




Adept's Ode

Loving
&
Beloved

PREFACE

his is a tale, told in ten lyrical songs, of the life of a nameless romantic; The waxing and waning of a fiery passion for loving and unwavering ascent of admiration for the beloved. This story is both joyous and sorrowful, both toilsome and consolatory, but by no means is it new.

Stories of the sort have been told all of four centuries past, when the words that mark the life of our romantic were first delivered into the world. The theme herein is much older still. As timeless as this story is, so timeless are the words that tell it, but not the tunes to which they are sung. Are they not? Time has yet to judge them.

However, as an ode to the adepts of the quill, we set out to reintroduce their works and demonstrate their timelessness by singing them to music that is very much of this day and age. We have tried to steer clear of having to take liberties with the poems as they were sung, but must admit our guilt in interpretation. Forgive us these trespasses and take, in compensation, our music to be yours.



To Celia

DRINKE to me, onely with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kisse but in the cup,
And I'll not looke for wine.

The thirst, that from the soule doth rise,
Doth aske a drink divine:

But might I of Jove's Nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee, late, a rosie wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered bee.

But thou thereon did'st onely breath,
And sent'st it backe to mee:

Since when it growes, and smells, I sweare,
Not of it selfe, but thee.

Ben Jonson

THE CHANGE

LOVE in her sunny eyes does basking play;
Love walks the pleasant mazes of her hair;
Love does on both her lips for ever stray;
And sows and reaps a thousand kisses there.
In all her outward parts Love's always seen;
But, oh, he never went within.

Within Love's foes, his greates foes abide,
Malice, Inconstancy, and Pride.
So the earths face, trees, herbs, and flowers do dress,
With other beauties numberless:
But at the center, darkness is, and hell;
There wicked spirits, and there the damned dwell.

With me alas, quite contrary it fares;
Darkness and death lies in my weeping eyes,
Despair and paleness in my face appears,
And grief, and fear, Love's greatest enemies;
But, like the Persian-tyrant, Love within
Keeps his proud Court, and ne'er is seen.

Oh take my heart, and by that means you'll prove
Within too stor'd enough of Love:
Give me but yours, I'll by that change so thrive,
That Love in all my parts shall live.
So powerful is this change, it render can,
My outside womand, and your inside man.

Abraham Cowley



THE SELFE BANISHED

IT is not that I love you less,
Than when before your feet I lay,
But to prevent the sad increase
Of hopeless love, I keep away.

In vaine (alas!) for everything
Which I have knowne belong to you,
Your forme does to my fancy bring,
And make my old wounds bleed anew.

Who in the Spring from the new Sun
Already has a Fever got,
Too late begins these shafts to shun
Which Phœbus through his veines has shot.

Too late he would the paine assuage,
And to thicke shadows does retire;
About with him he beares the rage,
And in his tainted blood the fire.

But vow'd I have, and never must
Your banish'd servant trouble you;
For if I breake, you may mistrust
The vow I made to love you too.

Edmund Waller





LOVING AND BELOVED

THERE never yet was honest man
That ever drove the trade of love;
It is impossible, nor can
Integrity our ends promote:
For Kings and Lovers are alike in this
That their chief art in reigne dissembling is.

Here we are lov'd, and there we love,
Good nature now and passion strive
Which of the two should be above,
And laws unto the other give.
So we false fire with art sometime discover,
And the true fire with the same art do cover.

What Rack can Fancy find so high?
Her we must Court, and here ingage,
Though in the other place we die.
O! 'tis torture all, and cozenage;
And which the harder is I cannot tell,
To hide true love, or make false love looke well.

Since it is thus, God of desire,
Give me my honesty again,
And take thy brands back, and thy fire;
I'm weary of the State I'm in:
Since (if the very best should now befall)
Loves Triumph, must be Honours Funeral.

Sir John Suckling



ON MARRIAGE

Iwould be married, but I'd have no wife,
I would be married to a single life.

Richard Crawshaw

SONG

Is true our life is but a long disease,
Made up of real pain and seeming ease.
You starts, who these entangled fortunes give,
O tell me why
It is so hard to die,
Yet such a task to live!

If with some pleasure we our griefs betray,
It costs us dearer than it can repay,
For time or fortune all things so devours,
Out hopes are crossed,
Or else the object lost,
Ere we can call it ours.

Kathrine Philips





AUTUMNUS

WHEN the leaves in autumn wither,
With a tawny tanned face,
Warpt and wrinkled-up together,
Th' years late beauty to disgrace:

There they life's glass maist thou finde thee,
Green now, gray now, gone anon;
Leaving (worldling) of thine own,
Neither fruit, nor leaf behind thee.

Joshua Sylvester

EPIGRAM: FATUM SUPREMUM

All buildings are but monuments of death,
All clothes, but winding sheets for our last knell,
All dainty, fattings for the worms beneath,
All curious musique, but our passing bell;
Thus death is nobly waited on, for why?
All that we have is but deaths livery.

anonymous





DEATH THE LEVELLER

THE glories of our blood and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things,
There is no armour against fate,
Death lays his icy hand on kings,
Scepter and crown,
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made,
With the poor crooked sithe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill,
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up the murmuring breath,
When they pale captives creep to death.

The Garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds,
Upon deaths purple alter now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds,
Your heads must come,
To the cold tomb;
Onely the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

James Shirley

DIRGE

GLORIES, pleasures, pomps, delights, and ease,
Can but please
The outward senses, when the mind
Is or untroubled, or by peace refin'd.

Crownes may flourish and decay,
Beauties shine, but fade away.

Youth may revell, yet it must
Lye down in a bed of dust:
Earthly honours flow and waste,
Time alone doth change and last.

Sorrowes mingled with contents, prepare
Rest for care;
Love only reignes in death; though Art
Can find no comfort for a broken heart.

John Ford





PHILIP HÖLZENSPIES

lead vocal
heartbeat on 'Dirge'



JORIS HOLTACKERS

piano, harpsichord, organs
guitars, drums, percussion
backing vocals



BART SOETERS

bass guitars
cello on 'Selfe Banished'

SELFE BANISHED & EPIGRAM

Jasmijn Raïs * violin

AUTUMNUS & POSTLUDIUM

Esther Ree * violin
Jasmijn Raïs * violin
Elien Willems * viola
Sanne Bijker * cello

POSTLUDIUM

Monique Kamphuis * oboe
Mark Harms * trumpet
Maarten Plug * trombone
Liesbeth Vreeburg * harp

GRAPHICAL PRESENTATION

Philip Hölzenspies * graphics & typography
Joris Holtackers * graphics
Martin Bosker * photography
Olav van Duin * modelling
Igino Marini * typefaces

Love on Long & Beloved

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Philip would like to thank:

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Joris would like to dedicate this album to his father.

All songs composed/arranged by Joris Holtackers & Adept's Ode. Recorded between 2003 and 2008 at Studio Sonopoly. Produced by Joris Holtackers and Adept's Ode at Studio Sonopoly. Mixed and mastered by Joris Holtackers at Studio Sonopoly.