

ENOCH ARDEN
THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

Richard Strauss (1864-1949)

SOMMCD 0651

Christopher Kent *actor* · Gamal Khamis *piano*

ENOCH ARDEN, Op.38, TrV181. From the poem by Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-92)

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|---|-------|--|------|
| 1 | I. | Prelude. <i>Andante</i> . "Long lines of cliff breaking" | 7:11 |
| 2 | II. | "So these were wed." <i>Langsam</i> . | 7:29 |
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10 **THE CASTLE BY THE SEA**, TrV191

Text by Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862), trans. Christopher Kent*

5:04

Total Duration: 69:45

*FIRST RECORDING

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ENOCH ARDEN
THE CASTLE BY THE SEA*

Works for Narrator and Piano by
RICHARD STRAUSS

Christopher Kent *actor* · Gamal Khamis *piano*

*First recording

Enoch Arden and The Castle by the Sea

The Alfred Tennyson, Ludwig Uhland Recitations set by Richard Strauss

Melodrama, a mixture of music and stage action, suffers from a contemporary misunderstanding of its origins and the application of the adjective 'melodramatic'. Its root in the language of ancient Greece, μέλος (mélos – song/melody) and μελωδία (drama), is emphasised by Aristotle's alleged observation that "the ability to delight in fine characters and noble actions is the most important of habits".

In ***Enoch Arden***, an epic poem published by Alfred, Lord Tennyson in 1864, three strong characters are portrayed. All three display a 'nobility of action' which although a product of its time (mid-Victorian) is, like the story of *Robinson Crusoe*, a reflection of the dangers of 18th-century sea-faring when long-distant trading was even more of a hazardous pursuit than in Tennyson's England. The shipwrecked Enoch's nobility and humanity are emphasised by his refusal to compromise the happiness of his family on his return home after more than 10 years. His rival in love, Philip Ray, has a decency and sense of honour which seems anachronistic in our age of immediate gratification.

The third character, Annie Lee, is not just a devoted wife and mother. She is also given a strength in her handling of the two rivals for her hand and then in coming to terms with the likelihood that she is widowed and destitute. Although she is only observed through a window in part two of *Enoch Arden*, Annie's character is sufficiently developed by Tennyson so we can understand her happiness and joy of family life. The grief she shares with Enoch over the loss of their youngest child is also conveyed without overt sentiment. She is rewarded by a second,



Enoch Arden drawn by Arthur Hughes; engraved by The Dalziels.
1866. Wood engraving

happy marriage, her remaining children provided with an education by their now successful step-father, Philip. Annie's fourth child, this by Philip, is a further demonstration to Enoch why he should not upset her new family.

Tennyson's poem had been translated into German by Adolf Strodtmann (1829-79) and it is in this form that it came to the attention of Richard Strauss (1864-1949) who knew little English. Strauss, appointed chief conductor of the Munich Court Opera in 1896, owed a debt of gratitude to the distinguished actor and director, Ernst von Possart (1841-1921), whose influence had helped Strauss to secure the position. One of von Possart's specialities was that of recitation and Strauss composed a piece which would cement their relationship and, if successful, lead to tours around Germany. His hopes were realised with *Enoch Arden* which was given its premiere in Munich on 24 March, 1897 with a tour of Germany following. At the same time Strauss was composing his orchestral masterpiece *Don Quixote* which he completed in December 1897.

Unlike the much shorter *Castle by the Sea* (*Das Schloß am Meere*), which is through-composed, Strauss uses the piano sparingly in *Enoch Arden*, creating themes for the characters and pointing up important points in the story. Furthermore, Norman Del Mar draws our attention to the use of "*leit-motifs* to link the utterly disconnected fragments [which] gives the all too necessary unity to the piece as a whole".¹ It is Annie Lee who is introduced first after a vivid evocation of the movement of the sea over 23 opening bars. Philip Ray and Enoch Arden follow, their friendship and developing rivalry for the hand of Annie soon made clear.

¹ Norman Del Mar, *Richard Strauss A Critical Commentary on His Life and Works*, Volume Two (London: Barrie & Jenkins, 1969 – reprinted 1978), 357.

Christopher Kent writes about ENOCH ARDEN

"Richard Strauss's setting of *Enoch Arden* presents many joys and some challenges to modern performers. The main joy is that Strauss has an instinctive sense of when to elevate, support or enhance the narrative and characters, much in the way of a modern film composer, and when to allow them to stand alone. The challenge is that the text he was actually setting was Adolf Strodtmann's German translation of Tennyson's poem and in the published score the original English text has been thrown back in, not always accurately or in quite the right place (often due to differences in word order between the two languages), so that some of Strauss's subtler word setting was tending to get lost. He also deliberately only wrote music for about a third of the poem, leaving the rest for voice only.

"Reconstructing it for performance in English therefore necessarily involved quite a bit of editorial and detective work, first in order to reinsert Tennyson's original poem (and make a few judicious edits of more abstruse passages) and then to make sure the words were aligned correctly with the music. Among the story's clear echoes of many earlier narratives of travel and loss, Homer's *Odyssey* is perhaps the most significant, not least at the end of the poem when Enoch, long presumed lost, finally returns home and witnesses his wife Annie with her new husband.

"It is exactly our awareness that Odysseus in similar circumstances slaughters his own wife Penelope's suitors that makes Enoch's dilemma, and his subsequent decision to take his secret to his grave, so agonising and moving, qualities underlined by the anguished intensity and sheer pathos of Strauss's music. Indeed, our experience of performing this long-overlooked work is that it is Strauss's ability

to capture the nobility of Tennyson's characters with such truth and humanity that makes the story so captivating, and profoundly touching, to modern audiences."

Gamal Khamis writes about ENOCH ARDEN

"The work opens with hushed scales in the left hand of the piano, which seem to evoke a distant storm. Annie's playful sextuplet semiquaver theme is the first to appear, leading to Philip's warm and harmonious motif. This is soon interrupted by Enoch's theme, which is strident and angular. When these motifs return later in the piece, their transformations reflect the mood of the characters. So when Annie's baby suddenly dies, her music returns in the minor, before Philip's music begins, initially as a single line, and then harmonised as before.

"Similarly, when Annie and Philip wed, Annie's semiquavers appear in the right hand, accompanied by Philip's music in the left. When Enoch is shipwrecked, his motif becomes emaciated and repeats obsessively. An aching sad upward-reaching theme is introduced in the second half, symbolising peace and death."



The Castle by the Sea was also composed for von Possart and given for the first time in Berlin on 23 March, 1899. Thereafter Strauss seems to have had little interest in the work, delaying its publication and not giving it an opus number. The poet, Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862), was born in Tübingen where he studied jurisprudence. He was drawn to medieval literature and, whilst working for Württemberg's Ministry of Justice in Stuttgart between 1812 and 1814, contributed poems to publications such as *Deutscher Dichterwald*, gaining a reputation as a student of the history of literature in addition as that of a poet. He was elected to the Frankfurt parliament in 1848.

Uhland's poetry came to the attention of the English-speaking world through the translations of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882); notably in his *Hyperion* published in 1839. This describes Longfellow's journey through southern Germany and Switzerland in which he published his versions of *The Castle by the Sea* and the longer *The Black Knight (Der schwarze Ritter)*, set by Edward Elgar for chorus and orchestra in 1892.

In addition to the Longfellow translation, the London based music critic, Alfred Kalisch (1863-1933) translated the poem for publication by Fürstner in 1911. Kalisch became a champion of the music of Elgar (whom he befriended) and Richard Strauss.

Christopher Kent writes about THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

"*The Castle by the Sea* presented the opposite problem to *Enoch Arden* for us as performers. Unlike that poem, Strauss was setting a work in its original language, which meant that we would be performing it in translation. Fine as the existing

translations by Kalisch and Longfellow were in their way, the narrative of the poem was not at all clear to us on first reading either of them. It was only when we looked at the original German that it became clear that the poem takes the form of a conversation between two unidentified speakers, one of whom has just returned from a journey to a mysterious castle in which, we gather, there once lived a king and queen with their beautiful princess daughter. The reason this is more obvious in German is that the first speaker addresses the second using the informal 'du' pronoun, meaning he is either addressing an intimate acquaintance or, more likely here, a social inferior, a servant perhaps.

"My translation sets out to make this narrative much clearer: the first speaker is a nobleman who is anxiously questioning the second speaker about his recent journey. The genius of Richard Strauss is that once again he does much of the work for us by writing very specific music for each of the two characters: the first regal, majestic, swirling and increasingly anxious each time he speaks; the second slow, respectful, reluctant to reveal what he knows... until he finally delivers the hammer blow in the very last line of the poem."

Gamal Khamis writes about THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

"Opening with strong ascending chords and far-reaching virtuosic arpeggios, the music seems to suggest a gothic scene which builds to a shrieking climax, only relenting before the first voice comes in. Mistily shimmering chords accompany the entrance of the second voice, which despite the mystery of the story, remains grounded and rhythmically stable."

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ENOCH ARDEN

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-92)

Music by Richard Strauss, Op 38 (1897)

[1] Long lines of cliff breaking have left a chasm;
And in the chasm are foam and yellow sands;
Beyond, red roofs about a narrow wharf
In cluster; then a moulder'd church; and higher
A long street climbs to one tall-tower'd mill;
And high in heaven behind it a gray down
With Danish barrows; and a hazelwood,
By autumn nutters haunted, flourishes
Green in a cuplike hollow of the down.

Here on this beach a hundred years ago,
Three children of three houses, Annie Lee,
The prettiest little damsel in the port,
And Philip Ray the miller's only son,
And Enoch Arden, a rough sailor's lad
Made orphan by a winter shipwreck, play'd
Among the waste and lumber of the shore.

A narrow cave ran in beneath the cliff:
In this the children play'd at keeping house.
Enoch was host one day, Philip the next,
While Annie still was mistress; but at times
Enoch would hold possession for a week:
'This is my house and this my little wife.'
'Mine too' said Philip 'turn and turn about:'

When, if they quarrell'd, Enoch stronger-made
Was master: then would Philip, his blue eyes
All flooded with the helpless wrath of tears,
Shriek out 'I hate you, Enoch,' and at this
The little wife would weep for company,
And pray them not to quarrel for her sake,
And say she would be little wife to both.

But when the dawn of rosy childhood past,
And the new warmth of life's ascending sun
Was felt by either, either fixt his heart
On that one girl; and Enoch spoke his love,
But Philip loved in silence; and the girl
Seem'd kinder unto Philip than to him;
But she loved Enoch; tho' she knew it not,
And would if ask'd deny it. Enoch set
A purpose evermore before his eyes,
To hoard all savings to the uttermost,
To purchase his own boat, and make a home
For Annie: and so prosper'd that at last
A luckier or a bolder fisherman,
A carefuller in peril, did not breathe
For leagues along that breaker-beaten coast
Than Enoch.

And ere he touch'd his one-and-twentieth May
He purchased his own boat, and made a home
For Annie, neat and nestlike, halfway up
The narrow street that clamber'd toward the mill.

Then, on a golden autumn eventide,
The younger people making holiday,
With bag and sack and basket, great and small,
Went nutting to the hazels. Philip stay'd
(His father lying sick and needing him)
An hour behind; but as he climb'd the hill,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, saw the pair,
Enoch and Annie, sitting hand-in-hand,
His large gray eyes and weather-beaten face
All-kindled by a still and sacred fire,
That burn'd as on an altar. Philip look'd,
And in their eyes and faces read his doom;
Then, as their faces drew together, groan'd,
And slipt aside, and like a wounded life
Crept down into the hollows of the wood;
There, while the rest were loud in merrymaking,
Had his dark hour unseen, and rose and past
Bearing a lifelong hunger in his heart.

[2] So these were wed, and merrily rang the bells,
And merrily ran the years, seven happy years,
Seven happy years of health and competence,
And mutual love and honourable toil;

With children; first a daughter. In him woke,
With his first babe's first cry, the noble wish
To save all earnings to the uttermost,
And give his child a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or hers; a wish renew'd,
When two years after came a boy to be
The rosy idol of her solitudes,
While Enoch was abroad on wrathful seas,

Then came a change, as all things human change.
Ten miles to northward of the narrow port
Open'd a larger haven: thither used
Enoch at times to go by land or sea;
And once when there, and clambering on a mast
In harbour, by mischance he slipt and fell:
A limb was broken when they lifted him;
And while he lay recovering there, his wife
Bore him another son, a sickly one:
Another hand crept too across his trade
Taking her bread and theirs: and on him fell,
Altho' a grave and staid God-fearing man,
Yet lying thus inactive, doubt and gloom.
He seem'd, as in a nightmare of the night,
To see his children leading evermore
Low miserable lives of hand-to-mouth,
And her, he loved, a beggar: then he pray'd
'Save them from this, whatever comes to me.'
And while he pray'd, the master of that ship
Enoch had served in, hearing his mischance,

Came, for he knew the man and valued him,
Reporting of his vessel China-bound,
And wanting yet a boatswain. Would he go?
There yet were many weeks before she sail'd,
Sail'd from this port. Would Enoch have the place?
And Enoch all at once assented to it,
Rejoicing at that answer to his prayer.

So now the shadow of mischance appear'd
No graver than as when some little cloud
Cuts off the fiery highway of the sun,
And isles a light in the offing: yet the wife –
When he was gone – the children – what to do?
Then Enoch lay long-pondering on his plans;
To sell the boat – and yet he loved her well –
How many a rough sea had he weather'd in her!
He knew her, as a horseman knows his horse –
And yet to sell her – then with what she brought
Buy goods and stores – set Annie forth in trade
With all that seamen needed or their wives –
So might she keep the house while he was gone.

Thus Enoch in his heart determined all:
Then moving homeward came on Annie pale,
Nursing the sickly babe, her latest-born.
Forward she started with a happy cry,
And laid the feeble infant in his arms;
Whom Enoch took, and handled all his limbs,
Appraised his weight and fondled fatherlike,

But had no heart to break his purposes
To Annie, till the morrow, when he spoke.

Then first since Enoch's golden ring had girt
Her finger, Annie fought against his will:
Yet not with brawling opposition she,
But manifold entreaties, many a tear,
Many a sad kiss by day and night renew'd
(Sure that all evil would come out of it)
Besought him, supplicating, if he cared
For her or his dear children, not to go.
He not for his own self caring but her,
Her and her children, let her plead in vain;
So grieving held his will, and bore it thro'.

For Enoch parted with his old sea-friend,
Bought Annie goods and stores, and set his hand
To fit their little streetward sitting-room
With shelf and corner for the goods and stores.
So all day long till Enoch's last at home,
Shaking their pretty cabin, hammer and axe,
Auger and saw, while Annie seem'd to hear
Her own death-scaffold raising, shrill'd and rang,
'Till this was ended, and his careful hand, –
The space was narrow, – having order'd all
Almost as neat and close as Nature packs
Her blossom or her seedling, paused; and he,
Who needs would work for Annie to the last,
Ascending tired, heavily slept 'till morn.

And Enoch faced this morning of farewell
Brightly and boldly. All his Annie's fears,
Save, as his Annie's, were a laughter to him.
Yet Enoch as a brave God-fearing man
Pray'd for a blessing on his wife and babes
Whatever came to him: and then he said
'Annie, this voyage by the grace of God
Will bring fair weather yet to all of us.
Keep a clean hearth and a clear fire for me,
For I'll be back, my girl, before you know it.'
Then lightly rocking baby's cradle 'and he,
This pretty, puny, weakly little one, –
Nay – for I love him all the better for it –
God bless him, he shall sit upon my knees
And I will tell him tales of foreign parts,
And make him merry, when I come home again.
Come Annie, come, cheer up before I go.'

Him running on thus hopefully she heard,
And almost hoped herself.
At length she spoke: 'O Enoch, you are wise;
And yet for all your wisdom well know I
That I shall look upon your face no more.'

Well then,' said Enoch, 'I shall look on yours.
Annie, the ship I sail in passes here
(He named the day) get you a seaman's glass,
Spy out my face, and laugh at all your fears.'

But when the last of those last moments came,
'Annie my girl, cheer up, be comforted,
Look to the babes, and 'till I come again,
Keep everything shipshape, for I must go.
And fear no more for me; or if you fear
Cast all your cares on God; that anchor holds.
The sea is His: He made it.'

Enoch rose,
Cast his strong arms about his drooping wife,
And kiss'd his wonder-stricken little ones;
But for the third, sickly one, who slept
After a night of feverous wakefulness,
When Annie would have raised him Enoch said
'Wake him not; let him sleep; how should this child
Remember this?' and kiss'ed him in his cot.
But Annie from her baby's forehead clipt
A tiny curl, and gave it: this he kept
Thro' all his future; but now hastily caught
His bundle, waved his hand, and went his way.

③ She when the day, that Enoch mention'd, came,
Borrow'd a glass, but all in vain: perhaps
She could not fix the glass to suit her eye;
Perhaps her eye was dim, hand tremulous;
She saw him not: and while he stood on deck
Waving, the moment and the vessel passed.

Ev'n to the last dip of the vanishing sail
She watch'd it, and departed weeping for him;
Then, tho' she mourn'd his absence as his grave,
Set her sad will no less to chime with his,
But thro' not in her trade, not being bred
To barter, nor compensating the want
By shrewdness, neither capable of lies,
She fail'd and sadden'd knowing it; and thus,
Expectant of that news that never came,
Gain'd for her own a scanty sustenance,
And lived a life of silent melancholy.

Now the third child was sickly-born and grew
Yet sicklier, tho' the mother cared for it
With all a mother's care: nevertheless,
Whether her business often call'd her from it,
Or thro' the want of what it needed most,
Or means to pay the voice who best could tell
What most it needed—howsoe'er it was,
After a lingering, – ere she was aware, –
Like the caged bird escaping suddenly,
The little innocent soul flitted away.

In that same week when Annie buried her child,
Philip's true heart, which hunger'd for her peace
(Since Enoch left he had not look'd upon her),
Smote him, as having kept aloof so long.
'Surely' said Philip 'I may see her now,
May be some little comfort;' therefore went,

Past thro' the solitary room in front,
Paused for a moment at an inner door,
Then struck it thrice, and, no one opening,
Enter'd; but Annie, seated with her grief,
Fresh from the burial of her little one,
Cared not to look on any human face,
But turn'd her own toward the wall and wept.
Then Philip standing up said falteringly
Annie, I came to ask a favour of you.'

'I came to speak to you of what he wish'd,
Enoch, your husband: I have ever said
You chose the best among us – a strong man:
For where he fixt his heart he set his hand
To do the thing he will'd, and bore it thro'.
And wherefore did he go this weary way,
And leave you lonely? not to see the world –
For pleasure? – nay, but for the wherewithal
To give his babes a better bringing-up
Than his had been, or yours: that was his wish.
And if he come again, vext will he be
To find the precious morning hours were lost.
And it would vex him even in his grave,
If he could know his babes were running wild
Like colts about the waste. So Annie, now –
Have we not known each other all our lives?
I do beseech you by the love you bear
Him and his children not to say me nay –
For, if you will, when Enoch comes again

Why then he shall repay me – if you will,
Annie – for I am rich and well-to-do.
Now let me put the boy and girl to school:
This is the favour that I came to ask.’

Then Annie with her brows against the wall
Answer’d ‘I cannot look you in the face;
I seem so foolish and so broken down.

When you came in my sorrow broke me down;
And now I think your kindness breaks me down;
But Enoch lives; that is borne in on me:
He will repay you: money can be repaid;
Not kindness such as yours.’

And Philip ask’d
‘Then you will let me, Annie?’

There she turn’d,
She rose, and fixt her swimming eyes upon him,
And dwelt a moment on his kindly face,
Then calling down a blessing on his head
Caught at his hand and wrung it passionately,
And past into the little garth beyond.
So lifted up in spirit he moved away.

Then Philip put the boy and girl to school,
And bought them needful books, and every way,
Like one who does his duty by his own,
Made himself theirs; and tho’ for Annie’s sake,
Fearing the lazy gossip of the port,

He oft denied his heart his dearest wish,
And seldom crost her threshold, yet he sent
Gifts by the children, garden-herbs and fruit,
The late and early roses from his wall,
Or conies from the down, and now and then,
With some pretext of fineness in the meal
To save the offence of charitable, flour
From his tall mill that whistled on the waste.

But Philip was her children’s all-in-all;
From distant corners of the street they ran
To greet his hearty welcome heartily;
Lords of his house and of his mill were they;
Worried his passive ear with petty wrongs
Or pleasures, hung upon him, play’d with him
And call’d him Father Philip. Philip gain’d
As Enoch lost; for Enoch seem’d to them
Uncertain as a vision or a dream,
Faint as a figure seen in early dawn
Down at the far end of an avenue,
Going we know not where.

4 And so ten years,
Since Enoch left his hearth and native land,
Fled forward, and no news of Enoch came.

It chanced one evening Annie’s children long’d
To go with others, nutting to the wood,
And Annie would go with them; then they begg’d

For Father Philip (as they call’d him) too:
Him, like the working bee in blossom-dust,
Blanch’d with his mill, they found; and saying to him
‘Come with us Father Philip’ he denied;
But when the children pluck’d at him to go,
He laugh’d, and yielding readily to their wish,
For was not Annie with them? and they went.

But after scaling half the weary down,
Just where the prone edge of the wood began
To feather toward the hollow, all her force
Fail’d her; and sighing ‘let me rest’ she said.
So Philip rested with her well-content;
While all the younger ones with jubilant cries
Broke from their elders, and tumultuously
Down thro’ the whitening hazels made a plunge
To the bottom, and dispersed, and beat or broke
The lithe reluctant boughs to tear away
Their tawny clusters, crying to each other
And calling, here and there, about the wood.

But Philip sitting at her side forgot
Her presence, and remember’d one dark hour
Here in this wood, when like a wounded life
He crept into the shadow: at last he said
Lifting his honest forehead ‘Listen, Annie,
How merry they are down yonder in the wood:
‘Tired, Annie?’ for she did not speak a word.
‘Tired?’ but her face had fall’n upon her hands;

At which, as with a kind anger in him,
‘The ship was lost’ he said ‘the ship was lost!
No more of that! why should you kill yourself
And make them orphans quite?’ And Annie said
‘I thought not of it: but – I know not why –
Their voices make me feel so solitary.’

Then Philip coming somewhat closer spoke.
‘Annie, there is a thing upon my mind,
And it has been upon my mind so long,
That tho’ I know not when it first came there,
I know that it will out at last. O Annie,
It is beyond all hope, against all chance,
That he who left you ten long years ago
Should still be living; well then – et me speak:
I grieve to see you poor and wanting help:
I cannot help you as I wish to do
Unless – they say that women are so quick –
Perhaps you know what I would have you know –
I wish you for my wife. I fain would prove
A father to your children: I do think
They love me as a father: I am sure
That I love them as if they were mine own;
And I believe, if you were fast my wife,
That after all these sad uncertain years,
We might be still as happy as God grants
To any of His creatures. Think upon it:
For I am well-to-do – no kin, no care,
No burthen, save my care for you and yours:

And we have known each other all our lives,
And I have loved you longer than you know.'

Then answer'd Annie; tenderly she spoke:
'You have been as God's good angel in our house.
God bless you for it, God reward you for it,
Philip, with something happier than myself.
Can one love twice? can you be ever loved
As Enoch was? what is it that you ask?'
'I am content' he answer'd 'to be loved
A little after Enoch: 'O' she cried
Scared as it were 'dear Philip, wait a while:
If Enoch comes – but Enoch will not come –
Yet wait a year, a year is not so long:
Surely I shall be wiser in a year:
O wait a little!' Philip sadly said
'Annie, as I have waited all my life
I well may wait a little: 'Nay' she cried
'I am bound: you have my promise – in a year:
Will you not bide your year as I bide mine?'
And Philip answer'd 'I will bide my year.'

Here both were mute, 'till Philip glancing up
Beheld the dead flame of the fallen day
Pass from the Danish barrow overhead;
Then fearing night and chill for Annie rose,
And sent his voice beneath him thro' the wood.
Up came the children laden with their spoil;
Then all descended to the port, and there

At Annie's door he paused and gave his hand,
Saying gently 'Annie, when I spoke to you,
That was your hour of weakness. I was wrong.
I am always bound to you, but you are free.'
Then Annie weeping answer'd 'I am bound.'

She spoke; and in one moment as it were,
While yet she went about her household ways,
Ev'n as she dwelt upon his latest words,
That he had loved her longer than she knew,
That autumn into autumn flash'd again,
And there he stood once more before her face,
Claiming her promise. 'Is it a year?' she ask'd.
'Yes, if the nuts' he said 'be ripe again:
Come out and see.' But she – she put him off –
So much to look to – such a change – a month –
Give her a month – she knew that she was bound –
A month – no more. Then Philip with his eyes
Full of that lifelong hunger, and his voice
Shaking a little like a drunkard's hand,
'Take your own time, Annie, take your own time.'
And Annie could have wept for pity of him;
And yet she held him off delayingly
With many a scarce-believable excuse,
Trying his truth and his long-sufferance,
'Till half-another year had slipped away.

By this the lazy gossips of the port,
Abhorrent of a calculation crost,

Began to chafe as at a personal wrong.
Some thought that Philip did but trifle with her;
Some that she but held off to draw him on;
And others laugh'd at her and Philip too,
As simple folks that knew not their own minds;

Her own son
Was silent, tho' he often look'd his wish;
But evermore the daughter prest upon her
To wed the man so dear to all of them
And lift the household out of poverty;
And Philip's rosy face contracting grew
Careworn and wan; and all these things fell on her
Sharp as reproach.

At last one night it chanced
That Annie could not sleep, but earnestly
Pray'd for a sign 'my Enoch is he gone?'
Then compass'd round by the blind wall of night
Brook'd not the expectant terror of her heart,
Started from bed, and struck herself a light,
Then desperately seized the Holy Book,
Suddenly set it wide to find a sign,
Suddenly put her finger on the text,
'Under a palm tree.' That was nothing to her:
No meaning there: she closed the book and slept.

5 When lo! her Enoch sitting on a height,
Under a palmtree, over him the Sun:
'He is gone' she thought 'he is happy, he is singing
Hosanna in the highest: yonder shines
The Sun of Righteousness, and these be palms
Whereof the happy people strowing cried
"Hosanna in the highest!" Here she woke,
Resolved, sent for Philip and said wildly to him
'There is no reason why we should not wed.'
'Then for God's sake,' he answer'd, 'both our sakes,
So you will wed me, let it be at once.'

So these were wed and merrily rang the bells,
Merrily rang the bells and they were wed.
But never merrily beat Annie's heart.
A footstep seem'd to fall beside her path,
She knew not whence; a whisper in her ear,
She knew not what; nor loved she to be left
Alone at home, nor ventured out alone.
What ail'd her then, that ere she enter'd, often
Her hand dwelt lingeringly on the latch,
Fearing to enter: Philip thought he knew:
Such doubts and fears were common to her state,
Being with child: but when her child was born,
Then her new child was as herself renew'd,
Then the new mother came about her heart,
Then her good Philip was her all-in-all,
And that mysterious instinct wholly died.

6 And where was Enoch? prosperously sail'd
The ship 'Good Fortune,' tho' at setting forth
The Biscay, roughly ridging eastward, shook
And almost overwhelm'd her, yet unvext
She slipt across the summer of the world,
Then after a long tumble about the Cape
And frequent interchange of foul and fair,
She passing thro' the summer world again,
The breath of heaven came continually
And sent her sweetly by the golden isles,
'Till silent in her oriental haven.

There Enoch traded for himself, and bought
Quaint monsters for the market of those times,
A gilded dragon, also, for the babes.

Less lucky her home-voyage: at first indeed
Thro' many a fair sea-circle, day by day,
Scarce-rocking, her full-busted figure-head
Stared o'er the ripple feathering from her bows:
Then follow'd calms, and then winds variable,
Then baffling, a long course of them; and last
Storm, such as drove her under moonless heavens
'Till hard upon the cry of 'breakers' came
The crash of ruin, and the loss of all
But Enoch and two others. Half the night,
Buoy'd upon floating tackle and broken spars,
These drifted, stranding on an isle at morn
Rich, but loneliest in a lonely sea.

No want was there of human sustenance,
Soft fruitage, mighty nuts, and nourishing roots;
Nor save for pity was it hard to take
The helpless life so wild that it was tame.
There in a seaward-gazing mountain-gorge
They built, and thatch'd with leaves of palm, a hut,
Half hut, half native cavern. So the three,
Set in this Eden of all plenteousness,
Dwelt with eternal summer, ill-content.

For one, the youngest, hardly more than boy,
Hurt in that night of sudden ruin and wreck,
Lay lingering out a three-years' death-in-life.
They could not leave him. After he was gone,
Enoch's comrade, careless of himself, fell
Sun-stricken, and then Enoch alone.
In those two deaths he read God's warning 'wait.'

The mountain wooded to the peak, the lawns
And winding glades high up like ways to Heaven,
The slender coco's drooping crown of plumes,
The lightning flash of insect and of bird,
The lustre of the long convolvuluses
That coil'd around the stately stems, and ran
Ev'n to the limit of the land, the glows
And glories of the broad belt of the world,
All these he saw; but what he fain had seen
He could not see, the kindly human face,
Nor ever hear a kindly voice, but heard
The myriad shriek of wheeling ocean-fowl,

The league-long roller thundering on the reef,
The moving whisper of huge trees that branch'd
And blossom'd in the zenith, or the sweep
Of some precipitous rivulet to the wave,
As down the shore he ranged, or all day long
Sat often in the seaward-gazing gorge,
A shipwreck'd sailor, waiting for a sail:
No sail from day to day. But every day
The sunrise broken into scarlet shafts
Among the palms and ferns and precipices;
The blaze upon the waters to the east;
The blaze upon his island overhead;
The blaze upon the waters to the west;
Then the great stars that globed themselves in Heaven,
The hollower-bellowing ocean, and again
The scarlet shafts of sunrise – but no sail.

There often as he watch'd or seem'd to watch,
So still, the golden lizard on him paused,
A phantom made of many phantoms moved
Before him haunting him, or he himself
Moved haunting people, things and places, known
Far in a darker isle beyond the line;
The babes, their babble, Annie, the small house,
The climbing street, the mill, the leafy lanes,
The horse he drove, the boat he sold, the chill
November dawns and dewy-glooming downs,
The gentle shower, the smell of dying leaves,
And the low moan of leaden-color'd seas.

Once likewise, in the ringing of his ears,
Tho' faintly, merrily – far and far away –
He heard the pealing of his parish bells;
Then, tho' he knew not wherefore, started up
Shuddering, and when the beauteous hateful isle
Return'd upon him, had not his poor heart
Spoken with That, which being everywhere
Lets none, who speaks with Him, seem all alone,
Surely the man had died of solitude.

7 Thus over Enoch's early-silvering head
The sunny and rainy seasons came and went
Year after year. His hopes to see his own,
And pace the sacred old familiar fields,
Not yet had perish'd, when his lonely doom
Came suddenly to an end. Another ship
(She wanted water) blown by baffling winds,
Like the Good Fortune, from her destined course,
Stay'd by this isle, not knowing where she lay:
For since the mate had seen at early dawn
Across a break on the mist-wreathen isle
The silent water slipping from the hills,
They sent a crew that landing burst away
In search of stream or fount, and fill'd the shores
With clamour. Downward from his mountain gorge
Stept the long-hair'd long-bearded solitary,
Brown, looking hardly human, strangely clad,
Muttering and mumbling, idiot like it seem'd,

With inarticulate rage, and making signs
They knew not what: and yet he led the way
To where the rivulets of sweet water ran;
And ever as he mingled with the crew,
And heard them talking, his long-bounden tongue
Was loosen'd, 'till he made them understand;
Whom, when their casks were fill'd they took aboard:
And there the tale he utter'd brokenly,
Scarce credited at first but more and more,
Amazed and melted all who listen'd to it:
And clothes they gave him and free passage home;
But oft he work'd among the rest and shook
His isolation from him. None of these
Came from his county, or could answer him,
If question'd, aught of what he cared to know.
And dull the voyage was with long delays,
The vessel scarce sea-worthy; but evermore
His fancy fled before the lazy wind
Returning, till beneath a clouded moon
He like a lover down thro' all his blood
Drew in the dewy meadowy morning-breath
Of England, blown across her ghostly wall:
And that same morning officers and men
Levied a kindly tax upon themselves,
Pitying the lonely man, and gave him it:
Then moving up the coast they landed him,
Ev'n in that harbour whence he sail'd before.

There Enoch spoke no word to anyone,
But homeward – home – what home? Had he a home?
His home, he walk'd. Bright was that afternoon,
Sunny but chill; till drawn thro' either chasm,
Where either haven open'd on the deeps,
Roll'd a sea-haze and whelm'd the world in gray;
Thicker the drizzle grew, deeper the gloom;
Last, as it seem'd, a great mist-blotted light
Flared on him, and he came upon the place.
Where Annie lived and loved him and where the babes
In those far-off seven happy years were born.
But finding neither light nor murmur there
(A bill of sale gleam'd thro' the drizzle) crept
Still downward thinking 'dead or dead to me!'

Down to the pool and narrow wharf he went,
Seeking a tavern which of old he knew,
A front of timber-crost antiquity,
So propt, worm-eaten, ruinously old,
He thought it must have gone; but he was gone
Who kept it; and his widow, Miriam Lane,
With daily-dwindling profits held the house;
A haunt of brawling seamen once, but now
Still, with yet a bed for wandering men.
There Enoch rested silently many days.

But Miriam Lane was good and garrulous,
Nor let him be, but often breaking in,
Told him, with other annals of the port,

Not knowing – Enoch was so brown, so bow'd,
So broken – all the story of his house.
His baby's death, her growing poverty,
How Philip put her little ones to school,
And kept them in it, his long wooing her,
Her slow consent, and marriage, and the birth
Of Philip's child: and o'er his countenance
No shadow past, nor motion: anyone,
Regarding, well had deem'd he felt the tale
Less than the teller: only when she closed
'Enoch, poor man, was cast away and lost'
He, shaking his grey head pathetically,
Repeated muttering 'cast away and lost;'
Again in deeper inward whispers 'lost!'

But Enoch yearn'd to see her face again;
'If I might look on her sweet face again
And know that she is happy: So the thought
Haunted and harass'd him, and drove him forth,
At evening when the dull November day
Was growing duller twilight, to the hill.
There he sat down gazing on all below;
There did a thousand memories roll upon him,
Unspeaking for sadness. By and by
The ruddy square of comfortable light,
Far-blazing from the rear of Philip's house,
Allured him, as the beacon-blaze allures
The bird of passage, 'till he madly strikes
Against it, and beats out his weary life.

For Philip's dwelling fronted on the street,
The latest house to landward; but behind,
With one small gate that open'd on the waste,
Flourish'd a little garden square and wall'd:
And in it throve an ancient evergreen,
A yew tree, and all round it ran a walk
Of shingle, and a walk divided it:
But Enoch shunn'd the middle walk and stole
Up by the wall, behind the yew; and thence
That which he better might have shunn'd, if griefs
Like his have worse or better, Enoch saw.

For cups and silver on the burnish'd board
Sparkled and shone; so genial was the hearth:
And on the right hand of the hearth he saw
Philip, the slighted suitor of old times,
Stout, rosy, with his babe across his knees;
And o'er her second father stooped a girl,
A later but a loftier Annie Lee,
Fair-hair'd and tall, and from her lifted hand
Dangled a length of ribbon and a ring
To tempt the babe, who rear'd his creasy arms,
Caught at and ever miss'd it, and they laugh'd:
And on the left hand of the hearth he saw
The mother glancing often toward her babe,
But turning now and then to speak with him,
Her son, who stood beside her tall and strong,
And saying that which pleased him, for he smiled.

8] Now when the dead man come to life beheld
His wife his wife no more, and saw the babe
Hers, yet not his, upon the father's knee,
And all the warmth, the peace, the happiness,
And his own children tall and beautiful,
And him, that other, reigning in his place,
Lord of his rights and of his children's love, –
Then he, tho' Miriam Lane had told him all,
Because things seen are mightier than things heard,
Stagger'd and shook, holding the branch, and fear'd
To send abroad a shrill and terrible cry,
Which in one moment, like the blast of doom,
Would shatter all the happiness of the hearth.

He therefore turning softly like a thief,
Lest the harsh shingle should grate underfoot,
And feeling all along the garden-wall,
Lest he should swoon and tumble and be found,
Crept to the gate, and open'd it, and closed,
As lightly as a sick man's chamber-door,
Behind him, and came out upon the waste.

And there he would have knelt, but that his knees
Were feeble, so that falling prone he dug
His fingers into the wet earth, and pray'd.

Too hard to bear! why did they take me hence?
O God Almighty, blessed Saviour, Thou
That didst uphold me on my lonely isle,

Uphold me, Father, in my loneliness
A little longer! aid me, give me strength
Not to tell her, never to let her know.
Help me not to break in upon her peace.
My children too! must I not speak to these?
They know me not. I should betray myself.
Never: no father's kiss for me – the girl
So like her mother, and the boy, my son.'

There speech and thought and nature fail'd a little,
And he lay tranced; but when he rose and paced
Back toward his solitary home again,
All down the long and narrow street he went
Beating it in upon his weary brain,
As tho' it were the burthen of a song,
'Not to tell her, never to let her know.'

He was not all unhappy. His resolve
Upbore him, and firm faith, and evermore
Prayer from a living source within the will,
And beating up thro' all the bitter world,
Like fountains of sweet water in the sea,
Kept him a living soul. 'This miller's wife,'
He said to Miriam 'that you told me of,
Has she no fear that her first husband lives?'
'Ay ay, poor soul' said Miriam, 'fear enow!
If you could tell her you had seen him dead,
Why, that would be her comfort,' and he thought
'After the Lord has call'd me she shall know,

I wait His time' and Enoch set himself,
Scorning an alms, to work whereby to live.
Almost to all things could he turn his hand.
Cooper he was and carpenter, and wrought
To make the boatmen fishing-nets, or help'd
At lading and unlading the tall barks,
That brought the stinted commerce of those days;
Thus earn'd a scanty living for himself:
Yet since he did but labour for himself,
Work without hope, there was not life in it
Whereby the man could live; and as the year
Roll'd itself round again to meet the day
When Enoch had return'd, a languor came
Upon him, gentle sickness, gradually
Weakening the man, till he could do no more,
But kept the house, his chair, and last his bed.
And Enoch bore his weakness cheerfully.
For sure no gladlier does the stranded wreck
See thro' the grey skirts of a lifting squall
The boat that bears the hope of life approach
To save the life despair'd of, than he saw
Death dawning on him, and the close of all.

For thro' that dawning gleam'd a kindlier hope
On Enoch thinking 'after I am gone,
Then may she learn I loved her to the last.'
He call'd aloud for Miriam Lane and said
'Woman, I have a secret – only swear,
Before I tell you – swear upon the book

Not to reveal it, till you see me dead.'
'Dead' clamor'd the good woman 'hear him talk!
I warrant, man, that we shall bring you round.'
'Swear' added Enoch sternly on the book.'
And on the book, half-frighted, Miriam swore.
Then Enoch rolling his grey eyes upon her,
'Did you know Enoch Arden of this town?'
'Know him?' she said 'I knew him far away.
Ay, ay, I mind him coming down the street;
Held his head high, and cared for no man, he.'
Slowly and sadly Enoch answer'd her;
'His head is low, and no man cares for him.
I think I have not three days more to live;
I am the man.' At which the woman gave
A half-incredulous, half-hysterical cry.
'You Arden, you! nay, – sure he was a foot
Higher than you be.' Enoch said again
'My God has bow'd me down to what I am;
My grief and solitude have broken me;
Nevertheless, know that I am he
Who married – but that name has twice been changed –
I married her who married Philip Ray.
Sit, listen.' Then he told her of his voyage,
His wreck, his lonely life, his coming back,
His gazing in on Annie, his resolve,
And how he kept it. As the woman heard,
Fast flow'd the current of her easy tears,
While in her heart she yearn'd incessantly
To rush abroad all round the little haven,

Proclaiming Enoch Arden and his woes;
But awed and promise-bounded she forbore,
Saying only 'See your bairns before you go!
Eh, let me fetch 'em, Arden,' and arose
Eager to bring them down, for Enoch hung
A moment on her words, but then replied.

[9] 'Woman, disturb me not now at the last,
But let me hold my purpose till I die.
Sit down again; mark me and understand,
While I have power to speak. I charge you now,
When you shall see her, tell her that I died
Blessing her, praying for her, loving her;
Save for the bar between us, loving her
As when she laid her head beside my own.
And tell my daughter Annie, whom I saw
So like her mother, that my latest breath
Was spent in blessing her and praying for her.
And tell my son that I died blessing him.
And say to Philip that I blest him too;
He never meant us anything but good.
But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly saw me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after-life.
And now there is but one of all my blood,
Who will embrace me in the world-to-be:
This hair is his: she cut it off and gave it,

And I have borne it with me all these years,
And thought to bear it with me to my grave;
But now my mind is changed, for I shall see him,
My babe in bliss: wherefore when I am gone,
Take, give her this, for it may comfort her:
It will moreover be a token to her,
That I am he.'

He ceased; and Miriam Lane
Made such a voluble answer promising all,
That once again he roll'd his eyes upon her
Repeating all he wish'd, and once again
She promised.

Then the third night after this,
While Enoch slumber'd motionless and pale,
And Miriam watch'd and dozed at intervals,
There came so loud a calling of the sea,
That all the houses in the haven rang.
He woke, he rose, he spread his arms abroad
Crying with a loud voice 'a sail! a sail!
I am saved'; and so fell back and spoke no more.

So past the strong heroic soul away.
And when they buried him the little port
Had seldom seen a costlier funeral.

THE CASTLE BY THE SEA

DAS SCHLOSS AM MEERE

Ludwig Uhland (1787-1862), trans. Christopher Kent

[10] Hast du das Schloß gesehen,
Das hohe Schloß am Meer?
Golden und rosig wehen
Die Wolken drüber her.

Es möchte sich niederneigen
In die spiegelklare Flut;
Es möchte streben und steigen
In der Abendwolken Glut.

"Wohl hab ich es gesehen,
Das hohe Schloß am Meer,
Und den Mond darüber stehen,
Und Nebel weit umher."

Der Wind und des Meeres Wallen
Gaben sie frischen Klang?
Vernahmst du aus hohen Hallen
Saiten und Festgesang?

"Die Winde, die Wogen alle
Lagen in tiefer Ruh',
Einem Klagelied aus der Halle
Hört' ich mit Tränen zu."

"And didst thou see the castle
The castle by the sea?
With gold red clouds above it
In gorgeous pageantry;

That seems beneath the mirrored wave
To sink down far below,
That seems to soar on upward
Through the evening's crimson glow?"

"Indeed, my lord, I saw it,
That castle by the sea.
But above, the moon shone dimly,
The mists hung gloomily."

"And didst thou hear the ocean
With majestic winds sing out?
Heards't thou the harps from lofted halls
And festive voices shout?"

"The winds and the waves of ocean,
No sound from them I heard.
From the halls but a deep lament
That tears within me stirred."

Sahest du oben gehen
Den König und sein Gemahl?
Der roten Mäntel Wehen,
Der goldnen Kronen Strahl?

Führten sie nicht mit Wonne
Eine schöne Jungfrau dar,
Herrlich wie eine Sonne,
Strahlend im goldnen Haar?

Wohl sah ich die Eltern beide,
Ohne der Kronen Licht,
Im schwarzen Trauerkleide;
Die Jungfrau sah ich nicht."



"But saw'st thou on the ramparts
The King and his royal Queen,
Their scarlet mantles flowing
Their golden crowns' bright gleam?"

Led they not forth in splendour
A most beauteous maiden there?
As glorious as the sunbeams
That shone through her golden hair?"

"I saw the aged parents both,
But without their crowns so fair.
They wore but robes of mourning;
The maiden was not there."

Translation © Christopher Kent, 2022

ILLUSTRATION

The Castle by the Sea by Myles Birket Foster (1825-99) engraved by Henry Vizetelly
(from the Second Edition of Longfellow's *Hyperion*, published by David Bogue of Fleet Street, 1853)

Christopher Kent and Gamal Khamis

Never Such Innocence

"An incredibly moving performance." *Katie Derham, BBC Radio 3*

Odyssey – Words and Music of Finding Home

"Extraordinary – exceptionally sensitive and beautiful." *Refugee Hosts*

Enoch Arden

"The performance by Gamal Khamis and Christopher Kent had me totally transfixed." *Alexis Paterson, CEO Three Choirs Festival*

The recital partnership between actor **Christopher Kent** and pianist **Gamal Khamis** began in 2016 when they collaborated on *Never Such Innocence*, their acclaimed narrative recital setting music and writing from the First World War alongside the story of Christopher's own great uncle, 19-year-old conscript, Percy O'Key.

It was followed in 2019 by *Odyssey – Words and Music of Finding Home*, in which the legend of Odysseus's epic journey home from the Trojan War was interwoven with specially commissioned works by six award-winning contemporary poets and composers on themes of journey, diaspora and migration. During the lockdown of 2020, Christopher and Gamal gave a live-streamed performance of *Enoch Arden* by Strauss/Tennyson, which was viewed online globally and led to subsequent performances in London and around the UK.

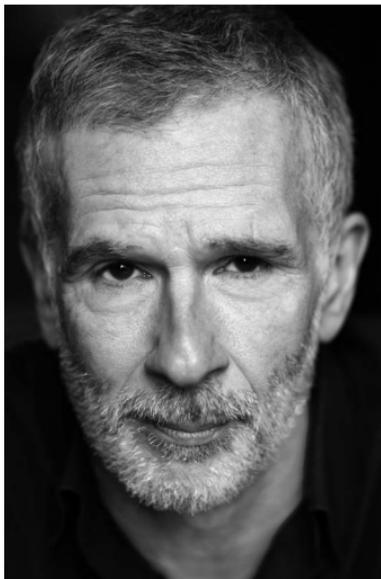
Christopher Kent

“Christopher Kent was outstanding at The English Music Festival... breath-stopping emotion, perfect timing.” *Oxford Times*

Christopher Kent has appeared on stage, screen and radio in a wide range of roles from Shakespeare to contemporary drama. London theatre appearances have included *Cyrano de Bergerac* with Robert Lindsay at the Theatre Royal Haymarket and *The Government Inspector* with Timothy Spall at Greenwich Theatre. His live performances of epic story-telling and poetry, often from memory and in partnership with leading musicians, have been widely acclaimed. His concert work includes collaborations with London's Orlando Choir, the West London Sinfonia and regular recital partners, pianist Gamal Khamis and the Bridge String Quartet. Christopher is also one of the UK's best known voice actors, regularly heard on commercials, documentaries, film trailers and literary recordings.

christopherkent.co.uk

 @ckukvo



Photograph: Walter Van Dyk

Gamal Khamis

“The highlight of the evening was pianist Gamal Khamis, whose sensitivity and imagination shone out of his three performances.” *Financial Times*

Described by *The Times* as a pianist with “formidable keyboard skills”, Gamal Khamis has performed at Carnegie Hall, Queen Elizabeth Hall and Sage Gateshead, as well as all over Europe, North America, Australia and New Zealand. He made his debut at the Wigmore Hall at the age of ten, and he gained a degree in Mathematics from Imperial College London before completing his formal education at the Royal College of Music, where he now works with the Vocal Faculty and the Junior Department. He has won major prizes at the Royal Over-Seas League Music Competition and the Ferrier Awards, and has worked with many of Britain's leading composers including Thomas Adès, Mark Anthony Turnage and Eleanor Alberga. He is also a regular contributor to BBC Radio 3 *In Tune*, where he has performed alongside Sol Gabetta, Vilde Frang and Erwin Schrott.



Photograph: Craig White

Gamal is a Samling Artist, a member of the award-winning Lipatti Piano Quartet, and a coach and pianist on DEBUT's Horizon Project. He is also on the Artistic Committee of the Park Lane Group. He performs regularly at both the Flatirons Chamber Music Festival in Colorado, USA, and the Marrayat Players Chamber Music Festival in London. Gamal would like to thank The Carne Trust and The Finzi Trust for their recent support of his career.

gamalkhamis.com

 [@gamalpiano](https://twitter.com/gamalpiano)



RICHARD STRAUSS SOCIETY

SOMM would like to thank
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financial contribution to this recording



Photograph: Andrew Neill

During recording at The Menuhin Hall