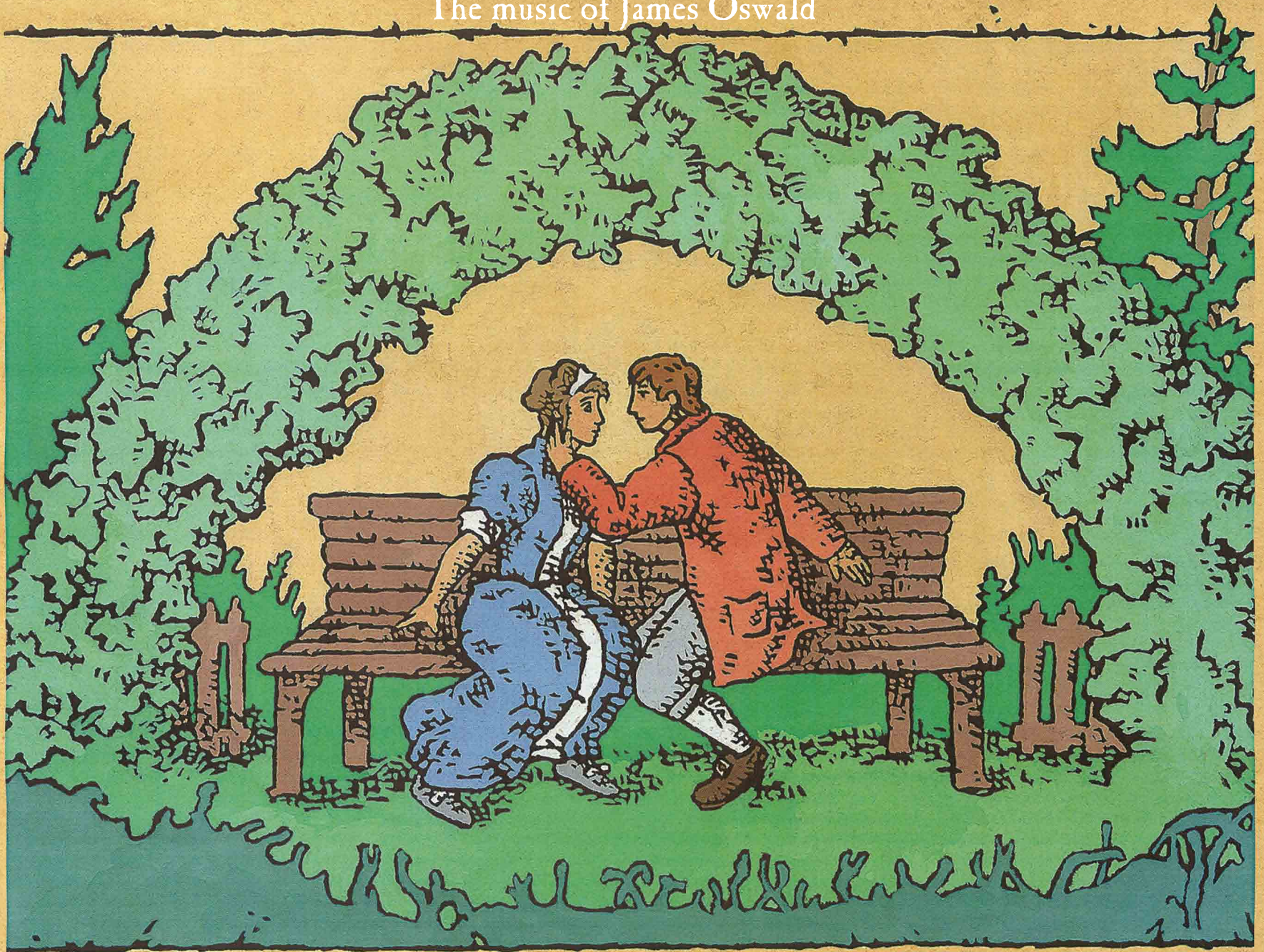


# Colin's Kisses

The music of James Oswald



Concerto Caledonia

# Colin's Kisses

The music of James Oswald

Catherine Bott, **soprano**

Iain Paton, **tenor**

## Concerto Caledonia

directed by **David McGuinness**

1 Ballance a Straw CB 1 8

### The Thistle

1 2 4 6 8

(Airs for the Seasons - Summer, 2nd set)

2 Pastorale - *Andantino*

3 *Brillante - Amoroso - Brillante*

### Colin's Kisses

4 The Tutor IP 2 4 8

5 The Secret Kiss CB IP 1 4 5 8

6 The Borrow'd Kiss CB IP 2 4 5 8

7 The Rapture IP 4 5

### The Almond

1 2 4 6 8

(Airs for the Seasons - Winter, 2nd set)

8 Plaintive - *Affettuoso*

9 *Allegro*

### Colin's Kisses

10 The Stolen Kiss CB 1 4 6 8

11 The Kiss Repaid CB IP 2 4 6 8

12 The Parting Kiss CB IP 1 4 5 8

### A Sonata of Scots Tunes

1 2 3 4 5 6 8

13 *Largo* - O Mother what shall I do

14 *Adagio* - Ettrick Banks

15 *Andante* - She rose and let me in

16 *Largo* - Cromlit's Lilt

17 *Andante* - Polwart on the Green

18 The Dancing Master IP 2 4 6 8

Chris Norman, **flute** (1)

Lucy Russell, Johnathan Sparey, **violins** (2,3)

Alison McGillivray, **cello** (4)

Paula Chateauneuf, **archlute** (5), **guitar** (6), **English guitar** (7)

David McGuinness, **harpsichord** (8)

### Divertimento no. 4

7

(Twelve Divertimentis for the Guittar)

19 *Affettuoso - Largo*

20 *Gavotta - Moderato*

21 *Aria - Andante*

22 *Con spirito - moderato*

### The Dust Cart, a favourite Cantata

CB IP 1 2 4 5 8

23 Recit - As Tink'ring Tom the Streets his Trade did cry

Aria - Oh Silvia! while you drive your Carts

24 Recit - Silvia advanc'd above the Rabble Rout

Aria - Shall I who ride above the rest

### Serenata no. 4 (12 Serenatas)

2 3 4 8

25 *Languido - Largo*

26 *Allegro - Con Spirito*

27 *Moderato - Cantabli*

28 *Pastorale - Con Spirito*

### Colin's Kisses

IP 2 4 5 8

29 The Feast

30 The Meeting Kiss

### The Narcissus

1 2 3 4 5 6 8

(Airs for the Seasons - Spring, 1st set)

31 *Air - Pastorale Andante*

32 *Giga - Vivace*

### Colin's Kisses

33 The Imaginary Kiss

IP 1 2 4 5 8

Recorded at St Michael's Church, Highgate, on 5-7 October 1998

Produced by **David McGuinness** and **Philip Hobbs**

Engineered by **Philip Hobbs**

Edited by **David McGuinness**

Programme devised by John Purser and David McGuinness over some fine whisky from St Magdalene, Linlithgow

Arrangements and performing versions by David McGuinness and Concerto Caledonia

Paintings by **Joe Davie**

Notes by **John Purser**

Design re-jigged by **Ewan MacPherson, Quiet Design**

subsidised by the **Scottish Arts Council**

*Thanks and praise are due to the following for their many kindnesses:*

John Purser for his enthusiasm and generosity, Lindsay and Philip for the use of Pell Mansions as an editing channel,

Kate and Stephen for lavish hospitality and transport, Rob Mackillop for introducing me to the guittar,

to Joanna for library services and moral support, to Marie for bravery in the face of insurmountable odds,

and most of all to Helen for holding the fort back home

*- love and kisses, DMcG*



## JAMES OSWALD 1710-1769

James Oswald was christened on 21 March 1710 in the picturesque Scottish east coast fishing village of Crail. His parents were John Oswald and Elizabeth or Elspit Horn, who were married in Crail in 1707, and James was the second of their five children. His father was a musician, and by the early 1730s James was a dancing master in Dunfermline, already copying out Italian and Scottish music into his song book. By 1736 he was in Edinburgh, teaching, composing and in 1740 publishing *A Curious Collection of Scots Tunes* - the forerunner of several such publications, culminating in the twelve-volume *Caledonian Pocket Companion* containing well over five hundred tunes.

By 1741 he was in London, having possibly visited Italy, working for the music publisher John Simpson, and eventually opening his own shop by St Martin in-the-Fields, a church designed by one of his compatriots, of whom there were many in London in influential positions. There were also several prominent Scottish freemasons, with whom musicians were always welcome: Oswald was a member of the order and composed at least two brief masonic cantatas.

All Oswald's works are on a small scale. His was a lyric rather than a dramatic gift, but his outpouring of beautiful melody is extraordinary, and it had its source in Scottish traditional music of which he was one of the greatest gatherers of any century. But in his own way he raised a monument, a Temple of Apollo, as the music society he founded in London was called. It was a temple to the airs and graces of the Scottish tradition, acknowledging but subverting the prevalent Italian style to its own ends. And if he had not the capacity to create on a large scale, he did have the ambition to produce one of the most remarkable of musical compendia - his *96 Airs for the Seasons*, twelve for each season and two complete sets in all, each air named after a flower or shrub, and none repeated: the whole with an illustration of a Horace Ode on the cover, depicting Venus and the Graces leading the dance.

He was a success in London. He made money, became chamber composer to George III, and ended up master of Knebworth House: remarkable achievements for a village musician's son. But we have no portrait of Oswald either in paint or in words. We can only infer from the music, and if the music is a good signifier, then he deserved all his successes many times over.

He died at Knebworth in 1769.

## BALLANCE A STRAW

Oswald set several verses by his fellow Scot, Tobias Smollett, including *The Tears of Scotland* - a bitter indictment of English brutality following the defeat of the Jacobites at Culloden in 1746. *Ballance A Straw* however, could scarcely be more light-hearted. It was published as 'A favourite Song in the Reprisal Sung by Miss Macklin at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, set by Mr. Oswald'. *The Reprisal* was first produced in 1757. By delivering it with such grace, the lilting, teasing melody makes Smollett's satire all the more cutting.

*From the man whom I Love, tho' my Heart I disguise,  
I will freely discribe the Wretch I despise,  
And if he has Sense but to ballance a Straw,  
He will sure take the Hint from the Picture I draw.*

*A Wit without Sense, without Fancy a Beau,  
Like a Parrot he chatters, and struts like a Crow.  
A Peacock in Pride, in Grimace a Baboon,  
In Courage a Hind, in conceit a Gascoon.*

*As a vulture rapacious, in Falsehood a Fox,  
Inconstant as Waves, and unfeeling as Rocks,  
As a Tyger ferocious, perverse as a Hog,  
In Mischief an Ape, and in fawning a Dog.*

*In a Word to sum all his Talents together,  
His Heart is of Lead, and his Brain is of Feather.  
Yet if he has Sense but to ballance a Straw,  
He will sure take the Hint, from the Picture I draw.*

## THE THISTLE from *Airs for the Seasons* (Summer, 2nd Set)

The thistle is the national emblem of Scotland, and Oswald chose it as the flower to round off the second set for Summer. The opening *Pastoralle* is not particularly Scottish, but the *Brillante* which follows is a splendid reel. Oswald also published it as 'The Brechin Lilt' in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion*, but here it frames a beautiful *Amoroso*, a nostalgic and largely pentatonic air.

### COLIN'S KISSES 1-4

Like Oswald, the poet and dramatist Robert Dodsley (1704-1764) had risen to fame from a relatively lowly position of a footman, also becoming a bookseller and a major literary publisher. Oswald's setting of his *Colin's Kisses* was first published in 1742, in which year he was offering lessons in 'Scotch musick' at the Scotch Holland Warehouse in Pall Mall, where Dodsley also conducted his business, at 'Tully's Head'. It is very probable that they met regularly as both were intimately involved in London theatricals, and we may assume that Oswald's settings had Dodsley's approval, including the songs he provided for Dodsley's tragedy *Cleone* in 1758.

There may well have been approval from another quarter, as it is possible that Oswald was already courting his future wife, Mary Ann Melville, a Scottish girl whose more distinguished family did not approve the match. They were married in St James's Church, Piccadilly in February 1744. Perhaps they had met as teacher and pupil, a possibility which would account for the opening song: *The Tutor*.

One thing is certain, that Dodsley's rather conventional and sentimental verses have found all their better qualities in Oswald's settings. The full cycle consists of twelve kisses, of which the first ten are recorded here. While these are essentially cameo situations, there are some thematic cross-references within the cycle, and the dozen is rounded off with the beautiful *The Reconciling Kiss* and *The Mutual Kiss*, suggesting a sense of overall musical and dramatic structure.

However, the names of the lovers alter from song to song, and Oswald published some of the music separately, so we cannot be certain that it was truly conceived as a song-cycle, though it has a fair claim to be one of the first.

## 1 *The Tutor*

As a dancing master and singing, violin and cello teacher, Oswald had every opportunity to make the explicit requests of the lyric a reality. The melody line moves subtly between pleading and encouragement.

*Come, my fairest learn of me  
Learn to give and take the Bliss  
Come my love here's none but we  
I'll instruct thee how to Kiss.*

*Why turn from me that dear Face?  
Why that Blush and down cast Eye.  
Come, come meet my fond Embrace,  
And the mutual Rapture try.*

*Throw thy Lovely twining Arms  
Round my Neck or round my Waist  
And whilst I devour thy Charms  
Let me closely be Embrac'd*

*Then when soft Ideas rise  
And the gay Desires grow strong  
Let them Sparkle in thy Eyes  
Let them murmur from thy Tongue.*

*To my Breast with Rapture cling  
Look with Transport on my Face  
Kiss me Press me every thing  
To endear the fond Embrace*

*Every tender Name of Love  
In soft Whispers let me hear  
And let Speaking Nature prove  
Every Extacy Sincere.*

## 2 The Secret Kiss

If these songs do relate to Oswald's own love life, then a secret kiss has a particular frisson, since theirs was to be a runaway marriage. The repeated words and the use of rests beautifully translate the initial hesitancy of the girl into repeated kisses.

*At the Silent Evening Hour  
Two fond Lovers in a Bower  
Sought sought their mutual Bliss.  
Tho' her Heart was just relenting  
Tho' her Eyes seem'd just Consenting  
Yet yet she fear'd to Kiss.*

*Since this secret Shade he cry'd  
Will those rosy Blushes hide  
Why why will you resist  
When no tell-tale Spy is near us  
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us  
Who who would not be Kiss'd.*

*Coelia hearing what he said  
Blushing lifted up her Head  
Her Breast soft Wishes fill  
Since she cry'd no Spy is near us  
Eye not sees nor Ear can hear us  
Kiss - Kiss or what you will.*

## 3 The Borrow'd Kiss

The pleading and hesitancy of the first two songs now takes the form of mutual teasing, the opening two phrases being more lively versions of the similar music in the previous song.

*See I languish See I faint  
I must borrow beg or Steal  
Can you see a Soul in Want  
And no kind Compassion feel  
Give or lend or let me take  
One sweet Kiss I ask no more  
One sweet Kiss for Pity's Sake  
I'll repay it o'er and o'er.*

*Cloe heard and with a Smile  
Kind Compassionate and Sweet  
Colin it's a Sin to Steal  
And for me to give not meet  
But I'll lend a Kiss or twain  
To poor Colin in Distress  
Not that I'll be paid again  
Colin I mean nothing less.*

#### 4 The Rapture

This is the only one of the few songs which does not have the word 'kiss' in the title - just in case we were to miss the point of what is really going on. Oswald has lavished one of his most glorious melodies on this most intimate of scenes.

*Whilst on thy dear Bosom lying  
Coelia who can speak my Bliss.  
Who the Rapture I'm enjoying  
When thy Balmy Lips I Kiss.*

*Every Look with Love inspires me,  
Every Touch my Bosom Warms,  
Every Melting Murmur fires me  
Every joy is in thy Arms.*

*Those dear Eyes how Soft they languish  
Feel my Heart with Rapture beat  
Pleasure turns almost to Anguish  
When the Transport is so sweet*

*Look not so divinely on me  
Coelia I shall die with Bliss  
Yet, yet turn those Eyes upon me  
Who'd not die a death like this.*

#### THE ALMOND from *Airs for the Seasons* (Winter, 2nd Set)

There is a bittersweet flavour to the almond, and so too to the melody and harmonies of the opening **Affetuoso**, which is also marked 'Plaintive'. But all plaintiveness is dispelled by the irresistible **Allegro** with its canonic writing like the two halves of a split almond, each mirroring the other. This is miniaturism at its very finest - absolutely immediate and yet refined and subtle.

#### COLIN'S KISSES 5-7

#### 5 The Stolen Kiss

Colin, apparently finished with Celia, moves on to Chloe. The musical portrait of this rural fantasy is beautiful, but while the previous three songs had been lilting in triple time, there is a more determined sense of movement in the four beats with which he approaches the latest sleeping attraction, and which robs the situation of some of its poetry - for this is, after all, a theft.

Oswald published the tune in his *Caledonian Pocket Companion* with the mistaken title of 'The Secret Kiss'; and later it became known as 'My Bonny Mary' and, from Burns's setting, as 'Go fetch to me a pint of wine'.

*On a Mossy Bank reclin'd  
Beauteous Cloe lay reposing  
O'er her Breast each am'rous Wind  
Wanton play'd its sweets disclosing.*

*Tempred with the Swelling Charms  
Colin happy Swain drew nigh her  
Softly Stole in to her Arms  
Laid his Scrip and Sheep Hook by her.*

*O'er her downy panting Breast  
His delighted Fingers roving  
To her Lips his Lips he prest  
In the Extacy of Loving*

*Cloe, waken'd with his Kiss  
Pleas'd yet frowning to Conceal it  
Cry'd true Lovers share the Bliss  
Why then Colin would you Steal it.*

## 6 The Kiss Repaid

With instinctive subtlety, Oswald makes the music a little more self-conscious for this somewhat arch encounter, using a slightly more florid vocal line at the opening, and touches of sequence. Sequential writing is an artificial way of generating melody, and neither Oswald, nor the Scottish musical tradition from which he came, have much use for it.

*Cloe by that borrow'd Kiss  
I alas am quite undone.  
'Twas so Sweet so fraught with Bliss  
Thousands will not pay that One.*

*Least the Debt should break your Heart  
Roguish Cloe smiling Cries,  
Come a Thousand then in part  
For the present shall Suffice.*

## 7 The Parting Kiss

The opening line of the verses (with a different melody of Oswald's) was probably the inspiration for Robert Burns's 'Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!' A partial repeat is added to the usual repeat of the last line to extend the leave-taking. The melody is perfectly balanced, shaped to match the restrained emotion of the situation.

*One kind Kiss before we Part  
Drop a Tear and bid adieu  
Tho we Sever my fond Heart  
Till we meet shall pant for You.*

*Yet yet Weep not so my Love  
Let me Kiss that falling Tear  
Tho' my Body must remove  
All my soul will still be here.*

*All my Soul and all my Heart  
And every Wish shall pant for you  
One kind Kiss then ere we part  
Drop a Tear and bid Adieu.*

## A SONATA OF SCOTS TUNES

(from *A Curious Collection of Scots Tunes*)

Published by Oswald in 1740, this remarkable and popular work was the first to employ different traditional tunes as the basis for each movement. Alexander Munro had published Scottish variation sonatas in Paris in 1732; but each sonata was based entirely on a single tune. Geminiani partially imitated Oswald's idea but, as far as is known, Oswald never repeated the experiment. It is a pity, as no other composer has done it so well.

### 1 O Mother what shall I do

The tune which is the basis for the opening 'Largo' appears first in the Sinkler MS c.1710 and then as a song in Allan Ramsay's *The Gentle Shepherd* of 1729. In Oswald's trio sonata version of 1740 the part movement is beautifully managed without suppressing the tune itself, which has natural poise and dignity.

### 2 Etrick Banks

The lyric (from Allan Ramsay) in William Thomson's second 1733 edition of *Orpheus Caledonius* is typical of the genre of Highland wooings. With its nice touches of imitation, Oswald's unfussy bass line does much for the pastoral character of the air, which is rich and expressive.

### 3 She rose and let me in

16 English and Scottish versions of this tune exist side by side - Oswald even called a version of it *She rose and let me out*, perhaps to avoid confusion. In any event he has arranged it splendidly to match the character of a French Bourrée.

### 4 Cromlit's Lilt

William Thomson published this as a song in 1733, but in Oswald's arrangement it serves as a kind of gentle Sarabande.

### 5 Polwart on the Green

Oswald's variations sparkle with rhythmic invention, and the theme keeps returning with sturdy self-assertion, celebrated by some sportive improvised additions in this performance. Again this tune first appeared as a song in William Thomson's 1725 edition of *Orpheus Caledonius*.



## THE DANCING MASTER

This mannered little song satirises the fancy footwork of foreign dancing masters and was published in *The Gentleman's Magazine* in 1754. To underline the point, it starts off with Italian-style recitative, and the high-stepping tune verges on the silly. It is interesting to compare this piece of deliberately absurd fluff with *The Tutor* where the Scottish dancing master takes his own techniques of seduction much more seriously.

*Would you obtain the gentle fair,  
Assume a French fantastic air;  
Oft when the gen'rous Briton fails,  
The foppish foreigner prevails.*

*You must teach her to dance,  
As the mode is in France,  
And make the best use of your feet;  
Cock your hat with a grace,  
All be brazen your face,  
And dress most affectedly neat.*

*Then bow down like a beau,  
Hop and turn out your toe,  
Lead miss by the hand, and leer at her;  
Draw your glove with an air,  
At your white stockings stare,  
And simper, and ogle, and flatter.*

*Walk the figure of eight,  
With your rump stiff and streight,  
Then turn her with delicate ease:  
Bow again very low,  
Your good breeding to show,  
And missy you'll perfectly please.*

*If these steps you pursue,  
You will soon bring her too,  
And rifle the child of her charms,  
Her poor heart will heave high,  
And she'll languish and sigh,  
And caper quite in to your arms.*

## DIVERTIMENTO IV

Only one copy of *Twelve Divertimentis for the Guittar Dedicated to Her Grace the Dutchess of Grafton* Composed by James Oswald is known to survive. They are composed for the wire-strung 18th century guittar, 'a sort of hybrid between the cittern, the guitar and the lute' as Robert MacKillop describes it. The English Guittar, as it was known, was primarily promoted by two Scots - James Oswald and Robert Bremner. Such was its popularity among ladies of leisure that it began to affect sales of harpsichords, so the London harpsichord maker, Kirkman, proceeded to give away these guitars to beggars and prostitutes, rapidly putting them out of fashion, which may explain the scarcity of the Oswald pieces, which are in their own way little gems.

Divertimento IV has a *Largo Affetuoso*, a Gavotta, an Aria and a final *Con Spirito*. The music is wholly unpretentious; blessed with the charms of a world of lost musical innocence. What a tragedy if this one copy had been lost.

## THE DUST CART CANTATA

*The Dust Cart, a favourite Cantata Sung in the old Woman's Oratory at the new Theatre in the Hay Market, in manner of the Moderns* is how the publication proclaims this brilliant satire on the musical conventions of the day. It was first performed in December 1751 and has a companion piece called *The Wheelbarrow Cantata*.

The convention being mocked is that of Italian recitative and aria and, just as in *Ballance a Straw* the satire is heightened by the fact that Oswald has composed music which could easily be confused with the real thing. The lover is a tinker and the beloved is in a dustcart, but are their passions any less real or more ridiculous than those of the court whose musical clothing they have borrowed?

### Recitativo

*As Tink'ring Tom the Streets his Trade did cry,  
He saw his lovely Silvia Passing by,  
In Dust Cart high avanc'd, The Nymph was plac'd  
With the rich Cinders round her lovely Waist,  
Tom with uplifted Hands th'occasion blest,  
And thus in soothing strains, the Maid adress.*

### Aria

*Oh Silvia! While you drive your Carts  
To pick up Dust you steal our Hearts,  
You take our Dust & steal our Hearts,  
That mine is gone alas! Is true  
& dwells among the Dust with you;*

*Oh lovely Silvia ease my Pain!*

*Give me the Heart you stole again,  
Give me my Heart out of your Cart,  
Give me the Heart you stole again.*

### Recitativo

*Silvia avanc'd above the Rabble Rout,  
Exulting roll'd her sparkling Eyes about,  
She heav'd her swelling Breast as black as Sloe,  
And look'd disdain on little Folks below,  
To Tom she nod'd as the Cart drew on,  
And then resolv'd to speak, She cry'd stop John.*

### Aria

*Shall I who ride above the rest,  
Be by a paltry Crowd oppress,  
Ambition now my Soul does Fire,  
The Youths shall languish & admire;  
And ev'ry Girl with anxious Heart,  
Shall long to ride in my Dust Cart.*

## SERENATA IV

The Twelve Serenatas were published in 1762, shortly after Oswald was appointed Chamber Composer to his Majesty George III. The appointment had probably been promised to him by his former patron, Frederick Prince of Wales, the King's father, who died before he could succeed to the throne. Oswald himself had only seven years to live, but as he had secretly married the widow of Robinson-Lytton and was therefore residing in Knebworth House, they must have been pleasant years.

The Serenatas are thoroughly sophisticated pieces of music, quite distinct in style from the rest of his work in that they seem to inhabit the Italian idiom with such absolute assurance that there is scarcely a trace of the Scot or the Briton in them. But they enjoy that natural flow of melody and rhythm which marks all Oswald's work. The concluding *Pastorale con Spirito* which has something of the cheerful character of a hunt, with what sound like imitations of hunting horns calling out at the end.

## COLIN'S KISSES 9-10

### 9 The Feast

Polly is the new girl on the scene, but she is greeted with a beautifully expressive melody, as sweet as her kisses, and the tempo changes to a boastful *Spirito* which prepares the way for The Meeting Kiss.

*Polly when you your Lips you join,  
Lovely pouting Lips to mine,  
To the Bee the flow'ry Field,  
Such a Banquet does not yield.  
Not the dewy morning Rose  
So much sweetness does inclose,  
Not the Gods such Nectar Sip,  
As Collin from thy balmy Lip.  
Kiss me then with rapture Kiss.  
We'll surpass the Gods in Bliss.*

### 10 The Meeting Kiss

An element of gentle satire has crept into the first of the three sections of this song with its slightly florid Handelian musical gestures, as though all the pastoral intimacies of what is supposed to be a *scena* with shepherd and shepherdesses had been transferred to a grander environment in which musical convention substitutes for genuine feeling. The pathos of the next section with its flowing tears is likewise very slightly overdone and is virtually mocked by the *Spirito* which speaks of 'Th'excess of joy'. Only the last two songs of the cycle restore the balance to that of heartfelt emotion.

*Let me fly into thy Arms  
Let me Taste again thy Charms,  
Kiss me press me to thy Breast  
In Rapture not to be exprest.  
Let me clasp thy lovely Waist  
Throw thy Arms around my Neck  
Thus embracing and embrac'd  
Nothing shall our Raptures Check.*

*Hearts with mutual pleasure Glowing,  
Lips with Lips together Growing.  
Eyes with Tears of Gladness flowing.  
Eyes and Lips and Hearts shall show,  
Th'Excess of joy that Lovers know.  
Th'Excess of joy that Meeting Lovers know.*

### THE NARCISSUS from *Airs for the Seasons* (Spring, 1st set)

Narcissus, falling in love with his own reflection, drowned, and was commemorated by the gods with the flower which bears his name. Narcissus was also beloved of Echo, so the opening *Andante Pastorale* is full of musical references to reflections and echoes. The following *Giga - Vivace* is, however, a lively Scottish jig, for the narcissus dances the first dance of spring. It is nice to imagine Oswald himself dancing to this spirited movement.

**The Imaginary Kiss**

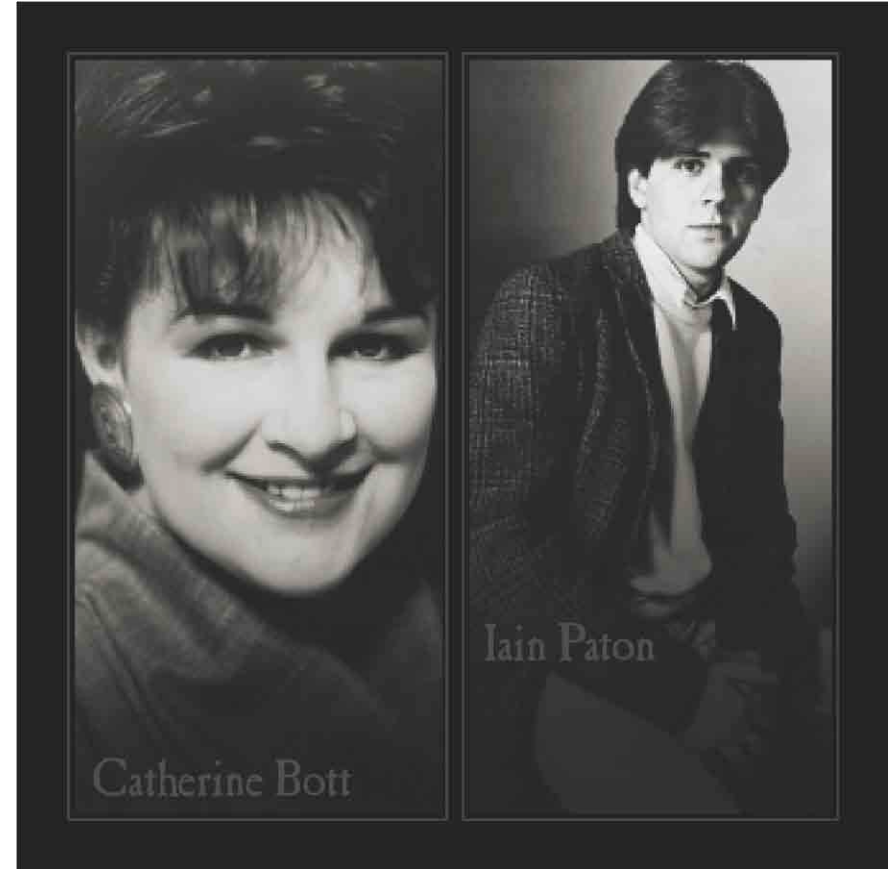
This is a little dance of a song, as fresh as the narcissus, and as illusory in its self-absorption, which allows another to steal away with - not Celia, not Chloe, not Polly, but Fanny. Well, serve him right. The true winner in all of these songs is Oswald with his lightness of touch and unfailing lyric gift, coupled with just a hint of knowing satire, that is yet kindly enough to leave us with our sentiments and our sweet illusions intact.

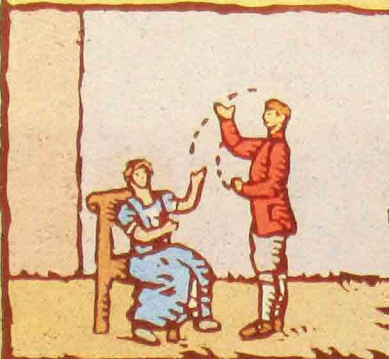
*When Fanny I saw as she trip'd o'er the Green,  
Fair blooming soft Artless and kind.  
Fond Love in her Eyes Wit and sense in her Mien,  
And Warmness with Modesty join'd,  
Transported with sudden Amazement I stood,  
Fast riveted down to the Place,  
Her delicate Shape easy Motion I view'd,  
And wander'd o'er every Grace.*

*Ye Gods! What Luxuriance of Beauty, I cry,  
What Raptures must dwell in her Arms!  
On her Lips I could feast, on her Breast I could die,  
O Fanny, how sweet are thy Charms!  
Whilst thus in Idea my Passion I fed,  
Soft Transport my Senses invade,  
Young Damon step'd up, with the Substance he fled,  
And left me to kiss the dear Shade.*

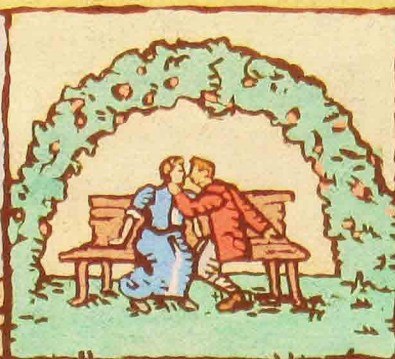
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I wish to acknowledge the generous help of Heather Hrantzov, a descendant of Mary Ann Melville, in sharing her researches with myself and other scholars.





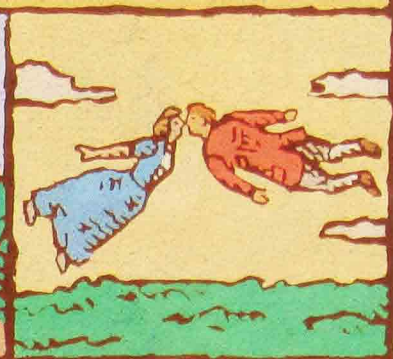
the tutor



the secret kiss



the borrow'd kiss



the rapture



the kiss repaid



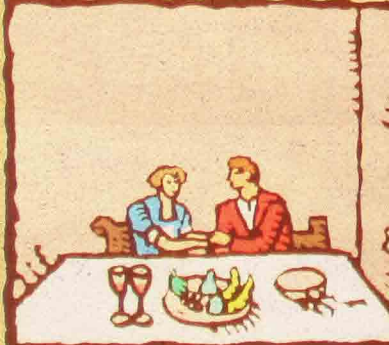
the stolen kiss



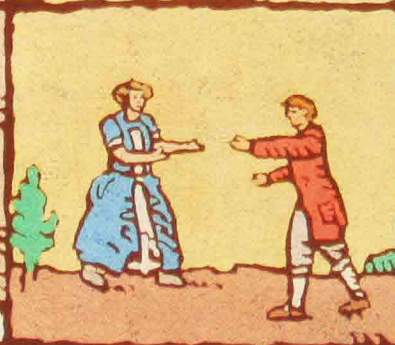
the parting kiss



the imaginary kiss



the feast



the meeting kiss



Concerto Caledonia

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CONCAL 2

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