

The settings of these Elizabethan-era poems are all sound pictures that use an extended tonality to illustrate a few of the works of Shakespeare's contemporaries. The harmonies are triadic, but the triads have added notes and travel far afield through each phrase before ending on euphonious cadences.

- I. Through the use of alternating duplets and triplets, "There is a Lady" suggests the unsettled, can't-focus feeling of being in rapturous love.
- II. "My Love in Her Attire" is a rowdy back-of-the-bus-on-the-way-home-from-the-concert song that nonetheless needs finesse in getting the abrupt dynamic changes just right.
- III. The unhurried pace of "Care-Charming Sleep" evokes the serene otherworldliness of deep slumber.
- IV. "Orpheus" is a siciliano in gentle but steady tempo. Voices singing "Orpheus..." are calling to him from the other side of the river Styx.
- V. "Are They Shadows...", based on double-diminished scales, should be as light and fleeting as possible. These scales are built with alternating whole and half steps, and there are two of them, depending on whether they start with a whole or half step. If you can sing these scales, you can sing the piece.

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

I. There is a Lady

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)

II. My Love in Her Attire

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)

III. Care-Charming Sleep

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)

IV. Orpheus

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)

V. Are They Shadows...

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)