

ALL YOUR SHADES

(Bois Epais)

English words by
PAUL ENGLAND

Jean Baptiste Lully (1632-1687), an Italian who settled in Paris at the age of fourteen to become eventually the King's favourite composer, was responsible for many artistic improvements in French Opera. His songs generally show an Italianate suaveness of melody allied to a strict regard for proper verbal accentuation.

Music by
JEAN BAPTISTE LULLY

Andante

PIANO

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving bass lines. The tempo is marked 'Andante'.

All your shades, ye woods, fold a -
→ Bois é - pais re - dou - ble ton

The first vocal line is written on a single staff in treble clef. It begins with a rest followed by the lyrics. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a steady bass line.

- round me! A deep - er hor - ror I have found me, A dark - er mid - night.
om - bre, Tu ne sau - rais ê - tre as - sez som - bre, Tu ne peux trop ca -

The second vocal line continues the melody with lyrics. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and a consistent bass line.

yet, Now love's brief day... is done. All your shades, ye woods, fold a - round me!
- cher Mon mal - heur - eux... a - mour. Bois é - pais re - dou - ble ton om - bre,

The final vocal line concludes the piece with lyrics. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord and a sustained bass note. A fermata is placed over the final note of the vocal line.

A deep-er hor-ror I have found me, A dark-er mid-night yet, Now
Tu ne sau-rais ê-tre as-scz som-bre, Tu ne peux trop ca-cher Mon

love's brief day... is done. For me no star shall rise, Not for me dawns the
mal-heur-eux... a-mour, Je sens un dès-es-poir Dont l'hor-reur est ex-

mor-row; These poor wearied eyes, Dim with sor-row, No more en-dure to see the
-trê-me, Je ne dois plus voir ce que j'ai-me, Je ne veux plus souf-frir le

sun. For me no star shall rise, Not for me dawns the mor-row,
jour, Je sens un dès-es-poir Dont l'hor-reur est ex-trê-me,

These poor wearied eyes, Dim with sor-row, No more en-dure to see the sun.
Je ne dois plus voir ce que j'ai-me, Je ne veux plus souf-frir le jour.