



THE KEBLE EARLY MUSIC FESTIVAL

**Keble Choir's Graduate Choral Assistants
present**

The Sounds of the City

Wednesday 26 February 2025 at 1pm

Singers:

Nnaemeka Anyamele, Leo Charlier, Katya Davisson, Steph Garrett,
Minna Jeffery, Jemima Kinley, Veronica Tarka

Christian Wilson
chamber organ

With thanks to the Warden and Fellows of Keble College

**THE KEBLE
EARLY MUSIC
FESTIVAL**

FESTIVAL DIRECTOR Christian Wilson
FESTIVAL ADMINISTRATOR Pippa Thynne
FESTIVAL ASSISTANT Madeleine Morris

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KEBLE EARLY MUSIC FESTIVAL scan this QR code
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THE STORY

We find ourselves on the outskirts of an unspecified city – could be Paris, London, Florence, Calais, perhaps all of them at once – in an unspecified time that begins roughly in the 1400s and lasts all the way until the end of the 1600s. All is still, until...what goes there? Ah! 'tis a merry band of countryfolk searching for gainly employment, come to try their luck in the big city. On first arrival, an idyllic scene greets our happy crew. They follow the flowing river that wends its way through the city, listening to its murmuring waves...Little do they know that they have in fact arrived at a city on the brink of battle. All of a sudden the city is under siege as the French strike out to seize the land back from the English! In the aftermath of battle comes a moment of calm as the people pray that God might console this city made desolate. Indeed, it appears that the cathedral was destroyed in battle, and a new one has had to be built and consecrated with great haste. Indeed, the newly built cathedral is swiftly put to good use as a funeral takes place. Following this mournful moment, back out on the street, life is returning to the city and we suddenly find ourselves at market day in this now thriving centre of commerce. Also in the marketplace is the town crier, who encourages city-folk to bring him wrongdoers and warns of punishment for diverse misdemeanours. And, alas, the crier's threats are not empty. We wander a little further and find ourselves at the gates of the debtors' prison, outside of which good-hearted philanthropists exhort us to donate money to those confined therein. After all this upheaval, the countryfolk decide that city life is perhaps not for them, after all... But before they leave they decide to have one final night of debauched revelry at their favourite tavern!

HILDEGARD VON BINGEN (c.1098–1179)

O presul vere civitatis

This sequence, composed and written by the 12th century Benedictine abbess and mystic Hildegard von Bingen, is a celebration of St Disbod, who founded her monastery. In an intimate and personal devotional poem, Hildegard makes extensive use of architectural metaphors to emphasise Disbod's journey from a nomadic to a cloistered life. Here, the city appears as locus of spiritual salvation rather than a physical place; Disbod, in turn, becomes a liminal figure, as both the founder of an earthly monastic community, and now ascended to the eternal heavenly city.

O presul vere civitatis,
qui in templo angularis lapidis
ascendens in celum, in terra prostratus
fuisti propter Deum.

*O prelate of the true City,
in the temple of the cornerstone
you mount up to heaven, on earth layed low
for God.*

O mons clause mentis,
tu assidue pulcrum faciem
aperuisti in speculo columbe.

*O mountain of the cloistered mind,
you patiently disclosed the beautiful face
in the mirror of the dove.*

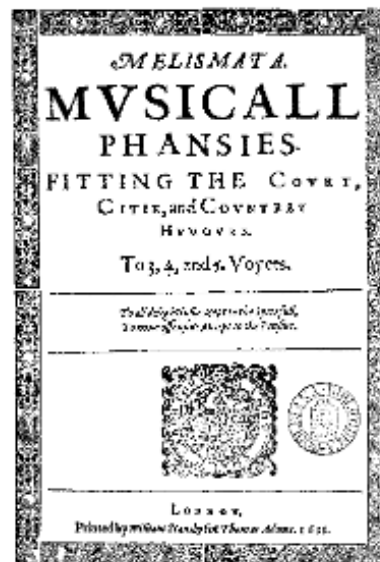
THOMAS RAVENSCROFT (c.1588-1635)

Servants out of Service

From his 1611 collection of rounds and part-songs *Melismata*, this humorous song describes the trials of servants forced to travel to the city looking for work. Intended to be light and frivolous, and with an undeniable theatrical character, this publication, subtitled 'musical phansies fitting the court, citie, and country humour' is an attempt to capitalise on the rapidly growing market for printed popular music, with as varied an audience as possible. Though the publication makes no reference to lyricists or arrangers, at least some of the material is likely taken from the songs written for the plays of the child choristers at St Paul's (where Ravenscroft worked), or indeed derived from traditional street cries or ballads.

Heigh hoe, away the Mare,
let us set aside all care,
if any man be disposed to trie,
Loe here comes a lustie crew,
that are enforced to crie,
anew Master anew.

Hey now,
We neither minde to begge nor starve,
weele take small paines,
And yet will thrive hay now,
We will have more than we deserve,
weele cut their throates that are alive.



CLAUDIO MONTEVERDI (1567-1643)

Ecco mormorar l'onde

Composed in 1590, this piece from Monteverdi's second book of madrigals is among the best known of his early works. Describing a landscape slowly waking at dawn, it is an invitation to attend to the sounds of nature through its particular attention to word-painting and onomatopoeic effect; this kind of attunement to the sounds of place feels very contemporary – could we see this as pre-figuring the 'sound walk' or modern sound art installations?

Ecco mormorar l'onde,
e tremolar le fronde
a l'aura mattutina e gli arboscelli,
e sovra i verdi rami i vaghi augelli
cantar soavemente,
e rider l'Oriente.
Ecco già l'alba appare
e si specchia nel mare
e rasserena il cielo:
e imperla il dolce gelo,
e gli alti monti indora.
O bella, e vaga Aurora!
L'aura è tua messaggera, e tu de l'aura
ch'ogni arso cor ristaura.

*Here the waves murmur
and the foliage quivers
with the morning breeze, and the shrubs;
and on the tree branches the pretty birds
sing softly;
and the Orient smiles.
Here dawn looms up
and is reflected in the sea
and brightens up the sky
and beads the sweet ice
and gilds the tall mountains.
O beautiful and lovely dawn!
the gentle breeze is your herald, and you the breeze
which refreshes every burnt heart.*

GUILLAUME COSTELEY (c.1530–1606)

La Prise de Calais (Hardis François)

This chanson commemorates the recapture of Calais from the English in 1558. The first section describes the French assault on the city walls; in the second, the inhabitants of the city recant the occupants and beg for mercy; finally, Calais herself welcomes the King of the French and scolds the English for their hubris.

Calais, a strategic port-city, had a long history of sieges and occupation by foreign forces; she was to be taken once more by the Spanish in 1596. The latter was the last siege of the city until 1940.

Hardis François, et furieux Normantz,
Picardz, Bretons, Gascons, et Rochelloys,
C'est à ce coup sans plus estre dormantz,
Que de Calais faut chasser les Angloys.
Tambours, clairons, bruyez, faictes effroys.
Tonnez canons, renversez les rempars!
Marchons soldatz, les rempars sont espars;
Entrons dans l'eau, et passons les fossez,
Rentoy, Calais, cache tes estandars.
À mort cannaille, à mort passez.
France par terre et par la mer aussi,
Dedens, victoire à vous Françoisse.

*Come my brave Frenchmen, and angry Normans,
Picards, Bretons, Gascons, Rochellaises.
Now's the chance, no more dozing,
to chase the English out of Calais!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums.
Fire the cannons, storm the ramparts!
March on soldiers, the ramparts have been breached;
broach the waters and cross the ditches,
Strike your colours, Calais.
Die, rascals!
In France, by land and by sea
we will be victorious, Frenchmen.*

Las je me rendz!
et plus ne suis Angloise,
Nobles François ayez de moy mercy,
sans nul bon droit.
L'Anglois me print icy,
me captivant en orgueilleux lien.

*Alas, I surrender!
I'm not English anymore
Noble Frenchmen, have mercy on me
The English had no right
to take me here
and hold me captive.*

Bienvenu soys, car à toy j'appartien,
Roy des François justement m'as conquise,
fuy donc de moy, Anglois et ta fierté
car c'est en vain qu'on garde la cité,
Si le grand Roy n'en prise.

*Be welcome for I belong to you.
The French King has justly conquered me
Flee from me, you English, and take your pride
for it is in vain that you guard the city
If the great King does not guard it.*

JACQUET DE MANTUA (1483–1559)

Aspice domine

The composer Jacquet of Mantua is thus named for the city-state where he spent most of his life, though he was French by birth. Palestrina later parodied this motet for a mass in his second book of masses (Missa Aspice Domine).

Aspice Domine, quia facta est desolata civitas plena divitiis,
sedet in tristitia domina gentium:
non est qui consoletur eam, nisi tu Deus noster.

*Behold O Lord, the city that was full of riches is made desolate,
she that lorded it over the nations now sits in sorrow:
and there is none to console her, except you, our God.*

Terribilis est locus iste plainchant

The plainchant introit used for the dedication of a church or temple.

Terribilis est locus iste: hic domus Dei est et porta caeli: et vocabitur aula Dei.

Alleluia, alleluia.

Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine, virtutum!

concupiscit et deficit anima mea in atria Domini.

Gloria Patri.

This place inspires awe and fear; it is the house of God, and heaven's gate; and it shall be called the court of God.

Alleluia, alleluia.

How lovely are your dwelling places, Lord of hosts!

My soul desires and pants for the courts of the Lord.

HENRY PURCELL (c.1659–1695)

O dive custos auriacae domus

An elegant and sinuous duet in the Italian style, setting an elegy for Queen Mary by Henry Parker, describing how Oxford and Cambridge themselves join in the lament for the defunct monarch.

O Dive custos Auriacae Domus

Et spes labantis certior imperi;

Orebus adversis vocande,

O superum, o superum decus in secundis!

Seu te fluentem pronus ad Isida

In vota fervens, in vota fervens Oxonidum chorus,

Seu te precantur, quos remoti

Unda lavat properata Cami,

Descende, descende coelo non ita creditas,

Visurus, visurus aedes praesidiis tuis,

Descende, descende visurus penates,

Penates Caesaris, et, et penetrali sacrum.

Maria musis flebilis occidit,

Maria gentis deliciae breves,

Maria, Maria occidit,

O flete Mariam, o flete Mariam,

Flete Mariam, o flete Camoenae,

O flete Divae! Flete dea moriente.

*O sacred guardian of the House of Orange,
And certain hope of faltering sovereignty,
O thou on whom we call in our misfortunes,
Our chiefest glory in prosperity!*

*Whether to thee, prostrate by Isis stream,
The Oxonian chorus pays its ardent vows,
Or whether they entreat thee, who are laved
By hastening waters of the distant Cam,
Come down from heaven to visit these thy
temples,*

*Bestowed – not thus – upon thy votaries;
Come down, to see the sacred hearth and
home*

Of Caesar, and to pass into the shrine.

*Mary is dead: lament now, O ye Muses!
Mary, the brief delight of all our nation;
O weep for Mary! weep, O soul of poesy!
Weep, goddesses: divinity is dead.*

CLÉMENT JANEQUIN (c.1485–1558)

Les Cris de Paris

Born in Châtellerault c. 1485, to his contemporaries Janequin was best known for his secular songs (such as *La bataille de Marignan*, *La chasse*, *Le chant des oiseaux*), despite being ordained in 1523. This genre-defining song is the first example of the market-crier song, inspiring many other works, notably Gibbons' *Cries of London*. After an introduction inviting the audience to listen to the 'cries of Paris', Janequin layers around forty different cries of market vendors and artisans advertising their wares, including wine, matches and various types of vegetable, and referencing specific locations in the city. The effect is an immersive soundscape of the chaos of a 1530s city market.

Voulez-vous ouyr les cris de Paris?
 Où sont-ilz ces petitz pions ?
 Pastez très tous chaulx, qui l'aira?
 Vin blanc, vin cleret, vin vermeil à six deniers.
 Casse museaux tout chaulx.
 Je les vendz, je les donne pour ung petit blanc.
 Tartelettes friandes à la belle gauffre!
 Et est à l'enseigne du berseau qui est en la rue
 de la Harpe.
 Sa à boyre, ça!
 Aigre, vin aigre!
 Fault il point de saultce vert ?
 Moustarde, moustarde fine!
 Harenc blanc, harenc de la nuyt!
 Cotrez secz, cotrez! Souliers vieux!
 Arde buche! Choulx gelez!
 Hault et bas rammonez les caminades!
 Qui veult du laict ?
 C'est moy, c'est moy, je meurs de froit!
 Poys verts! Mes belles lestues, mes beaulx
 cibotz!
 Guigne, douce guigne!
 Faut-il point de sablon ? Voire joly!
 Argent m'y duit! Argent m'y fault!
 Gagne petit! Lye! Alumet! Houseaux vieux!
 Pruneaux de Saint Julien!
 Febves de Marez, febves!
 Je fais le coqu, moy!
 Ma belle porée, mon beau persin, ma belle
 oseille, les beaulx espinards!
 Pêches de Corbeil! Orenge! Pignes vuidez!
 Charlotte m'amyé! Apétit nouveau petit!
 Amendez vous dames, amendez! Allemande
 nouvelle!
 Navetz! Mes beaulx balais! Rave douce, rave!
 Feure, feure Brie! A ung tournoys le chapellet!
 Marons de Lyon! Chervis! Mes beaux pesons!
 Alumet, alumet, alumettes sèches! Vin
 nouveau!
 Fault-il point de grois ? Choux, petits choux
 tous chaulx!
 Fault-il point de boys ? Choulx gelez!
 Et qui aura le moule de gros boys ?
 Eschaudez chaux! Sèche bourrée!
 Serceau, beaux serceau! Arde chandelle!
 Palourde!
 A Paris sur petit pont geline de feurre!
 Si vous en voulez plus ouyr, allez les donc
 querre!

*Do you want to hear the cries of Paris?
 Where are they, these small drinkers?
 Very hot dumplings; who wants 'em?
 White wine, pink wine, ruby wine at six deniers.
 Snout cakes, all hot.
 I'm giving them away; I'm selling them for next to
 nothing.
 Delicious waffles!
 And from the shop on Rue de la Harpe.
 It's for drinking, this!
 Vinegar!
 Who needs green liquor?
 Fine mustard!
 White herring, night-caught herring!
 Dried firewood! Old shoes!
 Warming woodchips! Winter cabbages!
 Sweep your chimneys top to bottom!
 Who wants milk?
 I do, I'm dying of cold!
 Green peas! Lovely lettuces, onion sets!
 Sweet cherries!
 Who needs some sand? Pretty glasses!
 I need money; that's what I want!
 On a small margin! Tinder! Lees of wine! Vintage
 gaiters!
 Broad beans from Moretz!
 Prunes from Saint Julien!
 I'm going cuckoo, I am!
 My choice amaranth, my choice parsley, my
 choice sorrel, my choice spinach!
 Peaches from Corbeil! Oranges! Empty
 pinecones!
 Charlotte, my friend! A new appetite!
 New almonds; new almains.
 Turmuts! My lovely besoms! Sweet beets!
 Straw! Brie! A rosary for a tourney.
 Skirret! Lyon chestnuts! My lovely fishes!
 Dry spills! Vin nouveau!
 Who wants grease? Sprouts or small buns,
 sweetheart, all hot!
 And who will have this bundle of logs? Hot
 pastries.
 Stuffed squid!
 Handsome hoops and what a nice pair of bright
 candles!
 Plump meatballs!
 Straw hens at Petit-Pont in Paris!
 If you want to hear any more, go there and seek
 them out!*

THOMAS RAVENSCROFT

The Cryer's Song of Cheapside

This piece, also from Ravenscroft's *Melsimata*, gives voice to a town crier, opening with the traditional cry of 'Oyes, oyes!'

Oyes, oyes, oyes!

If any one at fifteen hath taken up and found
a pretty, pretty thing that hath her maiden head unbound,
If any gallant have with Catertray, play'd the wise Aker,
and made all away, let him come to the Crier.

There will be laid a thousand pound to ten,
that none of these will ere be had again.

Oyes, oyes!

If note or line, or word be here let fall,
that gives to any man the taste of Gall,
let him come to the Crier.

I will lay my lips to a fat shroving Hen,
that none of these will be had again,
for this I say and likewise I protest,
no arrows here are shot at any breast,
but all are welcome to my music feast:
unto my music feast.

MAURICE GREENE (1696-1755)

On the poor confined debtors

A poignant beggar's song, published in Greene's 1747 collection of *Catches and Canons*, which takes the form of a round.

On the poor confined debtors
bestow your charity,
for the Lord's sake.

THOMAS TOMKINS

Adieu, ye city pris'ning towers

A delightful eulogy for country life, Tomkins colours the landscape with bright, budding trees and fills the hedges with delicately-chirping birds. The hocket-like, 'chirping' passages see the cantus and quintus parts playfully interwoven in an avian chatter with the lower voices. Despite the following invocation to love—'delay not!'—the meandering music dawdles before reaching an eventual cadence in Tomkins' characteristically jesting word-setting. The final tripla section, another invitation to love, but this time coaxing and cajoling in nature, brings the song to a close.

Adieu, ye city pris'ning towers,
better are the country bowers.
Winter is gone, the trees are springing,
birds on ev'ry hedge sit singing.
Hark, how they chirp.
Come, love, delay not,
come, come, sweet love, O, come and stay not.

ANON.

Quand je bois du vin claret

An old dance tune, a 'tourdion' to be precise, recorded in a collection edited by Pierre Attaignant in 1530. The lyrics are in fact a more modern addition, added in by César Geoffroy in 1949, written in the style of sixteenth-century drinking songs.

Quand je bois du vin claret
Ami tout tourne, tourne, tourne, tourne.
Aussi désormais je bois Anjou ou Arbois.
Chantons et buvons, à ce flacon faisons la guerre;
chantons et buvons, les amis, buvons donc!

Buvons bien, là buvons donc
à ce flacon faisons la guerre.
En mangeant d'un gras jambon,
à ce flacon faisons la guerre!

Buvons bien, buvons mes amis, trinquons,
buvons vidons nos verres.
En mangeant d'un gras jambon,
à ce flacon faisons la guerre!

Le bon vin nous a rendu gais,
chantons oublions nos peines, chantons.
En mangeant d'un gras jambon,
à ce flacon faisons la guerre!

*When I drink claret wine,
My friend, everything turns, turns, turns, turns.
Now I also drink Anjou or Arbois.
Let's sing and drink, let's wage war on this bottle;
Let's sing and drink, my friends, let's drink then!*

*Drink the drinks well, then,
wage war on this bottle.
Whilst eating a fatty ham,
Wage war on that bottle!*

*Drink well, drink my friends, a toast,
Let's drink and drain our glasses.
Whilst eating a fatty ham,
Wage war on that bottle!*

*Good wine has made us merry,
Let's sing, let's forget our sorrows, let's sing.
Whilst eating a fatty ham,
Wage war on that bottle!*

