

A portrait of Michael Slattery, a young man with short brown hair, wearing a black shirt. He is looking directly at the camera with a neutral expression. His hands are clasped in front of him.

Dowland
in Dublin

Michael Slattery TENOR
La Nef

Dowland in Dublin

Michael Slattery TENOR | *TENOR, SHRUTI BOX*

La Nef

Sylvain Bergeron LUTH, GUITARE BAROQUE | *LUTE, BAROQUE GUITAR*

Seán Dagher CISTRE | *CITTERN*

Patrick Graham PERCUSSIONS | *PERCUSSION*

Andrew Horton CONTREBASSE | *DOUBLE BASS*

Grégoire Jeay FLÛTES | *FLUTES*

Alex Kehler VIOLON | *VIOLIN*

Amanda Keesmaat VIOLONCELLE BAROQUE | *BAROQUE CELLO*

Betsy MacMillan VIOLE DE GAMBE | *VIOLA DA GAMBA*

DIRECTION MUSICALE | *MUSICAL DIRECTION & ARRANGEMENTS:*
Sylvain Bergeron, Seán Dagher & Michael Slattery

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| [1] | Sleep Wayward Thoughts [ARR. SD • MS] | 2:36 | [10] | Time Stands Still [ARR. SD] | 3:03 |
| [2] | Now O Now I Needs Must Part [ARR. SD • MS] | 2:38 | [11] | Me, Me and None but Me [ARR. SB] | 2:26 |
| [3] | Behold a Wonder Here [ARR. SD • MS] | 4:11 | [12] | Kemp's Jig Mistress Winter's Jump My Lady Hunsdon's Puffe
[INSTR. ARR. SB] | 3:29 |
| [4] | Fine Knacks for Ladies [INSTR. ARR. SD]
SHRUTI-BOX, VIOLON, FLÛTE, CISTRE, VIOLONCELLE, GUITARE BAROQUE, CONTREBASSE, PERCUSSIONS
SHRUTI-BOX, VIOLIN, FLUTE, CITTERN, CELLO, BAROQUE GUITAR, DOUBLE BASS, PERCUSSION | 2:14 | | VIOLON, FLÛTE, CISTRE, VIOLE, LUTH, PERCUSSIONS
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| [5] | Say, Love if Ever Thou Didst Find [ARR. SD] | 2:55 | [13] | Clear or Cloudy [ARR. SD] | 2:28 |
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VIOLON, FLÛTE, CISTRE, VIOLE, LUTH, PERCUSSIONS
VIOLIN, FLUTE, CITTERN, VIOLA DA GAMBA, LUTE, PERCUSSION | 1:51 | [14] | O Sweet Woods [ARR. SB] | 2:51 |
| [7] | Come again, Sweet Love [ARR. SD • MS] | 3:09 | [15] | A Galliard [INSTR. ARR. SD]
VIOLON, FLÛTE, CISTRE, VIOLONCELLE, VIOLE, CONTREBASSE, GUITARE BAROQUE, PERCUSSIONS
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LUTH LUTE | 2:50 | [17] | His Golden Locks [ARR. SD • MS] | 4:24 |

John Dowland (1563-1626)

“To my loving countryman, Mr. John Forster the younger, merchant of Dublin, in Ireland.”

C'est par cette dédicace de la pièce *From Silent Night*, extraite de son *Pilgrim's Solace* (1612), que John Dowland dévoile ses possibles origines irlandaises. Souvent considéré comme le premier grand compositeur « anglais », Dowland serait-il en fait un Irlandais ? Il serait issu d'une vieille famille irlandaise, les O'Dolan, qui s'était établie à Dublin au milieu du XVI^e siècle. Le fait qu'il soit catholique et qu'il ait obtenu un diplôme honorifique au Trinity College de Dublin semble renforcer cette hypothèse.

Dowland est principalement connu aujourd'hui pour la valeur expressive de ses *Ayres*, notamment par le caractère sombre et mélancolique (voire dépressif) de sa musique. Sa propre devise, « *Dowland, semper dolens* » (Dowland, s'affligeant toujours), en dit long sur cet aspect de sa personnalité. Mais il s'agit sans doute ici d'un cliché ; il ne faut pas oublier que cette époque, celle de Shakespeare, entretient facilement le culte de la mélancolie. Ainsi, on dit plutôt de Dowland qu'il était un homme avenant et gai, qui passait ses journées à faire des blagues ! Il semble avoir entretenu aussi de très bonnes relations avec les femmes, comme en témoigne un nombre important de dédicataires de sexe féminin. À travers sa musique et le choix de ses titres, l'homme se révèle encore plus à nous, nous permettant d'entrevoir la bipolarité de son tempérament. D'un côté, il y a la mélancolie, abondamment représentée par la symbolique des larmes ; *Lacrimae, Flow my tears, I saw my Lady weep, Go Crystal tears...* De l'autre, on trouve la légèreté, l'humour, la satire : *My Lady Hunsdon's Puffe, Mistress Winter's Jump*, etc. C'est surtout à cet aspect de sa personnalité que nous nous sommes attardés pour notre projet.

Même s'il était adulé comme compositeur et luthiste virtuose partout en Europe, Dowland ne sera engagé à la cour d'Angleterre que très tardivement. Ses convictions religieuses en sont probablement la cause, de même que son franc-parler, que la reine Elizabeth ne pouvait tolérer. Le musicien voyagea plutôt à travers toute l'Europe, jouant pour les plus grandes cours princières. Il est aussi reconnu comme le compositeur du plus grand *hit* international de l'époque : *Lacrimae-Flow my tears*. Après avoir essuyé plus d'une fois le refus de sa souveraine, Dowland, éprouve un profond sentiment d'injustice et entretient du ressentiment. Il lui faudra attendre la fin de sa vie, et l'accession du roi Jacques 1^{er}, pour être enfin engagé à la cour d'Angleterre. Ce n'est alors qu'une maigre consolation pour ce grand musicien, qui se trouve à jouer dans un ensemble de luths aux côtés de tâcherons de moindre talent, lesquels avaient obtenu leurs postes à la cour grâce à la magouille et à la flatterie...

• Les arrangements

L'idée de ce projet nous est venue lors d'un party de Noël de La Nef. En fin de soirée, Seán Dagher a sorti son cistre et s'est mis à chanter *Come again* à la manière folk, séduisant du coup son auditoire...

Avec la complicité de Michael Slattery, nous nous sommes amusés par la suite à dépouiller certains *Ayres* de Dowland de leurs accompagnements et contrepoints complexes en cherchant à leur redonner une simplicité, une saveur « celtique ». Nous souhaitons que le programme de ce disque, à mi-chemin entre l'« Art » et le « Folk » *Song*, vous séduise tout autant ! *Cheers* !

SYLVAIN BERGERON

La shruti box

Il y a plusieurs années, alors que je préparais des arrangements de chansons folkloriques irlandaises, je me suis mis à rechercher l'instrument approprié pour créer l'effet de bourdon pour accompagner des chansons folkloriques. J'avais déjà utilisé diverses combinaisons d'instruments à cordes, de vielle à roue, d'harmonium et de cornemuse, mais j'ai réalisé qu'il serait finalement plus pratique de pouvoir m'accompagner moi-même puisqu'il était souvent difficile de réunir plusieurs musiciens au pied levé. Alors que je cherchais un harmonium, je suis tombé sur une shruti-box, un instrument indien en forme de boîte avec un soufflet, qui sert à accompagner des prières chantées. Le son de cet instrument m'a immédiatement séduit et j'ai commencé à l'utiliser en concert. Proche de celui de ma voix, le timbre de la shruti-box s'y mariait à merveille.

L'été suivant, alors que je visitais ma famille à West Clare en Irlande, je me suis inscrit pour une semaine de cours à la Willie Clancy Irish Music Festival and School. J'y ai apporté la shruti-box et j'ai également assisté à des cours avec des cornemuses, où j'ai été très surpris de découvrir que les notes de ma boîte correspondaient exactement à celles des longs tuyaux, des bourdons de la cornemuse. Le son combiné de ma voix agissant comme tuyau mélodique accompagnée des bourdons de la shruti-box donnait un résultat étonnamment irlandais.

J'espère que vous apprécierez le fondu de nos voix sur cet enregistrement.

MICHAEL SLATTERY

TRADUCTION JACQUES-ANDRÉ HOULE

John Dowland (1563-1626)

“To my loving countryman, Mr. John Forster the younger, merchant of Dublin, in Ireland.”

In thus dedicating the song ‘From Silent Night’ in his collection *A Pilgrim’s Solace* (1612), John Dowland reveals his possible Irish origins. Was Dowland, often considered the first great English composer, actually Irish? He may have belonged to an old Irish family, the O’Dolans, who settled in Dublin in the middle of the 16th century. The hypothesis that he was Irish seems strengthened by the fact that he was a Catholic, and had an honorary degree from Trinity College in Dublin.

Dowland is mainly known today for the expressiveness of his Ayres, and for the somber melancholy, even depressive, mood of his music. His motto, *Semper Dowland, semper dolens* (always Dowland, always painful), seems to proclaim an aspect of his personality, but it may just be a cliché. We should not forget that, in his time, the time of Shakespeare, there was a cult of melancholy. Dowland, in actual fact, was a pleasant and cheerful chap who spent his days making jokes! He seems, as well, to have had very good relationships with women; the fact that a significant number of his dedications are to women testifies to this. In his music, and his choice of titles for it, Dowland clearly reveals himself as a split personality. On the one hand, he is a man of melancholy, the man who wrote so many weepy works: ‘Lacrimae’, ‘Flow my tears’, ‘I saw my Lady weep’, ‘Go Crystal tears’. On the other hand, he is a man of lightness, wit, and satire: ‘My Lady Hunsdon’s Puffe’, ‘Mistress Winter’s Jump’, ‘Mrs. White’s Thing’. In putting together our project, we have chosen to concentrate on the latter more light-hearted Dowland.

Though he was admired throughout Europe as a composer and lutenist, Dowland was not engaged by the English court until very late in his life. This was probably because of his religion, and because of his forthright tongue—Queen Elizabeth could not tolerate plain speaking. So the virtuoso lutenist traveled all over Europe, playing for the great princely courts, and winning fame as the composer of the greatest international hit of the day: the pavane *Lacrimae*, which he turned into the song ‘Flow my tears’. After having been rejected several times by his sovereign, Dowland must have felt resentment and a deep sense of injustice. Finally, at the end of his life, a British sovereign, King James I, hired him. But this was but slight consolation; the great musician found himself in a lute ensemble with hacks of modest talent, who had obtained their jobs at court through schemes and flattery.

• The arrangements

The idea for this project was sparked when, at the end of a La Nef Christmas party, Seán Dagher charmed all who were listening when he took out his cittern and began to sing ‘Come again’ as a folksong.

Working closely with Michael Slattery, we began to strip some of Dowland’s Ayres of their complex, contrapuntal accompaniments, seeking to give them a simple, Celtic flavor. We hope that the music on this CD, midway between folk songs and art songs, charms you as much as it does us! Cheers!

SYLVAIN BERGERON
TRANSLATED BY SEAN MCCUTCHEON

The shruti box

Some years ago I found myself searching for the right accompaniment to create a drone sound for settings of Irish folk songs. I had tried combinations of stringed instruments, hurdy gurdy, harmonium, and bagpipe. I realized that I would be better served by having my own drone instrument in order to accompany myself, as it was difficult to gather players at short notice. In my search for a harmonium, I came across the shruti box, an Indian instrument used with the chanting of prayers. I fell in love with its sound immediately and started to use it in performances. The timbre of the shruti box matched the qualities of my voice and created a striking blend.

The following summer, while staying with family in West Clare, Ireland, I signed up for a week of classes at the Willie Clancy Irish Music Festival and School with the box under my arm. In sitting in on classes with bagpipers, I was amazed to discover that the notes on my box corresponded directly to the long pipes of the bagpipe. With my voice as the chanter playing the melody against the drones, the resulting sound was surprisingly and authentically Irish.

I hope that you will enjoy the melding of our voices on this recording.

MICHAEL SLATTERY



Photo: Philip Friedman

Michael Slattery



Since graduating from Juilliard, Michael Slattery has enjoyed an exciting international career. He has worked with the New York Philharmonic, the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Los Angeles Philharmonic, Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival, the French National Orchestra in Paris, the Akademie für Alte Musik in Berlin, and with the New York Pops at Carnegie Hall. Career highlights include Peter Sellars' *Tristan Project* at Lincoln Center, the title role in Bernstein's

Candide at Royal Festival Hall in London, and Monteverdi's *L'Orfeo* at the Châtelet Theater in Paris, the Staatsoper in Berlin, and at Glimmerglass. He was recently included in The Spectator's list of tenor "Heroes of the Concert Hall."

His solo discs *The Irish Heart*, and *Secret and Divine Signs*, received critical acclaim from *Gramophone Magazine* and Five Star ratings from *BBC Music Magazine* and *Classic FM*. Other prize-winning recordings include Mozart's *Bastien und Bastienne*, Scarlatti's *Cecilian Vespers*, Handel's *Atalanta, Acis and Galatea, Saul, Solomon*, and *Samson*, Britten's *Curlew River*, and Bernstein's *Candide*. His voice has been recorded for films and for television, and several other projects are currently in development.

Outside his musical activities, Michael Slattery devotes much of his spare time to painting and writing. His paintings have been published in the French art magazine *ORAOS* and exhibited by Glimmerglass Opera in conjunction with the launch of their new website. They can be seen at www.michaelslattery.com

Depuis l'obtention de son diplôme de l'école Juilliard de New York, Michael Slattery connaît une carrière internationale florissante. Il a chanté avec le New York Philharmonic, le Philadelphia Orchestra, le Los Angeles Philharmonic, au Lincoln Center's Mostly Mozart Festival, à l'Orchestre national de France à Paris, à l'Akademie für Alte Musik de Berlin et avec le New York Pops à Carnegie Hall. Les faits saillants de carrière comprennent le *Tristan Project* de Peter Sellars au Lincoln Center, le rôle-titre dans *Candide* de Bernstein au Royal Festival Hall à Londres, et *L'Orfeo* de Monteverdi au Châtelet à Paris, au Staatsoper de Berlin et au Glimmerglass Opera. Récemment, il a fait partie de la liste «Spectator» de ténor comme "Heroes of the Concert Hall."

Ses disques solos *The Irish Heart* et *Secret and Divine Signs* ont reçu des critiques élogieuses du magazine *Gramophone* et une note de cinq étoiles leur ont été accordée par le *BBC Music Magazine* et *Classic FM*. Parmi ses autres enregistrements primés on note l'enregistrement de *Bastien et Bastienne* de Mozart, *Les Vêpres siciliennes* de Scarlatti, *Atalanta, Acis and Galatea, Saul et Solomon* de Handel, *Curlew River* de Britten et *Candide* de Bernstein.

En plus de ses activités musicales, Michael Slattery consacre une bonne partie de son temps à la peinture et à l'écriture. Ses toiles ont été publiées dans le magazine d'art français *ORAOS* et exposées au Glimmerglass Opera au moment du lancement de leur nouveau site internet. Les œuvres peuvent être vues au www.michaelslattery.com

La Nef

Fondée à Montréal en 1991, La Nef est une compagnie de création et de production musicale œuvrant dans les musiques anciennes et de tradition orale, les musiques du monde et la musique de création. Elle réunit des musiciens polyvalents et inventifs, conférant ainsi à ses productions une diversité de styles ainsi qu'une signature unique. Ses activités s'adressent à un public de tous âges. Sous la direction artistique de Sylvain Bergeron et Claire Gignac, La Nef produit des concerts, des disques, des contes musicaux pour la jeunesse et des spectacles pluridisciplinaires.

La préoccupation de mise en contexte historique et théâtrale s'est exprimée dès les débuts de la compagnie, alors qu'elle produisait des spectacles de musique théâtre. Ainsi, des trames historiques et littéraires sous-tendent tous les concerts consacrés aux répertoires de musique ancienne et de tradition orale. La Nef s'est aussi donné le mandat de favoriser l'accès des jeunes à la musique et offre des concerts et des ateliers dans les réseaux scolaires et communautaires.

- **Sylvain Bergeron** CODIRECTION MUSICALE

Sylvain Bergeron s'est perfectionné dans les instruments de la famille du luth lors de nombreux stages aux États-Unis et en Europe. En 1991, il est cofondateur de La Nef. Aujourd'hui interprète accompli au luth et au théorbe, il donne plus d'une soixantaine de concerts par saison avec les meilleurs ensembles de musique ancienne du Canada. Sylvain Bergeron enseigne le luth, la guitare baroque et le continuo à l'Université McGill et à l'Université de Montréal.

Founded in Montreal in 1991, La Nef is a company dedicated to creating and producing early, world, and original music. Drawing its inspiration from sources such as history, literature and painting, La Nef brings versatile and creative musicians together, giving its productions both diversity of style and a unique signature. Under the artistic direction of Sylvain Bergeron and Claire Gignac, La Nef produces concerts, recordings, musical tales for the youth, and pluridisciplinary productions.

Since its beginning, La Nef has been attentive to the historical and theatrical settings of its musical-theatrical shows, and historical and literary themes underpin all its concerts of early and traditional music. La Nef has also set out to make music accessible to young people. To that end, La Nef offers concerts and workshops in schools and community centers.

- **Sylvain Bergeron** MUSICAL CO-DIRECTION

Sylvain Bergeron acquired his expertise on the instruments of the lute family by studying in the United States and in Europe. He co-founded La Nef in 1991, and he is now an accomplished performer on lute and theorbo who gives more than sixty concerts per season with Canada's leading early music ensembles. Sylvain Bergeron teaches the lute, baroque guitar and continuo at McGill University and Université de Montréal.

[1] Sleep Wayward Thoughts

Sleep wayward thoughts, and rest you with my love:
Let not my Love be with my love diseas'd.
Touch not, proud hands, lest you her anger move,
But pine you with my longings long displeas'd.
Thus, while she sleeps, I sorrow for her sake:
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

But, O the fury of my restless fear!
The hidden anguish of my flesh desires!
The glories and the beauties that appear,
Between her brows, near Cupid's closed fires.
Thus while she sleeps, moves sighing for her sake:
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

My love doth rage, and yet my Love doth rest:
Fear in my love, and yet my Love secure:
Peace in my Love, and yet my love oppress'd:
Impatient, yet of perfect temperature.
Sleep, dainty Love, while I sigh for thy sake:
So sleeps my Love, and yet my love doth wake.

*Au repos, pensées errantes ! Pensez à
votre bien-aimée pendant qu'elle dort,
mais ne l'éveillez pas comme sa beauté
éveille en vous le désir. Ma douce, dors
paisiblement alors que s'enflamme mon
cœur.*

VIOLON, FLÛTE, CISTRE, CONTREBASSE,
GUITARE BAROQUE, PERCUSSIONS
VIOLIN, FLUTE, CITTERN, DOUBLE BASS,
BAROQUE GUITAR, PERCUSSION

[2] Now, O Now, I Needs Must Part

Now, O now, I needs must part,
Parting though I absent mourn.
Absence can no joy impart:
Joy once fled cannot return.

Dear, when I am from thee gone,
Gone are all my joys at once.
I loved thee and thee alone,
In whose love I joyed once.

While I live I needs must love,
Love lives not when hope is gone.
Now at last despair doth prove,
Love divided loveth none.

[3] Behold a Wonder Here

Behold a wonder here
Love hath receiv'd his sight,
Which many hundred years
Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infused be
By Cynthia in his eyes,
As first have made him see,
And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep
For them that laugh the while,
Nor wake for them that sleep,
Nor sigh for them that smile.

Thus Beauty shows her might
To be of double kind,
In giving Love his sight
And striking Folly blind.

*Je dois maintenant te quitter, ma bien-
aimée, bien que cela me peine à jamais.
Ma douce, loin de toi point de joie.
L'amour sans espoir n'existe plus.*

VIOLON, FLÛTE, CISTRE, VIOLONCELLE, GUITARE
BAROQUE, PERCUSSIONS
VIOLIN, FLUTE, CITTERN, CELLO, BAROQUE GUITAR,
PERCUSSION

*Voici que Cupidon a recouvré la vue
depuis longtemps perdue. La splendeur
de Cynthia (la reine) lui a ouvert les yeux
et rendu sage : il n'importunera plus
inconsidérément tout un chacun.
La puissance de sa beauté est double :
elle redonne la vue à Cupidon en même
temps qu'elle l'ôte au vice.*

SHRUTI-BOX, VIOLON, FLÛTE, CISTRE,
VIOLONCELLE, CONTREBASSE, LUTH, PERCUSSIONS
SHRUTI-BOX, VIOLIN, FLUTE, CITTERN,
CELLO, DOUBLE BASS, LUTE, PERCUSSION

[5] Say, Love if Ever Thou Didst Find

Say Love if ever thou didst find,
A woman with a constant mind?
None but one,
And what should that rare mirror be,
Some goddess or some queen is she?
She, she, she, she, and only she,
Only Queen of love and beauty.

But could thy fiery poison'd dart
At no time touch her spotless heart,
Nor come near?

She is not subject to Love's bow,
Her eye commands, her heart saith 'No',
No, no, no, no, and only no,
One No another still doth follow.

How might I that fair wonder know
That mocks desire with endless No?
See the moon

That ever in one change doth grow,
Yet still the same, and she is so,
So, so, so, so, and only so,
From Heav'n her virtues she doth borrow.

To her then yield thy shafts and bow,
That can command affections so,
Love is free:
So are her thoughts that vanquish thee,
There is no Queen of love but she,
She, she, she, she, and only she,
Only Queen of love and beauty.

Dis-moi, Cupidon, s'il existe femme plus constante ? Il n'y en a qu'une : la reine de l'amour et de la beauté, et tes flèches ne peuvent l'atteindre. Cette reine, dont la vertu vient du Ciel, refuse d'y succomber. Cède-lui alors, à ta conquérante, ton arc et tes flèches, car c'est elle la seule reine de l'amour et de la beauté.

VIOLON, FLÛTE, CISTRE, CONTREBASSE,
GUITARE BAROQUE, PERCUSSIONS
VIOLIN, FLUTE, CITTERN, DOUBLE BASS,
BAROQUE GUITAR, PERCUSSION

L'amant rappelle à lui sa dame, qui lui refuse désormais ses faveurs, toutes marques d'amour. Il la supplie de le délivrer enfin de ses souffrances et de son abattement.

VIOLON, FLÛTE, CISTRE, VIOLE, VIOLONCELLE,
CONTREBASSE, LUTH, PERCUSSIONS
VIOLIN, FLUTE, CITTERN, VIOLA DA GAMBA, CELLO,
DOUBLE BASS, LUTE, PERCUSSION

Viens à moi, profond sommeil, vraie image de la mort. Mon chagrin est tel que mon âme, usée et déjà comme morte, n'attend que ta délivrance. Viens, semblance de ma mort, viens apaiser mon trouble, mes terreurs.

VIOLON, FLÛTE, CISTRE, VIOLE, LUTH
VIOLIN, FLUTE, CITTERN, VIOLA DA GAMBA, LUTE

[7] Come again, Sweet Love

Come again!
Sweet love doth now invite,
Thy graces that refrain,
To do me due delight,
To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,
With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again!
That I may cease to mourn,
Through thy unkind disdain;
For now left and forlorn,
I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,
In deadly pain and endless misery.

[8] Come Heavy Sleep

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 heart with Sorrow's sigh-swoll'n cries:
Come and possess my tired thoughts-worn soul,
That living dies, till thou on me bestole.

Come shadow of my end, and shape of rest,
Allied to death, child to his black-fac'd night:
Come thou and charm these rebels in my breast,
Whose waking fancies do my mind affright.
Come and possess my tired thoughts-worn soul,
That living dies, till thou on me bestole.

[10] Time Stands Still

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 contemn'd and conquer'd
lies.

[11] Me, Me and None but Me

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 heav'n 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.

*Le Temps s'arrête en contemplant son
visage. Tout change, mais devant sa
splendeur immuable, Temps, Amour et
Destin lui seront éternellement soumis.*

VIOLON, FLÛTE, CISTRE, VIOLE, GUITARE BAROQUE,
LUTH
VIOLIN, FLUTE, CITTERN, VIOLA DA GAMBA,
BAROQUE GUITAR, LUTE

*Ô mort, viens vite m'enlever à ce monde
pour me mener enfin auprès de ma
tourterelle. Je chante mon chant du cygne
et me veut quitter ce monde sans joie.*

LUTH / LUTE

[13] Clear or Cloudy

Clear or cloudy sweet as April show'ring,
Smooth or frowning so is her face to me,
Pleas'd or smiling like mild May all flow'ring,
When skies blue silk and meadows carpets be,
Her speeches notes of that night-bird that singeth,
Who thought all sweet yet jarring notes out-ringeth.

Her grace like June, when earth and trees be trimm'd,
In best attire of beauty's height,
Her love again like summer's days be dimm'd,
With little clouds of doubtful constant faith,
Her trust her doubt, like rain and heat in skies,
Gently thund'ring, she lightning to mine eyes.

[14] O Sweet Woods

O sweet woods the delight of solitariness,
O how much I love your solitariness.

From Fame's desire, from Love's delight retir'd,
In these sad groves an hermits life I led,
And those false pleasures which I once admir'd,
With sad remembrance of my fall I dread.

To birds, to trees, to earth, impart I this,
For she less secret, and as senseless is.

*Ma bien-aimée, comme les saisons
changeantes, peut m'apparaître
ensoleillée ou ennuagée, agréable et
souriante comme le ciel clair ou coléreuse
comme un oiseau nocturne. Sa beauté
peut resplendir comme l'été, ou être
assombrie par la jalousie. Malgré ses
petits grondements, je succombe à ses
coups de foudre.*

VIOLON, FLÛTE, CISTRE, VIOLE, GUITARE BAROQUE
VIOLIN, FLUTE, CITTERN, VIOLA DA GAMBA,
BAROQUE GUITAR

*Ô forêts accueillantes et tristes, comme
j'aime la solitude que vous m'offrez.
J'y suis comme un ermite à lamenter mon
dépît amoureux, loin des faux attraits du
monde. Plutôt qu'à ma bien-aimée, je
confie cela aux oiseaux, aux arbres et à la
terre.*

FLÛTE, VIOLE, LUTH
FLUTE, VIOLA DA GAMBA, LUTE

[16] A Shepherd in a Shade

A shepherd in a shade, his plaining made,
Of love and lovers wrong,
Unto the fairest lass, that trod on grass,
And thus began his song.

Since love and fortune will, I honour still,
Your fair and lovely eye,
What conquest will it be, sweet nymph for thee,
If I for sorrow die.

Restore, restore my heart again,
Which love by thy sweet looks hath slain,
Lest that enforc'd by your disdain, I sing,
Fie, fie on love, it is a foolish thing.

My heart where have you laid, O cruel maid,
To kill when you might save,
Why have ye cast it forth as nothing worth,
Without a tomb or grave.

O let it be entomb'd and lie,
In your sweet mind and memory,
Lest I resound on every warbling string,
Love is a foolish thing.

Restore, restore my heart again,
Which love by thy sweet looks hath slain,
Lest that enforc'd by your disdain, I sing,
Fie, fie on love, it is a foolish thing.

Un berger se lamente auprès de la plus belle des filles du sort que Cupidon réserve aux amants : malgré le respect qu'il lui voue, il n'y a pas de victoire à ses yeux s'il doit mourir d'amour pour elle. Si par mépris elle ne daigne pas ranimer son cœur, il lui faudra proclamer que l'amour n'est que bêtise. Pourquoi tuer ce qu'elle pourrait sauver et ne même pas lui offrir de sépulture ? Au moins qu'il puisse faire son tombeau dans son souvenir, sinon, vraiment, l'amour n'est que bêtise.

SHRUTI-BOX, VIOLON, FLÛTE, VIOLE, LUTH
SHRUTI-BOX, VIOLIN, FLUTE, VIOLA DA GAMBA,
LUTE

[17] His Golden Locks

Le Temps, qui triomphe de tout, a blanchi sa chevelure blonde. Il a troqué son armure et la galanterie pour une retraite pieuse à la campagne. Ainsi retiré, il apprendra à ses serviteurs à chanter : si beauté, force et jeunesse sont des fleurs qui se fanent, le devoir, la fidélité et l'amour ont des racines profondes et ne flétriront jamais.

SHRUTI-BOX, VIOLON, FLÛTE, VIOLE
SHRUTI-BOX, VIOLIN, FLUTE, VIOLA DA GAMBA

His golden locks Time hath to silver turned.
O Time too swift! Oh swiftness never ceasing!
His youth 'gainst Time and Age hath ever spurned,
But spurned in vain; youth waneth by increasing.

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.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,
He'll teach his swains this carol for a song:
Beauty, strength, youth are flowers but fading seen;
Duty, faith, and love are roots and ever green.

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