



# Sospiri Ardenti

## Some Strange Felicity

Musical scenes from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* and *The Tempest*

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## *The Tempest, or the Enchanted Isle*

### *Act I, Scene i : Overture/Masque of Devils*

1	The First Musick : Introduction	Matthew Locke (1621/2 – 1677)	(1:21)
2	Galliard	Locke	(1:22)
3	Gavot	Locke	(0:53)
4	Song: Arise, arise, ye subterranean Winds	Pietro Reggio (c.1632 – 1685)	(1:31)
5	Dance of Winds	Locke	(0:58)

### *Act I, Scene ii: "Come unto these yellow sands"*

6	Song: Come unto these yellow sands	John Banister (c.1625 – 1679)	(0:48)
7	"Where should this music be?"	William Shakespeare (1564 – 1616)	(0:39)
8	Song: Full fathome five	Robert Johnson (1583 – 1633)	(2:38)
9	"This ditty does remember"	Shakespeare	(0:46)
10	Duet: Go thy way	Banister	(1:46)
11	"I'll take thy word for once"	Shakespeare	(0:07)

### *Act II, Scene ii (Shadwell): "Dear pretty youth"*

12	Song: Dear pretty youth	Henry Purcell (1659 – 1695)	(1:59)
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### *Act III, Scene iii: Banquet*

13	Song: Dry those eyes which are o'erflowing	Banister	(1:02)
14	Strange and Solemn Music: Pavan	Locke	(4:03)
15	Air	Locke	(1:06)

### *Act IV, Scene iii (Shadwell): "Adieu to the pleasures"*

16	Adagio	Nicola Matteis (? – 1707)	(3:10)
17	Song: Adieu to the Pleasures and Follies of Love	James Hart (1647 – 1718)	(3:48)

### *Act V, Scene i: "My noble Master!"*

18	"My noble master!"	Shakespeare	(1:04)
19	Song: Where the bee sucks	Johnson	(1:11)

## Twelfth Night, or What You Will

### Act I, Scene i: "If Music be the Food of Love, Play on!"

- |                                             |                            |        |
|---------------------------------------------|----------------------------|--------|
| 20 Song: Ah Robin, gentle Robin             | William Cornyshe (d. 1523) | (4:04) |
| 21 "If Music be the Food of Love, Play on!" | Shakespeare                | (0:44) |

### Act I, Scene iii: "Art Thou Good at those Kickshawes, Knight?"

- |                                                 |                               |        |
|-------------------------------------------------|-------------------------------|--------|
| 22 "Art thou good at these kickshawes, knight?" | Shakespeare                   | (1:22) |
| 23 Gailliard                                    | Orlando Gibbons (1583 – 1625) | (0:49) |
| 24 Paul's Steeple                               | Anonymus (16th century)       | (2:22) |

### Act II, Scene iii: "Now, a Song!"

- |                                      |                                |        |
|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------|--------|
| 25 "Now, a song"                     | Shakespeare                    | (0:20) |
| 26 Song: O mistress mine             | Thomas Morley (1557/8 – 1602)  | (2:19) |
| 27 "A mellifluous voice"             | Shakespeare                    | (0:06) |
| 28 Song: Farewell deare love         | Robert Jones (fl. 1597 – 1613) | (5:31) |
| 29 Variations on "Slaep zoete slaep" | Jacob van Eyck (1589 – 1657)   | (2:11) |

### Act II, Scene iv: "O fellow, that song we had last night"

- |                           |                                |        |
|---------------------------|--------------------------------|--------|
| 30 Fantasie               | John Dowland (1563 – 1626)     | (2:57) |
| 31 "Oh, fellow, come"     | Shakespeare                    | (0:26) |
| 32 Song: Come away, Death | Melody: "Heart's-Ease" (anon.) | (2:01) |

### Act V, Scene i: Epilogue

- |                                                |             |        |
|------------------------------------------------|-------------|--------|
| 33 Song: When that I was and a little tiny boy | Traditional | (2:51) |
|------------------------------------------------|-------------|--------|

(Total: 58:28)

*Julie Comparini*, mezzo-soprano (4, 6, 8, 10, 13, 19, 20), recitation (9, 18, 22, 25, 27)

*Ellen Delahanty*, soprano (10, 12, 17, 20, 26, 28, 32, 33), recorder (1, 2, 3, 5, 19), recitation (7, 9, 11, 18, 22, 25, 31)

*Jurgen De bruyn*, lutes (1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 8, 10, 13-16, 19, 23, 24, 26, 28, 29, 30, 32), recitation (18, 21, 31)

*Geert Van Gele*, recorders (14, 15, 16, 20, 23, 24, 26, 29), harpsichord (1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10, 12, 17, 19), recitation (25)

“Tempests are kind, and salt waves fresh in love.”

-- Viola, Twelfth Night

*The Tempest* is at once a fairy tale, a love story, and an unabashed portrayal of seventeenth-century European colonialism, and has been adapted dozens of times since its inception by authors wishing to emphasize one or more of these aspects. In recent times, these contemporary interpretations include Aimé Césaire's Marxist adaptation and the 1950's science fiction film *Forbidden Planet*; our recording borrows text and music from *The Tempest, or the Enchanted Isle*, a 1674 revision written by William Davenant and his musical and literary contemporaries and later further reworked by Thomas Shadwell.

The plot of both Shakespeare's original and Davenant/Shadwell's adaptation are the same: Prospero, the Duke of Milan, has been usurped by Alonso of Naples and his own brother Anthonio and sent to live with his daughter Miranda on a deserted island. Through his magical powers he enslaves the native Caliban, binds the spirit Ariel and the other magical creatures of the island to his service, and calls up a storm to shipwreck his enemies. They arrive on the island, where, through the power of love and magic, Prospero is restored

to his dukedom, Ariel is freed, and Miranda marries Alonso's son Ferdinand. The version from 1674, emphasizing the love story, added Miranda's sister Dorinda and Prospero's ward Hippolyto, as well as a Milcha, a companion spirit to Ariel.

The original *Tempest* has one masque, near the end of the story; in the revised version, this is cut and two other masques substituted: a Masque of Devils near the beginning, when Prospero creates the tempest of the title, and a Masque of Neptune at the end. Our opening sequence contains instrumental music by Matthew Locke from the 1674 production (arranged for recorder and continuo) and the song of the Fifth Devil, who calls the storm into being.

Most of the original songs of *The Tempest* are sung by the spirit Ariel. In Act I, scene ii, he charms the shipwrecked Ferdinand with the songs *Come unto these yellow sands* and *Full fathom five*, followed by (in the Davenant/Shadwell version) the echo duet with Ferdinand, *Go thy way*. The setting of *Full fathom five* by Robert Johnson is the earliest surviving version and probably original; the settings by John Banister are from the 1674 adaptation.

*Dear pretty youth* is sung by Dorinda to the unconscious Hippolyto in the Shadwell version.

*Dry your eyes* is an adaptation of Shakespeare's song *Honor, riches, marriage-blessing*, which appears as part of the wedding masque in the

original; the Banister setting fits Shakespeare's Act III, scene iii, where Ariel provides a magic feast for Alonso, Anthonio, and their companions. Shakespeare's script calls not only for the "strange and solemn music" and "soft music" that we present, but also for "quaint devices" that give the effect of thunder and lightning and cause the banquet and table to magically appear and disappear.

Dorinda, believing Hippolyto to be dead, killed in a duel with Ferdinand, sings the lament *Adieu to the Pleasures and Follies of Love* before finding him alive, well and reconciled with his former enemy Ferdinand. Interestingly enough, this song was never integrated into the 1674 script, but apparently sung in the opera without scenic context.

The play's final song, *Where the bee sucks*, is sung by Ariel as he is set free by Prospero; like *Full fathom five*, the likely original setting of the song is that by Robert Johnson. The song's exhortation to live "merrily" sums up the optimistic ending of the play, in which Prospero has chosen mercy over vengeance, allowed his daughter to marry her true love, reunited his family and set his servant free.

Four hundred years after its first performance, *Twelfth Night* remains one of Shakespeare's most engaging and oft-performed plays. Its central character, Viola, is washed ashore in foreign Illyria after a shipwreck and unsure of her brother's fate or whereabouts; to bide time

for herself, she disguises herself as a eunuch, Cesario, and seeks employment with the Duke Orsino, ruler of the realm. Orsino employs "him" in his unsuccessful romantic pursuit of the Lady Olivia, herself refusing all suitors out of mourning for her dead brother. The ensuing romantic tensions – Viola falls in love with the Duke, who does not know that she is a woman, and Lady Olivia, equally taken in by Viola's disguise, falls for "Cesario" – are redeemed by the re-appearance of Viola's brother Sebastian, the unmasking of Cesario, and the wedding of Viola to the Duke and Lady Olivia to Sebastian.

Equally important to the play is the figure of Feste the clown. Like other "wise fools" of Shakespeare's plays, he provides not only humour, but also insightful commentary on the other characters' actions and motivations. Joining him at Lady Olivia's court are her uncle Sir Toby, her gentlewoman Maria, and another unsuccessful suitor, Sir Andrew Aguecheek. The four of them provide many of the songs and much of the humour in the play, particularly in the pranks they play on Olivia's vain and puritanical steward, Malvolio.

*Twelfth Night* opens with music, but as with almost all instances of instrumental music in Shakespeare's plays, there is no surviving information concerning what exactly was played. We have chosen William Cornyshe's *Ah Robin, gentle Robin*, whose text appears in altered form in a later scene. Its mournful, old-fashioned sound and vacillating portrayal of

requited and unrequited love suit the Duke's melancholy mood.

The first song texts in *Twelfth Night* appear in Act II, scene iii, as Sir Toby, Sir Andrew, Feste and Maria sit up late at night drinking. In response to Sir Toby and Sir Andrew's request for "a love-song", Feste sings *O mistress mine*, a song whose exact musical relationship to the first performances of *Twelfth Night* is obscure. A sixteenth-century tune called "O mistress mine" survives, with various discrepancies, in three early versions: a piece in Thomas Morley's *First Book of Consort Lessons* of 1599 and 1611, a set of harpsichord variations by William Byrd, and (with an unrelated text by Thomas Campion) as the tune to a lute song, "Long have mine eyes gazed with delight." Whether Shakespeare's text was originally sung to Morley's or Byrd's version of the tune (which is likely in itself to have existed beforehand), to an adapted version of the pre-existing tune, or to another tune entirely, is a subject of debate among Shakespeare scholars.

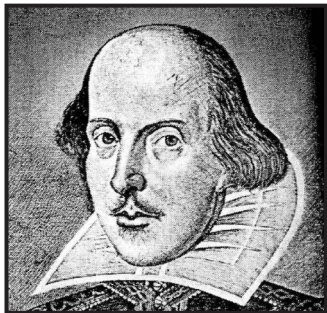
The merry quartet goes on to weave various excerpts from pre-existing (and to Shakespeare's audience, easily recognizable) Elizabethan catch-songs and broadside ballads into their dialogue. After Malvolio's entrance halfway through the scene, he, Feste and Sir Toby sing a humorously mangled version of Robert Jones' lute song *Farewell dear love*, which we present in Jones' original setting.

In Act II, scene iv, the Duke calls for "that old

and antique song we heard last night", to which Feste sings *Come away, Death*. It is possible that the boy playing Viola was meant to sing the song originally and that the script was hastily changed to allow Feste to sing it. As the original tune to this song is unknown, we have adapted it to the Elizabethan tune *Heart's-Ease*.

*Twelfth Night* concludes with the song *When that I was and a little tiny boy*, which we present in its traditional form. Whether the tune is older or younger than the first production of *Twelfth Night*, or was even written by Robert Armin, the actor who probably played Feste in the original production, is a matter of speculation and legend. In keeping with the fool's role, the text is both a nonsense ditty and a philosophical reflection on the orderliness and impartiality of life: knaves and thieves are not welcome among honest men, swaggering does not sweeten a marriage; drink goes to the head — so it has been since the world began. After all disguises are revealed, families reunited and lovers married, the rain still raineth every day.

Text: Julie Comparini



## **The Tempest, or the Enchanted Isle**

*The Fifth Devil:* Julie Comparini

**FERDINAND**, son of the King of Naples:

Ellen Delahanty

**ARIEL**, an airy spirit: Julie Comparini

**DORINDA**, Prospero's daughter: Ellen Delahanty

**HIPPOLITO**, Prospero's adopted son:

Geert Van Gele

**PROSPERO**, the rightful Duke of Milano:

Ellen Delahanty

Act I, scene i

**FIFTH DEVIL:** *Arise, arise, ye subterranean Winds,  
More to distract their guilty minds;  
And all ye filthy Damps and Vapors rise,  
Which use t'infect the Earth,  
And trouble all the Skies.  
Rise you, from whom devouring Plagues give birth,  
You that i'th' vast and hollow womb of Earth;  
Engender Earth-quakes, make whole  
Countries shake,  
And stately Cities into Deserts turn;  
And you who feed the flames  
by which Earth's entrails burn.*

Ye raging Winds, whose rapid force can make  
All but the fix'd and solid Centre shake,  
Come drive these Wretches to that part o'the Isle,  
Where Nature never yet did smile.  
Cause Fogs and Storms, Whirlwinds and  
Earth-quakes there,  
There let 'em howl and languish in despair:  
Rise and obey, ye powerful Prince o'the Air!

Act I, scene ii

**ARIEL: Come unto these yellow sands**

And then take hands.

Curtsi'd when you have, and kiss'd,

The wild waves whist.

Foot it featly here and there,

And sweet sprights the burthen bear.

Hark! hark! Bow wough,

The watch-dogs bark, Bow-wough.

Hark, hark! I hear the strain of

strutting Chanticleer

Cry, Cock-a-doodle-doo.

**FERDINAND: Where should this music be?**

I th' air or th' earth?

It sounds no more; and sure, it waits upon

Some god o' the island. Sitting on a bank,

Weeping again the King my father's wrack,

This music crept by me upon the waters,

Allaying both their fury and my passion

With its sweet air: thence I have follow'd it,

(Or it hath drawn me, rather.) But 'tis gone.

No, it begins again.

**ARIEL: Full fathom five thy father lies;**

Of his bones are coral made;

Those are pearls that were his eyes,

Nothing of him that doth fade,

But doth suffer a sea-change

Into something rich and strange.

Sea Nymphs hourly ring his bell,

Hark! now I hear them, Ding, dong, bell.

**FERDINAND: This ditty does remember  
my drown'd father.**

This is no mortal business, nor no sound

That the earth owes: – I hear it now above me,

But I'll not take his counsel.

ARIEL: Take his counsel.

FERDINAND: It may be the Devil's counsel,

I'll not take it.

ARIEL: Take it.

FERDINAND: I will discourse no more with thee,

Nor follow one step further.

ARIEL: One step further.

FERDINAND: This must have more

importance than an Echo.

Some Spirit tempts to a precipice.

I'll try if it will answer when I sing

My sorrows to the murmur of this Brook.

**FERDINAND: Go thy way.**

ARIEL: Go thy way.

FERDINAND: Why shouldst thou stay?

ARIEL: Why shouldst thou stay?

FERDINAND: Where the winds whistle,

and where the streams creep,

ARIEL: Where the winds whistle,



and where the streams creep,  
FERDINAND: Under yonder willow tree fain  
would I sleep.

ARIEL: Under yonder willow tree fain would I sleep.

FERDINAND: Then let me alone,  
for 'tis time to be gone.

ARIEL: Then let me alone, for 'tis time to be gone.

FERDINAND: What cares or pleasures can be in  
this Isle?

ARIEL: What cares or pleasures can be in this Isle?

FERDINAND: Within this desert place  
there lives no human race.

ARIEL: Within this desert place there  
lives no human race.

FERDINAND: Fate cannot frown here,  
nor kind Fortune smile.

ARIEL: Fate cannot frown here,  
nor kind Fortune smile.

Kind Fortune smiles, and she has  
yet in store for thee  
Some strange felicity.

Follow me, follow me, and thou shalt see.

FERDINAND: I'll take thy word for once;  
Lead on, Musician.

Shadwell, Act II, scene ii

DORINDA: **Dear pretty youth**, unveil your eyes!  
How can you sleep, when I am by?  
Were I with you all night to be,  
Methinks I could from sleep be free:  
Alas, my dear! you're cold as stone:

You must no longer lie alone,  
But be with me, my dear,  
And I in each arm  
Will hug you, hug you close,  
Hug you close and keep you warm.

Act III, scene iii

ARIEL: **Dry those eyes which are o'erflowing**,  
All your storms are over blowing,  
While you in this Isle are biding,  
You shall feast without providing.  
Every dainty you can think of,  
Every wine which you would drink of  
Shall be yours; all want shall shun you,  
Ceres' blessing so light on you.

Shadwell, Act IV, scene iii

DORINDA: **Adieu to the pleasures**  
and follies of Love,  
For a passion more noble my Fancy does move.  
My shepherd is dead, and I live to proclaim  
In sorrowful notes, my Amintas his name.  
The Wood-nymphs reply  
when they hear me complain,  
Thou never shall see thy Amintas again,  
For Death has befriended him,  
Fate has defended him,  
None, none alive is so happy a swain.

You shepherds and nymphs  
that have danc'd to his lays,  
Come help me to sing forth Amintas his praise.  
No swain for the garland durst with him dispute:  
So sweet were his notes when he sang to his lute.  
Then come to his grave, and your kindness pursue,  
To weave him a garland of cypress and yew:  
For Life has forsaken him,  
Death hath o'ertaken him:  
No swain again shall be ever so true.

Then leave me alone to my wretched estate,  
I lost him too soon, and I lov'd him too late.  
Yon echoes and fountains my witnesses prove,  
How deeply I sigh for the loss of my love.  
And now of our Pan, whom we chiefly adore,  
This favor I never will cease to impore:  
That now I may go above, and there enjoy my love,  
Then I never will part with him more.

Act V, scene i

**ARIEL: My noble Master!**

May theirs and your blest Joys never impair.  
And for the freedom I enjoy in Air,  
I will still be your Ariel, and wait  
On Airy accidents that work for Fate.  
What ever shall your happiness concern,  
From your still faithful Ariel you shall learn.

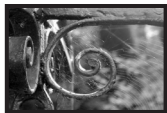
**PROSPERO:** Thou hast been always  
diligent and kind!

Farewell, my long-lov'd Ariel, thou shalt find,  
I will preserve thee ever in my mind,

Henceforth this Isle to the afflicted be  
A place of Refuge, as it was to me:  
The promises of blooming Spring live here,  
And all the blessings of the ripening Year.  
On my retreat, let Heav'n and Nature smile,  
And ever flourish the Enchanted Isle.

**ARIEL: Where the bee sucks, there suck I;**  
In a cowslip's bell I lie.

There I couch when owls do cry,  
On the bat's back I do fly,  
After summer merrily.  
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,  
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



## **Twelfth Night, or What You Will**

**ORSINO, Duke of Illyria:** Jurgen De bruyn

**SIR TOBY BELCH:** Ellen Delahanty (I, ii)

Geert Van Gele (II, iii)

**SIR ANDREW AGUECHEEK:** Julie Comparini

**FESTE, the fool:** Ellen Delahanty

Act I, scene I

SONG: **Ah Robin, gentle Robin,**  
tell me how thy leman doth,  
and thou shalt know of mine.

My lady is unkind, iwis,  
Alack, why is she so?  
She lov'th another better than me  
and yet she will say no.

I cannot think such doubleness  
for I find women true;  
In faith my lady lov'th me well;  
She will change for no new.

Thou art happy whilst that doth last,  
but I say as I find:  
That women's love is but a blast,  
And torneth like the wind.

But if thou wilt avoid thy harm,  
learn this lesson of me:  
At other fires thyself to warme,  
And let them warme with thee.

DUKE: **If music be the food of love, play on!**  
Give me excess of it, that, surfeiting,  
The appetite may sicken, and so die.  
That strain again, it had a dying fall:  
O, it came o'er my ear like the sweet sound  
That breathes upon a bank of violets,  
Stealing and giving odour. Enough, no more;  
'Tis not so sweet now as it was before.

Act I, scene iii

SIR TOBY: **Art thou good at these  
kickshawes, knight?**

SIR ANDREW: As any man in Illyria, whatsoever he  
be, under the degree of my betters; and yet I will not  
compare with an old man.

SIR TO: What is thy excellence in a galliard, knight?

SIR AND: Faith, I can cut a caper.

SIR TO: And I can cut the mutton to't.

SIR AND: And I think I have the back-trick simply as  
strong as any man in Illyria.

SIR TO: Wherefore are these things hid? Wherefore  
have these gifts a curtain before 'em? Are they like to  
take dust, like Mistress Mall's picture? Why dost thou  
not go to church in a galliard, and come home in a  
coranto? My very walk should be a jig; I would not so  
much as make water but in a sink-a-pace. What dost  
thou mean? Is it a world to hide virtues in? I did think,  
by the excellent constitution of thy leg, it was formed  
under the star of a galliard.

SIR AND: Ay, 'tis strong, and does indifferent well in a  
damned coloured stock. Shall we set about  
some revels?

SIR TO: What shall we do else?

Were we not born under Taurus?

SIR AND: Taurus? That's sides and heart.

SIR TO: No, sir, it is legs and thighs.

Let me see thee caper.

Act II, scene iii

SIR ANDREW: **Now, a song!**

SIR TOBY: Come on, there is sixpence for you.

Let's have a song.

SIR ANDREW: There's a testril of me too:

if one knight give a –

CLOWN: Would you have a love-song,

or a song of good life?

SIR TOBY: A love-song, a love-song.

SIR ANDREW: Ay, ay. I care not for good life.

CLOWN: **O mistress mine**, where are you roaming?

O stay and hear, your true love's coming,

That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting,

Journeys end in lovers meeting,

Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;

Present mirth hath present laughter;

What's to come is still unsure.

In delay there lies no plenty;

Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;

Youth's a stuff will not endure.

SIR ANDREW: **A mellifluous voice**, as I am

true knight.

CLOWN : **Farewell, dear love**,

since thou wilt needs be gone.

Mine eyes do show my life is almost done.

Nay, I will never die, so long as I can spy.

There be many moe, though that she do go,

There be many more, I fear not.

Why then, let her go, I care not.

Farewell, farewell, for this I find is true,

I will not spend more time in wooing you.

But I will seek elsewhere, if I may find her there.

Shall I bid her go? What and if I do?

Shall I bid her go, and spare not?

O no, no, no, no, no, I dare not.

Ten thousand times farewell! Yet stay awhile!

Sweet, kiss me once; sweet kisses time beguile.

I have no power to move; how, now, am I in love?

Wilt thou needs be gone? Go then, all is one.

Wilt thou needs be gone? O hie thee!

Nay, stay and do no more deny me.

[Once more, farewell! I see loth to depart

Bids oft adieu to her that holds my heart.

But seeing I must lose thy love that I did choose,

Go thy ways for me, since it may not be;

Go thy ways for me, but whither?

Go, O but where I may come thither.]

What shall I do? My love is now departed.

She is as fair as she is cruel hearted.

She would not be entreated with

prayers oft repeated.

If she come no more, shall I die therefore?

If she come no more, what care I?

Faith, let her go, or come, or tarry.

Act II, scene iv

DUKE: **O, fellow, come**, that old and antique

song we heard last night.;

Methought it did relieve my passions much,

*More than light airs, and recollected terms  
Of these most brisk and giddy-paced times.*

*CLOWN: Are you ready, sir?*

*DUKE: Ay, prithee, sing.*

*CLOWN: **Come away, come away death,***

*And in sad cypress let me be laid;*

*Fie away, fie away, breath,*

*I am slain by a fair cruel maid;*

*My shroud of white, all stuck with yew,*

*O, prepare it.*

*My part of death, no one so true did share it.*

*Not a flower, not a flower sweet*

*On my black coffin let there be strown;*

*Not a friend, not a friend greet*

*My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown;*

*A thousand, thousand sighs to save,*

*lay me, o where*

*Sad true lover ne'er find my grave to weep there.*

Act V, scene I

*CLOWN: **When that I was and a little tiny boy***

*With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain,*

*A foolish thing was but a toy,*

*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain*

*The rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came to man's estate,*

*With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain,*

*'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,*

*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain  
The rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came, alas, to wive,*

*With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain,*

*By swaggering I could never thrive,*

*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain*

*The rain it raineth every day.*

*But when I came unto my beds,*

*With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain,*

*We toss-pots all had drunken heads,*

*For the rain it raineth every day.*

*With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain*

*The rain it raineth every day.*

*A long time ago the world began,*

*With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain,*

*But that's all one, our play is done,*

*And we'll strive to please you every day.*

*With a hey, ho, the wind and the rain*

*The rain it raineth every day.*

## **Instruments**

All renaissance recorders by **Bob Marvin, USA.**

Baroque recorders by **Hans Schimmel, NL (Tracks 14, 15) and Rob Turner, USA (Track 16).**

Early baroque harpsichord by **Walter Maene, BE**

Renaissance 8-course lute by **Dirk De Hertogh, BE.**

Archlute by **Stephen Barber & Sandi Harris, UK.**

## Sospiri Ardenti

**Ellen Delahanty** studied voice with Jessica Cash in London. She received her Master in Music degree in recorder and Historical Performance at the Mannes College of Music in New York, and furthered her recorder studies with distinction at the conservatories of Utrecht, Leuven, and Antwerp. She specializes in early vocal repertoires as a soloist and as a member of the ensembles Quadrivium and Sospiri Ardenti. She regularly appears as a teacher and performer at early music festivals in Europe and the USA.

**Julie Comparini** studied cognitive science at the University of California, Berkeley and early music at the Hochschule für Künste in Bremen. She has appeared in operas such as *Orpheus oder die wunderbare Beständigkeit der Liebe*, *Doktor und Apotheker*, and *The Indian Queen* as well as in the interdisciplinary theater pieces *Die Gelbe Tapete*, *Ein venezianisches Fest*, *Il Caffè d'Amore*, and *Jedermann tanzt*. As a concert and ensemble singer she has performed under the direction of Thomas Hengelbrock, Gustav Leonhardt, and Marc Minkowski and appears regularly with the Balthasar-Neumann-Chor, the Schola Heidelberg and Ensemble Weser-Renaissance.

**Jurgen De bruyn** studied guitar and lute at the Lemmens Institute in Leuven. He has been the artistic director of Zefiro Torna since 2003. He is also a permanent member of the Corydon trio and the Jean-Pierre van Hees Quartet. Jurgen De bruyn has contributed to ensemble projects such as the Huelgas Ensemble, Collegium Vocale Gent and the Flemish Opera. He has also taken part in projects in other genres: jazz-world music with The Chris Joris Experience, contemporary dance with Les Ballets C de la B, and theatre with music by composer Peter Vermeersch with NTGent.

After finishing his studies at several conservatories in Flanders with honours, **Geert Van Gele** went on to co-found the Flanders' Recorder Quartet. For ten years he performed and recorded with the Quartet in Europe and both North and South America. Along the way he won several important international competitions. He is regularly invited to give masterclasses. As a soloist he is admired as much for his interpretations of Bach and his performances of early Italian baroque music as for his mastery of contemporary recorder literature – repertoires which he has all recorded on CD.

**Sospiri Ardenti** specializes in the music of the late Renaissance and early baroque -- a period of turbulent discussion about the paths new music should follow and passionate interest in the many ways musical texts could and should be emphasized in performance. The name *Sospiri Ardenti* ("Passionate Sighs") was taken from a song title in Giulio Caccini's 1601 collection *Le Nuove Musiche*. Caccini's search for new musical directions, his emphasis on the dramatic and textual qualities of music, formed a bridge between the humanistic philosophy of

the Renaissance and the dramatic possibilities of seventeenth century opera and so served as inspiration for the formation of the ensemble. The four members of *Sospiri Ardenti* are specialists in historical performance practice and have performed with renowned ensembles such as the Flanders Recorder Quartet, Capilla Flamenca, Ensemble Weser-Renaissance, Zefiro Torna, Ex Tempore and the Balthasar-Neumann-Chor.

**Recording:** *Kattenberg, Borgerhout (BE), 2008-2011*  
**Production, editing, & mastering:** *Geert Van Gele*  
**Research and notes:** *Julie Comparini*  
**Design:** *Hans De Cock*  
**Special Thanks to:** *Gabi Bartels, for her coaching*

*This recording is issued by Kattenberg Recordings, Kattenberg 43, 2140 Borgerhout, Belgium  
View our catalogue at [www.kattenberg.net](http://www.kattenberg.net)*

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