

YORK
EARLY MUSIC
CHRISTMAS
FESTIVAL
2025

Dowland's Foundry

Facets of Time

Bedern Hall

Sunday 7 December 2.00pm

Dowland's Foundry

Daniel Thomson *tenor*

Sam Brown *lute*

Facets of Time

Time, cruel time **John Danyel** 1564-c.1626

Sonnet VIII **William Shakespeare** 1564-1616

Sweet stay awhile **John Dowland** 1563-1626

Shall I come sweet love to thee **Thomas Campion** 1567-1620

Come my Celia **Alfonso Ferrabosco** c. 1575-1628

It was a lover and his lass **Thomas Morley** 1557/8-1602

Sonnet V **Shakespeare**

Sonnet XVIII **Shakespeare**

Clear or cloudy **Dowland**

April, come she will **Paul Simon** b. 1941

Can Doleful notes **Danyel**

Macbeth: Act II, Scene iv **Shakespeare**

Mourn, mourn **Dowland**

No grave for woe **Phillip Rosseter** 1567/8-1623

A Dream **Dowland**

Sonnet LXXIII **Shakespeare**

A Contemplation upon flowers **Barry Mills** b. 1949

Sonnet XIX **Shakespeare**

Time stands still **Dowland**

This dramatic lute-song performance of words and music, is based around one of the Renaissance's central fascinations. Uneasily between scientific and superstitious, the Elizabethan milieu was haunted by the figure of Old Father Time. Winged, withered, with scythe in hand, Time was for the Elizabethans a fearful, all-consuming figure – a potent vehicle for many vital themes. In this programme of words and music, we encounter time's aspects in sleep, in music, and death; as a lighthearted goad to recalcitrant lovers and as the truest trial of love; its nightmarish scrambling at the hands of Macbeth, and its conquest by the unchanging Elizabeth I.

Dowland's Foundry

Founded in 2023 at Emma Kirkby's kitchen table, Dowland's Foundry is the child of a long-standing club for lute-songsters, *Dowland Works*. Devoted to the domestic origins of the lute-song and to Dowland's flexible maxim that 'all or either of the parts may be sung to the lute' the group's recent highlights include a dramatic appearance with Will Keen at Oxford Festival of Arts and a film project with Dowland originals in Magdalen College Library. Members involved in this performance are award-winning tenor Daniel Thomson, widely known for his expressive text-based performance, and lutenist Sam Brown.

dowlandsfoundry.com

Sam Brown

Described as 'the Eric Clapton of the lute', Sam Brown is a UK-based chordophonist, known for his sensitive style and engaging performances. A student of Jakob Lindberg (Royal College of Music) and Lorenzo Micheli (Conservatorio della Svizzera Italia), he is especially known for his work as an interpreter of lute song. He also performs on theorbo, oud, Classical and Romantic guitar.

For the last nine years Sam has performed internationally as a recitalist, soloist, continuo and ensemble player, including at Konzerthaus Wien and Wigmore Hall, and appearing with Mark Rylance, Will Keen, Alice Oswald, Emma Kirkby and Marie Lys. His CD appearances include with Taverner Consort, a contemporary guitar concerto by Barry Mills, Fair Oriana's debut album *Two Voices*, and most recently a lute and poetry performance with Cheryl Moskowitz, *Wayward Thoughts*.

Sam is co-director of Dowland Youth Works, an early-music scheme for teenagers, and is a deputy teacher at Junior Guildhall.

sambrownmusic.org

Daniel Thomson

Originally from Melbourne, Australia, Daniel Thomson is a London-based tenor soloist, recitalist and chamber singer. Known for his expressive, text-driven performances – particularly in lute-song and Bach roles – he specialises in historically informed music from the sixteenth to nineteenth centuries. Since his studies in Melbourne and Basel, Daniel has appeared at leading festivals and venues worldwide, including Wigmore Hall and the Palau de la Música Catalana. Winner

of the 2022 Salvat Beca Bach tenor prize in Barcelona, Daniel also sings with Huelgas Ensemble, Rune and Lux Musicae London. With lutenist Sam Brown, he runs *Lute_Tok*, a historical channel exploring Renaissance history and lute-song. Recent highlights include a highly acclaimed recording with the festival La Nouvelle Athènes, focusing on music surrounding Hortense de Beauharnais.

daniel-thomson.com



While in York, Dowland's Foundry are giving short informal, and free, concerts in Explore York libraries (Tang Hall, Clifton, Haxby, Central Explore) on Monday 8 and Tuesday 9 December. For details: ncem.co.uk/baroque-around-the-books/

Time cruel Time

Time, cruel Time, canst thou subdue that brow
That conquers all but thee, and thee too stays,
As if she were exempt from scythe or bow,
From love and years, unsubject to decays?

Or art thou grown in league with those fair eyes,
That they might aid thee to consume our days?
Or dost thou love her for her cruelties,
Being merciless like thee that no man weighs?

Then do so still, although she makes no 'steem
Of days nor years, but lets them run in vain.
Hold still thy swift-winged hours, that wond'ring seem
To gaze on her, even to turn back again;

And do so still, although she nothing cares.
Do as I do, love her although in vain.
Hold still. Yet, O I fear, at unawares
Thou wilt beguile her though thou seem'st so kind.

Samuel Daniel (1562-1619)

Sonnet VIII

Music to hear, why hear'st thou music sadly?
Sweets with sweets war not, joy delights in joy.
Why lov'st thou that which thou receiv'st not gladly,
Or else receiv'st with pleasure thine annoy?
If the true concord of well-tunèd sounds,
By unions married, do offend thine ear,
They do but sweetly chide thee, who confounds
In singleness the parts that thou shouldst bear.
Mark how one string, sweet husband to another,
Strikes each in each by mutual ordering,
Resembling sire and child and happy mother
Who, all in one, one pleasing note do sing;
Whose speechless song, being many, seeming one,
Sings this to thee: "Thou single wilt prove none".

Sweet stay a while

Sweet stay a while, why will you rise?
The light you see comes from your eyes:
The day breakes not, it is my heart,
To thinke that you and I must part.
O stay, or else my joyes must dye,
And perish in their infancie.
Deare let me dye in this faire breast,
Farre sweeter then the Phoenix next.
Love raise desire by his sweete charmes
Within this circle of thine armes:
And let thy blissefull kisses cherish
Mine infant joyes, that else must perish.

Attrib. John Donne (1572-1631)

Shall I come sweet love to thee

Shall I come, sweet Love, to thee
When the evening beams are set?
Shall I not excluded be,
Will you find no feigned let?

Let me not, for pity, more
Tell the long hours at your door.
Who can tell what thief or foe,
In the covert of the night,
For his prey will work my woe,
Or through wicked foul despite?
So may I die unredressed
Ere my long love be possessed.

But to let such dangers pass,
Which a lover's thoughts disdain,
'Tis enough in such a place
To attend love's joys in vain:
Do not mock me in thy bed,
While these cold nights freeze me dead.

Thomas Campion

Come my Celia

Come, my Celia, let us prove,
While we may, the sports of love;
Time will not be ours for ever,
He, at length, our good will sever.
Spend not then his gifts in vain:
Suns that set may rise again;
But if we once lose this light,
'Tis with us perpetual night.
Why should we defer our joys?
Fame and rumour are but toys.
Cannot we delude the eyes
Of a few poor household spies?
Or his easier ears beguile,
So removed by our wile?'
Tis no sin love's fruit to steal,
But the sweet theft to reveal;
To be taken, to be seen.
These have crimes accounted been.

Ben Jonson (1572-1637)

It was a lover and his lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny no,
That o'er the green cornfields did pass.
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny no,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding-a-ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

William Shakespeare

Sonnet V

Those hours that with gentle work did frame
The lovely gaze where every eye doth dwell
Will play the tyrants to the very same
And that unfair which fairly doth excel;
For never-resting time leads summer on
To hideous winter and confounds him there,
Sap checked with frost and lusty leaves quite gone,
Beauty o'er-snowed and bareness everywhere.
Then, were not summer's distillation left
A liquid prisoner pent in walls of glass,
Beauty's effect with beauty were bereft,
Nor it nor no remembrance what it was.
But flowers distilled, though they with winter meet,
Leese but their show; their substance still lives sweet.

Sonnet XVIII

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st:
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

Clear or cloudy

Clear or cloudy, sweet as April show'ring,
Smooth or frowning, so is her face to me.
Pleas'd or smiling, like mild May all flowring,
When skies blue silk, and meadows carpets be,
Her speeches notes of that nightbird that singeth,
Who thought all sweet, yet jarring notes out ringeth.

Her grace like June, when earth and trees be trimmed
In best attire of complete beauty's height.
Her love again like Summer's days bedimmed
With little clouds of doubtful constant faith.
Her trust, her doubt, like rain and heat in skies
Gently thund'ring, she lightning to mine eyes.

Sweet summer Spring, that breathed life and growing
In weeds as into healing herbs and flow'rs,
And sees of service divers sorts in sowing,
Some haply seeming, and some being, yours,
Rain on your herbs and flow'rs that truly serve,
And let your weeds lack dew, and duly starve.

Anonymous

April, come she will

April, come she will

When streams are ripe and swelled with rain May, she will stay
Resting in my arms again.

June, she'll change her tune

In restless walks, she'll prowls the night July, she will fly
And give no warning of her flight.

August, die she must

The autumn winds blow chilly and cold September, I'll remember
A love once new has now grown old.

Paul Simon *after* Anonymous

Can doleful notes

Can doleful notes, to measured accents set,
Express unmeasured griefs that time forget?

? John Danyel

Macbeth: Act II, Scene iv

OLD MAN:

Threescore and ten I can remember well,
Within the volume of which time I have seen
Hours dreadful and things strange, but this sore night
Hath trifled former knowings.

ROSS:

Ah, good father,
Thou seest the heavens, as troubled with man's act,
Threatens his bloody stage. By th' clock 'tis day,
And yet dark night strangles the traveling lamp.
Is't night's predominance or the day's shame
That darkness does the face of earth entomb
When living light should kiss it?

OLD MAN:

'Tis unnatural.

Mourn, mourn, day is with darkness fled

Mourn, mourn, day is with darkness fled,
What heav'n then governs earth?
O none, but hell in heaven's stead,
Chokes with his mists our mirth.

Mourn, mourn, look now for no more day
Nor night, but that from hell.
Then all must as they may
In darkness learn to dwell.

But yet this change, must needs change our delight,
That thus the sun should harbour with the night.

Anonymous

No grave for woe

No grave for woe, yet earth my watery tears devours
Sighs want air, and burnt desires kind pity showers
Stars hold their fatal course, my joys preventing
The earth, the sea, the air, the fire, the heav'ns vow my tormenting.

Yet still I live and waste my weary days in groans
And with woeful tunes adorn despairing moans
Night still prepares a more displeasing morrow
My day is night, my life is death, and all but sense of sorrow.

Anonymous

Sonnet LXXIII

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

A Contemplation upon flowers

Brave flowers – that I could gallant it like you,
And be as little vain!
You come abroad, and make a harmless show,
And to your beds of earth again.
You are not proud: you know your birth:
For your embroider'd garments are from earth.
You do obey your months and times, but I
Would have it ever Spring:
My fate would know no Winter, never die,
Nor think of such a thing.
O that I could my bed of earth but view.
And smile, and look as cheerfully as you!

Henry King, Bishop of Chichester (1592-1669)

Sonnet XIX

Devouring time, blunt thou the lion's paws
And make the earth devour her own sweet brood,
Pluck the keen teeth from the fierce tiger's jaws
And burn the long-liv'd phoenix in her blood,
Make glad and sorry seasons as thou fleet'st,
And do what e'er thou wilt, swift-footed time,
To the wide world and all her fading sweets:
But I forbid thee one most heinous crime,
O carve not with thy hours my love's fair brow,
Nor draw no lines there with thine antique pen,
Him in thy course untainted do allow
For beauty's pattern to succeeding men.
Yet do thy worst, old time, despite thy wrong,
My love shall in my verse ever live young.

Time stands still

Time stands still with gazing on her face,
stand still and gaze for minutes, hours and years, to her give place:
All other things shall change, but she remains the same,
till heavens changed have their course and Time hath lost his name.
Cupid doth hover up and down blinded with her faire eyes,
and fortune captive at her feet contemned and conquered lies.

When Fortune, Love, and Time attend on
Her with my fortunes, love, and time, I honour will alone,
If bloodless Envy say, Duty hath no desert.
Duty replies that Envy knows her self his faithfull heart,
My settled vows and spotless faith no fortune can remove,
Courage shall shew my inward faith, and faith shall try my love.

Anonymous

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