

STOUR MUSIC 2021



Cubaroque

Nicholas Mulroy *tenor*
Elizabeth Kenny & Toby Carr
theorbo & guitar

Sponsored by
Peter & Mary Berg

Friday 18th June
10pm

BOUGHTON ALUPH CHURCH

Programme

Henry Purcell (1659-1695) - An Evening Hymn

José Marín (c.1619-1699) - Ojos, pues me desdeñáis

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643) - Tempo la cetra

Tomás Méndez (1927-1995) - Cucurrucú paloma

Purcell - Oh, fair Cedaria

Juan Hidalgo (1614-1685) - Esperar, sentir, morir

Victor Jara (1932-1973) - Te recuerdo Amanda

Silvio Rodríguez (1946-) - Óleo de mujer con sombrero

Monteverdi - Si dolce e'l tormento

Purcell - In the black dismal dungeon of despair

Silvio Rodríguez: La gaviota

Evening Hymn - Henry Purcell (1659-1695)

Now that the sun hath veil'd his light
And bid the world goodnight;
To the soft bed my body I dispose,
But where shall my soul repose?

Dear, dear God, even in Thy arms,
And can there be any so sweet security!
Then to thy rest, O my soul!
And singing, praise the mercy
That prolongs thy days.
Hallelujah!

Ojos, pues, me desdenáis - José Marín (c1619-1699)

Ojos, pues me desdenáis,
No, me miréis,
pues no quiero que logréis,
el ver como me matáis.

*Eyes that despise me,
do not look at me,
for I do not want you
to see how you kill me.*

Çese el ceño y el rigor,
ojos, mirad que es locura
arriesgar buestra hermosura
por hazerme un disfavor,
si no os corrige el temor
de la gala que os quitais,
No me miréis
pues no quiero que logréis,
el ver como me matáis.

*Let the frowns and severity end;
eyes, look what folly it is
to risk your beauty
to displease me;
if fear does not keep you
from losing your loveliness,
do not look at me,
for I do not want you
to see how you kill me.*

Y si el mostraros severos,
es no más que por matarme
podéis la pena escusarme,
pues moriré de no veros;
pero si no é de veros
que de mí os compadezcáis.
No me miréis
pues no quiero que logréis,
el ver como me matáis.

*And if your show of severity
is just to kill me,
you can spare yourself the trouble,
for I shall die of not seeing you;
but if I may not see you,
have pity on me.
Do not look at me,
for I do not want you
to see how you kill me.*

Ojos, pues me desdenáis.

Eyes that despise me.

Tempo la Cetra - Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)

Text: Giambattista Marino (1569-1625)

Tempo la cetra, e per cantar gli onori
de Marte
Alzo valor lo stil e i carmi
Ma in van la tento ed impossibil parmi
Ch'ella giammai risoni altro ch'amori.

*I tune my lyre, and to sing the honours
of Mars I thus uplift my style and songs;
but in vain I pluck it, and it seems impossible that it will ever resound with anything
but love-songs.*

Così pur tra l'arena e pur tra fiori
Note amorose amor torna a dettarmi.
Ne vol ch'io prenda ancor a cantar d'armi
Se non di quelle onde ella impiaga i cori.

*Thus, now in the arena and now amidst flowers,
Love again dictates amorous notes to me;
nor does he desire that I should sing again of weapons,
unless of those with which he wounds hearts.*

Hor l'umil plettro e i rozzi accenti indegni
Musa qual dianzi accorda, in fin ch'al canto
De la tromba sublime il Ciel ti degni.

*Now the lowly plectrum and coarse, undignified inflections,
O Muse, refine them as you did before, until, to the song
of the sublime trumpet, Heaven honours you.*

Riedi ai teneri scherzi e dolce intanto lo Dio guerriero
Temprando i ferì sdegni
In grembo a Citherea dorm'il tuo canto.

*Now to sweet and tender play returns
the God of war, tempering his harsh anger;
may he sleep in the arms of Cytherea to your song.*

Sepan Todos que Muero - José Marín

Sepan todos que muero
de un desdén que quiero.
Quiero un desdén apacible, y si hay ángeles acá,
un ángel que quiero está más allá de lo imposible.
Quiero sufrir lo insufrible
de amar y no perecer, de sembrar y no coger
pues he de morir primero.

*Let everybody know that I die
Of a disdain that I love.
I love for a gentle disdain, and if there are angels here
An angel that I love is beyond the impossible.
I want to suffer the insufferable
Loving and not perishing, sowing and not harvesting
For I am to die first.*

Cucurrucú Paloma - Tomás Méndez (1927-1995)

Dicen que por las noches	<i>They say that at night</i>
Nomás se le iba en puro llorar	<i>All he would do is cry</i>
Dicen que no dormía	<i>They say that he couldn't sleep</i>
Nomás se le iba en puro tomar	<i>He would just turn to drink</i>
Juran que el mismo cielo	<i>They swear that heaven itself</i>
Se estremecía al oír su llanto	<i>Would shudder on hearing his tears.</i>
Cómo sufría por ella	<i>How he would suffer for her</i>
Que hasta en su muerte la fue llamando	<i>That even in death he called her.</i>
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay cantaba	<i>Ay ay ay ay he sang</i>
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay gemía	<i>Ay ay ay ay he groaned</i>
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay cantaba	<i>Ay ay ay ay he sang</i>
De pasión mortal moría	<i>He died of incurable passion</i>
Que una paloma triste	<i>When a sad dove</i>
Muy de mañana le va a cantar	<i>Very early in the morning would sing to him</i>
A la casita sola	<i>Alone in his little house</i>
Con sus puertitas de par en par	<i>With its little paired doors</i>
Juran que esa paloma	<i>They swear that dove</i>
No es otra cosa más que su alma	<i>Is none other than his soul</i>
Que todavía la espera	<i>Which is still waiting</i>
A que regrese la desdichada	<i>For the unhappy one to return.</i>
Cucurrucucú, paloma	<i>Coo coo, my dove</i>
Cucurrucucú, no llores	<i>Coo coo, don't cry</i>
Las piedras jamás, paloma	<i>Dove, what will these stones</i>
¿Qué van a saber de amores?	<i>Ever know of love?</i>

O! fair Cedaria (Henry Purcell)

O! fair Cedaria, hide those eyes
That hearts enough have won;
For whosoever sees them dies,
And cannot ruin shun.

Such beauty and charms are seen
United in your face,
The proudest can't but own you queen
Of beauty, wit and grace.

Then pity me, who am your slave,
And grand me a reprieve;
Unless I may your favour have,
I can't one moment live.

Amor Dormiglione - Barbara Strozzi (1619-1677)

Amor, non dormir più!
Su, su, svegliati omai
Che mentre dormi tu
Dormon le gioie mie, vegliano i guai
Non esser, non esser, Amor, dappoco!
Strali, strali, foco
Strali, strali, su, su
Foco, foco, su, su!
O pigro o tardo
Tu non hai senso
Amor melenso
Amor codardo!
Ahi quale io resto
Che nel mio ardore
Tu dorma Amore:
Mancava questo!

*Love sleep no more!
Up, up now you must wake
For while you sleep
My joys sleep also, and troubles are awoken
Love do not, do not fail me!
Arrows, arrows, fire
Arrows, arrows, arise, arise
Fire, fire, arise, arise!
Oh, lazy, sluggish Love
You are nonsensical
Lumpish
Cowardly!
Ah, while I languish
In burning passion
You, Love, are sleeping:
And what good is that!*

Esperar, Sentir, Morir - Juan Hidalgo (1614-1685)

¿Por qué más iras buscas que mi
tormento,
si en su primer callado
dolor, atento,
yo propio me castigo lo que me quejo?

Esperar, sentir,
morir, adorar,
porque en el pesar
de mi eterno amor
cabere puede, en su dolor,
Adorar, morir, sentir, esperar.

Vive tú, muera solo quien tanto siente
Que sus eternos males la vida crecen
Y solamente vive porque padece.

Esperar, sentir....

*Why do you seek more anger than my
torment*

If in its first silent

Sorrow, attentive,

I punish myself for my complaints?

To hope, to feel,

To die, to adore,

For in spite

Of my eternal love

There is room, in the pain,

To adore, to die, to feel, to hope.

You live, only he dies who feels so much

And in whose eternal pains grows more life

And only lives because he suffers.

To hope, to feel...

Te Recuerdo, Amanda - Víctor Jara (1932-1973)

Te recuerdo Amanda
La calle mojada
Corriendo a la fábrica
Donde trabajaba Manuel
La sonrisa ancha
La lluvia en el pelo
No importaba nada
Ibas a encontrarte con él
Con él, con él, con él, con él, con él
Son cinco minutos
La vida es eterna en cinco minutos
Suena la sirena
De vuelta al trabajo
Y tu caminando
Lo iluminas todo
Los cinco minutos
Te hacen florecer

Te recuerdo Amanda
La calle mojada
Corriendo a la fábrica

I remember you Amanda

The wet street

Running to the factory

Where Manuel worked.

Your wide smile,

Rain in your hair,

Nothing mattered:

You were going to meet with him

With him, with him

It's five minutes

Life is eternal in those five minutes

The alarm sounds

Back to work

And you, walking

Illuminate everything

Those five minutes

Make you blossom.

I remember you Amanda

The wet street

Running to the factory

Donde trabajaba Manuel
La sonrisa ancha
La lluvia en el pelo
No importaba nada
Ibas a encontrarte con él
Con él, con él, con él, con él, con él
Que partió a la sierra
Que nunca hizo daño
Que partió a la sierra
Y en cinco minutos quedó destrozado
Suenan la sirena
De vuelta al trabajo
Muchos no volvieron
Tampoco Manuel
Te recuerdo Amanda
La calle mojada
Corriendo a la fábrica
Donde trabajaba Manuel

*Where Manuel worked.
Your wide smile,
The rain in your hair
You were going to meet with him
With him, with him

Who left for the mountains,
Who never did any harm,
Who left for the mountains
And in five minutes everything was destroyed.
The alarm sounds
Back to work
Many didn't come back,
Nor did Manuel
I remember you Amanda
The wet street
Running to the factory
Where Manuel worked.*

Unicornio - Silvio Rodríguez (1946-)

Mi unicornio azul ayer se me perdió,
Pastando lo deje y desapareció.
Cualquier información bien la voy a pagar.
Las flores que dejó
No me han querido hablar.
Mi unicornio azul
Ayer se me perdió,
No sé si se me fue,
No sé si extravió,
Y yo no tengo más
Que un unicornio azul.
Si alguien sabe de él,
Le ruego información,
Cien mil o un millón
Yo pagaré.
Mi unicornio azul
Se me ha perdido ayer,
Se fue.
Mi unicornio y yo
Hicimos amistad,
Un poco con amor,

*Yesterday I lost my blue unicorn
I left him grazing and he disappeared.
Any information I'll gratefully pay for.
The flowers he left
Haven't spoken to me.
My blue unicorn
Got lost yesterday
I don't know if he left me
I don't know if he got lost
And I have nothing more
Than a blue unicorn
If anyone knows of him
I'm seeking information
One hundred thousand or a million
I will pay
My blue unicorn
Which I lost yesterday
Went away.
My unicorn and I
Became friends
A little with love,*

Un poco con verdad.
Con su cuerno de añil
Pescaba una canción,
Saberla compartir
Era su vocación.
Mi unicornio azul
Ayer se me perdió,
Y puede parecer
Acaso una obsesión,
Pero no tengo más
Que un unicornio azul
Y aunque tuviera dos
Yo solo quiero aquel.
Cualquier información
La pagaré.
Mi unicornio azul
Se me ha perdido ayer,
Se fue

*A little with truth
With his horn of indigo
He fished a song
Knowing how to share it
Was his vocation
My blue unicorn
Got lost yesterday
And it might seem
Perhaps an obsession
But I have no more
Than a blue unicorn
And even if I had two
I only want that one.
Whatever information
I will pay
My blue unicorn
Got lost yesterday
And went away.*

Si Dolce E' il Tormento - Claudio Monteverdi

Text: Carlo Milanuzzi (c 1590–c 1647)

Si dolce è' l tormento
Ch' in seno mi sta,
Ch' io vivo contento
Per cruda beltà.
Nel ciel di bellezza
S' accreschi fierezza
Et manchi pietà:
Che sempre qual scoglio
All' onda d' orgoglio
Mia fede sarà.

*So sweet is the torment that lies in my heart,
that I live happily because of its cruel beauty.
May beauty's fury grow wide in the sky without compassion; for my
devotion shall hold like a rock against pride's unrelenting wave.*

La speme fallace
Rivolgam' il piè,
Diletto ne pace
Non scendano a me,
E l' empia ch' adoro
Mi nieghi ristoro

Di buona mercè:
Tra doglia infinita,
Tra speme tradita
Vivrà la mia fè.

*False hope, keep me wandering!
Let no peace nor pleasure befall me! Evil woman, whom I adore, deny me
the rest that compassion would give;
amidst infinite pain,
amidst broken hopes
shall survive my devotion.*

Per foco e per gelo
riposo non ho
nel porto del Cielo
riposo haverò...
se colpo mortale
con rigido strale
il cor m'impiegò
cangiando mia sorte
col dardo di morte
il cor sanerò...

*There is no rest for me in the warmth or the cold.
Only in heaven shall I find rest.
If the deadly strike of an arrow injured my heart,
I shall heal still, and change my destiny, death's very heart
with the same arrow.*

Se fiamma d'amore
Già mai non senti
Quel rigido core
Ch'il cor mi rapì,
Se nega pietate
La cruda beltate
Che l'alma invaghì:
Ben fia che dolente,
Pentita e languente
Sospirimi un dì.

*If the frigid heart that stole mine
never has felt love's ardour;
if the cruel beauty that charmed my soul
denies me compassion, may she die one day
hurt by me.*

In the Black, Dismal Dungeon of Despair - Henry Purcell

In the black dismal dungeon of despair,
Pined with tormenting care,
Wracked with my fears,
Drowned in my tears,
With dreadful expectation of my doom
And certain horrid judgement soon to come:

Lord, here I lie,
Lost to all hope of Liberty,
Hence never to remove,
But by a miracle of love,
Which I scarce hope for or expect,
Being guilty of so long, so great neglect.
Fool that I was, worthy a sharper rod,
To slight thy courting, O my God.
For thou didst woo, entreat and grieve,
Didst beg me to be happy and to live;
But I would not; I chose to dwell
With death, far from thee, too near to hell:
But is there no redemption, no relief?
Thou savedst a Magdalen, a thief -
O Jesu! Thy mercy, Lord, once more advance;
O give me such a glance
As Peter had! Thy sweet, kind, chiding look
Will change my heart, as it did melt that Rock.
Look on me, sweet Jesu, as thou didst on him!
'Tis more than to create, thus to redeem.

La Gaviota - Silvio Rodríguez

Corrían los días de fines de guerra	<i>It was the days at the end of the war</i>
Y había un soldado regresando intacto:	<i>And there was a soldier returning intact</i>
Intacto del frío mortal de la tierra,	<i>Intact from the deadly cold of the earth</i>
Intacto de flores de horror en su cuarto.	<i>Intact from the flowers of horror in his room.</i>
Elevó los ojos, respiró profundo,	<i>He lifted his eyes, breathed deeply,</i>
La palabra cielo se hizo en su boca	<i>The word "heaven" formed in his mouth.</i>
Y como si no hubiera más en el mundo	<i>And, as if there were nothing else in the world,</i>
Por el firmamento pasó una gaviota.	<i>Through the sky passed a seagull.</i>
Gaviota, gaviota, vals del equilibrio,	<i>Seagull, waltz of balance,</i>
Cadencia increíble, llamada en el hombro.	<i>Incredible cadence, called on the shoulder</i>
Gaviota, gaviota, blancura del lirio,	<i>Seagull, whiteness of a lily</i>

Aire y bailarina, gaviota de asombro.
¿A dónde te marchas, canción de la brisa,
Tan rápida, tan detenida,
Disparo en la sien y metralla en la risa,
Gaviota que pasa y se lleva la vida?
Corrían los días de fines de guerra,
Pasó una gaviota volando, volando
Lento, como un tiempo de amor que se cierra,
Imperio de ala, de cielo y de cuando.
Gaviota, gaviota, vals del equilibrio,
Cadencia increíble, llamada en el hombro.
Gaviota, gaviota, blanca del lirio,
Aire y bailarina, gaviota de asombro.
Corrían los días de fines de guerra,
Pasó una gaviota volando
Y el que anduvo intacto rodó por la tierra:
Huérfano, desnudo, herido, sangrando.

*Air and dancer, seagull of amazement.
Where are you going, song of the breeze
So quick, so restrained,
A shot in the head and shrapnel in your smile,
Seagull who passes and takes away life.
It was the days at the end of the war
A seagull passed, flying, flying
Slow, like a time of love that is closing,
Empire of wing, of sky and of time
Seagull, waltz of balance,
Incredible cadence called on the shoulder.
Seagull, whiteness of a lily,
Air and dancer, seagull of amazement.
Those were the days at the end of the war,
A seagull passed by flying
And the one who was intact rolled in the earth,
Orphaned, naked, wounded, bleeding.*

Mediterráneo - Joan Manuel Serrat (1943-)

Quizás porque mi niñez
Sigue jugando en tu playa
Y escondido tras las cañas
Duerme mi primer amor,
Llevo tu luz Y tu olor
Por dondequiera que vaya,
Y amontonado en tu arena
Guardo amor, juegos Y penas.
Yo, que en la piel tengo el sabor
Amargo del llanto eterno
Que han vertido en ti cien pueblos
De Algeciras a Estambul
Para que pintes de azul
Sus largas noches de invierno.
A fuerza de desventuras,
Tu alma es profunda Y oscura.

A tus atardeceres rojos
Se acostumbraron mis ojos
Como el recodo al camino.
Soy cantor, soy embustero,
Me gusta el juego Y el vino,
Tengo alma de marinero.

*Perhaps because my childhood
Still plays on your beach
And hidden behind the canes,
Sleeps my first love
I carry your light and your fragrance
Wherever I go.
And piled on your sand
I keep love, games and sorrows.
I, who on my skin have the bitter
Taste of eternal tears
Which have shed in you a hundred peoples
From Algeciras to Istanbul
So you might paint in blue
Their long nights of winter
Because of misadventures
Your soul is deep and dark

To your red dusks
My eyes grew accustomed
Like the bend in the road
I'm a singer, I am a liar,
I like the game and wine,
I have the soul of a sailor.*

Qué le voy a hacer, si yo
Nací en el Mediterráneo.

Y te acercas, Y te vas
Después de besar mi aldea.
Jugando con la marea
Te vas, pensando en volver.
Eres como una mujer
Perfumadita de brea
Que se añora Y que se quiere
Que se conoce Y se teme.

Ay, si un día para mi mal
Viene a buscarme la parca.
Empujad al mar mi barca
Con un levante otoñal
Y dejad que el temporal
Desguace sus alas blancas.
Y a mí enterradme sin duelo
Entre la playa Y el cielo...

En la ladera de un monte,
Más alto que el horizonte.
Quiero tener buena vista.
Mi cuerpo será camino,
Le daré verde a los pinos
Y amarillo a la genista.
Cerca del mar.
Porque yo
Nací en el Mediterráneo.

*And what am I to do if
I was born in the Mediterranean?*

*And you approach and leave
After kissing my village
Playing with the tide
You go away, thinking of returning
You are like a woman
scented with tar
Who is missed and loved
Who is known and is feared.*

*Ay, if fate comes in search of me
On an unhappy day
Push my boat to the sea
With an autumnal east wind
And allow the storm
To strip its white wings.
And bury me without mourning
Between the beach and the sky*

*On the hillside of a mountain
Higher than the horizon
I want a good view
My body will be the way
I'll give green to the pines
And yellow to the broom
Near the sea.
Because I was born
In the Mediterranean...*

Biographies

Elizabeth Kenny is one of Europe's leading lute players. Her playing has been described as “incandescent” (*Music and Vision*), “radical” (*The Independent on Sunday*) and “indecently beautiful” (*Toronto Post*). She has an extensive discography of collaborations with chamber ensembles across Europe and the USA, and her own repertoire interests have led to critically acclaimed recordings of solo music from the ML Lute Book, and songs by Lawes, Purcell and Dowland. In 2011 she was nominated for the Royal Philharmonic Society Awards for best instrumentalist, and became an artistic advisor to the York Early Music Festival. Her own ensemble Theatre of the Ayre's most recent release (Linn), *The Masque of Moments*, converted surprising numbers of critics to the little-known glories of the English Masque. She has a growing commitment to new repertoire for her instruments, and has recorded theorbo works by James MacMillan, Benjamin Oliver, and Nico Muhly on her most recent solo CD, *Ars Longa* (Linn), described as a “triumph” and named as the Instrumental Choice by BBC Music Magazine. Elizabeth is Dean of Students and Professor of Lute at the Royal Academy of Music.

Elizabeth Kenny's playing throughout is all that one could ask for; it is hard to imagine a better case being made for either the value of the theorbo's traditional repertoire or its modern possibilities. MusicWeb International Sept 2019

A lutenist and guitarist from London, **Toby Carr** is an active soloist, continuo player and chamber musician in the field of historically informed performance, bringing old music to new audiences in exciting and innovative ways.

This has included working with many of the foremost period instrument groups around such as Dunedin Consort, Academy of Ancient Music and The English Concert, as well as augmenting the forces of the Royal Ballet, London Philharmonic Orchestra and RTE Symphony Orchestra.

A specialist in the music of 17th century Europe, Toby is particularly fond of the music of early baroque Italy and restoration-era England.

Toby's interests outside of music include cooking and travelling, though when not working he generally tries to do as little as possible.

Born in Liverpool, **Nicholas Mulroy** studied at Clare College Cambridge and Royal Academy of Music. He regularly appears with leading ensembles throughout Europe, including Monteverdi Choir with Sir John Eliot Gardiner, Les Musiciens du Louvre with Marc Minkowski, Les concerts d'Astrée with Emmanuelle Haïm, Gabrieli Consort with Paul McCreech, and Dunedin Consort with John Butt, as well as concerts with Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment, Koelner Akademie, Staatskapelle Dresden, Royal Scottish National Orchestra, English Chamber Orchestra, BBC Philharmonic, BBC Proms, Copenhagen Philharmonic, Wrocław Philharmonic and Spitalfields Festival. Other conductors he has worked with include Laurence Cummings, Jordi Savall, Trevor Pinnock, Sir Colin Davis and Nicholas Kraemer.

On stage he has worked with Glyndebourne Festival Opera and on Tour, Opéra Comique Paris, Théâtre Capitole de Toulouse and at the Opéra de Lille. Recordings include a Gramophone Award-winning Messiah with Dunedin Consort on Linn, and releases with Exaudi on NMC, King's Consort on Hyperion and I Fagiolini on Chandos. He recently featured on two versions of the *St John Passion* singing the arias for Stephen Layton/Polyphony on Hyperion and Evangelist and arias for John Butt/Dunedin Consort on Linn.

In November 2020, he was appointed Associate Director of the Dunedin Consort, marking a new chapter in his nearly 20 years of collaboration with the ensemble.