



**BOB JONES UNIVERSITY**  
Division of Music

presents

**MEGAN STAPLETON, soprano**

**and**

**ISAAC GREENE, guitar**

***AWAKE, SWEET LOVE***

War Memorial Chapel  
Saturday, October 26, 2024  
7:00 P.M.

Awake, sweet love ..... John Dowland  
Flow my tears (1562/3–1626)  
Come, heavy sleep  
Come again

Ständchen ..... Franz Schubert  
Du bist die Ruh (1797–1828)  
Auf dem Wasser  
Nacht und Träume

A Chloris ..... Reynaldo Hahn  
Fêtes galanteo (1874–1947)  
L'heure exquise  
Si mes vers avaient des ailes

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### **Upcoming Fine Arts Events**

The Queen's Six, October 29, 7:30 p.m., Founder's Memorial Amphitorium  
Woodwind Ensembles, October 30, 5:30 p.m., War Memorial Chapel  
Concert Choir, November 1, 7:00 p.m., War Memorial Chapel  
Kaleidoscope Concert, November 5, 7:00 p.m., Rodeheaver Auditorium

**Awake, sweet love!**

Awake, sweet love! Thou art return'd,  
 My heart, which long in absence mourn'd,  
 Lives now in perfect joy.  
 Let love, which never absent dies,  
 Now live forever in her eyes,  
 Whence came my first annoy.

Only herself hath seemed fair,  
 She only I could love,  
 She only drove me to despair,  
 When she unkind did prove.  
 Despair did make me wish to die,  
 That I my griefs might end,  
 She only which did make me fly,  
 My state may now amend.

If she esteem thee, now aught worth,  
 She will not grieve thy love henceforth,  
 Which so despair hath prov'd.  
 Despair hath proved now in me,  
 That love will not inconstant be,  
 Though long in vain I lov'd.

If she at last reward thy love,  
 And all thy harm repair,  
 Thy happiness will sweeter prove,  
 Rais'd up from deep despair.  
 And if that now thou welcome be  
 When though with her dost meet,  
 She, all the while, but play'd with thee,  
 To make thy joys more sweet.

**Flow, my tears**

Flow, my tears, fall from your springs!  
 Exiled for ever, let me mourn;  
 Where night's black bird her sad infamy sings,  
 There let me live forlorn.

Down vain lights, shine you no more!  
 No nights are dark enough for those  
 That in despair their lost fortunes deplore.  
 Light doth but shame disclose.

Never may my woes be relieved,  
 Since pity is fled;  
 And tears and sighs  
 And groans my weary days  
 Of all joys have deprived.

From the highest spire of contentment  
 My fortune is thrown;  
 And fear and grief and pain for my deserts  
 Are my hopes, since hope is gone.

Hark! you shadows that in darkness dwell,  
 Learn to condemn light  
 Happy, happy they that in hell  
 Feel not the world's despite.

*\*While biblically, we understand that hell is much worse than the worst experience on earth, Dowland's hyperbolic poetry suggests that even those in hell are happier than he. He was known to be a dramatic, morose character, often in the depths of despair.*

**Come, heavy Sleep**

Come, heavy Sleep, the image of true Death,  
 And close up these my weary weeping eyes,  
 Whose spring of tears doth stop  
 My vital breath, And tears my heart with  
 Sorrow's sigh-swoll'n cries.  
 Come and possess my tired  
 Through-worn soul,  
 That living dies till thou on me be stole.

Come, shape of rest, and shadow of my end,  
 Allied to Death, child to His joyless  
 Black-fac'd Night,  
 Come thou and charm  
 These rebels in my breast,  
 Whose waking fancies doth my mind affright.  
 O come, sweet Sleep, or I die forever;  
 Come ere my last sleep comes,  
 Or come thou never.

**Come again**

Come again:  
 Sweet love doth now invite,  
 Thy graces that refrain,  
 To do me due delight,  
 To see, to hear, to touch, to kiss, to die,  
 With thee again in sweetest sympathy.

Come again

That I may cease to mourn,  
 Through thy unkind disdain:

For now left and forlorn,  
 I sit, I sigh, I weep, I faint, I die,  
 In deadly pain and endless misery.

Gentle Love,  
 Draw forth thy wounding dart,  
 Thou canst not pierce her heart,  
 For I that to approve,  
 By sighs and tears  
 More hot than are thy shafts,  
 Did tempt, while she for triumph laughs.

**Ständchen (Serenade)**

Softly my songs beckon to you  
 Through the night;  
 In the quiet grove below,  
 Sweetheart, come to me.  
 The slender, whispering treetops  
 Rustle in the moonlight;  
 Do not fear betrayal,  
 My lovely one.

Do you hear the nightingales call?  
 Ah! They are imploring you;  
 With tones of sweet lamentation  
 They plead to you for me.  
 They understand my heart's longing,  
 They know the pain of love,  
 They calm every tender heart  
 With their silver tones.

Allow your soul to be moved as well,  
 Sweetheart, hear me!  
 Trembling I await you here,  
 Come, make me happy!

**Du bist die Ruh (You are my Rest)**

You are the repose, the peace gentle,  
 You are my longing,  
 And the quieting of my longing.  
 I dedicate to you  
 The fullness of pleasure and pain  
 Dwelling in my eyes and heart.

Turn in with me,  
 And quietly close the gate behind you.  
 Drive other pain out of this breast.  
 My heart is full of joy because of you.  
 The tabernacle of my eye is brightened  
 By your radiance alone.  
 Oh, fill it completely!

**Auf dem Wasser (On the Water)**

Amid the shimmer  
 Of the reflecting waves  
 The wavering boat glides like a swan;  
 Ah, on joy's gentle-shimmering waves  
 Glides the soul along the rowboat;  
 Then from Heaven down onto the waves  
 Dances the sunset all around the boat.

Over the treetops of the western grove  
 Beckons to us kindly the ruddy light;  
 Under the branches of the eastern grove  
 Murmur the reeds in the reddish light;  
 Joy of Heaven and the  
 Peace of the grove  
 Is breathed by the soul  
 In the reddening light.

Ah, time vanishes from me  
 On dewy wing  
 Upon the rocking waves;  
 Tomorrow time will vanish  
 With shimmering wings  
 Again, as yesterday and today,  
 Until I, on higher more radiant wing,  
 May vanish to the changing time.

**Nacht und Träume (Night and Dreams)**

Holy night, you sink down,  
 Downward drift also my dreams  
 Like moonlight through space,  
 Through the quiet hearts of men;  
 They listen with delight  
 Calling out when day awakens:  
 Return, holy night!  
 Fair dreams, return!

**A Chloris (To Chloris)**

If it is true, Chloris, that you love me,  
 (And I am told that you love me well)  
 I do not believe that the kings themselves  
 Could have a happiness equal to mine.

How death would be unwelcome  
 To come exchange my fortune  
 For the joy of heaven!

Some may desire divine ambrosia,  
 But that does not inspire my imagination  
 Nearly as do the graces of your eyes.

**Fêtes galantes (Elegant festivals)**

The gallant serenaders  
 And the beautiful listeners  
 Exchange sweet nothings  
 Beneath the boughs-singing.

There is Tircis, and there is Aminte,  
 And there is tedious Clitandre too,  
 And there is Damis,  
 Who for many a cruel maid,  
 Writes many tender verses.

Their short silken doublets,  
 Their long trailing gowns,  
 Their elegance, their joy,  
 And their soft, blue shadows,

Whirl madly in the rapture  
 Of a moon rosey and grey,  
 And the mandoline jangles on  
 In the shivering breeze.

**L'heure exquisite (The exquisite hour)**

The white moon shines in the woods  
 From each branch comes a voice  
 Beneath the boughs...  
 Oh, my beloved!

The pool reflects as a deep mirror  
 The silhouette of the black willow  
 Where the wind weeps  
 Let us dream! It is the hour.

A vast and tender calming  
 Seems to descend from the sky  
 That the star (moon) illuminates,  
 It is the hour exquisite.

**Si mes vers avaient des ailes!  
(If my verses had wings)**

My verses would flee, sweet and frail  
 To your garden so fair  
 If my verses had wings  
 Like a bird.

They would fly like sparks  
 To your laughing hearth  
 If my verses had wings  
 Like a spirit.

Close to you, pure and faithful  
 They would hasten night and day  
 If my verses had wings  
 Like Cupid.

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