Richard St. Clair

LOVE-CANZONETTES

for a Cappella Chorus SSAATTBB

on Poems by John Dryden

Opus 62

(1990)

LOVE-CANZONETTES

Lyrics by John Dryden

The Poetical Works of John Dryden, Student's Cambridge Edition. Houghton Mifflin Co., Cambridge, Mass. 1909. (All works in public domain.)

I. The Lady's Song

Ι

A choir of bright beauties in spring did appear,
To choose a May-lady to govern the year;
All the nymphs were in white, and the sheperds in green;
The garland was giv'n and Phyllis was queen:
But Phyllis refus'd it, and sighing did say:
"I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away."

Η

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore, The Graces are banish'd, and Love is no more: The soft god of pleasure, that warm'd our desires, Has broken his bow, and extinguish'd his fires; And vows that himself and his mother will mourn, Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more, For we will perform what the deity swore; But if you dare think of deserving our charms, Away with your sheephooks, and take to your arms: Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn, When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx return.

2. Go tell Amynta

Ţ

Go tell Amynta, gentle swain,
I would not die, nor dare complain:
Thy tuneful voice with numbers join,
Thy words will more prevail than mine.
To souls oppress'd, and dumb with grief,
The gods ordain this kind relief;
That music should in sounds convey
What dying lovers dare not say.

ΙΙ

A sigh or tear, perhaps, she'll give, But love on pity cannot live. Tell her that hearts for hearts were made, And love with love is only paid. Tell her my pains so fast encrease, That soon they will be past redress; But ah! the wretch that speechless lies Attends but death to close his eyes.

3. How Happy the Lover

Ι

How happy the lover, How easy his chain, How pleasing his pain, How sweet to discover, He sighs not in vain! For love every creature Is form'd by his nature; No joys are above The pleasures of love.

ΙΙ

In vain are our graces,
In vain are your eyes,
If love you despise;
When age furrows faces,
'Tis time to be wise.
Then use the short blessing
That flies in possessing:
No joys are above
The pleasures of love.

4. Whilst Alexis Lay Press'd

Ι

Whilst Alexis lay press'd
In her arms he lov'd best,
With his hands round her neck, and his head on her breast,
He found the fierce pleasure too hasty to stay,
And his soul in the tempest just flying away.

II

When Celia saw this,
With a sigh and a kiss,
She cried: "O my dear, I am robb'd of my bliss!
'Tis unkind to your love, and unfaithfully done,
To leave me behind you, and die all alone."

Ш

The youth, tho' in haste,
And breathing his last,
In pity died slowly, while she died more fast;
Till at length she cried: "Now, my dear, now let us go;
Now die, my Alexis, and I will die too!"

IV

Thus intranc'd they did lie,
Till Alexis did try
To recover new breath, that again he might die:
Then often they died; but the more they did so,
The nymph died more quick, and the shepherd more slow.

5. You Say 'Tis Love

T

She. You say 'tis love creates the pain Of which so sadly you complain, And yet would fain engage my heart In that uneasy cruel part.
But how, alas, think you that I Can bear the wound of which you die?

П

He. 'Tis not my passion makes my care, But your indiff'rence gives despair; The lusty sun begets no spring, Till gentle showr's assistance bring: So love that scorches and destroys, Till kindness aids, can cause no joys.

III

She. Love has a thousand ways to please, But more to rob us of our ease: For wakeful nights and careful days Some hours of pleasure he repays; But absence soon, or jealous fears, O'erflow the joys with floods of tears.

ΙV

He. By vain and senseless forms betray'd, Harmless love's th' offender made, While we no other pains endure, Than those that we ourselves procure: But one soft moment makes amends For all the torment that attends.

V.

Chorus of Both. Let us love, let us love, and to happiness haste; Age and wisdom come too fast: Youth for loving was design'd.

He alone. I'll be constant, you be kind.

She alone. You be constant, I'll be kind.

Both. Heav'n can give no greater blessing

Than faithful love, and kind possessing.

6. Sylvia, the Fair

Ι

Sylvia, the fair, in the bloom of fifteen,
Felt an innocent warmth as she lay on the green;
She had heard of a pleasure, and something she guess'd
By the towzing, and tumbling, and touching her breast.
She saw the men eager, but was at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

II

"Ah!" she cried, "ah! for a languishing maid,
In a country of Christians, to die without aid!
Not a Whig, or a Tory, or Trimmer at least,
Or a Protestant parson, or Catholic priest,
To instruct a young virgin, that is at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close."

III

Cupid, in shape of a swain, did appear,
He saw the sad wound, and in pity drew near;
Then show'd her his arrow, and bid her not fear,
For the pain was no more than a maiden may bear.
When the balm was infus'd, she was not at a loss,
What they meant by their sighing, and kissing so close;
By their praying and whining,
And clasping and twining,
And panting and wishing,
And sighing and kissing,
And sighing and kissing so close.

7. Ah How Sweet It Is to Love

Ι

Ah how sweet it is to love!
Ah how gay is young desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove
When we first approach love's fire!
Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are.

II

Sighs which are from lovers blown, Do but gently heave the heart: Ev'n the tears they shed alone, Cure, like trickling balm, their smart. Lovers when they lost their breaeth, Bleed away in easy death.

III

Love and time with reverence use, Treat 'em like a parting friend: Nor the golden gifts refuse, Which in youth sincere they send: For each year their price is more, And they less simple than before.

IV

Love, like spring-tides full and high, Swells in every youthful vein; But each tide does less supply, Till they quite shrink in again: If a flow in age appear, 'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

8. Celia, That I Once Was Blest

T

Celia, that I once was blest, Is now the torment of my breast, Sin, to curse me, you bereave me Of the pleasures I possess'd: Cruel creature, to deceive me! First to love, and then to leave me!

П

Had you the bliss refus'd to grant, Then I had never known the want; But possessing once the blessing Is the cause of my complaint: Once possessing is but tasting; 'Tis no bliss that is not lasting.

III

Celia now is mine no more; But I am hers, and must adore, Nor to leave her will endeavor: Charms that captiv'd me before No unkindness can dissever; Love that's true, is love forever.

9. Tell Me, Thyrsis

SHEPHERDESS

Tell me, Thyrsis, tell your anguish;
Why you sigh, and why you languish:
When the nymph whom you adore
Grants the blessing of possessing,
What can love and I do more?
What can love, what can love and I do more?

SHEPHERD

Think it's love beyond all measure Makes me faint away with pleasure: Strength of cordial may destroy, And the blessing of possessing Kills me with excess of joy.

SHEPHERDESS

Thyrsis, how can I believe you? But confess, and I'll forgive you. Men are false and so are you: Never nature fram'd a creature to enjoy, and yet be true: Never nature fram'd a creature To enjoy and yet be true; To enjoy and yet be true; And yet be true.

SHEPHERD

Mine's a flame beyond expiring, Still possessing, still desiring, Fit for love's imperial crown; Ever shining, and refining, Still the more 'tis melted down.

CHORUS TOGETHER

Mine's a flame beyond expiring, Still possessing, still desiring, Fit for love's imperial crown; Ever shining, and refining, Still the more 'tis melted down.

10. Fair Iris and Her Swain

I

Thyrsis. Fair Iris and her swain
Were in a shady bow'r;
There Thyrsis long in vain
Had sought the shepherd's hour:
At length his hand advancing upon her snowy breast,
He said: "O kiss me longer,
And longer yet and longer,
If you will make be blest."

Η

Iris. An easy yielding maid
By trusting is undone;
Our sex is oft betray'd
By granting love too soon.
If you desire to gain me, your suff'rings to redress,
Prepare to love me longer,
And longer yet, and longer,
Before you shall possess.

Ш

Thyrsis. The little care you show
Of all my shorrows past
Makes death appeaer too slow

And life too long to last.

Fair Iris, kiss me kindly, in pity of my fate;
And kindly still, and kindly,
Before it be too late.

IV

Iris. You fondly court your bliss,
And no advances make;
'Tis not for maids to kiss,
But 'tis for men to take.
So you may kiss me kindly, and I will not rebel;
And kindly still, and kindly,
But kiss me not and tell.

V

A RONDEAU

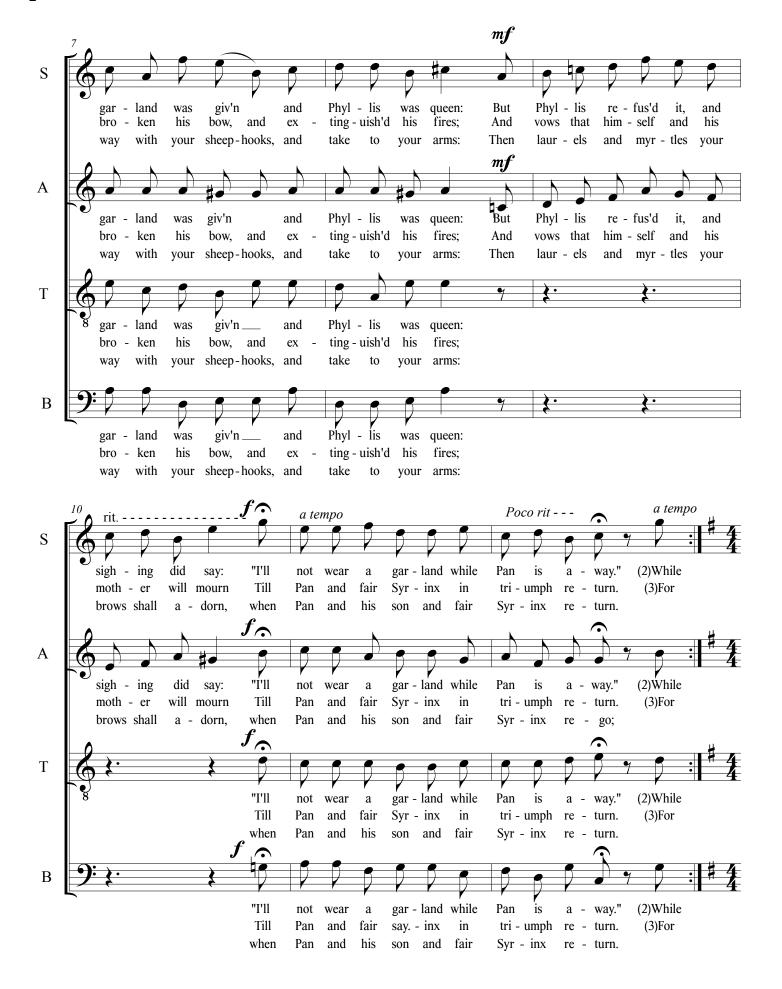
Chorus. Thus at the height we love and live,
And fear not to be poor:
We give, and give, and give, and give,
Till we can give no more;
But what to-day will take away,
To-morrow will restore.
Thus at the heighth we love and live,
And fear not to be poor.

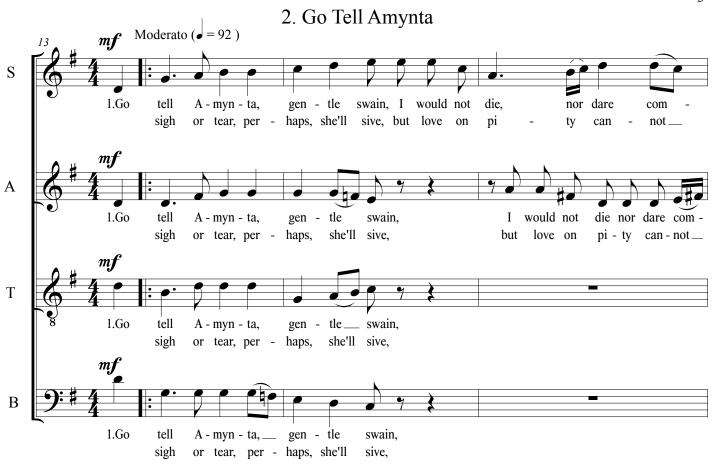


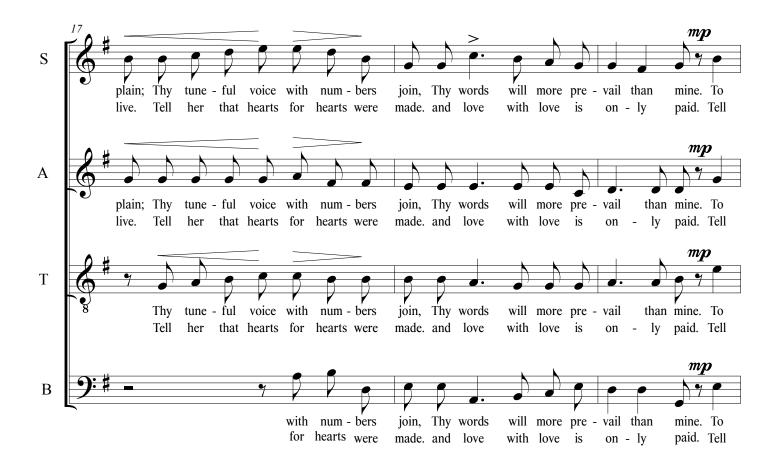
LOVE-CANZONETTES

for a Capella Chorus, SSAATTBB











For

Then

3. How Happy the Lover





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be wise.

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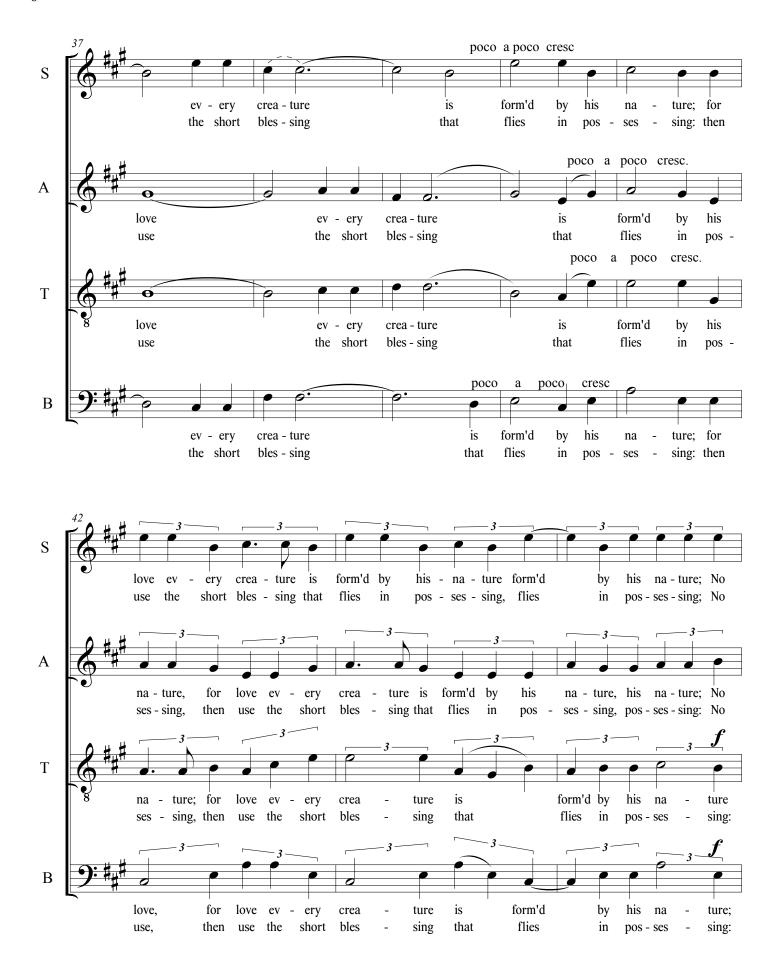
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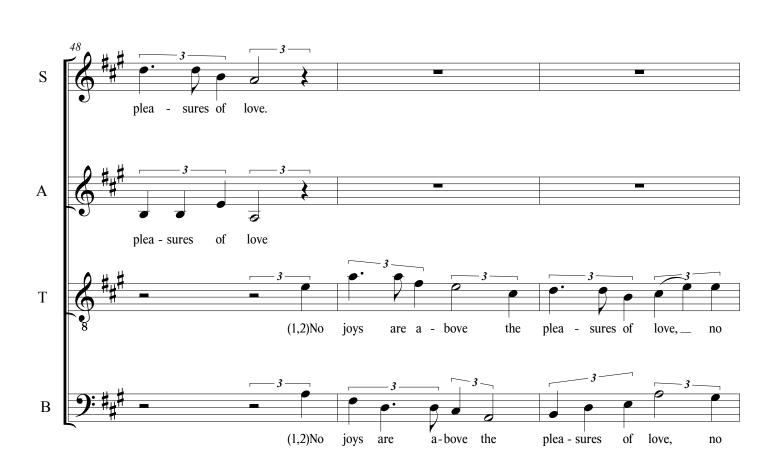
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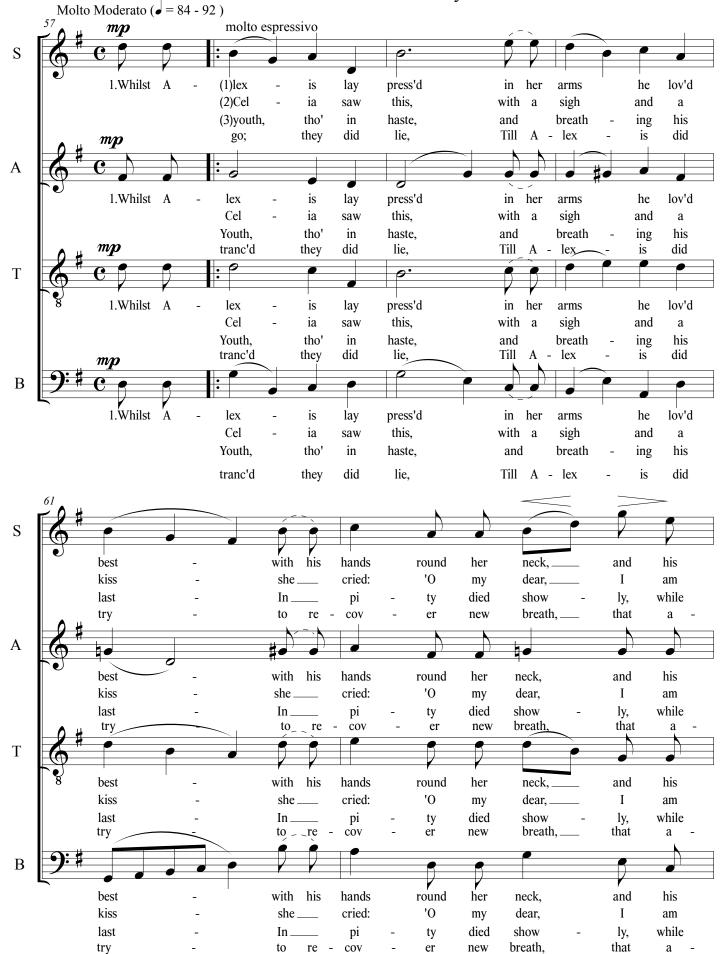
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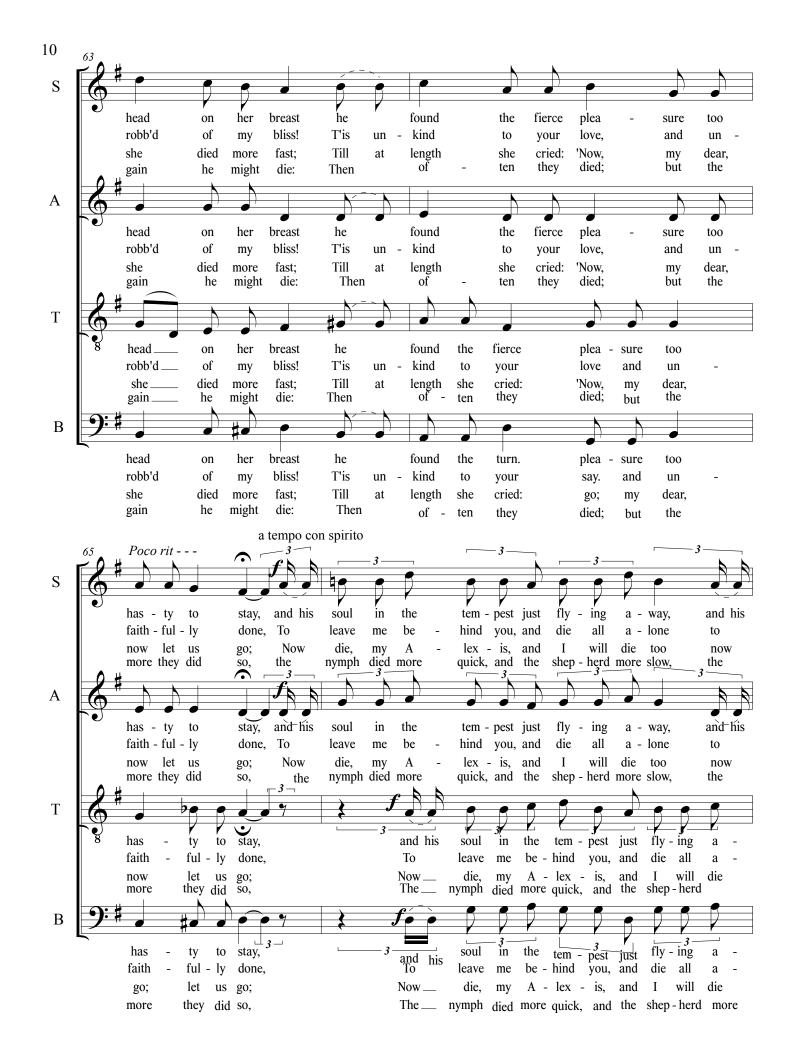


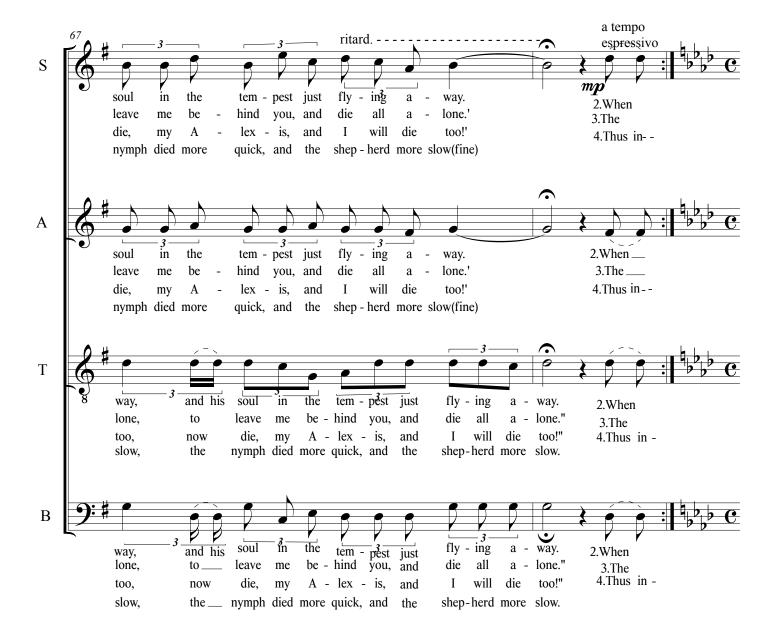








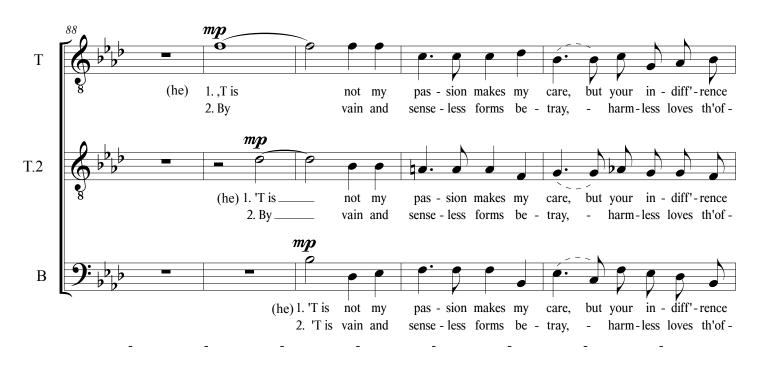


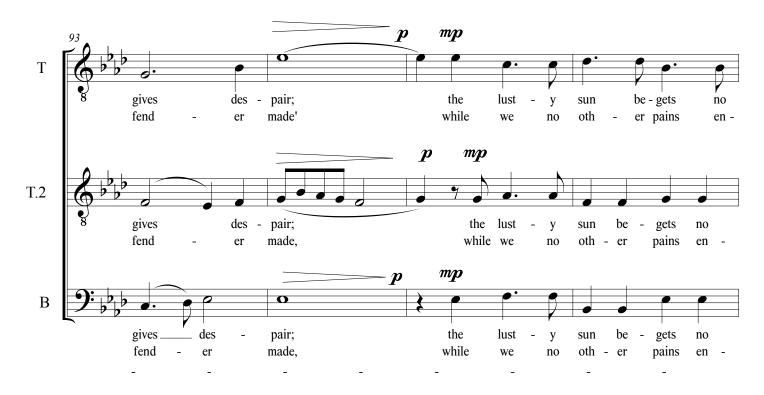




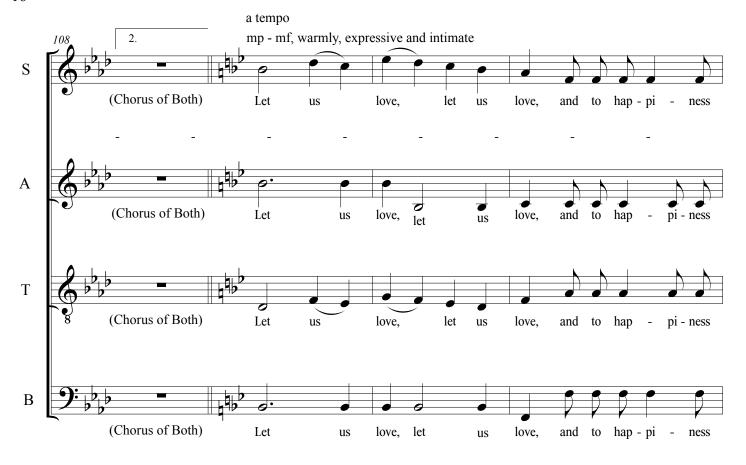


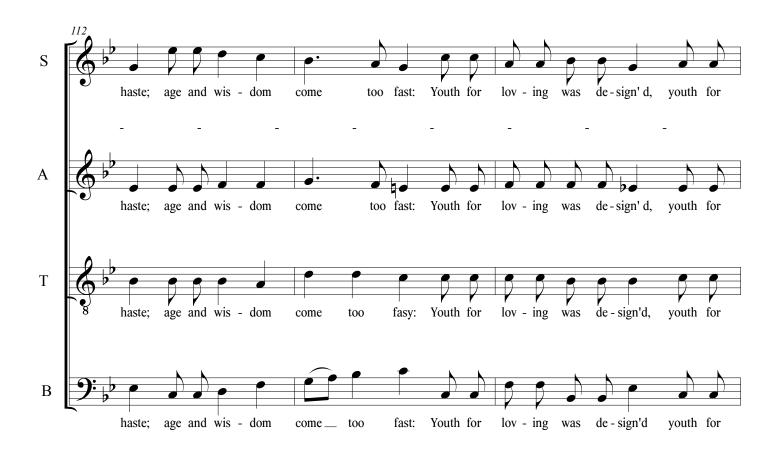
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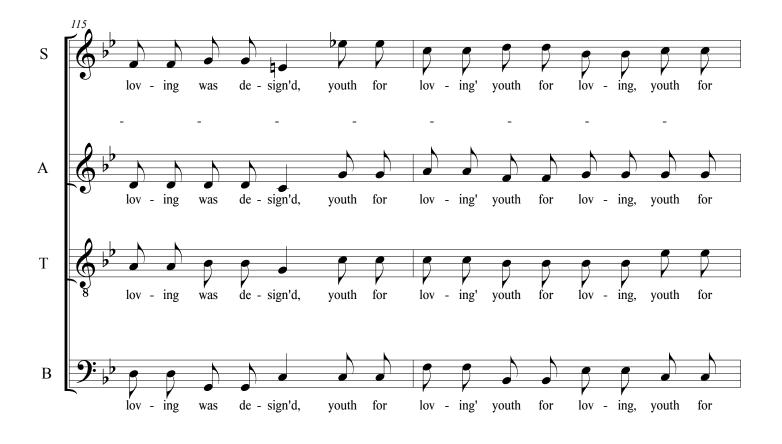


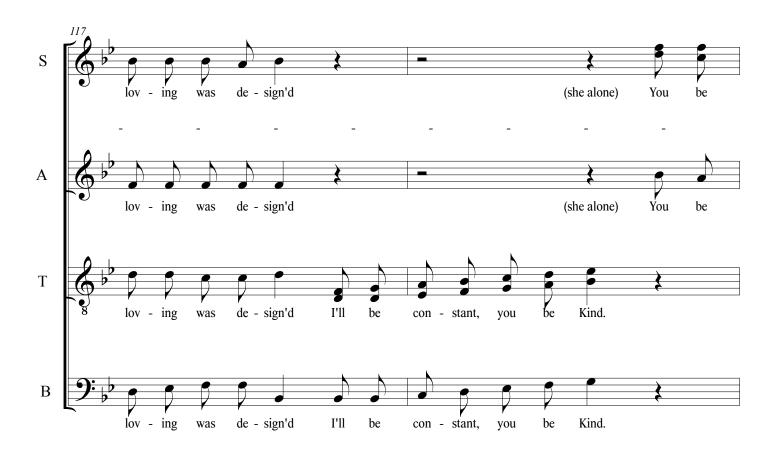


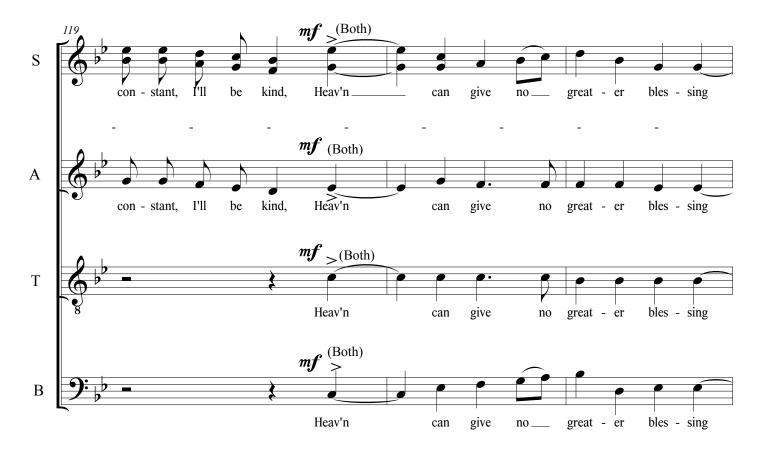


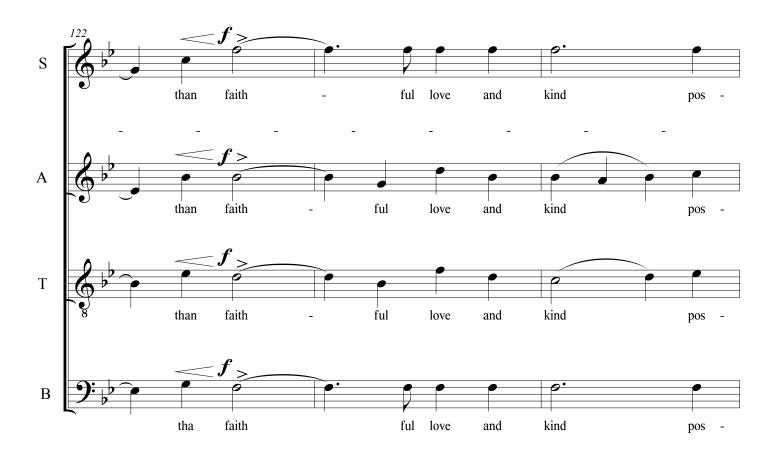


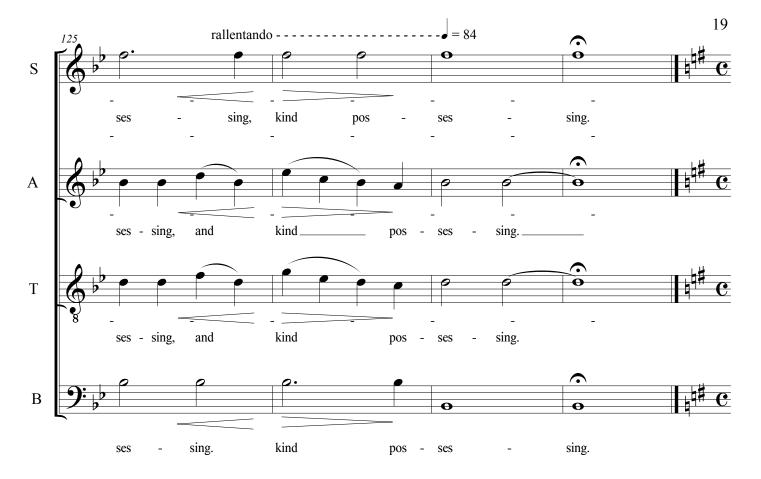










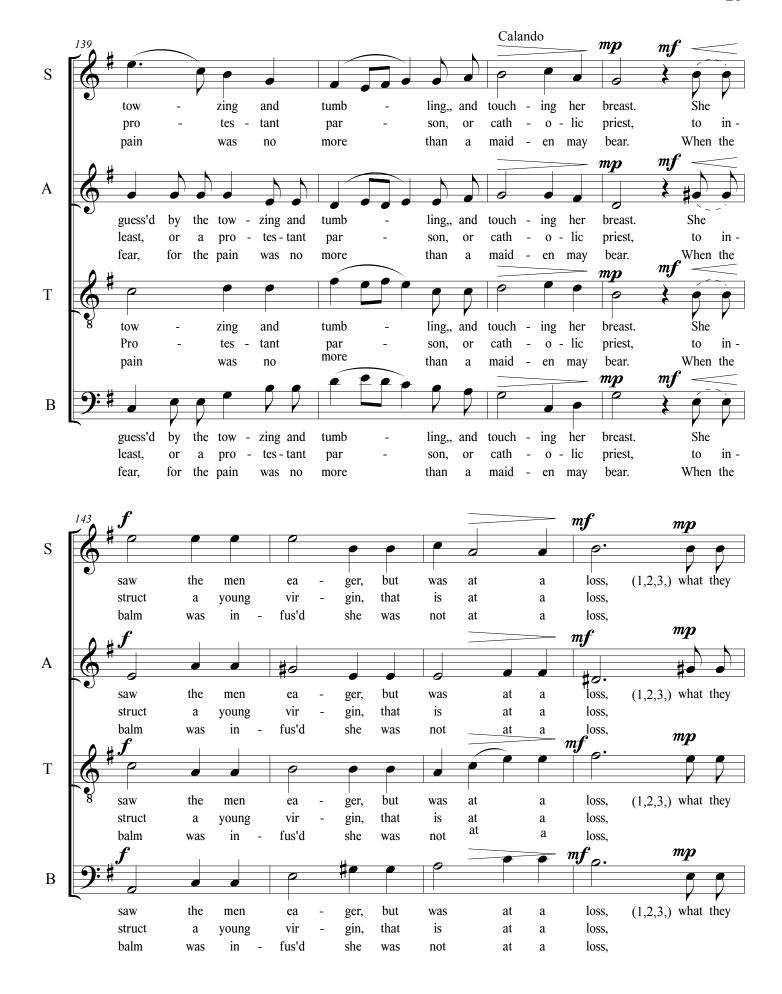




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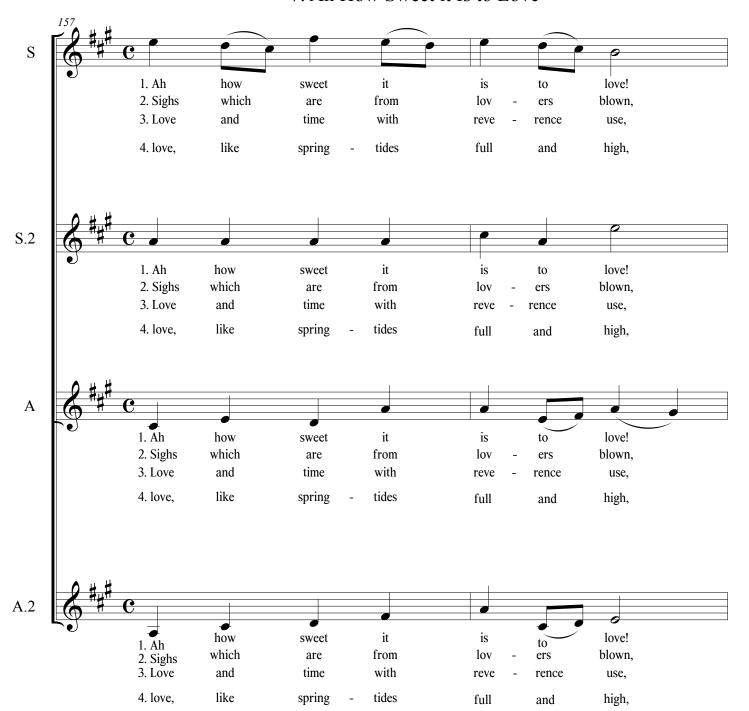
warmth as she lay on the she had heard of some green; a plea - sure, and thing she chris tians to die with-out aid! Not whig Tor Trim at a or a y, or mer wound, and in pi ty drew near; then showd her his bid ar - row, and her not

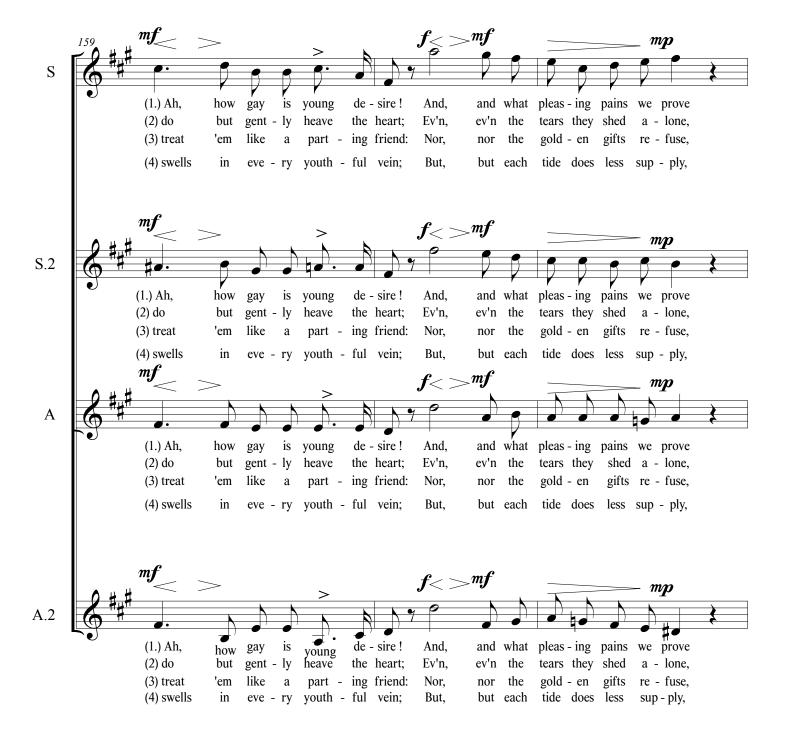


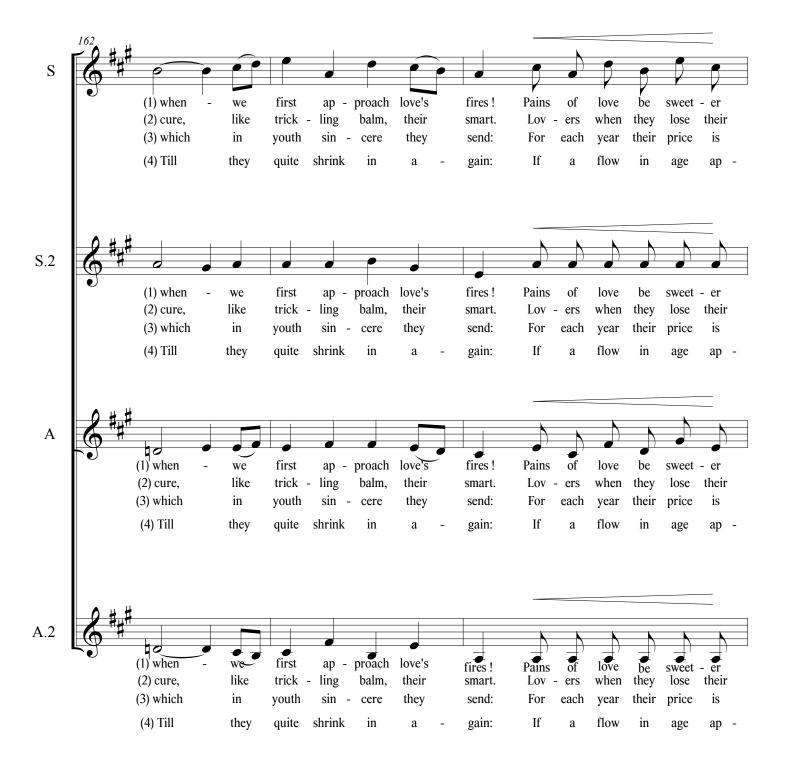


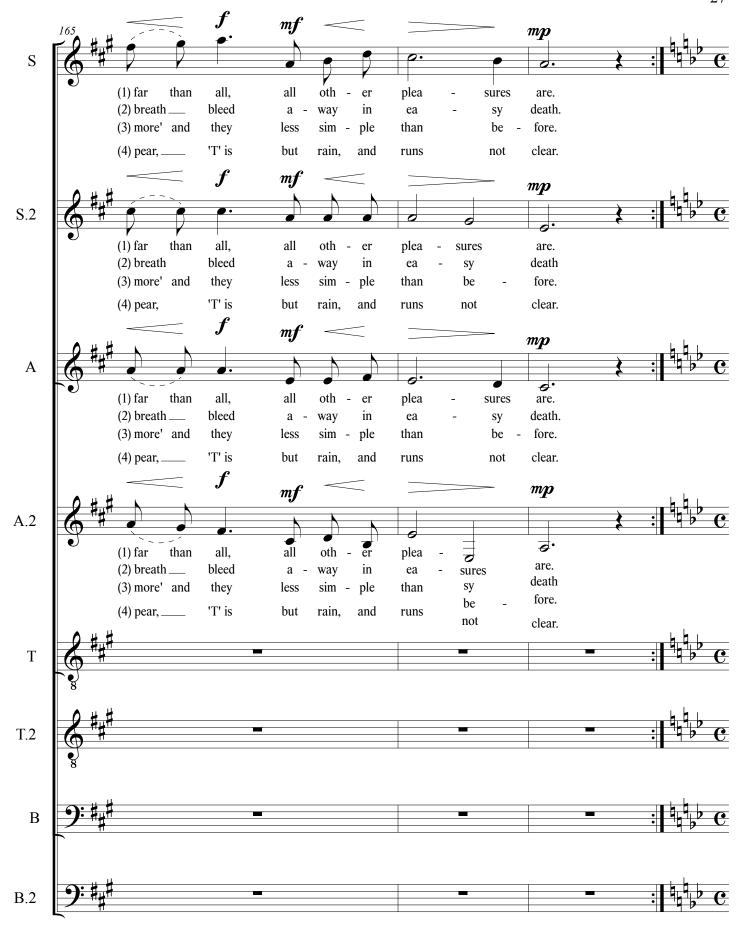


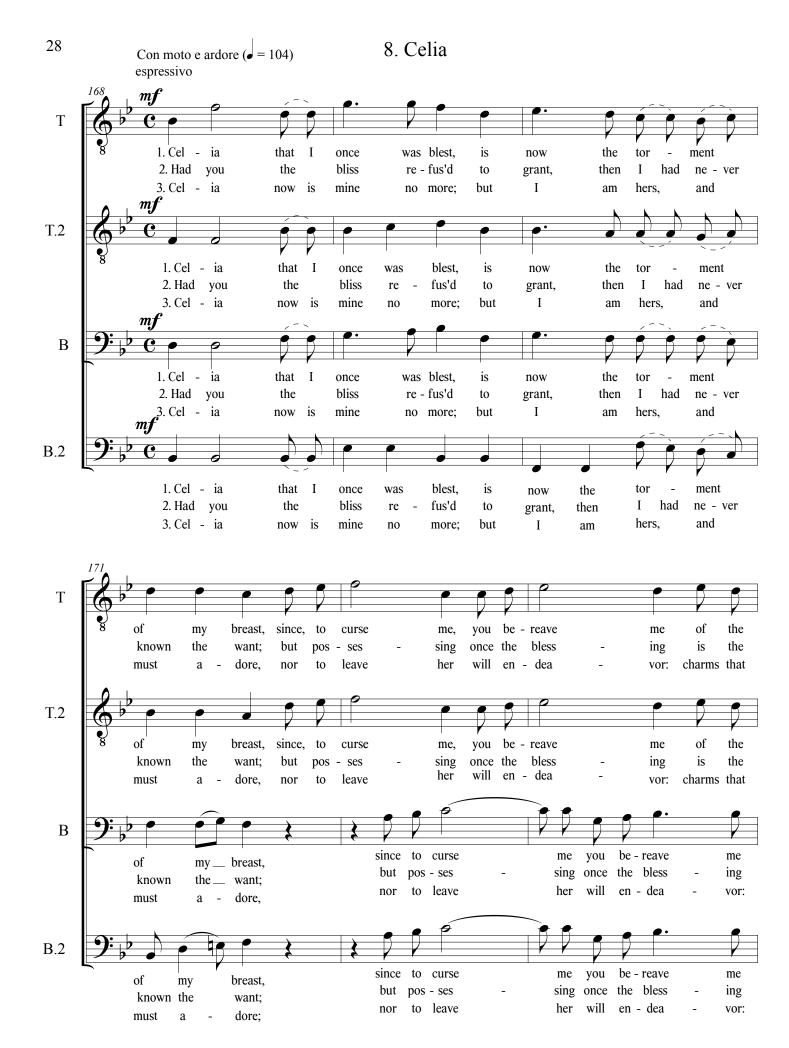
7. Ah How Sweet it Is to Love













9. Tell Me, Thyrsis

















10. Fair Iris and Her Swain

