

*Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)*

**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!

*Thomas Hardy (1840-1928)*

*Gerald Finzi*

**When I set out for Lyonnnesse**

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

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

When I came back from Lyonnnesse  
     With magic in my eyes,  
     All marked with mute surmise  
 My radiance rare and fathomless,  
 When I came back from Lyonnnesse  
     With magic in my eyes!

*Thomas Hardy*

*William Walton (1902-1983)*

**Child's Song**

What is gold worth, say,  
 Worth for work or play,  
 Worth to keep or pay,  
 Hide or throw away,  
     Hope about or fear?  
 What is love worth, pray?  
     Worth a tear?

Golden on the mould  
 Lie the dead leaves rolled  
 Of the wet woods old,  
 Yellow leaves and cold,  
     Woods without a dove;  
 Gold is worth but gold;  
     Love's worth love.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837-1909)*

*Frank Bridge (1879-1941)*

**The Devon Maid**

Where be you going, you Devon Maid?  
     And what have ye there in the basket?  
 Ye tight little fairy just fresh from the dairy,  
     Will ye give me some cream if I ask it?

I love your hills, and I love your dales,  
     And I love your flocks a-bleating –  
 But Oh, on the heather to lie together,  
     With both our hearts a-beating!

I'll put your Basket all safe in a nook,  
     Your shawl I'll hang on the willow,  
 And we will sigh in the daisy's eye  
     And kiss on the grass green pillow.

*John Keats (1795-1821)*

## *Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)*

Rondel

Kissing her hair I sat against her feet,  
Wove and unwove it, wound and found it sweet;  
Made fast therewith her hands, drew down her  
eyes,  
Deep as deep flowers and dreamy like dim skies;  
With her own tresses bound and found her fair,  
Kissing her hair.

Sleep were no sweeter than her face to me,  
Sleep of cold sea-bloom under the cold sea;  
What pain could get between my face and hers?  
What new sweet thing would love not relish

Unless, perhaps, white death had kissed me there,  
Kissing her hair?

## *Algernon Charles Swinburne*

Frank Bridge

## Adoration

Asleep! O sleep a little while, white pearl!  
And let me kneel, and let me pray to thee,  
And let me call Heaven's blessing on thine eyes,  
And let me breathe into the happy air  
That doth enfold and touch thee all about,  
Vows of my slavery, my giving up,  
My sudden adoration, my great love!

John Keats

## *Arthur Foote (1853-1937)*

## **Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin**

Ho! pretty page, with dimpled chin,  
That never has known the barber's shear,  
All your wish is woman to win;  
This is the way that boys begin:  
Wait till you come to forty year.

Curly gold locks cover foolish brains;  
Billing and cooing is all your cheer –  
Sighing, and singing of midnight strains,  
Under Bonnybell's window panes:  
Wait till you come to forty year.

Forty times over let Michaelmas pass;  
Grizzling hair the brain doth clear;  
Then you know a boy is an ass,  
Then you know the worth of a lass,  
Once you have come to forty year.

Pledge me round; I bid ye declare,  
All good fellows whose beards are gray,  
Did not the fairest of the fair  
Common grow and wearisome ere  
Ever a month was pass'd away?

The reddest lips that ever have kiss'd,  
The brightest eyes that ever have shone,  
May pray and whisper and we not list,  
Or look away and never be miss'd,  
Ere yet ever a month is gone.

Gillian's dead! God rest her bier –  
How I loved her twenty years syne!  
Marian's married; but I sit here,  
Alone and merry at forty year,  
Dipping my nose in the Gascon wine.

## *William Makepeace Thackeray (1811-1863)*

*Gerald Finzi*

**So I have fared**

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?*"

*Thomas Hardy*

*Charles Ives (1874-1954)*

**Tolerance**

How can I turn from any fire,  
On any man's hearthstone?  
I know the longing and desire  
That went to build my own!

*Rudyard Kipling (1865-1936)*

*Edward Elgar (1857-1934)*

**Submarines**

The ships destroy us above  
And ensnare us beneath.  
We arise, we lie down, and we move  
In the belly of Death.

The ships have a thousand eyes  
To mark where we come . . .  
And the mirth of a seaport dies  
When our blow gets home.

*Rudyard Kipling*

*William Walton*

**The Winds**

O weary fa' the east wind,  
And weary fa' the west:  
And gin I were under the wan waves wide  
I wot weel wad I rest.

O weary fa' the north wind,  
And weary fa' the south:  
The sea went ower my good lord's head  
Or ever he kissed my mouth.

Weary fa' the windward rocks,  
And weary fa' the lee:  
They might hae sunken seven score ships,  
And let my love's gang free.

And weary fa' ye, mariners a',  
And weary fa' the sea:  
It might hae taken an hundred men,  
And let my ae love be.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne*

*René Samson (1948)*

### Three Sonnets

#### I. Separation

And so we separate. How strange it seems  
That parting thus should draw our souls so near!  
Surely, this consciousness of pain redeems  
Somewhat the very sacrifice we fear.

Surely, to separate and love the more  
These hearts of ours, restricted as they are,  
Must love full closely, living o'er and o'er  
A past that breaks the future like a star,

A past that knows no future but its own,  
No future but itself in light renewed:  
Dearest, no solitude can chain alone  
Souls with community of life imbued.  
This be our thought before the path untrod:  
They cannot separate who meet in God.

#### II. Out of Touch

The sea's before me, in a blaze of blue  
And silver sparkle, and the sun shines high.  
Circling around, the fir-clad mountains lie  
In ceaseless harmonies of changing hue.

The air's alive, music ever new.  
A thousand murmurs that swell forth and die;  
And, far below, invisibly doth hie  
A babbling stream the tangled valley through.

Two flapping swallows from the mountains flew  
E'en now across the sun-embazoned sky:  
All heav'n and earth rejoice, and thus would I!  
But in my heart awakes no answer due;  
The glory seems to lie outside my ken.  
God, I must be wickedest of men!

#### III. Memory of Beauty

Memory of beauty is a new delight!  
When on the winter season of the brain  
A faded loveliness blooms forth again,  
The moments hang arrested in their flight.

Each recollection leaves the joy more bright,  
Leaves one fresh link in that unending chain  
Which binds us to our happier selves a-main  
And bids the past and present reunite.

In hours of darkness, weariness or pain,  
Fair scenes, fair faces deepen on the sight  
Which once we feared the frosts of time would blight.  
Eternal doth our beautiful remain,  
And somehow in renewal must attain  
Methinks, a greater and a purer height.

*Maarten Maartens (1858-1915)*

*Ludwig van Beethoven (1770-1827)*

**An die ferne Geliebte**

**I.**

Auf dem Hügel sitz ich, spähend  
In das blaue Nebelland,  
Nach den fernen Triften sehend,  
Wo ich dich, Geliebte, fand.

Weit bin ich von dir geschieden,  
Trennend liegen Berg und Tal  
Zwischen uns und unserm Frieden,  
Unserm Glück und unsrer Qual.

Ach, den Blick kannst du nicht sehen,  
Der zu dir so glühend eilt,  
Und die Seufzer, sie verwehen  
In dem Raume, der uns teilt.

Will denn nichts mehr zu dir dringen,  
Nichts der Liebe Bote sein?  
Singen will ich, Lieder singen,  
Die dir klagen meine Pein!

Denn vor Liedesklang entweicht  
Jeder Raum und jede Zeit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreicht,  
Was ein liebend Herz geweih!

**II.**  
Wo die Berge so blau  
Aus dem nebligen Grau  
Schauen herein,  
Wo die Sonne verglüht,  
Wo die Wolke umzieht,  
Möchte ich sein!

Dort im ruhigen Tal  
Schweigen Schmerzen und Qual.  
Wo im Gestein  
Still die Primel dort sinnt,  
Weht so leise der Wind,  
Möchte ich sein!

Hin zum sinnigen Wald  
Drängt mich Liebesgewalt,  
Innere Pein.  
Ach, mich zög's nicht von hier,  
Könnt ich, Traute, bei dir  
Ewiglich sein!

**III.**

Leichte Segler in den Höhen,  
Und du, Bächlein klein und schmal,  
Könnt mein Liebchen ihr erspähen,  
Grüßt sie mir viel tausendmal.

Seht ihr, Wolken, sie dann gehen  
Sinnend in dem stillen Tal,  
Laßt mein Bild vor ihr entstehen  
In dem luft'gen Himmelssaal.

Wird sie an den Büschen stehen,  
Die nun herbstlich falb und kahl,  
Klagt ihr, wie mir ist geschehen,  
Klagt ihr, Vöglein, meine Qual.

Stille Weste, bringt im Wehen  
Hin zu meiner Herzenswahl  
Meine Seufzer, die vergehen  
Wie der Sonne letzter Strahl.

Flüstr' ihr zu mein Liebesflehen,  
Laß sie, Bächlein klein und schmal,  
Treu in deinen Wogen sehen  
Meine Tränen ohne Zahl!

**IV.**  
Diese Wolken in den Höhen,  
Dieser Vöglein muntrer Zug,  
Werden dich, o Huldin, sehen.  
Nehmt mich mit im leichten Flug!

Diese Weste werden spielen  
Scherzend dir um Wang' und Brust,  
In den seidnen Locken wühlen.  
Teilt ich mit euch diese Lust!

Hin zu dir von jenen Hügeln  
Emsig dieses Bächlein eilt.  
Wird ihr Bild sich in dir spiegeln,  
Fließ zurück dann unverweilt!

## V.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au,  
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau,  
Geschwäztig die Bäche nun rinnen.

Die Schwalbe, sie kehret zum wirtlichen Dach,  
Sie baut sich so emsig ihr bräutlich Gemach,  
Die Liebe soll wohnen da drinnen.

Sie bringt sich geschäftig von kreuz und von quer  
Manch weicheres Stück zu dem Brautbett hieher,  
Manch wärmendes Stück für die Kleinen.

Nun wohnen die Gatten beisammen so treu,  
Was Winter geschieden, verband nun der Mai,  
Was liebet, das weiß er zu einen.

Es kehret der Maien, es blühet die Au.  
Die Lüfte, sie wehen so milde, so lau.  
Nur ich kann nicht ziehen von hinten.

Wenn alles, was liebet, der Frühling vereint,  
Nur unserer Liebe kein Frühling erscheint,  
Und Tränen sind all ihr Gewinnen.

## VI.

Nimm sie hin denn, diese Lieder,  
Die ich dir, Geliebte, sang,  
Singe sie dann abends wieder  
Zu der Laute süßem Klang.

Wenn das Dämmerungsrot dann ziehet  
Nach dem stillen blauen See,  
Und sein letzter Strahl verglühet  
Hinter jener Bergeshöh;

Und du singst, was ich gesungen,  
Was mir aus der vollen Brust  
ohne Kunstgepräng erklingen,  
Nur der Sehnsucht sich bewußt:

Dann vor diesen Liedern weichtet  
Was geschieden uns so weit,  
Und ein liebend Herz erreichtet  
Was ein liebend Herz geweiht.

*Alois Jeitteles (1794-1858)*