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The Beecham Collection

JOSEPH HAYDN

(1732 - 1809)

THE SEASONS



DISC 1

Total duration 71:51

- [1] - [10] "SPRING"
[11] - [22] "SUMMER"

DISC 2

Total duration 71:49

- [1] - [11] "AUTUMN"
[12] - [24] "WINTER"

CAST

Nancy, Soprano ELSIE MORISON
Lucas, Tenor ALEXANDER YOUNG
Simon, Bass MICHAEL LANGDON

BEECHAM CHORAL SOCIETY
(Chorus Master: DENIS VAUGHAN)
ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

Conducted by
SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, Bart., C.H.

Sung in English (Transl. from the German of G. van Swieten by Dennis Arundell)

Released in collaboration with the Sir Thomas Beecham Trust in support of the Scholarship Fund.
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The Beecham Collection

Premier CD Release



JOSEPH HAYDN

THE SEASONS

Beecham Choral Society
Royal Philharmonic
Orchestra
Sir Thomas Beecham,
Bart., C.H.

Elsie Morison
Alexander Young
Michael Langdon



THE BEECHAM COLLECTION
Sir Thomas Beecham, Bart., C.H.

JOSEPH HAYDN (1732 - 1809)

DISC 1
THE SEASONS

*Based on a poem of James Thomson. Translated from the German of
G. van Swieten into English by Dennis Arundell.*

"SPRING"

[1]	1.	Overture.	4:36
[2]	2.	Recitative. Simon: O see where cruel Winter	2:39
[3]	3.	Chorus. Come, gentle Spring!	3:08
[4]	4.	Recitative. Simon: From Aries rolls at last	0:39
[5]	5.	Air. Simon: Now fairly runs the farmer's boy	4:01
[6]	6.	Recitative. Lucas: The farmer has his work achieved	0:40
[7]	7.	Trio & Chorus. Be now gracious, smiling heaven!	5:36
[8]	8.	Recitative. Nancy: Now heard are all our prayers	1:03
[9]	9.	Trio & Chorus. O how lovely gleams	5:08
[10]	10.	Chorus & Trio. Ageless! Powerful! Bountiful God!	5:34

"SUMMER"

[11]	11.	Recitative. Lucas: In dove-grey mantle	3:55
[12]	12.	Air. Simon: The lively swain is gathering	2:01
[13]	13.	Recitative. Nancy: The The rosy morning now breaks forth	0:48
[14]	14.	Trio & Chorus. He's mounting up, the Sun.	4:50
[15]	15.	Recitative. Simon: Now all are astir	0:43
[16]	16.	Recitative. Lucas: The midday sun is burning	1:14
[17]	17.	Cavatina. Lucas: Oppress'd succumbs all Nature now	4:05
[18]	18.	Recitative. Nancy: Oh welcome now, you shadier grove	4:42
[19]	19.	Air. Nancy: So reviving to the senses	5:12

[20]	20.	Recitative. Simon: Oh see! Now rising in the sultry air	2:11
[21]	21.	Chorus. Hark the tempest drawing nigh!	4:13
[22]	22.	Trio & Chorus: The gloomy clouds now part aside	4:26

Total duration 71:51

DISC 2

"AUTUMN"

[1]	23.	Overture.	1:55
[2]	24.	Recitative. Nancy: All that through her blossom	1:09
[3]	25.	Trio & Chorus. So Nature gives reward to Zeal	8:31
[4]	26.	Recitative. Nancy: Now see! To hazel bushes	1:17
[5]	27.	Duet. Lucas: You beauties of the town	8:17
[6]	28.	Recitative. Simon: Now see, on new-stripp'd harvest field	1:03
[7]	29.	Air. Simon: There look across the open fields!	3:12
[8]	30.	Recitative. Lucas: Here beaters, closing in	0:59
[9]	31.	Chorus. Hark! The clamorous noise	3:26
[10]	32.	Recitative. Nancy: On all the vines are glist'ning	1:16
[11]	33.	Chorus. Cheer now!	6:11

"WINTER"

[12]	34.	Introduction.	3:05
[13]	35.	Recitative. Simon: Now sinks the pale declining year	2:33
[14]	36.	Cavatina. Nancy: Light and life are both enfeebled	2:42
[15]	37.	Recitative. Lucas: All fetter'd lies the open lake	1:47
[16]	38.	Air. Lucas: Here stands the wand'r'er now	5:06
[17]	39.	Recitative. Lucas: At his approach rings in his ear	1:21
[18]	40.	Song & Chorus. Nancy: Purring, whirring, purring	2:34
[19]	41.	Recitative. Lucas: The flax has now been spun	0:31
[20]	42.	Song & Chorus. Nancy: A maid who kept her honour fair	3:29
[21]	43.	Recitative. Simon: From barren East now thrust	0:47
[22]	44.	Air. Simon: Before thee here	4:36
[23]	45.	Recitative. Simon: Remains, alone	0:26
[24]	46.	Trio & Chorus. Then breaks the glorious day	5:17

Total duration: 71:49

CAST

Nancy, *Soprano* Elsie Morison
 Lucas, *Tenor* Alexander Young
 Simon, *Bass* Michael Langdon

Beecham Choral Society
 (Chorus Master: Denis Vaughan)

ROYAL PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA

conducted by
 SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, Bart., C.H.
 Sung in English

Premier CD release.

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The age of elegance and enlightenment was one into which Sir Thomas Beecham would have fitted to perfection, being an era touched with the qualities of wit, imagination, style, charm and beauty of line which were also hallmarks of his performances. Therefore the music of Haydn fell naturally into his character, even if Mozart was marginally closer to Beecham's heart. Haydn's music was never absent long from Sir Thomas's programmes, from *Symphony No. 103 in Bb (Drum Roll)* with the Queen's Hall Orchestra in the Bechstein Hall on 5th June 1905 to *Symphony No. 100 in G (Military)* in his very last concert on 7th May 1960 in the Guildhall, Portsmouth. As Neville Cardus wrote in 1961, after his friend's death, *On the "classical" side he discovered Haydn for English ears* and later commented that *Sir Thomas was completely happy conducting Haydn*.

While it was the symphonies of Haydn with which Sir Thomas was at his most familiar and engaging, his enjoyment of the English oratorio tradition in his Handel performances occasionally spilt over to allow him to perform Haydn's two masterpieces in this "English" form. Beecham conducted *The Creation (Die Schöpfung)* (Hob. XXI:2) of 1796-8 on five occasions between 1947 and 1950. In the case of *The Seasons (Die Jahreszeiten)* (Hob. XXI:3) of 1799-1801, he conducted parts of the work on eight occasions between 1908 and 1948, *Spring* being his "favourite" season, receiving four performances - in 1908, 1928, 1940 and 1948. Although he recorded the work, preserved here, in its entirety between 1956 and 1958, he appears to have given only one complete concert performance. This was on 3rd September 1950 at the Edinburgh International Festival, in the Usher Hall with the Edinburgh Royal Choral Union and his Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. The soloists were Isobel Baillie, Richard Lewis and Trevor Anthony. This was an occasion which, as a student, I remember with great pleasure as both uplifting and joyful - even if the chorus of those days was not up to the standard of the later Edinburgh Festival Chorus. Denis Vaughan, who was Chorus Master of the Beecham Choral Society as well as a member of Beecham's double bass section, recalls that the infrequency of these larger choral works in Sir Thomas's own concerts was in some measure due to the extra cost of the partly professional chorus.

Ben Horsfall, a violinist who played under Beecham in the Hallé Orchestra, recalled: *Haydn was among the composers Beecham "relished"* and went on to say: *...whether Haydn was an eighteenth century Beecham or Beecham a twentieth century Haydn I don't know but they were kindred spirits*. More than a little of this identification comes through in the performance of *The Seasons* which again serves to substantiate Alan Jefferson's comment in his Beecham tribute of 1979 when he wrote:

Haydn, the down-to-earth wheelwright's son with a twinkle in his eye and an endless invention to go with it, was in a sense Beecham's counterpart. He matched Haydn's jokes, pretended solemnity and

fertile imagination in his own life as well as in his playing of the old Austrian's works, so natural and simple in their good humour.

Jefferson's later comment that:

The Seasons was the only Haydn oratorio that Beecham played regularly, although he came round to *The Creation* in 1944 after his return from the USA. To both he gave his sure touch; and although he always performed them in English the general effect was of warmth, tenderness and complete integrity.

is also apposite but the musicological pedant might interpret the term "integrity" to the point of argument – and get short shrift from Sir Thomas into the bargain.

However, whereas Ferenc Fricsay, in his reading of the work from the same period, made a number of cuts, Sir Thomas played the work as written with the exception of a small cut of 43 bars towards the end of the orchestral introduction to just ten bars before the first recitative. Where Beecham departed from Haydn's score in detail was to orchestrate the keyboard accompanied passages in the recitatives and to add his own percussion touches to further emphasise some of Haydn's descriptive points. Jeremy Noble, in his review in the September 1959 issue of *The Gramophone*, took issue with Beecham on these points, especially the bell added to the octave horns striking eight o'clock in No. 18 of *Summer* and the extra marksman's shots in the bass Simon's hunting aria No. 24 in *Autumn*. However, of *Summer* he commented: *I need hardly say that Sir Thomas does splendidly with the thunderstorm* and he could forgive his added cymbals in the village dance scene (No. 28) at the end of *Autumn*. Nevertheless, whatever his critical points, he was able to say that *Beecham's tempi in this performance make good musical sense* and felt that the combination of Haydn and Beecham could hardly fail to give a great deal of pleasure. Denis Vaughan remembers the sense of enjoyment and enthusiasm present throughout all the rehearsals as well as at the recording sessions, engendered by Sir Thomas as only he knew how.

Further praise was due to Dennis Arundell who provided a new translation in English for this recording, replacing the original epic poem by James Thomson (1700-1748) of Roxburgh which had been given to Haydn in adaptation by Baron Gottfried van Swieten, making use of the German translation by B.H. Brockes (who provided a Passion text for Handel), as well as the poem *Spinnerlied* by Gottfried August Bürger for No. 34 in *Winter* and one by Christian Felix Weisse based on a text by a Madame Favart.

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THE SEASONS

Based on a poem of James Thomson. Translated from the German of G. van Swieten into English by Dennis Arundell.

DISC 1

"SPRING"

- [1] **Overture.**
- [2] **Recitative. Simon:** O see where cruel Winter flies and far to the poles now he passes off! There follow at his call his wild and stormy blust'ring band, with ghastly wailing howl.
Lucas: Oh see, from ravaged vale the snow in livid torrents melted runs!
Nancy: Oh see from Southern shores how now the softer gales proceed, and Spring's approach foretell!
- [3] **Chorus.** Come, gentle Spring! Thou heav'nly bounty come! From out her wintry grave awaken Nature now! See, where she comes, the Spring so fair! E'en now her balmy breath we feel; soon ev'ry thing will live again. But yet rejoice not all too soon! Oft creeps, with fog enshrouding all, dark Winter back again, and strews on seed and flow'r his icy frost. Come, gentle Spring, Thou heav'nly bounty come, and on our wak'ning plains descend! O come, gentle Spring, and stay no longer now!
- [4] **Recitative. Simon:** From Aries rolls at last the bounteous sun on us to shine. Now melt the frost and ice, suspended hang warm mists around; now Earth's wide bosom freer grows, and brighter is the sky.
- [5] **Air. Simon:** Now fairly runs the farmer's boy to labour in the field, along the furrows striding with plough a-whistling on.
In careful measur'd paces then he casts the seed around. Then deep in faithful soil it grows at last to golden grain.
- [6] **Recitative. Lucas:** The farmer has his work achieved, and neither pains nor zeal has spared; reward he now awaits from Nature's kindly hand, and prays therefore for Heaven's aid.

- [7] **Trio & Chorus:** Be now gracious, smiling heaven! Open now, and pour thy blessing down upon this land of ours!
O may the soil by dew be soften'd!
May tender show'rs the furrows moisten!
O may thy fost'ring breezes blow! O may thy sun now brightly shine!
For us abundance then will flow, and for thy goodness thanks and praise.
- [8] **Recitative. Nancy:** Now heard are all our prayers: the soothing West doth warm and fill the air with gentle mists about. They cluster now and now drop down and shower in the lap of Earth the gems and riches Nature owns.
- [9] **Trio & Chorus:** O how lovely gleams the outlook with its meadows now!
Come, you maidens, let us wander o'er the shining fields!
Come, you youngsters, let us wander to the greenwood now!
Come, you striplings, let us wander to the greenwood now!
See the lilies, see the roses, see all the flowers around!
See the pastures, see the meadows, see all fields there around!
See the earth there, see the water, see the sky so clear!
All is living, all is stirring, all, yes all, is moving now.
See the lambkins, how they're frisking!
See the fishes, what a splashing!
See the bees there, how they're swarming!
See the birds there, what a flutt'ring!
What enjoyment, what enchantment swells within our hearts!
Sweet the longings, soft the passions rise within our breasts.
Ev'ry feeling, ev'ry longing from our Maker flows.
Let us honour, let us praise Him, let us worship Him!
Let your voices in His praise now resound on high!
- [10] **Chorus & Trio:** Ageless! Powerful! Bountiful God! Mightiest God!
From Thy great feast of bounty hast Thou revived us all.
From fountains of Thy comforts hast Thou refreshed us all.
Honour, glory, praise to Thee, ageless, bountiful God.

"SUMMER"

- [11] **Recitative. Lucas:** In dove-grey mantle drawing near, the meek'ey'd morn appears:
With halting steps at her approach the lazy night retires.
To gloomy caverns fly the carrion-birds in silent rout:
Their mournful wailing cries oppress th' uneasy heart no more.
Simon: The morning-herald crows with pride: with strident noise he rouses now to new activity the fully rested countryman.
- [12] **Air. Simon:** The lively swain is gath'ring now his happy flocks about his side.
To pasture rich on verdant hills there he drives them slowly forth.
To eastward gazing stands he then, against his crook his cheek is leant,
To see the earliest ray of dawn, which his heart awaits with joy.
- [13] **Recitative. Nancy:** The rosy morning now breaks forth, as smoke there vanish th' ethereal clouds. Now heaven sparkles with azure light, the mountain summit all fiery gold.
- [14] **Trio & Chorus:** He's mounting up, the Sun. He mounts, he's near, he comes, he glows, he shines, he shines in glorious pomp, in flaming, royal majesty.
Hail, O Sun, all hail! The source of light and life, all hail!
O soul and eye of all the world, all godlike fair in truth, we greet thee thankful all.
Who knows them all, those myriad raptures, that through thy grace by us are felt?
Who counts them all, those myriad blessings, that through thy bounty on us are poured?
Our thanks to thee for our delight, but first our Maker thanks we bring, whence thine own pow'r did flow.
Now shout with joy all voices, now shouts all Nature too.
- [15] **Recitative. Simon:** Now all are astir and, swarming around, a gay coloured crowd now spreads o'er the field. The sunburnt reaper makes the waving flood of corn to bow down, the scythe's aflash, there sinks the corn, but soon it stands, all piled on high, in settled sheaves erect once more.

- [16] **Recitative.** *Lucas:* The midday sun is burning now with all his heat, and show'rs through the cloudless sky his forcible fire; it streams from on high. Over the sun-scorched plains there hangs 'bove steamy ground a dazzling sea of mirror'd light on light.
- [17] **Cavatina.** *Lucas:* Oppress'd succumbs all Nature now: drooping flowers, parched meadows, dried up streamlets, all do point to raging heat, and powerless languish man and beast, collaps'd there all outstretched.
- [18] **Recitative.** *Nancy:* Oh welcome now, you shadier grove, where venerable oak trees' shade some cooling protection keeps, and where the taller leafy ash with whisp'ring rustling sighs! By downy moss the babbling brook there limpid flows along, and happily humming twirl and whirl bright flies the sun has hatched. Of herbs the pure and balmy scent is borne on Zephyr's breath, and from the neighbouring thicket sounds the youthful shepherd's reed.
- [19] **Air.** *Nancy:* So reviving to the senses, so restoring to the heart, all through ev'ry vein is streaming, and through ev'ry nerve pulsate fresh feelings now of life. The soul awakens now, beguiled in all delight, and livelier pow'rs arise that gently sway the heart.
- [20] **Recitative.** *Simon:* Oh see! Now rising in the sultry air, on th'very summit of the peaks with vap'rous damp a darker cloud ascends. Now lofty, heap'd wide, spreads it out, and covers soon the heav'nly vault with blackest darkness round.
Lucas: Hear from the vale a surly roar the savage storm proclaims!
 See how with threat'ning weight the gloomy cloud draws slowly near, and baleful down o'er the plain now sinks.
Nancy: An awed foreboding strikes on all that live and breathe: no beast, no leaf is stirring now, and deathly stillness reigns around.
- [21] **Chorus.** Hark the tempest drawing nigh! Help us, heaven! How deep the thunder rolls, how keen the winds are roaring! Can we not flee away? Flashes of lightning now cleave the air, and jaggedly splinter'd burst every cloud there, and torrents plunge from the sky. Oh for shelter!
 Raging growls the storm. Heaven help us! The vault of heaven's ablaze! Vain our crying! Strident cracking, crash on crash, now roars the thunder fearfully. Help us! Help us! Convuls'd the earth is shaken, e'en unto ocean's floor!

- [22] **Trio & Chorus:** The gloomy clouds now part aside, and still'd is all the tempest's rage. Once more before declining the sun looks out on high, and by the setting rays aglow the pearly sheen adorns the field. T'wards long accustomed stable turns, contented and refreshed, the fatted kine again. The quail already calls her mate, 'mid grasses chirp and crickets all, and down in marshland croaks the frog.
 The curfew bell now tolls. Aloft there mark the shining star that calls us all to soft repose!
 Maidens, youngsters, wives, now come! For there waits us soothing sleep, that guileless heart and goodly health and daily toil can well ensue.
 Maidens, youngsters, wives, now come! We're here, we'll go with you.

DISC 2
 "AUTUMN"

- [1] **Overture.**
- [2] **Recitative.** *Nancy:* All that through her blossom fair Spring did once foretell, and all that through her nursing warm Summer did mature, plenteous Autumn proffers, to cheer the farmer now.
Lucas: The abundant harvest now he brings on heavy loaded waggons home: scarce room he finds in largest barns for all his land has yielded him.
Simon: His cheerful eye now looks around and measures all the high-heaped blessings there, while gladness streams into his heart.
- [3] **Trio & Chorus.** So Nature gives reward to Zeal: she calls, she smiles thereon; she cheers him on with hope each day, she's there to lend him aid, she toils also with all her might.
 From thee, O Zeal, come all our boons! The homestead our retreat, the fleeces our attire, the viands our support did'st thou present, did'st thou impart. Thy sway makes virtue grow, and rude uncouthness gentler makes. Thy guard keeps vice away, refining all the hearts of men. Thy strength moulds heart and mind t'wards goodness and t'wards duty's path.
 O Zeal, O noble Zeal, from thee come all our boons!

- [4] **Recitative.** *Nancy:* Now see! to hazel bushes there the youngsters quickly run. On ev'ry bough they're swinging now, a carefree crowd of boys, and off the shaken bough there falls a hailstorm-show'r of loosened fruit.
Simon: Here see! The country youth, to reach the tallest tree, the ladder quickly climbs. On high then, where he's hid, he sees his love draw near; and then, towards where she's walking, in friendly joke and merry, a nut comes rolling down.
Lucas: In th'orchard stand round ev'ry tree the maidens tall and small: like all fruit that they gather, how fresh their colour shows!
- [5] **Duet.** *Lucas:* You beauties of the town, come here and see the daughters Nature made, that neither gowns nor jewels grace! Look, there's my Nancy there! Her cheeks with healthfulness are blooming, her eyes do laugh in happiness, and all her words express her heart, when she swears love to me.
Nancy: You lordlings sweet and fine, be off! Here vain are all your arts indeed, and flattering words have no effect. None here will give them heed. Nor gold, nor titles e'er can blind us: a loyal heart is what we prize, and all my wishes are fulfilled if true to me Lucas is.
Lucas: Ev'ry leaf will fall, ev'ry fruit decay, days and years will pass, but my true love remains.
Both: Joy indeed for faithful lovers! Both our hearts are close united, parted now by death alone!
Lucas: Dearest Nancy!
Nancy: Finest Lucas!
Both: Love for lover and beloved is of joy the highest heaven, is of life delight and bliss.
- [6] **Recitative.** *Simon:* Now see, on new-stripp'd harvest field of uninvited guests a horde, that ever feed on blades of grass, now, finding none, more widely search. Such petty thievings ne'er do grieve the farmer, scarcely worth his note: but yet the greater store he hopes may not be raided so. 'Gainst that whate'er protection gives for him as good appears, so glad he toils to help the hunt, that gives his worthy master joy.
- [7] **Air.** *Simon:* There look across the open fields! There darts the spaniel through the grass! His nose down searching for the scent, to find it he untiring runs. But now

excitement seizes him, no more he hears the voice of command. He races to the capture, then stays his course and stands there moveless like a stone.
 Then to escape so near a foe the startled bird now shoots aloft, but finds no help in speedy flight. A flash, a crack, at its mark flies the shot and hurls it dead, from the sky dropp'd down.

- [8] **Recitative.** *Lucas:* Here beaters, closing in, put up the hares where all lie hid. From ev'ry side they're driven in, for them there's no escape, and down they drop, and soon they lie, a glad array for reckoning.
- [9] **Chorus.** Hark! The clamorous noise that through the wood is ringing! What a clamorous noise now rings through all the wood. How clear the shrilling of horns resounds! How eager the hounds are all baying! Now speeds the fear-rous'd stag: they follow, the pack and the hunters too. He speeds: oh, see how he strains! Now breaks he out of the shade of the copse, and flies o'er the glade to the depth of the wood.
 He now has outwitted the hounds: dispersed they ramble everywhere. The hounds are all dispers'd, they ramble here and there. Tally O, the hunters shout: the horns attun'd have rounded them up again. Tally O! With doubled excitement charges now the crowd, all as one on the trail so close. Tally O! Tally O! By all his enemies hemm'd around, his strength and courage overspent, now falls at last the nimble deer.
 His end so near they now proclaim, with clam'rous brazen sound of joy in triumph the hunt exultant shouts Halloo-ah! The death of the stag they now proclaim – Halloo-ah!
- [10] **Recitative.** *Nancy:* On all the vines are glist'ning the shiny, round and juicy clusters, inviting friendly gath'rers round to pick the grapes with no delaying.
Simon: Already tub and vat upon the hill are set, and from each cottage stream ev'ry day the happy folk there to work so cheerfully.
Nancy: There see the mountaintop with people all is swarming! There hear the joyful noise from ev'ry side resounding!
Lucas: The work allows for laughter and fun, from morning till the ev'ning there, and then, inspir'd by fumes of the juice, the carefree heart soon shouts with glee.
- [11] **Chorus:** Cheer now! The wine is here, the bulky vats are fill'd: now these are merry days, and cheer, now cheer, let all our voices raise!

Let's be drinking! Drink, my friends! These are merry days.
 Let's be singing! Sing together! These are merry days.
 Cheer now cheer, to wine be all praise!
 All praise to the land where wine matures,
 All praise to the vat that guards it well,
 And praise to the flask from which it flows, to wine be all praise!
 Come, my friends, and fill the tankard! Drain the goblets! These are merry days.
 They're squeaking the fifes and they're drumming the tabor,
 Some scraping the fiddle, some grinding away the hurdy-gurdy.
 The bagpipe's a-drone, the bagpipe's a-blowing a drone.
 There's skipping of children and springing of urchins,
 There fly all the maids on the arms of the youngsters, in row upon row.
 Hey then, ho then, now for skipping! Now, friends, come on!
 The tankards fill! Hey then, ho then, now for dancing!
 My goblet's dry! Hey then, these are merry days. Shout in chorus, cheer on cheer on cheer!
 Let all our voices raise!
 Skip it, dance it, laugh and shout it! Shout in chorus!
 Ho there then, hey there then, ho then hey!
 Now let us drain the foaming cup, now let us drain the parting cup,
 And sing a song in chorus full of joys that from the grapes do flow!
 To wine be all praise that crotchets and grief allays!
 Its fame all sing both loud and long, with cheerful shouts a thousandfold
 Hey then these are merry days, let all our voices raise!

" WINTER "

[12] Introduction.

- [13] **Recitative.** *Simon:* Now sinks the pale declining year, and down the clammy cold does fall: the hills are wrapped in clouds of grey, that soon oppress the plains as well, and e'en at noon itself the sun's poor, feeble rays devour.
Nancy: From Lapland's caverns striding here, comes stormy, gloomy Winter now! And at his tread, benumb'd in anxious stillness Nature stands.

- [14] **Cavatina.** *Nancy:* Light and life are both enfeebled: warmth and joy are both departed: day of desolation turns to darker nights so long enduring.
- [15] **Recitative.** *Lucas:* All fetter'd lies the open lake, all halted in his course is the stream, and plunging from towering rock there hangs, no stir, no sound, the waterfall. In barren woods is heard no noise: the fields are spread, the valleys filled, with heavy-weighted load of snow. The face of earth is now a grave, where strength and beauty numb do lie, where deathly pallor sadly reigns, and far as e'er the eye can reach appears but empty solitude.
- [16] **Air.** *Lucas:* Here stands the wand'rer now, confus'd and sore perplex'd which way to turn his falt'ring steps. He vainly searches for the way, to guide him neither path nor track. He vainly struggles on and on, and trudges through the knee-high snow. He finds he yet is more astray. His sinking spirits fail, and fear constrains his heart, as he sees day declining fast, and weariness and cold do all his limbs benumb. But stay! There meets his straining eyes a glimm'ring light not far away. The life again revives, with joy now beats his heart: he runs, he flies the house to reach, where froz'n and faint for warmth he hopes!
- [17] **Recitative.** *Lucas:* At his approach rings in his ear, but late affrighted howling winds, voices singing loud and clear.
Nancy: The firelit parlour shows him then the crowd of village friends, all met in cosy circle to while away the evening with light and easy work and talk.
Simon: Around the hearth they sit, the fathers prattling of their young days. For creels and baskets plaiting osier-reeds, and weaving nets the sons there fill the house with cheer. The distaffs held by the mothers, the wheel spun round by the daughters, to make their toil a joy, they sing a simple mirthful song.

[18] **Song & Chorus.** *Nancy.*

Purring, whirring, purring,
 Whirling wheel go purring!
 Spin, my wheel, spin out for me,
 Spin for me a veil to be,
 Veil my breast to cover!

Weaver, weave a veil for me,
 Weave for me a veil to be,
 Ere the fair be over!
 Pure within and fair to see
 Must the maiden's bosom be,
 Veil as white to cover.
 Pure within and fair to see,
 Careful, kind and fancy free,
 Draws a handsome lover.

[19] **Recitative.** *Lucas:* The flax has now been spun, and now the wheels are still. Then in a closer ring, with all the men-folk round about, they all will harken to the tale that Nancy now begins to tell.

[20] **Song & Chorus.** *Nancy:*

A maid who kept her honour fair
 Was lov'd by noble knight:
 For her he longed to set a snare,
 And soon she came in sight.
 Dismounting quick, he then did sigh,
 "Come, kiss thy lord, sweetheart!"
 She cried in fear and terror, "Why?"
 Why — Yes, with all my heart!"
Chorus: Fie, fie, fie, fie!
 Why be so bold?

"Fear nothing," said he, "dearest maid,
 But give your heart to me!
 This love of mine is faithful made,
 And ne'er will fickle be.
 I'll make thee happy. Take this ring,
 This purse, this watch so fine!
 For thy delight here's ev'rything!
 So ask! It shall be thine."

Chorus: My, my, my, my!
 There's good in gold!

"No, no!" said she, "'Twere risk too great:
 My brother might us see,
 And to my father would he prate,
 What then would come of me?
 He ploughs too close to where we stand,
 Else might we do it now!
 Just look from yonder hillock and
 You'll see him at his plough."
Chorus: Ho, ho, ho, ho!
 What's now foretold?

But while the young squire goes and sees,
 There springs the maiden free
 Upon his coal-black horse and flees
 As swift as swift can be.
 "Farewell," she calls, "my noble knight!
 So for th'affront you pay!"
 Then to the spot he's rooted quite
 And stares in blank dismay.
Chorus: Ha, ha, ha, ha!
 That was well told!

[21] **Recitative.** *Simon:* From barren East now thrust far keener icy blasts on all. Cleaving roughly through the sky, all moisture they consume, and catch the breath of living things. Now Tyranny, the fiend, his winter-victory has won, and silent dread doth seize the whole of Nature's wide domains.

[22] **Air.** *Simon:* Before thee here, deluded man, before thee see, thy mirror'd life!
 Soon withered is thy short-lived Spring, exhausted thy fair Summer's strength.
 Now fades to age thy Autumn mild, now near the pallid Winter comes,
 And shows to thee the open grave.

Where are they now, those high ambitions, those hopes of fair success?
 The urge for idle glory, the weight of duties done?
 Where are they now, the days of sunlight, misspent in luxury?
 And where the nights so restful? A whirl of wakefulness?
 Where are they now? Where?
 All vanish'd are they like a dream! Yet Good remains!

[23] **Recitative. Simon:** Remains, alone, and is our guide, unchangeable, though time and years are changing, through wretchedness or gladness, until the highest goal is reached.

[24] **Trio & Chorus.** Then breaks the glorious day at last: the Almighty Word again is heard: we're called to life anew, from pain and death forever free. The heavenly doors now open wide, the holy hill appears: thereon is God's own house, where peace eternal reigns.

Chorus: Who dares beyond these doors to go?

Trio: Who harm has shunned and good has done.

Chorus: Who dares ascend this holy hill?

Trio: The man whose lips spoke truth alone.

Chorus: Who dares to make this house his dwelling?

Trio: Who poor afflicted folk did aid.

Chorus: Who there shall find in peace enjoyment?

Trio: Who sure defence the guiltless gave.

Tutti: O see, the glorious morn draws near! O see, it now does dawn!

The heavenly gates now open wide, the holy hill appears.

They're ended now, they're silent now, the heavy days of sorrow,

Our poor life's wintry tempests,

And endless Spring now reigns, and all unbounded happiness is Virtue's high reward.

Trio: We too may find a like reward: let us work then!

Tutti: Let us fight then, let us wait then, till we gain that great reward!

O lead us with Thy hand, O God, and grant us strength and heart!

Then shall we sing, then come at last into Thy highest, glorious day!

Amen! Amen!

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