Friends of Music

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Bridgewater, MA 02325

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Terry, Brian, Angela and Greg for all their hard work and time spent rehearsing the Mountain Songs.

Four Bridges, for nine years of performance, friendship and dealing with me.

Elyas and Gabriel who inspire, encourage and teach me always.

Louisa, for her love and devotion, which deeply touches my emotion. I wanna stop and thank you, baby. How sweet it is to be loved by you.

Mom, for her never-ending support of my music and for always listening.
Program

Cello Suite no. 3 in C Major, BWV 1009
Johann Sebastian Bach (1685-1750)

Prelude (arr. for guitar by Eliot Fisk and Dan Acsciadi)
Allemande
Courante
Sarabande
Bourrée
Gigue

Now, O now I needs must part
John Dowland (1563-1626)

Go crystal tears
A shepherd in a shade

Piano Sonata no. 11 in A Major, K. 331
Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756-1791)

Rondo alla Turca (arr. Four Bridges)

Jeremy Place, mandolin
Greg Ferreira, guitar
Ben Marshall, banjo
Russell Hermansen, bass

Fair and Tender Ladies
Come all you fair and tender ladies.
Take warning how you court your man.
They’re like a star on a summer morning.
They first appear and then they’re gone.

Oh love is great, and love is charming.
And love is pure when first it’s new,
But love grows old, and love grows colder.
It fades away like the morning dew.

If I had known before I courted,
That love had been so hard to win.
I’d locked my heart with keys of golden,
And pinned it down with a silver pin.

Oh, love is grief.
Oh, love is sorrow.

Cindy
You ought to see my Cindy, she lives way down south
She’s so sweet, the honey bees swarm around her mouth.

Get along home, Cindy, Cindy
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy
Get along home, Cindy, Cindy
I’ll marry you some day.

Oh, Cindy is a pretty girl, Cindy is a peach,
She threw her arms around my neck and hung on like a leech.

She kissed me and she hugged me, she called me sugar plum.
She threwed her arms around me, and I thought my time had come.

And if I had a needle and thread, as fine as I could sew,
I’d sew that gal to my coat tails and down the road I’d go.

And if I was a sugar tree, standing in the town,
Every time my Cindy passed, I’d shake some sugar down.

Mountain Songs
Robert Beaser (b. 1954)

Barbara Allen
Brian Strange, dobro

The House Carpenter
Greg Ferreira, mandolin

Fair and Tender Ladies
Angela Maloney, soprano

Cindy
Terry Doyon, flute
The House Carpenter

"Well met, well met, my own true love. Well met, well met," cried he.
"I've just returned from the salt, salt sea, all for the love of thee."
I could have married the king's daughter, dear. She would have married me.
But I have forsaken her crowns of gold all for the love of thee.

"Well, if you could have married the king's daughter, dear
I'm sure you are to blame, for I am married to a house carpenter
And find him a nice young man."

"Oh, will you forsake your house carpenter, and go along with me?
I'll take you to where the grass grows green, to the banks of the salt, salt sea."
"Well, if I should forsake my house carpenter and go along with thee,
What have you got to maintain me on and keep me from poverty?"
"Six ships, six ships all out on the sea, seven more upon dry land.
One hundred and ten brave sailor men will be at your command."

She picked up her own wee baby then, kisses she gave him three.
Said, "Stay right here with my house carpenter and keep him good company."

Well, they'd not been gone but about two weeks,
I know it was not three, when this fair young lady began to weep,
She wept most bitterly.
"Ah, why do you weep, my fair young maid? Do you weep for your golden store?
Or do you weep for your house carpenter who never you shall see anymore?"
"I do not weep for my house carpenter or for any golden store.
I do weep for my own wee babe who never I shall see anymore."

Well, they'd not been gone but about three weeks, I'm sure it was not four.
Our gallant ship sprang a leak and sank, never to rise anymore.
One time around spun our gallant ship. Two times around spun she.
Three times around spun our gallant ship and sank to the bottom of the sea.

"What hills, what hills are those, my love that rise so fair and high?"
"Those are the hills of heaven, my love, but not for you and I."
"And what hills, what hills are those, my love? Those hills so dark and low?
Those are the hills of hell, my love, where you and I must go…"

Now, O Now I Needs Must Part

Now, O now I needs must part, Parting though I absent mourn.
Absence can no joy impart; Joy once fled cannot return.
While I live, I needs must love. Love lives not when hope is gone.
Now at last despair doth prove. Love divided, loveth none.

Sad despair doth drive me hence, This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence, It is she which then offends.

Dear, when I am from thee gone, Gone are all my joys at once.
I loved thee and thee alone, In whose love I joyed once.
And although your site I leave, Sight wherein my joys do lie.
Till that death do sense bereave, Never shall affection die.

Sad despair doth drive me hence, This despair unkindness sends.
If that parting be offence, It is she which then offends.

Go Crystal Tears

Go crystal tears, like to the morning showers,
And sweetly weep into thy lady’s breast.
And as the dews revive the drooping flowers,
So let your drops of pity be adress’d.
To quicken up the thoughts of my desert,
Which sleeps too sound whilst I from her depart.

Haste, restless sighs, and let your burning breath
Dissolve the ice of her indurate heart,
Whose frozen rigor like forgetful death,
Feels never any touch of my desert.
Though sighs and tears to her I sacrifice,
Both from a spotless heart and patient eyes.
A Shepherd in a Shade
A shepherd in a shade his plainings made,
Of love and lover’s wrong
Unto the fairest lass that trod on grass,
And thus, began his song.
Since love and fortune will, I honour still,
Your fair and lovely eye,
What conquest will it be, sweet nymph for thee,
If I for sorrow die.

Restore, restore my heart again,
Which love by thy sweet looks hath slain,
Lest that enforce’d by your disdain,
I sing,
Fie fie on love, it is a foolish thing.

My heart where have you laid, O cruel maid,
To kill when you might save,
Why have ye cast it forth as nothing worth,
Without a tomb or grave.

O, let it be entomb’d and lie,
In your sweet mind and memory,
Lest I resound on every warbling string,
Fie fie on love, it is a foolish thing.

Barbara Allen
'Twas in the merry month of May
When green buds all were swelling,
Sweet William on his death bed lay
For the love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his servant to the town
To the place where she was dwelling,
Saying, “You must come, to my master dear,
If your name be Barbara Allen.”

So slowly, slowly she got up
And slowly she drew nigh him.
And the only words to him did say,
“Young man I think you're dying.”

He turned his face unto the wall,
And death was in him welling.
“Good-bye, good-bye, to my friends all.
Be good to Barbara Allen.”

When he was dead and laid in grave,
She heard the death bells knelling.
And every stroke to her did say
“Hard-hearted Barbara Allen.”

“Oh Mother, oh Mother, go dig my grave.
Make it both long and narrow.
Sweet William died of love for me
And I will die of sorrow.”

“And Father, oh Father, go dig my grave.
Make it both long and narrow.
Sweet William died on yesterday
And I will die tomorrow.”

She was buried in the old churchyard.
Sweet William was buried beside her.
From sweet William's heart, there grew a rose,
Out of Barbara Allen's a brier.

They grew and grew in the old churchyard
Till they could grow no higher.
At the end they formed, a true lover’s knot
And the rose grew 'round the brier.
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Dear, if I do not return, Love and I shall die together. For my absence never mourn, Whom you might have joyed ever. Part we must, though now I die, Die I do to part with you. Him despair doth cause to lie, Who both liv’d and dieth true.

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