

2025  
**YORK**  
EARLY  
MUSIC  
FESTIVAL

**Rose Consort of Viols**

*with*

**Ex Corde**

*The Silver Swan*

**National Centre for Early Music**

**Wednesday 9 July 1.00pm**

## **Rose Consort of Viols**

Ibrahim Aziz, John Bryan, Alison Crum, Andrew Kerr,  
Roy Marks

*with*

## **Ex Corde**

Anna Snow, Alisun Pawley, Caroline Sartin, Jason Darnell,  
Christopher O'Gorman, Jonty Ward  
Paul Gameson *director*

## ***The Silver Swan***

Music 'Apt for Viols and Voyces'

*by*

**Orlando Gibbons** 1583-1625

Hosanna to the Son of David [anthem a6]

Two verse anthems '*for ye kings being in Scotland*', (1617)

Great King of Gods

Do not repine, fair sun

Fantasia a 2

Fantasia 1 a4 'with the great dooble bass'

*The First Set of Madrigals and Mottets, apt for Viols and Voyces*, (1612)

The silver swan

Dainty fine bird

Nay let me weep

Fantasia 1 a3

Fantasia 2 a4 'with the great dooble bass'

O Lord, in thy wrath rebuke me not [anthem a6]

See, see, the Word is incarnate [verse anthem a5]

The Cries of London [Part II]

The Cries of London [Part I]

At the end of May 1625 Charles I and his court, including the musicians of the Chapel Royal, set off from Whitehall to Canterbury, to welcome his bride Henrietta Maria who was sailing from her home in France. As organist of the Chapel Royal, Orlando Gibbons was in attendance, but on 5 June he was suddenly taken ill and died. The royal physicians were summoned as there were rumours that the cause of his death might have been the plague, but they were able to reassure the court that Gibbons had instead suffered a catastrophic brain haemorrhage. Thus, 400 hundred years ago, England lost one of its most capable composers, just when he was in his prime. Some of Gibbons' church anthems, such as the spirited 'Hosanna to the Son of David' with its contrapuntal intricacy, or the deeply felt penitential 'O Lord, in thy wrath' remained in the repertory of cathedral choirs. But Gibbons' instrumental music, many of the songs published in 1612, and much of his verse anthem output fell into disuse as musical styles changed with time, and had to wait until the early twentieth century to be rediscovered.

Orlando Gibbons came from a musical family. His father was a wait (town musician) in Cambridge and then Oxford, where Orlando was born; his eldest brother Edward was master of the choristers at King's College, Cambridge (1592-8), and later succentor and 'teacher of the choristers' at Exeter Cathedral. Ellis Gibbons, another brother, contributed a madrigal to *The Triumphes of Oriana* in 1601. Orlando studied under Edward at King's in Cambridge, and in 1605 was appointed as a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal and found himself at the heart of Jacobean London's musical life. Later appointments included playing keyboard in the private music of Prince Charles, then becoming virginalist to King James. In 1623 he added the post of organist of Westminster Abbey to his portfolio, being noted as 'the best finger of that age, Mr. Orlando Gibbons' when the French ambassador attended the abbey the following year.

Little of Gibbons' music was published in his lifetime, but his 1612 book of *Madrigals and Mottets* contains a wealth of finely wrought songs which he describes as 'apt for Viols and Voyces'. These range in style from the simple directness of 'The Silver Swan' to pieces of considerable complexity. 'Nay let me weep' is a case in point: possibly composed in the wake of the tragic early death of James I's elder son Prince Henry, its serious polyphony harks back to the style of Byrd's consort songs, and lends itself to a kaleidoscopic mixing of voices and instruments. Several verse anthems later adapted for liturgical use seem to have started as pieces for domestic devotion, with solo voices and viols: 'See, see the Word' sets a text 'made by Doctor Goodman De[an]: of Rochester' that manages to compress the life of Christ into six minutes of intense music. Verse anthems, in which sections for solo voices and viols alternate with 'full' choruses were also used for ceremonial or celebratory

occasions. Two of these were written for James I's first visit to his homeland since being crowned King of England. In 1617 the Chapel Royal travelled (with an organ) by ship from London to Leith, and performed at the royal entry to Holyrood Palace.

Gibbons' left a rich legacy of music for viols, much of it presumably written for his string-playing colleagues in the private music of the royal court. It ranges in scope from playful two-part fantasias to music in six parts. Unusually, a set of *Fantasies of three parts* was engraved and printed in London around 1620. The rest of the viol music is found in manuscript sets of part-books, and includes a number of pieces described as being 'with the great dooble bass', which must have been an exceptionally large viol with a bottom string tuned a fourth lower than that of the usual bass viol.

We end our concert with Gibbons' famous 'Cries of London', another example of voices and viols working in combination. The text consists of a series of vignettes of street life, with boatsmen offering crossings of the Thames, vendors of fish, fruit and vegetables, a poor woman begging for alms, and the town crier announcing news of a missing horse. These are all superimposed on the classic form of the 'In nomine' in which one viol sustains a piece of plainsong in long note values while the others weave a contrapuntal fantasia around it. The piece is in two parts, which in some manuscripts appear in reverse order. Our performance takes us from the bustling market place to the end of one day ('and so good night'), then picks up the following morning ('God give you good morrow') until the following evening when 'lanthorn and candlelight' are called for and 'we make an end' to this celebration of Orlando Gibbons' music.

© John Bryan 2025

### **Hosanna to the Son of David,**

Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord,  
Blessed be the King of Israel.  
Peace in heaven, and glory in the highest places,  
Hosanna in the highest heavens.

**Great King of Gods** whose gracious hand hath led  
Our sacred sovereign head  
Unto the place where first our bliss was bred:  
O send thine angels to his blessed side  
And bid them there abide  
To be at once his guardian and his guide.

Dear be his life, all glorious be his days  
And prospering all his ways.  
Late add thy last crown to his peace and praise  
And when he hath outlived the world's long date  
Let thy last change translate  
His living flesh to thy celestial state.  
Amen

**Do not repine, fair sun,** to see these eyne,  
Welcomer far then thine,  
To see the beams of a more glorious face,  
Shine on his native place,  
And overrun thee his northern line;  
Fair sun do not repine.  
And ye, thrice blessed bowers, which long a-gone  
His cradle rocked on,  
Which at first the vital breath did give,  
Whereby our world doth live;  
Do not envy the spheres of heaven above,  
In his dear light and love,  
Whose presence under Arthur's Seat can frame,  
An Eden both in deed and name.

Joy that alone, with better bays,  
And myrtle boughs on highest days,  
Crownest the kingly brows:  
Come along to day with me;  
Welcome the flower of royalty  
Home to his native house.  
Now do thy best and more than all  
To make a merry festival  
Oh now or never do't.  
All the day long feast, dance, play, sing,  
And spend upon this revelling  
Thy nimblest hand and foot.  
Call to thee all thy light-heeled train,  
Nymphs and fairies of the plain  
And bid them trip it round;  
And cause the Circles of the skies  
Answer their charming melodies  
In their consorted sound.  
Still may the burden be:  
Welcome great king, to thy first home.  
Then add unto the rest,  
Good speed home to thine other own

That counts the hours whilst thou art gone,  
And vie to love thee best.

**The silver swan** who living had no note,  
Till death approached unlocked her silent throat,  
Leaning her breast against the reedy shore,  
Thus sung her first and last and sung no more:  
Farewell all joys, oh death come close my eyes,  
More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

**Dainty fine bird** that art encaged there,  
Alas, how like thine and my fortunes are.  
Both prisoners be; and both singing, thus  
Strive to please her that hath imprisoned us.  
Only thus we differ, thou and I:  
Thou livest singing, but I sing and die.

**Nay let me weep**, tho' others' tears be spent,  
Though all eyes dried be, let mine be wet,  
Unto thy grave I'll pay this yearly rent,  
Thy lifeless corse demands of me this debt,  
I owe more tears than ever corse did crave  
I'll pay more tears than e'er was paid to grave.

Ne'er let the sun with his deceiving light,  
Seek to make glad these wat'ry eyes of mine,  
My sorrow suits with melancholy night,  
I joy in dole, in languishment I pine,  
My dearest friend is set, he was my sun,  
With whom my mirth, my joy, and all is done.

Yet if that age had frosted o'er his head,  
Or if his face had furrow'd been with years,  
I would not so bemoan that he is dead,  
I might have been more niggard of my tears;  
But O the sun new rose is gone to bed,  
And lilies in their springtime hang their head.

**O Lord, in thy wrath rebuke me not:**  
Neither chasten me in thy displeasure.  
Have mercy upon me, O Lord, for I am weak:  
O Lord, heal me, for my bones are vexed.  
My soul is also sore troubled:  
But, Lord, how long wilt thou punish me?  
O save me, for thy mercy's sake.

### **See, see, the Word is incarnate;**

God is made man in the womb of a Virgin, shepherds rejoice, wise men adore and angels sing: 'Glory be to God on high: peace on earth, good will towards men.'

The law is cancelled, Jews and Gentiles converted by the preaching of glad tidings of salvation. The blind have sight and cripples have their motion; diseases cured, the dead are raised, and miracles are wrought. Let us welcome such a guest with Hosanna.

The Paschal Lamb is offered, Christ Jesus made a sacrifice for sin. The earth quakes, the sun is darkened, the powers of hell are shaken; and lo, he is risen up in victory. Sing Alleluia.

See, O see the fresh wounds, the gored blood, the prick of thorns, the print of nails. And in the sight of multitudes a glorious ascension. When now he sits on God's right hand where all the choir of heaven all jointly sing: Glory be to the Lamb that sitteth on the throne.

Let us continue our wonted note with Hosanna: Blessed be He that cometh in the Name of the Lord; with Alleluia, we triumph in victory, the serpent's head is bruised, Christ's kingdom exalted, and heaven laid open to sinners. Amen.

### **The Cries of London**

Will you go with a pair of oars? Will you go with me, sir? I am Sir John Chimney's man.

A good sausage, a good, and it be roasted, go round about the capon, go round. I am your first man, sir! Hot puddings, hot. New oysters, new, new plaice, new, Will ye buy any milk or frumenty?

O yes! If any man or woman can tell any tidings of a young wench of four and forty years old? Let him bring her to the Crier, he shall have her for his hire. New mackrel, new. Ha' ye work for a tinker? Old boots, old shoes, pouchrings for broom.

Will ye buy a mat for a bed? Ha' ye any kitchen stuff, maids? Ha' ye any work for a cooper?

What ends have you of gold or silver? Ripe strawberries, ripe. Hot spic'd cakes hot. I ha' ripe cowcumbers, I ha' ripe. Salt, salt, salt, to barge to, hard onions, hard. Rosasolis fine. Fresh cheese and cream. What coneyskins have ye, maids? Salt, salt, to barge to. Will you buy my dish of eels? Will you buy any Aquavita, mistress?

Cherry ripe, apples fine, medlars fine. Al' a black, al' a black, pips fine. Will ye buy any straw?

New fresh herring at Billingsgate, four a penny, five to many. White radish, white young radish, white radish, white young radish, white. Hot pudding pies, hot. Bread and meat for the poor pris'ners of the Marshalsea, for Christ Jesus' sake, bread and meat. Have ye any wood to cleave? Soop, chimney soop, soop, chimney soop, soop, chimney soop, misteress, with a soop derry derry derry soop; from the bottom to the top, soop, chimney, soop. then shall no soot fall in your porridge

pot, with a soop derry derry derry soop. Fine Seville oranges, fine lemons,  
Twelve o'clock, look well to your lock, your fire, and your light, and so good night.

God give you good morrow, my masters, past three o'clock and a fair morning.  
New mussels, new lilywhite mussels. New cockles, new great cockles, New great  
sprats, new.

New great lampreys, New great smelts, new. New fresh herrings, New haddock,  
new,

New thornback, new.

Hot apple pies, hot. Hot pippin pies hot. Fine pomegranates, fine. Hot mutton pies,  
hot.

Buy a rope. Ha' ye any old bellows or trays to mend? Rosemary and bays quick  
and gentle,

Ripe chestnuts, ripe. Buy a cover for a closestool. Ripe walnuts, ripe. Ripe small  
nuts, ripe.

White cabbage, white young cabbage white. White turnips, white young turnips,  
white. White parsnips, white young parsnips, white. White lettuce, white young  
lettuce white.

But any ink, will you buy any ink, very fine writing ink, will you buy any ink?

Ha' ye any rats or mice to kill? I have ripe peascods, ripe. Oysters, oysters, oysters,  
threepence a peck at Bridewell dock, new Wallfleet oysters.

O yes! If any man or woman can tell any tidings of a grey mare with a long mane  
and a short tail; she halts down right before, and is stark lame behind; and was lost  
the thirtieth day of February. He that can tell any tidings of her, let him come to  
the Crier, and he shall have well for his hire.

Will you buy any fine tobacco? Ripe damsons, fine ripe damsons Hard garlic, hard,  
Will you buy any aquavita, mistress? Buy a barrel of Samphire. What is't you lack?  
Fine wrought shirts or smocks? Perfum'd waistcoats, fine bone lace or edgings,  
sweet gloves, silk garters, very fine silk garters, fine combs or glasses. Or a poking  
stick with a silver handle.

Old doublets, old doublets, old doublets, old doublets, old doublets, ha' ye any old  
doublets? Ha' ye any corns on your feet or toes? Fine potatoes, fine.

Will you buy any starch or clear complexion, mistress?

Poor naked Bedlam, Tom's acold, a small cut of thy bacon or a piece of thy sow's  
side, good Bess, God Almighty bless thy wits.

Dame, dame, give me an egg for the worship of Good Friday, if your hens will not  
lay your cock must obey, with three golden staves on London bridge.

Quick periwinkles, quick, quick, quick. Will you buy any scurvy grass? Buy a new  
almanack.

Will you buy a brush, will you have any small coal? Buy a fine washing ball.

Good, gracious people, for the Lord's sake pity the poor women; we lie cold and  
comfortless night and day on the bare boards in the dark dungeon in great misery.  
Hot oatcakes, hot.

And so we make an end.



## **The Rose Consort of Viols**

The Rose Consort of Viols takes its name from a famous family of sixteenth-century viol makers, whose instruments coincided with the growth of English consort music. With its unique blend of intimacy, intricacy, passion and flamboyance, this music ranges from Taverner and Byrd, to Lawes, Locke and Purcell, and forms the nucleus of the Rose Consort's programmes. For nearly four decades the Rose Consort has been delighting audiences across the UK, Europe and further afield. It has performed in London's Wigmore and South Bank halls, is heard regularly on the BBC, including a Prom concert from Cadogan Hall, and has made frequent appearances at the London International Exhibition of Early Music and York Early Music Festival. It has performed at Festivals in Canada (Festival Vancouver) and the USA (Boston, New York, Boulder, Portland and Seattle) and also featured as a guest ensemble at the Pan-Pacific Gamba Gathering in Hawaii. It has performed with the choirs of Manchester Cathedral, Oslo and Chichester Cathedrals, as well as at festivals in Bratislava, Nuremberg, Cologne and in Austria. The Consort's 23 recordings on Naxos, Deux-Elles and Delphian use three different sets of instruments to cover repertory from the late fifteenth-century origins of consort music to the music of Henry Purcell. The Consort has received awards for research and performance of specially devised programmes, and has also commissioned and performed new pieces for voices and viols by Judith Bingham, John Woolrich, Ivan Moody and Jutta Pranulyte. For a number of years the Consort appeared at Dartington International Summer School, giving concerts and coaching ensembles, activities it now continues at Benslow Music in Hitchin.

[roseconsort.co.uk](http://roseconsort.co.uk)

## **Ex Corde**

Formed in 2020, Ex Corde consists of professional singers from across the UK with diverse and successful careers, many of whom are alumni of the University of York and The Ebor Singers. They use vocal music to create, collaborate and connect, bringing composers, performers, and audiences together. Alongside the obvious vocal implications, the group's name reflects its passionate belief in making choral music – both old and new – accessible 'from the heart', through innovative programming and imaginative performances.

The group's ongoing collaborations include working with composers – including first performances by Christopher Fox and David Lancaster – and the NCEM/Tallis Scholars Young Composers Award. With AudioLab at the University of York they have recorded Ludford and Taverner for a project creating a virtual reconstruction

of the acoustic of St Margaret's Chapel, Westminster, and performed Gabrieli antiphonally between York and Huddersfield as part of the International Conference on Spatial and Immersive Audio. Ex Corde has performed at the Beverley Early Music Festival, for the Incorporated Association of Organists, and have contributed to BBC Radio 3's Choral Evensong and Early Music Show. Their debut album *APOCALYPSE*, released on Resonus Classics in August 2023, features choral music by David Lancaster.

[excordevocal.com](http://excordevocal.com)

## **York Early Music Festival 2026**

**Friday 3 – Saturday 11 July**

Celebrate our 50<sup>th</sup> anniversary with guests including  
**Solomon's Knot, Les Arts Florissant, B'Rock, The Sixteen,  
I Fagiolini**

Highlights include the 2026 International Young Artists Competition  
and York Mystery Plays.

To be sure of tickets, and help keep the Festival alive into the future,  
join the **Festival Friends** and **Patrons**: [ncem.co.uk/patrons-and-friends](http://ncem.co.uk/patrons-and-friends)

# YORK EARLY MUSIC FESTIVAL

## Artistic Advisors

John Bryan  
Helen Charlston  
Lindsay Kemp  
Mark Seow  
Peter Seymour

## Director

Delma Tomlin MBE

York Early Music Festival is administered by the National Centre for Early  
Music  
through the York Early Music Foundation  
(charity number 1068331)

National Centre for Early Music  
St Margaret's Church, Walmgate,  
York YO1 9TL

01904 632220

[www.ncem.co.uk](http://www.ncem.co.uk)



Supported using public funding by  
**ARTS COUNCIL  
ENGLAND**