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<th>Number</th>
<th>Song Title</th>
<th>Duration</th>
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<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1</td>
<td>Why do I weep for thee?</td>
<td>2:55</td>
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<td>2</td>
<td>Through the pathless forest drear</td>
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<td>3</td>
<td>Bird of the wild wing</td>
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<td>5</td>
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<td>6</td>
<td>Happy birdling of the forest</td>
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<td>7</td>
<td>The gipsy maid</td>
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<td>8</td>
<td>Alice</td>
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<tr>
<td>9</td>
<td>Seabirds wing their way</td>
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<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Over the silvery lake</td>
<td>3:09</td>
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<td></td>
<td>with Yvonne Howard, Mezzo Soprano</td>
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**Total duration**: 62:21

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**Additional Information**

- **Recorded at Potton Hall, Suffol**: 24 – 26 March 2011
- **Recording Producer**: Jeremy Silver
- **Recording Engineer**: Tony Philpot
- **Front Cover**: David Sant: *A Thorn Amidst Roses* c.1887
  - Manchester Art Gallery: Bridgeman Art Library
- **Design and Typesetting**: Andrew Giles

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Though he chose to be known as Vincent Wallace, the composer of these songs was born William Wallace. He is not to be confused, though, with the Scottish composer William Wallace (1860-1940). William Vincent Wallace was born on 11 March 1812 in Waterford, Ireland, where his bandmaster father was stationed. He spent much of his early life around Ballina in north-west Ireland, and then gained serious attention as a violinist in Dublin, as well as having a spell as organist in Thurles.

Wider celebrity came when, aged 23, he emigrated with his wife and young son to Australia. The infant colony of New South Wales welcomed him with open arms, and he was fêted as both violinist and pianist, even being dubbed ‘the Australian Paganini’. However, diversification into importing pianos left him heavily in debt. It forced him to flee the colony in 1838, abandoning his wife and son and – it seems – inventing a smoke-screen of adventures involving whale-hunting off New Zealand and tiger-hunting in India.

In fact he sailed eastwards to South America, from where his colourful progress as violinist and pianist through Chile, Peru, Cuba and Mexico (where he led the opera orchestra) are readily attested. After entering the USA by 1842, he reached New York in 1843 and was acclaimed on both his instruments. Finally, in 1845, he launched himself in London.

There was primarily a pianist. However, the success at Drury Lane Theatre of English operas such as *The Bohemian Girl* (1843) by fellow Irishman Michael William Balfe (1808-70) encouraged Wallace to follow suit, and he almost immediately found fame with the opera *Maritana* (1845). The follow-up *Matilda of Hungary* (1847) was unsuccessful. With a general downturn in operatic activity, he therefore sought an alternative source of income through composition of virtuoso piano pieces and drawing-room ballads.

A blossoming relationship with young pianist Hélène Stoepel then moved him to escape prying European minds and settle anew in New York. With Hélène and their two sons he remained there for some seven years, with a lucrative contract with New York music-publisher William Hall resulting in a large output of piano pieces and songs. Promise of renewed operatic activity then took him back to London, where he achieved production of further operas *Lurline* (1860), *The Amber Witch* (1861), *Love’s Triumph* (1862) and *The Desert Flower* (1863). Perhaps affected by his earlier travels in southern and central America, however, his always fragile health had deteriorated to the extent that he was forced to move to France, and he died in the French Pyrenees on 12 October 1865 at the age of 53.

The songs recorded here readily display Wallace’s instinctive melodic gift, and the graceful melodic lines are allied to the same comfortable grasp of keyboard technique that pervades his piano output. The collection is mostly upbeat, avoiding the maudlin sentiment that disfigures much of Victorian balladry. Nature provided much material for the songs. Wallace was himself a keen fisherman.
Why Do I Weep for Thee? ballad (1849)
During his first London period Wallace collaborated on various songs with George Linley (c.1798-1865). The example here was composed expressly for the Irish soprano Catherine Hayes (1818-61), who introduced it at Covent Garden Theatre on 6 July 1849.

Through the Pathless Forest Drear, from The Desert Flower (1863)
Wallace's last completed opera, with lyrics by Thomas John Williams (c.1824-74), was adapted from the book for the French opera Jaguarita l'Indienne (1855) of Fromental Halévy (1799-1862), with the setting transferred from East India to Dutch Guiana in South America. The title refers to the heroine, head of a tribe of American Indians at war with inhabitants of a European settlement. The song recorded here was sung by the tenor hero, a Dutch officer with whom she inevitably falls in love. Wallace's biographer Perceval Graves suggested that in its account of a tiger-hunt Wallace was playing out the fantasies of his supposed time in India.

Bird of the Wild Wing, song (1864)
Though published only in 1864 with words by Henry Brougham Farnie (1836-89), the music of 'Bird of the Wild Wing' originated in 1847 as the tenor ballad 'Gone is the Calmness' from Act 2 of Matilda of Hungary. The beauty of the melody readily explains efforts to rescue it from the opera's oblivion.

Orange Flowers, romance (1852)
London music critic Henry Fothergill Chorley (1808-72) was librettist of Wallace's most ambitious opera, The Amber Witch, and also lyricist of various songs, including 'Orange Flowers'. With flute decoration, it was dedicated to German soprano Henriette Sontag (1806-54) during her 1852 US tour.

Softly, Ye Night Winds, ballad (1851)
From Wallace's New York output, the song 'Sleeping I Dreamed, Love' is an arrangement of his popular piano romance Le Rêve. Its lyricist was American poetess Mary Elizabeth Hewitt (1807-84), who also provided the words of this reflective companion piece.

Happy Birdling of the Forest, bravura song (1851)
Wallace composed this coloratura song for Irish soprano Catherine Hayes when she reached America in autumn 1851. Its elaborate flute part was played by John A. Kyle, a member of her retinue. When introduced in Philadelphia on 9 December 1851 the press reported that “the miraculous trill with which it was concluded electrified the audience, and drew forth enthusiastic cheers, which lasted several minutes”.

The Gipsy Maid, romanza española (1850)
An early product of Wallace's 1850s New York stay, this romanza española was composed for 'Swedish nightingale' Jenny Lind (1820-87), who in autumn 1850 began an American tour under the management of showman Phineas Taylor Barnum (1810-91). The words are by Edward Fitzball (1792-1873), librettist of Wallace's Spanish-tinted Maritana, as well as Lurline and the unproduced The Maid of Zurich.

Alice, ballad (1862)
Wallace's song output back in London during the 1860s included this flowing reflection on parting from a loved one. Its words are by Edinburgh musician George Croal (1811-1907).

Seabirds Wing Their Way, song (1870)
Compositions in Wallace's name continued to emerge after his death, among them this example, published with unattributed words.

Over the Silvery Lake, barcarolle for two female voices (c.1862)
The barcarolle rhythm was a favourite with Wallace, and he composed several piano pieces and songs in the form. This example for two female voices was another product of his
final years, when he collaborated a good deal with its lyricist, Joseph Edwards Carpenter (1813-85), the pair evidently also working on opera projects that came to nothing.

**It is the Happy Summer Time**, canzonet (1853)
Together with 'Joyful, Joyful Spring' (not included here), 'The Leaves Are Turning Red' (track 20) and 'The Spring and Summer Both Are Past' (track 16), this is the second of four canzonets portraying 'The Seasons'. The words are by a close friend of Wallace in America – English-born Henry Cood Watson (1816-75). He was incidentally brother-in-law of British composer Edward James Loder (1809-65), featured with Wallace and Balfe on 'Victorian Opera Overtures' (SOMMCD 0123)

**Wild Flowers**, ballad (1853)
A typical product of Wallace's New York publishing contract, this has words attributed simply to 'Delins'.

**Go! Thou Restless Wind**, romance (1851)
This typical Wallace depiction of the elements, with words by Charles Rosenberg, was published as "composed and dedicated to his friend Pischek". This suggests that it was first sung by Bohemian baritone Johann Baptist Pischek (1814-73), who was a great favourite in London but never crossed the Atlantic. In New York it was sung at a Philharmonic Concert on 26 April 1851 by the composer's sister Eliza (1820-78), a singer billed in America as 'Madame Eliza Wallace Bouchelle.

**Cradle Song** (1851)
It was also Eliza who introduced this cradle song with gently rocking accompaniment. The words 'Sweet and Low', from the narrative poem *The Princess* (1847) by British Poet Laureate Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-92), were also set by several later composers.

**The Star of Love**, serenade (1851)
With words by American poet George Pope Morris (1802-64), this serenade was associated particularly with tenor Henry Squires (1825-1907). Squires even interpolated it into Wallace's opera *Lurline*, with which he toured from California to Australia.

**The Spring and Summer Both Are Past**, canzonet (1853)
Winter from 'The Seasons' (see track 11).

**The Winds That Waft My Sighs to Thee**, ballad (1856)
Composed for soprano Clara M. Brinkerhoff with words by Henry W. Challis, this remained a Wallace favourite in America for many years.

**Good Night and Pleasant Dreams**, Tyrolien (1855)
With words by Anson G. Chester, this song in 3/4 Tyrolean rhythm was dedicated to mezzo-soprano Amalia Patti Strakosch (1831-1915), sister of the better-known Adelina Patti (1843-1919).

**Old Friends and Other Days**, ballad (1860)
Composed for English soprano Fanny Huddart (1826-80), this second example with words by Henry W. Challis was one of Wallace's most successful later songs.

**The Leaves are Turning Red**, canzonet (1853)
Autumn from 'The Seasons' (see track 11).
My love affair with William Vincent Wallace began many years ago. In pre-television days when my parents, my aunts and I used to make music frequently in the evenings and several songs of Wallace were to be found among the stacks of old music.

On coming to London in 1950 I discovered boxes and boxes of sheet music in the second-hand shops – much of which I bought for a pittance because of their beautifully illustrated covers. Perhaps because of my Irish heritage I was drawn to the Irish composers and I eventually recorded Wallace’s beautiful opera Lurline and that led me to investigate the songs – I had a cupboard full of them. Wallace was a superb melodist and I found it a shame that so much of his music was forgotten. I thank David Grant in Ireland and Rosemary Tuck, both great Wallace scholars, for helping me with further researches.

Wallace wrote for some of the great singers of his day (1830s – 1860s). Jenny Lind (Gypsy Maid), the Irish soprano Catherine Hayes (Happy Birdling), the baritone Johann Baptist Pischek (Go thou restless wind), Henriette Sontag (Orange Flower) and his soprano wife (Cradle Song).

I feel that many of these songs have been unjustly neglected and can well form part of the 21st-century recital repertoire.

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SALLY SILVER. Commanding a repertoire that spans the operatic heroines of Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi and Handel, Romantic rarities by English, French and Irish composers, and newly-commissioned works, Sally Silver has been praised by The Times for her “magnificently variegated and tireless soprano” and described by The Daily Telegraph as “dazzling and stylish”.

With Scottish Opera she has triumphed in Lucia di Lammermoor, I Puritani and Handel’s Orlando, also appearing with ENO as Annchen in Der Freischütz and Mila in the world premiere of Jonathan Dove’s Palace in the Sky, frequently with Longborough Festival Opera, while other UK operatic appearances have included the title role in Gounod’s Mireille at Cadogan Hall (an interpretation welcomed by The Daily Telegraph as “first-class singing by any standards”), Handel’s Amadigi at Wigmore Hall, The Fairy Godmother in Massenet’s Cendrillon for Blackheath Halls Opera and, for Music Theatre Wales, multiple roles in Mark-Anthony Turnage’s Greek at the Buxton, Cheltenham and Edinburgh Festivals.

Elsewhere in Europe, operas ranging from Rigoletto and La Traviata to Les Huguenots, Les Contes d’Hoffmann and Thomas Adès’ Powder Her Face have brought appearances with the Opéra de Metz, Opéra de Rennes, Opéra de Nantes, Berliner Kammeroper, Denmark’s Den Anden Oper and the Netherlands’ National Reisopera, while in 2010 in Weimar Sally Silver scored a considerable personal success when she replaced Lyuba Orgonosova at 24 hours’ notice in a concert of Bellini and Donizetti arias.

At the Spitalfields Festival and Wigmore Hall Ms Silver performed Three Songs from Gitanjali, written for her by the Punjabi-born British composer Naresh Sohal, while other UK concert appearances have included Sullivan’s rarely heard oratorio The Martyr of Antioch and on radio, appearances on the BBC’s Friday Night is Music Night. She premiered Songs of Five Rivers by Naresh Sohal with the BBC Symphony Orchestra, as well as performing Mendelssohn’s Lobgesang with the LSO.
In addition to the present disc of Songs by Wallace, Silver’s collaboration with the conductor and pianist Richard Bonynge has produced three recordings: recitals of songs by Massenet, Balfe and the title role in a complete recording of Wallace’s opera Lurline. Her other recordings include the role of Ariadne in excerpts from Tovey’s opera The Bride of Dionysus and Carlo Franci’s Dreamtime.

Based in London since 1998, Sally was born in South Africa where she was a recipient of the Opera South Africa prize.

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<th>SELECTED REVIEWS</th>
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<tr>
<td><strong>The Herald</strong> 2009</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;thrilling performance&quot;</td>
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<td>&quot;more than a musical triumph&quot;</td>
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<td><strong>The Scotsman</strong> 2009</td>
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<td>&quot;captivating…stole the show with an effortless portrayal of the love-struck Elvira&quot;</td>
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<td><strong>Opera Magazine</strong> 2009</td>
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<td>&quot;dramatic conviction&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td>&quot;fabulous technical display&quot;</td>
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<tr>
<td><strong>The Times</strong> 2009</td>
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<td>&quot;Scottish Opera prevails, with a cast, led by a fine Sally Silver as the frail heroine Elvira&quot;</td>
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<td><strong>Music and Vision Magazine</strong> 2012</td>
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<td>&quot;Silver’s vocal technique is almost effortless, coupled with a natural stage presence&quot;</td>
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<td><strong>Opera Britannia</strong> 2012</td>
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<td>&quot;Sally Silver’s final act 2 aria was the outstanding performance of the night&quot;</td>
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<td><strong>Telegraph</strong> 2012</td>
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<td>&quot;first-class singing by any standards&quot;</td>
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<td><strong>Whatsonstage.com</strong> 2012</td>
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<td>&quot;shimmering tone and gleaming opulence&quot;</td>
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<td><strong>Daily Telegraph</strong> 2012</td>
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WHY DO I WEEP FOR THEE? Ballad
Words by George Linley

Why do I weep for thee?
Why weep, in my sad dreams?
Parted, for aye, are we,
Yes! parted like mountain streams.
Yet, with me, lingers still
That word, that one last word,
Thy voice yet seems to thrill
The heart’s fond chord.

THROUGH THE PATHLESS FOREST DREAM
from the opera The Desert Flower
Words by Thomas J. Williams

Through the pathless forest drear,
See the hunter threads his way,
His dauntless breast ne’er knoweth fear
As forth he goes in search of prey.

What sound is that borne on the wind?
Ah! ’Tis the deadly tiger’s roar.
The hunt is up, now caution, mind,
Sure foot, quick eye, or all is o’er.

AH! no other life, no pastime fair,
Can with the hunter’s joys compare!

RICHARD BONYNGE, AC, CBE, was born in Sydney and studied piano at the New South Wales Conservatorium of Music and later with Herbert Fryer, a pupil of Busoni, in London. He made his conducting début in Rome in 1962 with the Santa Cecilia Orchestra and has since conducted at most of the world’s opera houses. He was Artistic Director of Vancouver Opera and Musical Director of Australian Opera. He was awarded the CBE (Commander of the British Empire) in 1977, Officer of the Order of Australia in 1983, Companion of the Order of Australia in 2012, Commandeur de l’Ordre National des Arts et des Lettres, Paris in 1989 and made “Socio d’onore” of the R. Accademia Filarmonica di Bologna in 2007. He married the late soprano Joan Sutherland in 1954 and has one son.

He has recorded over fifty complete operas, has made videos and DVDs of many operas and recorded numerous ballets. As a conductor Bonynge is widely regarded as being extraordinarily sympathetic to singers on the stage and his instinct, knowledge and feel for voices has become legendary. Richard Bonynge is acknowledged as a scholar of bel canto, in 18th- and 19th-century opera and ballet music.

ANNA NOAKES is widely known as a soloist, recitalist and chamber musician with an extensive discography of both solo and chamber music; several of her recordings have received Gramophone Magazine’s coveted ‘Critics Choice’. She works as Guest Principal Flute with the LPO, Philharmonia, RPO, Royal Opera House, ENO among others and is also a frequent broadcaster on BBC Radio 3 and Classic FM. Anna is Professor of Flute at Trinity College of Music.

Hailed in the international press as ‘one of the finest singing actors of her generation’ YVONNE HOWARD has a busy and varied career on the operatic and concert stage. From recitals and oratorio to title roles in operas, from Handel to Wagner, Mezzo to Soprano, she enjoys performing and taking on new challenges. Being involved in this recording has been yet another happy experience.

SONG TEXTS

WHY DO I WEEP FOR THEE? Ballad
Words by George Linley

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Why weep, in my sad dreams?
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What sound is that borne on the wind?
Ah! ’Tis the deadly tiger’s roar.
The hunt is up, now caution, mind,
Sure foot, quick eye, or all is o’er.

AH! no other life, no pastime fair,
Can with the hunter’s joys compare!

Once, ah! what joy to share
With thee the noontide hour;
Then, not a grief nor care
Had cankered the heart’s young flower.
The sun seems not to shed
A radiance o’er me, now,
Save memory, all seems dead,
Since lost art thou.
**BIRD OF THE WILD WING**
Words by Henry Farnie

Bird of the wild wing,
Bird of the foam,
Arab of aether!
Fly to my home.

Tall grow its cedars,
Far o’er the sea,
Fair wave their branches,
O! bird, for thee.

---

**ORANGE FLOWERS**
Words by H.F. Chorley

Sing your northern praises
In a pretty lay
Of your tiny daisies
And pale flowers of May!
We have sweeter music,
Richer airs are ours,
Breathing at the eventide
From the orange bowers.

Look! how stars of silver
’Mid the green leaves glow,
Look! how cressets golden
Hang from every bough.
Each a cup discloses
That rare nectar pours,
What are all your roses?
We have orange flowers.

---

**SOFTLY YE NIGHT WINDS**
Ballad
Words by Mary E. Hewitt

Softly ye night winds that float o’er my brow
Whisper he thinks of me, dreams of me now;
Tell me my thought cheer him onward to fame,
Tell me when sleeping, he murmurs my name.

Say not his fond arms another entwine,
Say not he breathes her the vows that were mine.

Lonely I pine for his coming in vain,
Pine as the night pines for morning again.
Yet the fond thought that my lover is true
Falls on my spirit like sunlight on dew.
Then let me hope and in fragrance and bloom
Fade like the lily and die mid perfume.

---

**HAPPY BIRDLING OF THE FOREST**
Words by Carlos D. Stewart

Happy birdling of the forest
Ever singing as thou soarest,
Who hath taught thee little minion,
Bird upon thy golden pinion
Thus to warble wild and high,
Half to earth and half to sky?

Happy birdling, free from sorrow,
Never dreaming of the morrow,
Hast thou ever notes of sadness
Or dost always sing for gladness?
Tell me birdling is thy strain
But a gladsome life refrain?

Happy birdling daily fleeting,
Ever more thy song repeating,
I would learn thy lesson surely
Could I only learn it purely,
Learn to warble wild and high
Half to earth and half to sky.
My tent is 'mid the golden broom
Where fairy bells and daisies bloom.
Where the gay lark springs from the tall green rye
To her hall of light in the clear blue sky.

I envy not in leafy bower
The proudest dame in bannered tower,
For the sorrows of life yet have cast no shade
O'er the merry young heart of the Gypsy maid.

My cheek its sunny lustre owes
To nature's hand which tints the rose
While the songs I sing are as wild and free
As the happy birds in the forest tree.

I maidens tell what stars unfold
Of lovers' sighs! of rings of gold!
And the secret love whispers is ne'er betrayed
By the merry young heart of the Gypsy maid.

Then list to me for sweet the spell
The Gypsy knows to weave so well.
When moonbeams play on the silver lake
And her joyous tones the echoes wake.

The pearly drop that dims thine eye,
Dear Alice, is a token,
That now the hour of parting's nigh,
Thy troth remains unbroken.

Thy gentle heart, till now, has been
Unused to silent sorrow,
But joys will come, though yet unseen,
To cheer a bright tomorrow.

'Tis sad to breathe a long farewell
While fated thus to sever;
But Hope my breast shall ever swell,
That it is not for ever.

Through memory's glass I'll see thy form,
In pleasure or in sadness,
And yet through sunshine or thro' storm,
I'll come to thee in gladness.

Seabirds wing their way
Over the billow,
Seeking at close of day
Some mossy pillow;

While on a lonely strand,
I gaze above me
Sighing for native land
And those who love me.
WILD FLOWERS  Ballad
Words by Delins

How beautiful ye are, ye wild and woodland flowers,
Meet both for festal halls and beauty’s courtly bowers;
How fair to see your cultured buds their tints unfold,
In leaves of sapphire’s hue and sunset’s glowing gold.

Ye leave sweet memories of happy childhood’s years,
Ere grief hath wrung our hearts with pain, our eyes with tears.
And, like all gifts that He, the beautiful hath given,
Your blossoms fall like types of promised heaven.

Chide not at the theme that wakes the minstrel’s lay,
At flowers, simple wild flowers that blossom by the way;
But thank Him for every brow His hand in mercy showers,
And not least among His gifts wild flowers, wild flowers.

OVER THE SILVERY LAKE  Barcarolle
Words by J. E. Carpenter

Over the silvery lake
How sweet it is to glide
When not a breath can break
The ripple of the tide.

When all is hushed and still
To dip the noiseless oar
And mark the distant hill
Receding from the shore.

The clouds that o’er us float
Beneath us brightly seen,
And ours the fairy boat
Thus floating on between.

Over the tranquil tide
Our fragile bark to take,
How sweet it is to glide
Upon the silvery lake.

Over the waters blue
How sweet it is to steer,
Beneath heaven’s own hue
Reflected bright and clear.

IT IS THE HAPPY SUMMER TIME  Canzonet
Words by Henry C. Watson

It is the happy Summer time!
The fruits are ripening fast;
The glad earth clothed in brightest green
Forgets the snowy past.

All living things seem to rejoice,
The spirit soars on wings;
And Nature, with exultant voice,
The praise of Summer sings.

GO! THOU RESTLESS WIND  Romance
Words by Charles Rosenberg

Go! Go thou restless wind.
Once was I glad like thee.
Fresh heart and younger mind
Are withering now;
The sunbeam gilds the sky,
The leaf fades on the tree.
All earthly things must die,
Glad wind, even thou.

Yes, yes thou restless wind,
Balm shall cease to feed thee,
Wanderer unconfined
Oer earth and sea.
For short the hour and brief
Though bright it be and free,
And like the beam and leaf
Even thou must die.

Yet, yet thou restless wind
I will be glad like thee
While beam and leaf I find
Still fresh and pure,
And drink from earth and sky
Their green and golden glee
Until like thou and I
They no more endure.

IT IS THE HAPPY SUMMER TIME

It is the happy Summer time!
The fruits are ripening fast;
The glad earth clothed in brightest green
Forgets the snowy past.

The quickening sun shines bright on all,
The flowers rich odours bear;
The streamlets flow thro’ leafy bowers
And joy is everywhere.

It is the happy Summer time!
O beating heart be still!
Bound not with such exstatic joy,
With such a rapturous thrill!

All living things seem to rejoice,
The spirit soars on wings;
And Nature, with exultant voice,
The praise of Summer sings.

Over the silvery lake
How sweet it is to glide
When not a breath can break
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The spirit soars on wings;
And Nature, with exultant voice,
The praise of Summer sings.

GO! THOU RESTLESS WIND

Go! Go thou restless wind.
Once was I glad like thee.
Fresh heart and younger mind
Are withering now;
The sunbeam gilds the sky,
The leaf fades on the tree.
All earthly things must die,
Glad wind, even thou.

Yes, yes thou restless wind,
Balm shall cease to feed thee,
Wanderer unconfined
Oer earth and sea.
For short the hour and brief
Though bright it be and free,
And like the beam and leaf
Even thou must die.

Yet, yet thou restless wind
I will be glad like thee
While beam and leaf I find
Still fresh and pure,
And drink from earth and sky
Their green and golden glee
Until like thou and I
They no more endure.

OVER THE SILVERY LAKE

Over the silvery lake
How sweet it is to glide
When not a breath can break
The ripple of the tide.

When all is hushed and still
To dip the noiseless oar
And mark the distant hill
Receding from the shore.

The clouds that o’er us float
Beneath us brightly seen,
And ours the fairy boat
Thus floating on between.

Over the tranquil tide
Our fragile bark to take,
How sweet it is to glide
Upon the silvery lake.

Over the waters blue
How sweet it is to steer,
Beneath heaven’s own hue
Reflected bright and clear.

IT IS THE HAPPY SUMMER TIME

It is the happy Summer time!
The fruits are ripening fast;
The glad earth clothed in brightest green
Forgets the snowy past.

The quickening sun shines bright on all,
The flowers rich odours bear;
The streamlets flow thro’ leafy bowers
And joy is everywhere.

It is the happy Summer time!
O beating heart be still!
Bound not with such exstatic joy,
With such a rapturous thrill!

All living things seem to rejoice,
The spirit soars on wings;
And Nature, with exultant voice,
The praise of Summer sings.

GO! THOU RESTLESS WIND

Go! Go thou restless wind.
Once was I glad like thee.
Fresh heart and younger mind
Are withering now;
The sunbeam gilds the sky,
The leaf fades on the tree.
All earthly things must die,
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Yet, yet thou restless wind
I will be glad like thee
While beam and leaf I find
Still fresh and pure,
And drink from earth and sky
Their green and golden glee
Until like thou and I
They no more endure.
CRADLE SONG   Words by Alfred Tennyson

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the drooping moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to the babe in his nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

THE STAR OF LOVE   Serenade
Words by George Pope Morris

The star of love now shines above,
Cool zephyrs crisp the sea;
Among the leaves the wind-harp weaves
Its serenade for thee!
The star, the breeze, the wave, the trees,
Their minstrelsy unite;
But all are drear till thou appear
To decorate the night!
Thou guiding star of love to me,
Thou star, thou star of love to me.

The light of noon streams from the moon,
Though with a milder ray;
O'er hill and grove, like woman's love,
It cheers us on our way.
Thus all that's bright, the moon, the night,
The heavens, the earth, the sea,
Exert their powers to bless the hours
We dedicate to thee.
Thou guiding star of love to me,
Thou star, thou star of love to me.

THE WINDS THAT WAFT MY SIGHS TO THEE   Ballad
Words by H. W. Challis

The winds that waft my sighs to thee
And o'er thy tresses steal,
Oh, let them tell a tale for me,
My lips dare not reveal!
And as they murmur soft and clear
The love I would impart,
Believe the whispers thou dost hear
Are breathings of my heart.

Yet, if perchance – their mission fail
Thy coldness to remove,
And night winds with their plaintive wail
Bring back my proffered love!
Then think whene'er thou look'st on high
And see'st the light depart:
Those clouds, storm driven o'er the sky,
Are shadows of my heart.

THE SPRING AND SUMMER BOTH ARE PAST   Canzonet
Words by Henry C. Watson

The Spring and Summer both are past
And all their pleasures flown;
The Autumn's golden tinted leaves
Upon the earth are strown.
The bending corn is gathered in,
The fruit is all in store;
All barren now the meadows gay
That we have wandered o'er!

The Winter cometh now
With storms around his brow
And bitter Northern blast;
Ah! weep for pleasures gone,
All perished every one,
Too bright, too bright to last.

The fleecy snow is falling fast
Upon the frozen ground;
The rivers erst so glancing bright
In icy chains are bound.
The Winter moon looks coldly down
Upon the earth so drear;
The howling wind, in boding tones,
Proclaims the dying year!

CRADLE SONG   Words by Alfred Tennyson

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the drooping moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me,
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to the babe in his nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.
GOOD NIGHT AND PLEASANT DREAMS

Words by Anson G. Chester

When on its couch of rosy clouds
The burning sun has sunk to rest
And tired of song, the woodland bird
Is sleeping in its quiet nest,
When evening lays its misty hand
On dewy flowers and prattling streams,
How sweet to hear from lips we love;
Good night! good night and pleasant dreams!

O bitter is the exile's fate
Who wanders from his peaceful cot,
No gentle wish or soothing word
Can mingle in his lonely lot.
On some still bank of moss and flowers
Beneath the star's inconstant beams,
He rests alone with none to breathe;
Good night! good night and pleasant dreams!

THE LEAVES ARE TURNING RED

Words by Henry C. Watson

The leaves are turning red,
The green has passed away;
The balmy air breathes perfume rare
From mounds of new-mown hay.
Fair children sport the hay among,
Like fairy sprites at play,
They laug and sing a joyous song
Amid the fragrant hay!

O! fair Autumn! Golden Autumn!
Nature paints thy richest dyes,
Tints that shame a southern sunset
Shed a glow o'er earth and skies!

The leaves are falling fast
And o'er the earth are strown;
A chilling breeze sweeps through the trees
With sad and fitful moan.
We read in this, life's omen sad,
Of coming winter's thrall;
We've passed our spring and summer glad,
We're ripening to the fall!

Still fair Autumn! Golden Autumn!
Nature paints thy richest dyes;
Tints that shame a southern sunset
Shed a glow o'er earth and skies.

OLD FRIENDS AND OTHER DAYS

Words by H. W. Challis

Come take your lute, and sing tonight
The song of years gone by;
That one we loved when all looked bright,
On youth's unclouded sky;
We'll taste that joy allied to pain,
The starting tear betrays:
As Music brings us back again,
Old friends, and other days!

Let Fancy weave her magic spells
And vanished joys restore.
As children with their sea-worn shells
Recall the ocean's roar!
Thus those we've loved and lost so long
Shall seem to meet our gaze:
While we revive with lute and song;
Old friends, and other days.

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## Songs by William Vincent Wallace (1812–1865)

### Sally Silver soprano

1. Why do I weep for thee? 2:55  
2. Through the pathless forest drear 2:29  
3. Bird of the wild wing 2:47  
4. Orange flowers with Anna Noakes, Flute 4:02  
5. Softly, ye night winds 2:49  
6. Happy birdling of the forest with Anna Noakes, Flute 4:16  
7. The gipsy maid 4:59  
8. Alice 2:27  
9. Seabirds wing their way 2:28  
10. Over the silvery lake with Yvonne Howard, Mezzo Soprano 3:09

### Richard Bonynge piano

11. It is the happy summer time 2:18  
12. Wild flowers 2:50  
13. Go! Thou restless wind 3:36  
14. Cradle song 2:58  
15. The star of love 3:41  
16. The spring and summer both are past 3:20  
17. The winds that waft my sighs to thee 2:53  
18. Good night and pleasant dreams 2:04  
19. Old friends and other days 2:27  
20. The leaves are turning red 3:54

**Total duration** 62:21

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