

11-17-1997

## The Baltimore Consort

Department of Music, University of Richmond

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November 17, 1997 at 8pm

Modlin Center for the Arts

Camp Concert Hall  
Booker Hall of Music

## THE BALTIMORE CONSORT

Mary Anne Ballard - *treble and bass viols*

Mark Cudek - *cittern, bass viol*

Custer LaRue - *soprano*

Larry Lipkis - *bass viol, recorder*

Ronn McFarlane - *lutes*

Chris Norman - *flutes, bagpipe*

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Baltimore Consort Website: [www.baltcons.com](http://www.baltcons.com)

# Tonight's Program

## *Crossing to the New World* Early and Traditional Music in Britain and North America

### I. Prelude

Over the Hills and Far Away  
Kathren Oggie

*Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719)  
Anon. fiddle variations, Panmure MS. (c. 1680)

### II. Scottish Music in Scotland and England

Jockey Loves his Moggy Dearly  
Joy to the Person of My Love

Mr. R. Brown, *Pills to Purge Melancholy* (1719)  
tune, Stirling MS (1639)

(text, *Broadside A Lover forsaken, of his best Beloved*, London, c.1625)

My Lord of March Paven  
O Lustie May

James Lauder (1584)  
Anon. Thomas Wode's Partbooks (1562-1592)

### III. English Country Dance Tunes

Scotch Cap  
Bobbing Joe

*The English Dancing Master* (1651)  
*The English Dancing Master* (1651)

### IV. Scottish Ballads in Appalachia

Fair Margaret and Sweet William  
Gypsen Davy (=The Ballad of Johnny Faa)

collected in Tennessee and Virginia (1917-18)  
collected in Tennessee and  
North Carolina (1916-18)

### V. Highland Fiddle Tunes in Cape Breton

The Ewie wi' the crooked Horn  
(Strathspey)  
Alex Dan MacIsaac's (Strathspey)  
Birds Nest (Reel)  
Margaree Reel

played in Cape Breton, Nova Scotia today

## Intermission

### VI. The Renaissance Lutenist

Galliard: Remembering Dowland  
Almain: Early Christmas Morning

Ronn McFarlane (1996-97)

### VII. A Ballad for Dancing

The Northern Lasse's Lamentation  
broadside, Martin Parker, To the tune of *I would I were in my own Country*  
or *Goddesses*

tune, *The English Dancing Master* (1651)

### VIII. Traveling Tunes

Green Garters  
An t-aiseadh dh' Eireann (Crossing to Ireland)  
Berayna (Br'er Reynard)  
A Trip to Killburn (formerly *Black and Gray*)

John Johnson (ca.1540-1595)  
living tradition, Cape Breton  
collected at Elon College, North Carolina (1939)  
*Playford's Dancing Master*, 7th  
edition 1686-1687

### IX. I Sing of Arms and the Man

The Joviall Broome Man  
broadside, Richard Climsell c. 1640, to the tune of *Jamaica*

tune, *Playford's Dancing Master*, 4th edition 1670

## About the Artists



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### The Baltimore Consort

The Baltimore Consort was founded in 1980 to perform English instrumental music of Shakespeare's time. Branching out from this repertory, they have explored the relationship between "folk" and "art" music in the 16th and 17th centuries, improvising and creating their own original arrangements. Receiving rave reviews for their concerts and CDs alike, they have toured extensively in the U.S. and have held residencies at the Walters Art Gallery and the Peabody Conservatory of Music in Baltimore and Piccolo Spoleto Festival in Charleston.

**Mary Anne Ballard (treble and bass viol)** researches most of the Consort's programs. She also plays with the Oberlin Consort of Viols, the Philadelphia Classical Orchestra, and Fleur-de-lis, a Baroque ensemble. Formerly, she directed or coached early music at the Peabody Conservatory, Princeton University, and the University of Pennsylvania.

**Mark Cudek (cittern, bass viol)** is director of the Peabody Renaissance Ensemble at Johns Hopkins University and instructor in guitar at Mt. St. Mary's College, Emmitsburg, Md. He is also founder and director of the High School Early Music Program at the Interlochen Arts Camp.

**Custer LaRue (soprano)**, an award-winning graduate of the Peabody Conservatory, has specialized in singing medieval and Renaissance music as well as traditional ballads. Her Dorian CDs, *The Dæmon Lover* and *The True Lover's Farewell*, have received wide acclaim in such publications as *Billboard* magazine and *CD Review*. She also tours as a ballad singer.

**Larry Lipkis (bass viol, recorder)**, composer and professor of music at Moravian College, also directs the Collegium Musicum. He often incorporates early music into his own compositions. His cello concerto, *Scaramouche*, appears on the Koch label and his bass trombone concerto, *Harlequin*, was premiered in May by the Los Angeles Philharmonic to rave reviews.

**Ronn McFarlane's (lute)** "talent is comparable to James Galway's for the flute or Yo-Yo Ma's for the cello" writes the *Washington Post*. His solo albums, *A Distant Shore*, *Between Two Hearts*, *The Renaissance Lute*, *The Lute Music of John Dowland*, and *The Scottish Lute*, recorded on the Dorian label, have received international acclaim, and his solo performances have won critical praise throughout North America.

**Chris Norman (Renaissance flutes, cauld wind pipes)**, "the best traditional flute player in the country," plays with the trio Helicon and with fiddler Alasdair Fraser. His solo albums include *Man with a Wooden Flute* and *The Beauty of the North*, the latter featuring traditional music of Quebec and Chris's native Nova Scotia.

### *Baltimore Consort* CDs on the DORIAN label:

<b>On the Banks of Helicon: <i>Early Music of Scotland</i></b>	DOR 90139
<b>Watkins Ale: <i>Music of the English Renaissance</i></b>	DOR 90142
<b>The Art of the Bawdy Song (<i>with The Merry Companions</i>)</b>	DOR 90155
<b>Custer LaRue Sings <i>The Dæmon Lover (traditional ballads)</i></b>	DOR 90174
<b>La Rocque 'n' Roll: <i>Popular Music of Renaissance France</i></b>	DOR 90177
<b>Bright Day Star: <i>Music for the Yuletide Season</i></b>	DOR 90198
<b>A Trip to Killburn: <i>Playford Tunes and their Ballads</i></b>	DOR 90238
<b>Tunes from the Attic</b>	DOR 90235

## Notes on the Program

The Baltimore Consort began performing English and Scottish early music more than fifteen years ago. Focusing then on 16th and 17th century written sources, they were in subsequent years to follow the paths of balladry in both the British Isles and Appalachia, as well as the instrumental music in Nova Scotia. The similarity between the dance and instrumental music of the British isles four hundred years ago and much of the folk or popular music of today is striking, but not surprising. The thread of tradition which spun out with the migrations of Scottish and English farmers and artisans to the New World has remained unbroken into the end of the twentieth century.

I. *Over the Hills* and *Kathren Oggie*, both country dance tunes whose titles derive from ballads to which they are set, are performed instrumentally—the latter having become the basis for fiddle variations.

II. & III. Already in the 17th century, the Scots recognized the value of their native music and began collecting it. The English also collected Scots tunes (or wrote new ones 'in the Scotch Humour'), and printed songs and ballads in Scots dialect (e.g. *Jockey Loves his Moggy dearly*). The publisher John Playford, recognizing the public popularity of Scottish tunes, included many in *The Dancing Master* (1st edition 1651) and other collections.

IV. At the time of the First World War, folklorist Cecil Sharp spent a total of forty-six weeks traveling the Appalachian Mountains in search of ballads from the British Isles. Two of these with a particularly strong Scottish connection were *Fair Margaret and Sweet William* (published in *Orpheus Caledonius*, 1725) and *Gypsen Davy* (as early as the Skene mandora

manuscript c.1630 where it is called "Lady Cassiles Lilt"). The latter, which also appears as *Johnny Faa, or the Gypsy Laddie* in the *Scots Musical Museum, II* (1788) relates the legend of a certain Lady Cassilis who ran off with a gypsy. The distinctive refrain of nonsense syllables represents the magic spell (the "glamour") which the gypsies cast over this lady.

V. Side by side with the published anthologies, the music of oral tradition continued to flourish and cross the ocean with the various waves of immigration. While Appalachia was fertile territory for the collectors of traditional music in the first three decades of this century, Nova Scotia harbours a strong living tradition of Scottish fiddling to this day. Our flute player, Chris Norman, who is native to that region, has learned this music the old-fashioned way—from other musicians—and has selected for the Cape Breton portion of this program a group of tunes with traceable Scottish roots. *Ewie wi' the Crooked Horn*, performed here according to a version by Cape Breton fiddler Buddy MacMaster, is found in the Fraser collection (1816) where it is called "a standard a century ago." *Alex Dan MacIsaac's* (the father of Cape Breton guitarist David MacIsaacs) resembles *Tibbie Fowler O' the Glen* from Nathaniel Gow's *Complete Repository* (1799-1827) as well as the *Scots Musical Museum*. The Gaelic song, *Tha nead na h-eoin anns a' choille, far an d'shuair an sme' orach* (The Bird's nest is in the woods where the thrush is gotten), is the basis of the *Birds Nest* reel. Our version is from famed Cape Breton fiddler Angus Chisum. *Margaree Reel*, from fiddler Donald Angus Beaton, is related to the strathspey *Donalbane* in Kerr's Collection.

VI. The lute was the most popular solo instrument of the Renaissance, and its music was composed by the lutenists themselves. Ronn McFarlane, the Baltimore Consort's lutenist, after absorbing the Renaissance repertory for twenty years, took the final step toward becoming a true Renaissance lutenist when he began composing his own music. Although largely influenced by his predecessors of several centuries ago, he, like Dowland, is also an artist of his time who incorporates the latest musical gestures and techniques.

VII. & VIII. Cultural tradition carries with it a sense of place or point of origin. We connect with our ancestors through our traditions even though we may be centuries and thousands of miles removed from the first manifestation of a tune or ballad. The texts of ballads provide a "slice of life" in an earlier time more compelling than the any account in the history books because we feel the emotion of the singer. We empathize with the Northern Lass's homesickness and long to dance to her refrain, "The oak, the ash, and the bonny ivy tree..." Berayna, the mischievous fox, is familiar not only from our own childhood stories, but has an antecedent in Ravenscroft's "Tomorrow the Fox Will Come to Town" (1609). As for the tunes themselves, they survive because of their character and flexibility. Whether used for dancing or ballad setting, they sound equally enchanting fast or slow, in major or minor mode, or in duple or triple meter.

IX. The ballad of *The Jolly Broom Man* echos the exploits of mythic heroes back to the time of Odysseus and Aeneas. It is as if we were to meet not the god-like hero himself perhaps, but a lesser-ranking mercenary puffed up with *braggadocio* and a talent for entertaining his fellows in a 17th-century English pub.

Popular melody is innately powerful. Even when a popular melody is transformed into "art" music by elaborate means, it retains its elemental attraction. The compelling repetition of melody, harmony and verbal refrain continues today to fix these tunes firmly in our brains, often causing us suddenly whistle to a fragment or to dance down the street without warning.

—Mary Anne Ballard (with details on Cape Breton music from Chris Norman)

## Text

Jockey loves his Moggy dearly  
Jockey loves his Moggy dearly,  
He gang'g with her to Perth Fair;  
There we sung and pip'd together,  
And when done, then down I'd lay her:  
I so pull'd her, and so lull'd her,  
Both o'erwhelm'd with muckle joy;  
Mog. kiss'd Jockey, Jockey Moggy,  
From long night to break of day.

I told Mog. 'twas muckle pleasing,  
Moggy cry'd she' do again such;  
I reply'd I'd glad gang with thee,  
But 'twould wast my muckle coyn much:  
She lamented, I relented,  
Both wish'd bodies might increase;  
Then we'd gang next year together,  
And my pipe shall never cease.

—*"A Scotch Song," Set by Mr. R. Brown, Pills to Purge Melancholy, 1719*

**Joy to the person of my love**  
Joy to the person of my love  
Although that she me disdain,  
Fixt are my thoughts, and cannot remove,  
But yet I love in vaine.  
Shall I lose the sight of my joy and hearts delight,  
Or shall I cease my suit?  
Shall I strive to touch?  
Oh no, that were too much,  
She is forbidden fruit.  
Ah, woe is me,  
That ever I did see  
The beauty that did me bewitch,  
But now, alas, I must forgoe  
The treasure I esteemed so much.  
O whither shall my sad heart go?  
Or whither shall I flie?  
Sad echo shall resound my plaint  
Or else, alack, I needs must dye.  
Shall I by her live,  
That no life to me will give,  
But deadly wounds my heart?  
If I flie away,  
O will she not cry stay,  
My sorrow to convert?  
Oh, no no, no.  
She will not doe so  
But comfortlesse I must be gone;  
But ere I goe

To friend or foe,  
He love her, or I will love none.

A thousand good fortunes fall to her share  
Although she hath forsaken me,  
It fil'd my sad heart full of despaire,  
Yet ever will I constant be,  
For she is the Dame,  
My tongue shall ever name,  
For branch of modestie.  
Chast in heart and minde  
Oh were she halfe so kinde,  
Then would she pittie me.  
Oh turne again  
Be kinde as thou art faire  
And let me in thy bosome dwell,  
So I shall I gaine  
The treasure of loves paine  
Till them, my dearest Love, Farewell.

—Anonymous broadside, printed by the Assignes of Thomas Symcocke, London, c. 1625

### O lustie May

O lustie May with Flora quene  
The balmy drops from Phebus schene  
Preluciand bemes befor the day,  
Be that Diana growis grene  
Thru' glaidnes of this lusty May.

*radiant  
heralding by shining*

Than Esperus that is so bricht  
Till wofull hairts castis his sicht  
With banks that blumes on ev'ry bray,  
And schurs ar sched furth of thair sicht  
Thru' glaidness of this lusty May.

*to  
meadow  
showers*

Birdis on bews of ev'ry birth  
Rejosig notes, makand thair mirth  
Rycht pleasandly upon the spray,  
With flurissings our field and firth  
Thru' glaidnes of this lusty May.

*boughs  
practice rejoicing*

All luvaris that ar in cair  
To thair ladeis thay do repair  
In fresch mornyngs befor the day  
And ar in mirth ay mair and mair  
Thru' glaidnes of this lusty May.

*return  
more and more merry*

Of all the moneths of the year  
To mirthful May there is no peer  
Hir glistring garments are so gay.  
You luvars all mak mirrie cheer  
Thru' glaidnes of this lusty May.

—Anon. text sources as early as 1568 (Bannatyne MS)



Fair Margaret and Sweet William (Child Ballad 74)

Sweet William arose one May morning  
And dressed himself in blue.  
Come and tell to me all about that love

Between Lady Marg'ret and you.

O I know nothing of Lady Marg'ret's love  
And she knows nothing of me,  
But in the morning at half-past eight  
Lady Marg'ret my bride shall see.

Lady Marg'ret was sitting in her bower room  
A-combing back her hair;  
When who should she spy  
    but Sweet William and his bride  
As to church they did draw nigh.

Then she threw down her ivory comb,  
In silk bound up her hair,  
And out of the room that fair lady ran,  
And was never any more seen there.

The day passed away and the night coming on  
And most of the men asleep,  
Sweet William espied Lady Marg'ret's ghost  
A-standing at his bed-feet.

O how do you like your bed? said she,  
And how do you like your sheet  
And how do you like that fair young bride  
A-laying in your arms at sleep?

Full well do I like my bed, said he,  
Full well do I like my sheet,  
But better do I like the fair young maid  
A-standing at my bed-feet.

The night passed away and  
    the day coming on  
And most of the men awake,  
Sweet William said: I am troubled in my head  
By the dreams that I dreamed last night.

Such dreams, such dreams, such dreams as these,  
I know they mean no good.  
Last night I dreamed that my room was full  
    of swine  
And my bride was floating in blood.

He called his servants unto him,  
By one, by two, by three,  
And the last that he called was his new-  
    made bride,  
That he Lady Marg'ret might see.

O what will you do with Lady Marg'ret's love,  
And what will you do with me?  
He said: I'll go Lady Marg'ret see,  
And then I'll return unto thee.

He rode up to lady Marg'ret's door  
And jingled at the ring;  
And none was so ready as her  
    seventh born brother  
To arise and let him in.

O is she in her kitchen room  
Or is she in her hall,  
Or is she in her bower room  
Among her merry maids all?

She is neither in her kitchen room,  
She is neither in her hall,  
But she is in her cold coffin  
With her pale face toward the wall.

Pull down, pull down those winding-sheets  
A-made of satin so fine.  
Ten thousand times thou hast kissed my lips,  
And now, love, I'll kiss thine.

Three times he kissed her snowy white breast,  
Three times he kissed her chin;  
But when he kissed her cold clay lips  
His heart it broke within.

Lady Marg'ret was buried in the old  
    church yard,  
Sweet William was buried in close by her,  
And out of her grew a red, red, rose,  
And out of him a brier.

They grew so tall and they grew so high,  
They scarce could grow no higher,  
And there they twined in a true lover's knot,

The red rose and the brier.

—A Collation of texts sung by Miss May Ray of Harrogate, Tennessee  
and Mrs Margaret Dodd of Beechgrove, Virginia in 1917-18.

**Gypsen Davey** (Child Ballad 200)

It was late last night when the squire came home  
Enquiring for his lady;  
The serving-woman answered him:  
She has gone with a gypsen Davey.

Ra-ta-ta-ta tim, ta-ta tim, ta-ta tim  
Ra-ta-ta-ta tim, die-aisy,  
Ra-ta-ta-ta tim, Sing liddle diddle din  
Sing liddle diddle Gypsen Davey.

Go saddle me my milk white steed,  
The black one ain't so speedy,  
I'll ride all night to the broad daylight,  
And I'll overtake my lady.

Ra-ta-ta-ta tim....

He rode till he came unto the town,  
He rode till he come to Barley,  
The tears came rolling down his cheeks,  
And there he spied his lady.

Ra-ta-ta-ta tim....

O, come go back, my own true love,  
O, come go back, my honey,  
I swear by the sword that hangs by my side,  
You shall never lack for money.

Ra-ta-ta-ta tim....

I won't come back, your own true love,  
I won't go back, your honey.  
For I'd rather have a kiss from a gypsen's lips  
Than all your lands and money.

Ra-ta-ta-ta tim....

Then hand me back those high heeled shoes,  
Made of the Spanish leather,  
And give to me your lily white hand,  
And we'll bid goodbye forever.

Ra-ta-ta-ta tim....

She handed him those high heeled shoes,  
Made of Spanish leather,  
And she gave to him her lily white hand,  
And they bade goodbye forever.

Ra-ta-ta-ta tim....

Last night I lay in a feather bed,  
Between my husband and baby,  
Tonight I'll lay on the cold, cold ground,  
In the arms of a gypsen Davey.

Ra-ta-ta-ta tim....

*Text a collation of several versions collected by Cecil Sharp  
in North Carolina and Kentucky, 1916-18.*

**The Northern Lasse's Lamentation;  
Or, The Unhappy Maid's Misfortune.**

Since she did from her friends depart,  
No earthly thing can cheer her heart;  
But still she doth her case lament,  
Being always fill'd with discontent.  
Resolving to do nought but mourn,  
Till to the North she doth return.

**To the tune, I would I were in my own Country.**

A North-Country Lass up to London did pass,  
Although with her nature it did not agree,  
Which made her repent and so often lament,  
Still wishing again in the North for to be.

*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,  
Doth flourish at home in my own Country*

Fain would I be in the North Country,

Where the ladds and the lasses are making  
of hay,

There should I see what is pleasant to me  
A mischief light on them doth intic's me away

*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree  
Doth flourish most bravely in our Country.*

Since that I came forth of the pleasant North,  
Ther's nothing delightful I see doth abound,  
They never can be half so merry as we,  
When we are a dancing of Sellinger's round.

*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,  
Doth flourish at home in our own Country.*

I like not the Court, nor the City resort,  
Since there is no fancy for such maids as me,  
Their pomp and their pride I can never abide,  
Because with my humour it doth not agree.

*O the Oak, the Ash, the bonny Ivy Tree,  
Doth flourish at home in my own Country.*

How oft have I been on the Westmorland green,  
Where the young men and maidens resort  
for to play,

Where we with delight from morning till night  
Could feast it and frolick on each Holliday.

*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,  
they flourish most bravely in our Country.*

A milking to go, all the Maids on a row,

It was a fine sight and pleasant to see;  
But here in the City they are void of pittie,  
There is no enjoyment of liberty.

*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,  
They flourish most bravely in our Country.*

When I had the heart from my friends to depart,  
I thought I should be a Lady at last;  
But now I do find that it troubles my mind,  
Because that my joyes and my pleasures is past.

*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,  
They flourish at home [in my own Country].*

The yows and the lambs, with the kidds and  
their damms,

To see in the country how finely they play;

The bells they do ring, and the birds they do sing,  
And the fields and the gardens so pleasant and  
gay.

*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree  
They flourish most bravely in our Country.*

At Wakes and at Fairs, being void of all cares,  
We there with our Lovers did use for to dance;  
Then hard hap had I my ill fortune to try,  
And so up to London my steps to advance.

*O the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,  
They [flourish at home in my own Country].*

Yet still I perceive I a husband might have,  
If I to the City my mind could but frame;  
But I'le have a lad that is North-Country bred,  
Or else I'le not marry in th' mind that I am.

*O the Oak, the Ash, the bonny Ivy Tree,  
They flourish [at home in my own Country].*

A maiden I am, and a maid I'le remain,  
Until my own Countrey again I do see;

For here in this place I shall ne'r see the face  
Of him that's allotted my Love for to be.

*O the Oak, the Ash, the bonny Ivy Tree,  
They flourish [at home in my own Country].*

Then farewell my Daddy, and farewell my  
Mammy,

Until I do see you I nothing but mourn,  
Remembering my brothers, my sisters and others,  
In less than a year I hope to return.

*Then the Oak, the Ash, and the bonny Ivy Tree,  
I shall see them at home in my own Countrey.*

The Joviall Broome Man:  
Or, A Kent Street Souldier's exact relation  
of all his Travels in Every Nation.  
His famous acts are all shewne here  
As in this story doth appeare.

To the tune of *Slow Men of London*  
Roome for a Lad that's come from seas,  
*Hey Jolly Broome-man,*  
That gladly now would take his ease,  
*And therefore make me roome, man.*  
To France, the Netherlands, Denmark, Spaine  
*Hey Jolly Broome-man*  
I crost the seas, and backe againe.  
*And therefore make me roome, man.*

Yet in these Countries livèd I,  
And see many a valiant souldier dye  
An hundred gallants there I kill'd,  
And beside, a world of blood I spild.

In Germany I tooke a towne;  
I threw the walls there upside downe.  
And when that I the same had done,  
I made the people all to run.

And when the people all were gone,  
I held the towne myselfe alone.  
When valiant Ajax fought with Hector,  
I made them friends with a bowle of Nectar.

The Second Part. to the same Tune.  
When Saturne warr's against the Sun,  
*Hey jolly Broome-man.*  
Then through my help the field he won.  
*And therefore make me roome, man.*  
With Hercules I tost the Club;  
*Hey jolly Broome-man.*  
I rol'd Diogenes in a Tub.  
*And therefore make me roome, man.*

When Tamberlaine overcame the Turke,  
I blew up thousands in a worke.  
When Cesar's pompe I overthrew,  
Then many a Roman Lord I slew.

When the Ammorites besieg'd Rome's wals,  
I drove them backe with fiery balls.  
And when the Greekes besiegèd Troy,  
I rescued off dame Hellen's joy.

And when that I had won this fame,  
I was honour'd of all men for the same.  
At Tilbury Campe with Captaine Drake,  
I made the Spanish Fleet to quake.

At Holland's Leaguer there I fought,  
But there the service prov'd too hot.  
Then from the League returned I,  
Naked, hungry, cold, and dry.

But here I have now compast the Globe,  
I am backe returned, as poore as Job.  
And now I am safe returned backe,  
Here's to you in a cup of Canary Sacke.

And now I am safe returned here,  
Here's to you in a cup of English Beere.  
And if my travels you desire to see,  
*Hey Jolly Broome-man,*  
You may buy't for a peny heere of mee,  
*And therefore make me roome, man*

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Technical Director/Facilities Manager	Bill Luhrs
Operations Assistant	Justin Poroszok
Artist Coordinator	Donna Case
House Managers	Donna Coghil, Donna Pendarvis
Piano Technician	Dave Campbell
Student Box Office Assistants	Robyn Bauer, Sarah Elizabeth Elkins, Samantha Kjaerbye, Susie Pierce
Student House Managers	Jodie Eicher, Dana Rajczewski, Natasha Smith
Student Technical Support	Ben Heitner, Gregg Korondi, Zak Marks, Stacy Ponichtera
Student Administrative Assistants	Manju Daryanani, Lance Hayden, Elizabeth Rose

**Academic Programs in the Arts**

Chair, Art Department	Charles Johnson
Chair, Music Department	Fred Cohen
Chair, Speech Communication, Theatre and Dance Department	David Thomas

Please remember to silence digital watches and paging devices before the performance. Doctors expecting emergency calls should register with the House Manager. The use of cameras--with or without flash--recorders or other electronic devices inside the theatres is strictly prohibited. No eating, drinking or smoking is allowed inside the theatres or galleries.

Latecomers will be seated at the discretion of house management.