

KITTY CLIVE
SINGS ARNE, BOYCE & HANDEL

a Selection of
Songs and Dialogues
as performed by
CATHERINE (Kitty) CLIVE, née Raftor
on the Stages of London
including
COVENT GARDEN and DRURY LANE

Sung by
MRS. LAURA HEIMES, soprano

with
MRS. KAREN FLINT, harpsichord
MR. MARTIN DAVIDS, violin
MR. JOHN MARK ROZENDAAL, treble viol & 'cello
MRS. DONNA FOURNIER, viola da gamba & 'cello

and the participation of
MR. JOHN BURKHALTER & MR. DONGSOK SHIN

on Sunday, February 21, 2021 at 3:00 in the afternoon

recorded in
The Barn at Flintwoods
Wilmington, Delaware

Presented by BRANDYWINE BAROQUE

Beneath some hoary Mountain from *Rosamund*, 1740

Thomas Arne

Beneath some hoary Mountain
I'll lay me down and Weep,
Or near some warbling Fountain,
Bewail myself asleep.
Where feather'd Quires combining,
With gentle murm'ring Streams,
And Winds in Consort joining,
Raise sadly pleasing Dreams.

Ye Fawns and ye Dryads from *Comus*, 1740

Thomas Arne

Ye Fawns and ye Dryads,
From Hill, Dale and Grove,
Trip, trip it along conducted by Love;
Swiftly resort to Comus gay Court
And in various Measures
Shop Loves various Sport.

Lighter and gayer, ye tinkling Strings sound;
Light, light in the Air, ye nimble Nymphs bound.
Now, now with quick feet, the ground beat, beat, beat,
Again with quick feet, the ground beat, beat, beat.

Now cold and denying, Now kind and complying,
Consenting, repenting, Disdaining, complaining
In difference now feigning.
Again with quick feet,
The Ground beat, beat, beat.

Sweet Bird from *L'Allegro*, 1740

George Frideric Handel

Sweet bird, that shun'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among,
I woo, I woo, to hear thy even-song.

By dimpl'd Brook and Fountain brim from *Comus*, 1740

Thomas Arne

By dimpl'd Brook and Fountain brim,
The wood Nymphs deck't with Daisies trim,
Their merry, merry Wakes and Pastimes keep,
What has Night to do with Sleep.
Nights has better sweets to prove,
Venus now wakes and wakens Love,
Come let us our rights begin,
'Tis only daylight that makes sin.

Fame's an Echo from *Comus*, 1740

Thomas Arne

Fame's an Echo, prattling double,
An empty, airy glitt'ring Bubble,
A Breath can swell , a Breath can sink it,
The Wise not worth their keeping think it.
Why, then, why such Toil and Pain?
Fame's uncertain Smiles to gain?
Like Sister, Fortune, blind,
To the best she's oft unkind.
And the worst her Favour find.

Come, come bid adieu to Fear from *Comus*, 1740

Thomas Arne

Come, come bid adieu to Fear,
Love and Harmony live here.
No domestic jealous Jars,
Buzzing Slanders, wordy Wars,
In my Presence will appear.
Love and Harmony reign here.

Sighs to am'rous sighs returning,
Pulses beating, Busoms burning,
Busoms with warm wishes panting,
Words to speak those Wishes wanting,
Are the only Tumults here.
All the woes you need to fear,
Love and Harmony, reign here.

O Peace, thou fairest Child of Heav'n from *Alfred*, 1757

Thomas Arne

O peace, thou fairest Child of Heav'n,
To whom the Sylvan scene was given:
The Vale, the Fountain, and the Grove,
With ev'ry softer Scene of Love.
Return sweet Peace,
and cheer the weeping Swain,
Return with ease and pleasure
In thy train.

In vain I try my ev'ry art from *The Chaplet*, 1749

Dr. William Boyce

In vain I try my ev'ry art,
Nor can I fix a single heart,
Yet I'm not old or ugly.
Let me consult my faithful glass,
A face much worse that this might pass,
Methinks I look full smugly.

Yet bless'd with all these pow'ful charms,
The young Palaemon fled these arms,
That wild, unthinking rover.
Hope, silly maids, as soon to bind,
The rolling stream, the flying wind,
As fix a rambling lover.

But hamper'd in the marriage noose,
In vain they struggle to get loose,
And make a mighty riot;
Like Madmen how they rave, and stare,
A while they shake their chains and swear,
And then lie down in quiet.

I know that my person is charming from *The Chaplet*, 1749

Dr. William Boyce

I know that my person is charming,
Beyond what a clown can discover,
That dowdy your senses alarming,
Proves what a blind thing is a Lover.

I'll quit the dull plains for the city,
Where beauty is follow'd by merit,
'Your taste simple Damen, I pity,
Your wit, who would wish to inherit?

Perhaps you may think you perplex me,
And that I my anger wou'd smother;
The loss of a lover can't vex me,
My charms will procure me another.
I ne'er was more pleas'd I assure you,
(Aside) How tedious they look, I can't bear them:
(To Him) I wish you much joy of your fury,
(Aside) My rage into pieces could tear them.

Or let the merry Bells ring round from *L'Allegro*, 1740

George Frideric Handel

Or let the merry Bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound!
To many a youth, and many a maid,
Dancing in the checquer'd shade.
Dancing, dancing in the chequer'd shade.
And young and old come forth to play,
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail,
Till the livelong daylight fail.