



(LEMS 8063)

ELIZABETHAN LOVE SONGS

Hugues Cuenod, tenor / Claude Jean Chiasson, harpsichord

Secular Cantata: "Diane et Actéon"

Jean Philippe Rameau (1683-1764)

Hugues Cuenod, tenor / Robert Brink, violin

Alfred Zighera, viola da gamba,

under the musical direction of Daniel Pinkham, harpsichord

TRACKS:

ELIZABETHAN LOVE SONGS

1. "When Laura Smiles" - Philip Rosseter (1601) - 1:43
2. Galiardo - Harpsichord - John Bull (1562-1628) - 1:38
3. "Go to Bed, Sweet Muse" - Robert Jones (1608) - 1:12
4. Alman - Harpsichord - Robert Johnson (1569-1633) - 1:14
5. "Sweet Kate" - Robert Jones (Pub. 1608) - 1:36
6. The Lord of Salisbury - His Pavan - Orlando Gibbons - 3:13
7. "Underneath a Cypress Tree" - F. Pilkington (1605) - 3:59
8. The King's Morisco - Harpsichord - Anon. - 1:17
9. "Weep You No More, Sad Fountaines" - Dowland - 2:45
10. Fayne Would I Wed - Richard Farnaby - 1:14

11. "Drink To Me Only With Thine Eyes" - 2:56
 12. "Have You Seen But a Whyte Lilly Grow" - 2:15
- Verses by Ben Johnson - set anonymously
13. The Fall of the Leafe (Autumn) - Martin Peerson - 1:57
 14. The Primerose - Martin Peerson (1592-1650) - 1:29
 15. "Sorrow, Sorrow Stay" - John Dowland (1563-1626) - 3:47
 16. Tower Hill - Giles Farnaby (1569-1598?) - 0:58
 17. "Why Dost Thou Turn Away?" - Giles Earle's Ms. - 1:28
 18. Giles Farnaby's Dreame - Giles Farnaby - 1:18
 19. "Now, O Now, I Needs Must Part" - John Dowland - 3:18
 20. A Toye - Harpsichord - Anon. - 0:53
 21. "Away With These Self-loving Lads" - John Dowland - 1:43

'DIANE ET ACTEON'

Jean Philippe RAMEAU (1683-1764)

22. Recit: "Dans le fond d'un vallon ombragé" - 1:21
23. Air Gai: "Fuyez, fuyez, faune sauvage" - 2:37
24. Recit: "Cependant les coursiers de l'amant - 1:01
25. Air Vif: "Que le son du cor rapelle no chasseurs" - 3:02
26. Recit: "Ciel! Tandis qu'au sommeil sa troupe" - 1:38
27. Air Tendre: "Quand le silence et le mystere" - 4:30

WORDS TO THE EILIZABETHAN SONGS

WHEN LAURA SMILES

When Laura smiles, her sight revives,
 both night and day.
 The Earth and Heaven,
 views with delight, her wanton play.
 And her speech with everlasting musicke doth repaire,
 the cruel wounds of sorrow, and untam'd despaire.

The Spirits that remaine in floating air;
 affect for pastime,
 to untwine her tressed haire.
 And the birds think sweete Aurora,
 morning's Queene,
 doth shine from her bright sphere,
 when Laura shows her looks divine.

Diana's eyes are not adorned
 with greater power than Laura's
 when she lifts awhile, for sport to loure.
 But when she her eyes encloseth,
 blindnesse doth appeare the chiefest
 grace of beautie sweetly sealed there.

GO TO BED, SWEETE MUSE

Go to bed, sweete muse, take thy rest;
let not thy soul be so oppressed;
though she deny thee, she doth but trie thee,
whether thy mind will ever prove unkinde,
O love is but a bitter sweete jest.

Muse not upon her smiling lookes,
think that they are but baited hookes;
love is a fancy, love is a frenzy,
let not a toy then breed thee such annoy;
but leave to look upon such fond bookes.

Learne to forget such idle toys,
fitter for youths and youthful boys;
let not one sweet smile
thy true love beguile,
let not a frown for ever cast thee down;
then sleepe, and go to bed in these joys.

SWEET KATE

Sweet Kate, of late ran away and lett me plaining;
“Abide” I cried “or I die with thy disdaining.”
“He! He! He!” quoth she.
“Gladly , would I see, any man to die with loving.
Never any yet Died of such a fitte.
Neither have I fear of Proving.”

“Unkinde, I finde thy delight is in tormenting,
Abide”, I cried “or I die with thy consenting.”
“Te! Te! Te!” quoth she,
“Make no fool of me, men I know have oaths at pleasure;
but their hopes attained, they betray they feigned,
and their oaths are kept at leisure.”
Her words, like swords,
cut my sorry heart in sunder; her floats, with doubts,
keep my heart affections under;
“Te! Te! Te!” quoth she,
“What a foole is he stands in awe of once denying!”
Cause I had enough, to become more rough,
so I did, O happy trying.

UNDERNEATH A CYPRESS TREE

Underneath a cypress tree,
the Queen of Love sat mourning;

calling downe the rosie wreaths
her heav'nly brow adorning;
quenching fiery sighes with teares,
but yet her heart still burning.

For within the shady mourne,
the cause of her complaining.
Mirrha's Sonne the leafy bowers did haunt,
her love disdainning;
Counting all her true desires,
in his fond thoughts but faining.

Stint thy fears,
faire sea-borne queene,
and grief in vain lamented;
When desire hath burnt his heart
that thee hath discontented;
Then, too late, the scorne of youth,
by age shall be repented.

WEEP YOU NO MORE, SAD FOUNTAINES

Weep you no more, sad fountaines,
what need you flow so fast?
Looke how the snowie mountaines
Heav'n's Sun doth gently waste.
But my Sun's heav'nly eyes,
view not your weeping,
that now lies sleeping,
now softly lies sleeping.

TO CELIA – DRINK TO ME ONLY WITH THINE EYES

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
and I will pledge with mine;
or leave a kiss but in the cup
and I'll not look 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 wither'd 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!

HAVE YOU SEEN BUT A WHYTE LILLY GROW?

Have you seen but a whyte lily grow
before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow
before the earth hath smutch'd it?

Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt of the bud of the brier,
or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so whyte, O so soft, O so sweet is she!

SORROW, SORROW, STAY

Sorrow, sorrow, stay,
lend true repentant feares to a woeful,
wretched wight; hence! despaire,
with thy tormenting feares.
Do not my poor heart affright, pity!
Help me now or never.
Marke me not to endless paine,
alas I am condemned ever.
No hope there doth remain,
but downe I fall,
and arise I never shall.

WHY DOST THOU TURN AWAY?

“Why dost thou turn away, fair mayde?
Shall I be loveless ever?”
“Swain! O I have heard it said,
that thou did'st love me never!”

“Echo! Thou lvest, thou lvest, thou lvest,
I have loved thee truest of any;”
“Away! false man, I know thou lov'st,
I know thou lov'st too many!”

“Shall I for all my vowes and teares,
Be thus rejected ever?”
“The foole, he always jealous weares,
yet is he constant never.”

“Echo! Thou lvest, thou lvest, thou lvest,
I have loved thee, most ungrateful;”
“The man that once his friend doth wrong,
his cause is ever hateful.”

NOW, O NOW, I NEEDS MUST PART
Now, O now. I needs must part,
parting though I absent mourne,
absence can no joy empart,
joy once fled, cannot returne:

Sad despaire doth drive me hence,
this despair unkindness sends;
If that parting be offence,
It is she which thus offends.

Deare, when I from thee am gone,
gone are all my joyes at once;
I loved thee, and thee alone,
in whose love I joyed once.
And although your sight I leave,
sight wherein my joyes do lie,
till that death do sense bereave,
never shall affection die.

Deare, if I do not return,
love and I should die together.
For my absence never mourne,
whom you might have joyed ever.

Part we must, though now I die,
die I do to part with you;
him despair doth cause to lie,
who both lived and dieth true.

AWAY WITH THESE SELF-LOVING LADS
Away with these self-loving lads
whom Cupid's arrow never glads.
Away, pour soules that sigh and weepe
in love of them that lie and sleepe;
for Cupid is a meadow God,
and forceth none to kiss the rod.
God Cupid's shaft, like destinie,
doth either good or ill decree;

desert is borne out of his bow,
reward upon his foot doth go.
What fooles are they that have not knowne
that love likes no laws but his owne!

My songs they be of Cynthia's praise,
I wear her rings on holidays.
On every tree I write her name,
and ev'ry day I read the same;
where honour Cupid's rival is,
these miracles are seen of his.

The worth that worthinesse should move is love,
which is the bow of love.
And love as well the foster can
as can the mighty nobleman.
Sweet Saint, 'tis true you worthy be,
yet without love nought worth to me.

THE SECULAR CANTATAS of Jean Philippe Rameau were written when the composer was in his thirties and demonstrate his skill in writing for the solo voice and obbligato instruments. They represent an important step in his developments as a composer and point the way to his later work in the field of opera on which his fame deservedly rests. All of them show basically the same predilection for the alternation of recitatives and arias which the French had been quick to copy from Italian models.

HUGUES CUENOD

Born: June 16, 1902 - Corseaux-sur-Vevey, Switzerland

The notable Swiss tenor, Hugues (-Adhémar) Cuénod, received his training at the Ribaupierre Institute in Lausanne, at the conservatories in Geneva and Basel, and in Vienna.

Hugues Cuénod commenced his career as a concert singer. In 1928 he made his stage debut in Jonny Spielt auf in Paris, and in 1929 he sang for the first time in the USA in Bitter Sweet. From 1930 to 1933 he was active in Geneva, and then in Paris from 1934 to 1937. During the 1937-1939 seasons, he made an extensive concert tour of North America. From 1940 to 1946 he taught at the Geneva Conservatory. In 1943 he resumed his operatic career singing in Die Fledermaus in Geneva. He subsequently sang at Milan's La Scala (1951), the Glyndebourne Festival (from 1954), and London's Covent Garden (1954, 1956, 1958).

Hugues Cuénod is a singer who has sung everything, from Machaut to Stravinsky. Among his finest roles were Mozart's Basilio, the Astrologer in The Golden Cockerel, and Sellem in the Rake's Progress. An outstanding sight-reader, with a flair for the unusual, he has left a discographic heritage of the first order. Especially noted for his recordings of mélodie, Bach and Elizabethan song, his performing career continues,

which is noteworthy for someone born in 1902. He holds the record as the oldest person to make a debut at the Metropolitan Opera, singing the Emperor there in Turandot in 1987.

JEAN PHILIPPE RAMEAU (1683-1764):

DIANE ET ACTÉON (Secular Cantata)

In an interview in 1997, 95-year-old Swiss tenor Hugues Cuénod talked to pianist Graham Johnson, recalling pre-war Vienna and Paris, where he frequented aristocratic salons and worked with Nadia Boulanger. After the war, the new early-music boom relied heavily on his light, unmannered, natural sound, and Cuénod made several pioneering LP's - his 1950 recording of Couperin's Lamentations prompted Stravinsky to ask him to sing in the premiere of The Rake's Progress. Opera has been a constant thread, but at the heart of Cuénod's repertoire is French song - he knew and worked with Honegger, Auric, Roussel, Poulenc and others.

CLAUDE JEAN CHIASSON

Harpichordist, pianist, organist, and scholar, Chiasson devoted over twenty years to concert tours and to the reconstruction of the harpsichord, refining his designs after the great schools of Ruckers, Couchet, and Taskin. The instrument used in this recording represents one of the finest example to come from his workshop. He has previously recorded for Lyrichord Couperin's best Harpsichord Music (LL12), and a record of French Masters of the Harpsichord, presenting the best of French music other than that of Couperin (LL19).

CREDITS:

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