

The Australian Chamber Choir
in partnership with the Melbourne Digital Concert Hall
presents
Survivors of the London Plagues
A C C 8 directed by Douglas Lawrence
Sunday 24 May at 5 pm

The Black Death, or Bubonic Plague was a constant threat in England during the reign of Queen Elizabeth I.

When plague broke out in London in 1563, Queen Elizabeth moved her court to Windsor Castle, where she erected gallows and ordered that anyone coming from London be hanged. Thankfully the threat of hanging proved sufficient to discourage unlawful travel and the penalty was never imposed.

The plague of 1592–93 again prompted a relocation of the Elizabethan court. During this time, public gatherings in theatres or ale houses and fairs were prohibited and Parliament was prorogued in an attempt to reduce infection rates.

Shortly after Elizabeth I's death in 1603, a third plague broke out in London. One of King James' first acts as the English monarch was to issue a book of *Orders* to try to stop the spread of the disease.

A fourth and final outbreak of Bubonic occurred in England in 1665, when Henry Purcell was six years old. This was the deadliest, claiming around a quarter of London's population.

All composers on this program are survivors of one, two or three plagues.

Survivors of One Plague	Survivors of Three Plagues
Richard Farrant (c.1530–80)	William Byrd (c.1540–1623)
Henry Purcell (1659–95)	John Dowland (1563–1626)

Survivors of Two Plagues
Thomas Morley (c.1557–1602)
Thomas Tomkins (1572–1656)
Thomas Weelkes (1576–1623)
Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625)
John Bartlet (fl.1606–10)

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INFLUENZA: Sunday 26 July at 5 pm
All composers on this program suffered through the Influenza epidemics of the country where "Influenza" got its name. The program includes Lassus, Palestrina, Monteverdi
www.AusChoir.org/Influenza

SURVIVORS OF THE LONDON PLAGUES PROGRAM

William Byrd (c.1540–1623)

from the Mass for Five Voices

Kyrie, Gloria, Sanctus, Benedictus, Agnus Dei

Thomas Weelkes (1576–1623) *Gloria in excelsis Deo*

Two Prayers

Henry Purcell (1659–95) *Hear my prayer, O Lord*

Richard Farrant (c.1530–80) *Lord for thy tender mercy's sake*

Thomas Tomkins (1572–1656) **Two Motets**

When David heard that Absalom was slain

I heard a voice

William Byrd *Sing joyfully*

John Dowland (1563–1626)

Three Songs or Ayres

Come again, sweet love doth now invite

Weep no more

Fine knacks for ladies

Two songs about birds

John Bartlet (fl.1606–10) *Of all the birds that I do know*

Orlando Gibbons (1583–1625) *The silver swan*

Thomas Morley (c.1557–1602) **Three Madrigals**

Now is the month of Maying

O grief, ev'n on the bud

April is in my Mistress' face

TEXTS

William Byrd

from the Mass for Five Voices

Kyrie

Lord, have mercy. Christ, have mercy. Lord, have mercy.

Gloria

Glory be to God on high,
and on earth peace, good will towards men.

We praise thee, we bless thee,
we worship thee, we glorify thee,
we give thanks to thee for thy great glory,

O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Almighty.

O Lord, the only-begotten Son, Jesus Christ;

O Lord God, Lamb of God, Son of the Father,

that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.

Thou that takest away the sins of the world, have mercy upon us.
Thou that takest away the sins of the world, receive our prayer.
Thou that sittest at the right hand of God the Father, have mercy upon us.
For thou only art holy; thou only art the Lord;
thou only, O Christ, with the Holy Ghost,
art most high in the glory of God the Father. Amen.

Sanctus

Holy, holy, holy Lord God of Hosts.
Heaven and earth are full of your glory. Hosanna in the highest.

Benedictus

Blessed is he who comes in the name of the Lord.
Hosanna in the highest.

Agnus Dei

Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, have mercy on us.
Lamb of God, who takes away the sins of the world, grant us peace.

Thomas Weelkes *Gloria*

Gloria in excelsis Deo! (Glory be to God on high!)
Sing, my soul, to God the Lord, All in glory's highest key.
Lay the angels' choir abroad, In their highest holy day.
Crave thy God to tune thy heart Unto praise's highest part.
Gloria in excelsis Deo! (Glory be to God on high!) Amen.

Two Prayers

1. Henry Purcell

Hear my prayer, O Lord

And let my crying come unto Thee.

2. Richard Farrant

Lord, for thy tender mercy's sake, lay not our sins to our charge,
but forgive that is past and give us grace to amend our sinful lives;
to decline from sin and incline to virtue, that we may walk in a perfect heart
before thee now and evermore.

Thomas Tomkins

Two Motets

1. When David heard that Absalom was slain

He went up into his chamber over the gate and wept,
and thus he said: my son, my son,
O Absalom my son, would God I had died for thee!

2. I heard a voice from heaven saying unto me,

Write; From henceforth, blessed are the dead which die in the Lord:
Even so, saith the Spirit: for they rest from their labours.

William Byrd

Sing joyfully to God our strength; sing loud unto the God of Jacob!
Take the song, bring forth the timbrel, the pleasant harp, and the viol.
Blow the trumpet in the new moon, even in the time appointed, and at our feast day.
For this is a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob.

John Dowland

Three Songs or Ayres

1. Come again, sweet love doth now invite

Thy graces that refrain to do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again! that I may cease to mourn
Through thy unkind disdain; for now left and forlorn
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die
In deadly pain and endless misery.

But alas, my faith is ever true,
Yet will she never rue nor yield me any grace;
Her Eyes of fire, her heart of flint is made,
Whom tears nor truth may once invade.

Gentle Love, draw forth thy wounding dart,
Thou canst not pierce her heart; For I, that do approve
By sighs and tears more hot than are thy shafts
Do tempt while she for triumphs laughs.

2. Weep you no more, sad fountains; What need you flow so fast?

Look how the snowy mountains Heav'n's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heav'nly eyes View not your weeping
That now lies sleeping, Softly, softly, now softly lies sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling, A rest that Peace begets.
Doth not the sun rise smiling When fair at e'en he sets?
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes, Melt not in weeping
while she lies sleeping, Softly, softly, now softly lies sleeping.

3. Fine knacks for ladies, cheap, choice, brave and new,

Good pennyworths but money cannot move,
I keep a fair but for the fair to view,
A beggar may be liberal of love.
Though all my wares be trash, the heart is true.

Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again,
My trifles come as treasures from my mind,
It is a precious jewel to be plain,
Sometimes in shell the Orient's pearls we find.
Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain.

Within this pack pins, points, laces and gloves,
And diverse toys fitting a country fair,
But in my heart, where duty serves and loves,
Turtles and twins, courts brood, a heavenly pair.
Happy the heart that thinks of no removes.

Two songs about birds

1. John Bartlet

Of all the birds that I do know, Philip my sparrow hath no peer.

For sit she high, or sit she low, Be she far off, or be she near,
There is no bird so fair, so fine, Nor yet so fresh as this of mine.

For when she once hath felt the fit, Philip will cry still:

yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet, yet.

Come in a morning merrily When Philip hath been lately fed;

Or in an evening soberly, When Philip list to go to bed.

It is a heaven to hear my Phipp, How she can chirp with merry lip.

For when she once...

She never wanders far abroad, But is at home when I do call;

If I command she lays on low With lips, with teeth, with tongue and all.

She chants, she chirps, she makes such cheer, That I believe she hath no peer.

For when she once...

2. Orlando Gibbons

The silver swan, who living had no note,

When 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 mine eyes;

More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.”

Thomas Morley

Three Madrigals

1. Now is the month of Maying When merry lads are playing, *Fa la la.*

Each with his bonny lass Upon the greeny grass, *Fa la la.*

The Spring, clad all in gladness, Doth laugh at Winter's sadness, *Fa la la.*

And to the bagpipe's sound The nymphs tread out their ground, *Fa la la.*

Fie then! why sit we musing Youth's sweet delight refusing? *Fa la la.*

Say, dainty nymphs, and speak, Shall we play Barley-break? *Fa la la.*

2. O grief, ev'n on the bud that fairly flowered,

the sun hath lowered,

and, ah, that breast which Love durst never venture,

bold Death did enter.

Pity, O Heav'ns that have my love in keeping,

my cries, my cries and weeping.

3. April is in my Mistress' face

And July in her eyes hath place;

Within her bosom is September,

But in her heart a cold December.

The above program is presented by the Melbourne Digital Concert Hall in keeping with the Victorian Government's COVID-19 restrictions.