

in stile moderno

2021–2022 SEASON  
Watertown & Brattleboro

Stay, Time:  
*Lute Songs of John Dowland*

Agnes Coakley Cox, soprano  
Sophie Michaux, alto  
Corey Dalton Hart, tenor  
Adam Jacob Simon, bass  
Nathaniel Cox, lute

Friday, March 11, 2022  
Brattleboro Music Center

Saturday, March 12, 2022  
Friends Meeting at Cambridge

## Program



### *First Booke of Songes or Ayres (1597)*

Unquiet thoughts  
His golden locks  
Rest awhile  
Dear, if you change

### *Lachrime - Margaret Board Lute Book (1620–30)*

Come, heavy sleep  
Sleep, wayward thoughts

### *Second Booke of Songes or Ayres (1600)*

I saw my lady weep  
Flow, my tears  
Mourn, mourn  
Shall I sue  
Fine knacks for ladies

### *Third and Last Booke of Songes or Aires (1603)*

Time stands still  
Weep you no more  
By a fountain

### *Lady Clifton's Spirit - Varietie Of Lute Lessons (1610)*

Me, me, and none but me  
Oh what hath overwrought

### *A Pilgrimes Solace (1612)*

Stay, time  
In this trembling shadow  
Sweet, stay a while  
Shall I strive with words to move

### *All works by John Dowland (1563–1626)*



## *Notes on the program*

Sitting down to design this program, I opened the file from our last lute song concert and looked at the date: November 2019. It seems almost as if no time at all has passed since then, and yet so much has changed. Those were the “before times,” as we often joke now, when we thought nothing of eating in a busy restaurant or going out to a crowded theater, and we thought a face mask looked incongruous outside of a hospital. We never dreamed we’d see a pandemic of historic proportions in our lifetimes, much less that it would up-end our careers as musicians and change the whole world of the performing arts. And for me and Nathaniel, 2019 was also the “before times” in another way: before we had our son Simon and our lives were transformed forever.

A lot has changed since 2019 for all of us. Musicians face more and more difficulties in an already challenging career: unexpected cancellations, financial insecurity, fear of a positive test or even of unexplained cold symptoms; the technical challenges of masking and distancing; and for many, depression, uncertainty, and anxiety.

So this past year, each time I’ve had the chance to get together with other musicians in one room and simply do our jobs, I’ve felt incredibly lucky—crossing my fingers the whole time that nothing would go wrong, but lucky. I’ve wished sometimes that I could press pause on those moments of music-making, to enjoy them more fully, free from the stress and worry that sometimes surrounds them. But time is funny. The same two hours that feel eternal when you’re looking after a tired toddler can pass in an instant when you’re singing with friends.

It’s a phenomenon that I think must have been just as real in the time of John Dowland as it is now: we can’t believe how fast time flies, we yearn to slow it down, and yet our hard times feel endless. Don’t many of us feel that the pandemic has frozen time? When March 1, 2021 came around, the internet was full of jokes like “Happy March 365th to all who celebrate” and “It’s about to be March again. It has never not been March. It will always be March.”

Dowland’s songs tell the same story of the trickiness of time, sometimes explicitly beseeching time to slow down, sometimes lamenting the

endlessness of suffering: I think this is one of the reasons for their lasting appeal.

Tonight we will journey chronologically through Dowland's four books of lute songs, giving you a taste of the variety of each book, but with a view to those songs that play with the idea of time. The song from which we've taken the program's title, "Stay, Time, a while thy flying," is a particular gem: listen at the beginning for the ambiguous meter (is it in two? In three?) which Dowland uses to create an outside-of-time feeling. In some of tonight's songs, such as Book Two's "Flow, my tears," Dowland fairly wallows in a melancholy that, one gets the impression, could last hours or years. In others, such as "O what hath overwrought," he delights in swift, clever text and music, and promises an end to suffering: "The sun will shine warm, therefore now fear no harm."

Whether time is speeding by or dragging on for you this year, we invite you to press pause tonight and enjoy the music of John Dowland as much as we enjoy singing it together.



### *Notes on our performance practice*

Tonight you will see all four singers grouped around one table and singing from one book—a so-called table book. This format was an innovation of John Dowland's, and the style in which he published all his songs. In contrast to the established tradition of part books, where every singer or player has a separate book, Dowland printed all the parts in a single book, facing in different directions. Not only was this easier and cheaper than printing part books, it also lent itself well to various different kinds of performances at home. Any of the songs could be performed as a solo with lute (the melody line and lute tablature are printed together on the left-hand page), or as a part song using some or all of the lower parts on the right-hand page, either sung or played by viols. Although we could easily use modern scores instead, we find that singing from our individual parts, and sitting close together, connects us to the way these songs might originally have been experienced, encourages deeper listening, and is also just a lot more fun.

Another feature of our performance practice is the use of historical pronunciation of English, which we are basing on the work of linguist

I. CANTVS.

Nquiet thoughts your euill laughter flin, & wrap your wrongs within a peniue hart. And you my tongue that makes my mouth a mine, & stamps my thoughts to coynethem words by arte. Be fill for you euer do the like, lie cut the stringe, that makes the hammer flinke.

Nquiet thoughts, your euill laughter flin, and wrap your wrongs within a peniue hart, and you my tongue that makes my mouth amine, ite, and stamps my thoughts to coine them words by arte, be fill, for if you euer do the like, lie cut the stringe, that makes the hammer flinke.

ALTVS.

Nquiet thoughts, your euill laughter flin, and wrap your wrongs within a peniue hart, that makes my mouth amine, to coine them words by arte, cure, do the like, lie cut y stringe, ite the string that makes y hancet flinke.

TENOR.

Nquiet thoughts your euill laughter flin, and wrap your wrongs within a peniue hart, and you my tongue, that makes my mouth amine, and stamps my thoughts, my thoughts to coine, ite them words by arte, be fill, for if you euer do the like, lie cut the stringe, that makes the hammer flinke.

But what can any thoughts they may not flin,  
 Or may you see, or see, or see, or see,  
 My thoughtes, they are yettes hart will break,  
 When as they see the eyes of mouth and harte  
 Open the looke where all my looke doth lye  
 He feele them y within their lids for cure,  
 So thoughtes & words and books shall dye together,  
 Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire  
 How shall I then see on my multiteer?  
 My thoughtes, they are yettes hart will break,  
 My tongue would fall as in my hart  
 My eyes and thoughtes were free and that not speak,  
 Speake then and call the passions of desire  
 Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire

Table book format in Dowland's First Booke of Songs or Ayres (1597)

David Crystal. To contrast it with the Received Pronunciation (RP) which British actors and speakers learn, Crystal refers to this “historical accent” as Original Pronunciation (OP). According to his research, this is how English would have sounded in London around 1600—the time of Shakespeare and John Dowland. Listen for unexpected rhymes such as “love” and “prove,” “die” and “happy,” and “break” and “weak,” as well as an overall more relaxed, direct, and colorful sound.

—Agnes Coakley Cox

*Are you joining us online?*

We hope you're enjoying the livestream performance from the Brattleboro Music Center!

Please consider buying a \$10 “virtual ticket” to help cover the costs of our livestream.

Visit: <https://www.tickettailor.com/events/instilemoderno>

Thank you for your support!



*Texts*

**Unquiet thoughts** your civil slaughter stint,  
and wrap your wrongs within a pensive heart:  
and you, my tongue, that makes my mouth a mint,  
and stamps my thoughts to coin them words by art,  
Be still: for if you ever do the like,  
I'll cut the string that makes the hammer strike.

But what can stay my thoughts they may not start,  
or put my tongue in durance for to die?  
When as these eyes, the keys of mouth and heart,  
Open the lock where all my love doth lie;  
I'll seal them up within their lids for ever:  
So thoughts and words and looks shall die together

How shall I then gaze on my mistress' eyes?  
My thoughts must have some vent: else heart will break.  
My tongue would rust as in my mouth it lies,  
If eyes and thoughts were free, and that not speak.

Speak then, and tell the passions of desire;  
Which turns mine eyes to floods, my thoughts to fire.

**His golden locks** Time hath to silver turned.

O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing:  
His youth 'gainst Time and Age hath ever spurned,  
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing.  
Beauty, strength, youth are flowers but fading seen;  
Duty, faith, love are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees,  
And lovers' sonnets turn to holy psalms.  
A man at arms must now serve on his knees,  
And feed on prayers which are Age's alms.  
But though from Court to cottage he depart,  
His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,  
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:  
Blest be the hearts that wish my Sov'reign well.  
Curst be the soul that think her any wrong.  
Ye gods, allow this aged man his right  
To be your beadsman now, that was your knight.

**Rest awhile, you cruel cares,**

Be not more severe than love.  
Beauty kills and beauty spares,  
And sweet smiles sad sighs remove.  
Laura, fair queen of my delight,  
Come grant me love in love's despite,  
And if I ever fail to honour thee,  
Let this heav'nly light I see  
Be as dark as hell to me.

If I speak, my words want weight,  
Am I mute, my heart doth break,  
If I sigh, she fears deceit,  
Sorrow then for me must speak.  
Cruel, unkind, with favour view  
The wound that first was made by you,  
And if my torments ever feigned be,  
Let this heav'nly light I see  
Be as dark as hell to me.

**Dear, if you change,** I'll never choose again.

Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love.  
Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain.  
Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll never prove.  
Dear, Sweet, Fair, Wise, change, shrink, nor be not weak:  
and on my faith, my faith shall never break.

Earth with her flow'rs shall sooner heaven adorn,  
Heav'n her bright stars through earth's dim globe shall move,  
Fire heat shall lose, and frost of flames be born,  
Air made to shine as black as hell shall prove:  
Earth, Heaven, Fire, Air, the world transform'd shall be,  
Ere I prove false to faith, or strange to you.

**Come heavy sleep**, the image of true death;  
and close up these my weary weeping eyes:  
Whose spring of tears doth stop my vital breath,  
and tears my hart with sorrows sigh-swol'n cries:  
Come and possess my tired thoughts-worn soul,  
That living dies, till thou on me be stole.

**Sleep wayward thoughts**, and rest you with my love,  
Let not my Love be with my love diseased.  
Touch not, proud hands, least you her anger move,  
But pine you with my longings, long displeased.  
Thus while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake,  
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

**I saw my lady weep**,  
And Sorrow proud to be advanced so,  
In those fair eyes where all perfections keep,  
Her face was full of woe;  
But such a woe (believe me) as wins more hearts,  
Than Mirth can do with her enticing parts.

**Flow, my tears**, fall from your springs!  
Exiled forever, let me mourn;  
Where night's blackbird her sad infamy sings,  
There let me live forlorn.  
Down vain lights, shine you no more!  
No nights are dark enough for those  
That in despair their lost fortunes deplore.  
Light doth but shame disclose.  
Never may my woes be relieved,  
Since pity is fled;  
And tears and sighs and groans my weary days  
Of all joys have deprived.  
From the highest spire of contentment  
My fortune is thrown;  
And fear and grief and pain for my deserts  
Are my hopes, since hope is gone.  
Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,  
Learn to contemn light.  
Happy, happy they that in hell  
Feel not the world's despite.

**Mourn, mourn**, day is with darkness fled,  
What heav'n then governs earth?

O none, but hell in heaven's stead,  
Chokes with his mists our mirth.

Mourn, mourn, look now for no more day  
Nor night, but that from hell.  
Then all must as they may  
In darkness learn to dwell.

But yet this change, must needs change our delight,  
That thus the sun should harbour with the night.

**Shall I sue**, shall I seek for grace?  
Shall I pray, shall I prove?  
Shall I strive to a heav'nly joy,  
With an earthly love?  
Shall I think that a bleeding heart  
Or a wounded eye,  
Or a sigh can ascend the clouds,  
To attain so high?

Silly wretch, forsake these dreams  
Of a vain desire,  
O bethink what high regard  
Holy hopes do require.  
Favour is as fair as things are,  
Treasure is not bought,  
Favour is not won with words,  
Nor the wish of a thought.

**Fine knacks for ladies**, cheap, choice, brave and new,  
god penniworths, but money cannot prove,  
I keep a fair, but for the fair to view  
a beggar may be liberal of love,  
Though all my wares be trash, the heart is true.  
Great gifts are guiles and look for gifts again,  
My trifles come as treasures from my mind,  
It is a precious jewel to be plain,  
Sometimes in shell the Orient's pearls we find.  
Of others take a sheaf, of me a grain.

Within this pack pins, points, laces and gloves,  
And divers toys fitting a country fair,  
But in my heart, where duty serves and loves,  
Turtles and twins, Court's brood, a heav'nly pair.  
Happy the man that thinks of no removes.

**Time stands still** with gazing on her face,  
Stand still and gaze for minutes, hours and years, to her give place:  
All other things shall change, but she remains the same,  
Till heavens changed have their course and time hath lost his name.  
Cupid doth hover up and down, blinded with her fair eyes,  
and fortune captive at her feet contemned and conquered lies.

**Weep you no more, sad fountains;**  
What need you flow so fast?

Look how the snowy mountains  
Heaven's sun doth gently waste.  
But my sun's heavenly eyes  
View not your weeping,  
That now lies sleeping  
Softly, now softly lies sleeping.  
Sleep is a reconciling,  
A rest that peace begets:  
Doth not the sun rise smiling  
When fair at even he sets?  
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,  
Melt not in weeping,  
While she lies sleeping.  
Softly, now, softly lies sleeping.

**By a fountain** where I lay, all blessed be that blessed day,  
By the glimm'ring of the sun, O never be her shining done,  
When I might see alone my true love's fairest one,  
Love's dear light, Love's clear sight,  
No world's eyes can clearer see, a fairer sight none, none can be.  
Fair with garlands all a-dress'd, was never nymph more fairly bless'd,  
Blessed in the high'st degree, so may she ever blessed be,  
Came to this fountain near with such a smiling cheer.  
Such a face, such a grace,  
Happy, happy eyes that see such a heav'nly sight as she.  
Then I forthwith took my pipe, which I all fair and clean did wipe,  
And upon a heav'nly ground, all in the grace of beauty found,  
Played this roundelay: Welcome, fair Queen of May,  
Sing, sweet air, welcome fair,  
Welcome be the shepherd's Queen, the glory of all our green.

**Me, me and none but me**, dart home, O gentle death  
and quickly, for I draw too long this idle breath:  
O how I long till I may fly to heaven above,  
unto my faithful and beloved turtle dove.  
Like to the silver Swan, before my death I sing:  
And yet alive my fatal knell I help to ring.  
Still I desire from earth and earthly joys to fly,  
He never happy liv'd, that cannot love to die.

**O what hath overwrought** my all amazed thought?  
Or whereto am I brought, that thus in vain have sought?  
Till Time and Truth hath taught, I labour all for nought?

The day I see is clear, but I am ne'er the near,  
For grief doth still appear to cross our merry cheer,  
While I can nothing hear, but winter all the year.

Cold, hold, the sun will shine warm,  
Therefore now fear no harm.  
O blessed beams where beauty streams  
Happy, happy light to love's dreams.

**Stay, time,** a while thy flying, stay and pity me dying.  
For Fates and friends have left me, and of comfort bereft me.  
Come, come close mine eyes, better to die blessed,  
Than to live thus distressed.

To whom shall I complain me, when thus friends do disdain me?  
'Tis time that must befriend me, drown'd in sorrow to end me.  
Come, come close mine eyes, better to die blessed,  
Than to live thus distressed.

Tears but augment this fuel, I feed by night (O cruel!)  
Light griefs can speak their pleasure, mine are dumb passing measure.  
Quick, quick, close mine eyes, better to die blessed,  
Than here to live distressed.

**In this trembling shadow,** cast  
From those boughs which thy winds shake,  
Far from humane troubles placed,  
Songs to the Lord would I make,  
Darkness from my mind then take,  
For thy rites none may begin,  
Till they feel thy light within.

Music, all thy sweetness lend,  
While of his high power I speak,  
On whom all powers else depend,  
But my breast is now too weak.  
Trumpets shrill the air should break,  
All in vain my sounds I raise,  
Boundless power asks boundless praise.

**Sweet stay a while,** why will you rise?  
The light you see comes from your eyes:  
The day breaks not, it is my heart,  
To think that you and I must part.  
O stay, or else my joys must dye,  
And perish in their infancy.

Dear, let me die in this faire breast,

Far sweeter than the Phoenix' nest.  
Love raise desire by his sweet charms  
Within this circle of thine arms:  
And let thy blissful kisses cherish  
Mine infant joys, that else must perish.

**Shall I strive with words to move**, when deeds receive not due regard?  
Shall I speak, and neither please, nor be freely heard?  
Grief, alas, though all in vain, her restless anguish must reveal:  
She alone my wound shall know, though she will not heal.  
All woes have end, though a while delayed, our patience proving.  
Oh that Time's strange effects could but make her loving.  
Storms calm at last, and why may not she leave off her frowning?  
Oh sweet Love, help her hands, my affection crowning.  
I wooed her, I loved her, and none but her admire.  
O come dear joy, and answer my desire.



### *The performers*

British-American soprano **Agnes Coakley Cox** is specialist in the performance of early Baroque music and a sought-after ensemble musician. Agnes' desire to bring early music to life has led her to become an expert in the historical performance practice of singing, and she actively applies historical gesture, pronunciation, and ornamentation to her performances. Agnes' singing is characterized by a genuinely expressive style, a deep level of engagement with the text, and a passion for connecting with the audience. Known for her clear, bright tone and high-caliber musicianship, Agnes is in demand as a soloist and choral musician. She appears this season with Washington D.C.-based choir The Thirteen, the Handel & Haydn Society, Ensemble Altera, and the Schola Cantorum of Boston, as well as early music ensemble Seven Times Salt. After graduating *summa cum laude* in Music at Yale, Agnes studied voice, historical performance practice, and pedagogy at the Schola Cantorum Basiliensis in Basel, Switzerland, where her teacher and mentor was Evelyn Tubb. Agnes lives in Medford, MA with her husband Nathaniel and son Simon. When she is not singing, she can be found knitting, baking, or spotting turtles along the Mystic River. Visit Agnes online at [agnescoakley.com](http://agnescoakley.com).

Praised for her "warm, colorful mezzo" by Opera News, **Sophie Michaux** has become one of New England's most versatile and compelling vocalists. Born in London and raised in the French alps, Sophie's unique background informs her artistic identity, making her feel at home in an eclectic span of repertoire ranging from grand opera to French cabaret songs. Recent solo engagements

include a solo recital of Barbara Strozzi's vocal music (Fondazione Cini in Venice, Italy), the role of Siface in Cavalli's *Scipione Africano* (Haymarket Opera), and the Alto solo in the world premiere of Rudoï's *Our Transcendental Passion* (Boston Cecilia). This season, she is thrilled to be collaborate with Blue Heron, The Lorelei Ensemble, Ruckus, In Stile Moderno, Palaver Strings, and other ensembles performing across the US. In 2022 - 2023, she will be part of the Lorelei Ensemble's US tour, premiering *Her Story* by Julia Wolfe with the Boston, Chicago, Nashville, San Francisco and National Symphony Orchestras. A consummate singing actor, Sophie appeared as Ceres in Boston Early Music Festival's production of Lalande's *Les Fontaines de Versailles*, garnering acclaim from the Boston Musical Intelligencer for her "astonishing range and flexibility." She has sung the title roles of *La Cenerentola* (NEMPAC), *Lucretia in The Rape of Lucretia* (Opera Brittenica), and *Rinaldo* (Boston Opera Collaborative) for which she was nominated as *Best Female Performer in an Opera* for the 2015 Arts Impulse Theatre Awards. Winner of the 2nd place in the Handel Aria Competition in Madison WI in 2021, and a 2019 finalist of the Lyndon Woodside Oratorio Solo competition, Sophie is a sought-after soloist on the concert platform, and has appeared as a soloist with the Chorus of Westerly, the Trinity Church of Boston, ChoralArt, Metropolitan Chorale, and New England Classical Singers. Other collaborators include the Boston Symphony Orchestra, Cappella Mediterranea, A Far Cry, The Christmas Revels, Ensemble Elyma, and Boston Lyric Opera. She has sung under the direction of Andris Nelsons, Leonardo García Alarcón, Lidiya Yankovskaya, Beth Willer, Scott Metcalfe, Gil Rose, and Gabriel Garrido, among others. [www.sophiemichaux.com](http://www.sophiemichaux.com)

**Corey Dalton Hart**, tenor, is an active performer of opera, oratorio, and song repertoire as well as an eager chamber musician. With a passion for American song, he is a regular recitalist along the east coast, having premiered new works in both New York City and Boston. Corey's opera credits include works by Mozart, Bizet, Ravel, and Knussen. On the concert stage, he has been a featured soloist with the American Symphony Orchestra, the Albany Symphony, the Bard Baroque Ensemble, and The Orchestra Now. As a chamber musician, Corey performs with the Boston Baroque Ensemble, Renaissance Men, The Ashmont Bach Project, and the renowned choir at the Church of the Advent. He was also recently named an American Scholar of VOCES8, one of the world's most versatile vocal ensembles. Corey holds degrees from Furman University and the Bard College Conservatory of Music and is currently working on his Doctor of Musical Arts degree in vocal performance and pedagogy from the New England Conservatory of Music. When Corey is not singing, you might find him in search of the best Indian food in town, dominating (or not) a local trivia game, or making informal music with his not-twin but look-alike brother. [www.coreydaltonhart.com](http://www.coreydaltonhart.com)

**Adam Jacob Simon** is a composer and singer active in the Boston area. He has enjoyed many recent performances and commissions from nationally

acclaimed ensembles including A Far Cry, Lorelei Ensemble, Conspirare, Seraphic Fire, Palaver Strings, WordSong Boston, and the Oriana Consort. As a vocal soloist he has recently performed the tenor solos in Mozart's Mass in C Minor with the Onion River Chorus in Montpelier VT, and the tenor Evangelist in Arvo Pärt's "Passio" and baritone in Duruflé's Requiem with the Trinity Church Choirs in Boston, where he serves as a staff singer. His voice is described as having a "wonderful romantic lyricism" and "reassuring warmth" - Times Argus (VT). He is an avid folk music singer as well, performing frequently with the world folk ensemble Culomba, and VT based vocal ensemble Northern Harmony, traveling throughout Europe, South Africa and the U.S. Adam is currently pursuing a Master's degree in Composition at Tufts University in Medford, MA, studying with Boston composer John McDonald. He completed his undergraduate studies in composition and piano at the Longy School of Music in Cambridge MA, studying composition with Howard Frazin, and music theory with Judy Ross. Reach Adam at [AdamJacobSimon.com](http://AdamJacobSimon.com).

**Nathaniel Cox** enjoys a varied career as a multi-instrumental early music specialist. After earning Bachelor's degrees in trumpet performance and Russian literature from Oberlin College and Conservatory, Nathaniel was awarded a Fulbright scholarship to study cornetto with Bruce Dickey at the Schola Cantorum in Basel, Switzerland. While in Basel, he also taught himself to play theorbo, and was quickly in high demand as a continuo player. Since moving back to the United States in 2014 he has performed with some of North America's leading early music ensembles, including Apollo's Fire, The Toronto Consort, Ensemble Caprice, Bach Collegium San Diego, and the Dark Horse Consort. He is now based in Boston where he appears regularly with such groups as Les Enfants d'Orphée, The Boston Camerata, Ensemble Origo, Sarasa Chamber Ensemble, and Seven Times Salt among many others. He has performed multiple times at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, including a solo recital as part of their exhibit "Valentin de Boulogne: Beyond Caravaggio". Nathaniel teaches cornetto privately and at the Amherst Early Music Festival.

**In Stile Moderno** was founded by Agnes Coakley and Nathaniel Cox in 2012, when they were both students at the Schola Cantorum in Basel, Switzerland. Named after the "modern style" of music which emerged in Italy around 1600, the ensemble is dedicated to music of the seventeenth century, and combines fidelity to historical performance practice with a drive to make early music accessible and relevant to modern audiences. Both as a lute and voice duo and in larger formations with cornetto, organ, voice, and plucked instruments, In Stile Moderno has charmed audiences with their engaging performances of seventeenth-century music in Boston, Vermont, and New York, as well as in concert series in Switzerland, Germany, and France. Recent appearances include the Boston Early Music Festival Fringe, the Kindred Spirits Arts series in Milford, PA, and the Cambridge Society for Early Music online

series. Visit us online and join our mailing list at [www.instilemoderno.com](http://www.instilemoderno.com), and follow us on facebook at [www.facebook.com/instilemoderno](http://www.facebook.com/instilemoderno).

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*details at [Bostonpurcell.org](http://Bostonpurcell.org)*

Saturday,  
June 11th  
8:00 p.m.  
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Church of St. Paul  
138 Tremont St.  
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Sunday,  
June 12th  
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Cambridge
- May 15, 2022 at 3.30pm,  
Follen Community Church,  
Lexington

*Proof of vaccination  
or a negative PCR test  
within 48 hours required.  
Masks required.*

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