

# Grant me, ye Gods

ton original

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

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

The first system of the musical score features a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The key signature is two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "Grant me, ye gods, the life I — love, And lead me to a sha — dy — grove;".

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

The second system begins with a measure rest of 5 measures, indicated by a square box with the number 5. The lyrics are: "There let the trees' ver — dant hair Sport — with each kind blast of air.". A first ending bracket labeled "1." spans the final two measures of the system.

blast of air. Let birds, the cho\_risters of the wood, Sing all that's plea\_sant, sing all — that's

The third system starts with a second ending bracket labeled "2." and a measure rest of 10 measures, indicated by a square box with the number 10. The lyrics are: "blast of air. Let birds, the cho\_risters of the wood, Sing all that's plea\_sant, sing all — that's".

15

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

20

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

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 courtisans 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.