

**And is Renewed: Yvette Keong, soprano + Nicole Cloutier, piano**

**SONG TEXTS**

**Smoke and Distance**

**-Tonia Ko (2013)**

Our meeting was like the upward swish of a rocket. In the blue night.  
I do not know when it burst;  
But now I stand gaping,  
In a glory of falling stars.

-From "Pyrotechnics" by Amy Lowell, 1919

The blue smoke leaps  
Like swirling clouds of birds vanishing.  
So my love leaps forth toward you,  
Vanishes and is renewed.

-From "Images" by Richard Aldington, 1920

**Try Me, Good King**

**-Libby Larsen (2001)**

**1. Katherine of Aragon (1485-1536)  
Queen from June 1509 to January 1533**

*Katherine of Aragon, formerly Queen of England, to King Henry VIII, 7 January 1536*

My most dear Lord, King, and Husband,

The hour of my death now drawing on, the tender love I owe you forces me... to commend myself unto you and to put you in remembrance of the health and welfare of your soul... You have cast me into many calamities and yourself into many troubles. For my part, I pardon you ev'rything and I wish to devoutly pray God that He will pardon you also. For the rest I commend unto you our daughter, Mary, beseeching you to be a good father unto her... Lastly I make this vow, that my eyes desire you above all things, above all things...

**2. Anne Boleyn (1502-1536)  
Queen from January 1533 to May 1536**

*Letter from Anne Boleyn, Queen of England, to Henry VIII, 6 May 1536;  
Excerpts from two letters from Henry VIII to Anne Boleyn;  
Anne Boleyn's speech at her execution, 19 May 1536*

Try me, good king... and let me have a lawful trial and let not my... enemies sit as my accusers and judges... Let me receive an open trial for my truth shall fear no open shame... Never a prince had a wife more loyal, more loyal in all duty... in all true affection, never a prince had a wife more loyal than you have found in Anne Bulen... You have chosen me from low estate to be your wife and companion. Do you not remember the words of your own true hand? "My own darling... I would you were in my arms... for I think it long since I kissed you, my mistress and my friend..." Try me, good king, Try me... If ever I have found favor in your sight – if ever the name of Anne Bulen has been pleasing to your ears – let me obtain this request... and my innocence shall be... known and... cleared. Good Christian people, I come hither to die... and by the law I am judged to die... I pray God save the King. I hear the executioner's good, and my neck is so little...

### **3. Jane Seymour (c.1506-1537) Queen from May 1536 to October 1537**

*Jane Seymour, Queen of England, to the Council, 12 October 1537;  
"Tudor rose" (Anonymous)*

Right, trusty and Well Beloved, we greet you well... for as much as be the inestimable goodness... of Almighty God, we be delivered... of a prince...

I love the rose both red and white,  
to hear of them is my delight,  
Joyed may we be,  
our prince to see,  
and roses three.

### **4. Anne of Cleves (1515-1557) Queen from January 1540 to July 1540**

*Anne of Cleves, Queen of England, to Henry VIII, 11 July 1540*

I have been informed... by certain lords... of the doubts and questions which have been found in our marriage... It may please your majesty to know that though this case... be most hard... and sorrowful... I have and do accept the clergy for my judges. So now the clergy hath given their sentence, hath given their sentence... I approve... I neither can nor will repute myself for your grace's wife, yet it may please your highness to take me for your sister, for which I most humbly thank you...

Your majesty's most humble sister,  
Anne, daughter of Cleves.

### **5. Katherine Howard (1521-1542) Queen from July 1540 to February 1541**

*Recorded at her execution by an unknown Spaniard, 13 February 1541*

God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me. By the journey upon which I am bound, I have not wronged the King. But it is true that long before the King took me, I loved Thomas Culpepper. I wish to God I had done as Culpepper wished me, for at the time

the King wanted me, Culpepper urged me to say that I was pledged to him. If I had done as he wished me, I should not die this death, nor would he... God have mercy on my soul. Good people, I beg you pray for me... I die a Queen, but I would rather die the wife of Culpepper.

### **Amore**

**-Jocelyn Morlock (2005)**

**Text: an anonymous Latin aphorism**

*Amore nihil mollius nihil violentius.*

Translation: Nothing is more tame, or more wild, than love.

### **How Graceful Some Things Are, Falling Apart**

**Sarah Kirkland Snider (2006)**

**Text by Jonathan Breit**

How graceful some things are, falling apart.  
Stopped clocks, a dancer tumbling, or a breaking heart.  
A missing child, an empty plate,  
the rust on a lost wind-up toy.  
A shattered glass.  
Or looming towers crumbling  
into dust.

### **Songs for a Summer's Evening**

**Thea Musgrave (1995)**

**Text by Robert Burns**

I.

I am my mammy's ae bairn,  
Wi' unco folk I weary, Sir;  
And lying in a man's bed,  
I'm fley'd it make me eerie, Sir.  
I'm o'er young to marry yet;  
I'm o'er young to marry yet;  
I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin  
To tak' me frae my mammy yet.

Hallowmas is come and gane,  
The nights are lang in winter, Sir;  
And you an' I in ae bed,  
In trowth, I dare na venture, Sir.

Fu' loud and shrill the frosty wind,  
Blaws through the leafless timmer, Sir;  
But, if ye come this gate again,  
I'll aulder be gin simmer, Sir.  
I'm o'er young to marry yet;  
I'm o'er young to marry yet;

I'm o'er young, 'twad be a sin  
To tak me frae my mammy yet.

II.

Summer's a pleasant time,  
Flowers of every colour;  
The water rins o'er the heugh,  
And I long for my true lover!

Ay waukin, Oh,  
Waukin still and weary:  
Sleep I can get nane,  
For thinking on my Dearie.

When I sleep I dream,  
When I wauk I'm irie;  
Sleep can I get nane  
For thinking on my Dearie.

Ay waukin, Oh,  
Waukin still and weary:  
Sleep I can get nane,  
For thinking on my Dearie.

Lanely night comes on,  
A' the lave are sleepin:  
I think on my bonie lad,  
And I bleer my een wi' greetin.

Ay waukin, Oh,  
Waukin still and weary:  
Sleep I can get nane,  
For thinking on my Dearie.

III.

O Whistle, and I'll come to ye, my lad!  
O whistle, an' I'll come to ye, my lad!  
Tho' father, and mother and a' should gae mad  
Thy Jeanie will venture wi' ye, my lad.!

But warily tent when ye come to court me,  
And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;  
Syne up the back-stile and let naebody see,

And come as ye were na comin' to me,  
And come as ye were na comin' to me.  
At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd nae a flie;  
But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,  
Yet look as ye were na lookin' to me,  
Yet look as ye were na lookin' to me.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;  
But court nae anither, tho' jokin' ye be,  
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,  
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.

IV.

Ca' the yowes to the knowes,

Ca' them where the heather grows  
Ca' them where the burnie rows,  
My bonie dearie.

Hark! the mavis' evening sang  
Sounding Cluden's woods amang,  
Then a-fauldin let us gang,  
My bonie dearie.

We'll gae down by Cluden side,  
Thro' the hazels spreading wide,  
O'er the waves that sweetly glide  
To the moon sae clearly.

Yonder Cluden's silent towers,  
Where at moonshine midnight hours,  
O'er the dewy-bending flowers,  
Fairies dance sae cheery.

Ghaist nor bogle shalt thou fear;  
Thou 'rt to love and Heaven sae dear,  
Nocht of ill may come thee near,  
My bonie dearie.

Fair and lovely as thou art,  
Thou hast stown my very heart;  
I can die—but canna part,  
My bonie dearie.

V.

YE banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
And I sae weary fu' o' care?  
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,  
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn:  
Thou minds me o' departed joys,  
Departed never to return.

Aft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
To see the rose and woodbine twine  
And ilka bird sang o' its love,  
And fondly sae did I o' mine.  
Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;  
And my false lover stole my rose,  
But ah! he left the thorn wi' me.

VI.

Jamie, come try me,  
Jamie, come try me,  
If thou would win my love,  
Jamie, come try me.

If thou should ask my love,  
Could I deny thee?  
If thou would win my love,  
Jamie, come try me!

If thou should kiss me, love,  
Wha could espy thee?  
If thou wad be my love,  
Jamie, come try me!

Jamie, come try me,  
Jamie, come try me,  
If thou would win my love,  
Jamie, come try me.

VII.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
When we were first acquent,  
Your locks were like the raven,  
Your bonie brow was brent;  
But now your brow is beld, John,  
Your locks are like the snaw,

but blessings on your frosty pow,  
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,  
We clamb the hill thegither,  
And monie a cantie day, John,  
We've had wi' ane anither;  
Now we maun totter down, John,  
And hand in hand we'll go,  
And sleep thegither at the foot,  
John Anderson, my jo.