

## Composer's Note

*Garland for Saxophones* began life as *An Elizabethan Garland*, a setting of five Elizabethan poems for the Dale Warland Singers, who premiered it in 1994. Transcribing the work for saxophone septet – all instruments of the same timbre, perhaps more easily in tune – has been a fascinating project. The style of the music and the articulations are influenced by the texts, which are included below.

### 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)