Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (1875-1912)

BON-BON SUITE

for baritone solo, chorus and orchestra, op.68 (1908)

on poems by Thomas Moore

Piano-Vocal score

Poems by Thomas Moore (1779-1852)

I The Magic Mirror

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BARITONE AND CHORUS.

"COME, if thy magic Glass have power
To call up forms we sigh to see;
Show me my love, in that rosy bower,
Where last she pledged her troth to me."

The Wizard showed him his Lady bright, Where lone and pale in her bower she lay; "True-hearted maid," said the happy Knight, "She's thinking of one, who is far away."

But, lo! a page, with looks of joy,
Brings tidings to the Lady's ear;
"'Tis," said the Knight, "the same bright boy,
Who used to guide me to my dear."

The Lady now, from her fav'rite tree,
Hath, smiling, plucked a rosy flower;
"Such," he exclaimed, "was the gift that she
Each morning sent me from that bower!"

She gives her page the blooming rose, With looks that say, "Like lightning, fly!" "Thus," thought the Knight, "she sooths her woes, By fancying, still, her true-lover nigh."

But the page returns — and oh! what a sight,
For trusting lover's eyes to see! —
Leads to that bower another Knight,
As young, and, alas! as loved as he!

"Such," quoth the Youth, "is Woman's love!"
Then, darting forth, with furious bound,
Dashed at the Mirror his iron glove,
And strewed it all in fragments round.

[MORAL.

Such ills would never have come to pass,
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view:
The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,
And the Knight still thought his Lady true.]*

— Legendary Ballads (1830)

II The Fairy Boat

Page 21

CHORUS.

"Who comes so gracefully Gliding along, While the blue rivulet Sleeps to her song; Song, richly vying With the faint sighing Which swans, in dying, Sweetly prolong?"

So sung the shepherd-boy
By the stream's side,
Watching that fairy boat
Down the flood glide,
Like a bird winging,
Through the waves bringing,
That Syren, singing
To the hush'd tide.

"Stay," said the shepherd-boy,
"Fairy-boat, stay,
Linger, sweet minstrelsy,
Linger, a day."
But vain his pleading,
Past him, unheeding,
Song and boat, speeding,
Glided away.

So to our youthful eyes
Joy and hope shone;
So, while we gazed on them,
Fast they flew on;—
Like flowers, declining,
Ev'n in the twining,
One moment shining,
And, the next, gone!

— Evenings in Greece, Second Evening (1832)

III To Rosa **

Page 33

BARITONE AND CHORUS.

Is the song of Rosa mute?
Once such lays inspired her lute!
Never doth a sweeter song
Steal the breezy lyre along,
When the wind, in odours dying,
Wooes it with enamour'd sighing.

Is my Rosa's lute unstrung?
Once a tale of peace it sung
To her lover's throbbing breast —
Then was he divinely blest!
Ah! but Rosa loves no more,
Therefore Rosa's song is o'er;
And her lute neglected lies;
And her boy forgotten sighs.
Silent lute — forgotten lover —
Rosa's love and song are over!

— Juvenilia

IV Love and Hymen

Page 44

Sopranos and Altos.

Love had a fever — ne'er could close
His little eyes till day was breaking;
And wild and strange enough, Heaven knows,
The things he raved about while waking.

To let him pine so were a sin:—
One, to whom all the world's a debtor—
So Doctor Hymen was called in,
And Love that night slept rather better.

Next day the case gave further hope yet, Though still some ugly fever latent;— "Dose, as before"—a gentle opiate, For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a month of daily call,
So fast the dose went on restoring,
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,
Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.

— Set of Glees (1827)

▼ The Watchman

Page 51

BARITONE AND CHORUS.

WATCHMAN.

 ${\tt PAST}\ twelve\ o'clock -- past\ twelve.$

Good-night, good-night, my dearest — How fast the moments fly! 'Tis time to part, thou hearest That hateful watchman's cry.

WATCHMAN.

Past one o'clock — past one.

Yet stay a moment longer —
Alas! why is it so,
The wish to stay grows stronger,
The more 'tis time to go?

WATCHMAN.

Past two o'clock — past two.

Now wrap thy cloak about thee — The hours must sure go wrong, For when they're passed without thee, They're, oh! ten times as long. WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock — past three.

Again that dreadful warning! Had ever time such flight? And see the sky, 'tis morning — So now, *indeed*, good-night.

WATCHMAN.

Past three o'clock — past three.

Good-night, good-night.] *

— Set of Glees (1827)

VI Say, what shall we dance?

Page 58

CHORUS.

SAY, what shall we dance?
Shall we bound along the moonlight plain,
To music of Italy, Greece, or Spain?
Say, what shall we dance?
Shall we, like those who rove
Through bright Grenada's grove,
To the light Bolero's measures move?
Or choose the Guaracia's languishing lay,
And thus to its sound die away?

Strike the gay chords,
Let us hear each strain from ev'ry shore
That music haunts, or young feet wander o'er.
Hark!'tis the light march, to whose measured time,
The Polish lady, by her lover led,
Delights through gay saloons with step untired to tread,
Or sweeter still, through moonlight walks,
Whose shadows serve to hide
The blush that's raised by him who talks
Of love the while by her side;
Then comes the smooth waltz, to whose floating sound
Like dreams we go gliding around —
Say, which shall we dance?

— Set of Glees (1827)

- * Present in Moore's original, but omitted from Coleridge-Taylor's setting.
- ** Significantly altered; among other edits, the *Lute* has become a *Harp*.

BON-BON SUITE

Samuel Coleridge-Taylor op.68 (1908) on poems by Thomas Moore

1 The Magic Mirror

































2 The Fairy Boat













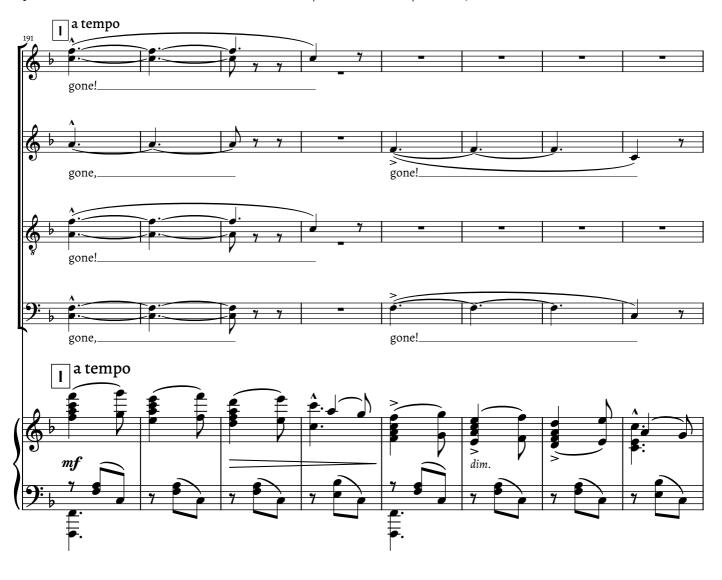
















3 To Rosa























4 Love and Hymen







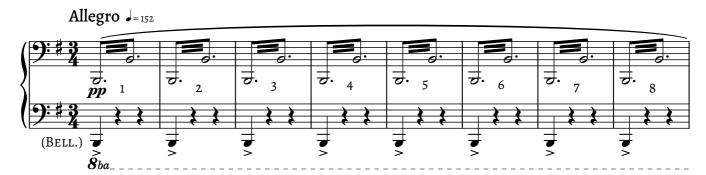








5 The Watchman





















6 Say, what shall we dance?

