

Jane Austen's Music II

songs and piano pieces from Jane Austen's family collection

Gillian Dooley (Soprano)

Fiona McCauley (Piano)

Jane Austen Festival, Canberra

Friday 16 April 2010

St John's Church Hall

Constitution Avenue

Reid, ACT

Jane Austen's Music II

2010

Gillian Dooley, Voice

Fiona McCauley, Piano

1. Nicolo Piccinni (1728-1800) Overture to *La Buona Figliuola* (1st movement)
2. Samuel Webbe (1740-1816) The Mansion of Peace
Reading: The History of England: Elizabeth
3. Anon arr. Tommaso Giordani (1733-1806) Queen Mary's Lamentation
4. Christoph Willibald Gluck (1714-98) Che Farò senza Euridice from *Orpheo ed Euridice* (version for soprano)

5. Edward Harwood (1707-87) The Dying Christian to His Soul (for piano solo, based on the poem by Alexander Pope 1688-1744)
Preludio - Vital Spark - Hark! they whisper - The world recedes - Lend, lend your wings!
6. Giovanni Paisiello (1740-1816) For Tenderness Form'd (aria from *The Barber of Seville* arr. Thomas Linley, 1732-95)
Reading: Persuasion Chapter 8
7. Georgina Cavendish, Duchess of Devonshire (1757-1806) Silent Sorrow (words by Richard Brinsley Sheridan, 1751-1816)
8. Thomas Arne (1710-78) Lotharia

9. Anon Duke of York's March
Reading: Pride and Prejudice, Chapter 7
10. Anon The Soger Laddie
11. Anon arr. Joseph Haydn (1732-1809) My Love She's but a Lassie Yet (words by Robert Burns, 1759-1796)
12. Charles Dibdin (1745-1814) The Lucky Escape

13. Domenico Corri (1746-1825) Variations on My Ain Kind Dearie
14. Anon The Yellow Hair'd Laddie
15. Antoine Laurent Baudron (1742-1834) Since Then I'm Doomed (words by Isaac Bickerstaffe (1733-1812)
Reading: Emma Volume 3, Chapter 19
16. James Hook (1746-1827) The Wedding Day



Versions of all items appear in the collection of 8 music books held at the Jane Austen House Museum, Chawton. No. 1 appears in a collection of printed works, bound in one volume, 'Jane Austen' written on first page; Nos. 2, 3, 12, & 16 appear in Jane Austen's manuscript song book; Nos. 4, 5, 6, 7 & 15 appear in 'Songs, Austen 1778', with 'Jane Austen' written across the contents page; Nos. 8 & 10 appear in an untitled manuscript book (not in Jane Austen's hand); Nos. 9, 11 & 13 appear in Jane Austen's manuscript book titled 'Juvenile Songs & Lessons for young beginners who don't know enough to practise'; No. 14 appears in a bound collection of printed music titled 'Songs'.

The Mansion of Peace

*Soft Zephir on thy balmy wing
Thy gentlest breezes hither bring
Her slumbers guard, some hand divine,
Ah watch her with a care like mine!*

*A rose from her bosom has strayed.
I'll seek to replace it with art.
But no, 'twill her slumbers invade,
I'll wear it (fond youth) next my heart.*

*Alas, silly rose, hadst thou known
'Twas Daphne that gave the thy place
Thou ne'er, no ne'er, from thy station hadst flown.
Her bosom's the mansion of peace.*

Queen Mary's Lamentation

*I sigh and lament me in vain,
These walls can but echo my moan:
Alas it increases my pain,
When I think of the days that are gone!
Through the grate of my prison, I see
The birds as they wanton in air;
My heart how it pants to be free,
My looks they are wild with despair.*

*Above, tho' opprest by my fate,
I burn with contempt for my foes;
Tho' fortune has alter'd my state,
She ne'er can subdue me to those.
False woman! In ages to come,
Thy malice detested shall be;
And, when we are cold in the tomb,
Some heart still will sorrow for me.*

Che farò senza Euridice

*Che farò senza Euridice,
Dove andrò senza il mio ben!
Euridice!
Oh Dio! rispondi!
Io son pure il tuo fedele:
Euridice!
Ah! non m'avanza più soccorso piu speranza
Nè dal mondo, nè dal ciel.*

[What shall I do without Eurydice,
Where shall I go without my love?
Eurydice! Oh God, answer me!
Yet I still belong to you faithfully.
Eurydice!
Ah, no help comes to me any more,
No hope any more,
Neither from this world, nor from heaven.]

The Dying Christian to His Soul

(Alexander Pope)

*Vital spark of heav'nly flame!
Quit, O quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,
O the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.*

*Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister Spirit, come away!
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirit, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?*

*The world recedes; it disappears!
Heav'n opens my eyes! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring!
Lend, lend your wings! I mount! I fly!
O Grave! where is thy victory?
O Death! where is thy sting?*

For Tenderness Form'd

*For tenderness form'd in life's early day
A parent's soft sorrow to mine led the way.
The lesson of pity was caught from her eye,
And ere words were my own I spoke with a sigh.*

*Soft embers of passion yet rest in the glow.
A warmth of more pain may this breast never know.
Or if too indulgent the blessing I claim,
Let the spark drop from pity that weakens the flame.*

I Have a Silent Sorrow Here

(Richard Brinsley Sheridan)

*I have a silent Sorrow here,
A grief I'll ne'er impart,
It breathes no sigh, it sheds no tear,
But it consumes my heart.
This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,
My lot for ever be.
So my soul's lord, the pangs I bear
Be never known by thee.*

*And when pale characters of death
Shall mark this alter'd cheek,
When my poor wasted trembling breath
My life's last hope would speak,
I shall not raise my eyes to Heav'n,
Nor mercy ask for me.
My soul despairs to be forgiven,
Unpardon'd Love by thee.*

Lotharia

*Vainly now you strive to charm me
All ye sweets of blooming May.
How should empty sunshine warm me,
While Lotharia keeps away?*

*Go ye warbling birds, go leave me,
Shade ye clouds the smiling sky;
Sweeter notes her voice can give me,
Softer sunshine fills her eye.*

The Soger Laddie

*My soger laddie is over the seas,
And he will bring gold and money for me;
And when he comes home he'll make me a lady.
My blessing gang wi' him, my soger laddie.*

*Oh soon may his honours bloom fair on his brow,
As quickly they must if he gets but his due,
For in noble action his courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my soger laddie.*

My Love She's but a Lassie Yet

(Robert Burns)

*My Love she's but a lassie yet
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
I rue the day I sought her, o;
Wha gets her needs na say he's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, o.*

*Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Gae seek for pleasure whare you will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.
We're all dry with drinking o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife;
He could na preach for thinkin o't.*

The Lucky Escape

*I that once was a ploughman a sailor am now,
No lark that aloft in the sky
Ever fluttered his wings to give speed to the plough
Was so gay and so careless as I!
But my friend was a carfindo* aboard a king's ship,
And he ax'd me to go just to sea for a trip,
And he talk'd of such things, as if sailors were kings,
And so teasing did keep
That I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep.
No longer the horn called me up in the morn.
I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.*

*I did not much like for to be aboard a ship,
When in danger there's no door to creep out.
I liked the jolly tars, I liked bumbo and flipz,
But I did not like rocking about.
By & by came a hurricane, I did not like that,
Next a battle that many a sailor laid flat.
Ah! cried I, who would roam that like me had a home,
When I'd sow and I'd reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep.
Where sweetly the horn called me up in the morn,
Ere I trusted the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.*

*At last safe I landed and in a whole skin,
Nor did I make any long stay
Ere I found by a friend who I axed for my kin,
Father dead & my wife ran away!
Ah who but thy self, said I hadst thou to blame,
Wives loosing their husbands oft loose their good name.
Ah why did I roam when so happy at home?
I could sow and could reap,
Ere I left my poor plough to go ploughing the deep.
Where so sweetly the horn called me up in the morn,
Curse light upon the carfindo and the inconstant wind,
That made me for to go and leave my dear behind.*

*Why if that be the case, said this verry same friend,
And you be'nt no more minded to roam,
Gis a shake by the fist, all your care's at an end,
Dad's alive & your wife's safe at home.
Stark staring with joy, I left out of my skin,*

Buss'd my wife, mother, sister & all of my kin.
Now cried I, let them roam who want a good home.
I am well, so I'll keep,
Nor again leave my plough to go ploughing the deep.

Once more shall the horn call me up in the morn,
Nor shall any dam'd carfindo nor the inconstant wind,
E're tempt me for to go and leave my dear behind.

*Carfindo: a member of a ship's carpenter's crew
‡Bumbo and flip: alcoholic drinks

The Yellow-Hair'd Laddie.

In April, when primroses paint the sweet plain,
And summer approaching rejoiceth the swain;
The yellow-hair'd laddie would oftentimes go
To wilds and deep glens, where the hawthorn trees grow.

The shepherd thus sung, Tho' young Maya be fair,
Her beauty is dash'd with a scornfu' proud air;
But Susie was handsome, and sweetly could sing,
Her breath like the breezes perfum'd in the spring;

That mama's fine daughter with all her great dow'r,
Was awkwardly airy, and frequently sour:
Then, sighing, he wished would parents agree,
The witty sweet Susie his mistress might be.

Since Then I'm Doom'd (Isaac Bickerstaffe)

Since then I'm doom'd this sad reverse to prove,
To quit each object of my infant care;
Torn from an honoured parent's tender love,
And driv'n the keenest storms of fate to bear.
Ah! but forgive me, pitied let me part;
Your frowns too sure would break my sinking heart.

Where e'er I go, whate'er my lowly state,
Yet grateful mem'ry still shall linger here;
And when perhaps you're musing o'er my fate,
You still may greet me with a tender tear.
Ah! then forgive me, pitied let me part;
Your frowns too sure would break my sinking heart.

The Wedding Day

What virgin or Shepherd in valley or grove
Will envy my innocent lays?
The song of the heart and the off spring of love,
When sung in my Corydon's praise.

Oe'r brook and o'er brake as he hies to the Bow'r,
How lightsome my shepherd can trip,
And sure when of love
He describes the soft pow'r
The honey dew drops from his lip.

Gillian Dooley began piano lessons at the age of 6, and has studied singing with Eleanor Houston, James Christiansen, Roger Howell and, more recently, Beverley Peart. She sings with Graduate Singers, and has appeared as a soloist with Adelaide Baroque and at Flinders University's 'Fridays at the Library' and Music Advisory Committee concerts. Gillian is Special Collections Librarian at Flinders University Library, and an Honorary Research Fellow in English at Flinders University.

She first devised Jane Austen's Music for the Flinders 'Fridays at the Library' series in May 2007, and, with a variety of co-performers, has presented versions at the 2008 Adelaide Fringe, the Adelaide Lyceum Club, and the Jane Austen Festival in Canberra.

Fiona McCauley is a graduate of the Royal Scottish Academy of Music in Glasgow. She was a senior classroom music teacher for over forty years in Scotland, England and Adelaide. Since retiring from the education sector, she has been able to pursue her love of accompanying, and has played for choirs, vocalists and instrumentalists.



References:

- Austen Music Online <http://bama.ua.edu/~jdonley/austen/index.html>
Ian Gammie and Derek McCulloch, *Jane Austen's Music* (St Albans: Corda, 1996).
Jane Austen House Museum, Chawton <http://www.jane-austens-house-museum.org.uk/>
Patrick Piggott, *The Innocent Diversion: Music in the Life and Writings of Jane Austen* (London: D. Cleverdon, 1979).

Queen Mary's Coronation

... yes, yes, we will have a pianoforte, as good as can be got for thirty guineas, and I will practice country dances, that we may have some amusement for our nephews and nieces, when we have the pleasure of their company.

Jane Austen, Letter to Cassandra, 27 December 1808.

Aunt Jane began her day with music – for which I conclude she had a natural taste; as she thus kept it up – 'tho she had no one to teach; was never induced (as I have heard) to play in company; and none of her family cared much for it. I suppose that she might not trouble them, she chose her practising time before breakfast – when she could have the room to herself – She practised regularly every morning – She played very pretty tunes, I thought – and I liked to stand by her and listen to them; but the music (for I knew the books well in after years) would now be thought disgracefully easy – Much that she played from was manuscript, copied out by herself – and so neatly and correctly, that it was as easy to read as print.

Caroline Austen, My Aunt Jane, a Memoir – 1867.