



John Dowland  
A Pilgrimes  
Solace.

*Donna Stewart + Ron Andrico*

**MIGNARŌA**

*with*

*Alex Korolov & Alexander Rakov, viols*



## ΜΙΓΝΑΡΘΑ

Donna Stewart, *voice*  
Ron Andrico, *lute*



Alexander Rakov  
*treble & bass viols*



Alex Korolov  
*bass viol*

# John Dowland. A Pilgrimes Solace.

When we first began our collaborative concentration on music for voice and lute, some of the very first repertoire we performed included part-songs from *A Pilgrimes Solace*, having formed a vocal ensemble to survey the music of Dowland and the composer he most admired, Luca Marenzio. Now entering our tenth year as a duo, we return to this music with a mature appreciation for the poetical texts Dowland selected, as well as a deeper understanding of his compositional skill.

Dowland's last book of songs includes some of the finest, most sensitively wrought music for lute and voice in any language, and certainly represents the pinnacle of the English lute song. Dowland, who identified himself as "J<sup>o</sup>. Dolandi de Lachrimae", advanced a musical persona that was strongly linked with Elizabethan melancholy, and the familiar 'Lachrimae' falling tear motif is found hidden somewhere in the texture of nearly every song on this recording. The notable feature of independent and intricate writing for obbligato treble viol on three songs makes *A Pilgrimes Solace* a groundbreaking publication, despite the contemporary claim that Dowland's music was outdated.

We have long felt that Dowland's music deserves the directness of communication found in the best of the 'singer-songwriter' style of performance and, while the depth of Dowland's texts and the intricacy of his music demand a high level of technique and interpretive skill, we choose to employ a natural singing voice to convey the spirit of the texts in a manner that melds effectively with the subtle sound world of the lute. Our goal is to communicate very intimate musical settings of poetry meant to be performed in small spaces with accompaniments conceived for what Igor Stravinsky called "perhaps the most perfect and certainly the most personal instrument of all."

- Ron Andrico



## ☞ A PILGRIMES SOLACE ☜

In his curmudgeonly epistle “To The Reader,” John Dowland defends himself from “simple Cantors, or vocall singers,” who show their ignorance in their “blinde Division-making” or melismatic ornamentation, and who say “what I doe is after the old manner.” He also complains of “young-men, professors of the Lute,” who disparage their elders, and who have allowed a challenge to go unanswered. They should not let viol players like Tobias Hume displace the lute.

Dowland’s last collection of songs, *A Pilgrimes Solace*, is not entirely “after the old manner.” It looks both backward and forward. Like many of the songs in Dowland’s *First Booke of Songes or Ayres* (1597), there are still songs in alternate four-part versions, and at least one (“Shall I strive with wordes to move”) is based on a dance form (“M. Henry Noell his Galiard,” *Lachrimae*, No. 14). One of the three songs accompanied by obligato viols as well as lute, “Goe nightly cares,” harks back to the old “consort songs” that were used in the choirboy plays of the 1560s.

But in other songs, we may “feel the wind of another planet” -- or at least a gentle breeze -- Dowland’s son Robert had included songs by Caccini and Megli in his *A Musically Banquet* (1610), as well as Dowland’s own declamatory “In darknesse let mee dwell.” And an Italianate sophistication may be heard in several other songs in the 1612 volume. One of the three songs with obligato viols is in fact in Italian (“*Lasso vita mia*”) and sounds more like Caccini than Robert Parsons. The texts of two songs (“Sweet stay a while,” and “To aske for all thy love”) were at one time thought to be by John Donne, and the music is fluid and sophisticated.

Dowland’s trademark melancholy is heard in many of the songs, especially in the third song with viols, “From silent night.” The text is from a much longer poem probably written by the Earl of Essex before his execution in 1601. Dowland’s setting is highly expressive, with madrigalian rests depicting sighs, chromatic passages and dissonances. In this song as in “Goe nightly cares,” and the song in three parts beginning “Thou mightie God,” the melancholy takes on a specifically religious character. Dowland may have been feeling the weight of years, “being,” as he wrote, “now entered into the fiftieth year of mine age.”

- Edward Doughtie

SONG TEXTS

*A note on spelling: Orthography was far from consistent in Dowland's time and the original spellings lend the poetry a unique character. For much the same reason that we prefer to perform from facsimiles whenever possible, we present the texts below as they appear in the original publication.*

**1. Stay time a while thy flying,**

Stay and pittie me dying,  
For fates and friends haue left mee,  
And of comfort bereft mee.

Come, come close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,  
Then to liue thus distressed.

To whom shall I complaine me,  
When thus friends doe disdain mee ?  
T'is time that must befriend me,  
Drown'd in sorrow to end mee.

Come, come close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,  
Then to liue thus distressed.

Tears but augment this fewell,  
I feede by night, (oh cruell)  
Light griefes can speake their pleasure,  
Mine are dumbe passing measure.

Quicke, quicke close mine eyes, better to dye blessed,  
Then here to liue distressed.

**2. Shall I striue with wordes to moue,**

when deedes receiue not due regard ?  
Shall I speake, and neyther please,  
nor be freely heard ?

Griefe alas though all in vaine,  
her restlesse anguish must reuale :  
Shee alone my wound shall know,  
though shee will not heale.

All woes haue end, though a while delaid,  
our patience prouing :  
O that times strange effects  
could but make her louing.

Stormes calme at last, and why may not shee  
leau off her frowning ?  
O sweet Loue, help her hands  
my affection crowning.

I woo'd her, I lou'd her,  
and none but her admire.  
O come deare ioy,  
and answere my desire.

**3. Tell me, true loue where shall I seeke thy being,**

In thoughts or words, in vowes or promise making,  
In reasons, lookes, or passions neuer seeing,  
In men on earth, or womens minds partaking,  
Thou canst not dye, and therefore liuing, tell me  
Where is thy seate, Why doth this age expell thee.

O fairest minde, enrich'd with Loues residing,  
retaine the best; in hearts let some seede fall,  
In stead of weeds Loues fruits may haue abiding;  
at Haruest you shall reape encrease of all.

O happy Loue, more happy man that findes thee,  
Most happy Saint, that keepes, restores, vnbindes thee.



Yet if you please, Ile finde a better way,  
 For so alone then change them :  
 dearest we shall  
 Be one and one,  
 anothers all.  
 Let vs so ioyne our hearts that nothing may  
 estrange them.

*The first Part.*

**10. Thou mighty God**, that rightest euery wrong,  
 Listen to patience in a dying song.  
 When *Iob* had lost his Children, Lands and goods,  
 Patience asswaged his excessiue paine,  
 And when his sorrowes came as fast as fLOUDs,  
 Hope kept his heart till comfort came againe.

*The second Part.*

**11. When Davids life by Saul** was often sought,  
 And worlds of woes did compass him about,  
 On dire reuenge he neuer had a thought,  
 But in his griefes, Hope still did help him out.

*The third Part.*

**12. When the poore Cripple by the Poole did lye**,  
 Full many yeeres in misery and paine,  
 No sooner hee on Christ had set his eye,  
 But hee was well, and comfort came againe,  
 No *Dauid*, *Iob*, nor Cripple in more griefe,  
 Christ giue mee patience, and my Hopes reliefe.

**13. Disdain me still, that I may euer loue**,  
 For who his Loue inioyes can loue no more.  
 The warre once past with ease men cowards proue :  
 And ships returnde, doe rot vpon the shore.  
 And though thou frowne, Ile say thou art most faire :  
 And still Ile loue, though still I must despayre.

As heate to life so is desire to loue,  
 and these once quencht both life and loue are gone.  
 Let not my sighes nor teares thy vertue moue,  
 like baser mettals doe not melt too soone.  
 Laugh at my woes although I euer mourne,  
 Loue surfets with reward, his nurse is scorne.

**14. From silent night, true register of moanes**,  
 From saddest Soule consume with deepest sinnes,  
 From hart quite rent with sighes and heauie groans,  
 My wayling Muse her wofull worke begins.  
 And to the world brings tunes of sad despaire,  
 Sounding nought else but sorrow, griefe and care.

If any eye therefore can spare a teare  
 to fill the well-spring that must wet my cheekes,  
 O let that eye to this sad feast draw nere,  
 refuse me not my humble soule beseekes :  
 For all the teares mine eyes haue euer wept  
 Were now too little had they all bene kept.




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We invite you to visit our blog *Unquiet Thoughts*  
 for musings on why old music works in the 21st century,  
<http://mignarda.wordpress.com>

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## THANKS TO OUR PATRONS

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# John Dowland A Pilgrimes Solace.

*A selection of Musically Harmonie sung with the Lute & Viols*

- |   |               |
|---|---------------|
| 1. Stay Time a while thy flying.                    | 2:31          |
| 2. Shall I strive with wordes to move.              | 2:38          |
| 3. Tell me true Love where shall I seeke thy being. | 5:06          |
| 4. Preludium by Mr Dowland                          | 1:26          |
| 5. Goe nightly cares, the enemy to rest.            | 6:40          |
| 6. Sweete stay a while, why will you rise ?         | 3:52          |
| 7. Lasso vita mia mi fa morire.                     | 3:30          |
| 8. To aske for all thy love.                        | 3:11          |
| 9. Corranto by Dr Dowland                           | 2:38          |
| 10. Thou mightie God.                               | 1. part. 3:55 |
| 11. When Davids life by Saul.                       | 2. part. 1:40 |
| 12. When the poore Cripple.                         | 3. part. 3:26 |
| 13. Disdaine me still, that I may ever love.        | 3:13          |
| 14. From silent night, true register of moanes.     | 6:58          |

