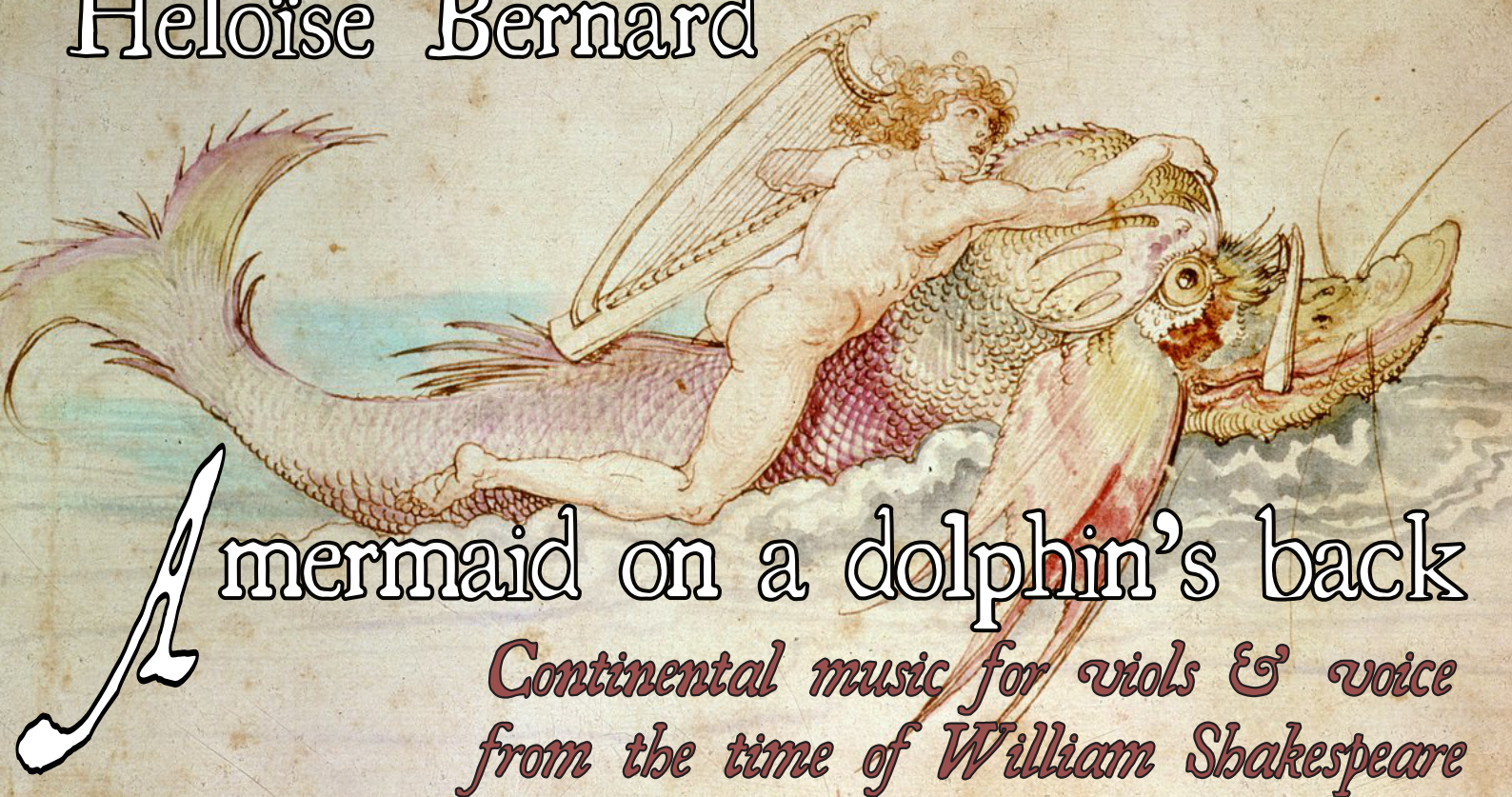


The Linarol Consort of Viols

With soprano

Heloïse Bernard

PISCE SUPER CURVO VECTVS CANTABAT ARION



A mermaid on a dolphin's back

*Continental music for viols & voice
from the time of William Shakespeare*

The Guild Chapel
Stratford upon Avon, Saturday 3rd May
Shakespeare in Music Festival 2025

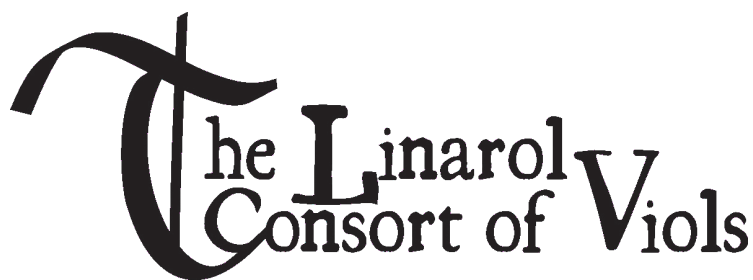
A Mermaid on a Dolphin's Back

Continental music for viols and voice from the time of Shakespeare

In his *Dialogue on Music*, the 14th century poet Petrarch referred to the myth of Arion, riding to safety on the back of a dolphin whom he had charmed with his music. Over two centuries later, Shakespeare was to refer to the same myth in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*, where Oberon recalls to Puck the sight of "... a mermaid on a dolphin's back, uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath that the rude sea grew civil at her song..."

Petrarch, Boccaccio and Dante, the giants of Italian literature of the early renaissance, were to provide inspiration to many of the leading dramatists and composers of the proceeding centuries as well as to England's greatest poet and playwright.

In this programme, the Linarol Consort of Viols are joined by soprano Héloïse Bernard to explore the rich vein of settings of Petrarch, Boccaccio and Dante's words throughout the centuries leading to Shakespeare's life, illustrating the strong vein of influence that pervaded the whole of Europe.



The Linarol Consort (Alison Kinder, Claire Horáček, David Hatcher & Timothy Lin), came into existence in order to explore the soundscape of a unique viol. Known by the dry, curatorial epithet "SAM66", this remarkable instrument, a tenor viol made in Venice around the middle of the 16th century, is the sole surviving viol of the great Venetian luthier Francesco Linarol (c.1520- 1577) and the oldest surviving viol in the world. It is now part of the large collection of

historical instruments in the Kunsthistorisches Museum, Vienna. Following a visit to the museum in 2001, when David Hatcher was fortunate enough to be able to handle, closely examine and photograph the instrument, the Linarol Consort commissioned a set of copies made by Richard Jones, a maker who has dedicated much of his life to researching and recreating instruments after SAM66. Having made over 100 such instruments (Claire Horáček plays No.100), Richard has built up a depth of understanding for his subject second to none, and his viols, being faithful copies of the original, have inspired us to further investigate the possibilities of these earliest manifestations of the viol.

Since its formation, the Linarol Consort has performed in numerous festivals in the UK and abroad. Its performances at the Three Choirs Festivals of 2021 and 2023 drew large audiences, surpassed by over 600 people at the Finnish festival, *Sastamala Gregoriana*, in 2023. In the same year, the consort toured the UK with tenor James Gilchrist, presenting a programme of early German song, which it has recorded as a second volume of two discs of early 16th century music from the circle of Maximilian I (*La La Hö Hö* and *Inn stetter hut*, both on the Inventa label). In collaboration with soprano Héloïse Bernard, the Linarol Consort has explored French song of the same period and has recently recorded a programme of music from the songbooks of Marguerite of Austria, entitled "*Epitaph for a Green Lover*". The consort's fourth recording, music from Petrucci's 1501 publication *Canti B*, will be released shortly.

Héloïse Bernard is a French-American singer based in Glasgow. A graduate of the Royal Conservatoire of Scotland, she also holds a Bachelor in Music from the Estonian National Academy of Music and Theatre and a Masters in French Literature from the University of Paris. Her operatic roles have included Missia in the Merry Widow, by Lehár, Eurydice in *Orphée aux Enfers*, by Offenbach, both at the Festival d'Opera Bouffé d'Etriché, in France. She has sung Mélisande in Auri Jurna's creation of Pelleas/Mélisande at the Theatre Von Glehni in Tallinn and at the International Student Drama Festival in Tartu, Susanna in Mozart's Figaro with the Opera de Catelló, Amore, in *L'incoronazione di Poppea* by Monteverdi with the ensemble OrQuesta, and Lucy, in *The Telephone*, by Menotti.

An actress since her childhood, she completed a degree in Drama at the Ecole Nationale de Créteil. Once in the the UK, she played the roles of Chorus, Boy and Catherine in Leo Graham's staging of Shakespeare's Henry V, in November 2017. A keen interpreter of early music, she has performed profane and sacred repertoire with ensembles in France, the Netherlands and Estonia, appearing as Dido in *Dido and Aeneas* with the Young Baroque Ensemble and more recently as Iris, in Eccles's *Semele* with the Academy of Ancient music, directed by Julian Perkins. She collaborates with Estonian lutenist Kristiina Watt in the Ensemble Cordes en Ciel. Héloïse nourishes a deep interest in contemporary music, involving herself in projects with young poets and composers such as Electra Perivolaris.

Programme

*"She was in love, and he she loved proved mad
And did forsake her: she had a song of 'willow,'
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it: that song to-night
Will not go from my mind."*

Othello Act 4 Scene 3, Othello

Three settings of **Io mi son giovinetta** (Giovanni Boccaccio; The Decameron)

Jean de Castro (c.1540 - 1611)
Domenico Ferrabosco (1513 - 1574)
Alfonso Fontanelli (1557 - 1622)

~~~~~

*"Thy worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul.  
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,  
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends.  
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,  
Unless it be while some tormenting dream  
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils.  
Thou elvish-marked, abortive, rooting hog  
The slave of nature and the son of hell."*

**Richard III Act 1 Scene 3, Margaret**

*"My spirit is failing, my memory has all but disappeared and I'm losing my wits;  
I long for death, and I hope that it will not be long in  
coming, because I am now sixty years old"*

## A setting of **Quanto il mio duol** (Boccaccio; The Decameron)

**Prophetiae Sibyllarum; Prologue** - Orlando di Lasso (1532 -1594)  
**Quanto il mio duol** - Orlando di Lasso

~~~~~

*"Hell is empty
And all the devils are here."*
The Tempest Act 1 Scene 2, Ariel

Two settings of **Quivi sospiri** (Dante Alighieri; Inferno)

Quivi Sospiri - Luzzasco Luzzaschi (1545 - 1607)
Prophetiae Sibyllarum; Sibylla Persica - Orlando di Lasso
Quivi Sospiri - Francesco Soriano (1548 - 1621)

~~~~~

*"I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,  
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,  
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,  
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine."*  
**A Midsummer Night's Dream Act 2 Scene 1, Oberon**

## Verses from **Alla dolce ombra** (Francesco Petrarch; Canzon 142)

**Verse 1** - Jacquet de Berchem (c.1505 - c.1567)  
**Divisions on Alla dolce ombra** - Girolamo dalla Casa (? - c.1601)  
**Verse 2** - Jacquet de Berchem

~~~~~

*Hail to the lady! And the grace of heaven
Before, behind thee, and on every hand,
Enwheel thee round!*
Othello Act 2 Scene 1, Cassio

Verses from **Le Vergine** (Francesco Petrarch; Canzon 366)

Vergine Bella - Guillaume Dufay (1397 - 1474)
Prophetiae Sibyllarum; Sibylla Cimmeria - Orlando di Lasso
Vergine quante lagrime - Cipriano de Rore (1515/16 - 1565)

~~~~~

*"For worse than Philomel you used my daughter  
And worse than Procne I will be revenged."*  
Titus Andronicus Act 5 Scene 3, Titus

A song of revenge: **Philomel and Procne** (Petrarch; Canzon 310)

Zefiro torna - Luca Marenzio (c.1553 - 1599)

~~~~~

*"... Eyes, look your last!
Arms, take your last embrace! and, lips, O you
The doors of breath, seal with a righteous kiss
A dateless bargain to engrossing death!
Come, bitter conduct, come, unsavoury guide!
Thou desperate pilot, now at once run on
The dashing rocks thy sea-sick weary bark!"*
Romeo, Act 5 Scene 3, Romeo

Cantai or Piango (Petrarch; Canzon 229)

Prophetiae Sibyllarum; Sibylla Tiburtina - Orlando di Lasso
Cantai or Piango - Giaches de Wert (1535 -1596)

~~~~~

*"Let music sound while he doth make his choice;  
Then, if he lose, he makes a swan-like end,  
Fading in music."*  
The Merchant of Venice Act 3 Scene 2, Portia

Three settings of **Il bianco e dolce cigno** (Giovanni Guidiccioni)

Orazio Vecchi (1550 - 1605)  
Giovanni Battista Mosto (c.1550-1596)  
Jacques Arcadelt (1507 - 1568)

### **Io mi son giovinetta**

"I am a young girl who laughs and sings,  
for I am soon to be the bride of spring!"  
So sang my love, and straightaway my heart  
thrilled into a wren, wings quivering:  
"I too am young, and in these still bare woods  
my anthems praise, with tinkling bluebells  
and toy-trumpetings of daffodils,  
the buds of love that blossom in your eyes!"  
But even as it sang I saw inside her  
something die, and where a warmth had been  
there was a winter. "If you are wise", she cried,  
"run from these flames, let their ash grow cold;  
for in these eyes the love that you have seen  
flowers not for you, but for another.

### **Quivi sospiri**

There sighs, complaints, and ululations loud  
resounded through the starless air,  
whence I, at the beginning, wept thereat.  
Languages diverse, horrible dialects,  
accents of anger, words of agony,  
and voices high and hoarse, with sound of hands.

### **Vergine quante lagrime**

Virgin, how many tears I now have shed,  
Vain pleas and prayers sent forth in endless ranks,  
Proud products of my pain and near damnation.  
The day that I was born on Arno's banks  
Began the quest through which I have been led,  
In a life of naught but futile tribulation.  
Mortal beauty, works' and words' temptation,  
Pressed on my soul a grievous load;  
Virgin from whom my comfort flowed,  
Hasten—this very year my life's duration  
May close. The days as swift as arrows fly,  
In misery and misdeeds spent,  
But penitent I near the hour to die.

### **Cantai or piango**

I sang, and now I weep, and I take no less  
delight in weeping than I took in singing,  
for the cause and not the effect, is in  
my senses, longing for my noble one.

So I bear mildness and severity,  
cruel or humble or courteous actions,  
equally, no weight burdens me,  
no weapon tipped with disdain touches me.

Let Love, my lady, world and fortune  
treat me as they have always done,  
and I will never think myself unhappy.

Alive, or dead, or languishing, there's no  
state better than mine beneath the moon,  
so sweet is the root of my bitterness.

### **Quanto il mio duol**

How comfortless is my pain,  
Lord, you can feel it, so much I call you  
With a painful voice;  
And I say that I feel so burning,  
That, to lessen my suffering I call for death.  
Let it come then, and with one blow,  
End my cruel and unhappy life  
As well as my fury;  
For, wherever I go, I will suffer less.

### **Alla dolce ombra**

Into the sweet shade of the lovely leaves  
I ran fleeing from the pitiless light,  
burning down on me from the third heaven:  
and snow was already clearing from the hills  
in the loving breeze that brought the new season,  
and flowers to the fields, grass, and branches.

The world has never seen such graceful branches,  
the wind has never stirred such emerald leaves  
as were shown to me in that first season:  
such that, trembling with the fierce light,  
I did not turn for refuge to shadowed hills,  
but to the tree that is noblest in heaven.

### **Zefiro torna**

Zephyr returns and brings fair weather,  
and the flowers and herbs, his sweet family,  
and Procne singing and Philomela weeping,  
and the white springtime, and the vermilion.

The meadows smile, and the skies grow clear:  
Jupiter is joyful, gazing at his daughter:  
the air and earth and water are filled with love:  
every animal is reconciled to loving.

### **Il bianco e dolce cigno**

The white and beautiful swan  
dies singing, and I, crying  
reach the end of my life.  
Strange is it that the swan dies  
without comfort  
And that I die joyfully.  
A death that fulfils me  
With happiness and longing  
Because I feel no other misery (when I die)  
I would be happy to die a thousand deaths a day.