

A CLASSIC CASE OF LOVE

HELEN
NOONAN
SOPRANO

move

PETER
CONSTANT
GUITAR



A CLASSIC CASE OF LOVE

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- | | | |
|--------------------------------|----|----------------------------|
| WALY WALY | 1 | TRAD. ARR. B BRITTEN 4'21" |
| WEEP YOU NO MORE SAD FOUNTAINS | 2 | J DOWLAND 3'06" |
| SPOSA SON DISPREZZATA | 3 | A VIVALDI 5'51" |
| SALLEY GARDENS | 4 | TRAD. ARR. B BRITTEN 3'00" |
| GYMNOPEDIE No 1 | 5 | E SATIE 3'03" |
| STÄNDCHEN | 6 | F SCHUBERT 3'50" |
| BACHIANAS BRASILERAS No 5 | 7 | H VILLA-LOBOS 5'13" |
| BERCEUSE (GUITAR SOLO) | 8 | L BROUNER 3'51" |
| YESTERDAY | 9 | J LENNON/P MCCARTNEY 2'56" |
| MODINHA | 10 | H VILLA-LOBOS 1'30" |
| HALCYON | 11 | C MCCOMBE/C ROSSETTI 2'51" |
| JE NE T'AIME PAS | 12 | K WEILL/M MAGRE 4'14" |
| AS TIME GOES BY | 13 | H HUPFIELD 5'57" |



Special thanks to David Noonan,
Phil Lukies, Vincent Ciccarello, and
Dr Donna Coleman.

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Sound Engineer: Russell Thompson
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PETER CONSTANT & HELEN NOONAN



Divas and Prima donnas have featured largely - and loudly - in my performing life over the last few years: Nellie Melba, Carlotta from “Phantom of the Opera”, Ghost of Opera from “Recital”. Satisfying and fun to play, but all

temperamental, or panic-stricken, or tragic!

So this collection of songs celebrates love in a gentle way. Love lost, love yearned for, love savoured and experienced and won. The songs are classics from great composers of centuries past - Dowland, Vivaldi, Schubert, to timeless folk songs, to the twentieth century masterpieces of Satie, Weill, and Lennon and McCartney.

I love the intimacy the sound of the guitar brings to music. The just-you-and-me-alone quality. I loved singing to Peter Constant’s exquisite guitar accompaniment. I hope you will enjoy listening to these classic love songs.

Helen Noonan



The classical guitar has come a long way since the great Andres Segovia set out, as if “on a mission from God”, to give the guitar a status as a solo concert instrument.

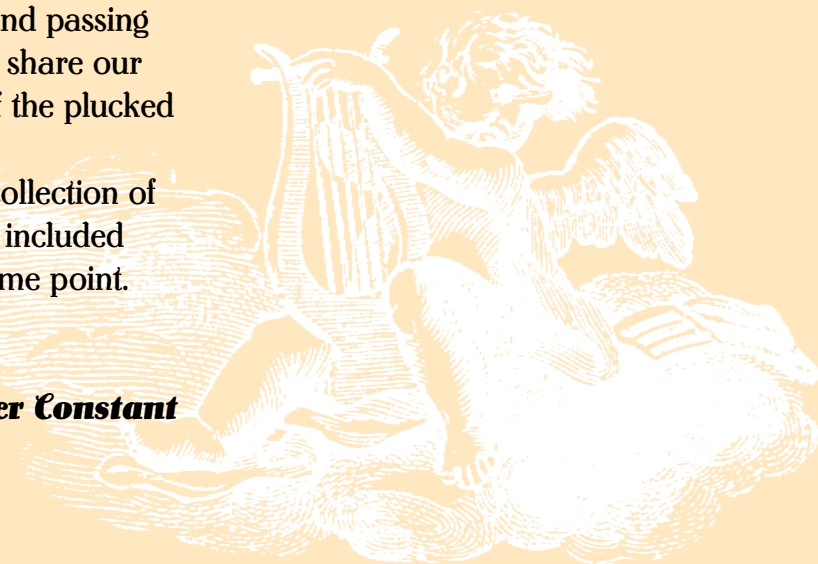
These days, the life of a classical guitarist is a

deliciously mixed bag.

Our days are typically spent in a kind of (irresistible) mayhem of practice, researching and arranging, working with composers, rehearsing with musicians of “sundries kinds”, performing, recording, and passing on our knowledge to others who share our bizarre attraction to the sound of the plucked string.

Working with Helen on this collection of songs was a collaboration which included most of the above activities at some point. And it was seriously good fun.

Peter Constant



This collection is dedicated to some of the people I love: Marty, Dave, John, Mars, Bill and MC.

1. WALY WALY (The Water is Wide)

TRAD. (from Somerset)

Collected by Cecil Sharp

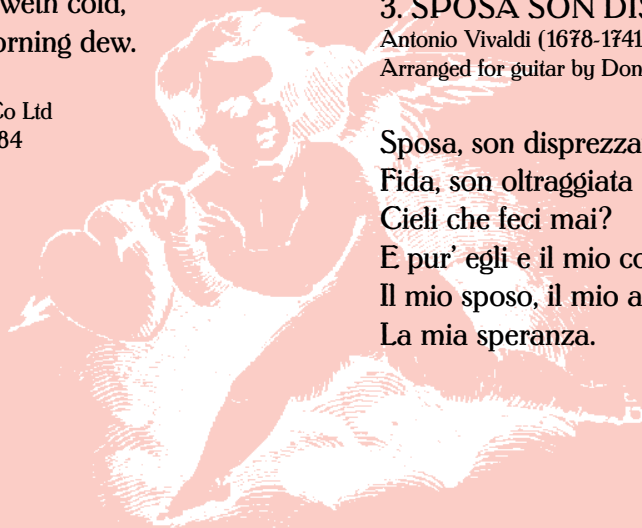
Arranged by Benjamin Britten

The water is wide I cannot cross o'er
Neither have I the wings to fly
Give me a boat that will carry two
And both shall row, my love and I.
O down in the meadows the other day,
A-gath'ring flowers both fine and gay,
A-gath'ring flowers both red and blue,
I little thought what love can do.

I leaned my back up against an oak,
Thinking that he was a trusty tree;
But first he bended, and then he broke;
And so did my false love to me.
A ship there is, and she sails the sea,
She's loaded deep as deep can be,
But not so deep as the love I'm in:
I know nor if I sink or swim.

O love is handsome and love is fine,
And love's a jewel while it is new,
But when it is old, it groweth cold,
And fades away like morning dew.

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2. WEEP YOU NO MORE SAD

FOUNTAINS

John Dowland (1563-1626)

Weep you no more sad fountains
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains,
Heav'n's sun doth gently waste.
But my sun's heav'nly eyes
View not your weeping
That now lies sleeping,
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping

Sleep is a reconciling
A rest that Peace begets:
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at e'en he sets,
Rest you then, rest, sad eyes,
Melt not in weeping
While she lies sleeping
Softly, now softly lies
Sleeping.

3. SPOSA SON DISPREZZATA

Antonio Vivaldi (1678-1741)

Arranged for guitar by Don Santin and Peter Constant

Sposa, son disprezzata
Fida, son oltraggiata
Cieli che feci mai?
E pur' egli e il mio cor'
Il mio sposo, il mio amor,
La mia speranza.

As wife I am not valued
Faithful, I myself am betrayed
Heavens what have I done to deserve this?
And yet he is my heart.
He is my husband, my love,
My hope.

4. THE SALLEY GARDENS

TRAD (Irish)

The words of this song are reprinted from "Collected Poems of W.B. Yeats" Arranged by Benjamin Britten

Down by the Salley Gardens my love and I did meet,
She passed the Salley Gardens with little snow white feet.
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree,
But I being young and foolish with her did not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow white hand;
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs,
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

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5. GYMNOPIEDIE NO.1 (1906)

Erik Satie (1866-1925)

Arranged for guitar by Peter Constant

6. STÄNDCHEN

Frank Schubert (1797-1828)

D957 no.4

Ludwig Rellstab

Arranged for guitar by Fred Noad

Leise flehen meine Lieder
Durch die Nacht zu dir:
In den stillen Hain hernieder,
Liebchen, komm zu mir!

Flüsternd schlanke Wipfel rauschen
In des Mondes Licht;
Des Verräters feindlich Lauschen
Fürchte, Holde, nicht.

Hörst die Nachtigallen schlagen?
Ach! Sie flehen dich.
Mit der Töne süßen Klagen
Flehen sie für mich.

Sie verstehn des Busens Sehnen,
Kennen Liebesschmerz,
Rühren mit den Silbertönen
Jede weiche Herz.

Laß auch dir die Brust bewegen,
Liebchen, höre mich!
Bebend harr'ich dir entgegen!
Komm, beglücke mich!

Softly my songs cry
through the night to you.
Down to the quiet grove,
Beloved, come to me!

Slender treetops rustle, whisper
in the moonlight;
that hostile listeners will betray you,
Do not be afraid, my darling.

Do you hear the nightingales singing?
Ah, they are crying to you;
with their sweet songs of complaint
They are weeping for me.

They know the hearts longing,
know the pain of love,
touch with their silver tones
every tender heart.

Let your breast too be moved,
Beloved, hear me;
Trembling I am waiting for you!
Come, make me happy!

7. BACHIANAS BRASILIERAS NO.5

I. Aria (Cantilena)

Heitor Villa-Lobos (1887-1959)

Arranged for guitar by the composer

Text Ruth V. Correa

Tarde, uma rósea lenta e transparente,
sobre o espaço sonhadora e bela!
Surge no infinito a lua docemente,
Enfeitando a tarde, quãomeiga donzela
que se a presta e a linda sonhadoramente
Em anseios d'alma para ficar bela,
Grita ao céu e a terra,
toda a Natureza!!!

Cala a passada aos seus tristes
queixumes,
E reflete o mar to da a sua riqueza
Suave a luz da lua desperta agora,
a cruel saudade qui ri echora!
Tarde uma nuvem rósea lenta e
transparente,
Sobre o espaço sonhadora e bela!

It is late. A rosy cloud passes,
lustrous and slow,
It fills the space, dreamy and beautiful!
The moon rises from the infinite
deeps,
Glorifying the evening
like a beautiful maiden.
As she must, she adorns
herself in beauty
She is anxious that we
recognise her beauty
It is greeted by sky and earth
And by all Nature!!

And shining on the sea
in a silver reflection
Softly the light of the moon
awakens hearts
To tears and bitter longing!
It is late.
A rosy cloud passes lustrous and slow
Filling the space,
dreamy and beautiful!
All the birds have stopped their
mournful complaints;

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8. BERCEUSE

(Sur un thème de Grenot)

Leo Brouwer (b. 1939)

(Guitar solo)

9. YESTERDAY

John Lennon/Paul McCartney
(1965) Guitar arrangement by Joe
Washington

Yesterday, all my troubles
seemed so far away.
Now it looks as though
they're here to stay.
Oh, I believe in yesterday.

Suddenly, I'm not half the
one I used to be.
There's a shadow
hanging over me.
Oh, yesterday came
suddenly.

Why he had to go, I don't
know, he wouldn't say.
I said something wrong now
I long for yesterday.

Yesterday, love was such an
easy game to play.
Now I need a place to
hide away.
Oh, I believe in yesterday.
Copyright Northern Songs 1965

10. MODINHA (for voice and guitar)

Heitor Villa-Lobos (Rio, 1926)

Na solidão da minha vida morrerei,
Querida, do teu desamôr,
Muito embora me desprezes,
te amarei constante,
Sem que a ti distante
Che que a longe e triste
voz do trovador.

Feliz te quero!
Mas seum dia Todaessa alegria
Se mudasse emdor,
Ouviras do passado
A voz do meu carinho
Repetir baixinho
a meiga e triste confissão do meu amôr!

In my solitude life dies.
Dear one I give to you love
However my love for you scorns me,
Constantly I love you.
Even though you are distant
The longing and sadness is sung by
The voice of the troubador.

Happily I love you!
But the day of happiness
it changes, does not last
Listen to the past,
Top the voice of my darling
Repeating secretly
the sweet and sad confession of my love.

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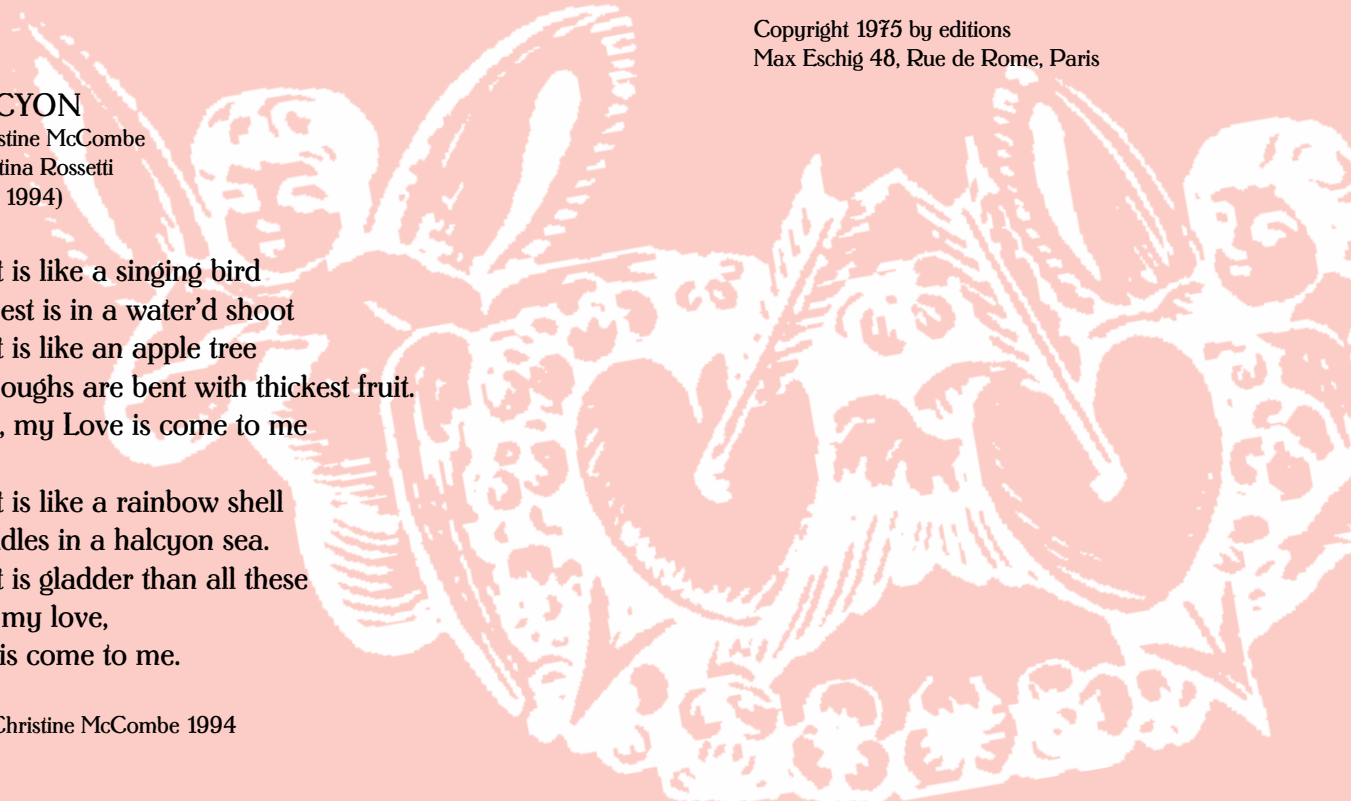
11. HALCYON

Music: Christine McCombe
Lyric: Christina Rossetti
(Melbourne 1994)

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a water'd shoot
My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit.
My Love, my Love is come to me

My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea.
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love,
My love is come to me.

Copyright Christine McCombe 1994



12. JE NE T'AIME PAS

Music: Kurt Weill

Words: Maurice Magre (1934)

Arranged for guitar by Don Santin and Peter Constant

Retire ta main, je ne t'aime pas,
Car tu l'as voulu, tu n'es qu'une amie
Pur d'autres sont faits le creux de tes bras
Et ton cher baiser, ta tête endormie.
Ne me parle pas lorsque c'est le soir,
Trop intimement, à voix basse mêm'.
Ne me donne pas surtout ton mouchoir:
Il renferme trop le parfum que j'aim'.
Dismoi tes amours, je ne t'aime pas,
Quelle heure te fut la plus enivrant'
Je ne t'aime pas...

Et s'il t'aimait bien, ou s'il fut ingrat...
En me le disant, ne sois pas charmant',
Je ne t'aime pas...

Je n'ai pas pleuré, je n'ai pas souffert,
Ce n'était qu'un rêve et qu'une folie.
Il me suffira que tes yeux soient clairs,
Sans regret du soir, ni mélancolie,
Il me suffira de voir ton bonheur.
Il me suffira de voir ton sourire'.
Contemmoi comment il a pris tn coeur
Et même dismoi ce qu'on ne peut dir'...
Non, tais toi plutôt...
Je suis à genoux...
Le feu s'est éteint, la porte est fermée...
Je ne t'aime pas,

Ne demande rien, je pleure... C'est tout...
Je ne t'aime pas,
Je ne t'aime pas, o ma bien aimée!

Retire ta main... Je ne t'aime pas...
Je ne t'aime pas!...

Take away your hand, I don't love you
It was your decision, you're no more than a
friend

Your arms were meant to cradle others
And your dear kiss, your sleeping head.
When its evening don't talk to me
Too intimately, or even softly.
Most of all don't give me your handkerchief:
It smells too strongly of the perfume I love.
Tell me of your loves, I don't love you,
What was your most ecstatic moment
I don't love you...

And if she loved you, or is she was ungrateful...
When you tell me don't try to be kind,
I don't love you...

I haven't cried, I haven't suffered,
This was just a dream and madness
It is enough for me that your eyes are clear,
No evening regrets, no sadness,
It's enough for me to see you're happy.
It's enough for me to see you smile.
Tell me how she stole your heart
And even tell me what shouldn't be said...
No, be quiet...
I am on my knees...
The fire has gone out, the door is closed...
I don't love you.
Ask nothing, I'm crying... that's all...
I don't love you
I don't love you, oh my darling!

Take back your hand... I don't love you...
I don't love you!...

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13. AS TIME GOES BY

Words and music: Herman Hupfeld (1931)

This day and age we're living in gives
cause for apprehension,
With speed and new invention,
and things like third dimension,
Yet I get a trifle weary, with Mister Einstein's theory,
So we must get down to earth again, at times relax,
relieve the tension.
No matter what the progress,
or what may yet be proved,
The simple facts of life are such
they cannot be removed.
You must remember this, a kiss is still a kiss,
A sigh is just a sigh;
The fundamental things apply,
As time goes by.

And when two lovers woo, they still say "I love you",
On that you can reply;
No matter what the future brings,
As time goes by.

Moonlight and love songs never out of date,
Hearts full of passion, jealousy and hate;
woman needs man and man must have his mate,
That no one can deny.

Its still the same old story, a fight for love and glory,
A case of do or die!
The world will always welcome lovers,
As time goes by.

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