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**RODERICK
WILLIAMS**
baritone

**IAIN
BURNSIDE**
piano



King's Hall
Wednesday 10th April 2019



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TONIGHT'S PROGRAMME

Finzi

Childhood among the ferns (from Before and After Summer op 16)

Schubert

Im Haine D.738 | Der Wanderer D.649 | Der Einsame D.800

Finzi

Amabel (from Before and After Summer op 16)

Schubert

Liebhaber in allen Gestalten D.558 | An Rosa D.316
Die Liebe hat gelogen D.751

Finzi

Channel Firing (from Before and After Summer op 16)

Schubert

Rückweg D.476
Totengräbers Heimweh D.842 | Auf den Tod einer Nachtigall D.399

INTERVAL

(Coffee, tea and bar facilities available in the Winter Garden)

Schubert

Im Frühling D.882 | Herbst D.945

Finzi

Earth and Air and Rain op 15

Ilkley Concert Club

Registered Charity No. 506886

The Club records its appreciation of the invaluable assistance and support given by the City of Bradford Metropolitan Council.



PROGRAMME NOTES

A Voyage Around Hardy

(A programme devised by Roderick Williams and Iain Burnside)

We are grateful to Roderick Williams for this introduction

Most singers and pianists who specialise in art song would have little difficulty in agreeing that Franz Schubert is the apotheosis of Lieder writing; his songs manage to be moving, profound, intellectually rigorous and, above all, disarmingly humble, all at the same time. Great Britain over the centuries has also produced some heavyweights in the world of art song and yet the suspicion lingers that this country's composers somehow don't match up to the 'golden standard'.

It has often struck me that the combination of Thomas Hardy's extraordinary and distinctive poetry with Gerald Finzi's powerful empathetic music can hold its own against any other music in this genre. I wanted to construct a programme that would showcase some of Finzi's masterpieces alongside a sympathetic choice of Schubert's songs; a rhapsodic, free association of poetic thoughts and images.

In the first half of the programme, a few songs from Finzi's *Before and After Summer* trigger a group of Schubert songs that resonate with themes from Hardy's poems. In the second half, Finzi's *Earth and Air and Rain* is prefaced by two Schubert songs that are equally concerned with Hardy's favourite tropes – Time and the Seasons.

GERALD FINZI (1901-1956) *Before and After Summer*, op 16

Childhood among the ferns

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Lieder

Im Haine D.738 | Der Wanderer D.649 | Der Einsame D.800

The son of a ship broker, **Gerald Finzi** began to study music as a schoolboy in Harrogate. When Finzi was eight years old, his father died. His tutor, Ernest Farrah, described the young Gerald as 'very shy but full of poetry.' Farrah's death on the Western front, together with the loss of all three of Finzi's brothers, affected him deeply. He found solace in the poetry of Traherne, Christina Rossetti and, above all, Thomas Hardy. He wrote large-scale choral and orchestral works, including a very popular clarinet concerto, but it is in his Hardy songs that he reveals his inner self. A constant

theme (perhaps not surprising given the sad events of his own life) is that of childhood corrupted by adult experience; one is reminded of Yeats – ‘the ceremony of innocence is drowned’. A friend of Vaughan Williams and Holst, Finzi died tragically young, contracting the then fatal Hodgkin’s disease just as his career was beginning to take off. He died in Oxford in 1955; on the previous evening he had heard on the radio the triumphant first performance of his cello concerto.

Before and After Summer was first performed in a BBC broadcast in October 1949. Finzi insisted upon calling it a collection of songs, rather than a song cycle in the sense of Schubert or Mahler. *Childhood among the ferns* appears in Hardy’s posthumous collection, *Winter Words* published in 1928. As often with Hardy, the poem is a reminiscence of an actual event: Florence Hardy, the poet’s second wife, wrote that, ‘He [Hardy] was lying on his back in the sun, thinking how useless he was, and covered his face with a straw hat. The sun’s rays streamed through the interstices of the straw, the lining having disappeared. Reflecting on his experiences of the world so far as he had got, he came to the conclusion that he did not wish to grow up.’

This first set of **Schubert Lieder** speaks of solitary reflection and enjoyment of nature: in *Im Haine* [In the grove] the poet is enjoying the sunshine; *Der Wanderer* [The traveller] is treading a lonely night-time path; whereas *Der Einsame* [The lonely one] is by his fireside listening to the crickets’ song.

GERALD FINZI (1901-1956) Before and After Summer, op 16

Amabel

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Lieder

Liebhaber in allen Gestalten D.558 | An Rosa D.316

Die Liebe hat gelogen D.751

Amabel was a Mrs Martin, an older woman in Dorchester to whom the young Thomas Hardy had formed an attachment. The poem relates to a meeting many years later, the passage of time having destroyed her looks together with Hardy’s feelings toward her.

Next we visit the uncertainties of love: in *Liebhaber in allen Gestalten* [Lovers in all shapes] the poet (Goethe in this case) envisages himself as a fish, a horse and other animals but realises he can only be what he is; in *An Rosa* [To Rose] if only his loved one were nearer all would be well; *Die Liebe hat gelogen* [Love has lied] speaks for itself.

GERALD FINZI (1901 -1956) Before and After Summer, op 16

Channel Firing

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Lieder

Rückweg D.476

Totengräbers Heimweh D.842 | Auf den Tod einer Nachtigall D.399

Channel Firing is not only one of Hardy's finest poems but, set to Finzi's music, one of the greatest songs in the whole English canon. Opening in a brooding C minor, it is almost a miniature symphony, its mood shifting from deep gloom through a quizzical, scherzo-like passage to a seemingly transcendent conclusion. The poem was written in April 1914, just months before the outbreak of war, and has been described as 'the finest poem ever written from the perspective of a skeleton'. Gunnery practice animates human remains in a country churchyard and leads to a discussion, in which God participates, about the inescapable horrors of war. At the end, we feel that we may have escaped into a more tranquil nightscape, illuminated by starlight. However, it would not have escaped Hardy that Stourton Tower, where the song comes to rest, was a folly built to commemorate the end of the Seven Years War, a conflict which had little, if any, meaning in the lives of the Dorset labourers who constructed the memorial.

The **Schubert** set starts with *Rückweg* [The way back] in which the poet, on his way to Vienna, recalls the country he is leaving behind where he could be 'free, among free people'. Then we take on a more sombre note: *Totengräbers Heimweh* [Gravedigger's homesickness] is not for the country but for heaven itself and in *Auf den Tod einer Nachtigall* [On the death of a nightingale] even beauty must die.

(First Half Duration: approx. 40 mins)

INTERVAL

(Coffee, tea and bar facilities available in the Winter Garden)

FRANZ SCHUBERT (1797-1828)

Lieder

Im Frühling D.882 | Herbst D.945

In our last Lieder life is echoing the seasons: the poet of *Im Frühling* [In Spring] is experiencing a new Spring while remembering the previous one when he had been so happy in love; in *Herbst* [Autumn] the season with its gaunt trees and chill winds speaks of the death of love.

GERALD FINZI (1901-1956) Earth and Air and Rain, op 15

Summer Schemes | When I set out for Lyonesse | Waiting both
The Phantom | So I have fared | Rollicum-Rorum | To Lizbie Browne
The Clock of the Years | In a Churchyard | The Proud Songsters

Earth and Air and Rain was composed between 1928 and 1935 and premiered at the National Gallery in July 1945. The songs are drawn from collections published by Hardy throughout his career. Of particular note are:

When I set out for Lyonesse: Lyonesse was a mythical, submerged land off the coast of Cornwall. It was said to have been the home of Tristan. In Hardy's mind, Lyonesse lay near Boscastle, where, as a young architect, Hardy carried out repairs at St Julitta's church. It was whilst working there that he met Emma Gifford, who would become his first wife.

The Phantom: Having neglected her for years, Hardy was overcome by remorse when Emma died in 1912. His unfortunate second wife, Florence, had to accompany her husband on painful visits to Boscastle where this poem was written in 1914.

Rollicum-Rorum: The poem first appears in the novel *The Trumpet Major*, set in 1803, and is sung by a sergeant major to raise the spirits of the troops as they set off to fight 'Boney'.

To Lizbie Browne: Another painful memory for the poet; the teenage Hardy fell in love with the pretty red-haired daughter of a gamekeeper who despised her younger admirer.

The Proud Songsters: Finally, from *Winter Words*, a song of hope from the depths of an extreme scepticism.

(Second Half Duration: approx. 39 mins)

Finzi Programme notes © C.N. Lane
Schubert Programme notes © C.J. Skidmore

Finzi – *Before and after summer* was last performed at ICC on 12/03/2014; this is a first performance at ICC of *Earth and Air and Rain*.

Schubert Lieder are first performances at ICC except *Die Liebe hat gelogen* was last performed on 25/10/1950 and *Rückweg* was last performed on 30/11/1983

RODERICK WILLIAMS & IAIN BURNSIDE

Tonight, we are privileged to be the first audience to hear a programme of songs by Finzi and Schubert devised by Roderick Williams and Iain Burnside which will soon be heard at the Amsterdam Concertgebouw, with London performances planned for the autumn.

Of course, **Roderick Williams** is no stranger to us. His immensely busy concert schedule means that since his last visit to Ilkley five years ago his diary has been packed with a huge variety of engagements, in the fields of opera, oratorio, solo recitals and more. During his career Roderick has sung with all the BBC orchestras and many of the world's great ensembles. Highlights since he was last here include his appearance at the Last Night of the Proms in 2014. The following year he sang *Christus* in Peter Seller's staging of the St John Passion with the Berlin Philharmonic under Sir Simon Rattle. He sang this role again with the Berlin Phil last month and with the Orchestra of the Age of Enlightenment just last week. Recently he sang the baritone role in the staging of Britten's War Requiem which was filmed by BBC television.

As a recitalist Roderick's festival appearances include the BBC Proms, Edinburgh, Aldeburgh, Bath and Melbourne festivals. He can often be heard at the Wigmore Hall, Kings Place, LSO St Luke's and Perth Concert Hall, Oxford Lieder Festival, London Song Festival, the Vienna Musikverein, the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam, and luckily for us, is often in Leeds at Leeds Lieder. On BBC Radio 3 he has participated in Iain Burnside's *Voices* programme. He has recently completed a series of programmes for Radio 3, *Three Years with Schubert*, which is about the work involved in learning the three Schubert song cycles that he has recorded with Iain for Chandos.

Roderick Williams was born in 1965 in North London. He was a choral scholar at Magdalen College, Oxford, and worked as a music teacher before training at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama. While there he made his operatic debut as *Tarquinius* in Britten's Rape of Lucretia, a part he maintains in his active repertory. The many awards he has won include the 2nd Prize at the Kathleen Ferrier Singing Competition in 1994. Roderick is also a composer and has had works premiered at the Wigmore and Barbican Halls, the Purcell Room and live on national radio.

Here's an interesting fact that you probably didn't know about Roderick. In his own words: 'I used to be a member of a four-piece a cappella band; we were on *Bob Says Opportunity Knocks* in the days before *The X Factor* and managed to stay all the way to the grand final at the London Palladium. *Bohemian Rhapsody* was our party piece. Because we were a cappella we could sing anywhere – on the stairs, on a boat, on table tops in pubs. We honed our art singing on the Paris Metro platforms and once serenaded the passengers as we walked the wrong way up an escalator!!'

Iain Burnside is returning to Ilkley after far too long a break – some 26 years to be precise! In 1992 he was the pianist for tenor Adrian Thompson and the following year he appeared with oboist, Douglas Boyd, and bassoonist, Robin O'Neill. Since those far off days Iain has appeared in recital with many of the world's leading singers, including Ailish Tynan, Joyce Di Donato, Andrew Watts, Lawrence Brownlee and Benjamin Appl and of course, Roderick Williams. He is also an insightful programmer with an instinct for the 'telling juxtaposition'. His recordings straddle an exuberantly eclectic repertoire ranging from Beethoven and Schubert to the cutting edge, as in the Gramophone Award-winning *NMC Songbook*, a collection of solo songs and duets by contemporary British composers. Recent recordings include Rachmaninov Songs with 7 outstanding Russian artists. According to **The Daily Telegraph** 'The results are electrifying'. Iain's passion for English songs is reflected in acclaimed CDs of Britten, Finzi, Ireland, Butterworth and Vaughan Williams, many of them with Roderick Williams with whom he is in the process of recording the three Schubert song cycles.

Away from the piano, Burnside is active as a writer and broadcaster. As presenter of BBC Radio 3's *Voices* he won a Sony Radio Award. For Guildhall School of Music and Drama, he has devised a number of singular theatre pieces. *A Soldier and a Maker* is based on the life of Ivor Gurney and was performed at the Barbican Centre and at the Cheltenham Festival. It was later broadcast on BBC Radio 3 on Armistice Day. His project *Swansong*, is a cross-arts production which is a story about Schubert's final masterpiece told by a singer, a pianist and six actors. It was premiered at the Kilkenny Festival and performed in Milton Court in November.

Iain is Artistic Director of the Ludlow English Song Weekend and Artistic Consultant to Grange Park Opera.

Biographical notes compiled by Sarah Warnes

CLUB NOTES

75th Season and Memories

Earlier this year we mentioned that our concert planning team were well advanced in putting together what we trust will be a very special season of concerts to celebrate the Club's 75th Season (2020/21). As part of our plans we are thinking of updating the history booklets prepared for the 50th and 60th seasons by producing one for the 75th Season.

Histories are all the more interesting when they include personal anecdotes and observations and, approaching such a milestone, does allow us to reflect upon special concerts and occasions over the years. I well remember one of the first concerts I attended, a month or so after we moved north, when the Fibonacci Sequence played the quintet version of Strauss's *Till Eulenspiegel* and then introduced me to the music of Arthur Butterworth. The joy and exuberance of the music-making that evening made it certain that we would become members.

It would be very interesting to hear from members about what the club has meant to them over the years, or of particularly memorable moments in their experience. If you would be prepared to share your memories please contact Robert Templar (Vice-Chair), either catch him at an interval, email (rdtemplar@btinternet.com) or phone (07720409611).

74th Season (2019-2020) Diary Dates

We are pleased to let you know next season's diary dates. As usual all concerts will start at 8pm.

Wednesday October 9th 2019

Wednesday February 12th 2020

Wednesday November 6th 2019

Wednesday March 4th 2020

Wednesday December 4th 2019

Wednesday April 1st 2020

Wednesday January 15th 2020

Wednesday May 13th 2020

Next month's club notes will include details about the artists and composers featured in each concert.

Chris Skidmore (Chair of ICC)

RECOMMENDED RECORDINGS

Finzi: Tonight's artists are perhaps the best advocates of these songs on record, with 2 medium price CDs from Naxos – 8.557644 and 8.557963, and the recording quality is excellent. A good alternative comes from Hyperion CDD22070 as a budget 2CD set. The song cycles are shared between Stephen Varcoe (baritone) and Martyn Hill (tenor), with Clifford Benson (piano). As usual with Hyperion the presentation and recording quality are excellent.

Schubert: With this composer's songs it is usually a matter of choosing your favourite lieder singer and accompanist. I am suggesting 3 recordings which give a good selection of more popular songs. On Harmonia Mundi HMC 902141 (full price), the baritone Matthias Goerne is accompanied by Andreas Haefliger. Christian Gerhaher, one of my favourite lieder singers of the modern generation, has Gerhard Huber at the piano. The Sony full price CD has the rather awkward number 88883712172. From an older generation, and my overall favourite, Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau, with Gerald Moore as accompanist, is on DGG E474 1732 at medium price.

Raymond Waud. raywaud@gmail.com

NEXT CONCERT – WEDNESDAY 8th MAY 2019 AT 8PM

ALBAN GERHARDT cello, STEVEN OSBORNE piano



- | | |
|-----------------|---|
| Schumann | Fünf Stücke im Volkston, op 102 |
| Brahms | Sonata no. 2 in F major, op 99 |
| De Falla | Siete Canciones populares
(arr Marechall) |
| Debussy | Estampes |
| Ravel | Alborada del gracioso
(arr Castelnuovo-Tedesco)
Habanera (arr Bazelaire)
Tzigane (arr Varga) |

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A voyage around Hardy

Song texts

English poems by Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)
German poems as set by Franz Schubert
English translations by Helen Stevens

Part I

Childhood among the ferns

I sat one sprinkling day upon the lea,
Where tall-stemmed ferns spread out luxuriantly,
And nothing but those tall ferns sheltered me.

The rain gained strength, and damped each lopping frond,
Ran down their stalks beside me and beyond,
And shaped slow-creeping rivulets as I conned,

With pride, my spray-roofed house. And though anon
Some drops pierced its green rafters, I sat on,
Making pretence I was not rained upon.

The sun then burst, and brought forth a sweet breath
From the limp ferns as they dried underneath;
I said: "I could live on here thus till death;"

And queried in the green rays as I sate:
'Why should I have to grow to man's estate,
And this afar-noised World perambulate?'

Im Haine

Sonnenstrahlen
Durch die Tannen,
Wie sie fallen
Ziehn von dannen
Alle Schmerzen,
Und im Herzen
Wohnet reiner Friede nur.

Stilles Sausen
Lauer Lüfte,
Und im Brausen
Zarte Düfte,
Die sich neigen
Aus den Zweigen,
Atmet aus die ganze Flur.

Wenn nur immer
Dunkle Bäume,
Sonnenschimmer,
Grüne Säume
Uns umblühten
Und umglühten,
Tilgend aller Qualen Spur!

Franz von Bruchmann (1798-1867)

Der Wanderer

Wie deutlich des Mondes Licht
Zu mir spricht,
Mich beseelend zu der Reise:
„Folge treu dem alten Gleise,
Wähle keine Heimat nicht.
Ew'ge Plage
Bringen sonst die schweren Tage;
Fort zu andern
Sollst du wechseln, sollst du wandern,
Leicht entfliehend jeder Klage.“

Sanfte Ebb' und hohe Flut,
Tief im Mut,
Wand' ich so im Dunkeln weiter,
Steige mutig, singe heiter,
Und die Welt erscheint mir gut.
Alles reine
Seh' ich mild im Widerscheine,
Nichts verworren
In des Tages Glut verdorren:
Froh umgeben, doch alleine.

Friedrich von Schlegel (1772-1829)

In the grove

Rays of sunshine
Shining through the pines,
As they fall
All sorrows
Drift away,
And in our hearts
Dwells only pure peace.

Quietly rustling,
Balmy breezes,
And in the whispering
Delicate fragrances
Which float down
From the branches
Caress every meadow..

If only
Dark trees
Sparkling sunlight
At the edge of green woods
Were to flower
And glow around us,
Wiping away all traces of pain.

The traveller

How clearly the moonlight
Speaks to me,
Giving me heart for the journey,
“Keep faithfully to the old path,
Don't chose anywhere as home
Lest bad times
Bring endless difficult days;
Move forwards, embrace change,
Travel to new places,
Lightly casting off all grief.”

With gentle ebb and high flood,
Deep within my soul
I wander on in the darkness,
I climb boldly, sing lustily,
And the whole world looks good to me.
I see all things clearly
In their gentle reflection,
Nothing is blurred
Or wilted in the heat of the day;
I am surrounded by joy, but alone.

Der Einsame

Wenn meine Grillen schwirren,
Bei Nacht, am spät erwärmten Herd,
Dann sitz' ich mit vergnügtem Sinn
Vertraulich zu der Flamme hin,
So leicht, so unbeschwert.

Ein trautes, stilles Stündchen
Bleibt man noch gern am Feuer wach,
Man schürt, wenn sich die Lohe senkt,
Die Funken auf und sinnt und denkt:
„Nun abermal ein Tag!“

Was Liebes oder Leides
Sein Lauf für uns dahergebracht,
Es geht noch einmal durch den Sinn;
Allein das Böse wirft man hin,
Es störe nicht die Nacht.

Zu einem frohen Traume,
Bereitet man gemach sich zu,
Wenn sorgenlos ein holdes Bild
Mit sanfter Lust die Seele füllt,
Ergibt man sich der Ruh.

Oh, wie ich mir gefalle
In meiner stillen Ländlichkeit!
Was in dem Schwarm der lauten Welt
Das irre Herz gefesselt hält,
Gibt nicht Zufriedenheit.

Zirpt immer, liebe Heimchen,
In meiner Klause eng und klein.
Ich duld' euch gern: ihr stört mich nicht,
Wenn euer Lied das Schweigen bricht,
Bin ich nicht ganz allein.

Karl Lappe (1773-1843)

The lonely one

When at night the crickets chirp
On my late-glowing hearth,
Then I sit peacefully
And confidingly before the flames,
Contentedly, and untroubled.

For one cosy, quiet hour,
It is pleasant to stay awake before the fire,
You rake the sparks into life
When the blaze dies down, and think:
“Another day gone!”

Whatever it has brought us,
Love or pain,
Goes through our mind again;
But we discard the unpleasant things
So that they will not disturb the night.

In anticipation of happy dreams
We get ready to go to bed,
When a blissful sweet image
Fills our soul with gentle pleasure,
You give yourself over to rest.

Oh how happy I am in
My peaceful country existence!
The things which in the worldly bustle
Held my heart captive
Do not bring contentment.

Chirrup on, little crickets,
In my narrow, little room.
I enjoy your company: you're no trouble,
When your song breaks into the silence,
I am not completely alone.

Amabel

I marked her ruined hues,
Her custom-straitened views,
And asked, 'Can there indwell
My Amabel?'

I looked upon her gown,
Once rose, now earthen brown;
The change was like the knell
Of Amabel.

Her step's mechanic ways
Had lost the life of May's;
Her laugh, once sweet in swell,
Spoilt Amabel.

I mused: 'Who sings the strain
I sang ere warmth did wane?
Who thinks its numbers spell
His Amabel?' -

Liebhaber in allen Gestalten

Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Fisch,
So hurtig und frisch;
Und kämst Du zu angeln,
Ich würde nicht mangeln.
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Fisch,
So hurtig und frisch.

Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Pferd,
Da wär' ich dir werth.
O wär' ich ein Wagen,
Bequem dich zu tragen.
Ich wollt' ich wär' ein Pferd,
Da wär' ich dir werth.

Wär' ich gut wie ein Schaf!
Wie der Löwe so brav;
Hätt' Augen wie's Füchschen,
Und Listen wie's Füchschen.
Wär' ich gut wie ein Schaf!
Wie der Löwe so brav;

Doch bin ich wie ich bin,
Und nimm mich nur hin!
Willst bess're besitzen,
So laß Dir sie schnitzen.
Ich bin nun wie ich bin;
So nimm mich nur hin!

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749-1832)

Knowing that, though Love cease,
Love's race shows undecrease;
All find in dorp or dell
An Amabel.

- I felt that I could creep
To some housetop, and weep,
That Time the tyrant fell
Ruled Amabel!

I said (the while I sighed
That love like ours had died),
'Fond things I'll no more tell
To Amabel,

'But leave her to her fate,
And fling across the gate,
'Till the Last Trump, farewell,
O Amabel!'

Lovers in all shapes (vv1, 2, 7 and 9)

I wish I were a fish,
So lively and fresh,
And if you then came fishing,
I wouldn't fail you.
I wish I were a fish,
So lively and fresh.

I wish I were a horse,
Then I'd be worthy of you.
O, if I were a carriage,
Comfortable to carry you.
I wish I were a horse,
Then I'd be worthy of you.

Would that I were as meek as a lamb,
As brave as a lion;
Had the eyes of a lynx,
And were as sly as a fox,
Would that I were as meek as a lamb,
As brave as a lion;

But I am what I am,
So accept me as such!
If you want someone better,
Get someone to carve him for you.
I am what I am,
So accept me as such!

An Rosa

Rosa, denkst du an mich? Innig gedenk'
ich dein.

Durch den grünlichen Wald schimmert
das Abendrot,

Und die Wipfel der Tannen
Regt das Säuseln des Ewigen.

Rosa, wärest du hier, säh' ich in's
Abendrot
Deine Wangen getaucht, säh' ich vom
Abendhauch

Deine Locken geringelt
Edle Seele, mir wäre wohl!

Ludwig Gotthard Theobul Kosegarten (1758-1818)

To Rosa (vv 1 & 2)

Rosa, do you think about me? I think
a lot about you.

The sunset glimmers through the
green forest,

And the tops of the pine trees
Are stirred by the murmur of eternity.

Rosa, if you were here, I would see
Your cheeks bathed in the glow
of evening,

Your hair ruffled by the evening breeze
Dearest soul, all would be well with me.

Die Liebe hat gelogen

Die Liebe hat gelogen,
Die Sorge lastet schwer,
Betrogen, ach, betrogen
Hat alles mich umher!

Es fließen heiße Tropfen
Die Wange stets herab,
Laß ab, mein Herz, zu klopfen,
Du armes Herz, laß ab.

August von Platen (1796-1835)

Love has lied

Love has lied,
The wound is deep,
Betrayed, betrayed
By all around me!

Burning tears flow
Steadily down my cheeks,
Stop beating, heart,
Poor heart, stop beating.

Channel Firing

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 drearisome
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 ...

Rückweg

Zum Donaustrom, zur Kaiserstadt
Geh' ich in Bangigkeit:
Denn was das Leben Schönes hat,
Entweicht weit und weit.

Die Berge schwinden allgemach,
Mit ihnen Wald und Fluß;
Der Kühe Glocken läuten nach,
Und Hütten nicken Gruß.

Was starrt dein Auge tränenfeucht
Hinaus in blaue Fern'?
Ach, dorten weilt ich, unerreicht,
Frei unter Freien gern!

Wo Liebe noch und Treue gilt,
Da öffnet sich das Herz;
Die Frucht an ihren Strahlen schwillt,
Und strebet himmelwärts.

Johann Mayrhofer (1787-1836)

‘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.

The way back

To the Danube, to the imperial city
I make my way fearfully;
Because the beauty of life
Recedes ever further behind me

The mountains gradually disappear,
And with them forests and rivers;
The sound of cowbells lingers,
And the huts nod their greeting.

What are you gazing at in the distance
With your eyes moist with tears?
Oh, That's where I lived in seclusion,
Free among free people.

Where love and faithfulness are cherished,
Where the heart can lay itself open;
The fruit will ripen in their warmth,
And strive heavenwards.

Totengräbers Heimweh

O Menschheit – o Leben!
Was soll's? – o was soll's?
Grabe aus – scharre zu!
Tag und Nacht keine Ruh!
Das Drängen, das Treiben
Wohin? o wohin?!
„Ins Grab – tief hinab!“

O Schicksal – o traurige Pflicht
Ich trag's länger nicht!
Wann wirst du mir schlagen,
O Stunde der Ruh?!
O Tod! komm und drücke
Die Augen mir zu!
Im Leben, da ist's ach! so schwül!
Im Grabe – so friedlich, so kühl!
Doch ach, wer legt mich hinein?
Ich steh' allein! – so ganz allein!!

Von allen verlassen
Dem Tod nur verwandt,
Verweil' ich am Rande
Das Kreuz in der Hand,
Und starre mit sehndem Blick,
Hinab, ins tiefe Grab!

O Heimat des Friedens,
Der Seligen Land!
An dich knüpft die Seele
Ein magisches Band.
Du winkst mir von Ferne,
Du ewiges Licht:
Es schwinden die Sterne
Das Auge schon bricht!
Ich sinke – ich sinke! – Ihr Lieben
Ich komme!

Jakob Nicolaus von Craigher de Jachelutta (1797-1855)

Auf den Tod einer Nachtigall

Sie ist dahin, die Maienlieder tönte,
Die Sängerin,
Die durch ihr Lied
Den ganzen Hain verschönte,
Sie ist dahin!
Sie, deren Ton mir in die Seele hallte,
Wenn ich am Bach,
Der durch Gebüsch im Abendgolde wallte
Auf Blumen lag!

Ludwig Hölty (1748-1776)

Gravedigger's homesickness

Oh mankind, oh life!
What's the point? Oh what's the point?
Dig out, fill in!
Day and night, no rest!
The pressure and striving –
Towards what? Towards what?
Into the grave, deep down!

Oh fate, oh sad duty,
I can't bear it any longer!
When will you get to me,
Your hour of rest?
Oh death, come
And close my eyes!
Life, alas, is so oppressive,
The grave – so peaceful and so cool!
But who will bury me?
I am alone, so completely alone.

Abandoned by everyone,
Related only to death,
I linger on the edge,
My cross in my hand,
And gaze longingly
Down into the deep grave.

Oh homeland of peace,
Land of the blessed!
To you my soul is bound
By a magical bond;
You beckon to me from afar,
You eternal light;
The stars fade
My eyes already grow dim!
I am sinking, sinking – my dear ones
I am coming!

On the death of a nightingale (v.1)

She is gone, the songstress
Who sang the May songs,
Who with her song
Beautified the whole grove,
She is gone!
She, whose sound echoed in my soul,
When I lay among the flowers
By the bush-lined stream
In the golden light of evening.

Interval

Part II

Im Frühling

Still sitz ich an des Hügels Hang,
Der Himmel ist so klar,
Das Lüftchen spielt im grünen Tal,
Wo ich beim ersten Frühlingsstrahl
Einst, ach, so glücklich war.

Wo ich an ihrer Seite ging
So traulich und so nah,
Und tief im dunkeln Felsenquell
Den schönen Himmel blau und hell,
Und sie im Himmel sah.

Sieh, wie der bunte Frühling schon
Aus Knosp' und Blüte blickt!
Nicht alle Blüten sind mir gleich,
Am liebsten pflückt' ich von dem Zweig,

Von welchem sie gepflückt.

Denn alles ist wie damals noch,

Die Blumen, das Gefild;
Die Sonne scheint nicht minder hell,
Nicht minder freundlich schwimmt im
Quell

Das blaue Himmelsbild.

Es wandeln nur sich Will und Wahn,
Es wechseln Lust und Streit,
Vorüber flieht der Liebe Glück,
Und nur die Liebe bleibt zurück,
Die Lieb' und ach, das Leid!

O wär ich doch ein Vöglein nur
Dort an dem Wiesenhang!
Dann blieb' ich auf den Zweigen hier,
Und säng ein süßes Lied von ihr,
Den ganzen Sommer lang.

Ernst Schulze (1789-1817)

In Spring

I sit quietly on the slope of the hill,
The sky is so clear,
The breeze stirs in the green valley
Where in the first rays of Spring
I was once, oh, so happy.

Where I walked by her side,
So comfortably and close,
And saw deep in the dark rocky spring
The beautiful sky so blue and light
And her, reflected in the sky.

Look how colourful Spring already
Peeps out from bud and blossom!
Not all blossoms are the same to me,
Above all I like to pick them from the
branch
From which she has already picked
some!

Because everything is just as it always
was,
The flowers, the pastures;
The sun doesn't shine less brightly,
The shimmering reflection of the blue sky

In the spring is no less cheerful.

Only desire and illusions change,
Joy alternates with strife
The happiness of love flies past,
And only love remains,
Love and, alas, sorrow!

Oh if only I were a little bird
There on the meadow's slope!
Then I would stay up here on the branch
And sing a sweet song about her,
The whole Summer long.

Herbst

Es rauschen die Winde
So herbstlich und kalt;
Verödet die Fluren,
Entblättert der Wald.
Ihr blumigen Auen!
Du sonniges Grün!
So welken die Blüten
Des Lebens dahin.

Es ziehen die Wolken
So finster und grau;
Verschwunden die Sterne
Am himmlischen Blau!
Ach, wie die Gestirne
Am Himmel entflieh'n,
So sinket die Hoffnung
Des Lebens dahin!

Ihr Tage des Lenzes
Mit Rosen geschmückt,
Wo ich die Geliebte
An's Herze gedrückt!
Kalt über den Hügel
Rauscht, Winde, dahin!
So sterben die Rosen
Der Liebe dahin!

Autumn

The wind blows
With an autumnal chill,
The meadows are bare,
The woods left leafless.
You blossoming fields!
You sunlit greenery!
That's just how
The blossoms of life wither.

The clouds float by
Sombre and grey,
The stars have disappeared
In the blue heavens
And oh, just as the stars
Disappear from heaven,
So too fades
Life's hope.

You Spring days
Adorned with roses,
When I pressed my beloved
To my heart!
Winds blow
Cold over the hillside!
So do the roses
Of love die away.

Ludwig Rellstab (1799-1860)

Summer schemes

When friendly summer calls again,
 Calls again
Her little fifers to these hills,
We'll go - we two - to that arched fane
Of leafage where they prime their bills
Before they start to flood the plain
With quavers,, minims, shakes, and trills.
 '- We'll go', I sing; but who shall say
 What may not chance before that day!

And we shall see the waters spring,
 Waters spring
 From chinks the scrubby copses crown;
And we shall trace their oncreeping
To where the cascade tumbles down
And sends the bobbing growths aswing,
And ferns not quite but almost drown.
 '- We shall', I say; but who may sing
 Of what another moon will bring!

When I set out for Lyonesse

When I set out for Lyonesse,
A hundred miles away,
The rime was on the spray,
And starlight lit my lonesomeness
When I set out for Lyonesse
A hundred miles away.

What would bechance at Lyonesse
While I should sojourn there
No prophet durst declare,
Nor did the wisest wizard guess
What would bechance at Lyonesse
While I should sojourn there.

When I came back from Lyonesse
With magic in my eyes,
None managed to surmise
What meant my godlike gloriousness,
When I came back from Lyonesse
With magic in my eyes!

Waiting both

A star looks down at me,
And says: 'Here I and you
Stand, each in our degree:
What do you mean to do, -
Mean to do?'

I say: 'For all I know,
Wait, and let Time go by,
Till my change come.' - 'Just so,'
The star says: 'So mean I: -
So mean I.'

The phantom

Queer are the ways of a man I know:
He comes and stands
In a careworn craze,
And looks at the sands
And the seaward haze
With moveless hands
And face and gaze,
Then turns to go...
And what does he see when he gazes so?

Turn over

They say he sees as an instant thing
More clear than to-day,
A sweet soft scene
That once was in play
By that briny green;
Yes, notes always
Warm, real, and keen,
What his back years bring -
A phantom of his own figuring.

Of this vision of his they might say more:
Not only there
Does he see this sight,
But everywhere
In his brain - day, night,
As if on the air
It were drawn rose bright -
Yea, far from that shore
Does he carry this vision of heretofore:

A ghost-girl-rider. And though, toil-tried,
He withers daily,
Time touches her not,
But she still rides gaily
In his rapt thought
On that shagged and shaly
Atlantic spot,
And as when first eyed
Draws rein and sings to the swing of the tide.

So I have fared

After reading Psalms XXXIX, XL, etc.

Simple was I and was young;
Kept no gallant tryst, I;
Even from good words held my tongue,
Quoniam Tu fecisti!

Through my youth I stirred me not,
High adventure missed I,
Left the shining shrines unsought;
Yet - me deduxisti!

At my start by Helicon
Love-lore little wist I,
Worldly less; but footed on;
Why? Me suscepisti!

When I failed at fervid rhymes,
'Shall', I said, 'persist I?'
'Dies' (I would add at times)
'Meos posuisti!'

So I have fared through many suns;
Sadly little grist I
Bring my mill, or any one's,
Domine, Tu scisti!

And at dead of night I call;
'Though to prophets list I,
Which hath understood at all?
Yea: Quem elegisti?'

Rollicum-rorum

When Lawyers strive to heal a breach
And Parsons practise what they preach:
Then Boney he'll come pouncing down,
And march his men on London town!
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay!

When Justices hold equal scales,
And Rogues are only found in jails;
Then little Boney he'll pounce down,
And march his men on London town!
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay!

When Rich Men find their wealth a curse,
And fill therewith the [Poor Man's]4 purse;
Then little Boney he'll pounce down,
And march his men on London town!
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay!

When Husbands with their Wives agree,
And Maids won't wed from modesty;
Then little Boney he'll pounce down,
And march his men on London town!
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lorum,
 Rollicum-rorum, tol-lol-lay!

To Lizbie Browne

Dear Lizbie Browne,
Where are you now?
In sun, in rain? -
Or is your brow
Past joy, past pain,
Dear Lizbie Browne?

Sweet Lizbie Browne,
How you could smile,
How you could sing! -
How archly wile
In glance-giving,
Sweet Lizbie Browne!

Turn over

And, Lizbie Browne,
Who else had hair
Bay-red as yours,
Or flesh so fair
Bred out of doors,
Sweet Lizbie Browne?

When, Lizbie Browne,
You had just begun
To be endeared
By stealth to one,
You disappeared
My Lizbie Browne!

Ay, Lizbie Browne,
So swift your life,
And mine so slow,
You were a wife
Ere I could show
Love, Lizbie Browne.

Still, Lizbie Browne,
You won, they said,
The best of men
When you were wed
Where went you then,
O Lizbie Browne?

Dear Lizbie Browne,
I should have thought,
'Girls ripen fast,'
And coaxed and caught
You ere you passed,
Dear Lizbie Browne!

But, Lizbie Browne,
I let you slip;
Shaped not a sign;
Touched never your lip
With lip of mine,
Lost Lizbie Browne!

So, Lizbie Browne,
When on a day
Men speak of me
As not, you'll say,
'And who was he?' -
Yes, Lizbie Browne.

The clock of the years

And the Spirit said,
'I can make the clock of the years go backward,
But am loth to stop it where you will.'
And I cried, 'Agreed
To that. Proceed:
It's better than dead!'

He answered, 'Peace;'
And called her up - as last before me;
Then younger, younger she grew, to the year
I first had known
Her woman-grown,
And I cried, 'Cease! -

'Thus far is good -
It is enough - let her stay thus always!'
But alas for me - He shook his head:
No stop was there;
And she waned child-fair,
And to babyhood.

Still less in mien
To my great sorrow became she slowly,
And smalled till she was nought at all
In his checkless griff;
And it was as if
She had never been.

'Better', I plained,
'She were dead as before! The memory of her
Had lived in me; but it cannot now!'
And coldly his voice:
'It was your choice
To mar the ordained.'

In a churchyard

'It is sad that so many of worth,
Still in the flesh,' soughed the yew,
'Misjudge their lot whom kindly earth
Secludes from view.

'They ride their diurnal round
Each day-span's sum of hours
In peerless ease, without jolt or bound
Or ache like ours.

'If the living could but hear
What is heard by my roots as they creep
Round the restful flock, and the things said there,
No one would weep.'

'Now set among the wise,'
They say: 'Enlarged in scope,
That no God trumpet us to rise
We truly hope.'

I listened to his strange tale
In the mood that stillness brings,
And I grew to accept as the day wore pale
That view of things.

Proud songsters

The thrushes sing as the sun is going,
And the finches whistle in ones and pairs,
And as it gets dark loud nightingales
In bushes
Pipe, as they can when April wears,
As if all Time were theirs.

These are brand-new birds of twelve-months' growing,
Which a year ago, or less than twain,
No finches were, nor nightingales,
Nor thrushes,
But only particles of grain,
And earth, and air, and rain.