

Gotham Early Music Scene (GEMS) presents



Thursday September 15, 2022 1:15 pm  
St Malachy's Church The Actors' Chapel in New York City  
Live Streamed to [midtownconcerts.org](http://midtownconcerts.org) and [YouTube](https://www.youtube.com)

## Sarah Pillow, Ronn McFarlane & Sorab Wadia *Shakespeare's Songs*

*Sarah Pillow ~ soprano   Ron McFarlane ~ lute*  
*Sorab Wadia ~ actor*

*Twelfth Night ~ O Mistress Mine* Sonnet 65 ~ *Since brass, nor stone* Thomas Morley (1507–1602)

*Merry Wives of Windsor ~ Greensleeves* Anonymous (Ballet Lute Book c. 1590)  
Francis Cutting (c. 1550–1595/1596)  
Anonymous (Thysius Lute Book c. 1600)  
*Fortune My Foe* Sonnet 29 ~ *When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes* John Dowland (1563–1626)

*The Tempest ~*  
*Where the Bee Sucks* Sonnet 99 ~ *The forward violet thus did I chide* Robert Johnson (1583–1633)  
*Full Fathom Five*  
*Lord Willoughby's Welcome Home* Sonnet 30 ~ *When to the sessions of sweet* John Dowland (1563–1626)

*Othello ~ The Willow Song* Sonnet 66 ~ *Tired with all these, for restful death I cry* Anonymous  
*Pavana in F major No. 1 "Bray"* William Byrd (1543–1623)

*As You Like It ~* Sonnet 25 ~ *Let those who are in for with their stars* Thomas Morley  
*It Was A Lover and His Lass* (First Book of Ayres, 1600)

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Christina Britton Conroy, Announcer and Make-up Artist  
John Thiessen, Executive Director



[www.gemsny.org](http://www.gemsny.org)

## About the Program

Soprano Sarah Pillow, lutenist Ronn McFarlane, and actor Sorab Wadia perform ballads and love songs with Shakespeare's most famous poetry. The music is chosen from over a hundred songs referenced, inserted or quoted in Shakespeare's plays, interspersed with some of his most famous sonnets – the origin for which comes from the Italian word for 'sound': *suono*.

## About the Artists

**Sarah Pillow**, soprano, praised with having “a genuinely genre-busting voice, full and vivid” (*The Washington Post*), enjoys a unique career, drawing on her equal expertise in jazz, classical, and early music repertoire. Beginning her career as a jazz singer, Sarah won best vocal solo in a performance at the Montreux Jazz Festival. She went on to study classical singing at Oberlin Conservatory, earning a Bachelor of Music degree. Since moving to New York City from her native California, Sarah has toured the United States and Canada with her jazz quartet, her crossover project, Nuove Musiche, and Galileo's Daughters – her early music ensemble which is shaped by her variety of talents in early music, opera, jazz, drama, and scholarship. A new feature-length film, titled “Perpetual Motion: Revolutions in 17<sup>th</sup>-Century Science and Music” with companion CD, “Sounds of Galileo's World” is being released this fall. For more information, visit: [www.galileosdaughters.com](http://www.galileosdaughters.com) and [www.buckyballmusic.com](http://www.buckyballmusic.com)

GRAMMY-nominated lutenist, **Ronn McFarlane** strives to bring the lute – the most popular instrument of the Renaissance - into today's musical mainstream and make it accessible to a wider audience. He has over 40 recordings on the Dorian/Sono Luminus label, including solo albums, lute duets, flute & lute duets, viola da gamba & lute duets, lute songs, the complete lute music of Vivaldi, a collection of Elizabethan lute music and poetry, and recordings with the Baltimore Consort. Ronn has composed new music for the lute, building on the tradition of the lutenist/composers of past centuries. His original compositions are the focus of his solo CD, *Indigo Road*, which received a GRAMMY Award Nomination for Best Classical Crossover Album of 2009. In 2010 Ronn founded Ayreheart, an ensemble brought together to perform new compositions as well as early music. Ayreheart's first CD release, *One Morning*, consists of all-original music by Ronn McFarlane. Ayreheart's 2016 release, *Barley Moon*, blends folk music and art music from Renaissance and Medieval England, Scotland and Wales. Ronn's newest solo album, *The Celtic Lute*, features his arrangements of traditional Scottish and Irish music from the 17<sup>th</sup> and 18<sup>th</sup> centuries. *Fermi's Paradox* (2020) and *A Star in the East* (2021), both with Carolyn Surrick, viola da gamba, feature an eclectic blend of Renaissance, Baroque, original music, hymns and folk tunes from Ireland, Scotland, England and Sweden.

From Bombay, India, **Sorab Wadia** has performed internationally as an actor and singer in an eclectic mélange of projects from Gotham Early Music Scene's production of *The Play of Daniel*, a Medieval music-drama, at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, to the notorious *Jihad! The Musical* on London's West End. In 2016 he played Shylock #1 and Gratiano in Karin Coonrod's historic production of *The Merchant of Venice* performed outdoors in the Jewish Ghetto in Venice, commemorating the 500th anniversary of the founding of the Ghetto. He garnered raves for his Ali Hakim on the Broadway tour of *Oklahoma!* and is about to start touring North America with Disney's *Aladdin*. Recent credits include *Nathan The Wise* (Folger/Theater J), *Bend It Like Beckham* (Toronto), *Monsoon Wedding* (Berkeley Rep), & a one-man adaptation of *The Kite Runner*. Off-Broadway: *Babette's Feast* (St. Clement's), *The Tempest* (LaMama), *Bunty Berman Presents...* (The New Group), *Nymph Errant* (Prospect). TV: *Blacklist: Redemption*, *Madame Secretary*, *Law & Order: SVU*, *30 Rock*, *Chappelle's Show*. @SorabWadia

**NEXT WEEK: Edson Scheid**  
*The 24 Caprices of Paganini*

## Shakespeare's Songs: Texts

**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 and kiss me, sweet and twenty: youth's a stuff will not endure.

### SONNET 65

*Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,  
But sad mortality o'ersways their power,  
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,  
Whose action is no stronger than a flower?  
O! how shall summer's honey breath hold out,  
Against the wrackful siege of battering days,  
When rocks impregnable are not so stout,  
Nor gates of steel so strong but Time decays?  
O fearful meditation! where, alack,  
Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?  
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back?  
Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid?  
O! none, unless this miracle have might,  
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.*

**Fortune, my foe**, why dost thou frown on me? And will thy favors never brighter be? Wilt thou, I say, forever breed my pain, and wilt thou not restore my joys again? In vain I sigh, in vain I wail and weep; in vain mine eyes refrain from quiet sleep: In vain I shed my tears both night and day, In vain my love, my sorrows do betray. Far worse than death, my life I lead in woe, With bitter thoughts still tossed to and fro, O cruel Chance, thou breeder of my pain, Take life, or else restore my love again.

### SONNET 29

*When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes  
I all alone beweep my outcast state,  
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,  
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
Featured like him, like him with friends  
possessed,  
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
With what I most enjoy contented least;  
Yet in these thoughts my self almost despising,  
Haply I think on thee, and then my state,  
Like to the lark at break of day arising  
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
For thy sweet love remembered such wealth  
brings  
That then I scorn to change my state with  
kings.*

**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.

### SONNET 99

*The forward violet thus did I chide:  
Sweet thief, whence didst thou steal thy sweet  
that smells,  
If not from my love's breath? The purple pride  
Which on thy soft cheek for complexion dwells  
In my love's veins thou hast too grossly dy'd.  
The lily I condemned for thy hand,  
And buds of marjoram had stol'n thy hair;  
The roses fearfully on thorns did stand,  
One blushing shame, another white despair;  
A third, nor red nor white, had stol'n of both,  
And to his robbery had annexed thy breath;  
But, for his theft, in pride of all his growth  
A vengeful canker eat him up to death.  
More flowers I noted, yet I none could see,  
But sweet, or colour it had stol'n from thee.*

**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 knell. Hark  
now I hear them, hark now I hear them, ding  
dong bell.

### SONNET 30

*When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
I summon up remembrance of things past,  
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
And with old woes new wail my dear time's  
waste:  
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
And weep afresh love's long since cancelled woe,  
And moan the expense of many a vanished sight:  
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,  
Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
All losses are restor'd and sorrows end.*

### The Willow Song

The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing all a green willow, with his hand on his  
bosom, and his head upon his knee. O Willow,  
willow, willow shall be my garland. Sing all a  
green willow, must be my garland. He sigh'd in  
his singing and made a great moan, his willow,  
willow, willow, adieu to all pleasure, my true love  
is gone. Sing all a green willow, must be my  
garland. The mute birds sat by him, made tame  
by his moan. O willow, willow, willow, the salt  
tears fell from him, which soften'd the stone.  
Sing all a green willow, must be my garland. Let  
nobody blame her, her scorns I do prove. Oh  
willow, willow, willow, she was born to be false,  
and I die for her love. Sing all a green willow,  
must be my garland.

### SONNET 66

*Tired with all these, for restful death I cry,  
As to behold desert a beggar born,  
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,  
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
And strength by limping sway disabled  
And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,  
And simple truth miscalled simplicity,  
And captive good attending captain ill:  
Tired with all these, from these would I be  
gone,  
Save that, to die, I leave my love alone*

### SONNET 25

*Let those who are in favour with their stars  
Of public honour and proud titles boast,  
Whilst I, whom fortune of such triumph bars  
Unlook'd for joy in that I honour most.  
Great princes' favourites their fair leaves spread  
But as the marigold at the sun's eye,  
And in themselves their pride lies buried,  
For at a frown they in their glory die.  
The painful warrior famoused for fight,  
After a thousand victories once foiled,  
Is from the book of honour razed quite,  
And all the rest forgot for which he toiled:  
Then happy I, that love and am beloved,  
Where I may not remove nor be removed.*

**It was a lover and his lass**, with a hey, and a ho,  
and a hey nonny no, That o'er the green corn  
fields did pass, in spring time, the only pretty ring  
time, When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding,  
Sweet Lovers love the spring.  
Between the acres of the Rye, with a hey, and a  
ho, and a hey nonny no, These pretty Country  
folks would lie, *in spring time, etc.* This Carol  
they began that hour, with a hey, and a ho, and a  
hey nonny no, How that a life was by a Flower, *in  
spring time, etc.* And therefore take the present  
time, with a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonny no,  
For love is crowned with the prime, *in spring tim*