

„An English Evening“ - Gesungene Texte

SING WE AND CHANT IT - Thomas Morley (1557- 1603?)

Sing we and chant it - While love does grant it! Not long youth lasted, and old age hasteth - Now is best leisure to take our pleasure! All things invite us - Now to delight us. Hence, care, be packing! No mirth be lacking! Let spare no treasure to live our pleasure!

HARK, ALL YE LOVELY SAINTS - Thomas Weelkes (1575-1623)

Hark, all ye lovely saints above - Diana hath agreed with Love - His fiery weapon to remove. Do you not see - How they agree? Then cease, fair ladies, why weep ye? See, see your mistress bids you cease, And welcome love with love's increase; Diana hath procured your peace. See Cupid has sworn - His bow forlorn - To break and burn ere ladies mourn.

DREAM TRYST - Gustav Holst (1874- 1934) - Words by Francis Thompson

The breaths of kissing night and day were mingled in the eastern heaven, Throbbing with unheard melody, shook Lyra all its starcloud seven. When dusk shrunk cold, and light trod shy, and dawn's grey eyes were troubled grey; And souls went palely up the sky, and mine to Lucidè.

There was no change in her sweet eyes since last I saw those sweet eyes shine; There was no change in her deep heart since last that deep heart knocked at mine. Her eyes were clear, her eyes were Hope's, wherein did ever come and go; The sparkle of the fountaindrops from her sweet soul below.

The chambers of the house of dreams are fed with so divine an air, That time's hoar wings grow young therein, and they who walk there are most fair. I joyed for me, I joyed for her, who with the Past meet girt about: Where her last kiss still warms the air, nor can her eyes go out.

HER EYES THE GLOWWORM LEND THEE - Gustav Holst - Words: R. Herrick

Her eyes the glow-worm lend thee, the shooting stars attend thee; And the elves also whose little eyes glow like the sparks of fire, befriend thee!

No Will o' the Wisp mislight thee, nor snake or slow-worm bite thee! But on, on thy way, not making a stay, since ghost there's none to affright thee!

COME TO ME - Gustav Holst - Words by Christina Rossetti

Come, come to me in the silence of the night, come in the speaking silence of a dream: Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright as sunlight on a stream; Come back in tears O memory, hope, love of vanished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bittersweet whose wak'ning should have been in Paradise, Where souls brimful of love abide and meet, where thirsting, longing eyes Watch the slow door that opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams that I may give my very life again though cold in death: Come back to me in dreams that I may give pulse for pulse, breath for breath. Speak low, lean low as long ago, my love, how long ago.

name, for he calls himself a Lamb. He is meek and he is mild: He became a little child. I a child and thou a Lamb, We are called by his name. Little Lamb, God bless thee!

6. The Shepherd How sweet is the Shepherd sweet lot! From the morn to the evening he strays; he shall follow his sheep all the day, and his tongue shall be filled with praise. For he hears the lambs innocent call, and he hears the ewe's tender reply; he is watchful while they are in peace, for they know when their Shepherd is nigh.

7. Ah! Sunflower Ah! sunflower! weary of time, who countest the steps of the sun; seeking after that sweet golden clime, where the travellers journey is done; where the Youth pined away with desire, and the pale Virgin shrouded in snow, arise from their graves, and aspire where my sunflower wishes to go.

9. The divine Image To Mercy, Pity, Peace and Love all pray in their distress; and to these virtues of delight return their thankfulness. For Mercy... is God our father dear. And Mercy... is man His child and care. For Mercy has a human heart, Pity a human face, and Love, the human form divine, and Peace the human dress. Then every man of every clime, that prays in his distress, prays to human form divine, Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace. And all must love the human form, in heathen, Turk, or Jew; where Mercy... dwell there God is dwelling to.

10. Eternity He who binds to himself a Joy doth the winged life destroy; but he who kisses the Joy as it flies lives in Eternity's sunrise. The look of love alarms, because it's fill'd with fire; but the look of soft deceit shall win the lovers hire. Soft deceit and idleness, these are beauty's sweetest dress.

LESUNG *Walter Millns*

IS LOVE A BOY? - *William Byrd (1539 - 1623)*

Is love a boy? what means he then to strike? Or is he blind? Why will he be a guide? Is he a man? why doth he hurt his like? Is he a God? why doth he to men deride?

No one of these, but one compact of all: a wilful boy, a man still dealing blows, of purpose blind, to lead men to there thrall, a god that rules, unruly God He knows.

BOY, PITY ME - *William Byrd*

Boy, pity that am a child again; blind, be no more my guide to make me stray: man, use thy might to force away my pain; God, do me good and lead me to my way. And if thou be'st a pow'r to me unknown, pow'r of my life, let here thy grace be shown.

DIAPHENIA - *Charles Villiers Stanford (1852- 1924)*

Diaphenia, like the daffadowndilly, White as the sun, fair as the lily, Heigh-ho, how I do love thee! I do love thee as my lambs - Are beloved of their dams, How blest were I, If thou would'st prove me!

Diaphenia, like the spreading roses - That in thy sweets all love incloses, Fair, sweet, how I do love thee! I do love thee as each flower - Loves the sun's life-giving power; For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

LESUNG *Walter Millns*

COME AWAY, COME AWAY, DEATH - *Christopher Brown*

Come away, come away death, And in sad cypress let me be laid. Fly away, fly away breath; I am slain by a fair, cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew, O! prepare it. My part of death, no one so true - Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet - On my black coffin let there be strown; Not a friend greet - My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown.

A thousand sighs to save, lay me - O! where - Sad true lover never find my grave, To weep there.

Come away, death

TELL ME WHERE IS FANCY BRED - *Christopher Brown *1942*

Tell me where is fancy bred - Or in the heart or in the head? How begot; how nourished? Reply!

It is engendered in the eyes, With gazing fed;
And fancy dies - In the cradle where it lies.

Let us all ring fancy's knell: I'll begin it: Ding, dong, bell

PAUSE

aus „Ten Blake Songs“ - *Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872 - 1958)*

Words: William Blake (1757 - 1827)

1. Infant Joy „I have no name: I am but two days old.“ What shall I call thee? „I happy am, Joy is my name.“ Sweet joy befall thee! Pretty Joy! Sweet Joy, but two days old. Thou dost smile, I sing the while.

2. A Poison Tree I was angry with my friend: I told my wrath, my wrath did end. I was angry with my foe: I told it not, my wrath did grow. And I water'd it in fears, Night an morning with my tears; and I sunned it with smiles, and with soft deceitful wiles. And it grew both day and night, till it bore an apple bright; and my foe beheld it shine, and he knew that it was mine, and into my garden stole when the night had veil'd the pole: In the morning glad I see my foe outstretch'd beneath the tree.

3. The Piper Piping down the valleys wild, piping songs of pleasant glee, on a cloud I saw a child, and he laughing said to me: „Pipe a song about a Lamb“. So I piped with merry cheer. „Piper, pipe that song again;“ so I piped: he wept to hear. „Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe; Sing thy songs of happy cheer:“ So I sang the same again, while he wept with joy to hear. „Piper, sit thee down and write in a book, that all may read.“ So he vanish'd from my sight, an I pluck'd a hollow reed, and I made a rural pen, and I stain'd the water clear, and I wrote my happy songs every child may joy to hear.

5. The Lamb Little lamb, who made thee? Dost thou know who made thee? Gave thee, and bid thee feed, by the stream and o'er the mead; gave thee clothing of delight, softest clothing woolly bright; gave thee such a tender voice, making all the vales rejoice? Little Lamb, I tell thee: He is called by thy

Diaphenia, like to all things blessed, When all thy praises are expressed,
Dear joy, how I do love thee! As the birds do love the Spring, Or the bees
their careful king: Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me.

WHEN MARY THRO' THE GARDEN WENT - Stanford

When Mary thro' the garden went, there was no sound of any bird, And yet,
because the night was spent, the little grasses lightly stirred, The flowers
awoke, the lilies heard.

When Mary thro' the garden went, the dew lay still on flower and grass, The
waving palms above her sent their fragrance out as she did pass. No light
upon their branches was.

When Mary thro' the garden went, her eyes, for weeping long, were dim. The
grass beneath her footsteps bent, the solemn lilies, white and slim, These
also stood and wept for Him.

When Mary thro' the garden went, she sought, within the garden ground, One
for whom her heart was rent, one Who for her sake was bound, One Who
sought and she was found.

THE BLUE BIRD - Stanford

The lake lay blue below the hill, O'er it, as I looked, ther flew across the
waters, cold and still, a bird whose wings were palest blue.

The sky above was blue at last, The sky beneath me blue in blue, A moment
here the bird had passed - It caught his image as he flew.

THE HAVEN - Stanford

Where the grey bushes by the grey sea grow, Where the grey islands lie,
Naked and bare to all the winds that blow, Under the dim grey sky, The very
flow'rs are grey, and dare not show - the blue we know the little harebell by.
Where the grey bushes by the grey sea grow.

CHILLINGHAM - Stanford

O the high valley, the little low hill, and the cornfield over the sea, The wind
that rages and then lies and the clouds that rest and flee!

O the grey island in the rainbow haze, and the long thin spits of land, The
roughening pastures and the stormy ways, and the golden flash of the sand!

O the red heather on the mosswrought rock, and the fir-tree stiff and straight,
The shaggy old sheepdog barking at the flock, and the rotten old fivebarred
gate!

O the brown bracken, the blackberry bough, the scent of the gorse in the air!
I shall love them ever as I love them now, I shall weary in Heav'n to be there.

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