



2017-2018  
OUR 61<sup>ST</sup> SEASON

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CHARLES DANIELS, TENOR

**TRANSFORMATIONS**

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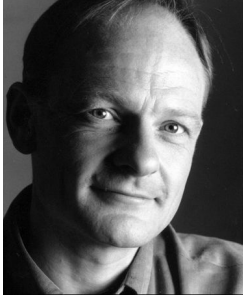
OVID: MYTH AND MUSIC

WITH MEMBERS OF THE  
PACIFIC BAROQUE ORCHESTRA  
ALEXANDER WEIMANN, MUSIC DIRECTOR, ORGAN AND  
HARPSICHORD

Friday April 27, 2018

## About the Artists

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Salisbury-born tenor, **Charles Daniels** has gained worldwide acclaim with over ninety recordings made as a soloist and an extensive repertoire spanning from the ninth century to the present day.

Some highlights of Daniels' career have included Luigi Nono's *Canti di Vita e Amore* at the Edinburgh International Festival, Handel's *Esther* (sung in Hebrew) in New York, Monteverdi *Vespers* with the Gabrieli Consort in Venice with Paul McCreech and Handel's *Belshazzar* at the Théâtre de Champs Elysées in Paris.

Throughout Canada, Daniels can be found working with Les Voix Baroques and Les Voix Humaines, also appearing regularly with Early Music Vancouver. His recent appearances include a series of Purcell Programmes with Holland Baroque Society as well as Bach's *Mass in B Minor* with the Tafelmusik Baroque Orchestra and Chorus.



**Alexander Weimann** is Music Director of both the Pacific and Seattle Baroque Orchestras in Vancouver and Seattle. He has traveled the world with ensembles such as Tragicomedia, Cantus Cölln, the Freiburger Barockorchester, the Gesualdo Consort and Tafelmusik, and is increasingly in demand as guest conductor and harpsichordist all over the world.



**The Pacific Baroque Orchestra (PBO)** is recognized as one of Canada's most exciting and innovative ensembles performing "early music for modern ears." PBO brings the music of the past up to date by performing with cutting edge style and enthusiasm. Formed in 1990, the orchestra quickly established itself as a force in Vancouver's burgeoning music scene with the ongoing support of Early Music Vancouver. In 2009 PBO welcomed Alexander Weimann, one of the most sought-after ensemble directors, soloists, and chamber music partners of his generation, as Artistic Director.

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## Programme

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CHARLES DANIELS, TENOR

# TRANSFORMATIONS

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OVID: MYTH AND MUSIC

WITH MEMBERS OF THE

PACIFIC BAROQUE ORCHESTRA

ALEXANDER WEIMANN, MUSIC DIRECTOR, ORGAN AND  
HARPSICHORD

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John Danyel (1564-1626)                      Coy Daphne fled from Phoebus' hot pursuite  
*from Songs for the Lute Viol and Voice (1606)*

Philip Rosseter (1567-1623)                      Shal I come if I swim?  
*from Thomas Campion and Philip Rosseter: A Booke of Ayres*

William Lawes (1602-1645)                      Whiles I this standing Lake  
*(Poem by William Cartwright)*

Sen Baptist (????)                      What art thou, Love?  
*from Playford Choice Ayres and Songs, The Fifth Book (1684)*

Claudio Monteverdi (1567-1643)                      *Tempo la cetra* [I tune the lyre]  
*from Concerto Settimo Libro de Madrigali (pub. B. Magni 1619)*

Sigismondo D'India (1582-1629)                      Che Veggio, ohimè [Lamento d'Orfeo]  
*(Poem also by D'India) from Le Musiche libro IV 1621*

Girolamo Kapsperger (1580-1651)                      Mentre vaga Angioletta [While wandering]  
*from Libro Primo di Arie Passeggiate a una voce, 1612*

Louis-Nicolas Clérambault (1676-1749)                      Orphée  
*from Cantates Françaises a I et II voix, 1710*

INTERVAL

## Programme

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**Georg Frederik Händel (1685-1759) Tra le fiamme Rome [Through the flames]**  
composed for Francesco Ruspoli, c.1707

**Henry Purcell (1659-1695) Hark, Damon, Hark**  
*from British Library RM 20.h.8 (autograph).*

**John Blow (1649-1708) Morph'us the humble God**  
*from Amphion Anglicus 1700*

**Sen. Baptist (????) Where art thou god of dreams**  
*from Theater of Music, The third Book, 1686*

**Henry Purcell Charon the peacefull Shade invites**  
*from Orpheus Britannicus I, 2nd edition, 1706*

*\*\* Note: each of the songs may call for different instrumental combinations.  
Please refer to the list of musicians, printed elsewhere in this programme.*

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### The Musicians

MEMBERS OF THE PACIFIC BAROQUE ORCHESTRA

**Alexander Weimann, music director, harpsichord & organ**

Chloe Meyers, violin

Beiliang Zhu, gamba

Soile Stratkauskas, flute

Paul Luchkow, violin

Natalie Mackie, violone

Michel Angers, lute

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**ELECTION OF BOARD MEMBERS FOR 18-19 SEASON REPORTS FROM EXECUTIVE MEMBERS**

## George's Blog

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Charles Daniels' programme notes and the poems are fascinating and I thought you would enjoy reading them as fully as space permits. Incidentally, you may think I have once again done a terrible job of proof-reading the programme, but this time I have a good excuse: some of the texts are in the original early English! I'll be back next season with a full length blog. I might even try the first one in Chaucerian prose.

Meantime, have a wonderful concert tonight, and enjoy a relaxing summer. See you in September! [And don't forget to renew, if you haven't already signed up for 18-19.]

George Zukerman

April 2018



# Moments That Matter

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## Programme Notes and Texts

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This evening we tour Europe with music of mental and physical transformations. I've used Ovid's *Metamorphoses* as a starting point: his tales mix love, violence and death with people transformed from one bodily shape to another by vengeful gods and goddesses. Music has its own transformative power, taking our minds from the quotidian and conjuring emotions, atmosphere, distant times and places.

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### Danyel - Coy Daphne

Coy Daphne fled from Phoebus hot pursuite,  
Carelesse of Passion, sencelesse of Remorse:  
Whil'st he complain'd his griefes, shee rested mute,  
He beg'd her stay, She still kept on her course,  
But what reward she had for this you see,  
Shee rests transform'd, a winter beaten tree.

### The Answer

Chast Daphne fled from Phoebus hot pursuite,  
Knowing mens passions Idle and of(f) course:  
And though he plain'd twas fit shee should be mute  
And honour would shee should keepe on her course.  
For which faire deede her Glory still wee see,  
Shee rest still Greene, and so I wish to bee.

We begin in England in the zenith of the lute song era. John Danyel gives us two takes on Apollo's wooing of the nymph Daphne. Her father changes her into a laurel tree just before Apollo catches her, and taking Apollo's side, accuses Daphne of timidity and points to a battered tree being all that remains of her. The woman's reply points to the nymph's intact honour, saying '...she rests still greene, and so I wish to be'.

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### Rosseter - Shal I come if I swim?

Shal I come if i swim? wide are ye waues you see,  
shall I come if I flie my deere loue to thee?  
streames Venus will appease,  
Cupid gives me winges, all the powers assist my  
desire saue you alone that set my wofull heart on fire.

You are faire, so was Hero that in Sestos dwelt,  
She a priest, yet the heate of loue truly felt,  
A greater streame ther, this did her loue deuide,  
But she was his guide with a light,  
So through the streames Leander did enjoy her sight.

In the Philip Rosseter song the luckless lover tells of Hero, priestess of Sestos, who fell in love with the young Leander. He swam to her across the Hellespont, guided by Hero's candle in the temple window. But their story ended in their deaths, so it's doubtful if the singer viewed the Hero comparison favourably. Note that in some early English published texts, the "u" and "v" are used alternatively. Don't be surprised by such words as "waues" [waves] "loue" [love] and giue [give].

## Programme Notes and Texts

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### William Lawes - Whiles I this standing Lake

Whiles I this standing Lake,  
Swath'd up with Ewe and Cypress Boughs,  
Do move by Sighs and Vows,  
Let Sadness only wake;  
That whiles thick Darkness blots the Light,  
My thoughts may cast another Night,  
In which double Shade  
By Heav'n and Me made,  
O let me weep,  
And fall asleep,  
And forgotten fade.

Heark! (Heark!) from yond' hollow Tree  
Sadly sing two Anchoret Owles  
Whiles the Hermit Wolf howles,  
And all bewailing me,  
The Raven hovers o'r my Bier,  
The Bit-tern on a Reed I hear

Pipes my Elegy  
And warns me to dye;  
Whiles from yond' Graves  
My wrong'd Love craves  
My sad Company

Cease, Hylas, cease thy call;  
Such, O such was thy parting Groan  
Breath'd out to me alone  
When thou disdain'd didst fall.  
Loe thus unto thy silent Tomb  
In my sad winding sheet, I come  
Creeping o'r dead Bones,  
And cold Marble Stones,  
That I may mourn  
over thy Urn,  
And appease thy Groans.

William Lawes was a leading composer in Charles I's reign. In William Cartwright's poem the dying poet mourns Hylas, the young prince taken on by Heracles as his arms bearer after his father was killed in battle. There are two accounts of his subsequent disappearance. The classical version has Hylas kidnapped by water-nymphs with whom he then falls in love, but in another version he was crushed under a statue while rescuing a gigantic brooch pin for Heracles.

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### Sen. Baptist (c.1684) - What art thou Love?

#### [Original, Italian]

Whence are those Charms,  
that thus thou bear'st a universal Rule?  
For thee the Soldier quits his Arms,  
the King turns Slave, the Wise man turns Fool.  
In vain we chase thee from the field,  
and with cool thoughts resist thy yoke,  
next tide of blood, alas! we yield,  
and all those high Resolves are broke.  
Can we e're hope thou should'st be true,  
whom we have found so often base?  
couzen'd and cheated, still we view  
and fawn upon the trecherous Face.

In vain our Nature we accuse,  
and doat because she says we must.  
This for a Brute were an excuse,  
whose very soul and life is Lust.  
To get our likeness, what's that?  
Our likeness is but misery.  
Why should I toil to propagate,  
another thing as vile a Fool as I?  
From Hands divine our Spirits came,  
and Gods that made us did inspire  
something more noble in our Frame,  
above the dregs of earthy Fire:



## Programme Notes and Texts

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Sen. Baptist is a mystery composer in London music books around 1680: Lullian dances, and English songs by others appear under his name. 'Senor' indicated an Italian, Spanish or Frenchman. There are two Senor Baptist songs tonight, apparently by different composers. This first poem lays out unflinchingly the downsides of how love can transform you.

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### Monteverdi - I tune my lyre [Original: Italian]

I tune my lyre, and to give Mars due honour, sing in the most elevated style.

But I try in vain, because she never resounds but about love.

So either in war's arena or flowery bowers,  
Love dictates that I may sing only of those arms  
that wound hearts.

Now, may the Muse tune the coarse unworthy motifs  
of my plectrum, so that Heaven deems it as worthy  
as the trumpet's sublime melody.

And return to tender affetti  
Soothing the harsh wounds even of the Warrior God,  
lulling him to sleep in Venus' lap

In warmer Italian climates, Monteverdi shows us a musician who tries to honour Mars in song, but cannot, since Venus orders his lyre only to play love songs - thus the goddess of love overpowers the god of war.

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### Sigismondo D'India- What do I see, Alas! [Original: Italian]

What do I see alas?  
Who takes you from me, Euridice, my blessing,  
Who steals you, dearest one to my sight?  
Who deprives my heart and soul of you?  
Here I see nothing which can bring relief to my  
sorrow. Alas, it is as if on the dawn of my joys &  
delights is suddenly fallen an evil dusk

And I, most unhappy must now die without enjoying  
the heavenly beauty of that beloved face,  
sun to my eyes and blessed soul  
Where are you, mirror of my eyes,  
to where have you gone,  
sole spirit and life of my heart?

Eternal Princes of this deep and gloomy kingdom,  
gods of Tartarus, of you I beg mercy:  
return my soul straightaway to me,  
or receive me among your shadows

Return the heart to my heart,  
that languishes and dies in agony

I saw her, then did not,  
like lightning which disappears in an instant  
She ran quickly to death  
and I remain, wan and half alive  
Deprived of my life.

Ah, too harsh a decree, oh Dis, mighty king of Tartarus,  
that fatal law wrongfully withholds my life from me.  
Alas that I should die and must be parted from you,  
my sun without seeing you, and dying without you  
I shall die from sorrow, rather, I am dying now  
And after death will follow you once more in the  
myrtle wood among the loving spirits

I speak and you do not reply  
O Euridice my soulmate, vain desire of my soul

## Programme Notes and Texts

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Ah, roused by vengeful anger I shall go among the  
lifeless spirits  
Hurlled down in flight to the black and flaming waters  
of horrific Phlegethon

But are you raving, Orfeo? Are you in such so  
extremity that you would perish?  
Desperate Orfeo, do not hope any longer for help from  
your life: I am leaving it and, already deprived of you,  
chaste and widowed before even being a bridegroom,

I shall die of sorrow for my desired and sighed for  
love My soul gives way to such sorrow,  
my heart loses its vigour and like a snake lying on the  
earth languishes moribund.

My face is trembling wan and frozen with cold,  
unable to move,

I lie stunned, my heart already exhausted and  
surrendered to grief.

I faint and lie, still as a stone.

Sigismondo D'India, nobleman and musician, wrote both poem and music of Orpheus' sublime lament. He illustrates Orpheus' desperation musically with striking key changes such as B<sup>b</sup> to E major, unprepared dissonance and recitative. It is the opposite of what D'India called the 'tendency for all monodies to sound the same'.

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### Kapsperger -While Wandering

[Original: Italian]

While lovely Angioletta's singing entices every  
gentle soul my heart runs and hangs wholly  
on that sweet song's sound.

And I know not how, meanwhile the spirit of music  
Takes the lips that sing and with them forms and  
paints loquacious and masterful harmony

Through unusual paths it tempers the flexible voice  
with witty sounds and turns and pushes it

With syncopation and twisted runs

Here slowly, there quickly

Sometimes murmuring in low shifting sounds

Alternating imitations, moments of repose,  
and calm breaths.

Sometimes it is suspended and freed  
Sometimes pressed and broken, then held back  
Sometimes vibrating like a shot arrow,  
then led in rings

This part in tremulous and wandering keys,  
that in firm resonant ones.

Thus the heart singing, o miracle of love,  
becomes a nightingale

And spreads its wings to take flight and leave me

Giovanni Kapsperger's song is about a beautiful young singer, but it is also a manual of how the best singers might captivate people, showing the different effects various techniques have on their hearers. Kapsperger was a renowned lutenist.

### Clérambault, 'Orphée' [Original: French]

Thrace's famous singer  
With tender songs of touching regret  
Bemoans his disfavour  
Faithful echos of these woods,  
reply to my voice no longer.  
Nothing can relieve my oppressive sorrow  
I shall never see again the one I love  
Was ever a lover more unhappy?  
Was fate ever more barbarous?  
Tender love united us, but cruel death separates us.  
But how does it help my despair to weep and  
complain yet more?  
Pluto keeps from me the one I adore.  
We must go and beseech him to use his authority.  
This dark chasm allows me a passageway to the  
sombre Stygian shore  
I shall take my love, rage and sorrow there, and bring  
back Euridice, or stay in the kingdom of the dead.  
Go Orpheus, go! May your extreme love be a  
universal example.  
It is beautiful that a mortal should descend to the  
Underworld to be reunited with his love.  
Hurry, generous lover, your love burnishes your glory.  
In the future they will scarcely believe one could love  
with such constancy.  
A spouse's love, a conjugal tenderness, has not power  
enough to cross the Stygian ferry, that honour is  
yours only. Go Orpheus, go! May your extreme love be  
a universal example  
It is beautiful that a mortal should descend to the  
Underworld to be reunited with his love.

Meanwhile the hero arrives at the bank of the  
underworld's river,  
and despite the laws of Atropos, eldest of the Fates,  
addressed these words to the proud god of the  
underworld:  
Redoubtable monarch of these gloomy kingdoms  
I am the son of the god of day  
A hundred times more unhappy than your saddest  
shades And love is the cause  
You see a faithful lover deprived of the only one for  
whom he felt love's fires Alas, the benison of being  
loved in return, makes my pain the more cruel  
Allow yourself to be touched by my tears  
Mend the caprice of an appalling fate  
Give me back my dear Euridice  
Do not separate our two hearts.  
You too have felt the flame of the god  
whose imprints I show  
Ceres' lovable daughter, was able to set your heart  
ablaze by her divine charms  
Allow yourself to be touched by my tears  
Mend the caprice of an appalling fate  
Pluto, surprised to hear music able to move emotions  
in the whole empire of the dead, said:  
Stop making me pity you. Your lament must end. Go  
dangerous mortal, save yourself from this place, take  
back your Euridice.  
But until you see the light of the sky, do not look into  
the brilliance of her eyes.  
Sing the dazzling victory that tender love has brought  
Even in the day of the dead, his flame triumphs.

Louis-Nicolas Clérambault was the most celebrated composer of a new French musical genre which combined French sensibilities with architectural aspects of the Italian cantata. Love was often their subject. Their courtly hearers preferred happy endings, so in *Orphée* we only hear as far as Orpheus' melting Pluto's adamant resolve enough for him to permit Euridice's return to the world. The cantata ends not with Orpheus' demise but celebrating the triumph of love.

## Programme Notes and Texts

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### Handel - Among the flames [Original Italian]

You play among the flames,  
my heart, to make yourself happy  
and are beguiled by a lovely beauty.  
A thousand butterflies fall into the fire,  
but just one phoenix rises from  
its death in the flames

Once upon a time Daedalus with daring hands  
successfully weaved wings, joining feathers together  
with tender wax.

The boy Icarus often got in the way  
of the ingenious work;  
he should never have treated wax and feathers so.  
For those not born as birds, flying is a wonder, but  
falling is what is usual.

Filled with new delights, the boy melted his wings  
while playing in the breezes  
But the waves still talk of that so pleasurable flight.  
Yes, it is too true: many attempt daring flight like  
Icarus, while there is but one Daedalus.

Let he who can glide swiftly  
through land and sea, leaving  
and returning without touching his feet on the earth.  
But man can fly instead with his thoughts,  
with lighter and more sublime wings given by heaven.  
The man who is born to ascend to heaven,  
keeps his thoughts on the ground,  
but then he may fly with imagined wings  
that he does not himself possess.

Our second half returns to Rome. Handel had recently arrived there when he wrote this song to a text from his patron. In a style that has much of Corelli, with German traces, the text tells us of Daedalus' famous wings. Not knowing only he could control them, he allowed his son Icarus to fly. Under his impetuous control they melted in the sun's heat and he plunged into the sea. The poet-patron tells us to use wings of imagination not material ones, to aspire to heavenly things. The text also warns the 22 year old Handel, involved with Prince Ferdinand de' Medici's mistress Vittoria Tarquini, not to fly above his station.

---

### Henry Purcell - Hark, Damon, hark

Hark, Damon, hark, what music's this I hear?  
Gods, what melodious noise invades my ear?  
The flocks are wonderstruck, birds as they fly  
Ravish'd with these sweet strains fall down and die.  
Mark, how from yonder hill it does rebound!  
Hark, how the fainting echoes all around  
Charm'd with delight repeat the pleasing sound.  
Orpheus perhaps is from the shades below

Return'd, and strikes his lyre to let us know  
That since he play'd upon Parnassus' hill  
He has improv'd his fancy and his skill.  
Come, shepherds, come, his pipe let each one take,  
And try what kind of music we can make.  
I'll warrant you, boys, we play louder than he,  
Though our pipes may but jar yet our humours agree,  
And Orpheus himself's not so merry as we.

Our last set returns to London. Purcell's pastoral dialogue dates from the 1670's when he was in his teens. We're not told whose music ravishes the birds, but that its effects are like Orpheus'. As true Englishmen, though, the shepherds prefer something louder and more raucous.

### John Blow - Morph'us the humble God

Morph'us the humble God,  
that dwells in Cottages and smoaky Cells,  
hates Gilded Roofs and Beds of Down;  
and though he fears no Prince's Frown,  
flies from the circle of a Crown:

Come, come, I say, thou pow'rful God;  
and thy Leaden Charming Rod,  
dipt in the Lethean Lake,

o'er his wakeful temple shake,  
lest he should sleep, and never wake.

Nature alas, why art thou so  
obliged to thy greatest foe?  
sleep that is thy best repast,  
yet of death it bears a tast;  
and both are the same thing at last.

By John Blow's era, Morpheus is already viewed as the god of sleep. John Denham's poem refers to the oblivion brought by waters of the Underworld river Lethe, and infers that sleep, death's cousin, only comes easily to those who don't have much to worry them, thus, not much to rulers or the powerful.

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### Sen. Baptist c.1686 - Where art thou?

Where art thou, God of Dreams!  
for whose soft Chain,  
the best of Mankind ever do complain;  
since they affect to be,  
thy Captives before Liberty,  
unkind and disobliging Deity:  
He flies from Princes, and from Lovers Eyes,

yet evry night with the poor Shepherd lyes.  
Shew thy self now a God, and take some care  
of the Distressed, Innocent, and Fair;  
to rest, dispose the pity'd Maid, her Eyelids close,  
gently as Evening Dewes shut up a Rose:  
Then bear in silent Whispers in her Ear,  
such pleasing words, as Virgins love to hear.

The composer of this second Sen. Baptist song might be a Italian Londoner, judging from the instrumental interlude. After complaining of Morpheus' unreliability, the song soothes and charms, with some spice around 'the evening dewes'.

---

### Henry Purcell - Charon the Peacefull

Charon the Peacefull Shade invites  
he hastes to waft him o're,

give him all necessary Rites;  
to land him on the shoare.

Our journey ends at peace, at the River Styx. Purcell conjures up the reposeful end to life, where Charon helps the soul cross from the mortal realm into the afterworld.

Charles Daniels, April, 2018



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Saturday, September 22, 2018

White Rock Baptist Church

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Semi-finals 1:00pm / Finals 7:30pm



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## WHITE ROCK CONCERTS

### WE ARE SEEKING NEW DIRECTORS FOR OUR BOARD

Across Canada, concert organizers envy White Rock Concerts as the prime example of a successful, community-based concert presenter. We consistently present our members with a wide range of world-class classical music performances at very reasonable cost. We remain debt free, grant free and, as a result, artistically free! It's a miracle of concert organization. Such miracles can only be maintained if there are enough people to help ensure continued support and stewardship of that legacy into the future.

**White Rock Concerts is seeking interested and enthusiastic individuals to serve as Directors on its Board. Those with administrative, managerial or organizational skills are particularly welcome.**

If you are interested, or simply wish to find out more information, please contact any of our existing directors you may see volunteering at concerts. Or send us a message through: [info@whiterockconcerts.com](mailto:info@whiterockconcerts.com)

Next year's slate of Directors will be elected at our June 11th AGM. If you can identify or confirm your interest by the end of May, it would be appreciated.