

I SHALL BE MADE THY MUSIQUE

This project is the result of a long held desire to put the poems of John Donne and various other metaphysical poets to music. In the end there were so many to choose from that I whittled it down to John Donne, George Herbert and Henry Vaughan. I started on this project some years back with one of John Donne's poems, *Thou Forgive* and George Herbert's *Love Bade Me Welcome*. Having met up with Penelope Cave, I decided the time was right to try and bring this whole project to fruition.

The metaphysical poets are in one sense strangely contemporary. Their poetry is very passionate and full-blooded. And just as they wrote in deeply devotional terms about their love, so they wrote in the imagery of love about their devotions. John Donne's *Batter My Heart* is particularly breathtaking. The depth of their spirituality and devotion is something I find constantly challenging and I hope that this recording will open people up to look again - or for the first time - at their poetry.

My thanks to Penelope for arranging each composition, and although I did not attempt to be authentic in one sense, nevertheless the instrumentation and style of the accompaniments obviously reflect the period and Penelope's arrangements bring something special to each poem.

Thanks also to David Wavre of Eagle for his support in making this happen; to Tom Blades for keeping a watchful eye on us all and adding to the general "joie de vivre"; to Michael Moor for engineering and to Bill Hunt for playing viola de gamba

In most cases I have used the poems as written – and if I have changed the shape at all, I have never used any words that are not there in the original poem. However, in some cases I have repeated lines or words – either to create a chorus or a second musical section. We have also included two anonymous pieces of that period *Why Aske You* from Will Forster's *Virginal Book* completed by 1625 and the aptly titled *All Done* from Anne Cromwell's *Virginal Book* of 1638.

Garth Hewitt

NOTES ON POETS

John Donne (1572-1631) was born in London, the Catholic son of a prosperous ironmonger, related through marriage to Sir Thomas More. He was admitted to Oxford and later Cambridge. He entered Lincoln's Inn in 1592 and took part in Essex's expeditions to Cadiz and the Azores. In 1598 he became secretary to Sir Thomas Egerton, keeper of the Great Seal, but his glittering career prospects were cut short by a spell in prison, having secretly married Egerton's niece, Anne More, in 1601. With much heart-searching, he gradually journeyed towards the newly established Anglican faith which he described in *Progresse of the Soule* in 1601 and for ten years he hesitated to take orders. King James directed him into the church in 1614 and promoted him to Dean of St Paul in 1621. After the death of his wife, in 1617, he preached widely. From this last period of his creative life, we have the two sonnet sequences, *La Corona* and *Holy Sonnets*. He died on 31st March survived by six of his twelve children.

George Herbert (1593-1633) was the son of Lady Magdalen Herbert to whom Donne addressed his *Holy Sonnets*. After Westminster and Trinity

College, Cambridge, from which he matriculated in 1609, he was set for a worldly career under the patronage of King James the First. He was appointed Reader in Rhetoric at Cambridge in 1618, then Public Orator from 1620-28, but made the decision to turn away from it all and go into the Church. From 1630 he was the dedicated and humble parish priest of Bemerton in Wiltshire. Almost all his verse is found in *The Temple*, published in 1633.

Henry Vaughan (1622-95) was a native of South Wales. He entered Jesus College, Oxford in 1638 and published his first poems in 1646. He took his MD and practised at and around Brecon. He printed his pious meditations, *Silex Scintillans* and devotions in prose in the early 1650's and a collection of elegies, translations and religious pieces was published in 1678 without his authority, by a friend. Chamber's Biographical Dictionary suggests his poetry is very unequal but that "at his best he reaches an exquisite fantasy of expression beyond the reach of George Herbert.

INSTRUMENTS

Until the end of the baroque period, it was normal for an accompaniment to be more or less improvised. Harmonies were filled out from a bass part only, with modern guitar chord symbols being a present day alternative. It left the accompanist free to do whatever most stylishly suited the instrument he played, whether the lute or guitar, the plucked keyboards or organ, and most important it allowed the accompanist to share in the creative urgency of actual performance.

The Virginals - although of the same plucked keyboard family, has a different tone to that of the harpsichord and is particularly connected with the vast repertoire of keyboard music that belongs to the Elizabethan and Jacobean Golden Age in England. The instrument used in this recording is a copy of the Stephen Keene virginals of 1668 in the Raymond Russell Collection, Edinburgh. **The Harpsichord** - is after an Italian instrument by Giusti of 1681, and, like the virginals was made by Michael Heale. The rare examples of early organs suggest a very obvious attack at the start of each note and the **portative organ** is a transportable instrument with a minimum of stops and ideal for accompaniment. The **guitar** was a valuable continuo instrument, either alone or in pairs for lively music, or with other instruments in a larger continuo group. The bass **Viola de Gamba** is played like the cello but with blends perfectly with the keyboard instruments where the bassline needs extra support. The instrument used here is an antique English 17th century viol. **The Recorder** was used extensively in the renaissance and early baroque both for solo and consort playing. It was known variously as the English flute, the common flute, the Block flöte, Flauto dolce and flûte à bec. The **Tambourine** along with many other small drums and castanets, has been used in rustic dance music and folk-music for centuries, as well as in more sophisticated court and society dances in the late renaissance and baroque periods.

Penelope Cave

BATTER MY HEART

Batter my heart, three person'd God; for, you
As yet but knocke, breathe, shine, and seeke to mend;
That I may rise, and stand, o'erthrow mee, 'and bend
Your force, to breake, blowe, burn and make me new.
I, like an usurpt towne, to another due,
Labour to admit you, but Oh, to no end,

Reason your viceroy in mee, mee should defend,
But is captiv'd, and proves weake or untrue.
Yet dearly 'I love you, 'and would be lovid faine,
But am betroth'd unto your enemy:
Divorce mee, 'untie, or breake that knot againe,
Take mee to you, imprison mee, for I
Except you enthrall mee, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except you ravish mee.

Holy Sonnet

John Donne

I SHALL BE MADE THY MUSIQUE

Since I am coming to that Holy roome,
Where, with thy Quire of Saints for evermore,
I shall be made thy Musique; As I come
I tune the Instrument here at the dore,
And what I must doe then, thinke now before.

Whilst my Physitians by their love are growne
Cosmographers, and I their Mapp, who lie
Flat on this bed, that by them may be showne
That this is my South-west discoverie
Per fretum febris, by these streights to die,

I joy that in these straits, I see my West;
For though their currants yeeld return to none,
What shall my West hurt me? As West and East
In all flatt Maps (and I am one) are one,
so death doth touch the Resurrection.

We thinke that Paradise and Calvarie,
Christs Crosse and Adams tree, stood in one place'
Looke Lord, and finde both Adams met in me;
As the first Adams sweat surrounds my face,
May the last Adams blood my soule embrace.

So in his purple wrapp'd receive mee Lord,
By these his thornes give me his other Crowne;
And as to others soules I preach'd thy word,
Be this my Text, my Sermon to mine owne,
Therefore that he may raise the Lord throws down.

So Death doth touch the Resurrection
I shall be made thy Musique.

Hymne to God, my God in Sickness

John Donne

THROW AWAY THY WRATH

Throw away thy rod,
Throw away thy wrath:
Oh my God,
Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
Unto thine is bent:
I aspire
To a full consent.

Not a word or look
I affect to own,
 But by book,
And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep:
Though I halt in pace,
 Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;
Love will do the deed:
 For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;
Love's a man of war,
 And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow?
That which wrought on thee,
 Brought thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod;
Though man frailties hath,
 Thou art God:
Throw away thy wrath.
(Repeat verses 1 and 2)

Discipline

George Herbert

STRONGER FAR THAN DEATH

Lord! When thou didst thyself undress
Laying by thy robes of glory,
To make us more, thou wouldst be less,
And becam'st a woeful story.

To put on clouds instead of light,
And clothe the morning-star with dust,
Was a translation of such height
As, but in thee, was ne'er expressed;

Brave worms and eath! that thus could have
A God enclosed within your cell,
your maker pent up in a grave,
Life locked in death, heav'n in a shell;
Ah, my dear Lord! what could'st thou spy
In this impure, rebellious clay,
That made thee thus resolve to die
For those that kill thee every day?

O what strange wonders could thee move
To slight thy precious blood and breath!
Sure it was Love, my Lord; for Love

Is only stronger far than death.
The Incarnation and Passion
Henry Vaughan

LOVE BADE ME WELCOME

Love bade me welcome: yet my soul drew back,
Guilty of dust and sinne.
But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd worthy to be here:
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,
I cannot look on thee.
Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Love bade me welcome, Love bade me welcome
From my first entrance in.
Love bade me welcome, Love bade me welcome
So I did sit and eat.

Truth Lord, but I have marrid them: so let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.
And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame?
My deare, then I will serve.
You must sit downe, sayes Love, and taste my meat:
so I did sit and eat.

Love bade me welcome, Love bade me welcome
From my first entrance in.
Love bade me welcome, Love bade me welcome
So I did sit and eat.
So I did sit and eat.
Love bade me welcome.

Love

George Herbert

A DEEP, BUT DAZZLING DARKNESS

Through that pure virgin-shrine,
that sacred veil drawn o'er thy glorious noon
That men might look and live as glow-worms shine,
And face the moon:
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.
Wise Nicodemus saw such light
As made him know his God by night.

Most blest believer he!
Who in that land of darkness and blind eyes
Thy long expected healing wings could see,
When thou didst rise,
And what can never more be done,
Did at mid-night speak with the Sun!
And what can never more be done,

Did at mid-night speak with the Sun!

Dear night! Dear night!
This world's defeat: The stop to busy fools;
Dear night! Dear night!
Care's check and curb; the day of spirits;

Dear night! Dear night!
My soul's calm retreat which none disturb!
Dear night! Dear night!
Christ's progress, and his prayer time;
The hours to which high heaven doth chime.
There is in God (some say)
A deep, but dazzling darkness; as men here
Say it is late and dusky, because they
See not all clear;
O for that night! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim.
O for that night! where I in him
Might live invisible and dim.

There is in God (some say)
A deep, but dazzling darkness.

The Night

Henry Vaughan

A GRATEFUL HEART

Thou that hast given so much to me,
Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
See how thy beggar works on thee
By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more,
And says, if he in this be crossed.
All thou hast given him heretofore
Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual knockings at thy door,
Tears sully thy transparent rooms,
Gift upon gift, much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou wentst on,
And didst allow us all our noise:
Nay, thou hast made a sigh and groan
Thy joys.

Not that thou hast not still above
Much better tunes, than groans can make;
But that these country airs thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again;
And in no quiet canst thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of thee:

Not thankful, when it pleases me;
As if thy blessings had spare days:
But such a heart, whose pulse may be
Thy praise.

Gratefulness

George Herbert

BURNE OFF MY RUSTS

O Saviour, as thou hang'st upon the tree;
I turne my backe to thee, but to receive
Corrections, till thy mercies bid thee leave.

O thinke mee worth thine anger, punish mee,
Burne off my rusts, and my deformity,
Restore thine Image, so much, by thy grace,
that thou may'st know mee, and I'll turne my face.

From Good Friday, 1613 Riding Westward

John Donne

THE CALL

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:
Such a Life, as killeth death.

Come my Light, my Feast, my Strength:
Such a Light, as shows a feast:
Such a Feast, as mends in length:
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:
Such a Joy, as none can move:
Such a Love, as none can part:
Such a Heart, as joys in love.
Such a heart, as joys in love.

George Herbert

KING OF COMFORTS

King of Comforts! King of life!
Thou hast cheered me, Thou hast cheered me,
And when fears and doubts were rife,
Thou hast cleared me! Thou hast cleared me!

Not a nook in all my breast
But thou fill'st it,
Not a thought, that breaks my rest,
But thou kill'st it;

Wherefore with my utmost strength
I wil praise thee, I will praise thee
And as thou giv'st line and length,
I will raise thee; I will raise thee;

Day and night, not once a day
I will bless thee,
And my soul in new array
I will dress thee;

not one minute of the year
But I'll mind thee, but I'll mind thee
As my seal and bracelet here I will bind thee;
will bind thee;

In thy word, as if in heaven
I will rest me,
And thy promise till made even
There shall feast me.

Then, thy sayings all my life
They shall please me, they shall please me,
And thy bloody wounds and strife
They will ease me; They will ease me;

With thy groans my daily breath
I will measure,
And my life hid in thy death
I will treasure.

King of Comforts! King of life!
Thou hast cheered me, Thou hast cheered me,
And when fears and doubts were rife,
Thou hast cleared me! Thou hast cleared me!

From Praise

Henry Vaughan

WILT THOU FORGIVE

Wilt thou forgive that sinne where I begunne,
Which is my sin, though it were done before?
Wilt thou forgive those sinnes through which I runne,
And doe them still: thou still I doe deplore?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

Wilt thou forgive that sinne by which I wonne
Others to sinne? and, made my sinne their doore?
Wilt thou forgive that sinne which I did shunne
A yeare or two: but wallowed in, a score?
When thou hast done, thou hast not done,
For I have more.

I have a sinne of feare, that when I have spunne
My last thred, I shall perish on the shore:
Sweare by thy selfe, that at my death thy Sunne
Shall shine as it shines now, and heretofore;
And, having done that, Thou hast done,
I have no more.

A Hymne to God the Father

John Donne