

ANALEKTA

PHILIPPE SLY

LOVE'S MINSTRELS

MICHAEL MCMAHON



PHILIPPE SLY

BARYTON-BASSE / BASS-BARITONE

Philippe Sly a remporté l'édition 2012 du prestigieux Concours Musical International de Montréal et les National Council Auditions du Metropolitan Opera en 2011. Récemment, il était récompensé lors de la 16^e édition des prix Opus dans la catégorie « Concert de l'année – musiques romantique, postromantique, impressionniste ».

Philippe Sly détient un baccalauréat en interprétation de l'Université McGill. En plus d'avoir été membre du San Francisco Opera Merola Program, il est aussi diplômé du Canadian Opera Company Ensemble Studio.

Lancé en octobre 2012 sous étiquette Analekta, son premier album *En Rêves* a été acclamé par la critique. Tout aussi bien accueilli, son second enregistrement, *Les amants trahis*, présentait des œuvres de Rameau, aux côtés de la soprano Hélène Guillemette et du claveciniste Luc Beauséjour. *Love's Minstrels* est son troisième album.

Philippe Sly is the first prize winner of the prestigious 2012 Montreal International Musical Competition and the grand prize winner of the 2011 Metropolitan Opera National Council Auditions. Recently, he was awarded "Concert of the Year - Romantic, Post-Romantic and Impressionist Music" at the 16th annual ceremony of the Prix Opus in Québec.

He holds a Bachelor of Music degree in voice performance from McGill University's Schulich School of Music in Montreal. He is also an alumnus of San Francisco Opera's Merola Program and the Canadian Opera Company Ensemble Studio.

Released in October 2012 under the Analekta label, his first solo album entitled *In Dreams* gained critical acclaim, followed by an all-Rameau album entitled *Les amants trahis* with soprano Hélène Guillemette and harpsichordist Luc Beauséjour. *Love's Minstrels* is his third album.

MICHAEL MCMAHON

PIANO

Le pianiste Michael McMahon est le partenaire préféré de plusieurs des meilleurs chanteurs canadiens. Il se produit régulièrement au Canada, en Europe, au Japon et aux États-Unis avec de nombreux chanteurs et chanteuses de renom, dont Catherine Robbin, Karina Gauvin, Measha Brueggergosman, Marianne Fiset, Lyne Fortin, Dominique Labelle, Wendy Nielsen, Maureen Forester, Marie-Nicole Lemieux et plusieurs autres.

Après ses études à l'Université McGill de Montréal, il a poursuivi ses études en musique à Vienne à la Hochschule für Musik und darstellende Kunst et à l'Institut Franz Schubert, ainsi qu'à Salzbourg au Mozarteum. Il a étudié alors avec des artistes légendaires, dont Erik Werba, Hans Hotter, Elly Ameling, Jörg Demus et Kim Borg.

En plus des nombreux concerts à son horaire, Michael McMahon est professeur à l'École de musique Schulich de l'Université McGill à Montréal. En qualité de coach vocal, il travaille régulièrement avec l'Atelier lyrique de l'Opéra de Montréal, Opera Nuova, le Centre des arts d'Orford et le Banff Centre. On lui demande aussi d'offrir des classes de maître aux chanteurs et aux pianistes. Il est actuellement artiste en résidence à l'Institut Franz Schubert en Autriche et au festival d'opéra C.O.S.I. en Italie.

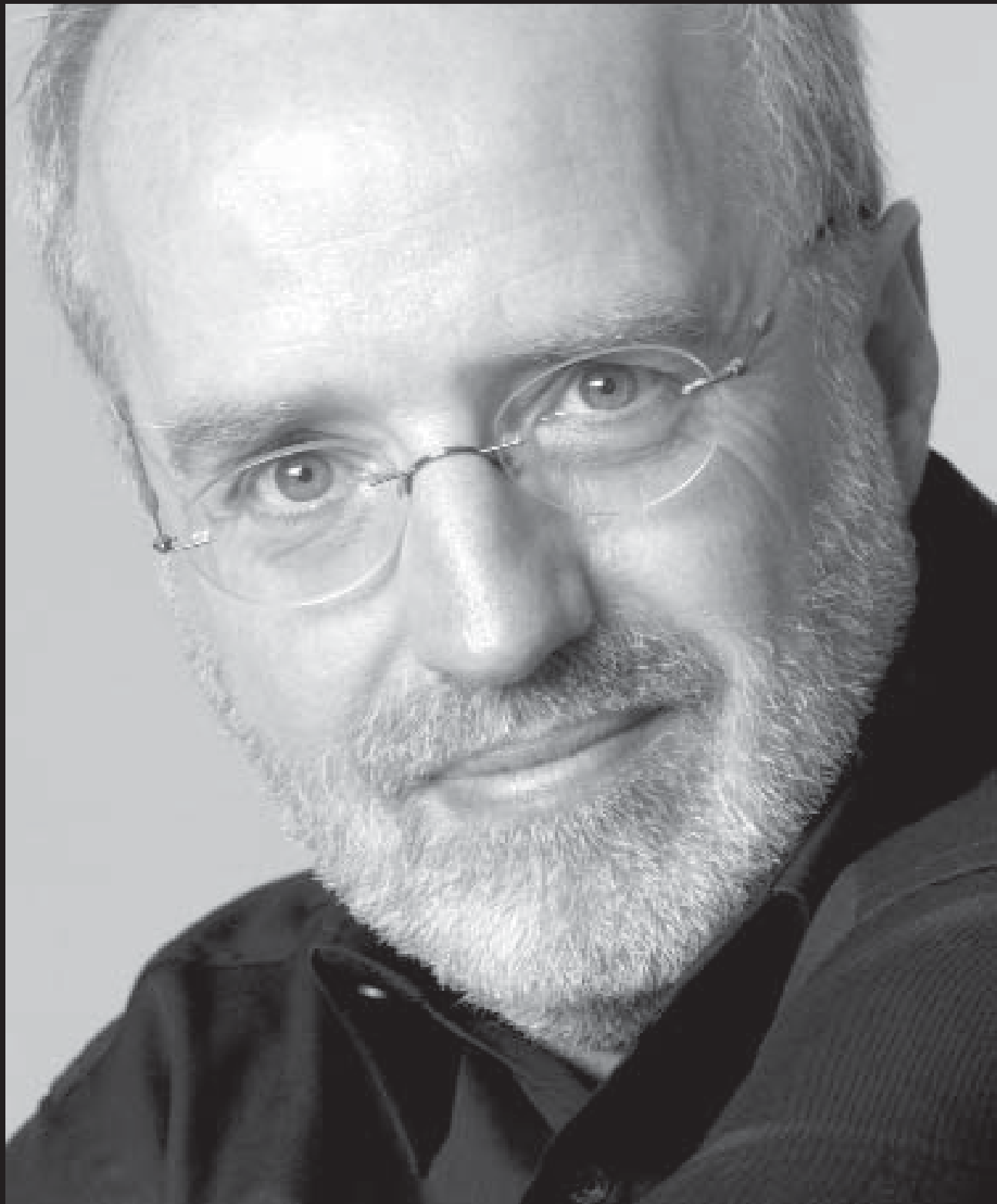
Michael McMahon a participé à de nombreux enregistrements radiodiffusés aux réseaux français et anglais de CBC ainsi qu'à BBC, RBTF, Radio Suisse Romande et Radio France. Ses enregistrements ont reçu les éloges du public et lui ont mérité une nomination aux Prix Juno ainsi qu'un Prix Opus. Il a aussi été membre du jury et coach vocal dans le cadre de la série télévisée *Bathroom Divas*. En 2012, il a reçu le prix Ruby d'Opéra Canada pour sa contribution à la musique canadienne.

Pianist Michael McMahon is the preferred partner to many of Canada's finest singers. He has performed regularly throughout Canada, in Europe, Japan and the USA with singers such as Catherine Robbin, Karina Gauvin, Measha Brueggergosman, Gordon Bintner, Marianne Fiset, Lyne Fortin, Dominique Labelle, Wendy Nielsen, Maureen Forester, Marie-Nicole Lemieux and many others.

Following his studies at McGill University in Montreal, he completed his musical education in Vienna at the Hochschule für Musik und darstellende Kunst and the Franz Schubert Institute, and in Salzburg at the Mozarteum. During this time, he studied with such legendary artists as Erik Werba, Hans Hotter, Elly Ameling, Jörg Demus, and Kim Borg.

In addition to his active performing schedule, Michael McMahon is a Professor at the Schulich School of Music of McGill University in Montreal. He has had long associations with l'Atelier lyrique de L'Opéra de Montréal, Opera Nuova, the Orford Arts Centre and the Banff Centre, where he has worked regularly as a vocal coach. He is also often asked to give Masterclasses for singers and pianists, and is a resident artist at the Franz Schubert Institute in Austria and the C.O.S.I. Summer Opera program in Italy.

He has made numerous broadcast recordings for the English and French networks of the CBC, as well as for the BBC, RBTF, Radio Suisse Romande, and Radio France. His recordings have met with critical acclaim, including Juno nominations and the Prix Opus. He was also a judge and vocal coach for the award winning television series *Bathroom Divas*. In 2012, Michael McMahon was honoured with a Ruby Award by Opera Canada for his contribution to music in Canada.



VOIR AVEC SON CŒUR

Pourquoi les chansons anglaises du début du siècle continuent-elles d'intéresser interprètes et public de nos jours? Et pourquoi les chansons populaires s'éclipsant alors tranquillement suscitaient-elles l'intérêt des poètes et compositeurs présentés dans cet album? Un processus commun de rétrospection, presque une technique artistique, unit l'interprète contemporain au poète historique et au compositeur inspiré. La parenté dans l'approche artistique, tel un écho du passé, rend aujourd'hui visible et audible la bucolique Angleterre disparue.

Comment se remémorer un temps lointain? L'artiste, tentant de transmettre un message pertinent et cohérent se doit de plonger dans le passé. Vivant avec des fantômes, des souvenirs, des échos, des grands ouvrages, et une multitude de pensées et créations accumulées par les générations, l'interprète disparaît du présent afin de communier avec les voix du passé mélangées à la sienne, donnant ainsi un sens à l'œuvre.

Un périple vers l'archaïsme est aussi cohérent pour l'interprète actif d'aujourd'hui qu'il l'est pour les compositeurs et les poètes de cet enregistrement. La voix de la jeunesse est lumineuse et présente, mais elle prend toute sa splendeur lorsque mélangée aux profondeurs du passé, aux temps d'avant et à l'archaïsme. Une chanson n'est-elle pas l'union parfaite entre les paroles, anciennes, et le chant,

jeune? Plusieurs des compositeurs présentés ici étaient tout à fait conscients de la disparition de la musique folklorique et luttèrent pour incorporer cette voix quasi éteinte dans leurs œuvres. Cette combinaison entre musique folklorique hautement évocatrice et poésie noble et sensible a créé une musique folklorique d'un genre plus élevé. Il s'agit donc d'avantage d'une intervention pour garder le sens du passé que d'un effort stylistique en conservation musicale.

Aucune des chansons anglaises de la présente collection ne fait mention d'avions, d'automobiles, de trains, de manufactures ou encore de bombes, fusils ou tranchées des guerres modernes. Pour ces compositeurs, ayant vécu pour la plupart dans de grosses métropoles toute leur vie, l'aspect rural de la nature et de la campagne était source bien plus grande de métaphores, contrastant avec un monde vastement industrialisé. L'Angleterre au tournant du siècle était un curieux mélange de mode de vie d'autrefois et de boom de nouvelles technologies. Ainsi, les automobiles croisaient les calèches et les machineries lourdes enterraient le faible bruit des moulins.

L'imagerie et la poésie des chansons présentées illustrent donc bien ce monde en transition, le mode de vie d'autrefois devenant souvenir. Le monde de Shakespeare, celui présenté dans les vieilles chansons folkloriques, ou encore celui des anciennes

cultures védiques de l'Inde, représentaient pour eux ce que leur temps représente aujourd'hui pour nous: un passé distant s'évanouissant sous nos yeux. Le service artistique que nous ont rendu ces compositeurs serait donc peut-être la force de leurs croyances en l'imagination et les métaphores comme forces transformatives et comme outil de mémoire.

Avec le recul, il est facile d'établir des similitudes entre des artistes afin de soutenir une notion de style, d'école de pensée, ou de mouvement. Ce qui pour l'artiste est un long processus de recherche personnelle, d'échecs, de transformations et d'expressions nous semble, quelques centaines d'années plus tard, une simple représentation de la tendance générale d'une époque. Presque sans exception, ces compositeurs ont étudié au Royal College of Music au tournant du siècle et plusieurs d'entre eux sous la direction des mêmes professeurs. Toutefois, les mises en musique des chansons ne sont pas seulement basées sur différents genres et formes poétiques ainsi que sur tout le spectre des périodes historiques allant de la ballade débauchée aux déclarations d'amour en passant par les méditations contemporaines sur la mort et la transformation. Elles contribuent également à enrichir le répertoire de modulations créatives et de mélodies révélatrices considérées comme l'essentiel dudit « son britannique ».

Un des éléments unissant ces compositeurs était le désir de présenter le monde non pas comme il était, mais bien comme il pourrait être. La musique pouvait nous plonger dans une nostalgie, un rêve empli de romantisme et d'idéalisme dans ce siècle brutalement réaliste. Leur musique se veut donc rassurante et apaisante, tel un baume sur le contexte moderne. Une expérience archétype illustrée avec brio par cette musique pastorale exceptionnellement personnelle.

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Traduction : Marie Dubeau-Labbé

HOW THE HEART'S EYE SEES

Why is turn of the century British Song of interest to an artist or to a listener today, and why were the then-disappearing folk songs and folkways of interest to the poets and composers presented on this recording? A common process of retrospection, almost an artistic technique, unites the contemporary interpreter with the historical poet and the musing composer. Their commonality of approach, like a resonance of meaning, makes this vanished bucolic Britain inwardly visible and audible for us today.

How do we recall a time that has passed forever? The artist, attempting to present relevant and meaningful messages, delves into the past. Living with ghosts, memories, echoes, great works, and all the accumulated thoughts and creations of generations of artists come and gone; diving and resurfacing, the artist disappears from the present, sinks into the past, communes with lost meanings and motifs and reemerges with the voice of the ages flowing from their own voice- thus bringing meaning forward.

Journeying into archaism is as relevant for the interpreter active today as it was for the composers and poets featured here. The voice of youth is bright and present but takes on shade and hue in the resonant depths of the past, in the age-old and the archaic. Is not song a union of the words, being ancient, and the singing, being young? Many of the composers presented here were keenly aware of the disappearance of folk music and strove to incorporate this vanishing voice into their compositions. This combi-

nation of melodies strongly suggestive of folk song with exquisitely sensitive and noble poetry created a unique "high folk-art" that was more a retrieval of meaning than a stylistic retrenchment in musical conservatism.

In the entirety of this present collection of English song there is no mention of the airplane, the automobile, the train, the factory, or of the bombs, guns and trenches of modern warfare. For these composers, all of whom resided in large cities for the majority of their lives, nature and rural life provided the most compelling metaphors for the inner, human experience of their increasingly mechanized and industrialized outer world. England at the turn of the century was a curious mix of ancient life-ways and new technology: automobiles passing horse drawn carts; high speed mechanical forges and machine works drowning out the quiet creak of the spinning wheel or the butter-churn's rhythmic splash.

The imagery and poetic subjects of the songs presented here show us a world in transition, passing forever into memory. Shakespeare's world, the world presented in old folksongs, or the world of the ancient Vedic Indian cultures were as outwardly distant for them as their vanished world is for us now. Perhaps the artistic service these composers have rendered to us is the force of their belief in imagination and metaphor as transformative forces and ways to remember the world.

In historical retrospect, it is easy to assign connections between artists to support the notion of a school, style or movement. What for the artist is often a lonely and difficult process of personal searching, failing, transformation and expression seems to us one hundred years later as being representative of a general trend of the era. Almost without exception these composers studied at the Royal College of Music around the turn of the century, many under the same professors. Yet the song settings are not only based on various poetic genres, forms and historical periods across the whole spectrum- from bawdy ballad through high flown love-praise to contemporary meditations on death and transformation- each also contributes, in every figuration, curious modulation or suggestive melody, a significant and essentially unique particle of meaning toward what we know as the British sound.

Perhaps one element uniting these composers was the desire to present the world not as it was, but as it could be: that music could immerse us in a longing, dreaming romanticism and idealism in that most brutally realistic century. Their music can act as a kind of reassurance or heart's ease; beneath the contexts and situations of modern life live the seeds of archetypal experience, symbolized and figured forth so masterfully in this highly personal, wonderfully pastoral music.

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LOVE'S MINSTRELS

Chansons anglaises des 19^e et 20^e siècles
English songs from the 19th and 20th centuries

HEALEY WILLAN (1880-1968)

British Folksong Arrangements

1. Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes 2:36
2. Ae Fond Kiss 3:21
3. Londonderry Air 3:27
(pour / for Ross et / and Christopher)
4. Loch Lomond 3:09
(pour / for Jean et / and Lindsay)

JOHN IRELAND (1879-1962)

Three Masefield Ballads

5. Sea Fever 2:12
6. The Bells of San Marie 2:33
7. The Vagabond 1:55

ROGER QUILTER (1877-1953)

Five Shakespeare Songs

8. Fear No More the Heat O' the Sun 3:08
9. Under the Greenwood Tree 1:07
10. It Was a Lover and His Lass 2:27
11. Take, O Take Those Lips Away 1:30
12. Hey, Ho, the Wind and the Rain 1:43

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)

The House of Life

13. Love-Sight 4:43
14. Silent Noon 3:51
15. Love's Minstrels 5:26
16. Hearts Haven 2:52
17. Death-in-Love 4:20
18. Love's Last Gift 3:58

GUSTAV HOLST (1874-1934)

Vedic Hymns (extraits / excerpts)

19. Ushas (Dawn) 3:01
20. Varuna I (Sky) 3:13
21. Maruts (Stormclouds) 1:44

Paroles disponibles sur / Lyrics available at: analekta.com

Cet enregistrement a été réalisé à la Salle de concert Oscar Peterson en septembre 2013. /
This recording was made at the Oscar Peterson Concert hall in September 2013.

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Photo de couverture et verso / Cover and back picture: © Katya Konioukhova

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Conception et production graphique / Graphic Design and Production: Pyrograf

Groupe Analekta Inc. reconnaît l'aide financière du gouvernement du Québec par l'entremise du Programme d'aide aux entreprises du disque et du spectacle de variétés et le Programme de crédit d'impôt pour l'enregistrement sonore de la SODEC. / Groupe Analekta Inc. recognizes the financial assistance of the Government of Quebec through the SODEC's Programme d'aide aux entreprises du disque et du spectacle de variétés and refundable tax credit for recording production services.

Nous reconnaissons l'appui financier du gouvernement du Canada par l'entremise du Ministère du Patrimoine canadien (Fonds de la musique du Canada). / We acknowledge the financial support of the Government of Canada through the Department of Canadian Heritage (Canada Music Fund).

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Chansons anglaises des 19^e et 20^e siècles
English songs from the 19th and 20th centuries

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PHILIPPE SLY

LOVE'S MINSTRELS

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PAROLES

LOVE'S MINSTRELS

Chansons anglaises des 19^e et 20^e siècles / English Songs from the 19th and 20th centuries

PHILIPPE SLY, Baryton-basse / Bass-baritone

MICHAEL MCMAHON, Piano

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HEALEY WILLAN

(1880 - 1968)

1. Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss within the cup
And I'll not ask for wine.

The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me,
Since when it grows and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee!

2. Ae Fond Kiss

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love, and pleasure!

Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee!

3. Londonderry Air

Across the bay, some lonely bird is calling
As t'ward the west he wings his homeward flight
The skies are dark, a sullen rain is falling,
But faster fall the tears that blind my aching sight

Alas my grief! Alas the bitter memory
Of those far days when you were always near
I hear your voice in ev'ry breeze that comes to me
There's not the softest wave but whispers of my dear

'Twas here we lov'd, twas here we met and parted
That fatal hour, whose darkness lingers yet,
When in my pride I left you broken hearted
And in your eyes the grief

I never can forget
Ah, turn again! Take pity on my misery!
I have no peace but on your loving breast!
For you alone can say the word would comfort me

4. Loch Lomond

By yon bonnie banks an' by yon bonnie braes
Whaur the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
Whaur me an' my true love will ne'er meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

Chorus:

ye'll tak' the high road, and Ah'll tak' the low
And Ah'll be in Scotlan' afore ye
Fir me an' my true love will ne'er meet again
On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomon'.

'Twas there that we perted in yon shady glen
On the steep, steep sides o' Ben Lomon'
Whaur in (soft) purple hue, the hielan hills we view
An' the moon comin' oot in the gloamin'.

Chorus

The wee birdies sing an' the wild flouers spring
An' in sunshine the waters are sleeping
But the broken heart it kens, nae second spring
again
Tho' the waeful may cease frae their greetin'.

Chorus

JOHN IRELAND

(1879-1962)

5. Sea Fever

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea
and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the
white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn
breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds
flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume and the
seagulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant
gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the
wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing
fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long
trick's over.

(Ted Perry: <http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

6. The Bells of San Marie

It's pleasant in Holy Mary
By San Marie lagoon,
The bells they chime and jingle
From dawn to afternoon.
They rhyme and chime and mingle,
They pulse and boom and beat,
And the laughing bells are gentle
And the mournful bells are sweet.

Oh, who are the men that ring them,
The bells of San Marie,
Oh, who but the sonsie seamen
Come in from over sea.
And merrily in the belfries
They rock and sway and hale,
And send the bells a-jangle,
And down the lusty ale.

It's pleasant in Holy Mary
To hear the beaten bells
Come booming into music,
Which throbs, and clangs, and swells.
From sunset till the daybreak,
From dawn to afternoon,
In port of Holy Mary
On San Marie Lagoon.

(Ted Perry: <http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

7. The Vagabond

Dunno a heap about the what an' why,
Can't say's I ever knowed.
Heaven to me's a fair blue stretch of sky,
Earth's jest a dusty road.

Dunno the names o' thigs, nor what they are,
Can't say's I ever will.
Dunno about God - he's jest the noddin' star
Atop the windy hill.

Dunno about Life - it's jest a tramp alone,
From wakin'-time to doss.
Dunno about Death - it's jest a quiet stone
All over-grey wi' moss.

An' why I live, an' why the old world spins,
Are things I never knowed.
My mark's the gypsy fires, the lonely inns,
An' jest the dusty road.

(Ted Perry: <http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

ROGER QUILTER

(1877-1953)

8. Fear No More the Heat O' the Sun

Fear no more the heat o' the sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages;
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great;
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke:
Care no more to clothe and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash;
Thou hast finished joy and moan;
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have;
And renownéd be thy grave!

(Ted Perry: <http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

9. Under the Greenwood Tree

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease,
A stubborn will to please,
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.
Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me.

(<http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

10. It Was a Lover and His Lass

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino
That o'er the green corn-field did pass.
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
For love is crownéd with the prime
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding a ding;
Sweet lovers love the spring.

(<http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

11. Take, O Take Those Lips Away

Take, o take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn;
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn:
But my kisses bring again;
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain, sealed in vain.

Hide, o hide those hills of snow
that thy frozen bosom wears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
are yet of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

(<http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

12. Hey, Ho, the Wind and the Rain

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

(Ted Perry: <http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS

(1872-1958)

13. Love-Sight

When do I see thee most, beloved one?
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize
The worship of that Love through thee made
known?

Or when in the dusk hours, (we two alone)
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love - my love! if I no more should see Thyself,
nor on the earth the shadow of thee,
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope
The groundwhirl of the perished leaves of Hope
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

(<http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

14. Silent Noon

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, -
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and
glooms
'Neath billowing clouds that scatter and amass.

All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sunsearched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: -
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

(<http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

15. Love's Minstrels

One flame-winged brought a white-wingedé
A harp-player
Even where my lady and I lay all alone;
Saying: "Behold this minstrel is unknown;
Bid him depart, for I am minstrel here:
Only my songs are to love's dear ones dear".
Then said I "Through thine hautboy's rapturous tone
Unto my lady still this harp makes moan,
And still she deems the cadence deep and clear".
Then said my lady: "Thou art passion of Love,
And this Love's worship: both he plights to me.
Thy mastering music walks the sunlit sea:
But where wan water trembles in the grove,
And the wan moon is all the light thereof,
This harp still makes my name its voluntary."

(<http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

16. Heart's Haven

Sometimes she is a child within mine arms,
Cowering beneath dark wings that love must chase,
With still tears showing and averted face,
Inexplicably filled with faint alarms:
And oft from mine own spirit's hurtling harms
I crave the refuge of her deep embrace,
Against all ills the fortified strong place
And sweet reserve of sovereign counter charms.
And Love, our light at night and shade at noon,
Lulls us to rest with songs, and turns away
All shafts of shelterless tumultuous day.
Like the moon's growth, his face gleams through
his tune;
And as soft waters warble to the moon,
Our answering spirits chime one roundelay.

(<http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

17. Death-in-Love

There came an image in Life's retinue
That had Love's wings and bore his gonfalon:
Fair was the web, and nobly wrought thereon,
O soul-sequestered face, thy form and hue!
Bewildering sounds, such as Spring wakens to,
Shook in its folds; and through my heart its power
Sped trackless as the memorable hour
When birth's dark portal groaned and all was new
But a veiled woman followed, and she caught
The banner round its staff, to furl and cling,
Then plucked a feather from the bearer's wing,
And held it to his lips that stirred it not,
And said to me, "Behold, there is no breath:
I and this Love are one, and I am Death."

(<http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

18. Love's Last Gift

Love to his singer held a glistening leaf,
and said: "The rose-tree and the apple-tree
Have fruits to vaunt or flowers to lure the bee;
And golden shafts are in the feathered sheaf
Of the great harvest marshal, the year's chief
Victorious summer; aye, and 'neath warm sea
Strange secret grasses lurk inviolably
Between the filtering channels of sunk reef.

All are my blooms; and all sweet blooms of love
To thee I gave while spring and summer sang;
But autumn stops to listen, with some pang
From those worse things the wind is moaning of.
Only this laurel dreads no winter days:
Take my last gift; thy heart hath sung my praise."

(<http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

GUSTAV HOLST

(1874-1934)

19. Ushas (Dawn)

Behold the Dawn, the fairest of all visions,
Day's glory now appears.
Arise! For the night hath fled!
Arise and greet the Dawn.
Welcome her! Unveiled she now appeareth,
All things greet her radiant smile.
Borne by wingèd horse and car
She steals across the sky.
Child of heav'n arrayed in shining garments,
Blushing maiden draw thou near:
Sovran lady of earth and sky,
We hail thee as our queen.
Heav'n's breath awakeneth creation,
The sky is all aflame,
Th' eastern Portals open wide.
The Sun draws nigh.
Greeting thee, the holy fire ascendeth,
Greeting thee, our hymns arise,
Greeting thee, the Sun appeareth,
Greeting thee, thy worshippers
Bow down and bless and adore.

(Geoffrey Wieting:

<http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

20. Varuna I (Sky)

Oh thou great judge, Varuna,
Day after day we break thy holy laws.
Oh let us not be yielded up to Death to be destroyèd,
To be destroyèd in thy wrath.

To gain forgiveness, Varuna,
In deepest woe I raise to thee my chant:
Behold, it riseth up towards thy holy throne to beg
for mercy,
As flies the bird unto his nest.

Thou knowest all, Varuna,
Thou knowest the pathway of the moon and wind,
Thy laws throughout eternity endure, thou mighty
ruler,
And to thy judgement all must come.

He doth appear! My cry is answered!
I am delivered from my sin.

(Geoffrey Wieting:

<http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)

21. Maruts (Stormclouds)

Mighty Warriors,
Children of Thunder,
Glorious Maruts,
Heralds of storm!
Through the gloom
Gathering round us
Ye and your horses
Appear in the sky;
Glowing like flames
From the holy fire
That springs from the altar,
Rising to God.

Flashing sword blades,
Tramping of horses,
Shouting of riders
Fill the sky!
Ye are seen
Spreading a mantle,
Cov'ring the heavens
And hiding the sun.
Then from above 'midst
The lightning's bright gleam,
Rejoicing in freedom,
Falleth the rain.

Rushing onward
Hurling your weapons,
Chanting your war songs
Nearer ye come!
We would fain
Welcome you fitly,
But faint are our voices
And feeble our lays.
Come then, dwell within us,
With your power inspire our hearts,
Then shall our songs,
Like clouds expanding,
Carry your glory
Throughout the world.

*(Geoffrey Wieting:
<http://www.recmusic.org/lieder/>)*

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