

Dutton Epoch CDLX 7271

## **ENTERTAINING MISS AUSTEN**

**Newly discovered music from Jane Austen's family collection**

Amanda Pitt soprano

John Lofthouse baritone

David Owen Norris piano

†soprano song

††baritone song

*\* denotes the three songs that Jane's niece Caroline recalled as her aunt's particular favourites*

*The words of the songs, according to the sources*

***She never told her love***† [CD track 2]

She never told her love  
but let concealment like a Worm in the Bud  
feed on her damask cheek.  
She sat like patience on a Monument  
smiling at Grief.

*Shakespeare*

***One half o' the world***†† [CD track 3]

Come round me good People and hear what I've seen,  
To London's great whirligig city I've been,  
Where Fashion and Riches hold absolute sway,  
So you may be sure that I've something to say.  
I saw Clargy and Laymen  
Dukes Dancers and Draymen,  
And Thieves who for plunder will shoot men,  
With Tinkers and Taylors  
Brave Soldiers and Sailors,  
Fools, Furriers and Farriers and Footmen.  
With Doctors and Proctors and Teachers and Preachers,  
And Bakers and Quakers, with Walkers and Talkers,  
So mix'd is the medley this motto it gives,  
One half of the World don't know how t'other lives.

The Lady of Fashion her Breakfast is sipping,  
While Rustics so rural to Dinner are tripping  
And Lawyers in London their poor Clients fleece  
While Farmers far distant are plucking their geese  
With Doctors sleek shorn  
Are looking for lawn

Happy men who make Wigs for the Ladies  
With some make Locketts  
Pert Prigs who pick Pockets  
And some who can't tell what their trade is  
With Tinkers Freethinkers  
And men who write Papers  
Droll Jokers Stock Brokers  
And men who cut Capers  
So mixt is the medley this motto it gives,  
One half of the World don't know how t'other lives.

While the Mounsiers in Paris of Emperors Boast  
Confusion to Frenchmen in Londons the toast  
For while Gallic Invaders dare threaten JOHN BULL  
JOHN means with the Frenchmen to have a strong pull  
When they vow they are coming  
We think they are humming  
But shou'd they we'll struggle I trust hard  
For if they stay long  
They'll find us too strong  
Since our brave Volunteers are all muster'd  
We sting em like Hornets  
With Col'nels and Cornets  
We'll give them three cheers  
With our brave Volunteers  
Such diff'rent employments this motto still gives  
One half of the World don't know how t'other lives.

*The author of the 'Soldier's Return' [Charles Dibdin]*

***Waly waly***† [CD track 4]

(Following Austen's own practice in her manuscript copy of the *Song from Burns*, we have anglicised some of the words in our performance)

O Waly, waly up yon bank  
and waly waly down yon brae,  
and waly by yon river side  
where I and my love went to gae.  
O waly, waly, Love is bonny  
a little while when it is new;  
but when it auld it waxes cauld  
& wears away like morning dew.

I leant my back unto an aik,  
I thought it was a trusty tree!

But first it bow'd and sine it brake,  
And sae did my fause Love to me.  
When cockle-shells turn siller bells,  
And mussels grow on ev'ry tree;  
When frost and snaw shall warm us a',  
Then shall my Love prove true to me.

But had I wist before I kiss'd  
That love had been sae ill to win;  
I'd lockt my heart in case of gold,  
And pin'd it with a silver pin.  
Oh, oh! if my young babe were born,  
And set upon the nurse's knee;  
And I mysel were dead and gane;  
For maid again I'll never be.

*Anon*

***Crazy Jane***† [CD track 5]

Why fair Maid in ev'ry feature  
are such signs of fear express'd  
can a wand'ring wretched creature  
w.<sup>th</sup> such terror fill thy breast  
do my frenzied looks alarm thee  
trust me sweet thy fears are vain.  
not for Kingdoms would I harm thee  
shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish,  
mark me and avoid my woe  
when men flatter sigh & languish  
think y.<sup>m</sup> them false I found them so  
for I lov'd, oh so sincerely  
none could ever love again  
but the Youth I lov'd so dearly  
stole the wits of Crazy Jane.

Fondly my young heart receiv'd him  
which was doom'd to love but one  
he sigh'd, he vow'd and I believ'd him  
he was false and I undone  
still I sing my love lorn ditty  
still I slowly pace the plain  
whilst each passer-by in pity cries

God help thee Crazy Jane.  
*M Lewis Esq*

***Captivity***† [CD track 7]  
My foes prevail, my friends are fled,  
These suppliant hands to Heav'n I spread.  
Heav'n guard my unprotected head,  
Amid this sad Captivity.  
Victim of anguish and despair!  
How grief has chang'd thy flowing hair,  
How wan thy wasted cheek with care  
Amid this sad Captivity.

And when my Babes lie hush'd in sleep,  
Their Couch in briny tears I steep,  
Hang o'er their lovely forms, and weep,  
Amid this sad Captivity.  
Oft, in the dead of silent night,  
I start in frantic wild affright,  
Whilst ghastly shapes appal my sight,  
Amid this sad Captivity.

Then fancy paints my murder'd Lord,  
I see th'Assassin's bloodstain'd Sword,  
The headless Trunk, the Bosom gor'd,  
Amid this sad Captivity.  
To thee, O King of Kings! I cry,  
To thee I lift the streaming eye,  
And heave the Penitential sigh,  
Amid this sad Captivity.

*The Revd Mr Jeans, Dibden, Hants*

***Que j'aime à voir les hirondelles***†\* [CD track 8].  
Que j'aime à voir les hirondelles,  
à ma fenêtre, tous les ans,  
venir m'apporter des nouvelles  
de l'approche du doux printemps!  
le même nid, me disent-elles,  
va revoir les mêmes amours :  
ce n'est qu'à des amans fidelles  
à vous annoncer les beaux jours.

Lorsque les premières gelées

Font tomber les feuilles des bois,  
Les Hirondelles rassemblées  
S'appellent toutes sur les toits :  
Partons, partons, se disent-elles ;  
Fuyons la neige et las autans.  
Point d'hiver pour les cœurs fidelles ;  
Ils sont toujours dans le printems.

Si par malheur dans le voyage,  
Victime d'un cruel enfant,  
Une Hirondelle mise en cage  
Ne peut rejoindre son amant ;  
Vous voyez mourir l'Hirondelle  
D'ennui, de douleur et d'amour,  
Tandis que son amant fidelle  
Près de là, meurt le même jour.

*Anon*

***Queen Mary's Lamentation***† [CD track 10]

I sigh and lament me in vain,  
These walls can but Eccho my moan.  
Alas! It increases my pain  
When I think of the days that are gone:  
Thro' the Gate of my Prison I see  
The Birds as they wanton in Air,  
My Heart, how it pants to be free!  
My looks they are wild with despair.

Above, tho' opprest by my Fate,  
I burn with contempt for my foes,  
Tho' Fortune has alter'd my state,  
She ne'er can subdue me to those;  
False Woman, in Ages to come,  
Thy Malice detested shall be;  
And when we are cold in the Tomb,  
Some heart still will sorrow for me.

Ye Roofs, where cold damps and dismay  
With silence and solitude dwell,  
How comfortless passes the day,  
How sad tolls the Evening Bell!  
The Owls from the Battlements cry,  
Hollow winds seem to murmur around,

O Mary, prepare thee to die,  
My Blood it runs cold at the sound.

*Anon*

***Song from Burns***<sup>†\*</sup> [CD track 11]

Their groves of sweet Myrtle let foreign Lands reckon,  
Whose bright beaming Summers exalt the perfume;  
Far dearer to me, yon lone glen of green bracken  
With the bourne stealing under the long yellow broom.  
Far dearer to me are yon humble broom bow'rs  
Where the gowan and bluebell lurk lowly unseen,  
For here lightly tripping among the wild flow'rs  
A-list'ning the linnet, oft wanders my Jane.

Tho' rich is the breeze in their gay sunny vallies  
And cold Caledonia's blast on the wave  
Their sweet-scented woodlands that skirt the proud palace  
What are they? The haunts of the Tyrant and Slave.  
The Slave's spicy forests & gold bubbling fountains  
The brave Caledonian views with disdain;  
He wanders as free as the wind on the mountains,  
Save love's willing fetters, the charms of his Jane.

*Robert Burns*

***African Song***<sup>††</sup> [CD track 12]

The loud wind roar'd the rain fell fast  
the white man yielded to the blast  
he sat him down beneath our Tree  
for weary sad and faint was he!  
and ah! no wife or mother's care  
for him the milk or corn prepare  
The white man shall our pity share  
alas! no wife or mother's care  
the milk or corn for him prepare.

The storm is o'er the tempest past  
and mercy's voice has hush'd the blast  
The wind is heard in whispers low  
the white man far away must go  
but ever in his heart will bear  
remembrance of the Negroes care  
Go white man go but with thee bear  
the Negroes wish the Negroes pray'r

remembrance of the Negroes care.

*The Dutchess of Devonshire [Georgiana Cavendish]*

***Hindoo Song***† [CD track 13]

'Tis thy will, and I must leave thee,  
O then best belov'd farewell!  
I forbear lest I should grieve thee,  
Half my heart felt pangs to tell.  
Soon a british fair will charm thee,  
thou, alas! her smiles must woo,  
but tho' she to rapture warm thee,  
don't forget thy poor HINDOO.

Well I know this happy beauty,  
Soon thy envied bride will shine;  
But will she by anxious duty,  
Prove a passion warm as mine.  
If to rule be her ambition,  
And her own desires pursue;  
Thou'lt recall my fond submission,  
And regret thy poor HINDOO!

No – ah! – no! – tho' from thee parted,  
Other nymphs would peace obtain;  
But thy LOLÀ, broken hearted,  
Ne'er, O ne'er will smile again:  
O! how fast, from thee they bear me,  
Faster still, shall death pursue;  
But 'tis well – death will endear me,  
And thou'lt mourn thy poor HINDOO!

*Amelia Alderson Opie*

***The Irishman***† [CD track 15]

The Turban'd Turk who scorns the world,  
May strut about with his whiskers curl'd,  
Keep a hundred wives under lock and key  
For nobody else but himself to see.  
Yet long may he pray with his Al-Koran  
Before he can love like an Irishman.

The Gay Monsieur, a slave no more  
The solemn Don & the soft Signor,  
The Dutch Mynheer so full of pride,

The Russian, Prussian, Swede beside:  
They all may do whate'er they can,  
But they'll never love like an Irishman.

The London folks themselves beguile,  
And think they please in a capital style.  
Yet let them ask as they cross the street  
Of any young virgin they happen to meet;  
And I know she'll say from behind her Fan  
That there's none can love like an Irishman.

*words: possibly Charles Dibdin*

***The Wife's Farewell***<sup>†\*</sup> [CD track 16]

While I hang on your bosom distracted to lose you  
High swells my sad heart and fast my tears flow.  
Yet think not of coldness they fall to accuse you:  
Did I ever upbraid you? Oh no, my love, no.  
I own it would please me at home you could tarry  
Nor e'er feel a wish from Maria to go,  
But if it gives pleasure to you, my dear Harry,  
Shall I blame your departure? Oh no, my love, no.

Now do not, dear Hal, while abroad you are straying,  
That heart which is mine on a rival bestow;  
Nay, banish that frown, such displeasure betraying,  
Do you think I suspect you? Oh no, my love, no.  
I believe you too kin for one moment to grieve me,  
Or plant, in a heart which adores you, such woe;  
Yet should you dishonor my truth and deceive me  
Should I e'er cease to love you? Oh no, my love, no.

*M G Lewis*

***The Husband's Return***<sup>††</sup> [CD track 17]

I own I was captured by Emmily's beauty,  
I own I have bow'd at a mistress's shrine;  
In vain did I strive to return to my duty,  
And bring back a heart which should ever be thine:  
When beauty invited resist it how could I.  
How fly from attraction so pleasing, so new!  
I could not be true if I could not – how could I?  
I could not unless I could – could I? could you?

With love for the fair one, my heart no more burning,



Disgusted with pleasure the sense alone knows;  
Have I quitted my mistress – and homeward returning,  
Now come in the arms of my wife to repose:  
Then spoil not by frowning, your features my Fanny,  
Forgive me, for ever most constant, most true;  
Will I be if I can – if I cannot how can I?  
I cannot unless I can – can I? can you?

*words: probably M G Lewis*

***Nobody coming to marry me***† [CD track 18]

Last Night the Dogs did bark,  
I ran to the door to see,  
There ev'ry Girl had a Spark,  
But Nobody comes to me,  
And it's Oh! Dear what will become of me,  
Oh! Dear what shall I do  
Nobody comes to marry me  
Nobody coming to woo.

Some tell me I'm pretty and fair,  
Some call me haughty and shy,  
Some tell me they'd have me beware,  
But nobody tells me why.

And its Oh, dear &c.

Oh me wou'd an handsome Youth,  
But take me at once for Life,  
I'd pledge him my word and truth,  
To make him a faithful Wife.

And its Oh, dear & c.

*Anon*

***Favorite Song sung by Mrs Bland in 'The Stranger'***† [CD track 19]

I have a silent Sorrow here,  
A Grief I'll ne'er impart;  
It breathes no Sigh, it sheds no Tear,  
But it consumes my Heart;  
This cherish'd woe, this lov'd despair,  
My lot for ever be,  
So, my Soul's Lord, the Pangs I bear  
Be never, never known by thee.

And when pale characters of Death

Shall mark this alter'd Cheek;  
When my poor wasted trembling breath  
My Life's last hope would speak –  
I shall not raise my eyes to Heav'n,  
Nor mercy ask for me;  
My Soul despairs to be forgiven  
Unpardon'd, Love, by thee.

*R B Sheridan*

***The Whim of the Day***†† [CD track 20]

My Mother good Woman says she  
O Tony when you go to Town,  
if you do not listen to me  
you'll be thought a sad ignorant Clown,  
now she was a Woman of Sense  
Important Instructions she gave,  
Which PRO BONO I mean to dispense,  
To show you how I'm to behave.  
Learn to dance, Fence and Prance,  
Hats so white, Boots so bright,  
gaining Praise driving Bays  
Handem in Tandem in,  
This is the whim of the Day, says she  
yes: this is the whim of the day.

Imprimis I must wear a wig  
So furiously frizzled now think  
how beautiful burly and big  
with my STOCKINGS a DELICATE PINK  
And then a FLAT OPERA HAT  
With TASSELLS tuckd under my arm  
My QUIZZING GLASS RINGS & all THAT  
The dear little Angels I charm  
VERMICULE RIDICULE  
PRETTY SOUL – PARASOL  
SPENCERS BLUE – SEE 'EM THRO'  
HANGING VALES CATCH THE GALES  
THIS IS THE WHIM OF THE DAY  
SAYS SHE  
YES THIS IS THE WHIM OF THE DAY.

Little GIRLS so all things are reverst  
In TROWSERS are seen I declare

Then for Girls sure this age is the worst  
So early THE BREECHES THEY WEAR  
Yet one thing poor mortals must cheer  
That females are so full of graces  
If failings in Fashion appear  
THEY SINK WHEN YOU LOOK IN THEIR FACES  
BEAUTIFUL – DUTIFUL  
FASHIONS ALL – FOLLY CALL  
MAKE A LEG – PARDON BEG  
WISH FOR MORE – SAY ENCORE  
THIS IS THE WHIM OF THE DAY  
SAY I  
YES, THIS IS THE WHIM OF THE DAY.

*The author of the 'Soldier's Return' [Charles Dibdin]*