



## MILTON AT CHRIST'S

*A CONCERT OF READINGS AND MUSIC*

*performed by Michael Pennington, Fretwork,  
Ruth Provost, and members of Christ's College Choir  
directed by David Rowland*

**Saturday 6<sup>th</sup> December, 2008**  
The Hall, Christ's College, 8pm



William Strang, 'Milton playing to his daughters', title page to *Paradise Lost: A series of twelve illustrations etched by William Strang* (London: John C. Nimmo, 1896), etching (from Christ's College Old Library Collection).

## PROGRAMME

- Reading* **At a Solemn Music**
- John Milton, the Elder* **In nomine, alto soloist: Hetty Boardman-Weston**  
**When David heard**
- ❧
- Readings* **Sonnet VII: 'How soon hath Time'**  
**from Lycidas: 'Yet once more, O ye laurels'**  
**Sonnet XIII: To Mr H. Lawes, on his Airs**
- Henry Lawes* **The Complaint of Ariadne**
- ❧
- Readings* **from Paradise Lost, VIII: 'Mine eyes he closed'**  
**from The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce**
- Henry Lawes* **The Rose**  
*William Lawes* **To Sycamores**  
**To Pansies**  
**To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time**
- ❧
- Readings* **Sonnet XVI: 'When I consider how my light is spent'**  
**from Paradise Lost, III: 'Hail, holy light'**  
**from Samson Agonistes: 'O loss of sight'**
- William Lawes* **Consort Set in 5 parts, in A minor**  
Fantasy  
Fantasy  
Air
- ❧
- Reading* **from Paradise Lost, IV: 'O thou that with surpassing**  
**glory crowned'**
- Thomas Tomkins* **Sad Pavan for these distracted times**
- ❧
- Readings* **from Paradise Lost, I: 'Of man's first disobedience'**  
**from Areopagitica: 'Good and evil we know'**  
**from Paradise Lost, XII: 'So spake our mother Eve'**
- Thomas Tomkins* **My beloved spake**

*Blest pair of sirens, pledges of heaven's joy,  
Sphere-born harmonious sisters, voice, and verse:  
Wed your divine sounds.*

From its first words, Milton's **At a Solemn Music** declares its celebratory intentions. As its title suggests, this meditation is probably an occasional piece: taking inspiration from a specific musical performance, Milton's poem explores and celebrates the relationship between the sister arts of poetry and music. As a subject for poetry, the abstract yet affective power of music held many writers spellbound during the seventeenth century; but few managed to express this fascination with as much elegance and eloquence as Milton.

For a poet of Milton's intellect and religious zeal, it comes as little surprise that, when he approached the topic of music, his imagination was sparked by the Classical theory of *harmonia mundi*. Pythagoras and his followers had discovered a link between music and abstract mathematics. Music came to stand for much more than simple entertainment: it held within it the key to understanding the construction of the universe. Although the idea was little more than a convention by the seventeenth century, 'At a Solemn Music' receives and reworks theories of the music of the spheres. In the light of Milton's later work, the poem's treatment of this theory reads like a miniature *Paradise Lost*: we can no longer hear the music of the spheres, Milton explains, because,

disproportioned sin  
Jarred against nature's chime, and with harsh din  
Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
To their great Lord.

In this light, it seems highly appropriate that this poem should open tonight's concert: as a celebration of voice and verse, the poem itself has broken free from its original musical occasion, and somehow only seems complete when heard in the context of music.

Alongside its theoretical background, Milton's meditation is enriched by his grasp of the technical language of practical musicianship. The poet's musical proficiency is well-documented, and in his long Latin poem *Ad Patrem*, Milton acknowledged the musical influence of his father. The privileged place of music in Milton's work comes as no surprise when we consider the family home in which he grew up. John Milton (c.1563-1647), the poet's father, had been educated as a chorister at Christ Church Cathedral, Oxford.

Although he worked professionally as a scrivener, the elder Milton continued to perform and compose music throughout his life. As one of the foremost amateur musicians of his day, his music appeared in print together with music by William Byrd, John Dowland and John Bull, and he contributed to Thomas Morley's famous collection of madrigals dedicated to Queen Elizabeth, *The Triumphs of Oriana* (1601).

Like his son, the elder Milton appears to have had an imagination that worked on a grand scale: he is said to have composed an 'In nomine' in 40 parts, but unfortunately the music is no longer extant. Instead, the **In nomine** performed this evening is conceived on a much more intimate, domestic level. An extremely important genre in the development of English consort music throughout the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the 'In nomine' developed from part of John Taverner's setting of the 'Benedictus' in his *Missa Gloria tibi Trinitas*. In Milton's six-part piece, the *cantus firmus* of the mass (the plainchant on which it is founded) is taken by a singer. The anonymous words bear no relation to the original text of the *cantus firmus*, but seem well-matched to the music's mournful minor mode. Milton's setting of King David's lament for the death of his son, **When David heard**, also participates in a larger tradition. After the death of Henry, Prince of Wales in 1612, this text gained a particular resonance for contemporary composers; Milton's setting survives in a manuscript source alongside the more famous settings of Weelkes and Tomkins, both commonly considered memorials for the dead prince. Despite its religious text, it is likely that this music was intended for devotional use in the household rather than the church, a domestic context which can only have intensified the affective power of a father's lament for his son.

On 12 February 1625, at the age of 16, the younger Milton was admitted to Christ's College. Although disparaging of the curriculum at the University, he would later praise his college and its fellowship for their 'upright intentions' (*An Apology Against a Pamphlet*, 1642). The expression of his frustration was not limited to criticism of the University authorities: **Sonnet VII**, written near the end of the poet's time at Christ's, articulates the young man's impatience that he has not yet achieved his full potential. The death of his young friend, Edward King, commemorated in the pastoral elegy **Lycidas**, can only have encouraged such anxieties: 'Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,' the poet mourns. Another important friendship encouraged Milton's musical interests. Milton and Henry Lawes (1596-1662) collaborated on the masque *Comus* in 1634; as well as writing the music, the musician also performed in the masque, providing Milton with a number of opportunities

to compliment his friend's musical abilities. Bearing in mind the poet's Republican sympathies, the fact that Milton's **Sonnet XIII** first appeared at the start of Lawes' *Choice Psalmes* (1648) – a volume dedicated to the imprisoned Charles I, and commemorating the death of Henry's brother William (1602-1645), who had died fighting for the King at Chester – is a testament to the depth of their friendship. In his sonnet, Milton praises Lawes for the clarity of his word-setting:

Harry...taught our English music how to span  
Words with just note and accent.

This claim is demonstrated by Lawes' surviving song-settings, beautiful examples of the English declamatory style which was dedicated to preserving, as far as possible, the natural rhythms of poetry within the rhythms of a musical setting. A marginal note to Milton's sonnet in *Choice Psalmes* directs the reader to Lawes' dramatic rendering of William Cartwright's **The Complaint of Ariadne**. Pointing towards the development of opera, the quasi-recitative style of Lawes' setting underpins Cartwright's text, demonstrating the composer's striking ability to use music to enhance, rather than to overwhelm, a lyric. This development in music presents a striking analogue to the developments in the representation of the speaking voice in the plays of Shakespeare and his contemporaries; there is both a dramatic and an operatic quality to the speeches Milton writes for the protagonists of *Paradise Lost*.

For a man who wrote about music as a profound expression of the fundamental law and order in the created universe, Milton's life was at times distinctly lacking in harmony: his first wife, Mary Powell, left the poet only a few weeks after their marriage in 1642 (although she later returned and bore him four children before her death in 1652); his happier second marriage lasted only two years before Katherine died. Yet Milton continued to imagine a harmonious ideal of love: in **Book VIII** of *Paradise Lost* Adam describes the creation of Eve from his own flesh, and their marriage, blessed by heaven. Although they may at first seem awkward bedfellows, Milton's vitriolic pamphlet on **The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce**, published only a year after his wife's abandonment, recognises the same ideal – that marriage is, at its best, solace and delight – but realises that ideals are often hard to grasp in the actual world, and advocates divorce on the grounds of incompatibility. Both the bitterness and pathos of Milton's prose are echoed in the lyrics of the love songs composed by the Lawes brothers. Like Milton, both Edmund Waller (1606-1687) and Robert Herrick (*bap.*1591-1674) were acquaintances of the Lawes family, and both poets wrote verse commending the musical abilities of the brothers. A far cry from

Henry's dramatic portrait of Ariadne's abandonment, or the visionary excesses of Milton's own poetry, these focussed, understated songs have an attractive modesty of ambition.

For Milton, unhappiness in marriage was only the first of a number of disappointments. His eyesight, which had been deteriorating since 1644, finally failed him completely in 1651. Compared to the impatience and frustration expressed in his youthful sonnet on 'Time the subtle thief of youth,' **Sonnet XVI** reacts to the disaster of his blindness with great dignity, accepting with apparent resignation that 'They also serve who only stand and wait'. Standing and waiting, however, was not in Milton's nature. Despite his misfortunes, Milton continued his work as Secretary of Foreign Tongues to the Council of State until 1659; his greatest work, *Paradise Lost*, was started in the mid-1650s. Milton's invocation, 'Hail, holy light', from the start of **Book III**, is one of the most personal moments in the entire epic. Like the music of the spheres, no mortal can see the heavenly light; but for the blind Milton, the imaginative leap required to describe 'th'Eternal Coeternal beam' is even greater. Twinned with the poet's musical ear, Milton's blindness seems to have released an extraordinarily visual imagination. When, in his final years, he turned to the story of Samson, enslaved and eyeless in Gaza, this imagination is given free rein: there is an impassioned, personal note below the surface of Samson's lament, '**O loss of sight, of thee I most complain!**'. The melancholy of William Lawes' **Consort Set in A minor** complements Samson's despair; the two involved themes of the opening movement are followed by the disturbing chromaticisms of a second Fantasy, before the final, more virtuosic music of the Air.

Since William Blake's reading of *Paradise Lost*, it has been commonplace to observe that Milton was 'of the devil's party without knowing it'; certainly there are notable parallels to be drawn between the failed rebellion of Satan, and Milton's own sympathies with the Parliamentary rebellion against the Monarchy, so it comes as little surprise that Satan's speeches in *Paradise Lost* should be such virtuosic set-pieces. 'O thou that with surpassing glory crowned', from **Book IV**, is a *tour de force*: Satan, preparing to enter Eden, reflects on his rebellion against God; but his meditation only confirms him in his conviction to attempt to destroy God's newly-created paradise. The **Sad Pavan for these distracted times**, by Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656), approaches the Parliamentary rebellion from an alternative political perspective, a moving commemoration of the execution of Charles I in 1649.

Deeply engaged as he was in the politically turbulent world of seventeenth-century England, it is natural that Milton's literary legacy should bear some of the scars of this period of upheaval; but the overwhelming achievement of *Paradise Lost* is that it is not a downtrodden survey of disappointment, or anger, or despair. All of these are contained within the epic, and the stern, almost forbidding opening lines of **Book I** are filled with the grandest ideas – of 'Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme', of disobedience, death and chaos, of God and Christ – but the journey taken by the reader reveals a distinctly human story. Summing up his philosophy, Milton writes,

I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary.

In the context of these words from **Areopagitica**, Milton's treatise against censorship, the warmth of the final lines of **Book XII** is hard to ignore. Leaving behind the safe, cloistered walls of Paradise, Adam and Eve enter a new world of human choice and decision. Danger and despair are never far away in this new world; but as the words and music of Thomas Tomkins' **My beloved spake** remind us, there is also the potential for great beauty.

*Simon Jackson*

*John Milton, the Elder (c.1563-1647)*

**In nomine**

If that a sinner's sighs sent from a soul oppressed  
May pierce the firmament, and mount the throne,  
Where great Jehovah sits, the God of rest:  
Then hear, O Lord, the sad tune of my moan;  
O gracious God, whose goodness gives me light,  
Receive my tears and prayers in thy sight.

*Anonymous*

*John Milton, the Elder*

**When David heard**

When David heard that Absolon was slain, he went up to his chamber over the gate and wept. And as he went, thus he said: 'O my son Absolon, would God I had died for thee, Absolon, my son'.

*2 Samuel 18:33*

*Henry Lawes (1596-1662)*

**The Complaint of Ariadne**

*Ariadne sitting upon a rock in the island Naxos, deserted by Theseus, thus complains.*

Theseus, O Theseus, hark! but yet in vain,  
Alas, deserted I complain:  
    It was some neighb'ring rock, more soft than he,  
    Whose hollow bowels pitied me,  
And beating back that false and cruel name,  
Did comfort and revenge my flame.  
    Then faithless whither wilt thou fly?  
    Stones dare not harbour cruelty.

Tell me, ye gods, who e'er ye are,  
Why, O why, made ye him so fair?  
    And tell me wretch, why thou  
    Mad'st not thyself more true?  
Beauty from him might copies take,  
And more majestic heroes make,  
    And falsehood learn a wile  
    From him too, to beguile:  
    Restore my clew,  
    'Tis here most due,  
For 'tis a lab'rinth of more subtle art  
To have so fair a face, so foul a heart.

The rav'nous vulture tear his breast,  
The rolling stone disturb his rest;  
    Let him next feel  
    Ixion's wheel,  
And add one fable more  
To cursing poets' store.  
And then— yet rather let him live, and twine  
His woof of days with some thread stol'n from mine.  
    But if you'll torture him, howe'er:  
    Torture my heart, you'll find him there.

Till mine eyes drank up his,  
And his drank mine,  
    I ne'er thought souls might kiss,  
And spirits join.  
    Pictures till then  
    Took me as much as men:  
Nature and art  
Moving alike my heart.  
But his fair visage made me find  
    Pleasures and fears,  
    Hopes, sighs, and tears,  
As several seasons of the mind.  
    Should thine eye, Venus, on his dwell,  
    Thou wouldst invite him to thy shell,  
And, caught by that live jet,  
Venture the second net:  
And after all thy dangers faithless he,  
Shouldst thou but slumber, would forsake ev'n thee!

The streams so court the yielding banks,  
And gliding thence ne'er pay their thanks;  
    The winds so woo the flowers,  
    Whisp'ring among fresh bowers,  
And having robbed them of their smells,  
Fly thence perfumed to other cells.  
This is familiar hate, to smile, and kill:  
Though nothing please thee, yet my ruin will.  
    Death hover, hover o'er me then;  
Waves let your crystal womb  
Be both my fate and tomb:  
    I'll sooner trust the sea than men.

    Yet for revenge to heav'n I'll call,  
    And breathe one curse before I fall.  
Proud of two conquests, minotaur and me –  
That by my faith, this by thy perjury –  
    May'st thou forget to wing thy ships with white,  
    That the black sails may to the longing sight  
Of thy grey father tell thy fate, and he  
Bequeath that sea his name, falling like me.  
    Nature and love thus brand thee, whilst I die  
    'Cause thou forsak'st, Aegeus 'cause thou draw'st nigh.

And ye, O nymphs, below who sit,  
In whose swift floods his vows he writ,  
Snatch a sharp diamond from your richer mines,  
And in some mirror grave these sadder lines,  
Which let some god convey  
To him, that so he may  
In that both read at once, and see,  
Those looks that caused my destiny.

*Her Epitaph*

“In Thetis’ arms I Ariadne sleep,  
Drowned first in mine own tears, then in the deep.  
Twice banished, first by love, and then by hate:  
The life that I preserved became my fate,  
Who, leaving all, was by him left alone,  
That from a monster freed, himself proved one.”

Thus then I f— but look: O mine eyes,  
Be now true spies;

Yonder, yonder  
Comes my dear,  
Now my wonder,  
Once my fear.  
See! satyrs dance along  
In a confusèd throng,  
Whilst horns and pipes’ rude noise  
Do mad their lusty joys.  
Roses his forehead crown,  
And that recrowns the flowers;  
Where he walks up and down  
He makes the deserts bowers.  
The ivy and the grape  
Hide not, adorn his shape,  
And green leaves clothe his waving rod:  
’Tis he, ’tis either Theseus, or some god.

*William Cartwright (1611-1643)*

*Henry Lawes*  
**The Rose**

Go, lovely rose:  
Tell her that wastes her time and me,  
That now she knows,  
When I resemble her to thee,  
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that’s young,  
And shuns to have her graces spied,  
That hadst thou sprung  
In deserts where no men abide,  
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth  
Of beauty from the light retired:  
Bid her come forth;  
Suffer herself to be desired,  
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die, that she  
The common fate of all things rare  
May read in thee:  
How small a part of time they share  
That are so wondrous sweet and fair.

*Edmund Waller (1606-1687)*

*William Lawes (1602-1645)*

**To Sycamores**

I'm sick of love; O let me lie  
Under your shades, to sleep or die.  
Either is welcome; so here I have  
Or here my bed, or here my grave.  
Why do ye sigh, and sob, and keep  
Time with the tears, that I do weep?  
Can ye have sense, or do ye prove  
What crucifixions are in love?  
I know ye do; and that's the why  
Ye weep, being sick of love as I.

*Robert Herrick (bap.1591-1674)*

*William Lawes*

**To Pansies**

Ah, cruel love! Must I endure  
All thy scorn, yet find no cure?  
Are thy medicines made to be  
Help to others, but to me?  
I'll leave thee, and to pansies come;  
Comforts you'll afford me some:  
You can ease my heart and do  
What love could ne'er be brought unto.

Ah, cruel fate! Enraged lust  
Of tyrants proves most just.  
For thy conquests are with loss;  
Just are the gods that thus dispose.  
Thy ensign then no more I'll wear;  
All thy suitor's marks me tear.  
If my wound I can but heal,  
All future flame I will conceal.

*Robert Herrick*

*William Lawes*

**To the Virgins, To Make Much of Time**

Gather your rosebuds while you may,  
Old Time is still a-flying;  
For that same flower that smiles today,  
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher is a-getting,  
No sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer is to setting.

That fate is best that is the first,  
Whilst youth and blood are warmer;  
But being fled, grows worse and worse,  
And ill succeeds the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while you may, go marry;  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

*Robert Herrick*

*Thomas Tomkins (1572-1656)*

**My beloved spake**

My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up my love, my fair one, and come away. For lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone. The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vine with her tender grapes give a sweet smell. Arise my love, my fair one, and come away.

*Song of Solomon 2: 10-13*

## **Michael Pennington**

Born in Cambridge, Michael Pennington grew up in St John's Wood, London. Between 1961 and 1964, he read English at Trinity College, Cambridge, where, among other roles, he first played Hamlet and Troilus. Though he is most famous as a stage-actor, Michael's varied career as an actor and director has included work on radio, television, and film. In 1986, he and Michael Bogdanov founded the English Shakespeare Company. As joint artistic director, he starred as Prince Hal/Henry V in its inaugural productions of *Henry IV, parts I and II*, and *Henry V*, which were augmented in 1987 to become *The Wars of the Roses*, a production of Shakespeare's seven history plays, which toured internationally to critical acclaim.

In 2003, Michael's book, *Are you there, Crocodile?*, about his experiences devising and writing his one-man show about Chekhov was short-listed for the Theatre Book Prize. More recently, his career-long engagement with the plays of William Shakespeare has led him to write and perform a second one-man show, *Sweet William*, currently touring both nationally and internationally.

## **Fretwork**

Richard Boothby  
Asako Morikawa  
Susanna Pell  
Richard Campbell  
Richard Tunnicliffe

Ever since its London debut in 1986, Fretwork has been setting new standards for the performance of sixteenth and seventeenth century English masterpieces for viol consort. The group has given concerts and broadcast all round the world, made numerous highly successful recordings – recently with an exclusive contract with Harmonia Mundi USA, and formerly for Virgin Classics – and is actively engaged in generating a new repertory for their instruments.

Many of Fretwork's audience are now familiar with works by the great English composers, who include John Taverner, Thomas Tallis, William Byrd, Orlando Gibbons, John Dowland, William Lawes, John Jenkins, Matthew Locke and Henry Purcell. Now the group's repertory has expanded not only to embrace music from fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth century Flanders, France, Germany Italy and Spain, but also entirely new works by living composers. They have given the first performances of pieces specially written for them by, among many others, George Benjamin, Simon Bainbridge, Gavin Bryars, Barry Guy, Michael Nyman, Peter Sculthorpe, Sally Beamish, Elvis Costello, Alexander Goehr, Thea Musgrave, Tan Dun, John Woolrich, Poul Ruders, Orlando Gough and Sir John Tavener.

They have also sought to fill in the gap between their earlier music and the contemporary by playing as much J. S. Bach as possible. Initially, they played and recorded 'The Art of Fugue' to rapturous criticism; and more recently they have arranged many of his keyboard works, including 'The Well Tempered Clavier' and the 'Clavierübung', recently released on the HMU label under the title 'Alio Modo'.

## **Ruth Provost**

Ruth Provost read Music at Christ's College, Cambridge, and began studying singing when she gained a place as a Choral Exhibitioner in the Chapel Choir. Whilst at Cambridge, Ruth also sang with a number of large scale choral groups, including the Sagittarian Consort and University Chamber Choir, and specialised in small scale early music singing with the Cambridge Consort and octet Cantus Cambridge. Currently she sings on a regular basis at Winchester Cathedral and recently performed in Germany with the Chamber Choir of the Royal Academy of Music. Ruth has appeared as a soloist in Cambridge, London and Winchester; engagements so far include J.S. Bach's Cantata *Jauchzet Gott in allen Landen*, Buxtehude's *Membra Jesu Nostri*, Mozart's *Requiem* and *Mass in C minor* and extracts from Handel's *Messiah*, with such groups as the Cambridge University Baroque Ensemble and the Thames Chamber Orchestra. She has also recorded as a named soloist with Christ's Choir, the Bede Singers and the Oxford Choir under directors such as David Hill and Christopher Robinson. Forthcoming engagements include J.S. Bach's *St John Passion*, Handel's *Messiah* with English Voices and Haydn's *Creation* with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment.

## **David Rowland**

David Rowland was Organ Scholar at Corpus Christi College and during his third year he assisted the Organ Scholar at King's by playing regularly at services. After graduating in 1978 he pursued research in Cambridge while still playing the organ, and in 1981 he won the prestigious St Alban's International Organ Competition. In the following year he was a major prizewinner at the Dublin International Organ Competition. Subsequently David became a lecturer in the music department of Glasgow University and then Director of Music at Christ's College, Cambridge, where he has conducted the choir for the last twenty-two years. More recently, from 2002-4 he conducted the Welsh National Youth Choir. In addition to conducting he records, broadcasts and performs regularly in London's South Bank concert halls and in many other venues nationwide, on harpsichord, organ and early piano. David joined the staff of the Music Department of the Open University in 1989, where he is currently Professor of Music and Dean of the Faculty of Arts. He pursues research into the performance practice of the early piano, and in particular into the career of Muzio Clementi, on which subjects he has written four books and other scholarly material.

## **Members of the Choir of Christ's College**

Music has played an important role at Christ's since the earliest days of its 500-year history. Lady Margaret Beaufort, the Foundress, left the College a bequest of three organs on her death in 1509. The Chapel Choir was originally made up solely of male voices, the upper parts being sung by boy trebles. As the university gradually became mixed, the Choir admitted women from other colleges to sing the upper voices. Christ's College became mixed in 1979. Since then, the choral sound has developed through "the quality of the female undergraduates who bring precision, sensitivity, and increasingly mature musicianship to the upper lines" (*Church Times*, 30/10/98).

Today's Choir is increasingly considered to be amongst Cambridge's finest mixed-voice ensembles. Recent CD recordings and concert reviews stand as testament to its ability and broad repertoire.



## Milton in the Old Library

**17 January to 18 December 2008**, The Old Library, Christ's College, Cambridge

An exhibition based around the College's extensive collection of Milton materials. Open to the public every **Thursday, 2-4.45 pm**, and for group visits at other times by appointment.

## Handel – *L'Allegro, Il Penseroso, ed Il Moderato*

**Sunday 7 December 2008**, 6 pm, Trinity College Chapel, Cambridge

The Essex Baroque Orchestra conducted by Peter Holman in a performance of Handel's oratorio based on Milton's poems. Pre-concert talk by Dr Jessica Martin, "Voice, and Verse": Milton's Music', 5 pm, Trinity College Chapel.

*For more information on Milton and the 400<sup>th</sup> anniversary celebrations, please visit:*

**[www.christs.cam.ac.uk/milton400](http://www.christs.cam.ac.uk/milton400)**  
**[www.christs.cam.ac.uk/darknessvisible](http://www.christs.cam.ac.uk/darknessvisible)**

## **Acknowledgements:**

Concert devised by Gavin Alexander, Sophie Read, David Irving and David Rowland

Programme: Simon Jackson

Images from Christ's College Old Library collection

Editions of music by John Milton, the Elder: Richard Rastall (Christ's, 1960)

Editions of music by Henry Lawes: Gavin Alexander

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