

An Elizabethan Garland was written for the Dale Warland Singers in 1994, and premiered by them in February 1995 at the University of St. Thomas Chapel in St. Paul, MN. The texts are by contemporaries of Shakespeare.

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles,
Beguiles my heart, I know not why,
And yet I love her till I die.

Her free behavior, winning looks,
Will make a lawyer burn his books;
I touched her not, alas! not I,
And yet I love her till I die.

Had I her fast betwixt mine arms,
Judge you that think such sports were harms,
Were't any harm? no, no! fie, fie!
For I will love her till I die.

Should I remain confined there
So long as Phoebus in his sphere,
I to request, she to deny,
Yet would I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged and doth range,
Her country so my love doth change;
But change she earth, or change she sky,
Yet will I love her till I die.

Thomas Ford (c. 1580-1648)

My love in her attire doth show her wit,
It doth so well become her.
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For winter, spring, and summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on;
But beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

Anonymous (1602)

Care-charming sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud,
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet,
And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,
Pass by his troubled senses; sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or silver rain;
Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

John Fletcher (1579-1625)

Orpheus with his lute made trees
And the mountain-tops that freeze
 Bow themselves when he did sing.
To his music plants and flowers
Ever sprung, as sun and showers
 There had made a lasting spring.

Every thing that heard him play,
Even the billows of the sea,
 Hung their heads, and then lay by.
In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart
 Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

John Fletcher (1579-1625)

Are they shadows that we see?
And can shadows pleasure give?
Pleasures only shadow be,
Cast by bodies we conceive,
And are made the things we deem
In those figures which they seem.

But these pleasures vanish fast
Which by shadows are expressed.
Pleasures are not, if they last;
In their passing is their best.
Glory is most bright and gay
In a flash, and so away.

Feed apace then, greedy eyes,
On the wonder you behold.
Take it sudden as it flies,
Though you take it not to hold
When your eyes have done their part,
Thought must length it in the heart.

Samuel Daniel (c. 1563-1619)