

The Baltimore Consort Live, June 2007

One way to cool off on a steamy afternoon in Charleston during the *Spoletto Festival* is to visit the First Scots Presbyterian Church on Meeting Street and time-travel back a few centuries with Steve Rosenberg's *Piccolo Spoleto Early Music Series*. Surrounded by the ghosts of Scottish Presbyterians (whose congregation dates to 1731), the musicians and their audience feel a spiritual connection to the past.

The current First Scots building, inspired by the work of Benjamin Latrobe (architect of the United States Capitol), and constructed in 1814, offers a perfect acoustic for the lutes, viols, wooden flutes, and other exotic instruments of early music, as well as a spacious and elegant historical ambiance in which to listen.

The Baltimore Consort has been privileged to perform on *The Early Music Series* regularly since it was founded by Steve Rosenberg in 1986. Coming together in Charleston has allowed the group to play, within a single week, four or five different programs drawn from its repertory of old tunes, polished like tumbled rock through the years, as well as to explore new (old) music for future touring.

This live album is a record of highlights from the 2007 series. Fans of the Consort will recognize some old favorites, but perhaps be interested to hear how they have evolved since we first recorded them. Recording with us for the first time is a gifted young soprano, Danielle Svonavec, and re-appearing after a 17-year hiatus is Mindy Rosenfeld, whose flute playing graced our first seven seasons.

The whole ensemble wishes to thank not only Steve Rosenberg, but Brandie Lane and Dan Mercurio, our tireless Dorian engineers, as well as Ronn McFarlane and Mindy Rosenfeld, who spent many hours listening to concert recordings to select the lively sequence of tunes that are presented here.

—Mary Anne Ballard

The gowans are gay

The *gowans are gay, my jo, the gowans are gay, *daisies
They make me wake when I should sleep, the first morning of May.
About the fields as I did pass I chanc'd to meet a proper lass.
Right busie was that bonny maid and I thereafter to her said,
“O Ladie fair, what do you here?” “Gath'ring the dew, what needs you *speir?” *ask
“The dew” quoth I, “what can that mean?” she said, “to wash my Ladie clean.”
I ask'd farther at her *sine to my will if she would incline. *then
She said her errand was not there her maiden-head on me to *ware. *expend
Thus left I her and past my way into a garden me to play
Where there was birds singing full sweet unto me comfort was full meet.
And thereabout I past my time while that it was the hour of Prime
And then return'd home again *pansing what Maiden that had been. *reflecting

The Dark is my Delight

As sung by Francischina with her lute in John Marston's, *The Dutch Courtesan*, a play from 1605.

The darke is my delight,
So tis the Nightingales;
My Musicke's in the night,
So is the Nightingales.
My body is but little,
So is the nightingale's;
I love to sleep gainst the prickle,
So doth the nightingale.

Lord Ronald (Child Ballad no.13)

“Where hae ye been a’day, Lord Ronald, my son?

Where hae ye been a’day, my handsome young one?”

“I’ve been in the woods hunting; mother, make my bed soon,
For I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.”

“O where did you dine, Lord Ronald, my son?

O where did you dine, my handsome young one?”

“I dined with my sweetheart; mother, make my bed soon,
For I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.”

“What got you to dine on, Lord Ronald, my son?

What got you to dine on, my handsome young one?”

“I got eels boiled in water that in heather doth run,
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.”

“What got she wi the broo o them, Lord Ronald, my son?

What got she wi the broo o them, my handsome young one?”

“She gave it to my hounds for to live upon,
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.”

“Where are your hounds now, Lord Ronald, my son?

Where are your hounds now, my handsome young one?”

“They are a’ swelled and bursted, and sae will I soon,
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.”

“What will you leave your father, Lord Ronald, my son?

What will you leave your father, my handsome young one?”

“I’ll leave him my lands for to live upon,

And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.”

“What will you leave your brother, Lord Ronald, my son?

What will you leave your brother, my handsome young one?”

“I’ll leave him my gallant steed for to ride upon,
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.”

“What will you leave your sister, Lord Ronald, my son?

What will you leave your sister, my handsome young one?”

“I’ll leave her my gold watch for to look upon,
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.”

“What will you leave your mother, Lord Ronald, my son?

What will you leave your mother, my handsome young one?”

“I’ll leave her my bible for to read upon,
And I am weary, weary hunting, and fain would lie down.”

“What will you leave your sweetheart, Lord Ronald, my son?

What will you leave your sweetheart, my handsome young one?”

“I’ll leave her the gallows-tree for to hang upon,
It was her that poisoned me;” and so he fell down.

A lieta vita

A lieta vita, Amor c'invita, Fa la la...	To life, happy and sweet, Love beckons us Fa la la...
Chi gioir brama, Se di cor ama, Donerà il core A un tal Signore Fa la la...	One who delights in desire, if he loves completely, will give his heart to such a lord. Fa la la...
Hor lieta homai, Scacciando i guai, Fa la la...	The hour of happiness is here, banishing sorrow Fa la la...
Quanto ci resta, Viviano in festa E diam l'honore A un tal Signore Fa la la...	The rest of our lives we shall spend in celebration and give honor to such a lord. Fa la la...
Ne fuggir giova Ch'egli ognun trova, Fa la la...	It avails not to flee, For he finds out every man, Fa la la...
Veloci ha l'ali E foco e strali, Dunque s'adore Un tal Signore. Fa la la...	Swift are his wings, His lightning and his arrows, Let us adore Such a lord. Fa la la...

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The Baltimore Consort USA representative: Joanne Rile Artists Management, Inc.
222 Jenkintown Commons, 93 Old York Road, Jenkintown, PA 19046-3925 tel.215-885-6400
Baltimore Consort Website: www.baltcons.com

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