

NAXOS

Maurice
GREENE
(1696-1755)

Spenser's Amoretti
(25 Sonnet Settings)

Benjamin Hulett, Tenor • Luke Green, Harpsichord
Giangiaco Pinardi, Theorbo



Maurice Greene (1696-1755)

Spenser's Amoretti

Maurice Greene is said to have gained his musical education as a chorister at St Paul's Cathedral in London under Jeremiah Clarke and Charles King, before becoming an organ pupil of Richard Brind from 1710. Following positions as organist at St Dunstan-in-the-West from 1714 and at St Andrew's Holborn from February 1718, he succeeded Brind as organist at St Paul's Cathedral in March 1718. In 1727 when William Croft, one of London's leading church musicians, died, Greene gained a further prestigious post as principal organist and composer of the Chapel Royal. One of Greene's duties there should have been to provide music for large-scale royal occasions, such as the 1727 coronation, the wedding of Princess Anne in 1734 and the funeral of Queen Caroline in 1737. The royal family, however, continually preferred Handel and requested that he write the music for these occasions instead of Greene. In 1730 Greene earned the title of Doctor of Music from Cambridge and his setting of Pope's *Ode for Musick on St Cecilia's Day* was performed at the Public Commencement which also marked the opening of the new Senate House on 6th July; less than a week later he was given the honorary title of Professor of Music. When he gained the position of Master of the King's Music in 1735, Greene held the three major musical appointments in London.

It is for his church music that Greene is primarily remembered today, and in 1743 he published a popular collection of *Forty Select Anthems*, after which he planned a larger volume of church music, which remained incomplete on his death. Greene was additionally involved in secular music-making and was a founding member of the Academy of Vocal (later Ancient) Music in 1706. In 1731, however, he was involved in the Bononcini-Lotti madrigal affair, which split the Academy, causing Greene to leave, taking his friend, the violinist Michael Christian Festing and the choir of St Paul's Cathedral with him to found a new musical society based at the Devil's Tavern in the Strand. The semi-private

Apollo Academy primarily performed the works of its founding members, Greene, Festing and William Boyce, including oratorios, odes, masques and pastoral operas as well, no doubt, as instrumental music and songs.

During the 1730s, following the foundation of the Apollo Academy, Greene naturally showed an increased interest in writing music for secular performance contexts which resulted in works such as his oratorios *The Song of Deborah and Barak* (1732) and *Jephtha* (1737), and the pastoral masques *Florimel, or Love's Revenge* (1734) and *Phoebe* (1747). From 1739 Greene's name was also associated with a collection of twelve English songs which had been published anonymously by John Walsh as *The Chaplet* in 1738; eight of the songs can be confirmed as Greene's work and the collection appears to have been popular, reaching a fourth edition by 1741. The late 1730s additionally show a marked interest among composers in London in setting texts from well-known English poets of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. This may have been partly inspired by the success in 1736 of Handel's *Alexander's Feast* to a text by John Dryden, followed by settings by Handel of further texts by Dryden, John Milton and William Congreve between 1739 and 1741. During the eighteenth century the works of these poets had gained a reputation as literary classics, becoming national poetry, much in the same way as music from composers such as Purcell and Corelli had gained a 'classic' status. With the development of English oratorio by Handel in the 1730s there was an increased need for high-quality English texts for composers to set and earlier generations of poets provided a convenient source of suitable works that were already popular in the eighteenth century. Sixteenth-century texts, especially Shakespeare and Spenser, were also popular in the eighteenth century. Spenser was mostly remembered for *The Faerie Queene* and *The Shepheardes Calendar*. In 1715, however, a six-volume edition of Spenser's complete works was published in London by John Hughes, in which he praises the *Amoretti*, a collection of 89 sonnets first published in

1595. With this background it is hardly surprising that Greene, one of England's foremost composers, expressed an interest in setting a text by Spenser. Greene may also have been led to the *Amoretti* by his friend and, since 1734, regular librettist the Reverend John Hoadly, who himself was a keen poet, although no evidence of collaboration on the project survives.

Greene's setting of 25 of Spenser's 89 *Amoretti* sonnets for soprano and continuo were written in 1738 and published the following year on 28th March 1739 by John Walsh; the collection was evidently popular as a second edition was printed just two months later and advertised in the press on 18th May. Greene dedicated the collection to his patron, the Duchess of Newcastle, whose husband may have been influential in Greene's appointment to the Chapel Royal in 1727. There is no record of a specific performance of the songs, although they were almost certainly heard at the Apollo Academy concerts as well as in private.

Spenser's *Amoretti* (Italian for 'little loves') were written as a description of the courtship between himself and his future wife, Elizabeth Boyle, whom Spenser married on 11th June 1594. The sonnets were published together with *Epithalamion* (a wedding song), which describes the resulting marriage. Greene's decision on which sonnets to select from Spenser's collection cannot have been easy and perhaps he had some assistance from John Hoadly; in any case, the selection aims to preserve the nature of Spenser's cycle, maintaining the narrative of the courtship. The sonnets as set by Greene and published in the 1739 edition appear in the same order as Spenser's with the exception of No. 80 '*After so long a race as I have run*' which Greene moved to the start of his collection to act as a general opening. This sonnet additionally includes a reference to Spenser as '*the handmayd of the Faery Queene*', acting as an acknowledgment of the source for Greene's song. Evidentially, Greene took care over the final order of the songs as the two surviving manuscript sources show

some differences in the order, suggesting that Greene may have intended the songs to be performed together as well as individually.

Greene's collection passes through a range of moods, emotions and events and he often reacts to the texts of the sonnets with vivid word-painting techniques, such as in No. 5 which describes the search for love and where Greene depicts '*the rolling wheele that runneth often round*' with a rolling motion of semiquavers in the vocal part imitated by the continuo. While some of the sonnets praise Spenser's future wife, for example in '*Faire Eyes, the myrroure of my mazéd hart*' [3], others describe the pleading required to obtain love, only to be met with scorn and laughter '*Ye tradefull merchants, that with weary toyle*' [4]. Several events in the courtship of Spenser and Elizabeth Boyle are also documented in Greene's selection: the wearing of a '*laurell leafe*' [8] and a net of gold in her hair [10], smiling at her lover [12], and walking together on the strand and writing their names in sand [22]. Greene's setting closes with a further event using three sonnets (Spenser's Nos. 78, 87 and 89) describing love in absence [23] [24] [25]. The majority of Greene's songs are divided into contrasting sections, usually with a change of tempo and sometimes time signature. '*Faire yee be sure, but cruell and unkind*' [17], for example, compares the unkindness of 'she' to a hunting tiger in an adagio section in common time, followed by a 3/8 allegro section as the text moves to compare her pride and pitilessness to a storm beating against a lone tree and a ship wrecked against a rock in a raging flood, and the song closes with an allegro section in common time to describe that 'he' is the same ship, tree and beast that are ruined and destroyed. The careful choice of sonnets and the reactions to the texts which Greene displays make this collection of songs a treasure of the first half of the eighteenth century and one of the earliest examples of a collection of English songs which could be described as a cycle.

Matthew Gardner

Benjamin Hulett



The young British tenor Benjamin Hulett was a choral scholar at New College, Oxford, and also studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama in London. He was a soloist at the Hamburg State Opera from 2005 to 2009 and has achieved great success in lyric rôles from Tamino (*Die Zauberflöte*) and Ferrando (*Così fan tutte*) to Steuermann (*Die Fliegende Holländer*) and Novice (*Billy Budd*). He made his début at the Bavarian State Opera in Munich in Handel's *Alcina*, at Theater an der Wien in the world première of Johannes Kalitzke's *Die Besessenen*, at the Baden Baden Festspielhaus in *Salome*, Salzburger Festspiele in *Elektra*, at Buxton Opera Festival in Lortzing's *Der Wildschütz*, at Opera Rennes in Rossini's *La pietra del paragone*, and for Grange Park Opera as Ferrando. He has returned to Hamburg as Tamino and Narraboth (*Salome*). He made his début with Opera North as Peter Quint (*The Turn of The Screw*) and with the Berlin State Opera as Hippolyt in Henze's *Phaedra*. He has worked with leading conductors in the concert-hall and is also in demand as a recitalist. He has a number of recordings to his credit.

Luke Green



Photo:
Paul Foster-Williams

The Australian harpsichordist and conductor Luke Green has worked primarily in the field of opera, where his expertise has ranged from Monteverdi to *bel canto*. Studying at the Royal Academy after initial studies in Sydney, his affinity with the voice has brought collaboration with Grange Park Opera, the English Bach Festival, The Sixteen and Dartington International Summer School productions. He has had repeat engagements with the Salzburg Festival, the Bavarian State Opera, the Netherlands Opera, the Theater an der Wien, the Israel Philharmonic Orchestra, the Maggio Musicale in Florence and the Opéra National du Rhin in Strasbourg, either as harpsichordist, chef du chant, assistant conductor, or a combination of these rôles. He also worked on Purcell's *Fairy Queen* for Glyndebourne.

Giangiacomo Pinardi



After studying guitar with Costantino Amiti, Giangiacomo Pinardi specialised in early plucked string instruments with Massimo Lonardi at the Music Institute in Pavia (Italy), later attending the annual classes at the Venice School of Early Music. As a collaborator with several ensembles devoted to Renaissance and Baroque repertoires (the Barocchisti, Arte Resoluta, Curtes Francae, Fantazyas and others) he has enjoyed a busy concert career throughout Europe and abroad. In 2001 he was invited by Fabio Biondi to play continuo in his ensemble Europa Galante, performing regularly with them at the most renowned opera seasons and music events all over Europe, the United States, South America, China, Korea, Hong Kong, Japan and Australia.

He has appeared as a performer in more than forty recordings for EMI-Virgin, Opus 111, Chandos, Amadeus, Tactus, Dynamic, Bongiovanni, Stradivarius, Orfeo, ASV and Claves, as well as in many European and American radio and television broadcasting programmes. Giangiacomo Pinardi has also edited the critical edition of the works of F. Corbetta. He plays a thirteen-course theorbo, a copy of an Italian seventeenth-century instrument built in 2004 by Juan Carlos Soto Marin.

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Sir Edmund Spenser (c.1552-1599): Amoretti (1595)

(Numerals in brackets refer to their original place in Spenser's collection.)

① (LXXX)

AFTER so long a race as I have runne
Through Faery land, which those six books compile,
Give leave to rest me being half fordonne,
And gather to my selfe new breath awhile.
Then as a Steed refreshéd after toil,
Out of my prison I will breake anew:
And stoutly will that second worke assoyle,
With strong endeavour and attention due.
Till then give leave to me in pleasant mew,
To sport my muse and sing my loves sweet praise:
The contemplation of whose heavenly hue,
My spirit to an higher pitch will raise.
But let her Praises yet be lowe and meane,
Fit for the handmayd of the *Faery Queene*.

② (I)

HAPPY ye leaves, when as those lilly hands,
Which hold my life in their dead-doing might:
Shall handle you, and hold in loves soft bands,
Like captives trembling at the victors sight.
And happy lines, on which with Starry light,
Those lamping eyes will deigne sometimes to looke
And reade the sorrows of my dying Spright,
Written with teares in heart's close bleeding booke.
And happy rhimes bath'd in the Sacred brooke,
Of HELICON, whence she derivéd is,
When ye behold that Angel's blesséd looke,
My Soules long lackéd foode, my heaven's blis.
Leaves, lines, and rimes, seek her to please alone,
Whom if ye Please, I care for other none.

③ (VII)

FAIRE Eyes, the myrroure of my mazéd heart,
What wondrous vertue is contain'd in you,

The which both life and death forth from you dart
Into the object of your mightie view?

For when ye mildly looke with lovely hew,
Then is my Soule with life and love inspired
But when ye lowre, or look on me askew,
Then doe I die, as one with lightning fired.
But since that life is more than death desired,
Looke ever lovely, as becomes you best,
That your bright beams of my weak eies admired,
May kindle living fire within my brest.
Such life should be the honor of your light,
Such death the sad ensample of your might.

④ (XV)

YE tradefull merchants, that with weary toyle,
Doe seek most precious things to make your gaine;
And both the Indias of their treasure spoile,
What needeth you to seeke so farre in vaine?
For loe, my love doth in herselfe containe
All this worlds riches that may farre be found,
If Saphyres, loe, her eyes be Saphyres plaine,
If Rubies, loe, her lips be Rubies found:
If Pearles, her teeth be pearles both pure and round;
If Ivorie, her forehead Ivorie weene;
If Gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;
If Silver, her faire hands are silver Sheene.
But that which fairest is, but few behold,
Her mind adorn'd with vertues manifold.

⑤ (XVIII)

THE rolling wheeles that runneth often round,
The hardest steele in tract of time doth teare:
And drizzling drops that often doe redound,
The firmest flint doth in continuance weare:
Yet cannot I, with many a dropping teare,
And long intreatie, soften her hard hart:

That she will once vouchsafe my plaint to heare,
Or looke with pittie on my painefull Smarte.
But when I plead, she bids me play my part,
And when I weepe, she sayes, Teares are but water:
And when I sigh, she sayes, I knowe the art,
And when I waile, she turnes herselfe to laughter.
So do I weepe, and waile, and plead in vaine,
Whiles she as steele and flint doth still remain.

⑥ (XIX)

THE merry Cuckow, messenger of Spring,
His trumpet shrill hath thrice already sounded:
That warnes all lovers waite upon their king,
Who now is comming forth with girland Crownéd.
With noyse whereof the quire of Birds surrounded
Their anthems sweet devized of love's praise,
That all the woods their Echoes back rebounded,
As if they knew the meaning of their Lyes.
But 'mongst them all, which did Loves honour raise,
No word was heard of her that most it ought,
But she his precept proudly disobeyes,
And doth his idle message set at nought:
Therefore, o Love, unless she turne to thee
Ere cuckow end, let her a Rebelle be.

⑦ (XXV)

HOW long shall this like dying life endure,
And know no end of her own miserie?
But waste and weare away in termes unsure,
'Twixt feare and hope depending doubtfully:
Yet better were att once to let me die,
And shew the last ensample of your pride:
Then to torment me thus with crueltie,
To prove your powre, which I too well have tride.
But yet if in your hardned brest ye hide,
A close intent at last to shew me grace:
Then all the woes and wrecks which I abide,
As meanes of blis I gladly will embrace.
And wish that more and greater they might be,
That greater meed at last may turne to me.

⑧ (XXVIII)

THE Laurell leafe, which you this day doe weare,
Gives me great hope of your relenting mind:
For since it is the badge which I doe beare,
Ye bearing it doe seem to me inclined:
The Powre thereof, which of in me I find,
Let in likewise your gentle brest inspire
With sweet infusion, and put you in mind
Of that proud mayd, whom now those leaves attyre:
Proud DAPHNE scorning Phœbus lovely fire,
On the Thessalian shore from him did flee:
For which the gods in their revengefull ire
Did her transforme into a Laurell tree.
Then flie no more faire love from Phœbus chace,
But in your brest his leafe and love embrace.

⑨ (XXXIV)

LIKE a Ship that through the ocean wide,
By conduct of some Starre doth make her way,
Whenas a storme hath dimm'd her trustie guide,
Out of her course doth wander far astray.
So I, whose starre, that wont with her bright ray,
Me to direct, with Cloudes is over cast,
Doe wander now in darknesse and dismay,
Through hidden perils round about me plast.
Yet hope I well, that when this storme is past
My HELICE, the Iodestar of my life
Will shine againe, and look on me at last,
With lovely light to clear my cloudy griefe.
Till then I wander carefull comfортless,
In secret sorrow and sad pensiveness.

⑩ (XXXVII)

WHAT guile is this, that those her golden tresses,
She doth attyre under a net of gold:
And with slie skill so cunningly them dresses,
That that which is gold or haire, may scarce be told?
Is it that mens frayle eyes, which gaze too bold,
She may entangle in that golden snare:

And being caught may craftily enfold,
Their weaker harts, which are not well aware?
Take heede therefore, mine eyes, how ye do starr
Henceforth too rashly on that guilefull net,
In which if ever ye entrappéd are,
Out of her bands ye by no means shall get.
Fondness it were for any being free,
To covet fetters, though they golden bee.

¶ (XXXVIII)

ARION, when through tempests cruell wrack,
He forth was throwne into the greedy Seas:
Through the sweet musick which his harp did make
Allur'd a Dolphin him from death to ease.
But my rude musick, which was wont to please
Some daintie ears, cannot with any skill,
The dreadfull tempest of her wrath appease,
Nor move the Dolphin from her stubborn will.
But in her pride she doth persever still,
All carelesse how my life for her decayes:
Yet with one word she can in save or spill,
To spill were pittie, but to save were praise.
Chuse rather to be prays'd for dooing good,
Then to be blam'd for spilling guiltlesse blood.

¶ (XXXIX)

SWEET smile, the daughter of the Queene of Love,
Expressing all thy mothers powfull art:
With which she wnts to temper angry JOVE,
When all the gods he threats with thund'ring dart.
Sweet is thy vertue as thy selfe sweet art,
For when on me thou shinedst late in sadnesse,
A melting pleasance ran through every part,
And me revivéd with heart robbing gladnesse.
Whilst rapt with joy resembling heavenly madnesse,
My soul was ravisht quite as in a trance:
And feeling thence no more her sorrowes sadnesse,
Fed on the fullnesse of that chearefull glaunce,
More sweet than Nectar or Ambrosial meate,
Seem'd every bit, which thenceforth I did eate.

¶ (XL)

MARKE when she smiles with amiable cheare,
And tell me whereto can ye liken it:
When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
Likest it seemeth in my simple wit
Unto the faire sunshine in Sommers day:
That when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
Through the broad world doth spread his goodly ray:
At sight whereof each bird that sits on spray,
And every beast that to his den was fled
Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
And to the light lift up their drouping hed.
So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheeréd,
With the sunshine when cloudy lookes are cleared.

¶ (XLI)

THE Love which me so cruelly tormenteth,
So pleasing is in my extreamest paine:
That all the more my sorrow it augmenteth,
The more I love and doe embrace my bane.
Ne do I wish (for wishing were but vaine)
To be acquit from my continuall smart:
But joy her thrall for ever to remaine,
And yield for pledge my poore captivéd hart;
The which that it from her may never part,
Let her, if please her, bind with Adamant chain:
And from all wandering loves which mote pervart,
In safe assurance strongly it restraine.
Only let her abstaine from crueltie,
And do me not before my time to die.

¶ (XLVII)

TRUST not the treason of those smiling lookes,
Untill ye have their guilefull traines well tride;
For they are like but unto golden hookes,
That from the foolish fish their bayts doe hide:
So she with flattering smyles weake harts doth guide
Unto her love, and tempt to their decay,

Whom being caught she kills with cruell pride,
And feeds at pleasure on the wretched pray:
Yet even whilst her bloody hands them slay,
Her eyes look lovely and upon them smile:
That they take pleasure in her cruell play,
And dying doe themselves of paine beguile.
O mightie charme which makes men love their bane,
And think they die with pleasure, live with paine.

16 (XLIX)

FAYRE cruell, why are you so fierce and cruell?
Is it because your eyes have powre to kill?
Then know, that mercy is the mighties jewell,
And greater glory think to save, than spill.
But if it be your pleasure and proud will,
To show the powre of your imperious eyes:
Then not on him that never thought you ill,
But bend your force against your Enemies.
Let them feel th'utmost of her cruelties,
And kill with lookes, as Cockatrices do:
But him that at your footstoolle humbled lies,
With mercifull regard, give mercy to.
Such mercy shall you make admyr'd to be,
So shall you live by giving life to me.

17 (LVI)

FAIRE yee be sure, but cruell and unkind,
As is the Tygre that with greediness
Hunts after blood, when he by chance doth find
A feeble beast, doth felly him oppresse.
Fair be ye sure, but proud and pittiless,
As is a storme, that all things doth prostrate:
Finding a tree alone all comfortless,
Beats on it strongly it to ruinate.
Fair be ye sure, but hard and obstinate,
As is a rocke amidst the raging floods:
'Gainst which a ship of succour desolate,
Doth suffer wreck both of her selfe and goods.
That ship, that tree, and that same beast am I,
Whom ye do wreck, do ruine, and destroy.

18 (LIX)

THRISE happy she, that is so well assur'd
Unto her selfe and settled so in hart:
That neither will for better be allur'd,
Ne fear'd with worse to any chance to start:
But like a steady ship doth strongly part
The raging waves and keeps her course aright:
Ne ought for tempest doth from it depart,
Ne ought for fayrer weather false delight.
Such self assurance need not feare the spight
Of grudging foes, ne favour seeke of friends:
But in the stay of her own steadfast might,
Neither to one herselfe nor another bends.
Most happy she that most assur'd doth rest,
But he most happy who such one loves best.

19 (LXIII)

AFTER long stormes and tempests sad assay,
Which hardly I endured heretofore:
In dread of death and dangerous dismay,
With which my silly barke was toss'd sore:
I doe at length descry the happy shore,
In which I hope ere long for to arrive;
Fair soyle it seems from far and fraught with store
Of all that deare and daintie is alive.
Most happy he that can at last atchive
The joyous safetie of so sweet a rest:
Whose least delight sufficeth to deprive
Remembrance of all pains which him oppresst.
All pains are nothing in respect of this,
All sorrowes short that gaine eternall blis.

20 (LXVII)

LIKE as a huntsman after weary chace,
Seeing the game from him escape away,
Sits downe to rest him in some shadie place,
With panting Hounds beguiled of their pray:
So after long pursute and vaine assay,
When I all wearie had the chace forsooke,

The gentle Deere return'd the selfe same way,
Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brooke.
There she beholding me with milder looke,
Sought not to flie, but fearlesse still did bide:
Till I in hand her yet halfe trembling tooke,
And with her owne goodwill her firmlye tyde.
Strange thing me seem'd to see a beast so wild,
So goodly wonne with her owne will beguil'd.

㉑ (LXX)

FRESH Spring, the herald of loves mightie King,
In whose coat-armour richly are displayd
All sorts of flowres, the which on earth do spring
In goodly colours gloriously array'd.
Goe to my love, where she is careless layd,
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake:
Tell her the joyous time will not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take.
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
To wait on love amongst his lovely crew:
Where every one that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast therefore sweet love, whilst it is prime,
For none can call againe the passéd time.

㉒ (LXXV)

ONE day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washéd it away:
Againe I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tyde, and made my paines his pray.
Vain man, said she, that doost in vaine assay,
A mortall thing so to immortalize,
For I myselve shall like to this decay,
And eke my name be wipéd out likewise.
No so, (quoth I) let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by Fame:
My verse, your vertues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name.
Where whenas death shall all the world subdue,
Out love shall live, and later life renew.

㉓ (LXXVIII)

LACKING my love I goe from place to place,
Like a young fawne that late hath lost the hind:
And seeke each where, where last I saw her face,
Whose image yet I carry fresh in mind.
I seeke the fields with her late footing syn'd,
I seeke her bowre with her late presence deck't,
Yet nor in field nor bowre I her can find:
Yet field and bowre are full of her aspect.
But when mine eyes I thereunto direct,
They idly backe returne to me againe,
And when I hope to see their true object,
I find myselve but fed with fancies vaine.
Cease then mine eyes, to seeke herselfe to see,
And let my thoughts behold herselfe in mee.

㉔ (LXXVII)

SINCE I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long wearie dayes have I outworne:
And many nights, that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad protract from evening until morne.
For when as day the heaven doth adorne,
I wish that night the noyous day would end:
And when as night hath us of light forlorne,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time with expectation spend,
And faine my grieffe with changes to beguile,
That further seemes his terme still to extend,
And maketh every minute seeme a mile.
So sorrow still doth seeme too long to last,
But joyous houres do flie away too fast.

㉕ (LXXXIX)

LIKE as the Culver* on the baréd bough,
Sits mourning for the absence of her mate,
And in her songs sends many a wishfull vow,
For his return that seems to linger late.
So I alone now left, disconsolate,
Mourn to myself the absence of my love:

And wand'ring here and there all desolate,
Seeke with my Plaints to match that mournfull Dove:
Ne joy of aught that under heav'n doth hove,
Can comfort me, but her own joyous sight:
Whose sweet aspect both God and man can move,
In her unspotted pleasauns to delight.
Darke is my day, whiles her faire light I mis,
And dead my life that wants such lively blis.

*synonymous with 'dove'

Hoadly, in the edition of 1739, gives

'An Explanation of the Old Words us'd in this Book':

Assay – [to] attack

Assoile – [to] try

Amearst – fined

Felly – bitterly

Foredonne – undone (modern usage: ruined)

Forlorne – abandon'd

Guile – deceit

Hove – [to] heave, or breath

Ire – anger

Meed – reward

Ne – nor

Noyous – hurtful

Pleasauns – Pleasure

Sheene – shining

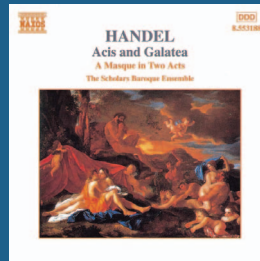
Thrall – Slave

Weene – to think, to be of [the] opinion

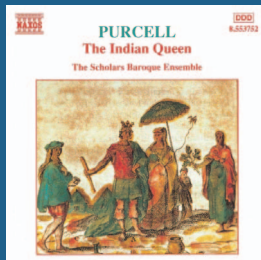
Also available



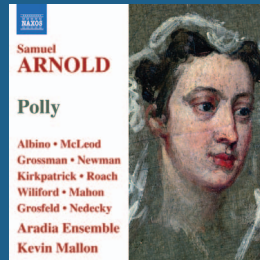
8.550660-61



8.553188



8.553752



8.660241

The distinguished English composer Maurice Greene was appointed Master of the King's Music in 1735. He soon composed a series of 25 sonnet settings taken from the collection of 89 *Amoretti* ('little loves') written by Edmund Spenser, one of the greatest poets of the Shakespearean age. These settings show Greene to have been a master of word-painting technique, and a subtle colourist with a sensitive ear for Spenser's verse. This jewel of a collection is also historically important, as it can be considered one of the earliest song cycles in the history of English music.

Maurice
GREENE
(1696-1755)

25 sonnet settings taken from Spenser's Amoretti

- | | | | | | |
|----|---|------|----|---|------|
| 1 | After so long a race | 3:46 | 14 | The Love which me
so cruelly tormenteth | 3:19 |
| 2 | Happy ye leaves | 2:11 | 15 | Trust not the treason
of those smiling looks | 2:34 |
| 3 | Faire Eyes | 2:44 | 16 | Fayre cruell | 2:30 |
| 4 | Ye tradefull merchants | 2:02 | 17 | Faire yee be sure | 2:15 |
| 5 | The rolling wheele | 2:03 | 18 | Thrise happy she | 1:53 |
| 6 | The merry Cuckow | 2:21 | 19 | After long stormes | 2:10 |
| 7 | How long shall this
like dying life endure | 2:54 | 20 | Like as a huntsman | 1:27 |
| 8 | The Laurell leafe | 3:01 | 21 | Fresh Spring | 3:10 |
| 9 | Like as a ship | 3:31 | 22 | One day I wrote her name
upon the strand | 3:55 |
| 10 | What guile is this | 1:59 | 23 | Lacking my love | 2:19 |
| 11 | Arion | 2:34 | 24 | Since I did leave
the presence of my love | 2:45 |
| 12 | Sweet smile | 3:27 | 25 | Like as the Culver | 3:46 |
| 13 | Marke when the smiles | 1:41 | | | |

Benjamin Hulett, Tenor • Luke Green, Harpsichord Giangiaco Pinardi, Theorbo

Recorded at Britten Studio, Snape Maltings, Suffolk, U.K., from 20th to 22nd February, 2012

Produced, engineered and edited by John Taylor • Booklet notes: Matthew Gardner

The sung texts can be found in the booklet and may also be accessed at www.naxos.com/libretti/572891.htm

Harpsichord after Goermans/Taskin, by Alan Gotto, Norwich, 1991

Cover: *London from Richmond House* by Antonio Canal (Canaletto) (1697-1768)
(Goodwood Collection, Chichester / akg-images)



DDD

8.572891

Playing Time
66:17



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Made in Germany

Booklet notes in English

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