

תוגה ותשוקה שירים מהרנסאנס האנגלי

דיויד ויליאם יוז (David William Hughes)
קונטרה טנור ולאווטה-גיטרה

Tobias Hume (c.1579-1645)	Tobacco is like Love
Thomas Weelkes (1576-1623)	Come Sirrah Jack, Ho!
Robert Jones (c.1577-1617)	Now what is love?
Thomas Ford (c.1580-1648)	What then is Love? sings Corydon
Thomas Campion (1567-1620)	If thou long'st so much to learne
John Dowland (1563-1626)	Lady, if you so spite me
Thomas Campion	Never weather-beaten Saile
John Dowland	Come again!
Anon.	Have you seen but a white lily grow?
Thomas Ford	Since first I saw your face
Thomas Campion	Think'st thou to seduce me then
John Dowland	Deare if you change
John Dowland	Flow my tears
Thomas Morley (c.1557-1602)	Will you buy a fine dog?

Feel free to applaud between pieces

Texts

Tobacco is like love

Tobias Hume

Tobacco, Tobacco
Sing sweetly for Tobacco,
Tobacco is like love, O love it
For you see I will prove it.
Love maketh leane the fatte mens tumor,
So doth Tobacco,
Love still dries uppe the wanton humor,
So doth Tobacco,
Love makes men sayle from shore to shore,
So doth Tobacco
Tis fond love often makes men poor
So doth Tobacco
Love makes men scorn al Coward feares,
So doth Tobacco
Love often sets men by the eares
So doth Tobacco.
Tobacco, Tobacco
Sing sweetly for Tobacco,
Tobacco is like love, O love it
For you see I have proved it.

Come sirrah Jack, ho!

Thomas Weelkes

Come sirrah Jack, ho!
fill some Tobacco,
bring a wire and some fire,
haste away, quick I say,
do not stay, shun delay,
for I drank none good today.

Fill the pipe once more,
my brains dance trenchmore,
it is heady I am giddy,
My head and brains, back and reins,
joints and veins, from all pains
it doth well purge and make clean.

I swear that this Tobacco
is perfect Trinidado
by the very Mass never was
better gear than is here

by the rood, for the blood
it is very good, 'tis very good.

Then those that do condemn it,
or such as not commend it,
never were so wise to learn
good Tobacco to discern
Let them go, pluck a crow,
and not know, as I do,
the sweet of Trinidado.

Now what is love, I pray thee tell

Robert Jones

Text: Walter Raleigh

Now what is Love, I pray thee, tell?
Is it that fountain and that well
Where pleasure and repentance dwell?
Is it, perhaps, the sauncing bell
That tolls all into heaven or hell?
And this is Love, as I hear tell.

Yet what is Love, I pray thee, say?
Is it a work on holiday?
It is December matched with May?
When lusty bloods in fresh array
Hear ten months after of their play?
And this is Love, as I hear say.

What then is love, I pray thee say?
Is it a pretty, shady way
As well found out by night as day?
Is it a thing will soon decay?
Then take the vantage while you may,
And this is love as I hear say.

What then is love, sings Corydon*Thomas Ford*

What then is love, sings Corydon,
Since Phyllida is grown so coy?
A flattering glass to gaze upon,
A busy jest, a serious toy,
A flower still budding, never blown,
A scanty dearth in fullest store
Yielding least fruit where most is sown.
My daily note shall be therefore —
Heigh ho, I'll love no more.

'Tis like a lamp shining to all,
Whilst in itself it doth decay;
It seems to free whom it doth thrall,
And lead our pathless thoughts astray.
It is the spring of wintered hearts
Parched by the summer's heat before
Faint hope to kindly warmth converts.
My daily note shall be therefore —
Heigh ho, I'll love no more.

If thou long'st so much to learn*Thomas Campion*

If thou long'st so much to learn,
Sweet boy, what 'tis to love,
Do but fix thy thoughts on me,
And thou shalt quickly prove.
Little suit at first shall win
Way to thy abashed desire;
But then will I hedge thee in,
Salamander-like, with fire.

With thee dance I will and sing,
And thy fond dalliance bear;
We the grovy hills will climb
And play the wanton there.
Other whiles we'll gather flowers
Lying dallying on the grass,
And thus our delightful hours
Full of waking dreams shall pass.
When thy joys were thus at height
My love should turn from thee;
Old acquaintance then should grow
As strange as strange might be;
Twenty rivals thou should'st find

Breaking all their hearts for me;
When to all I'll prove more kind
And more forward than to thee.

Thus thy silly youth enraged
Would soon my love defy.
But alas, poor soul, too late;
Clipped wings can never fly.
Those sweet hours which we had passed,
Called to mind thy heart would burn;
And could'st thou fly ne'er so fast,
They would make thee straight return.

Lady if you so spite me*John Dowland*

Lady, if you so spite me,
Wherefore do you so oft kiss and delight
me?
Sure that my heart oppressed and
over-cloyed,
May break thus overjoyed.

If you seek to spill me,
Come kiss me, sweet, and kill me.
So shall your heart be eased,
And I shall rest content and die, well
pleased.

Never weather-beaten sail*Thomas Campion*

Never weather-beaten sail
More willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs
Affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs
To fly out of my troubled breast:
O come quickly, sweetest Lord,
And take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys
Of heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deafe not there our ears
Nor vapour dims our eyes:
Glory there the sun outshines;
Whose beams the BlesSèd only see:
O come quickly, glorious Lord
And raise my sprite to Thee!

Text: Robert Johnson

O so white,
O so soft,
O so sweet is she!

John Dowland

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
Did tempt while she for triumph laughs.

Thomas Ford

The sun whose beams most glorious are,
Rejecteth no beholder.
And your sweet beauty, past compare,
Made my poor eyes the bolder.
Where beauty moves, and wit delights,
And signs of kindness, bind me,
There, o there where'er I go,
I leave my heart behind me.

Thomas Champion

Learn to speak first, then to woo,
To wooing much pertaineth:
He that courts us wanting Arte,
Soon falters when he faineth:
Looks a-squint on his discourse,
And smiles when he complaineth.

Skilful Anglers hide their hooks,
Fit baits for every season;
But with crooked pins fish thou,
As babes that do want reason,
Gudgeons only can be caught
With such poor tricks of treason.

Ruth forgive me if I err'd
From human hearts compassion,
When I laughed sometimes too much
To see thy foolish fashion:
But alas, who less could do
That found so good occasion?

Dear, if you change

John Dowland

Dear, if you change, I'll never choose again;
Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love;
Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain;
Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll never
prove.

Dear, sweet, fair, wise,-change, shrink, nor
be not weak;
And on my faith, my faith shall never break.

Earth with her flowers shall sooner
heaven adorn;
Heaven her bright stars through earth's
dim globe shall move;
Fire heat shall lose, and frosts of flame be
born;
Air, made to shine, as black as hell shall
prove:
Earth, heaven, fire, air, the world
transformed shall view,
Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you.

Flow my tears

John Dowland

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!
Exiled for ever, let me mourn;
Where night's black bird her sad infamy
sings,

There let me live forlorn.

Down vain lights, shine you no more!
No nights are dark enough for those
That in despair their last fortunes deplore.
Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,
Since pity is fled;
And tears and sighs and groans my weary
days,
Of all joys have deprived.

From the highest spire of contentment
My fortune is thrown;
And fear and grief and pain for my
deserts,
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,
Learn to condemn light
Happy, happy they that in hell
Feel not the world's despite.

Will you buy a fine dog?

Thomas Morley

Will you buy a fine dog, with a hole in his
head?
With a dildo, dildo, dildo;

Muffs, cuffs, ribatos, and fine sisters' thread,
With a dildo, dildo;

I stand not on points, pins, periwigs, combs,
glasses,
Gloves, garters, girdles, busks, for the brisk
lasses;
But I have other dainty tricks,
Sleek stones and potting sticks,
With a dildo, diddle, dildo;

And for a need my pretty pods,
Amber, civet, and musk cods,
With a dildo, with a diddle, dildo!



WELCOME to this performance of *Songs of Sadness, Satire & Seduction*. The songs that I will be performing tonight were predominantly written and published in England between 1580 and 1620, during the reigns of Elizabeth I and James I of England. These songs were all published in their composers' lifetimes, and would originally have been performed in a variety of ways; with a small consort of voices, with instruments and voices, or with a solo lutenist and singer, as I will be performing them today.

What all of these songs have in common is the use of the interplay between words and music to create narrative and humour. In performing these songs tonight, I hope to draw out these aspects, and remain true to the spirit of the songs, even while adding some more modern aspects to the performance. I hope you enjoy this marvellous poetry and music.



DAVID WILLIAM HUGHES is a singer, conductor, composer, and actor based in Boston, MA. Born in the UK, David holds bachelors and masters degrees from the University of Oxford, where he studied composition with Martin Suckling and voice with David Crown, and was a member of the renowned comedy troupe the Oxford Imps ("Devastatingly funny, *****" - EdFringe Review). As a soloist he has toured throughout Europe and the USA: recent solo engagements have included the new opera *Ami and Tami* with the Landmarks Orchestra ("Hughes was perfect" – The Times of Israel), Purcell's *Ode on St. Cecelia's Day* with the Harvard Radcliffe Chorus, and new musical *The King's Ear* at Boston University.

In 2018-19 David's one-man musical comedy *Elizabethan* played to packed houses in the USA, UK and Australia ("It's a hoot, a bawdy entertainment, and a display of consummate musicality that brings tears to the eyes." – ScotsGay Arts); in 2019 David presented his second solo show *Wit and Mirth* in Boston, London and Edinburgh ("An intimate delight, I loved every second." – MusicalTalk); in 2020 his new version of Pergolesi's *La Serva Padrona* will play in the US, the UK and Sweden.

David is a Lay Clerk at St. Paul's, Harvard Square and teaches music and comedy at the *Lycée International de Boston*. He is a founding member of the vocal consort Sfumato, and is the director of the chamber choir Tactus Ensemble ("Beautifully illuminated... viscerally satisfying" – Boston Musical Intelligencer). David studies voice with Frank Kelly.