  
 So bravely crown it with your beams  
 That it may live in fame  
 As long as Rhenus or the Thames  
 Are known by either name.

Once more again, yet nearer move  
 Your forms at willing view;  
 Such fair effects of joy and love  
 None can express but you:  
 Then revel midst your airy bowers  
 Till all the clouds do sweat,  
 That pleasure may be pour'd in showers  
 On this triumphant seat.

*According to the humour of this song, the stars moved in an exceeding strange and delightful manner; and I suppose few have ever seen more neat artifice than Master Inigo Jones shewed in contriving their motion, who in all the rest of the workmanship which belonged to the whole invention shewed extraordinary industry and skill, which if it be not as lively expressed in writing as it appeared in view, rob not him of his due, but lay the blame on my want of right apprehending his instructions for the adorning of his art.*

Come, heavy Sleep, the image of true Death;  
 And close up these my weary weeping eyes:  
 Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,  
 And tears my heart with Sorrow's sigh-swoll'n cries:  
 Come and possess my tired thought-worn soul,  
 That living dies, till thou on me be stole.

Lasso vita mia, mi fa morire,	Alas my life! He kills me,
Crudel' amor mio cor consume,	Cruel love destroys my heart
Da mille ferite, che mi fa morir.	With a thousand wounds that kill me.
Ahi me, Deh, che non mi fa morire,	Ah me! Since he doesn't kill me
Crudel' amor, mi fa soffrir mille	Cruel love makes me suffer a thousand tortures.
martire.	

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 moisten'd still shall weep,  
 My music, hellish jarring sounds, to banish friendly sleep.  
 Thus wedded to my woes, and bedded to my tomb,  
 O, let me, living, living, die, till death do come.

So quick, so hot, so mad is thy fond suit;  
 So rude, so tedious grown in urging me,  
 That fain I would with loss make thy tongue mute,  
 And yield some little grace to quiet thee.  
 An hour with thee I care not to converse:  
 For I would not be counted too perverse.

But roofs too hot would prove for men all fire,  
 And hills too high for my unused pace;  
 The grove is charg'd with thorns and the bold briar;  
 Grey snakes the meadows shroud in ev'ry place:  
 A yellow frog alas will fright me so  
 As I should start and tremble as I go.

Since then I can on earth no fit room find,  
 In heav'n I am resolv'd with you to meet;  
 Till then for hope's sweet sake rest your tir'd mind,  
 And not so much as see me in the street.  
 A heav'nly meeting one day we shall have,  
 But never, as you dream, in bed, or grave.

I gave her Cakes and I gave her Ale,  
 And I gave her Sack\* and sherry,  
 I kist her once and I kist her twice,  
 and we were wond'rous merry.  
 I gave her Beads and bracelets fine,  
 And I gave her Gold down derry,  
 I thought she was afear'd till she stroak'd my Beard,  
 and we were wond'rous merry.  
 Merry my hearts, merry my Cocks, merry my sprights,  
 merry merry merry my hey down derry,  
 I kist her once and I kist her twice,  
 and we were wond'rous merry.  
 \*white wine, imported from Spain

Fye, nay, prithee John,  
 do not quarrel man,  
 let's be merry and drink about.  
 You're a Rogue, you've cheated me,  
 I'll prove before this Company,  
 I caren't a Farthing Sir for all you are so stout.  
 Sir you lye, I scorn your word,  
 or any man that wears a sword,  
 for all you huff who cares a T---d, or who cares for you.

Sir Walter enjoying his Damsel one Night,  
 Her tickl'd and pleas'd her to so great a delight,  
 that she cou'd not contain t'wards the end of the matter,  
 but in Rapture cry'd out, "O sweet Sir Walter,  
 O sweet Sir Walter, O sweet Sir Walter,  
 O switter swatter\* switter swatter  
 switter swatter switter swatter switter swatter."  
 \* "Sweet Sir Walter"

As Roger last Night to Jenny lay close,  
 he pull'd out his Budget\* and gave her a dose,  
 the tickling no sooner kind Jenny did find,  
 but with laughing she Purg'd both before and behind,  
 Pox take it quoth Roger, he must himself be beside  
 that gives Pills against Wind and 'gainst Tide.  
 \*Leather purse, often used to carry pills and powders

When Celia was learning on the Spinnet to play,  
 her Tutor stood by her to show her the way.  
 She shook not the note, which anger'd him much,  
 and made him cry "Zounds!,  
 'tis a long prick'd\* Note you touch,"  
 Surpriz'd was the Lady to hear him complain,  
 and said, "I will shake\* it when I come to 't again."  
 \*The act of notating music with a pen was called "pricking"  
 \*Trill, a musical ornament

## THE INDIAN QUEEN

### FAME AND CHORUS

I come to sing great Zempoalla's story,  
 whose beauteous sight  
 so charming bright  
 outshines the lustre of glory.  
 We come to sing great Zempoalla's story, etc.

### ENVY AND TWO FOLLOWERS

What flatt'ring noise is this,  
 at which my snakes all hiss?  
 I hate to see fond tongues advance  
 high as the gods the slaves of chance.  
 What flatt'ring noise, etc.

### FAME

Scorn'd Envy, here's nothing that thou canst blast:  
her glories are too bright to be o'ercast.

### ENVY AND TWO FOLLOWERS

I fly from the place where flattery reigns;  
see, see those mighty things that before  
such slaves like gods did adore  
contemn'd and unpitied in chains.  
I fly from the place where flattery reigns,  
I hate to see fond tongues advance, etc.  
What flatt'ring noise is this, etc.

### FAME

Begone, curst fiends of Hell,  
sink down where noisome vapours dwell,  
while I her triumph sound,  
to fill the universe around.

### FOUR AERIAL SPIRITS

We the spirits of the air  
that of human things take care,  
out of pity now descend  
to forewarn what woes attend.  
We the spirits of the air, etc.  
Greatness clogg'd with scorn decays,  
with the slave no empire stays.  
We the spirits of the air, etc.  
Cease to languish then in vain,  
since never to be loved again.  
We the spirits of the air, etc.

### ZEMPOALLA

I attempt from love's sickness to fly in vain,  
since I am myself my own fever and pain.  
No more now, fond heart with pride no more swell,  
thou canst not raise forces enough to rebel.  
I attempt from love's sickness, etc.  
For love has more power and less mercy than fate,  
to make us seek ruin and love those that hate.  
I attempt from love's sickness, etc.

### FOUR AERIAL SPIRITS

We the spirits of the air, etc.

Trumpet Tune

### CHORUS

We come to sing great Zempoalla's story, etc.

*Cover motif based on depiction of the Copernican system in the History of Science Collections  
ornamental screen, designed by Professor Emeritus Joe Taylor, OU School of Art.*