'Where did she dwell?' Where one'st I had my dwellin'.
'Who loved her best?' There's no one now will know.
'Where is she gone?' Och, why would I be tellin'!
Where she is gone there I can never go.

29 *Back to Ireland*

Oh tell me, will I ever win to Ireland again,
Astore! from the far North-West?
Have we given all the rainbows, an' green woods an' rain,
For the suns an' the snows o' the West?
"Them that goes to Ireland must thravel night an' day,
An' them that goes to Ireland must sail across the say,
For the len'th of here to Ireland is half the world away –
An' you'll lave your heart behind you in the West.

Set your face for Ireland,
Kiss your friends in Ireland,
but lave your heart behind you in the West."
On a dim an' shiny mornin' the ship she comes to land,
Early, oh, early in the mornin',
The silver wathers o' the Foyle go slidin' to the strand,
Whisperin', "Ye're welcome in the mornin'."
There's darkness on the holy hills I know are close aroun',
But the stars are shinin' up the sky, the stars are shinin' down,
They make a golden cross above, they make a golden crown,
An' meself could tell ye why, – in the mornin'
Sure an' this is Ireland,
Thank God for Ireland!
I'm comin' back to Ireland the mornin'.

Poems on pp. 23 - 28 contain Irish words which may need clarification. These are as follows:-
The Fair: amn't (aren't). scare (fright). polis (police). stravagin' (wandering aimlessly). kilt (harmed).
The Calico Dress: so high (worth so much). lock (batch). sthreel (drag along untidily).
Corrymeela: sorra (the devil). moithered (confused). bummin' (buzzing). gossoon (boy). colleen dhas (pretty girl). mortial (mortal). shaugh (smoke).
The Fairy Lough: airy (eerie). ***Cuttin' Rushes***: rippin' (reaping).
Johneen: quare an' (very). do wantin' (spare) Slainte gal (bright health). avic machree (son of my heart). avourneen (my dearest). ***Back to Ireland***: Astore (my treasure)

Somm

Volume 2

Sarah Leonard
soprano

Paul Leonard
baritone

Malcolm Martineau
piano

Songs by
Parry, Somervell
& Stanford

The three composers represented on this disc are closely connected. Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848-1918) was Principal of The Royal College of Music; Charles Villiers Stanford was his senior composition teacher, and Professor of Music at Cambridge. Arthur Somervell studied with Stanford at Cambridge, and with Parry at the Royal College. All three made the composition of songs an important area of work throughout their lives, and played a major part in raising the standard of song-writing in England, paving the way for such composers as Quilter, Vaughan Williams, Ireland, Gurney, Bridge and Warlock. All three were best remembered as teachers and administrators rather than composers, as is shown by the fairly short entries they were allotted in *New Grove* in 1980. Parry has two columns, Stanford four, and Somervell one. However, attitudes are now changing; more recent music reference books allow them proportionately more space, and their importance as composers is being recognised in recordings of their music.

Only one of Parry's twelve sets of *English Lyrics* is confined to a single poet. Mary Coleridge died in 1907, at the early age of 46. Her poems were edited and published posthumously by Sir Henry Newbolt, who knew both Parry and Stanford well. In 1909 Parry set seven of her poems for his *English Lyrics, Set 9*. ***The Maiden*** is a light-hearted trifle, but ***Armida's Garden*** is a serious portrayal of lost content, and is not easily forgotten. ***My Heart is like a Singing Bird*** comes from *Set 10* (1918), and is an enthusiastic love song. Like ***My True Love hath my Heart*** (from *Set 1*, 1881), there is full confidence that love is mutual, though in the first there is clearly some panic in preparing for the lover's imminent arrival. ***Goodnight***, also from Set 1, is a setting of Shelley's poem, which meditates on the rather vital difference between *saying* 'good-night', and *having* a 'good night' with one's beloved. ***From a City Window*** (*Set 10*) is perhaps Parry's finest song. A setting of words by the American playwright Langdon Elwyn Mitchell (1862-1935), it is a wonderful evocation of the changing moods of one who lives alone, though surrounded by other people in the city. ***Crabbed Age and Youth*** comes from *Set 5* (1902). A letter written by Parry to his friend and mentor Edward Dannreuther in 1882 is of interest here: 'I have been wrestling with *Crabbed Age and Youth*, but it seems too much for me. The dramatic breaks of continuity at the end jump from side to side so abruptly, and all through the two-sided nature of the thoughts take it out of the province of pure lyric. I've tried over and over again'. Twenty years later he found a very satisfactory answer, the end in particular having great charm. Note that in the last line 'stay'st' means 'stay away' too long.

Somervell's ***A Shropshire Lad*** (1904) is the only set of songs using Housman's poems which

is a true narrative cycle rather than a group of independent though related songs. It may be considered not only the first but also the best of the many *Shropshire Lad* sets, and Somervell's masterpiece among his five song-cycles. The simple opening song has a memorable melody, which will appear later; at this stage it merely shows the happiness of youth, before the problems of life have to be met. In ***When I was one-and-twenty*** the composer's modulations and tempo changes make the bitterness of the poem much clearer than Butterworth's rather feeble folk song. ***There pass the careless people*** is extraordinarily powerful, with traces of Mahler in the accompaniment. It portrays the loneliness and suppressed rage that can be induced by the loss of the beloved. ***In Summertime on Bredon*** shows how this occurred, and how the singer happily ignored responsibility when with his beloved. Now she is dead he will, reluctantly, answer the call of the church bells. ***The street sounds to the soldiers' tread*** is a straightforward and exhilarating march, but provides the first hint that soldiering may take the place of lost love. ***On the idle hill of summer*** is not a gentle piece; both words and music in the second stanza are full of suppressed fury at the waste of war. The singer will join the army because he has no alternative, not out of patriotism. The last line of the poem refers to Job 14: 'Man that is born of woman is of few days and full of trouble'. The postlude expresses anger rather than pride. ***White in the moon*** is a magical portrayal of homesickness, worthy of Schumann. The only cure is drink, as ***Think no more, lad***, again perfectly placed in the whole design, demonstrates. Many composers have used the method of repeating music from a happier time during a death scene, Puccini in *La Bohème* for one; few such examples are more heart-rending than ***Into my heart an air that kills***. ***The Lads in their hundreds*** is a commentary on the story we have heard, making two points: first, there is no way of knowing who will die early, among all the cheerful young men crowding the fair; secondly, and clearly most importantly for Somervell, those who do die young will 'carry their looks and their truth to the grave... and never be old'.

Young love lies sleeping comes from Somervell's second cyle, *Love in Springtime* (1901), and is a setting of three stanzas from Christina Rossetti's eight-stanza poem. The complete poem makes it clear that 'young love' is a dreamer preferring dreams to reality, and that this is why 'change cannot touch him'. The song is a magical masterpiece. ***Shepherd's Cradle Song*** (1890) is one of Somervell's many charming lullabies. ***Come to me in my dreams*** was Somervell's last song, published in 1927. The opening phrase is a direct quotation from the composer's cycle *A Broken Arc*, at the words'Dear, I look from my hiding place. Are you still so fair?' have you still the eyes?' The emotion here expressed by Browning is similar to that shown in

Matthew Arnold's poem. It was probably written in the autumn of 1850; Arnold had had his engagement to his future wife Frances Lucy Wightman forbidden by her father in that summer, and they were only able to resume their correspondence at the end of the year.

Though Stanford came to England when he was eighteen and never returned to his native Ireland, he never lost his feeling for his native land. He edited collections of Irish folk song, and composed six song-cycles to words by Irish poets. All but one of the remaining songs on this disc have Irish words. The exception is ***To the Soul*** (1906), with words by Walt Whitman. The music has clearly, and appropriately enough, been inspired by Brahms's *German Requiem*, being a dignified and finally almost ecstatic welcoming of death. The thoroughly enjoyable trip described in ***The Fair*** comes from *A Fire of Turf* (1913), with words by Winifred Letts, who wrote many plays for the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. The entertaining tale of ***The Calico Dress*** (1896) was written by George Jessop, who also wrote the libretto for the most successful of Stanford's seven operas, *Shamus O'Brien*.

An Irish Idyll (1901) was the first of Stanford's Irish cycles. The poems by Moira O'Neill (1863-1955) have been denigrated by some, but the following comment by Stephen Gwynn in 1936 is worth remembering: 'It (O'Neill's *Songs of the Glens of Antrim*) is one of the very few books which, if all copies were destroyed, could probably be reproduced from oral tradition – she must always hold a place in Irish literature'. Ernest Boyd wrote: 'Moira O'Neill came, with a genuine peasant poetry,... and she convinced the sceptics. ***Corrymeela*** was as certainly good poetry as it was a natural utterance from the lips of an Irish peasant' ***The Fairy Lough*** describes a little dark lake in the hills, where The Horsemen may ride at night, so long as there is nobody to see! ***Cuttin' Rushes*** is a memory of happy youth, 'fifty years ago'; Stanford's music gives an infectious sense of carefree days gone by, but also, near the end, a moment of sadness at the thought that such days are now over. ***Johneen*** is a small boy, the centre of attention for his infatuated parents, who naturally consider him the most wonderful being ever created, and demand we drink his health! ***A Broken Song*** is a moving portrayal of the feelings attendant on the loss of the only person who made life worth living; a song of question and hesitant answer, the immense restraint of both poet and composer is more heart-breaking than an emotional outbreak would have been. O'Neill lived in Canada for a time, and the final song, ***Back to Ireland***, is concerned with her return to Antrim; her feelings are divided, since she has many friends in the West – Canada – but Ireland is her true home, as is confirmed by Stanford's triumphant music.

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Sarah Leonard studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama and is one of the most versatile sopranos of her generation. She has a wide repertoire and performs throughout the UK and Europe in major concert halls and at festivals, including the BBC Proms, Aldeburgh, Huddersfield, Almeida, Salzburg, Holland, Strasbourg and Venice Biennale. She has a particular interest in performing British music, working with many composers, as well as exploring British vocal music written earlier this century.

Sarah Leonard has worked with most of the major orchestras and ensembles in this country, as well as abroad with the Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, the Royal Concertgebouw and the Ensemble InterContemporain. She also gives regular oratorio and recital performances. She made her début at La Scala, Milan, in Giacomo Manzoni's *Doktor Faustus* and appeared in two chamber operas for the Royal Opera Garden Venture. She has made numerous broadcasts on BBC Radio 3, West German Radio, Radio France and has also appeared on Thames Television, HTV, Channel 4 and Swiss television.

Paul Leonard is the brother of Sarah Leonard. He also studied at the Guildhall School of Music and Drama as an operatic baritone, but his versatility has enabled him to work in all areas of the performing arts. This has led to a very successful career in London West End Musicals as well as straight acting. Roles include 'Police Sergeant' in *The Pirates of Penzance*, 'Rusty Charlie' in *Guys and Dolls* at The National Theatre, 'Monsieur Firmen' in *The Phantom of the Opera*, the title role of *Scrooge*, 'Jarvert' in *Les Miserables*, and 'Judge Coras' in *Martin Guerre*. He appeared with the RSC in their 1998-99 production of Richard III.

Paul and Sarah have given several concerts together, including *Friday Night is Music Night*.

Edinburgh-born **Malcolm Martineau** read music at St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. In 1981 he went on to study at the Royal College of Music with Kendall Taylor, Geoffrey Parsons and Lyndon van der Pump, where he won all the internal accompanists' prizes. Later awards include the Walther Grüner International Lieder Competition in 1984 (and he was subsequently asked back to act as official accompanist in 1987). Malcolm accompanied Bryn Terfel when he won the Lieder prize at the 1989 Cardiff Singer of the World Competition, Simon Keenlyside when he won the 1990 Elly Ameling Award, and has played at various masterclasses at the Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh for Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Ileana Cotrubas and Kurt Equiluz

Malcolm has accompanied many of the world's leading singers, including Dame Janet Baker, Sarah Walker, Della Jones, Tom Krause and Thomas Allen, and many noted instrumentalists, including Emma Johnson.

Les trois compositeurs représentés sur ce CD sont étroitement liés. Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848 - 1918) était le principal du Collège Royal de Musique à Londres; C.V. Stanford était son professeur principal de composition et Professeur de Musique à l'Université de Cambridge. Arthur Somervell a étudié sous la direction de Stanford à Cambridge, et sous celle de Parry au Collège Royal. La composition de chansons est une partie importante de l'œuvre de tous les trois, qui ont joué un rôle majeur en élevant le niveau de la composition de chansons en Angleterre, et en préparant le chemin pour des compositeurs tels que Quilter, Vaughan Williams, Ireland, Gurney, Bridge et Warlock. On se souvient de tous les trois comme enseignants et administrateurs plutôt que comme compositeurs, comme on remarque dans les articles assez courts qui leur étaient assignés dans l'édition de 1980 du dictionnaire de musique *New Grove*, où Parry occupe trois colonnes, Stanford quatre et Somervell une seule. Maintenant cependant, les attitudes changent: les livres de référence plus récents leur donnent plus de place, et les enrégistrements de leur musique reconaissent leur importance comme compositeurs.

Entre les douze séries de *Lyriques Anglaises* de Parry, une seulement est consacrée à un seul poète. Mary Coleridge est morte en 1907 a l'âge de 46 ans. Le rédacteur et éditeur posthume de ses vers fut Sir Henry Newbolt, qui a bien connu Parry et Stanford. En 1909 Parry a mis en musique sept des poèmes de Mary Coleridge pour sa Série No. 9 des *Lyriques Anglaises*. ***The Maiden*** (***La jeune fille***) n'est qu'une bagatelle légère, mais ***Armida's Garden*** (***le jardin d'Armide***) est une évocation sérieuse de bonheur perdu, qu'on n'oublie pas facilement. ***My Heart is like a Singing Bird*** (***mon cœur est comme un oiseau qui chante***), qui fait partie de la Série No. 10 (1918) est un chant d'amour passionné. Comme dans ***My True Love Hath my Heart*** (***mon bien-aimé a mon cœur***) (de la Série No. 1 de 1881) il y a la confiance que l'amour est mutuel, bien que le premier poème exprime une certaine panique en ae préparant à l'arrivée imminente de l'amant. ***Goodnight*** (de la Série No. 1) est une mise en musique d'un poème de Shelley qui médite sur la différence assez vitale entre le souhait d'une bonne nuit à quelqu'un et le plaisir d'une bonne nuit avec sa bien-aimée. ***From a City Window*** (***d'une fenêtre dans la cité***) (Série 10) est peut-être la meilleure chanson de Parry. C'est une mise en musique de paroles du

dramaturge américain Langdon Elwyn Mitchell (1862-1935), qui évoque merveilleusement les humeurs variées d'un solitaire, pourtant entouré d'une foule dans la cité. ***Crabbed Age and Youth*** (***la vieillesse revêche et la jeunesse***) vient de la Série 5 (1902). A cet égard, une lettre de Parry à son ami Edward Dannreuther de 1882 est intéressante. "J'ai lutté avec *Crabbed Age and Youth*, mais il m'a apparemment vaincu. Ses changements dramatiques sautent si soudainement d'un côte à l'autre, et l'ambiguité des pensées l'éloigne du domaine de la pure lyrique. Je l'ai essayé à maintes reprises". Vingt années plus tard il a trouvé une solution très satisfaisante, la fin surtout ayant beaucoup de charme. Notez qu'à la dernière ligne "thou stay'st" veut dire "tu t'absentes" trop longtemps.

A Shropshire Lad de Somervell est le seul vrai cycle narratif sur les vers de Housman, plutôt qu'un groupement de chansons indépentantes quoique liées. On peut le considérer comme non seulement le premier, mais aussi le meilleur en comparaison des autres suites sur *A Shropshire Lad*, et comme le chef-d'œuvre de ses cinq suites de chansons. La première chanson simple a une mélodie mémorable, qui rapparaîtra plus tard; à présent elle démontre seulement le bonheur de la jeunesse. Dans ***When I was one-and-twenty***(***Quand j'avais vingt-et-un ans***), les modulations et changements de tempo expriment beaucoup mieux l'amertume du poème que ne fait la chanson folklorique assez faible de Butterworth. ***There pass the careless people*** (***Voilà le monde insouciant qui passe***) a une puissance extraordinaire: son accompagnement nous fait songer à Mahler. Cette chanson peint l'isolement et la colère réprimée que peut provoquer la perte de la bien-aimée. ***In summertime on Bredon*** raconte comment cela s'est passé, et comment le chanteur n'a tenu aucun compte de sa responsabilité du vivant de sa bien-aimée. Maintenant qu'elle est morte il répondra, à contrecœur, à l'appel des cloches. ***The street sounds to the soldiers' tread*** (***La rue résonne aux pas des soldats***) est une marche simple et exaltante, mais qui fait la première allusion au fait que les armes peuvent remplacer l'amour perdu. ***On the idle hill of summer*** (***Sur la colline oisive de l'été***) n'est pas un poème doux: dans la deuxième strophe les paroles et la musique sont, toutes les deux, pleines de fureur suppressée contre la futilité de la guerre. Le chanteur va s'enrôler dans l'armée non par patriotisme, mais parcequ'il n'a pas de choix. La dernière ligne fait référence au livre de Job 14: "L'homme, né de la femme, n'a que peu de jours à vivre, et il est rassasié de trouble". Le postlude exprime la colère plutôt que l'orgueil. ***White in the moon*** (***Blanc sous la lune***) est une peinture magique de la nostalgie, digne de Schumann. Le seul remède, c'est la boisson, comme le démontre ***Think no more, lad*** (***N'y pense plus, mon gars***), une chanson parfaitement placée dans le plan d'ensemble. La répétition pendant une scène de mort de la musique d'un

temps passé plus heureux est une devise employée par beaucoup de compositeurs, notamment par Puccini dans *La Bohème*: il y a peu d'exemples plus émouvants que ***Into my heart an air that kills*** (***Dans mon cœur un air qui tue***). ***The lads in their hundreds*** (***Les garçons par centaines***) est un commentaire sur l'histoire que nous avons entendue, qui fait remarquer deux points: le premier, qu'on ne sait jamais qui mourront les premiers des jeunes hommes pleins d'entrain qui se pressent à la foire; le deuxième et evidemment le plus important pour Somervell: ceux qui mourront jeunes "porteront à la tombe leur beauté et leur vérité... et ne vieilliront jamais".

Young love lies sleeping (***Le jeune amour dort***) vient du deuxième cycle de Somervell, *Love in Springtime* (1901), et met en musique trois des huit strophes du poème de Christina Rossetti. Le poème entier fait comprendre que "le jeune amour" est un rêveur qui préfère les rêves à la réalité, et c'est pour cela que "le changement ne le touche pas". La chanson est un chef-d'œuvre magique. ***Shepherd's cradle song*** (***Berceuse du berger***) est une des plusieurs berceuses charmantes de Somervell. ***Come to me in my dreams*** (***Viens à moi dans mes rêves***) est la dernière chanson de Somervell, publiée en 1927. La première phrase est une citation de son cycle *A broken arc* (*un arc rompu*) aux paroles: "Chérie, je regarde de ma cachette. Es-tu encore aussi belle? as-tu encore les yeux?" L'émotion exprimée ici par Browning ressemble à celle du poème de Matthew Arnold. Celui-ci fut écrit probablement en automne de 1850, lorsque les fiançailles d'Arnold avec sa future femme Frances Lucy Wightman avaient été interdites par le père de la fiancée, et qu'ils n'ont pu reprendre leur correspondance qu'à la fin de l'année.

Bien que Stanford soit venue en Angleterre à l'âge de dix-huit ans et ne soit jamais retourné en son Irlande natale, il n'a jamais perdu ses sentiments pour sa patrie. Il a rédigé des collections de chansons folkloriques irlandaises et a composé six cycles de chansons aux paroles de poètes irlandais. Toutes les chansons restantes sur ce disque, à une exception, ont des paroles irlandaises. L'exception, c'est ***To the Soul*** (***À l'Âme***) aux paroles de Walt Whitman. La musique de celle-ci est évidemment, et avec à-propos, inspirée par le Requiem Allemand de Brahms; c'est un accueil grave et presqu'extasié à la mort. L'excursion très agréable racontée dans ***The Fair*** (***La Foire***) vient d'*A Fire of Turf* (*Un feu de tourbe*) par Winifred Letts, qui a écrit plusieurs pièces pour le théâtre de l'Abbaye à Dublin. L'histoire amusante de ***The Calico Dress*** (***La robe de calicot***) fut écrit par George Jessop, qui fut aussi le librettiste du plus connu des sept opéras de Stanford, *Shamus O'Brien*.

An Irish Idyll (***Une idylle irlandaise***) fut le premier des cycles de chansons de Stanford. Quelques critiques ont dénigré les poèmes de Moira O'Neill (1863-1955), mais le commentaire suivant de Stephen Gwynn vaut la peine de s'en souvenir: "Les Chants des Vallons d'Antrim [d'O'Neill] sont un des quelques livres qu'on pourrait probablement, si tous les exemplaires étaient détruits, reproduire de la tradition orale – elle méritera toujours une place dans la littérature irlandaise". Ernest Boyd a écrit: "Moira O'Neill est venue, avec une vraie poésie paysanne... et elle a convaincu les sceptiques". ***The Fairy Lough*** (***Le lac féerique***) décrit un petit lac sombre dans les montagnes où Les Cavaliers se promènent à cheval la nuit, pourvu que personne ne les regarde. ***Cuttin' Rushes*** (***La coupe des joncs***) est un souvenir d'une jeunesse joyeuse "il y a cinquante ans"; la musique de Stanford lui donne un sens contagieux de journées sans souci d'autrefois, mais aussi, vers la fin, un moment de tristesse à la pensée qu'elles sont maintenant passées. ***Johneen*** est un petit garçon, le centre d'admiration de ses parents infatués qui le considèrent naturellement comme nonpareil, et qui nous invitent à boire à sa santé! ***A Broken Song*** (***Un chant brisé***) est l'expression émouvante des sentiments qui accompagnent la perte de la seule personne qui nous donne la raison de vivre; c'est une chanson posant des questions et donnant des réponses hésitantes; la retenue immense du poète et du compositeur est plus poignante que le serait un débordement d'émotion. O'Neill a vécu pendant un temps au Canada, et la dernière chanson, ***Back to Ireland***, traite de son retour en Antrim; ses sentiments sont mixtes, puisqu'elle a beaucoup d'amis à l'Ouest (au Canada), mais sa vraie patrie, c'est l'Irlande, comme confirme la musique triomphale de Stanford.

Traduction: *Denys Becher et Nadia Jackson*

Sarah Leonard est une des sopranos aux talents les plus variés de sa génération. Elle a étudié à la Guildhall School of Music and Drama à Londres. Elle a un répertoire étendu, et chante dans tout le Royaume-Uni et en Europe dans les principales salles de concerts et aux festivals, y compris les Proms de la BBC, Aldeburgh, Huddersfield, Almeida, Salzburg, les Pays-Bas, Strasbourg et le Biennale de Venise. Elle s'intéresse particulièrement à la musique anglaise, ayant co-opéré avec beaucoup de compositeurs, aussi bien que d'explorer la musique vocale anglaise des premières décennies du vingtième siècle.

Sarah Leonard a chanté avec la plupart des principaux orchestres du Royaume-Uni, aussi bien qu'à l'étranger avec l'Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, le Concertgebouw Royal et l'Ensemble InterContemporain. Elle donne aussi plusieurs renditions d'oratorio et récitals.

Elle a débuté à la Scala de Milan dans le *Doktor Faustus* de Giacomo Manzoni, et a paru dans deux opéras de chambre pour la "Garden Venture" de l'Opéra Royal de Londres. Elle a fait de nombreux émissions à la Radio 3 de la BBC, à la Radio de l'Allemagne de l'Ouest, et à la Radio France, et a paru sur Thames Television, HTV, Channel 4 et à la TV suisse.

Paul Leonard est le frère de Sarah Leonard. Il a étudié, lui aussi, a l'École du Guildhall comme baryton d'opéra, mais grâce a ses talents variés il a pu travailler dans plusieurs domaines des arts du spectacle. Il a mené une carrière très réussie dans les comédies musicales à Londres aussi bien que comme acteur. Ses rôles comprennent 'le Sergent de Police' dans *The Pirates of Penzance*, 'Rusty Charlie' dans *Guys and Dolls* au Théâtre Nationale, 'Monsieur Firmen' dans *The Phantom of the Opera*, le rôle principal de *Scrooge*, 'Jarvert' dans *Les Misérables* et 'le Juge Coras' dans *Martin Guerre*. Il a paru dans la production de 1998-99 de la Royal Shakespeare Company du Richard III de Shakespeare.

Paul et Sarah ont donné beaucoup de concerts ensemble, y compris *Friday Night is Music Night* à la BBC.

Né à Edinbourg, **Malcolm Martineau** a étudié la musique à St. Catherine's College de Cambridge. En 1981 il a continué ses études au Royal College of Music avec Kendall Taylor, Geoffrey Parsons et Lyndon van der Pump, en gagnant tous les prix intérieurs de collège pour accompagnateurs. Parmi ses prix ultérieurs fut celui de Concours International Walther Grüner en 1984 (qui l'a par la suite invité à servir d'accompagnateur officiel en 1987). Malcolm a accompagné Bryn Terfel quand celui-ci a gagné le prix de Lieder au concours Cardiff Singer of the World en 1989, aussi bien que Simon Keenlyside quand il a gagné le Prix Elly Ameling en 1990. Il a participé à divers cours de maître à l'Ecole Britten-Pears à Aldeburgh pour Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Ileana Cotrubas et Kurt Equiluz.

Malcolm a accompagné beaucoup des principaux chanteurs du monde, y compris Dame Janet Baker, Sarah Walker, Della Jones, Tom Krause et Thomas Allen, et plusieurs instrumentalistes célèbres, par exemple la clarinettiste Emma Johnson.

Traduction: *Denys Becher*

Die Drei Komponisten die auf dieser CD dargestellt sind, sind eng miteinander verbunden. Sir Charles Hubert Hastings Parry (1848-1918) war Rektor des Royal College of Music; Charles Villiers Stanford war sein Oberlehrer für Musikkomponieren und Professor für Musik

in Cambridge. Arthur Somervell studierte mit Stanford in Cambridge und mit Parry am Royal College. Für diese drei Komponisten war das Komponieren von Liedern zeit ihres Lebens ein bedeutender Teil ihrer Arbeit. Es trug auch dazu bei, das Niveau bezüglich des Liederkomponierens zu heben, und ebnete somit den Weg für Komponisten wie Quilter, Vaughan Williams, Ireland, Gurney, Bridge und Warlock. Die ziemlich kurzen Einträge die man ihnen 1980 in *New Grove* zuteilte zeigen dass man diese drei Männer mehr als Lehrer und Verwalter, jedoch weniger als Komponisten in Erinnerung hatte. Diese Einstellungen ändern sich jedoch jetzt mehr und mehr, und neueste musikalische Nachschlagewerke erlauben ihnen auch entsprechend mehr Platz, auch ihrer Bedeutung als Komponisten wird in Musikaufnahmen mehr Anerkennung geschenkt.

Nur eine von Parrys zwölf Ausgaben der *English Lyrics* (*englische lyrische Gedichte*) beschränkt sich auf einen einzigen Dichter. Mary Coleridge starb im Jahre 1907 im frühen Alter von 46 Jahren. Nach ihrem Tod bearbeitete und verlegte Sir Henry Newbolt, der mit Parry und Stanford sehr bekannt war, ihre Gedichte. 1909 vertonte Parry sieben ihrer Gedichte für seine *English Lyrics*, Ausgabe 9. ***The Maiden*** (***Das Mädchen***) is eine vergnügliche Lappalie, ***Armida's Garden*** (***Armidas Garten***) jedoch ist eine ernste Darstellung von verlorener Zufriedenheit und ist nicht leicht zu vergessen. ***My Heart is like a Singing Bird*** (***Mein Herz ist wie ein singender Vogel***) ist von der Ausgabe 10 (1918) und ist ein enthusiastisches Liebeslied. Genau wie in ***My True love hath my heart*** (***Meinem wahren Schatz gehört mein Herz***), (Ausgabe 1881), ist hier volle Zuversicht dass die Liebe beiderseitig ausgedrückt wird, obwohl es im ersten Lied deutlich eine gewisse Panik wegen der nahe bevorstehenden Ankunft des Liebhabers gibt. ***Goodnight*** (***Gute Nacht***), auch von Ausgabe 1, ist eine Vertonung von Shelleys Gedicht welches über den entscheidenen Unterschied zwischen 'Gute Nacht' sagen und eine 'Gute Nacht' mit seiner Geliebten zu verbringen, nachdenken lässt. ***From a City Window*** (Ausgabe 10), ***Von einem Stadtfenster aus gesehen***), ist möglicherweise Parrys bestes Lied. Es ist die Vertonung eines Textes des amerikanischen Dramatikers Elwyn Mitchell (1862-1935) und ist ein wunderbares Wachrufen der sich wechselnden Stimmung einer in einer Grossstadt lebenden, alleinstehenden Person, die jedoch von anderen Leuten umgeben ist.

Crabbed Age and Youth (***Griesgrämiges Alter und Jugend***), von Ausgabe 5 (1902), ist ein Brief von Parry an seinen Freund und Mentor Edward Dannreuther, den er 1882 schrieb. Folgendes ist von Interesse: "Ich habe mit *Crabbed Age and Youth* sehr viel zu ringen gehabt und es scheint mir zu viel zu sein. Die dramatischen Anschlusspausen am Ende springen so

unvermittelt von einer Seite auf die andere, die doppelseitige Natur der Gedanken die durch das Stück laufen entfernen es von dem Bereich des reinen lyrischen Gedichts. Ich habe es wieder und wieder versucht." Zwanzig Jahre später fand er eine sehr befriedigende Antwort, vorallem das Endstück zeigt besonders grossen Charme. Man sollte hier beachten dass in der letzten Strophe 'stay'st' (bleib) 'stay away' too long (bleib zu lange weg) heissen soll.

Somervells ***A Shropshire Lad*** (1904), (***ein Bursche aus Shropshire***), ist die einzige Liederausgabe mit Gedichten von Housman, eigentlich mehr ein echter Balladenzyklus als eine Gruppe unabhängiger, jedoch verwandter Lieder. Man darf diese Ausgabe nicht nur als die erste sondern auch als die beste dieser vielen Shropshire Lads Ausgaben betrachten. Es dürfte auch bezüglich Somervells fünf Liederzyklen als sein Meisterstück gelten. Das einfache Anfangslied hat eine unvergessliche Melodie, die später wiedererscheint; an diesem Punkt zeigt es lediglich die Heiterkeit der Jugend bevor das Leben Probleme bringt mit denen man sich auseinandersetzen muss. In ***When I was one-and-twenty***, (***Als ich ein-und-zwanzig Jahre alt war***), drückt der Komponist durch seine Modulationen und Tempoveränderungen die Bitterkeit des Gedichts klarer als das ziemlich schwache Volkslied von buttersworth aus. ***There pass the careless people*** (***Da gehen die gedankenlosen Menschen***), ist aussergewöhnlich ausdrucksvoll, mit einem Hauch von Mahler in der Begleitung. Hier wird die Einsamkeit und die unterdrückte Wut ausgedrückt, es sind Gefühle die der Tod eines Geliebten hervorrufen kann. In dem Lied ***In Summertime on Bredon*** (***Sommer auf Bredon***), wird gezeigt wie es sich ereignete und wie der Sänger, als er mit seiner Geliebten war, heiter jegliche Verantwortung übersah. Jetzt ist sie tot und er will nur widerwillig dem Ruf der Kirchenglocken antworten. Der Marsch ***The street sounds to the soldiers' tread*** (***Von der Strasse hört man den Soldatenschritt***), ist aufmutig und belebend, jedoch gibt er die erste Andeutung dass das Soldatenleben den Verlust der Geliebten ersetzten könnte. ***On the idle hill of summer*** (***Auf Sommers müssigen Höhen***) ist kein sanftes Lied; der Text und die Musik in der zweiten Strophe sind voll von unterdrücktem Zorn über den Krieg und den sinnlosen Lebensverlust als Folge davon. Der Sänger geht zum Militär weil es für ihn keine Alternative gibt und nicht aus Vaterlandsliebe. In der letzten Zeile sehen wir ein Zitat aus dem Buch Hiob 14 "Der Mensch, vom Weib geboren, knapp an Tagen, unruhvoll." Im Nachspiel wird der Zorn stärker ausgedrückt als der Stolz. ***White in the moon*** (***Weiss im Mond***), ist eine magische Darstellung von Heimweh, es ist es wert im Zusammenhang mit Schumann zu erwähnen. ***Think no more, lad*** (***Bursche, hör auf zu denken***) dieser Teil ist perfekt in den ganzen Rahmen miteingebaut und scheint uns mitzuteilen dass Alkohol das einzige Heilmittel sei. Viele Komponisten

benutzten die Methode, Musik aus glücklicheren Tagen während einer Todesszene zu wiederholen, wie zum Beispiel Puccini in *La Bohème*; es gibt nur wenige Beispiele die herzzerreissender sind als ***Into my heart an air that kills*** (***Tötende Luft dringt in mein Herz***). ***The lads in their hundreds*** (***Die Burschen zu Hunderten***), ist eine Stellungnahme zu der Geschichte die wir gehört haben. Es werden hier zwei Punkte ausgedrückt, erstens, man kann nicht wissen welcher dieser fröhlichen jungen Männer, die sich auf dem Jahrmarkt drängen früh sterben wird, und zweitens, und dies ist deutlich der wichtigste Punkt für Somervell, diejenigen die jung sterben müssen, tragen ihr Aussehen und ihre Wahrheit mit ins Grab.... und werden nie alt werden."

Young love lies sleeping (***Junge Liebe liegt schlafend***), aus Somervells zweitem Zyklus, *Love in Springtime* (1901) (*Liebe im Frühling*), ist eine Vertonung der drei Strophen des 8-strophigen Gedichts von Christina Rossetti. Dieses Gedicht macht es klar dass 'junge Liebe' ein Träumer sei, der die Träume der Wirklichkeit gegenüber bevorzugt, und dies sei der Grund dafür warum 'Veränderung ihn nicht berühren könne'. Das Lied ist ein zauberhaftes Meisterstück. ***Shepherd's Cradle Song*** (1890) (***Hirten Wiegenlied***), ist eines von Somervellss vielen Wiegenliedern. ***Come to me in my dreams*** (***Komm zu mir in meinen Träumen***), war Somervells letztes Lied, welches 1927 veröffentlicht wurde. Die Eröffnungsphrase ist ein direktes Zitat aus Somervells Zyklus *A Broken Arc* (*Ein gebrochener Bogen*) mit den folgenden Worten: 'Dear, I look from my hiding place. Are you still so fair? Have you still the eyes?' ('Liebste, ich beobachte von meinem Versteck. Seid Ihr immer noch so hold? Habt Ihr immer noch diese Augen?') Browning drückt hier ein ähnliches Gefühl aus wie Matthew Arnold in seinem Gedicht. Es wurde wahrscheinlich im Herbst 1850 geschrieben, denn die Verlobung Arnolds mit seiner zukünftigen Frau Frances Lucy Wightman wurde während des Sommers 1850 von ihrem Vater verboten. Arnold und Frances Lucy konnten erst am Ende dieses Jahres ihren Briefwechsel wiederaufnehmen.

Obwohl Stanford als 18-jähriger nach England kam und nie wieder nach Irland zurückkehrte, verlor er doch nie seine Empfindungen für seine Heimat. Mit der Ausnahme von einem Lied, hat jedes Lied auf dieser CD einem irischen Text. Die Ausnahme ist ***To the Soul*** (1906) (***An die Seele***), mit einem Text von Walt Whitman. Ihre ehrwürdige und am Ende fast ekstatische Begrüssung des Todes zeigt deutlich dass diese Musik auf passende Art und Weise von dem *Deutschen Requiem* Brahms inspiriert wurde. Der durch und durch amüsante Ausflug der in ***The Fair*** (***Der Jahrmarkt***) beschrieben wird, ist von *A Fire of Turf* (1913) (*Ein Feuer aus Torf*) mit

einem Text von Winifred Letts, die viele Stücke für das Abbey Theater in Dublin schrieb. Die unterhaltsame Erzählung ***The Calico Dress*** (1896) (***Das Kattunkleid***) wurde von George Jessop, der zugleich das Libretto für *Shamus O'Brien*, die erfolgreichste der sieben Opern Stanfords, schrieb.

An Irish Idyll (1901) (***Eine irische Idylle***), war der erste von Stanfords Liederzyklen. Moira O'Neills (1863-1955) Gedichte wurden von einigen zwar verunglimpft, jedoch lohnt es sich die Bemerkung die Stephen Gwynn im Jahre 1936 machte im Auge zu behalten: "Dieses Buch (O'Neills Songs of *The Glens of Antrim/Lieder von den Glens von Antrim*) ist eines der wenigen Bücher welches, wären alle Kopien verloren gegangen, möglicherweise durch mündliche Überlieferung wiedergegeben werden könnte; sie muss unbedingt einen Platz in der irischen Literatur einnehmen." Ernest Boyd schrieb: "Moira O'Neill kam mit einer aufrichtigen Bauerndichtung... und sie überzeugte die Skeptiker. ***Corrymeela*** war ebenso gute Dichtung wie es natürliche Äusserungen von den Lippen irischer Bauern war." ***The Fairy Lough*** (***Der Elfensee***), beschreibt einen kleinen dunklen See in den Bergen wo, solange kein Mensch zu sehen sei, angeblich Reiter bei Nacht herumreiten sollen. ***Cuttin' Rushes*** (***Binsen schneiden***) ist eine Erinnerung an eine glückliche Jugendzeit, 'vor fünfzig Jahren'; die Musik von Stanford überträgt ein ansteckendes Gespür für die unbekümmerten früheren Zeiten und der Gedanke dass diese Tage nun vorbei sind ergibt am Ende zu einen traurigen Moment. ***Johneen*** ist ein kleiner Junge der bei seinen in ihn vernarrten Eltern im Mittelpunkt steht und ihn, selbstverständlich, als das wunderbarste auf der Welt betrachten und uns auffordern auf seine Gesundheit anzustossen. ***A Broken Song*** (***ein unvollständiges Lied***), ist eine ergreifende Darstellung von Gefühlen die mit dem Verlust der einzigen Person für die es sich lohnte zu leben verbunden sind; ein Lied das voller Fragen und Antworten steckt. Die enorme gefühlsmassige Zurückhaltung der Dichterin und des Komponisten haben eine herzzerreissende Wirkung, etwas was ein Gefühlsausbruch nicht übermitteln hätte können. O'Neill lebte eine zeitlang in Kanada und in ihrem letzten Lied ***Back to Ireland*** (***Zurück nach Irland***), geht es um ihre Rückkehr nach Antrim; ihre Gefühle sind sehr gemischt da sie viele Freunde im Westen Kanada hat – Irland aber ist ihre echte Heimat, was Stanford mit seiner triumphierenden Musik bestätigt.

Sarah Leonard ist eine der vielseitigsten Sopranistinnen ihrer Zeit und studierte an der Guildhall School für Musik und Drama. Sarah verfügt über ein umfangreiches Repertoire und führte in der UK und Europa, auf bedeutenden Konzertbühnen sowie Festspielen, auf

wie zum Beispiel den BBC Proms, Aldeburgh, Huddersfield, Almeida, Salzburg, Holland, Strassburg und dem Venediger Biennale. Sarah Leonard hat besonderes Interesse daran britische Musik aufzuführen, mit vielen Komponisten zusammen zu arbeiten sowie auch britische Liedermusik die am Anfang dieses Jahrhunderts geschrieben wurde zu erforschen.

Sarah Leonard hat mit den meisten bedeutenden Orchestern und Ensembles hierzulande gearbeitet. Im Ausland führte sie zusammen mit dem Orchestre de la Suisse Romande, dem Royal Concertgebouw und dem Ensemble InterContemporain auf. Sie gibt auch regelmässige Oratorio und Liederabend Aufführungen. Ihr Debut an der La Scala, Milan, war in Giacomo Manzonis *Doktor Faustus* und sie erschien in zwei Kammeropern für die Royal Opera "Garden Venture". Sarah Leonard machte auch zahlreiche Rundfunkaufnahmen für BBC Radio 3, Westdeutsches Radio, Radio France und erschien in Fernsehübertagungen für Thames Television, HTC, Channel 4 und Schweizer Fernsehen.

Paul Leonard ist der Bruder von Sarah Leonard. Er hatte seine Ausbildung als Opernbariton auch an der Guildhall School für Musik und Drama. Seine Vielseitigkeit hat es ihm ermöglicht in allen Bereichen der darstellenden Kunst zu arbeiten. Aufgrund dessen hatte Paul Leonard eine sehr erfolgreiche Karriere in West End Musicals, in London, sowie als auch als Schauspieler. Er trat in folgenden Rollen auf; als Polizeiserjeant in *The Pirates of Penzance* (*Die Piraten von Penzance*), Rusty Charlie in *Guys and Dolls*, am National Theatre, Monsieur Firmen in *The Phantom of the Opera*, die Titelrolle in *Scrooge* (*Der Geizhals*), Jarvert in *Les Miserables*, und Richter Coras in *Martin Guerre*. Er führte auch mit der RSC in der 1998-99 Inszenierung von *Richard III* auf.

Paul und Sarah gaben einige Konzerte zusammen, wie zum Beispiel, *Friday Night is Music Night* (*Freitagabend ist Musikabend*).

Der Edinburgher **Malcolm Martineau** studierte Musik am St. Catherine's College, Cambridge. Im Jahre 1981 machte er mit seinem Studium am Royal College of Music mit Kendall Taylor, Geoffrey Parsons und Lyndon van der Pump weiter, wo er sämtliche Hauspreise für Begleitmusiker gewann. Später wurde er mit dem Walther Grüner Liederwettbewerbpreis 1984 ausgezeichnet (und er wurde im Jahre 1987 zum offiziellen Begleitmusiker ernannt). Malcolm begleitete Bryn Terfel im Jahre 1989 auf der Cardiff Singer of the World Competition (wo Terfel den Liederpreis gewann), Simon Keenlyside als ihm 1990 die Ellly Ameling

Auszeiehnung verliehen wurde und er spielte auch auf verschiedenen Meisterklassen an der Britten-Pears School in Aldeburgh für Elizabeth Schwarzkopf, Ileana Cotrubas und Kurt Equiluz.

Malcolm begleitete viele der führenden Sänger in der Welt wie zum Beispiel Dame Janet Baker, Sarah Walker, Della Jones, Tom Krause und Thomas Allen und viele berühmte Instrumentalisten wie zum Beispiel die Klarinettistin Emma Johnson.

Übersetzung: *Ilse Herlihy*

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1 *My heart is like a singing bird*
Christina Rossetti

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a purple sea;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me!

Raise me a dais of purple and gold;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves, and silver fleur-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life is come,
My love is come to me.

2 *From a City Window*
Langdon Elwyn Mitchell

I hear the feet
Below
In the dark street;
They hurry and shuffle by,
And go, on errands bitter or sweet
Whither I cannot know.

A bird troubles the night
From the green plane –
And in my breast again
Vague memories of delight
Arise from the spirit's night,
And pass into it again –

And the hurrying, restless feet
Below
On errands I cannot know,
Like a great tide ebb and flow.

3 *The Maiden*
Mary E. Coleridge

Who was this that came by the way,
When the flowers were springing?
She bore in her hair the buds of May,
And a bird on her shoulder, singing.

A girdle of the fairest green
Her slender waist confinèd,
And such a flame was never seen
As in her eyes there shinèd.

By the way she came, that way she went,
And took the sunlight with her.
The May of life shall all be spent
Ere she again come hither!

4 *Armida's Garden*
Mary E. Coleridge

I have been there before thee,
O my love!
Each winding way I know –

and all the flowers,
The shadowy cypress trees, the twilight
grove,
Where rest, in fragrant sleep,
the enchanted hours.

I have been there before thee.
At the end
There stands a gate through which thou too
must pass.
When thou shalt reach it,
God in mercy send
Thou say no bitterer word, love, than
"Alas."

5 *My true love hath my heart*
Sir Philip Sidney

My true love hath my heart,
And I have his,
By just exchange one to the other given:
I hold his dear,
And mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven.
My true love hath my heart,
And I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses
guides:
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his, because in me it bides:
My true love hath my heart,
and I have his.

6 *Good Night*
P.B. Shelley

Good night? Ah no... the hour is ill
That severs those it should unite;
Let us remain together still,
Then it will be *good* night.

How can I call the lone night good
Though thy sweet wishes wing its flight?
Be it not said, thought, understood;
Then it will be *good night*.

To hearts which near each other move
From evenings close to mornings light,
The night is good; because, my love,
They never *say* good night.

7 *Crabbed Age and Youth*
W. Shakespeare

Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together:
Youth is full of pleasance,age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,age like winter
weather,
Youth like summer brave,age like winter
bare:
Youth is full of sport, age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, age is lame.
Youth is hot and bold, age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and age is tame.
Age I do abhor thee, youth I do adore thee,
O, my Love, my Love is young!

Age I do defy thee. O sweet shepherd, hie
thee,
For me thinks thou stay'st too long.

A SHROPSHIRE LAD
A.E. Housman

8 *Loveliest of Trees*

Loveliest of trees, the cherry now
Is hung with bloom along the bough,
And stands about the woodland ride
Wearing white for Eastertide.

Now, of my three-score years and ten,
Twenty will not come again,
And take from seventy springs a score,
It only leaves me fifty more.

And since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woodlands I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow.

9 *When I was one-and-twenty*

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard a wise man say,
'Give crowns and pounds and guineas
But not your heart away;
Give pearls away and rubies
But keep your fancy free.'
But I was one-and-twenty,
No use to talk to me.

When I was one-and-twenty
I heard him say again,
'The heart out of the bosom
Was never given in vain;
'Tis paid with sighs aplenty,
And sold for endless rue.'
And I am two-and-twenty,
And oh, 'tis true, 'tis true.

10 *There pass the careless People*

There pass the careless people
That call their souls their own:
Here by the road I loiter,
How idle and alone.

His folly has not fellow
Beneath the blue of day
That gives to man or woman
His heart and soul away.

11 *In Summer-time on Bredon*

In summer-time on Bredon
The bells they sound so clear;
Round both the shires they ring them
In steeples far and near,
A happy noise to hear.

Here of a Sunday morning
My love and I would lie,
And see the coloured counties,
And hear the larks so high
About us in the sky.

The bells would ring to call her
In valleys miles away:
"Come all to church, good people;
Good people, come and pray,"
But here my love would stay.

And I would turn and answer
Among the springing thyme,
'Oh, peal upon our wedding,
and we will hear the chime,
And come to church in time.'

But when the snows at Christmas
On Bredon top were strown,
My love rose up so early
And stole out unbeknown
And went to church alone.

They toll'd the one bell only,
Groom there was none to see,
The mourners follow'd after,
And so to church went she,
And would not wait for me.

The bells they sound on Bredon,
And still the steeples hum.
"Come all to church, good people"–
Oh, noisy bells, be dumb;
I hear you, I will come.

12 *The Street sounds to the Soldiers' tread*

The street sounds to the soldiers' tread,
And out we come to see:
A single redcoat turns his head,
He turns and looks at me.

My man, from sky to sky's so far,
We never cross'd before;
Such leagues apart the world's ends are,
We're like to meet no more;

What thoughts at heart have you and I
We cannot stop to tell;
But dead or living, drunk or dry,
Soldier, I wish you well.

13 *On the idle hill of Summer*

On the idle hill of summer,
Sleepy with the flow of streams,
Far I hear the steady drummer
Drumming like a noise in dreams.

Far and near and low and louder
On the road of earth go by,
Dear to friends and food for powder,
Soldiers marching, all to die.

East and west on fields forgotten
Bleach the bones of comrades slain,
Lovely lads and dead and rotten;
None that go return again.

Far the calling bugles hollo,
High the screaming fife replies,
Gay the files of scarlet follow:
Woman bore me, I will rise.

14 *White in the moon*

White in the moon the long road lies,
The moon stands blank above;
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

Still hangs the hedge without a gust,
Still, still the shadows stay:
My feet upon the moonlit dust
Pursue the ceaseless way.

The world is round, so trav'llers tell,
And straight tho' reach the track,
Trudge on, trudge on, 'twill all be well,
The way will guide one back.

But ere the circle homeward hies
Far, far must it remove:
White in the moon the long road lies
That leads me from my love.

15 *Think no more, Lad*

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

Oh 'tis jesting, dancing, drinking
Spins the heavy world around.
If young hearts were not so clever,
Oh, they would be young for ever:
Think no more; 'tis only thinking
Lays lads underground.

Think no more, lad; laugh, be jolly:
Why should men make haste to die?
Empty heads and tongues a-talking
Make the rough road easy walking,
And the feather pate of folly
Bears the falling sky.

16 *Into my Heart an Air that kills*

Into my heart an air that kills
From yon far country blows:
What are those blue remember'd hills,
What spires, what farms are those?

That is the land of lost content,
I see it shining plain,
The happy highways where I went
And cannot come again.

17 *The Lads in their hundreds*

The lads in their hundreds to Ludlow come
into the fair,
There's men from the barn and the forge
and the mill and the fold,
The lads for the girls and the lads for the
liquor are there,
And there with the rest are the lads that will
never be old.
There's chaps from the town and the field
and the till and the cart,

And many to count are the stalwart, and many the brave,
And many the handsome of face and the handsome of heart,
And few that will carry their looks or their truth to the grave.

I wish one could know them, I wish there were tokens to tell
The fortunate fellows that now you can never discern;
And then one could talk to them friendly and wish them farewell
And watch them depart on the way that they will not return.

But now you may stare as you like and there's nothing to scan;
And brushing your elbow unguessed at and not to be told
They carry back bright to the coiner the mintage of man,
The lads that will die in their glory and never be old.

18 *Young Love lies sleeping*
Christina Rossetti

Young Love lies sleeping
In May-time of the year,
Among the lilies,
Lapp'd in tender light:
White lambs come grazing,
White doves come building there;
And round about him
The May-bushes are white.

Young Love lies dreaming;
But who can tell the dream?
A perfect sunlight
On rustling forest tips;
Or perfect moonlight
Upon a rippling stream;
Or perfect silence,
Or song of cherished lips.

Draw close the curtains
Of branched evergreen;
Change cannot touch them
With faded fingers sere:
Here the first violets,
Perhaps will bud unseen,
And a dove, maybe,
Return to nestle here.

Young Love lies sleeping,
And round about him
The May-bushes are white.

19 *Shepherd's Cradle Song*
Words translated from the German

Sleep, baby sleep,
Thy father guards his sheep,
Thy mother shakes the dreamland tree,
Down falls a little dream for thee,
Sleep, baby sleep.

Sleep, baby sleep,
The large stars are the sheep,
The little stars are lambs I guess,
The gentle moon the shepherdess,
Sleep, baby sleep.

Sleep, baby sleep.
Away, to tend thy sheep,
Away, thou sheep-dog, fierce and wild,
And do not harm my sleeping child,
Sleep, baby sleep.

Sleep, baby sleep,
Our Saviour loves his sheep,
He is the Lamb of God on high,
Who for our sakes came down to die,
Sleep, baby sleep.

20 *Come to me in my dreams*
Matthew Arnold

Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

Come, as thou cam'st a thousand times,
A messenger from radiant climes,
And smile on thy new world, and be
As kind to others as to me!

Or, as thou never cam'st in sooth,
Come now, and let me dream it truth;
And part my hair, and kiss my brow,
And say – *"My love! Why suffer'st thou?"*
Come to me in my dreams, and then
By day I shall be well again!
For then the night will more than pay
The hopeless longing of the day.

21 *The fair*
Winifred Letts

Oh! we're off to the Fair now the lot of us together,
The yellow sunlight ev'rywhere sure that's the lovely weather!
And amn't I six foot high today with pride and joy of heart,
The way I'm driving to the Fair in a fine new ass and cart?

The pigs are screeching merrily at all the jolts and lurches,
The wonder of the world we are from here until the Churches;
And the speckly hen, poor decent bird, has lost her wits with scare,
It's well you'd know the noise she makes that we're going to the Fair.

The quality will stare when they see the way we're driving.
The polis stand in wonderment to watch the cart arriving;
And the people that's stravagin' about the market square
Will be kilt with envy when ourselves come driving to the Fair.

But the best time of all is the time the evening closes,
With a wind blowing from the south is sweet with wild hedge roses.
And we're counting out our money and proud and glad of heart
The way we're driving home again in our fine new ass and cart.

22 *To the Soul*
Walt Whitman

Darest thou now, O Soul,
Walk out with me toward the Unknown Region,
Where neither ground is for the feet, nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,
Nor voice sounding, nor touch of human hand,
Nor face with blooming flesh, nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not, O Soul;
Nor dost thou, all is a blank before us;
All waits, undream'd of, in that region, that inaccessible land.

Till, when the ties loosen,
All but the ties eternal,Time and Space,
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense, nor any bounds bound us.

Then we burst forth, we float, in Time and Space, O Soul, prepared for them;
Equal, equipt at last
(O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfil,
O Soul!

23 *The Calico Dress*
George H. Jessop

Och, mother, dear mother, look pleasant an' smile;
Sure I've axed ye for nothin' this terrible while.
In the taypot beyant there's a thrifle put by,
An' all the world says pigs was never so high.
Myself knows we're poor, an' I'm wishful to spare,
But I can't wear a calico dress to the fair.

The agent? what matter? He's aisy content,
It won't be his first time to wait for the rent.
But Nora – I've seen her – she's got a new plaid,
An' Kate has the grandest silk iver she had.
If it wasn't for them I dunno that I'd care,
But I won't wear my calico dress to the fair.

Och, Mother, look up; ye were young wanst yerself –
There's the little crack'd taypot beyant on the shelf,
A thrifle will do me – an' whisper – I'll tell–
Tom Burke has a lock of prime heifers to sell.

Sure ye wouldn't ax me, when himself will be there,
Go sthreel an ould calico dress through the fair.

Alas for poor Mary! The agent call'd round,
And took up the rent to the uttermost pound;
And Kate look'd so pretty, and Nora so proud
As they shone like two stars in the holiday crowd;
But the calico dress was the luckiest wear,
For Tom bought a gold wedding ring at the fair.

AN IRISH IDYLL
Moira O'Neill

24 *Corrymeela*

Over here in England I'm helpin' wi' the hay,
An' I wisht I was in Ireland the livelong day;
Weary on the English hay, an' sorra take the wheat!
Och! Corrymeela an' the blue sky over it.

There's a deep dumb river flowin' by beyont the heavy trees,
This livin' air is moithered wi' the bummin' o' the bees;
I wisht I'd hear the Claddagh burn go runnin' through the heat
Past Corrymeela, wi' the blue sky over it.

The people that's in England is richer nor the Jews,
There's not the smallest young but thravels in his shoes!
I'd give the pipe between me teeth to see a barefut child,
Och! Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

Here's hands so full o' money an' hearts so full o' care,
By the luck o' love! I'd still go light for all I did go bare.
"God save ye, *colleen dhas*," I said: the girl she thought me wild.
Far Corrymeela an' the low south wind.

D'ye mind me now, the song at night is mortial hard to raise,
The girls are heavy goin' here, the boys are ill to plase;
When one'st I'm out this workin' hive, 'tis I'll be back again –
Ay, Corrymeela, in the same soft rain.

The puff o' smoke from one ould roof before an English town!
For a *shaugh* wid Andy Feelan here I'd give a silver crown,
For a curl o' hair like Mollie's ye'll ask the like in vain,
Sweet Corrymeela, an' the same soft rain.

25 *The Fairy Lough*

Loughareema! Loughareema
Lies so high among the heather;

A little lough, a dark lough,
The wather's black an' deep.
Ould herons go a-fishin' there,
An' sea-gulls all together
Float roun' the one green island
On the fairy lough asleep.

Loughareema, Loughareema;
When the sun goes down at seven,
When the hills are dark an' *airy*,
'Tis a curlew whistles sweet!
Then somethin' rustles all the reeds
That stand so thick an' even;
A little wave runs up the shore
An' flees, as if on feet.

Loughareema, Loughareema!
Stars come out, an' stars are hidin';
The wather whispers on the stones,
The flittherin' moths are free.
One'st before the mornin' light
The Horsemen will come ridin'
Roun' an' roun' the fairy lough,
An' no one there to see.

26 *Cuttin' Rushes*

Oh maybe it was yesterday, or fifty years ago!
Meself was risin' early on a day for cuttin' rushes,
Walkin' up the Brabla' burn, still the sun was low,
Now I'd hear the burn run an' then I'd hear the thrushes.

Young, still young! – an' drenchin' wet the grass,
Wet the golden honeysuckle hangin' sweetly down;
Here, lad, here! will ye follow where I pass,
An' find me cuttin' rushes on the mountain.

Then was it only yesterday, or fifty years or so?
Rippin' round the bog pools high among the heather,
The hook it made me hand sore, I had to leave it go,
'Twas he that cut the rushes then for me to bind together.
Come, dear, come! – an' back along the burn
See the darlin' honeysuckle hangin' like a crown.
Quick, one kiss, – sure, there's someone at the turn!
"Oh, we're afther cuttin' rushes on the mountain."

Yesterday, yesterday or fifty years ago...
I waken out o' dreams when I hear the summer thrushes.
Oh, that's the Brabla' burn, I can hear it sing an' flow,
For all that's fair, I'd sooner see a bunch o' green rushes.
Run, burn, run! can ye mind when we were young?
The honeysuckle hangs above, the pool is dark an' brown:

Sing, burn, sing! can ye mind the song ye sung
The day we cut the rushes on the mountain?

27 *Johneen*

Sure he's five months old, an' he's two foot long,
Baby Johneen;
Watch yerself now, for he's terrible sthrong,
Baby Johneen.
An' his fists 'ill be up if ye make any slips,
He has finger-ends like the daisy-tips,
But he'll have ye attend to the words of his lips,
Will Johneen.

There's nobody can rightly tell the colour of his eyes,
This Johneen;
For they're partly o' the earth an' still they're partly o' the skies,
Like Johneen.
So far as he's thravelled he's been laughin' all the way,
For the little soul is quare an' wise, the little heart is gay;
An' he likes the merry daffodils, he thinks they'd do to play
With Johneen.

He'll sail a boat yet, if he only has his luck,
Young Johneen,
For he takes to the wather like any little duck,
Boy Johneen;
Sure them are the hands now to pull on a rope,
An' nate feet for walkin' the deck on a slope,
But the ship she must wait a wee while yet, I hope,
For Johneen.

For we couldn't do wantin' him, not just yet,
Och, Johneen;
'Tis you that are the daisy, an' you that are the pet,
Wee Johneen.
Here's to your health, an' we'll dhrink it to-night.
Slainte gal avic machree! live an' do right,
Slainte gal avourneen! may your days be bright,
Johneen!

28 *A Broken Song*

'Where am I from?' From the green hills of Erin.
'Have I no song then?' My songs are all sung.
'What o' my love?' 'Tis alone I am farin'.
Old grows my heart, an' my voice yet is young.

'If she was tall?' Like a king's own daughter.
'If she was fair?' Like a mornin' o' May.
When she'd come laughin' 'twas the runnin' wather,
When she'd come blushin' 'twas the break o' day.