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Love me Sweet

*Songs of love
through the ages*

Jane Edwards soprano • Marshall McGuire harp



Love me Sweet

Songs of love through the ages

- GIULIO CACCINI 1551-1618
- 1 **Amarilli, mia bella (My Beautiful Amaryllis)** 3'21
- GIROLAMO FRESCOBALDI 1583-1643
- 2 **Se l'aura spira (At the Graceful Dancing of the Breezes)** 1'30
- JOHN DOWLAND 1563-1626
- 3 **Sorrow, Stay** 3'39
- 4 **Can She Excuse My Wrongs?** 2'17
- CARL VINE b.1954
- 5 **Love Me Sweet** 2'35
- ROGER QUILTER 1877-1953
- 6 **Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal, Op. 3 No. 2** 2'10
- 7 **Music, When Soft Voices Die, Op. 25 No. 5** 1'41
- 8 **Barbara Allen** 3'45
- 9 **Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes** 2'44
- FELIX MENDELSSOHN 1809-1847
- 10 **Auf Flügeln des Gesanges (On Wings of Song), Op. 34 No. 2** 2'46
- MAX REGER 1873-1916
- 11 **Mariä Wiegenlied (Mary's Cradle-Song), Op. 76 No. 52** 2'01
- LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN 1770-1827
- 12 **Mit einem gemalten Band (With a Painted Ribbon), Op. 83 No. 3** 2'16

- IVOR GURNEY 1890-1937
- 13 **Sleep** 2'53
- RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS 1872-1958
- 14 **The Sky above the Roof** 2'31
- PEGGY GLANVILLE-HICKS 1912-1990
- 15 **Come Sleep** 2'06
- SAMUEL BARBER 1910-1981
- 16 **The Daisies, Op. 2 No. 1** 0'53
- ROBERT JOHNSON c.1583-1633
- 17 **As I Walked Forth** 3'21
- 18 **Full Fathom Five** 1'32
- 19 **Where the Bee Sucks** 0'56
- JOHN DOWLAND
- 20 **A Shepherd in a Shade** 1'57
- REYNALDO HAHN 1875-1947
- 21 **Rêverie** 2'40
- 22 **A Chloris (To Chloris)** 2'57

Total Playing Time 52'35

Jane Edwards *soprano*

Marshall McGuire *harp*

Accompaniments arranged by Marshall McGuire

In the preface to Oxford University Press's *Elizabethan Song Book*, the co-editors W.H. Auden and Chester Kallman wrote of the "miraculous coincidence of composers and lyric poets of equal high quality" in the Elizabethan lute-song period. They rated this brief flowering – just four decades – as "one of the most extraordinary events in cultural history".

This recital disc – songs, broadly, of love and sleep and human delight – represents this "miraculous coincidence" directly with six songs, three each by John Dowland and Robert Johnson. But the collection overall, in all its diversity, shines with this synergy of fine music and fine verse. Caccini, Frescobaldi, Mendelssohn, Beethoven, Vaughan Williams and Quilter – Fletcher, Shakespeare, Heine, Goethe, Verlaine, Hugo and Tennyson. Words from a poet's lips are transfigured with the notes from a composer's pen.

Giulio Caccini was one of Renaissance Italy's most celebrated musicians – a fine lutenist, gambist and harpist, a singer renowned for the sweetness and charm of his tenor voice, and an innovator who could claim to be the inventor of recitative singing (*stile recitativo*) and one of the first to employ the *basso continuo* and "figured" bass line. Closely involved in the developments that led to the first operas, he figures largest in music history's tree of progress for his 1602 publication *Le nuove musiche* (The New Music).

This was a collection of madrigals and strophic songs, crucially involving just two musical strands – the solo voice part and the bass line. **Amarilli, mia bella** became one of the collection's most popular songs, for the languid sensuality of its vocal line and the extended delight in the name of the poet's true love, Amaryllis. Caccini was a celebrated gardener too, famous for his ability to create blooms out of season. Perhaps the name Amaryllis gave him added horticultural inspiration.

Caccini was a Roman who worked mainly for the Medici court in Florence. His near contemporary Girolamo Frescobaldi was from Ferrara, but spent most of his career in Rome. Alongside his Flemish contemporary Sweelinck, Frescobaldi was the finest keyboardist of his age, and there is a story, probably much embellished, that 30,000 people turned up to St Peter's in Rome to witness his first appearance as organist there. In between two extended Roman periods, Frescobaldi was at the Florentine Medici court from 1628 to 1633, and it was there in 1630 that two volumes of his songs appeared. **Se l'aura spira** comes from the *Primo libro*, and it is full of summer warmth, radiant joy and the regular *dramatis personae* of the rustic idyll – maids, nymphs, flowers and forest glades.

Some decades before, the young lutenist John Dowland also found himself in Florence, inadvertently mixed up with a group of exiled

English Catholics plotting to assassinate Queen Elizabeth I. Subsequently, he divulged these plans to English officials. There must have been something about Florence, because Caccini also acted as a supergrass, disclosing an affair in the Medici household which led to the grisly murder of the adulterous woman involved.

Dowland's *First Booke of Songes or Ayres*, published in 1597, was followed by a second in 1600, when he was court lutenist for Christian IV of Denmark. **Can She Excuse My Wrongs?** comes from the first volume, **Sorrow, Stay** and **A Shepherd in a Shade** from the second. Dowland's expressive talents and melancholic sensibilities are encapsulated in these three songs. With eloquent word painting and expressive dissonance, the love lament *Sorrow, Stay* richly depicts the trials of unrequited love, while the more upbeat *Can She Excuse My Wrongs?* gains its flighty character from the switches between duple and triple metre.

Dowland's early travels in Germany and Italy, and his appointment to the Danish court, meant that his work in England only became more regular when he was appointed to the King's Lutes in 1612. Also serving under the Kings James I and Charles I was Robert Johnson, a lutenist 20 years Dowland's junior, who was engaged at the court from 1604 until his death in 1633. His patron early on was the Lord Chamberlain, Sir George Carey, who had close

links with the theatre world and presumably fostered Johnson's career-long links with music for plays. He wrote for productions of Shakespeare, Beaumont & Fletcher and Ben Jonson; and his energetic settings of **Full Fathom Five** and **Where the Bee Sucks** come from a 1611 staging of Shakespeare's *The Tempest*. **As I Walked Forth** is less declamatory and more expressive of the strophic narrative.

John Fletcher's exquisite poem from 1579, **Sleep**, appears twice on this CD in early 20th-century settings. Ivor Gurney was one of the most original and poetic participants in England's art-song revival early in the 20th century. One of his teachers, Charles Villiers Stanford, singled him out as "the biggest of them all – but he was the least teachable." His composer friend Herbert Howells described him as "a most lovable egoist." It was an initially attractive, muddled enthusiasm which later in life, and after the traumatic Great War, deteriorated into serious mental illness. With his sensitive response to text, Gurney was regarded by some as a natural, modern successor to Dowland; and the first songs to show his mature talent were, indeed, a set of five "Elizabethan Lyrics", composed in 1912. Gurney referred to them affectionately as "The Elizas" and wrote to a friend in his typically bold language that they are "five of the most delightful and beautiful songs you ever cast your beaming eyes upon." Such confidence doesn't seem misplaced when we

hear the perfect harmonic and expressive contours of this Fletcher setting.

A little less bleak, but no less effective, is the setting by Peggy Glanville-Hicks, this time entitled **Come Sleep**, and written soon after her move from Melbourne to London in the early 1930s. Her teacher and mentor at the Royal College of Music was Ralph Vaughan Williams. He taught Gurney as well, some years earlier. And before that, in 1908, Vaughan Williams was himself taking lessons with Maurice Ravel in Paris – a Gallic interlude that no doubt encouraged him to set a poem of Verlaine, translated as **The Sky above the Roof**. This was a crucial time for the composer, coming after the *Songs of Travel* (1904) and the intensive periods of folksong collection and hymnbook editing, and just preceding the early masterpieces *On Wenlock Edge* (1908-9) and the Thomas Tallis fantasia (1910). Verlaine's musings on the sky, tinged with sadness and regret, are beautifully caught in Vaughan Williams' understated music, unmistakable for the accompaniment's trademark parallel fifths.

An old and fading Verlaine was moved to tears when he heard, in 1893, the *Chansons grises* written by the teenage Reynaldo Hahn. The son of a Venezuelan Catholic and a German Jew, Hahn moved from Caracas to Paris at the age of three. He was an outstandingly precocious student of Gounod and Massenet in his early

teens, and a first volume of songs, the celebrated *Premier recueil*, was published when he was just 21 years old. His charming setting of Victor Hugo's **Réverie**, with its warm, teasing triplets amidst the duple-time accompaniment, comes from this collection.

Hahn's *Deuxième recueil* of songs was begun in 1898 and completed in 1920. **A Chloris** appears in this later volume, and it is one of Hahn's most essentially beautiful creations. According to art-song's most committed living exponent, pianist and writer Graham Johnson, it is also "beyond doubt the summit of Reynaldo Hahn's art as a pasticheur, and it ranks as perhaps the most successful example of musical time-travelling in the French *mélodie* repertoire." The accompaniment, with its ground-bass so close to Bach's "Air on the G String," is overlaid with a vocal line of equal elegance and affect. The verse's creator, Théophile de Viau (1590-1626), was a dashing soldier whose life ended early when awaiting trial for his homosexual practices and writing of licentious poetry.

The British song composer Roger Quilter travelled in time, too, with his 1947 publication, the *Arnold Book of Old Songs*. But, unlike Hahn's pastiche, these were Quilter's reworkings of existing material – "traditional" songs. The collection included the touching simplicity of **Barbara Allen** – displaying Quilter's expert resourcefulness with each verse's subtly

different harmonic treatment – and **Drink to Me Only with Thine Eyes**, an 18th-century setting of words by Ben Jonson. **Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal**, a poem by Tennyson, was set in 1904, when Quilter was establishing himself in Edwardian London's music scene after returning from his studies at the Hoch Conservatory in Frankfurt (with fellow students Percy Grainger, Cyril Scott and Henry Balfour Gardiner). **Music, When Soft Voices Die** is one of two Shelley settings from his 1927 Op. 25 set.

Between the lute songs of Renaissance Italy and England, and the 20th-century Anglo art-song tradition, comes a pleasantly-hued trio of German *Lieder*. Heine, with the help of Mendelssohn, takes us off "on wings of song" or **Auf Flügeln des Gesanges**, to a stylised sub-continental fantasy: his India, his "happy dream" by the Ganges is one of lotus flowers, violets, a glowing moon and twinkling stars. With **Mit einem gemalten Band**, 26 years earlier than the Mendelssohn song, in 1810, Beethoven sets Goethe's vision – an equally idyllic, spring-warmed invitation to union. A century later Max Reger's **Mariä Wiegenlied** sets a text of Martin Boelitz. One of 60 songs in his five-volume collection *Schlichte Weisen*, *Mariä Wiegenlied* is a lilting, lulling cradle song, rather out of character with the composer's usually dense musical language.

Carl Vine wrote his simple, alluring song **Love Me Sweet** – with a text "after" Elizabeth Barrett Browning – for Jane Edwards to sing as part of his soundtrack to *The Battlers*, an early 1990s television mini-series.

The shortest, most palpably trouble-free song in this selection is Samuel Barber's **The Daisies** – a 1927 setting of a poem by James Stephens, and the first of Barber's songs to be assigned an opus number. Just as Caccini may have been inspired by the majestically blooming *Amaryllis* flowers, Barber was able to dedicate this song to none other than a friend called Daisy.

Meurig Bowen

1 **Amarilli, mia bella**

Amarilli, mia bella,
 Non credi, o del mio cor dolce desio,
 D'esser tu l'amor mio?
 Credilo pur: e se timor t'assale,
 Prendi questo mio strale
 Aprimi il petto e vedrai scritto in core:
 Amarilli, Amarilli, Amarilli
 è il mio amore.

*Amaryllis, my beautiful one,
 do you not believe, oh my heart's sweet desire,
 that you are my beloved?
 Believe it, and if fear assails you,
 take this arrow,
 open my breast, and you will see written
 on my heart:
 Amaryllis is my love.*

GIOVANNI BATTISTA GUARINI

2 **Se l'aura spira**

Se l'aura spira tutta vezzosa
 La fresca rosa ridente sta,
 La siepe ombrosa di bei smeraldi
 D'estivi caldi timor non ha.

A'balli, a'balli liete venite,
 Ninfe gradite, fior di beltà,
 Or che si chiaro il vago fonte
 Dall'alto monte al mar sen va.

Suoi dolci versi spiega l'augello,
 E l'arboscello fiorito sta.
 Un volto bello all'ombra accanto
 Sol si dia vanto d'aver pietà.
 Al canto, Ninfe ridenti,
 Scacciate i venti di crudeltà.

*At the graceful dancing of the breezes,
 the fresh rose stands smiling,
 the shady hedge of beautiful emeralds
 has no fear of summer's heat.*

*To the dance, to the happy dance,
 come, welcome Nymphs, flower of beauty,
 now that the shimmering spring
 runs clear from the high mountain to the sea.*

*The birds unfold their sweet verses
 and the shrubs stand in bloom.
 In the nearby shade let one beautiful face
 alone boast of having compassion.
 Sing, smiling nymphs,
 chase away the winds of cruelty.*

3 **Sorrow, Stay**

Sorrow, sorrow, stay, lend true repentant tears
 To a woeful, woeful wretched wight.
 Hence, hence, despair with thy tormenting fears,
 O do not my poor heart affright.
 Pity, help now or never,
 Mark me not to endless pain,
 Alas I am condemned ever,
 No hope, no help there doth remain,
 But down, down, down, down I fall,
 And arise I never shall.

4 **Can She Excuse My Wrongs?**

Can she excuse my wrongs with virtue's cloak?
 Shall I call her good when she proves unkind?
 Are those clear fires which vanish into smoke?
 Must I praise the leaves where no fruit I find?
 No, no, where shadows do for bodies stand,
 Thou may'st be abus'd if thy sight be dim.
 Cold love is like to words written on sand,
 Or to bubbles which on the water swim.
 Wilt though be thus abused still,
 Seeing that she will right thee never?
 If thou canst not o'ercome her will,
 Thy love will thus be fruitless ever.

Was I so base, that I might not aspire
 Unto those high joys which she holds from me?
 As they are high, so high is my desire.
 If she this deny, what can granted be?
 If she will yield to that which reason is,
 It is reason's will that love should be just.
 Dear, make me happy still by granting this,
 Or cut off delays if that die I must.
 Better a thousand times to die,
 Than for to live thus tormented.
 Dear, but remember it was I
 Who for thy sake did die contented.

5 Love Me Sweet

Love me sweet, with all your heart,
Feeling, thinking, seeing,
Love me with your lightest glance,
Love me in full being.

Love me with your open arms,
In their frank surrender,
With the vowing of your lips,
In their silence tender.

After ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

6 Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white,
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk,
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font,
The firefly wakens, waken thou with me.
Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake.
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip,
Slip into my bosom and be lost,
Be lost in me.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

7 Music, When Soft Voices Die

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory –
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.
Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heap'd for the beloved's bed,
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

8 Barbara Allen

In Scarlet town, where I was born,
There was a fair maid dwellin',
Made ev'ry youth cry "Well-a-day!"
Her name was Barb'ra Allen.

All in the merry month of May,
When green buds they were swellin',
Young Jemmy Grove on his death bed lay
For love of Barb'ra Allen.

Then slowly, slowly she came up,
and slowly she came nigh him,
And all she said when there she came,
"Young man, I think you're dying."

As she was walking o'er the fields
She heard the dead bell knellin',
And ev'ry stroke the dead bell gave
Cried "Woe to Barb'ra Allen!"

When he was dead and laid in grave
Her heart was struck with sorrow,
"O mother, mother, make my bed,
For I shall die tomorrow."

"Farewell," she said, "ye virgins all,
And shun the fault I fell in.
Henceforth take warning by the fall
Of cruel Barb'ra Allen."

9 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 sup,
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.

BEN JONSON

10 Auf Flügeln des Gesanges

Auf Flügeln des Gesanges,
Herzliebchen, trag ich dich fort,
Fort nach den Fluren des Ganges,
Dort weiß ich den schönsten Ort;

Dort liegt ein rotblühender Garten
Im stillen Mondenschein,
Die Lotosblumen erwarten
Ihr trautes Schwesterlein.

Die Veilchen kichern und kosen,
Und schau'n nach den Sternen empor,
Heimlich erzählen die Rosen
Sich duftende Märchen ins Ohr.

*On wings of song,
dearest, I will carry you away,
away to the fields of the Ganges,
there I know of the most beautiful place:*

*There lies a garden blooming red
in the quiet glow of the moon,
The lotus flowers await
their own little sister.*

*The violets giggle and cuddle,
and look up to the stars.
Secretly the roses tell fragrant
fairy tales in each other's ears.*

Es hüpfen herbei und lauschen
Die frommen, klugen Gazellen,
Und in der Ferne rauschen
Des heiligen Stromes Well'n.

Dort wollen wir niedersinken
Unter dem Palmenbaum,
Und Liebe und Ruhe trinken,
Und träumen seligen Traum.

*There come leaping near to listen
the gentle, clever gazelles,
and in the distance rush
the waves of the sacred river.*

*There we will sink down
beneath the palm tree,
and drink love and peace,
and dream a blissful dream.*

HEINRICH HEINE

*Maria sits by the rose bush
and cradles her child, Jesus.
Gently through the leaves
blows the warm summer wind.*

*At her feet sings
a brightly coloured bird:
Sleep little child, sweet one,
sleep now!*

*Lovely is your smile,
lovelier your slumber's delight.
Put your weary little head down
on your mother's breast!
Sleep little child, sweet one,
sleep now!*

MARTIN BOELITZ

12 Mit einem gemalten Band

Kleine Blumen, kleine Blätter
Streuen mir mit leichter Hand
Gute, junge Frühlings-Götter
Tänzelnd auf ein luftig Band.

Zephyr, nimm's auf deine Flügel,
Schling's um meiner Liebsten Kleid,
Und so tritt sie vor den Spiegel
All in ihrer Munterkeit.

Sieht mit Rosen sich umgeben,
Selbst wie eine Rose jung.
Einen Blick, geliebtes Leben!
Und ich bin belohnt genug.

Fühle, was dies Herz empfindet,
Reiche frei mir deine Hand,
Und das Band, das uns verbindet
Sei kein schwaches Rosenband!

*Small flowers, small leaves
are strewn with light hand
by the young gods of spring
playfully on a ribbon of air.*

*Zephyr, carry it on your wings,
wrap it around my beloved's dress,
and so she steps before the mirror
in all her cheerfulness.*

*She sees herself surrounded by roses,
herself like a young rose.
One glance from you, beloved!
and I am rewarded enough.*

*Feel what this heart feels,
give me your hand freely,
and let the ribbon which binds us
be no fragile rose band!*

JOHANN WOLFGANG VON GOETHE

13 **Sleep**

15 **Come Sleep**

Come, sleep, and with thy sweet deceiving
Lock me in delight awhile.

Let some pleasing dream beguile
All my fancies, that from thence
I may feel an influence,
All my powers of care bereaving.

Though but a shadow, but a sliding,
Let me know some little joy!
We that suffer long annoy
Are contented with a thought
Through an idle fancy wrought.
O let my joys have some abiding.

JOHN FLETCHER

14 **The Sky above the Roof**

The sky above the roof is calm and sweet.
A tree above the roof bends in the heat.
A bell from out the blue, drowsily rings.
A bird from out the blue, plaintively sings.
Ah God! A life is here, simple and fair,
Murmurs of strife are here lost in the air.

Why dost thou weep, O heart,
Poured out in tears?
What hast thou done, O heart,
With thy spent years?

PAUL VERLAINE transl. MABEL DEARMER

16 **The Daisies**

In the scented bud of the morning O,
When the windy grass went rippling far!
I saw my dear one walking slow
In the field where the daisies are.

We did not laugh and we did not speak,
As we wandered happily to and fro,
I kissed my dear on either cheek,
In the bud of the morning O!

A lark sang up, from the breezy land,
A lark sang down, from a cloud afar,
As she and I went hand in hand,
In the field where the daisies are.

JAMES STEPHENS

17 **As I Walked Forth**

As I walked forth one summer's day
To view the meadows green and gay.
A pleasant bower I espied
Standing fast by the riverside.
And in't a maiden I heard cry,
"Alas, alas! There's none e'er lov'd as I!"

Then round the meadow did she walk
Catching each flower by the stalk.
Such flowers as in the meadow grew,
The Dead-man's Thumb, and herb all blue.
And as she pull'd them, still cried she,
"Alas, alas! There's none e'er lov'd like me."

When she had fill'd her apron full
Of such green things as she could cull,
The green leaves serv'd her for her bed,
The flowers were pillows for her head.
Then down she laid, ne'er more did speak,
Alas! Alas! With love her heart did break.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT and JOHN FLETCHER

18 **Full Fathom Five**

Full fathom five thy father lies.
Of his bones are coral made.
Those are pearls that are his eyes.
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea change
Into something rich and strange.

Sea nymphs hourly ring his knell.
Hark! Now I hear them, ding dong, bell.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

19 **Where the Bee Sucks**

Where the bee sucks there suck I.
In a cow-slip's bell I lie.
There I couch when owls do cry,
On the bat's back I do fly,
After summer merrily.
Merrily, merrily shall I live now
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

20 **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,
Fie fie on love, that is a foolish thing!"

Réverie

Puisqu'ici-bas toute âme
 Donne à quelqu'un
 Sa musique, sa flamme,
 Ou son parfum;

Puisqu'ici toute chose
 Donne toujours
 Son épine ou sa rose
 A ses amours;

Puisque l'air à la branche
 Donne l'oiseau;
 Que l'aube à la pervenue
 Donne un peu d'eau;

Puisque, lorsqu'elle arrive
 S'y reposer,
 L'onde amère à la rive
 Donne un baiser;

Je te donne, à cette heure,
 Penché sur toi,
 La chose la meilleure
 Que j'ai en moi!

Reçois donc ma pensée,
 Triste d'ailleurs,
 Qui, comme une rosée,
 T'arrive en pleurs!

Reçois mes vœux sans nombre,
 O mes amours!
 Reçois la flamme ou l'ombre
 De tous mes jours!

Mes transports pleins d'ivresses,
 Pur de soupçons,
 Et toutes les caresses
 De mes chansons!

*Since here on earth every soul
 offers to somebody
 its music, its fire,
 or its perfume;*

*Since here everything
 always gives
 its thorn or its rose
 to its loves;*

*Since the air gives the bird
 to the branches;
 since the dawn gives a little water
 to the periwinkle;*

*Since as soon as she arrives
 to rest there,
 the bitter wave
 gives the shore a kiss;*

*I give you, at this hour,
 leaning over you,
 the best
 I have in me!*

*So then accept my thoughts,
 sad though they be,
 which, like dew,
 come to you in tears!*

*Accept my vows without number,
 O my love!
 Accept the fire or the shadow
 of all my days!*

*My transports intoxicated with delight,
 free of suspicion,
 and all the caresses
 of my songs!*

VICTOR HUGO

A Chloris

S'il est vrai, Chloris, que tu m'aimes,
 Mais j'entends, que tu m'aimes bien,
 Je ne crois pas que les rois mêmes
 Aient un bonheur pareil au mien.
 Que la mort serait importune
 A venir changer ma fortune
 A la félicité des cieus!
 Tout ce qu'on dit de l'ambroisie
 Ne touche point ma fantaisie
 Au prix des grâces de tes yeux.

*If it is true, Chloris, that you love me,
 and I hear that you love me very much,
 then I do not believe that even kings can enjoy
 happiness to match mine.
 How tiresome would Death be,
 changing my good fortune
 for the pleasure of the heavens!
 In spite of all that is said of ambrosia
 it doesn't affect my imagination
 as does the favour bestowed by your eyes.*

THÉOPHILE de VIAU

Jane Edwards

Jane Edwards appears regularly on concert platforms throughout Australia, and has performed at all of the leading Australian music festivals, including Melbourne, Sydney, Huntington, Barossa, Adelaide, Brisbane and Perth. From 1990 to 1994, she was a member of The Song Company, and she currently teaches at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music.

Jane Edwards has given numerous world premieres, creating the role of Milena in Michael



Smetanin's *The Burrow*, and appearing with Synergy in Jonathan Mills' *Ethereal Eye* (also released on CD by ABC Classics). She is especially known for her interpretations of early music, in frequent collaboration with Australia's foremost Baroque experts. In addition, she regularly performs lieder and chamber repertoire in association with leading musicians including David Bollard, Marshall McGuire, David Miller and Geoffrey Lancaster. Recent performances include Beethoven folksongs with Elizabeth Wallfisch, Tavener's *Akhmatova Songs* with Richard Tognetti and Schumann's *Frauenliebe und Leben* with Michael Kieran Harvey.

Her solo recordings include the soundtrack for Paul Cox's film *Cactus*, and CDs of Martin

Wesley-Smith's *Boojum!* and Carl Vine's *The Battlers*; she can also be heard in the Oscar winning film *Shine* and the Gold status *Swoon II Collection*. Other CD recordings include the early Italian disc *Salut!* (March 2000 Early Music Recording of the Month for UK Classic FM), Haydn vocal works with Geoffrey Lancaster, *Olimpia* with Chacona, a disc of cantatas and serenatas by Alessandro Scarlatti, and *The Gentle Muse*, a collection of songs and arias by female composers of the Baroque.

Career highlights include many engagements with the Australian Chamber Orchestra and Australian Brandenburg Orchestra, and solo appearances with the Danish National Radio Choir and Stockholm Bach Choir. She performed in the Victoria State Opera/Melbourne Festival production of Strauss' *Die Frau ohne Schatten*, toured nationally with British Baroque orchestra Florilegium, sang the Soprano Evangelist in Arvo Pärt's *Passio* in the presence of the composer, and performed with the Tasmanian Symphony Orchestra in celebration of Peter Sculthorpe's 70th birthday.

Most recently she has appeared with The Queensland Orchestra, Australian Bach Ensemble, Australian String Quartet, Australia Ensemble, Sydney Philharmonia Choirs, Melbourne Symphony Orchestra and Royal Melbourne Philharmonic Choir, performed at the Melbourne, Adelaide and Blackwood River Festivals and Musica Viva Yarra Valley Festival, in

the *Resonate* series at the Art Gallery of NSW and in partnership with artists such as Ian Munro, Derek Lee Ragin, Geoffrey Morris and the Goldner String Quartet.

Marshall McGuire

Born in Melbourne, Marshall McGuire studied at the Victorian College of the Arts, the Paris Conservatoire and the Royal College of Music, London. His London debut recital was presented at the Purcell Room for the Park Lane Group.

He has commissioned more than 20 new works for harp, and in recognition of this received the 1997 *Sounds Australian Award* for the Most Distinguished Contribution to the Presentation of Australian Music.

He has performed as soloist with the Australian Chamber Orchestra, English String Orchestra, Les Talens Lyriques, Australian Brandenburg Orchestra, Melbourne Symphony Orchestra and the Australia Ensemble, and has appeared at international festivals including Aldeburgh, Melbourne, Milan, Geneva, Brighton, Vienna, Huddersfield, Huntington and Adelaide. From 1988 to 1992, he was Principal Harpist with the Australian Opera and Ballet Orchestra. He has



been a member of the ELISION ensemble since 1988, and lecturer in harp at the Sydney Conservatorium of Music since 1990.

In 2003 he was appointed Artistic Director of The Seymour Group, and was awarded an inaugural Creative Fellowship from the State Library of Victoria to research the works of Peggy Glanville-Hicks. He received a Churchill Fellowship in 2004 to travel to San Francisco and New York to research Baroque performance and contemporary music ensembles.

Marshall McGuire made his conducting debut in performances of Mozart's *The Magic Flute* with Pacific Opera in 1999. From 1999 to 2001 he was curator of the *Twilight Chamber Music* series for Sydney Festival, and in 2003 he was artist-in-residence at the Bundanon Trust.

In 2005 Marshall McGuire performed for the Perth International Arts Festival, Sydney Festival, Australian String Quartet, Huntington Festival, Musica Viva Australia, Philippine Philharmonic Orchestra in Manila, in recital in Shanghai at The Glamour Room, and as a guest artist at the World Harp Congress in Dublin. He is also Founding President of the New Music Network, a member of the Australian Youth Orchestra Artistic Advisory Committee, and Music Director of the AYO's National Music Camp 2006.

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