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To Be Sung Upon the Water



SONG CYCLES BY DOMINICK ARGENTO

Letters From Composers
Songs About Spring
To Be Sung Upon the Water

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS
Three Vocalises for Soprano and Clarinet
selections from *Along the Field*

Patrice Michaels Bedi, soprano

Elizabeth Buccheri, piano
Larry Combs, clarinet

Jeffrey Kust, guitar
Elliott Golub, violin

SONG CYCLES BY DOMINICK ARGENTO (b. 1927)**Letters from Composers (26:24)***

- | | |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 Frédéric Chopin (3:55) | 5 Claude Debussy (3:28) |
| 2 Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (3:07) | 6 Giacomo Puccini (2:29) |
| 3 Franz Schubert (4:51) | 7 Robert Schumann (4:36) |
| 4 Johann Sebastian Bach (3:39) | |

Songs About Spring (10:45)†

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|--|-------------------------------|
| 8 I. who knows if the moon's a balloon (2:11) | 10 III. in Just spring (1:31) |
| 9 II. Spring is like a perhaps hand (2:50) | 11 IV. in Spring comes (1:34) |
| 12 V. when faces called flowers float out of the ground (2:26) | |

To Be Sung Upon the Water (27:22)†**

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|---|---|
| 13 I. Prologue: Shadow and Substance (3:33) | 17 V. In Remembrance of Schubert (4:43) |
| 14 II. The Lake at Evening (3:08) | 18 VI. Hymn Near the Rapids (2:43) |
| 15 III. Music on the Water (3:15) | 19 VII. The Lake at Night (3:59) |
| 16 IV. Fair is the Swan (1:38) | 20 VIII. Epilogue: De Profundis (5:00) |

SONGS AND VOCALISES BY RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS (1872-1958)**Three Vocalises for Soprano and Clarinet (4:02)****

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| 21 I. Prelude (1:52) | 22 II. Scherzo (0:40) | 23 III. Quasi menuetto (1:25) |
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selections from Along the Field (10:36)††

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| 24 II. Along the Field (2:49) | 26 VII. Fancy's Knell (3:41) |
| 25 VI. Good-Bye (2:24) | 27 VIII. With Rue My Heart is Laden (1:33) |

Patrice Michaels Bedi, soprano *Jeffrey Kust, guitar †Elizabeth Buccheri, piano
 **Larry Combs, clarinet ††Elliott Golub, violin TT: (79:34)

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To Be Sung Upon the Water

notes by W. Stuart Pope

Dominick Argento

Dominick Argento was born in York, Pennsylvania on October 27, 1927. His parents were innkeepers from Italy. Argento first studied composition at the Peabody Institute in Baltimore with Hugo Weisgall, Nicolas Nabokov and Henry Cowell. Graduate study was at the Eastman School of Music, with Howard Hanson and Bernard Rogers. He took yearly courses with Luigi Dallapiccola in Florence, Italy, and has returned regularly to spend summers in Florence, his second home and source of considerable inspiration. Argento has been on the faculty of the University of Minnesota since 1958 and is now a Regents Professor. In 1975, Dominick Argento received the Pulitzer Prize for his song cycle *From the Diary of Virginia Wolff*.

Letters From Composers

The cycle *Letters from Composers* was written for and dedicated to tenor Vern Sutton and guitarist Jeffrey Van. The texts are letters or fragments of letters written by Chopin, Mozart, Schubert, Bach, Debussy, Puccini and Schumann. They reveal a wide range

of problems, having almost no relevance to their compositional careers: illness, anger, loneliness, penury, love, even happiness. Dominick Argento's settings show his clear understanding of each composer's expressive style.

I. Chopin, laid low with tuberculosis, staying with George Sand in Majorca, as a rest from the bustle of Paris, describes to a friend the quiet of his surroundings and the relaxed manner of the lifestyle in Palma. Chopin's prose is poetic to an extreme, and Argento has set it to music that is as poetic as the writer's own nocturnes.

II. Mozart writes to his father in Vienna to tell of his dismissal by the archbishop of Salzburg and plead for understanding.

III. Schubert corresponds with his friend Kupelwieser in Rome, despairing of his health, lack of money, even thoughts of failure . . . and in this fragment, longing for death to take away his burdens. He recalls a phrase of a song he wrote years before (*Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel*), "My peace is gone, my heart is heavy," which is quoted (musically) in the song. Argento

to also uses a frequent Schubertian device: hovering between major and minor.

IV. Bach, in the obsequious, baroque form of address required in his time, writes to the Town Council of Leipzig to beg the redressing of a grievance; a prominent local businessman has married out of town and thus cheated Bach of his fee as organist for the ceremony, which should have taken place in St. Thomas' Church. Argento gives the song recitative, inversions, canons, augmentation, etc. . . . a veritable baroque delight.

V. Debussy is writing to a friend; near the end of his life, he is wracked with brain cancer and despairing of the futility of World War I, which rages on in Europe. In his setting, Argento eschews the use of bar lines and rarely has the singer and guitarist together; rather, the instrument comments on the words, giving emphasis to the prose.

VI. Whereas Chopin would appear to miss the formality of Paris, Puccini yearns to leave it (shortly after the triumph of *La Bohème*) to return to his beloved Italy with its informality and rural atmosphere. His letter is wonderfully poetic in spite of his hatred for so

much of Paris life. The setting is rhythmic, measured, and bold.

VII. Lastly, a love song: Robert Schumann to Clara, his wife-to-be. Some of us, receiving and reading this letter, might have had second thoughts about the marriage. Schumann takes Pygmalion-like credit for making his bride worthy of his hand. Dominick Argento has given us a beautiful setting that could certainly stand on its own in a recital program. In this song and, for that matter, in the Puccini setting, one has a foretaste of the yet-to-come Argento cycle, "Casa Guidi," a setting for mezzo-soprano and orchestra of letters written by Elizabeth Barrett Browning to her sister in London from the villa in Florence where she lived with her husband Robert.

Songs About Spring

Argento composed *Songs About Spring*, his settings of texts by e.e. cummings, while an undergraduate at the Peabody Institute. The cycle was first performed in May, 1951 by Carolyn Bailey, the composer's wife, with her husband at the piano. At the Eastman School of Music, Argento made a chamber orchestra version which had its first performance there in July 1960, with Carolyn Bailey, soprano, and

Frederick Fennell, conducting. This simply charming work was Argento's first song cycle; his setting of the words shows a degree of fluency unlikely at such an early point in his career. As this recording will attest, however, Argento has always had a wonderful way with words. Can we thank his Italian heritage or his marriage to a very talented singer? Surely both.

"Who knows if the moon's a balloon" is set as a waltz that invites one to whirl away to the balloon/moon. The quiet simplicity of "Spring is like a perhaps hand" carefully matches in song the poet's descriptive verse. "In just spring" returns us to a waltz-like setting as it tells of children at play outdoors after an imprisoning winter. "In spring comes" is a canon at the unison, the piano echoing the meditative vocal line. "When faces called flowers float out of the ground" brings us back to dance a waltz once again, rejoicing at the return of spring.

To Be Sung Upon the Water

To Be Sung Upon the Water (*Barcarolles and Nocturnes*) was composed in 1973. Dominick Argento has set poems and sections of poems by William Wordsworth for high voice,

piano, and clarinet (also bass clarinet).

The composer has selected the verses with his customary care and skill, symmetrically fashioning arches within arches: Prologue and Epilogue forming the frame for pairs of poems using time of day and emotional attitude as reference points. His settings have produced a most singable cycle, grateful for the voice and subtle in the use of the clarinet, with the bass instrument most effective in songs where it is used.

The cycle opens with a Barcarolle describing the discovery of the things one sees in the water as one glides along. Thus Argento introduces the listener to the words and music in the next two songs, which describe the tranquillity at night of and nocturnal birdsong on the water. The fourth song, "Fair is the Swan," is a particularly effective setting for voice and bass clarinet. The majesty of the mute creature as it sails across the still water of the lake in the moonlight is wonderfully portrayed. Next we hear "In Memory of Schubert," perhaps the heart of the cycle. Titled by Argento in homage to the earlier master, Wordsworth wrote the poem for fellow poet and friend Collins. The song is a glorious

melody with a moving and satisfying piano accompaniment; all calm and serene polytonality. Next comes a prayer for safety on the water, the voice part *maestoso* against the rapidly moving piano and bass clarinet, followed by a return to solemnity and prayerful calm. The seventh song, a rhapsody, further describes the movements of the lake at night through rapidly moving, *pianissimo* instruments and voice; by the song's end, the "whole wide lake in deep repose is hushed . . ." The concluding Epilogue is a setting of the familiar Wordsworth sonnet "The world is too much with us." The composer has given us a virtual duet for voice and clarinet with piano accompaniment. Here he sums up the cycle in both words and music by recalling motifs from previous songs.

Ralph Vaughan Williams

Ralph Vaughan Williams was born in 1872 in Down Ampney, a village in Gloucestershire. This charming place is now well known to church musicians from the hymn tune Vaughan Williams wrote and named for it: *Down Ampney* ("Come down, O Love Divine"). The composer died in London in 1958. He was educated at Charterhouse School,

and Cambridge University, and studied at the Royal College of Music with Max Bruch. He wrote music in all forms, including nine symphonies, six concertos, a host of vocal music, five operas, and well over one hundred folksong arrangements.

Vaughan Williams composed his song cycle *Along the Field* in 1927. At its premiere, only excerpts of the complete cycle of eight songs were performed. The unusual use of the violin as the accompanying instrument is something that Gustav Holst, the composer's close friend, had earlier successfully employed. The poems are by A.E. Housman. Vaughan Williams has set them with customary sensitivity. The title song is particularly beautiful. "Fancy's Knell" is perhaps the most ambitious of the set, with the violin providing a dance tune commentary on the poem.

The *Three Vocalises for Soprano and Clarinet* is one of Vaughan Williams' last works; it was first performed on October 8, 1958, in Manchester, England, less than one month after his death.

— W. Stuart Pope is a former President of the music publishing house, Boosey & Hawkes, Inc.

Letters From Composers

Frédéric Chopin (to a friend)

Palma, 28 December 1838

Imagine me, between rocks and sea, in a cell in an immense, deserted monastery, its doors bigger than the coach entrance to any Paris mansion. Here I am with my hair uncurled, no white gloves, and as pale as usual. My cell, shaped like a great coffin, has a vast and dusty arched ceiling, and a little window looking to the garden with its orange trees, palms and cypresses. Opposite the window, below a rosette in the lacy Moorish style, is a camp-bed.

Beside the bed is an old *untouchable*, a kind of square desk . . . on which stands a . . . wax candle. . . . On the same desk, Bach, my scribbles, and other papers, not mine. . . .

Silence. . . . If you shout. . . . silence again. In short, I am writing from a very strange place. . . .

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

(to his father)

Vienna, 9 June 1781

Mon très cher Père,
Well, Count Arco has managed things to perfection!—so that is the way to persuade

people, to win them over— to refuse petitions out of congenital stupidity, not to say a word to your master for lack of spirit and love of sycophancy, to keep a man hanging about for four weeks and at last, when he is obliged to present the petition himself, instead of . . . arranging for his admittance, to throw him out and give him a

kick in the pants. . . . I wrote three petitions, handed them in five times, and each time had them thrown back at me . . . and since the Archbishop was planning to leave on the next day, I was quite beside myself with rage [and] wrote another petition, in which I disclosed to him that I had had a petition in readiness for the past four weeks! . . . With that petition I received my discharge in the most gallant way. . . .

So seeing the reasons why I left him . . . no father could be angry with his own son.

Franz Schubert (to a friend)

Vienna, 31 March 1824

My brightest hopes have come to nothing, the joys of friendship and love soon turn to sorrows, and even my pleasure in

beauty itself is in danger of dying away! "*Meine Ruh' ist hin, mein Herz ist schwer;*" thus sang Gretchen at her spinning wheel, so might I now sing every day, for every night I go to bed hoping that I shall not wake again, and each morning only brings back all the sorrows and grief of the day before. And so I spend my days, joyless and friendless. . . .

Johann Sebastian Bach
(to the Town Council)

Leipzig, 25 August 1733

Magnificent, most honourable gentlemen, our wise and learned councillors, distinguished Lords and Patrons, et cetera, et cetera, et cetera . . .

May it please you to condescend to hear how Herr Johannes Fredrich Eitelwein, a merchant in the town of Leipzig, was married on the twelfth of August of the present year out of town, and therefore thinks himself entitled to withhold the fees due us in all such cases, and has made bold to disregard our many kind reminders. Whereas the said fees make up the greater part of our emoluments, [a perquisite of this position] and no one has hitherto endeavoured to withhold from us our lawful share. We therefore feel compelled to beg you, honoured Lords and Gracious Patrons,

for this reason to take us under your protection and by your decision . . . to uphold us in our old rights and agreed *Salario*, and further to enjoin up on the said Herr Eitelwein that he remit to us . . . a due proportion of the foresaid marriage fees, together with the costs occasioned, in this instance, which we also claim, with all respect and reverence.

Magnificent and honourable gentlemen, most wise and learned councillors, distinguished Lords and Patrons, from your most humble and devoted servant, Johann Sebastian Bach.

Claude Debussy (to a friend)

Le Molleau, 3 December 1916

. . . I go on with this waiting life— waiting room life, I might say, for I am a poor traveler waiting for a train that will never come again.

They tell me it's the morphine! . . . No! something is broken in this strange mechanism that used to be my brain.

Who's to blame?

Perhaps this miserable war that loses some of its nobility with every passing day. It was stupid enough to trust the Bulgarians. But it's even worse to trust the Greeks for anything! And good King George looks like a hawker of lead pencils

with no lead in them.

Of course, rumors spread like weeds. Everyone appoints a new commander-in-chief every morning. It's like a hunchback changing his tailor in hope that the new one will be able to conceal his hump. . . . and after all, what does it matter?

Giacomo Puccini (to a friend)

Paris, 10 May 1898

. . . I am sick of Paris!

I am panting for the fragrant woods, for the free movement of my belly in wide trousers and no waistcoat; I pant, I pant after the wind that blows free and fragrant from the sea; I savor with wide-flaring nostrils its salty breath, and stretch my lungs to breathe it all!

I hate pavements!

I hate palaces!

I hate capitals!

I hate columns of marble!

I love the beautiful column of poplar and fir; I love the vault of shady glades; I love the green expanse of cool shelter in forest old or young; I love the blackbird in flight; I love the woodpecker, seagull, and lark! I hate the horse, the cat and the toy dog! I

hate the steamer, the top-hat, the dress coat, and I hate Paris!

Robert Schumann (to his fiancée)

Leipzig, 3 June 1839

. . . The most certain thing is still that we continue to love each other with all our hearts, and I feel sure that in your heart there is a rich fund of love, and you will make your husband happy for a long, long time. You are a wonderful girl, Klara! There is such a host of varied and beautiful qualities in you that I will never know how you have managed to bring them all together during your short life. . . . But there is one thing I know, Klara, and that is: I believe you would have been a very different girl if you had never met me at so early a stage and been impressed by my gentle way. Leave me this belief, it makes me happy. I taught you to love, and drew you close, to be the ideal bride as I imagined her; you were my most gifted pupil, and as my reward you said to me: "Well, then, take me!" . . .



Songs About Spring

poems by e.e. cummings

I. who knows if the moon's a balloon

who knows if the moon's
a balloon, coming out of a keen city
in the sky—filled with pretty people?
(and if you and i should

get into it, if they
should take me and take you into their balloon,
why then
we'd go up higher with all the pretty people

than houses and steeples and clouds:
go sailing
away and away sailing into a keen
city which nobody's ever visited, where
always

it's
Spring) and everyone's
in love and flowers pick themselves

II. Spring is like a perhaps hand

Spring is like a perhaps hand
(which comes carefully
out of Nowhere) arranging
a window, into which people look (while
people stare
arranging and changing placing
carefully there a strange
thing and a known thing here) and
changing everything carefully
spring is like a perhaps

Hand in a window
(carefully to
and fro moving New and
Old things, while
people stare carefully
moving a perhaps
fraction of flower here placing
an inch of air there) and
without breaking anything.

III. in Just-spring

in Just-
spring when the world is mud-
luscious the little
lame balloonman
whistles far and wee
and eddieandbill come
running from marbles and
piracies and it's
spring
when the world is puddle-wonderful
the queer
old balloonman whistles

far and wee
and bettyandisbel come dancing
from hop-scotch and jump-rope and
it's
spring
and
the
goat-footed
balloonMan whistles
far
and
wee

IV. in Spring comes

in
Spring comes (no-
one
asks his name)
a mender
of things
with eager
fingers (with
patient
eyes) re
-new-
ing remaking what
other
-wise we should

have
thrown a-
way (and whose
brook
-bright flower-
soft bird
-quick voice loves
children
and sunlight and
mountains) in april (but
if he should
Smile) comes
nobody'll know

V. when faces called flowers float out of the ground

when faces called flowers float out of the
ground
and breathing is wishing and wishing is
having—
but keeping is downward and doubting and
never
—it's april (yes, april; my darling) it's spring!
yes the pretty birds frolic as spry as can fly
yes the little fish gambol as glad as can be
(yes the mountains are dancing together)
when every leaf opens without any sound
and wishing is having and having is giving—
but keeping is doting and nothing and non-
sense
—alive; we're alive, dear: it's (kiss me now)

spring!
now the pretty birds hover so she and so he
now the little fish quiver so you and so i
(now the mountains are dancing, the moun-
tains)
when more than was lost has been found has
been found
and having is giving and giving is living—
but keeping is darkness and winter and cringing
—it's spring (all our night becomes day) o, it's
spring!
all the pretty birds dive to the heart of the sky
all the little fish climb through the mind of the
sea
(all the mountains are dancing; are dancing)

TO BE SUNG UPON THE WATER

poems by William Wordsworth

I. PROLOGUE: SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE

As one who hangs down-bending from the side
Of a slow-moving boat, upon the breast
Of a still water, solacing himself
With such discoveries as his eye can make
Beneath him in the bottom of the deep,
Sees many beauteous sights—weeds, fishes,
flowers,
Grots, pebbles, roots of trees, and fancies more,
Yet often is perplexed and cannot part
The shadow from the substance, rocks and sky,

Mountains and clouds, reflected in the depth
Of the clear flood, from things which there
abide
In their true dwelling; now is crossed by gleam
Of his own image, by a sunbeam now,
And wavering motions sent he knows not
whence,
Impediments that make his task more sweet;
Such pleasant office have I long pursued
Incumbent o'er the surface of past time.

II THE LAKE AT EVENING

Clouds, lingering yet, extend in solid bars
Through the grey west; and lo! these waters,
steeled
By breezeless air to smoothest polish, yield
A vivid repetition of the stars;
Jove, Venus, and the ruddy crest of Mars
Amid his fellows beauteously revealed
At happy distance from earth's groaning field,

Where ruthless mortals wage incessant wars.
Is it a mirror?—or the nether Sphere
Opening to view the abyss in which she feeds
Her own calm fires?—But listen! a voice is near;
Great Pan himself low-whispering through the
reeds,
'Be thankful, thou; for, if unholy deeds
Ravage the world, tranquillity is here!'

III. MUSIC ON THE WATER

Lutes and voices down th' enchanted woods
Steal, and compose the oar-forgotten floods,
While Evening's solemn bird melodious weeps,
Heard, by star-spotted bays, beneath the steep;

Slow glides the sail along th' illumined shore,
And steals into the shade the lazy oar.
Soft bosoms breathe around contagious sighs,
And amorous music on the water dies.

IV. FAIR IS THE SWAN

Fair is the Swan, whose majesty, prevailing
O'er breezeless water, on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake:
—Behold!—as with a gushing impulse heaves
That downy prow, and softly cleaves
The mirror of the crystal flood,

Vanish inverted hill, and shadowy wood,
And pendent rocks, where'er, in gliding state,
Winds the mute Creature without visible Mate
Or Rival, save the Queen of night
Showering down a silver light,
From heaven, upon her chosen Favourite!

V. IN REMEMBRANCE OF SCHUBERT

O glide, fair stream! for ever so,
Thy quiet soul on all bestowing,
Till all our minds for ever flow
As thy deep waters now are flowing.
Vain thought!—Yet be as now thou art,
That in thy waters may be seen
The image of a poet's heart,

How bright, how solemn, how serene!
Now let us, as we float along,
For *him* suspend the dashing oar;
And pray that never child of song
May know that Poet's sorrows more.
How calm! how still! the only sound,
The dripping of the oar suspended!

VI. HYMN NEAR THE RAPIDS

Jesu! bless our slender Boat,
By the current swept along;
Loud its threatenings—let them not
Drown the music of a song;
Breathed thy mercy to implore,
Where these troubled waters roar!
Saviour, for our warning, seen
Bleeding on that precious Rood;
If, while through the meadows green
Gently wound the peaceful flood,
We forgot Thee, do not Thou
Disregard Thy Suppliants now!

Hither, like yon ancient Tower
Watching o'er the River's bed,
Fling the shadow of thy power,
Else we sleep among the dead;
Thou who trod'st the billowy sea,
Shield us in our jeopardy!
Guide our Bark among the waves;
Through the rocks our passage smooth;
Where the whirlpool frets and raves
Let Thy love its anger soothe;
All our hope is placed in Thee;
Miserere Domine!

VII. THE LAKE AT NIGHT

Sweet are the sounds that mingle from afar,
Heard by calm lakes, as peeps the folding star,
Where the duck dabbles 'mid the rustling
sedge,
And feeding pike starts from the water's edge,
Or the swan stirs the reeds, his neck and bill
Wetting, that drip upon the water still;

And now, on every side, the surface breaks
Into blue spots, and slowly lengthening streaks;
Here, plots of sparkling water tremble bright
With thousand thousand twinkling points of
light;
And now the whole wide lake in deep repose
Is hushed, and like a burnished mirror glows.

VIII. EPILOGUE: DE PROFUNDIS

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;

For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

Selections from **ALONG THE FIELD**

poems by A.E. Houseman

II. ALONG THE FIELD

Along the field as we came by
A year ago, my love and I,
The aspen over stile and stone
Was talking to itself alone.
'Oh who are these that kiss and pass?
A country lover and his lass;
Two lovers looking to be wed;
And time shall put them both to bed,
But she shall lie with earth above,
And he beside another love.'

And sure enough beneath the tree
There walks another love with me,
And overhead the aspen heaves
Its rainy-sounding silver leaves;
And I spell nothing in their stir,
But now perhaps they speak to her,
And plain for her to understand
They talk about a time at hand
When I shall sleep with clover clad,
And she beside another lad.

VI. GOODBYE

Oh see how thick the goldcup flowers
Are lying in field and lane,
With dandelions to tell the hours
That never are told again.
Oh may I squire you round the meads
And pick you posies gay?
—'Twill do no harm to take my arm.
'You may, young man, you may.'
Ah, spring was sent for lass and lad,
'Tis now the blood runs gold,
And man and maid had best be glad
Before the world is old.
What flowers today may flower tomorrow,
But never as good as new.
—Suppose I wound my arm right round—
'Tis true, young man, 'tis true.'

Some lads there are, 'tis shame to say,
That only court to thieve,
And once they bear the bloom away
'Tis little enough they leave.
Then keep your heart for men like me
And safe from trustless chaps.
My love is true and all for you.
'Perhaps, young man, perhaps.'
Oh, look in my eyes then, can you doubt?
—Why, 'tis a mile from town.
How green the grass is all about!
We might as well sit down.
—Ah, life, what is it but a flower?
Why must true lovers sigh?
Be kind, have pity, my own, my pretty,—
'Good-bye, young man, good-bye.'

VII. FANCY'S KNELL

When lads were home from labour
At Abdon under Clee,
A man would call his neighbour
And both would send for me.
And where the light in lances
Across the mead was laid,
There to the dances
I fetched my flute and played.
Ours were idle pleasures,
Yet oh, content we were,
The young to wind the measures,
The old to heed the air;
And I to lift with playing
From tree and tower and steep
The light delaying,
And flute the sun to sleep.
The youth toward his fancy
Would turn his brow of tan,
And Tom would pair with Nancy
And Dick step off with Fan;

The girl would lift her glances
To his, and both be mute:
Well went the dances
At evening to the flute.
Wenlock Edge was umbered,
And bright was Abdon Burf,
And warm between them slumbered
The smooth green miles of turf;
Until from grass and clover
The upshot beam would fade,
And England over
Advanced the lofty shade.
The lofty shade advances,
I fetch my flute and play:
Come, lads, and learn the dances
And praise the tune to-day.
To-morrow, more's the pity,
Away we both must hie,
To air the ditty,
And to earth I.

VIII. WITH RUE MY HEART IS LADEN

With rue my heart is laden
For golden friends I had,
For many a rose-lipt maiden
And many a lightfoot lad.

By brooks too broad for leaping
The lightfoot boys are laid;
The rose-lipt girls are sleeping
In fields where roses fade.



About the Performers

"Like the Romantic ideal of art, Patrice Michaels Bedi's voice is both natural and passionate," declares *Classical disCDigest*. *The New Yorker* calls her "a formidable interpretative talent." Patrice Michaels Bedi has concertized extensively throughout North America, appearing in concert with renowned ensembles including the St. Louis, Atlanta, and Milwaukee Symphonies, the Minnesota Orchestra, Chicago's Grant Park Symphony, and Boston Baroque. Miss Michaels Bedi has also sung with Lyric Opera of Chicago, the Cleveland Opera, Colorado's Central City Opera, Chicago Opera Theater, and the Maryland Handel Festival. Her recordings on other labels include Bach's St. Matthew Passion with Sir Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony Orchestra for London Records, Mozart's Requiem on the Amadis label, and Mozart's C minor Mass with Chicago's Music of the Baroque.

Performing with Miss Michaels Bedi are Elizabeth Buccheri, assistant conductor, Lyric Opera of Chicago and principal pianist of the Chicago Symphony Chorus; Larry Combs, principal clarinetist of the Chicago Symphony Orchestra; guitarist Jeffrey Kust, a frequent performer and participant on recordings with the Chicago Symphony; and Elliott Golub, concertmaster of Chicago's Music of the Baroque.

Also with Patrice Michaels Bedi on Cedille Records

Dominick Argento: Six Elizabethan Songs — CDR 90000 011
with the Rembrandt Chamber Players on "20th Century Baroque"

"Dominick Argento's . . . luscious vocal line is a gift to soprano Patrice Michaels Bedi, who makes the most of it."

— Fanfare

Songs of the Romantic Age — CDR 90000 019


"I don't think I have enough superlatives in my vocabulary to describe this recording adequately, but I'll give it a try . . ."

— *Classical disCDigest*

A Vivaldi Concert — CDR 90000 025

"Soprano Patrice Michaels Bedi lifts the performance to a higher realm. Nothing short of spectacular, she sings virtuoso motets and cantatas with the purity of a child, flies through florid passagework like a musical acrobat, matches her voice to the pure tone of baroque obbligato instruments and enlivens Italian recitative with the personality of a Mozartean soubrette."

— *Cleveland Plain Dealer*

 **Cedille** ("say-DEE") **Records**

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