

TEXTOS DEL PROGRAMA

John Dowland

Flow my Tears

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 forlorne.

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 throwne,
And feare, and grieve, and paine for my deserts,
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

Hark you shadows that in darkness dwell,
learn to contemn light
Happy, happy, they that in hell
feel not the world's despite.

John Dowland

Can she excuse my Wrongs

Can she excuse my wrongs with Virtue's cloak?
Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?
No, no: where shadows do for bodies stand,
Thou may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.
Cold love is like to words written on sand,
Or to bubbles which on the water swim.
Wilt thou be thus abused still,
Seeing that she will right thee never?
If thou can'st not o'ercome her will
Thy love will be thus fruitless ever.

Was I so base that I might not aspire
Unto those high joys which she holds from me?
As they are high, so high is my desire;
If she this deny, what shall granted be?

If she will yield to that which Reason is,
It is Reason's will that Love should be just.
Dear make me happy still by granting this,
Or cut off delays if that die I must.
Better a thousand times to die
Than for to live thus still tormented;
Dear, but remember it was I
Who for thy sake did die contended.

Benjamin Britten

The Sally Gardens

Down by the Sally Gardens, my love and I did meet.
She passed the Sally Gardens with little snow-white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the trees,
But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

In a field by the river, my love and I did stand
And on my leaning shoulder, she laid her snow-white hand.
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

Benjamin Britten

The Trees They Grow So High

The trees they grow so high and the leaves they do grow green,
And many a cold winter's night my love and I have seen.
Of a cold winter's night, my love, you and I alone have been,
Whilst my bonny boy is young, he's a-growing.
Growing, growing,
Whilst my bonny boy is young, he's a-growing.

O father, dearest father, you've done to me great wrong,
You've tied me to a boy when you know he is too young.
O daughter, dearest daughter, if you wait a little while,
A lady you shall be while he's growing.
Growing, growing,
A lady you shall be while he's growing.

I'll send your love to college all for a year or two
And then in the meantime he will do for you;
I'll buy him white ribbons, tie them round his bonny waist
To let the ladies know that he's married.
Married, married,
To let the ladies know that he's married.

I went up to the college and I looked over the wall,
Saw four and twenty gentlemen playing at bat and ball.
I called to my true love, but they would not let him come,
All because he was a young boy and growing.

Growing, growing,
All because he was a young boy and growing.

At the age of sixteen, he was a married man
And at the age of seventeen he was a father to a son,
And at the age of eighteen the grass grew over him,
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing.
Growing, growing,
Cruel death soon put an end to his growing.

And now my love is dead and in his grave doth lie,
The green grass grows o'er him so very, very high.
I'll sit and I'll mourn his fate until the day I die,
And I'll watch o'er his child while he's growing.
Growing, growing,
And I'll watch o'er his child while he's growing.

Benjamin Britten

The Choirmaster's Burial

He often would ask us
That, when he died,
After playing so many
To their last rest,
If out of us any
Should here abide,
And it would not task us,
We would with our lutes
Play over him
By his grave-brim
The psalm he liked best -
The one whose sense suits
"Mount Ephraim"-
And perhaps we should seem,
To him, in Death's dream,
Like the seraphim.

As soon as I knew
That his spirit was gone
I thought this his due,
And spoke thereupon
"I think" said the vicar,
"A read service quicker
Than viols out-of-doors
In these frosts and hoars.
That old-fashioned way
Requires a fine day,
And it seems to me
It had better not be."

Hence, that afternoon,
Though never knew he
That his wish could not be,
To get through it faster
They buried the master
Without any tune.

But 'twas said that, when
At the dead of next night
The vicar looked out,
There struck on his ken
Thronged roundabout,
Where the frost was graying
The headstones grass,
A band all in white
Like the saints in church-glass,
Singing and playing
The ancient stave
My the choirmaster's grave.

Such the tenor man told
When he had grown old.

John Dowland

Sorrow, stay!

Sorrow, stay! lend true repentant tears
To a woeful wretched wight.
Hence, Despair! with thy tormenting fears
O do not my poor heart affright.
Pity, help! now or never;
Mark me not to endless pain.
Alas, I am condemned ever,
No hope, no help there doth remain.
But down, down, down, down I fall
And arise I never shall.

John Dowland

My Thoughts are winged with Hopes

My thoughts are wing'd with hopes, my hopes with love.
Mount love unto the Moone in clearest night,
And say as she doth in the heavens move,
In earth so wanes and waxeth my delight:
And whisper this but softly in her eares,
Hope oft doth hang the head, and trust shead teares.

And you my thoughts that some mistrust do cary,
If for mistrust my mistresse do you blame,
Say though you alter, yet you do not varie,

As she doth change, and yet remaine the same:
Distrust doth enter hearts, but not infect,
And love is sweetest seasoned with suspect.

If she, for this, with clouds doe maske her eyes,
And make the heavens darke with her disdain,
With windy sighes, disperse them in the skies,
Or with the teares dissolve them into raine;
Thoughts, hopes & love return to me no more
Till Cynthia shine as she hath done before.

John Dowland

In Darkness let me dwell

In darkness let me dwell,
The ground shall sorrow be,
The roof despair to bar
All cheerful light from me,
The walls of marble black
That moistened still shall weep,
My music hellish jarring sounds
To banish friendly sleep.
Thus wedded to my woes,
And bedded to my tomb,
O let me living die,
Till death do come.

Benjamin Britten

O Waly, Waly

The water is wide, I cannot get oe'r,
And neither have I wings to fly.
Give me a boat that will carry two,
And both shall row, my love and I.

O, down in the meadow the other day,
A-gathering flowers both fine and gay,
A-gathering flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against some oak,
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended and then he broke;
And so did my false love to me,

A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep, as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in;
I know not if I sink or swim.

O, love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old, it groweth cold
And fades away like morning dew

Happy, happy were he
could finish forth his fate
In some unhaunted desert
where, obscure from all society
from love and hate of worldly folk
then might he sleep secure
Then wake again and give God ever praise
content with hips and haws and brambleberry
In contemplation spending all his days
and change of holy thoughts to make him merry
Where when he dies his tomb might be a bush
where harmless robin dwells with gentle thrush
Happy, happy were he!

(from the libretto by William Plommer)

John Dowland

If my Complaints

If my complaints could passions move,
Or make love see wherein I suffer wrong:
My passions were enough to prove,
That my despairs had governed me too long.
O love, I live and die in thee,
Thy griefin my deep sighs still speakes:
Thy wounds do freshly bleed in me
My heart for thy unkindness breaks:
Yet thou dost hope when I despair,
And when I hope, thou mak'st me hope in vain.
Thou saist thou canst my harms repair,
Yet for redress, thou let'st me still complain.

Can love be rich, and yet I want?
Is love my Judge, and yet I am condemn'd?
Thou plenty hast, yet me dost scant:
Thou made a God, and yet thy power contemn'd.
That I do live, it is thy power:
That I desire it is thy worth:
If love doth make men's lives too soure,
Let me not love, nor live henceforth.
Die shall my hopes, but not my faith,
That you that of my fall may hearers be
May here despaire, which truly faith,
I was more true to love than love to me.

John Dowland

I saw my Lady weep

I saw my lady weep,
And sorrow proud to be advanced so:
In those fair eyes, where all perfections keep,
Her face was full of woe,
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts,
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

Sorrow was there made fair,
And passion wise, tears a delightful thing,
Silence beyond all speech a wisdom rare,
She made her sighs to sing,
And all things with so sweet a sadness move,
As made my heart at once both grieve and love.

A fairer than aught else,
The world can show, leave off in time to grieve,
Enough, enough, your joyful looks excels,
Tears kills the heart believe.
O strive not to be excellent in woe,
Which only breeds your beauty's overthrow.

John Dowland

Shall I strive with Words

Shall I strive with words to move, when deedes receive not due regard?
Shall I speak, and neyther please, nor be freely heard?
All woes have end, though a while delaid, our patience proving.
O that times strange effects could but make, but make her loving.
I woo'd her, I lov'd her and none but her admire.
O come deare ioy, and answere my desire.

Griefe alas though all in vaine, her restlesse anguish must reveale:
Shee alone my wound shall know, though she will not heale.
Stormes calme at last, and why may not shee leave off her frowning?
O sweet Love, help her hands my affection crowning.
I woo'd her, I lov'd her and none but her admire.
O come deare ioy, and answere my desire.