

PROLOGUE

1. Schubert: Wohin? – Where to?

Text: Wilhelm Müller, Translation: Richard Wigmore

I heard a little brook babbling from its rocky source,
babbling down to the valley,
so bright, so wondrously clear.
I know not what came over me, nor who prompted me,
but I too had to go down with my wanderer's staff.

Down and ever onwards, always following the brook
as it babbled ever brighter and ever clearer.
Is this, then, my path? O brook, say where it leads.
With your babbling you have quite befuddled my mind.

Why do I speak of babbling? That is no babbling.
It is the water nymphs singing
as they dance their round far below.
Let them sing, my friend; let the brook babble
and follow it cheerfully.
For mill-wheels turn in every clear brook.

2. Quilter: Love's Philosophy

Text: Percy Bysshe Shelley

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine? –

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

3. Schubert: Der Neugierige – The Questioner

Text: Wilhelm Müller, Translation: Richard Wigmore

I ask no flower, I ask no star; none of them can tell me
what I would so dearly like to hear.
For I am no gardener, and the stars are too high;
I will ask my little brook if my heart has lied to me.
O brook of my love, how silent you are today!
I wish to know just one thing,
one small word, over and over again.
One word is 'yes', the other is 'no';
these two words contain for me the whole world.
O brook of my love, how strange you are.
I will tell no one else: say, brook, does she love me?

4. Schubert: Mein! – Mine! (extract)

Text: Wilhelm Müller, Translation: Richard Wigmore

Brook, cease your babbling! Wheels, stop your roaring!
All you merry wood-birds great and small,
end your warbling!
Throughout the wood, within it and beyond,
let one rhyme alone ring out today:
my beloved, the maid of the mill, is mine!

5. Finzi: Overlooking the River

Text: Thomas Hardy

The swallows flew in the curves of an eight
Above the river-gleam
In the wet June's last beam:
Like little crossbows animate
The swallows flew in the curves of an eight
Above the river-gleam.

Planing up shavings of crystal spray
A moor-hen darted out
From the bank thereabout,
And through the stream-shine ripped his way;
Planing up shavings of crystal spray
A moor-hen darted out.

Closed were the kingcups; and the mead
Dripped in monotonous green,
Though the day's morning sheen
Had shown it golden and honeybee'd;
Closed were the kingcups; and the mead
Dripped in monotonous green.

And never I turned my head, alack,
While these things met my gaze
Through the pane's drop-drenched glaze,
To see the more behind my back ...
O never I turned, but let, alack,
These less things hold my gaze!

6. Warlock: Captain Stratton's Fancy

Text: John Masefield

Oh some are fond of red wine,
and some are fond of white,
And some are all for dancing by the pale moonlight:
But rum alone's the tippie, and the heart's delight
Of the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of Spanish wine,
and some are fond of French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench;
But I'm for right Jamaica till I roll beneath the bench,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are for the lily, and some are for the rose,
But I am for the sugar-cane that in Jamaica grows;
For it's that that makes the bonny drink to warm my
copper nose,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some are fond of fiddles, and a song well sung,
And some are all for music for to lilt upon the tongue;
But mouths were made for tankards, and for sucking at
the bung,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh some that's good and godly ones
they hold that it's a sin
To troll the jolly bowl around, and let the dollars spin;
But I'm for toleration and for drinking at an inn,
Says the old bold mate of Henry Morgan.

7. Wolf: Verborgenheit – Seclusion**Text: Eduard Mörike, Translation: Richard Stokes**

O world, O let me be!
 Do not tempt with gifts of love,
 Let this heart keep to itself
 Is rapture, its pain.
 I do not know why I grieve,
 It is unknown sorrow;
 Always through a veil of tears
 I see the sun's beloved light.

Often, I am lost in thought,
 And bright joy flashes
 Through the oppressive gloom,
 Bringing rapture to my breast.

Piano Solo – Janáček: In the Mists**8. Finzi: The Too Short Time****Text: Thomas Hardy**

Nine leaves a minute
 Swim down shakily;
 Each one fain would spin it
 Straight to earth; but, see,
 How the sharp airs win it
 Slantwise away!—Here it say,
 'Now we have finished our summer show
 Of what we knew the way to do:
 Alas, not much! But, as things go,
 As fair as any. And night-time calls,
 And the curtain falls!'

Sunlight goes on shining
 As if no frost were here,
 Blackbirds seem designing
 Where to build next year;
 Yet is warmth declining:
 And still the day seems to say,
 'Saw you how Dame Summer drest?
 Of all God taught her she bethought her!
 Alas, not much! And yet the best
 She could, within the too short time
 Granted her prime.'

STAY IN ENGLAND**Piano Solo – Chopin: Mazurka in A minor****9. Ernst Bacon: My River Runs to Thee****Text: Emily Dickinson**

My River runs to thee—
 Blue Sea! Wilt welcome me?
 My River waits reply—
 Oh Sea—look graciously—
 I'll fetch thee Brooks
 From spotted nooks—
 Say—Sea—Take Me!

10. Ethel Smyth: The March of the Women (extract)**Text: Ethel Smyth**

Shout, shout, up with your song!
 Cry with the wind for the dawn is breaking;
 March, march, swing you along,
 Wide blows our banner and hope is waking.
 Firm in reliance, laugh a defiance,
 (Laugh in hope, for sure is the end).
 March, march, many as one,
 Shoulder to Shoulder and friend to friend.

11. Clara Schumann: Die Gute Nacht – The Goodnight wish**Text: Friedrich Rückert, Translation: Richard Stokes**

Listen, my friend, to the good night I bid you;
 An angel, bearing the message, flits to and fro.
 He brings you it, and has brought the greeting
 Back to me: a friend's songs too
 Now wish you good night.

12. Schubert: Der Zwerg – The Dwarf**Text: Matthäus Casimir von Collin,****Translation: Richard Wigmore**

In the dim light the mountains already fade;
 the ship drifts on the sea's smooth swell,
 with the queen and her dwarf on board.

She gazes up at the high arching vault,
 at the blue distance, interwoven with light,
 streaked with the pale milky way.
 'Stars, never yet have you lied to me',
 she cries out. 'Soon now I shall be no more.
 You tell me so; yet in truth I shall die gladly.'

Then the dwarf comes up to the queen, begins
 to tie the cord of red silk about her neck,
 and weeps, as if he would soon go blind with grief.
 He speaks: 'You are yourself to blame for this
 suffering, because you have forsaken me for the king;
 now your death alone can revive joy within me.
 'Though I shall forever hate myself
 for having brought you death by this hand,
 yet now you must grow pale for an early grave.'

She lays her hand on her heart, so full of youthful
 life, and heavy tears flow from her eyes
 which she would raise to heaven in prayer.
 'May you reap no sorrow from my death!'
 she says; then the dwarf kisses her pale cheeks,
 whereupon her senses fade.

The dwarf looks upon the lady in the grip of death;
 he lowers her with his own hands deep into the sea.
 His heart burns with such longing for her,
 he will never again land on any shore.

13. Butterworth: Is my team ploughing?**Text: A E Housman**

"Is my team ploughing,
 That I was used to drive
 And hear the harness jingle
 When I was man alive?"

Ay, the horses trample,
The harness jingles now;
No change though you lie under
The land you used to plough.

“Is football playing
Along the river-shore,
With lads to chase the leather,
Now I stand up no more?”

Ay, the ball is flying,
The lads play heart and soul;
The goal stands up, the keeper
Stands up to keep the goal.

“Is my girl happy,
That I thought hard to leave,
And has she tired of weeping
As she lies down at eve?”

Ay, she lies down lightly,
She lies not down to weep:
Your girl is well contented.
Be still, my lad, and sleep.

“Is my friend hearty,
Now I am thin and pine,
And has he found to sleep in
A better bed than mine?”

Yes, lad, I lie easy,
I lie as lads would choose;
I cheer a dead man’s sweetheart,
Never ask me whose.

14. Bridge: Thy Hand in Mine

Text: Mary Coleridge

Thy hand in mine, thy hand in mine,
And through the world we two will go,
With love before us as a sign,
Our faces set to every foe.

My heart in thine, my heart in thine,
Through life, through happy death the same,
We two will kneel before the shrine,
And keep alight the sacred flame.

My heart in thine, my heart in thine.

15. Finzi: Channel Firing

Text: Thomas Hardy

That night your great guns, unawares,
Shook all our coffins as we lay,
And broke the chancel window-squares,
We thought it was the Judgment-day

And sat upright. While drearishome
Arose the howl of wakened hounds:
The mouse let fall the altar-crumb,
The worms drew back into the mounds,

The glebe cow drooled. Till God called, ‘No;
It’s gunnery practice out at sea
Just as before you went below;
The world is as it used to be:

‘All nations striving strong to make
Red war yet redder. Mad as hatters
They do no more for Christ’s sake
Than you who are helpless in such matters.

‘That this is not the judgment-hour
For some of them’s a blessed thing,
For if it were they’d have to scour
Hell’s floor for so much threatening ...

‘Ha, ha. It will be warmer when
I blow the trumpet (if indeed
I ever do; for you are men,
And rest eternal sorely need).’

So down we lay again. ‘I wonder,
Will the world ever saner be’,
Said one, ‘than when He sent us under
In our indifferent century!’

And many a skeleton shook his head.
‘Instead of preaching forty year,’
My neighbour Parson Thirdly said,
‘I wish I had stuck to pipes and beer.’

Again the guns disturbed the hour,
Roaring their readiness to avenge,
As far inland as Stourton Tower,
And Camelot, and starlit Stonehenge.

16. Emily Hazrati: The Sick Rose

Text: William Blake

O Rose thou art sick.
The invisible worm,
That flies in the night
In the howling storm:

Has found out thy bed
Of crimson joy:
And his dark secret love
Does thy life destroy.

Piano Solo – Finzi: Amabel

17. Vaughan Williams: Youth and Love

Text: Robert Louis Stevenson

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

ENLIST

Piano Solo – Schumann: Aufschwung

18. Wolf: Der Tambour – The drummer boy

Text: Eduard Mörike, Translation: Richard Stokes

If my mother could work magic
She'd have to go with the regiment
To France and everywhere,
And be the vivandière.

In camp, at midnight,
When no one's up save the guard,
And everybody – man and horse – is snoring,
Then I'd sit by my drum:
My drum would be a bowl, With warm sauerkraut in it,
The sticks would be a knife and fork,
My sabre – a long sausage;
My shako would be a tankard Filled with red Burgundy.

And because I lack light, The moon shines into my tent;
And though it shines in French,
It still reminds me of my beloved:
Oh dear! There's an end to my fun!
– If only my mother could work magic!

19. Andrew Baldwin: Dawn, May 1915

Text: Ellis Silas

Dawn. The roll is called: how heartbreaking it is,
Name after name is called, the reply a deep silence.
A silence which can be felt, despite the noise
of the crackling of rifles, and screaming of shrapnel.
There are few of us left, few of us to answer to our
names:
Just a thin line of weary, weary ashen-faced men.
Behind us a mass of silent forms, once our comrades.
There they have been for some days,
we have not had the time to bury them.
Requiem, requiem aeternam, Dona eis domine,
Et lux perpetua. Luce, luce, luceat eis.

20. Gurney: In Flanders

Text: Frederick William Harvey

I'm homesick for my hills again -
To see above the Severn plain
Unscabbarded against the sky
The blue high blade of Cotswold lie;
The giant clouds go royally
By jagged Malvern with a train
Of shadows.

Where the land is low
Like a huge imprisoning O
I hear a heart that's sound and high,
I hear the heart within me cry:
"I'm homesick for my hills again -
Cotswold or Malvern, sun or rain!
My hills again!"

Piano Solo – Schubert: Marche Militaire no. 2

21. Schumann: Die Feindlichen Brüder

– The warring brothers

Text: Heinrich Heine, Translation: Richard Stokes

High on the mountain summit
Stands the castle, veiled in night;
But in the valley lightning flashes,
Bright swords fiercely clash.
Brothers are fighting there,
Rage-inflamed, a dreadful duel.
Pray, why are those brothers fighting,
Each of them with sword in hand?

Countess Laura's sparkling eyes
Kindled the brothers' quarrel;
Both burn with love and passion
For that sweet and noble maid.
But to which of them
Does her heart incline?
No pondering can resolve it—
Out, then, sword, let you decide!

And bold and rash they do battle,
Blow upon blow crashes down.
Beware, O savage warriors,
Night brings cruel strokes of fortune.
Alack, alack now, bloody brothers!
Alack, alack now, bloody vail!
Both fighters are felled,
Each by the other's sword.

Many centuries pass,
Many generations die away;
Sadly from the mountain heights
The castle, desolate, looks down.
But at night, deep in the valley,
A secret wonder comes about;
At the first stroke of midnight,
Still the brothers fight it out.

Piano Solo – Finzi: Amabel

22. Brahms: Unbewegte laue Luft - Motionless mild air

Text: Georg F Daumer, Translation: Richard Stokes

Motionless mild air,
Nature deep at rest;
Through the still garden night
Only the fountain splashes;

But my soul swells
With a more ardent desire;
Life surges in my veins
And yearns for life.
Should not your breast too
Heave with more passionate longing?
Should not the cry of my soul
Quiver deeply through your own?
Softly on ethereal feet
Glide to me, do not delay!
Come, ah! come, that we might
Give each other heavenly satisfaction!

23. Wolf: Wir haben beide lange Zeit geschwiegen

– For a long time we had both been silent

Text: Paul Heyse, Translation: Richard Stokes

For a long time we had both been silent,
Now all at once speech has returned.
The angels of God have descended,
They brought back peace after war.
The angels of God have descended
And with them peace has returned.
The angels of love came in the night
And have brought peace to my breast.

24. Schumann: Der Soldat – The soldier

He walks to the sound of the muffled drum;
How far away the place! how long the way!
Ah, were he at rest and all this done!
My heart, I think, will break in two.

None but him in the world have I loved,
Him, who now they're putting to death.
The firing squad parades will full band,
I too am detailed for the task.

Now he takes his last look
At the joyous rays of God's sun, —
Now they're blindfolding him, —
May God grant you eternal peace!

The nine of us took good aim,
Eight bullets whistled wide of the mark;
Every man shook with pity and grief —
But I, I shot him clean through the heart.

Piano Solo – Grieg: Heimweh

25. Butterworth: The Lads in their Hundreds

Text: A E Housman

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come in for the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge and the mill
and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will never be old.

There's chaps from the town and the field
and the till and the cart,
And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the
handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth
to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens
to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk with them friendly and wish them
farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will
not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing
to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

26. Lilburn: Reverie

Text: Alistair Campbell

Sleep on, restless heart,
In the wild fruit tree;
Be growth and all things sweet
Your love-brimmed reverie.
Sweetness at the root,
May the tree climb high;
Close against the sun
Let all its branches sigh;
Pride and glory lost
When hill-streams are dry:
O lay to your wild breast
Wind's disconsolate cry.

For translations by Richard Stokes:

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