

Grant me, ye Gods

ton original

Extrait de « The banquet of Music » (Henry Playford 1688) de John Blow (1649-1708)

The musical score consists of three staves of music in common time, with a key signature of one flat. The top staff is for the soprano voice, the middle staff for the alto or tenor, and the bottom staff for the basso continuo. The score includes lyrics in English, with measure numbers 1, 5, and 10 indicated above the staves.

Grant me, ye gods, the life I — love, And lead me to a sha — dy — grove;

There let the trees' ver — danhair Sport — with each kind blast of air.

blast of air. Let birds, the choristers of the wood, Sing all that's plea — sant, sing all — that's

15

A musical score for piano and voice. The vocal part is in soprano clef, and the piano part is in bass clef. The music consists of four staves. The vocal line starts with eighth-note pairs, followed by quarter notes and sixteenth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and bass notes. The lyrics describe a pleasant scene with a liquid silver stream.

plea — sant . all — that's - good; Make some li - quid sil — ver stream In soft —

20

A continuation of the musical score. The vocal line features eighth-note pairs and sixteenth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment includes chords and bass notes. The lyrics continue the pastoral imagery, mentioning a whispering spring and flowers.

whis ——— p'ring — court the — plain; And let me here flowers be - hold, let me here

A final section of the musical score. The vocal line consists of eighth-note pairs and sixteenth-note patterns. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support. The lyrics conclude the scene with a reference to a golden bower.

flo - wers be - hold, Frin - ging its banks with _ na — tive gold. Then tell, ye Gods, tell

[25]

if ye can, What prince, what great un - hap — py — man, Would not thus a

[30]

cell — pre — fer, And — choose to live an — her — mit — here!

Grant me, ye gods, the life I love,
And lead me to a shady grove;
There let the trees' verdant hair
Sport with each kind blast of air.

Let birds, the choristers of the wood,
Sing all that's pleasant, all that's good;
Make some liquid silver stream
In soft whisp'ring court the plain;

And let me here flowers behold,
Fringing its banks with native gold.
Then tell, ye Gods, tell if ye can,
What prince, what great unhappy man,
Would not thus a cell prefer,
And choose to live an hermit here!

Accordez-moi, ô Dieux, la vie à laquelle j'aspire
Et conduisez-moi dans un sillon ombragé
Où vous laisserez les arbres à la chevelure verte
Jouer de chaque souffle d'air

Laissez les oiseaux, chantres de la forêt
Chanter tout ce qui est plaisant, ce qui est bon
Faites un ruisseau d'argent
Des doux murmures courtisants de la plaine

Et laissez-moi ici accueillir les fleurs
Qui bordent ses rives d'or pur
Dites-moi, ô Dieux, si vous le pouvez
Quel prince, quel grand homme malheureux
Ne préférerait pas un tel refuge
Pour choisir d'y vivre comme un ermite ici-bas.