

- [19] CRADLE SONG  
(from the Norwegian of Henrik Ibsen,  
translated Anon).

The roof that rears above him to heaven  
seems to rise;  
Now weeps my little Haakon, and lifts his  
dreamy eyes.

He builds himself a staircase to climb to  
yonder star;  
There will the angels guide him to where  
the blessed are.

The angels watch my darling from out the  
heavens blue.  
God shield thee, little Haakon, thy mother  
watches too.

- [20] THE NIGHTINGALE  
(from the Norwegian of Johan Welhaven,  
translated by William Grist).

Sing, sing, chantress of love,  
Sing where 'tis fragrant and beaming.  
Evening gales o'er me rove,  
Gloom overshadows the grove.  
Light alone springs from my dreaming.  
Sing, sing, chantress of love.

Sing, sing, carol thy lay,  
Here in the cell where I languish.  
Cannot a nightingale stray,  
Must ever sorrow have sway?  
Song would but mock at my anguish.  
Sing, sing, caroly thy lay.

NB: Verse 1 was omitted.



## The Beecham Collection

Including Unissued Recordings



### FREDERICK DELIUS

A Mass of Life – Prelude  
An Arabesk  
Songs of Sunset  
Songs

London Philharmonic &  
Royal Philharmonic  
Orchestras  
Sir Thomas Beecham,  
Bart., C.H.

Roy Henderson, baritone  
Dora Labbette,  
Olga Haley,  
sopranos

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

FREDERICK DELIUS (1862 - 1934)

[1] **A MASS OF LIFE** – Prelude to part 2, No. 3 \*\* 4:30  
Col. CAX 8188 Rec. 11 Feb. 1938, Studio No. 1, Abbey Road.

[2] **AN ARABESK** \* 11:16  
Col. TT 1837/39 Rec. 3 Oct. 1934, Leeds Festival.

Roy Henderson (baritone), London Select Choir

**SONGS OF SUNSET** \*

[3] A song of the setting sun 22:36  
[4] Cease smiling, Dear! 4:21  
[5] Pale amber sunlight 4:20  
[6] Exceeding sorrow 3:47  
[7] By the sad waters of separation 4:07  
[8] See how the trees 3:44  
[9] I was not sorrowful 4:10

Olga Haley (soprano), Roy Henderson, (baritone)  
London Select Choir.  
Col. TT 1788/94 Rec. 4 Oct. 1934, Leeds Festival.

[10] **SONGS OF SUNSET** \*\* 2:20  
They are not long, the weeping and the laughter

Nancy Evans (soprano), Redvers Llewellyn (baritone)  
BBC Chorus  
HMV 2EA 11469 Rec. 30 Nov. 1946, Studio 1, Abbey Road

**DELIUS SONGS**

[11] **Whither**\*\* 2:45  
[12] **The Violet**\*\* 1:48

[13] **I-Brasil**\*\* 2:45  
[14] **Klein Venevil**\*\* 1:51

Dora Labbette (soprano).  
Col. CAX 81990/91 Rec. 11 February 1938, Studio 1, Abbey Road.

DELIUS SONGS

[15] **Le Ciel est par-dessus le toit**\*\* 2:27  
[16] **The Violet**\*\* 2:06

Col. WAX 5105 Rec. 10 July 1929

[17] **Irmelin Rose**\*\* 3:40  
Col. WAX 5068 Rec. 24 June 1929

[18] **Twilight Fancies** 4:10  
Col. WAX 5104 Rec. 10 July 1929

[19] **Cradle Song** 2:13  
[20] **The Nightingale** 2:03

Dora Labbette (soprano).  
Col. WAX 5069 Rec. 24 June 1929.  
Rec. Large Studio, Petty France.

**Total duration: 73:40**

[1] - [9] & [11] - [14] London Philharmonic Orchestra.  
[10] Royal Philharmonic Orchestra  
[15] - [20] Sir Thomas Beecham, piano.

\*Previously unissued  
\*\* Premier CD release

In this series where the source material was unissued great care has been taken to ensure that Sir Thomas's comments on the original test pressings have been observed in the remastering. In other cases it has been possible to use 78 rpm recordings from Sir Thomas's Collection.

The collaboration between the Sir Thomas Beecham Trust and SOMM Recordings will ensure that the Scholarship Fund will benefit from the sale of these discs.

Technical Note: The Leeds Festival test pressings used have excessive surface noise, especially towards ends of sides. Whilst digital processing has been used to minimise noise, we have judged it necessary not to process these further, in order to avoid compromising both sound and musical quality.

Of all the composers who flourished in the twentieth century and who were championed by Sir Thomas Beecham, undoubtedly Sibelius, Richard Strauss and Delius owed most to his extraordinary musical insight and sheer hard work. Of these the relationship with Frederick Delius was the most remarkable, since the two men were as different as chalk and cheese in character, yet without the uncanny empathy and staunch belief which Sir Thomas had for and in Delius's music, it is doubtful whether the name of Delius would be as well known today. Their first meeting in the conductor's room of the Queen's Hall, London, after a Beecham concert in October 1907, was recounted by Sir Thomas in his autobiography *A Mingled Chime* and in his later biography of Delius. Delius was seeking a suitable orchestra to present his music in London and was impressed by Sir Thomas and his New Symphony Orchestra. The work in question was *Appalachia*, given in the Queen's Hall on 13th June 1908. Such was the initial impression that Delius made on Beecham that he found space in his programmes to conduct three other Delius works prior to this event: *Paris* in Liverpool in January and then twice (February and April) in London, *Brigg Fair* in London in March and *Over the Hills and Far Away* there in May. All four of these works were to remain in Beecham programmes over the next fifty years.

The relationship of Beecham and Delius grew quickly, Beecham embarking upon his lifelong championship of the music and Delius giving Beecham confidence and important psychological support at a crucial early stage in his conducting career. Beecham introduced *Sea Drift* to Hanley and Manchester before the end of 1908 and had added *A Mass of Life*, the *Piano Concerto*, *Songs of Sunset* and the *Dance Rhapsody No. 1*, as well as the opera *A Village Romeo and Juliet* at Covent Garden, by June 1911. Between that first account of *Paris* and including *On the River* from the *Florida Suite* in his last concert in 1960, Beecham included over forty of Delius's works in his programmes, as well as several of his songs often accompanied by Sir Thomas himself. Beecham's contribution to the promotion of Delius's music did not stop there. Not only had he to edit many of the scores for performance since Delius was not very specific in much of his notation, he turned his hand also to editing several Delius works for publication and was, for many years, adviser to the Delius Trust, set up by Jelka Delius for the promotion of her husband's music.

Beecham's recorded legacy includes many works of Delius although, while he had started acoustical recording in 1910, he waited until the era of electrical recording before committing any Delius to disc. This first session was on 19th and 20th December 1927 and the works were

On *Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring* and *The Walk to the Paradise Garden from A Village Romeo and Juliet*. *Brigg Fair* and *Summer Night on the River* were to come in the following July. Beecham was to record more than forty works of Delius, the last in 1957 being his third recording of *Over the Hills and Far Away*. The items on this disc were recorded between June 1929 and February 1938 (with the exception of the interpolated final chorus of *Songs of Sunset* from 1946). The fact that, exceptionally, he chose to record songs with himself at the piano again demonstrated his desire to bring more of Delius to the attention of the public than just his operatic, choral and orchestral output. In doing so he was risking exposing his limited pianistic technique but even there he could always capture the essence of the music.

Delius wrote some sixty songs and Beecham committed twelve of them to disc, some more than once, while performing many more in public. Those recorded here he performed with Dora Labbette (1898-1984), the English soprano with whom he was to work in many opera and concert performances. Of the four with orchestra, all recorded in 1938, the earliest is *Klein Venevil* (usually translated as *Sweet Venevil*) which comes from the *Seven Songs from the Norwegian* of 1889-90 and is on a text by Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson. Both *Whither (Autumn)* and *The Violet* date from 1900 and both Beecham was to record again in 1949 with Elsie Suddaby and his Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. They are on Danish texts, the former by Jens Peter Jacobsen, who was the author of the text for *Fennimore and Gerda*, while the latter is a setting of words by Ludwig Holstein. For Christmas 1912 Philip Heseltine sent Delius a volume of poems by Fiona McCleod (William Sharp) and by 13th January 1913 Delius had set *I Brasil* from this collection. Delius's first song, written in 1888, was *The Nightingale* on a text by Johan Sebastian Welhaven and included in his *Five Songs from the Norwegian*. It is among a number of his songs recorded in 1929 with Sir Thomas as accompanist. *Le ciel est pardessus le toit*, the second of two settings of Paul Verlaine dates from 1895. The poem was written while Verlaine was in prison and was a particular favourite of Delius. Two years later Delius wrote *Seven Danish Songs*, of which *Irmelin Rose* is also to words of Jacobsen, while both *Evening Voices (Twilight Fancies)* on words by Bjørnson and *Cradle Song* to a text by Henrik Ibsen come from the *Seven Songs from the Norwegian*, *Evening Voices* being recorded again in 1959 with Elsie Suddaby and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. The recording of *The Violet* with Sir Thomas at the piano is the first of the three that he made, the later two being with orchestra, the first of these also on this disc and the second in 1949 with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra.

Beecham recorded *A Mass of Life* complete in 1952-3. In February 1938 he recorded just the Prelude (*Lento molto*) to the third section of Part 2 of the work with the London Philharmonic

Orchestra and in 1948 repeated just this part for the gramophone with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. *An Arabesk*, which uses Philip Heseltine's translation of the words by Jacobsen, was later recorded by Beecham in 1955, as was *Songs of Sunset*, to poems by Ernest Dowson, recorded in 1946 and 1957, although the earlier of these was rejected by Sir Thomas and not released. At the Leeds Festival in October 1934 a number of recordings were made by Beecham with his new London Philharmonic Orchestra, only a few of which were ever released and the whole story of what exactly was recorded and when is still not clear. From the previously unreleased material is presented here his first recording of *An Arabesk*, recorded on 3rd October and all but the final chorus of *Songs of Sunset* recorded on the following day. Sadly the test pressings of this final chorus are missing, so the work is completed here with that part taken from the discarded 1946 sessions.

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[2] AN ARABESK  
*Jens Peter Jacobsen*  
 (English by *Philip Heseltine*)

Hast thou in gloomy forests wandered?  
 Knowst thou Pan?  
 I too have known him,  
 Not in gloomy forests,  
 When all the silence spake;  
 No, no, him never have I known,  
 Only the Pan of Love have I endured,  
 Then hushed was all that speaketh.

In a sunbathed meadow grows a wondrous  
 herb;  
 Only in deepest stillness  
 Under the beams of the burning sun  
 Its blossom unfolds itself  
 For a fleeting moment.

CHORUS  
 Ah!— Ah!—

SOLOIST  
 It gleams like the frenzied eye  
 Of one enchanted,

CHORUS SOPRANOS  
 ... like the frenzied eye of one enchanted.

SOLOIST  
 Like the cheeks of a dead one glowing.  
 It is this flow'r I have gazed on  
 As a lover.

CHORUS  
 She was like the Jasmin's sweet-scented  
 snow,  
 Red blood of poppies circled in her veins.

SOLOIST  
 Red blood of poppies circled in her veins!

CHORUS  
 Her death cold hands and white as marble  
 In her lap reposed  
 Like waterlilies in deepest lake.  
 And her words they fell as softly  
 As petals of apple blossom  
 On the dewladen grass, on the dewladen  
 grass:

SOLOIST  
 But there were hours  
 When they rose unleaping cold and clear  
 As the jet of a silvery fountain.

CHORUS  
 Cold and clear, cold and clear.

SOLOIST  
 Sighing was in her laughter,

CHORUS  
 Sighing was in her laughter,

SOLOIST AND CHORUS  
 Gladness was in her pain;  
 By her all things were vanquished,—

SOLOIST  
 And nought e'er dared gainsay her  
 But the spell of her own two eyes.

CHORUS  
 But the spell of her own two eyes.

SOLOIST  
 From the poisonous lilies dazzling chalice  
 Drank she to me,  
 To one too that hath perished  
 And to him who now at her feet is kneeling,

SOLOIST  
 With us all she drank,  
 Yea she drank and her glance then obeyed  
 her,  
 From the bond of truth to eternal plighting  
 From the poisonous lilies dazzling chalice!

All now is past!

CHORUS  
 All now is past! is past!

SOLOIST  
 In the ground all snow-bestrewn  
 In the bare brown wood  
 Stands a lonely thornbush,  
 The bleak winds they scatter its leaves!  
 One after another,  
 One after another  
 Shedding its blood-red berries  
 In the cold, white snow.

Its glowing red berries in the cold, white  
 snow—

Knowst thou Pan?

CHORUS  
 Knowst thou Pan?

SOLOIST AND CHORUS  
 Knowst thou Pan?

SONGS OF SUNSET  
*Ernest Dowson*

CHORUS  
 [3] A song of the setting sun!  
 The sky in the west is red,  
 And the day is all but done:  
 While yonder up overhead,  
 All too soon,  
 There rises so cold the cynic moon.

A Song of a Winter day!  
 The wind of the north doth blow,  
 From a sky that's chill and gray,  
 On fields where no crops now grow,  
 Fields long shorn  
 Of bearded barley and golden corn.

A song of a faded flower!  
 'Twas plucked in the tender bud,  
 And fair and fresh for an hour,  
 In a Lady's hair it stood.  
 Now, ah! now,  
 Faded it lies in the dust and low.

4 BARITONE & SOPRANO SOLOISTS  
Cease smiling, Dear! a little while be sad,  
Here in the silence, under the wan moon.  
Sweet are thine eyes, but how can I be  
glad,  
Knowing they change so soon?

O could this moment be perpetual!  
Must we grow old, and leaden-eyed and  
gray  
And taste no more the wild and passionate  
Love sorrows of today?

O red pomegranate of thy perfect mouth!  
My lips' life fruitage might I taste and die,  
Here in thy garden where the scented south  
Wind chastens Agony;

Reap death from thy live lips in one long  
kiss,  
And look my last into thine eyes and rest:  
What sweets had life to me sweeter than  
this  
Swift dying on thy breast?

Or, if that may not be, for Love's sake, Dear!  
Keep silence still and dream that we may  
lie,  
Red mouth to mouth, entwined, and always  
hear  
The south wind's melody.

Here in the garden, through the sighing  
boughs,

Beyond the reach of time and chance and  
change,  
And bitter life and death and broken vows,  
That sadden and estrange.

CHORUS  
5 Pale amber sunlight falls across  
The reddening October trees,  
That hardly sway before a breeze  
As soft as summer: summer's loss  
Seems little, dear! on days like these!

Let misty Autumn be our part!  
The twilight of the year is sweet:  
Where shadow and the darkness meet.  
Our love, a twilight of the heart  
Eludes a little time's deceit.

Are we not better and at home  
In dreamful Autumn we who deem  
No harvest joy is worth a dream?  
A little while and night shall come,  
A little while then let us dream.

SOPRANO SOLOIST  
6 Exceeding sorrow consumeth my sad  
heart!  
Because tomorrow we must depart,  
Now is exceeding sorrow all my part!

Give over playing, cast thy viol away:  
Merely laying thine head my way:  
Prithee, give over playing, grave or gay.

Be no word spoken: weep nothing; let a  
pale  
Silence, unbroken silence prevail!  
Prithee, be no word spoken, lest I fail!

Forget tomorrow! weep nothing: only lay  
In silent sorrow thine head my way!  
Let us forget tomorrow this one day!

BARITONE SOLOIST  
7 By the sad waters of separation  
Where we have wandered by divers ways,  
I have but the shadow and imitation  
Of the old memorial days.

In music I have no consolation,  
No roses are pale enough for me;  
The sound of the waters of separation  
Surpasseth roses and melody.

By the sad waters of separation  
Dimly I hear in an hidden place  
The sigh of mine ancient adoration:  
Hardly can I remember your \* face!

If you be dead, no proclamation  
Sprang to me over the gray, waste sea:  
Living, the waters of separation  
Sever for ever your soul from me.

No man knoweth our desolation;  
Memory pales of the old delight;

\* wrongly sung as "her" face

While the sad waters of separation  
Bear us on to the ultimate night.

CHORUS  
8 See how the trees and the osiers lithe  
Are green bedecked and the woods are  
blithe,  
The meadows have donned their cape of  
flowers,  
The air is soft with sweet May showers  
And the birds make melody:

BARITONE SOLOIST  
But the spring of the Soul, the spring of the  
Soul  
Cometh no more for you or for me.

CHORUS  
The lazy hum of the busy bees  
Murmureth thro' the almond trees;  
The jonquil flaunteth a gay, blonde head,  
The primrose peeps from a mossy bed,  
And the violets scent the lane,  
The violets scent the lane.

SOPRANO SOLOIST  
But the flowers of the Soul, the flowers of  
the Soul,  
For you and for me bloom never again.

CHORUS  
Bloom never again.

BARITONE SOLOIST  
9 I was not sorrowful, I could not weep  
And all my memories were put to sleep.

I watched the river grow more white and strange,  
All day till evening, I watched it change.

All day till evening I watched the rain  
Beat wearily upon the window pane.

I was not sorrowful but only tired  
Of everything that ever I desired.

Her lips, her eyes, all day became to me  
The shadow of a shadow utterly.

All day mine hunger for her heart became  
Oblivion, until the evening came.

And left me sorrowful inclined to weep  
With all my memories that could not sleep.

#### SOLOISTS AND CHORUS

[10] They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,

Love and desire and hate:  
I think they have no portion in us after  
We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:  
Out of a misty dream our path emerges for a while,  
Then closes within a dream, within a dream.—

#### SONGS (with orchestral accompaniment)

[11] WHITHER  
(from the Danish of Ludwig Holstein,  
English version by Frederick Delius, slightly modified.)

Father, whither fly the swans? Away, away!  
With glittering wings, with outstretched necks  
Singing, hastening away, away, away, away!  
Whither no-one knows.

Father, whither sail the clouds? Away, away!  
Hunted by winds across the wide ocean  
Shining race they away, away, away, away!  
Whither no-one knows.

Father, and we, say whither do we go? Away, away!  
We bow our heads and close our eyelids,  
Sobbing plaintively: Away, away!  
Whither no-one knows.

[12] THE VIOLET  
(from the Danish of Ludwig Holstein,  
English version by Frederick Velius, slightly modified.)

Sweet flower mine! my little bird!  
I see you from my lonely shade!  
No harm to thee I'd ever do!  
T'would be a sin to sadden you;  
And though your beauty I would wear,

To pluck you I would never dare,  
Or rob you of the sunny air,  
Beloved flower!

Sweet flower mine, my little bird!  
I see you from my lonely shade.  
If only I may look at you,  
You may despise or frown on me,  
I would not ever trouble you!  
I long to breathe the self-same air,  
To share its fragrance and delight  
With you, sweet flower!

[13] I-BRASIL  
(Fiona Macleod)

There's sorrow on the wind, my grief,  
there's sorrow on the wind,  
Old and grey! Old and grey!  
I hear it whispering, calling, where the last  
stars touch the sea,  
Where the cloud creeps down the hill, and  
the leaf shakes on the tree,  
There's sorrow on the wind and it's calling  
low to me  
'Come away! Come away! Come away!'

There's sorrow in the world, O wind,  
there's sorrow in my heart  
Night and day, night and day.  
So why should I not listen to the song you  
sing to me?  
The hill cloud falls away in rain, the leaf  
whirls from the tree,

And peace may live in I-Brasil where the  
last stars touch the sea,  
Far away, far away.

[14] KLEIN VENEVIL  
(from the Norwegian of Bjørnstjerne  
Bjørnson, translated by Edmund Løbedanz)

Klein Venevil hüpfte mit leichtem Sinn,  
Zum Geliebten dahin, zum Geliebten dahin.  
Sie sang, daß es klang übers Kirchendach:  
Guten Tag, guten Tag, guten Tag, guten Tag.  
Und alle kleinen Vögelin,  
Die sangen's fröhlich nach:  
Zu Sancte Hans gib'ts Jubel und Tanz.  
Ach hüte, klein Venevil, ach hüter deinen  
Kranz.

Sie flocht ihm den Kranz aus Blümlein blau,  
Meiner Augen Blau, Geliebter, schau.  
Er nahm ihn, er warf ihn fort geschwind:  
Leb wohl, leb wohl, leb wohl, mein Kind.  
Er lacht und sprang von dannen;  
Und leise klingt's im Wind:  
Zu Sancte Hans gib'ts Jubel und Tanz.  
Ach hüte, klein Venevil, ach hüter deiner  
Kranz.

SWEET VENEVIL  
(translated by F.S. Copeland)

Sweet Venevil lightly came tripping by  
Her lover to meet, her lover to meet.  
His welcome rang over the church-roof  
high,



Good day, good day, good day, good day.  
And all the little songbirds repeat the  
roundelay:  
On Midsummer night there is dance and  
delight.  
But thereafter I know not if she ever wove  
her wreath.

She wove him a wreath of flowers blue,  
Mine own blue eyes, mine own blue eyes.  
He took it and tossed it and caught it again.  
'Farewell my friend, farewell my friend.'  
He bounded over the headland, rejoicing  
all the way:  
On Midsummer night there is dance and  
delight.  
But thereafter I know not if she ever wove  
her wreath.

SONGS (with piano accompaniment)

[15] LE CIEL  
(Paul Verlaine)

Le ciel est, pardessus le toit,  
Si bleu, si calme!  
Un arbre, pardessus le toit,  
Berce sa palme.  
La cloche, dans le ciel qu'on voit,  
Doucement tinte.  
Un oiseau, sur l'arbre qu'on voit,  
Chante sa plainte,

Mon Dieu, mon Dieu, la vie est là,  
Simple et tranquille!

Cette paisible rumeur-là,  
Vient de la ville.  
Qu'as-tu fait, ô toi que voilà,  
Pleurant sans cesse,  
Dis, qu'as-tu fait, toi que voilà,  
De ta jeunesse?

THE SKY  
(English by Ernest Dowson)

The sky is up above the roof  
So blue, so soft!  
A tree there, up above the roof,  
Swayeth aloft.

A bell within that sky we see,  
Chimes low and faint:  
A bird upon that tree we see,  
Maketh complaint.

Dear God! is not the life up there,  
Simple and sweet?  
How peacefully are borne up there  
Sounds of the street!

What hast thou done, who comest here,  
To weep alway?  
Where hast thou laid, who comest here,  
Thy youth away?

[16] THE VIOLET  
Please see page 12 for text.

[17] IRMELIN ROSE  
(from the Danish of Jens Peter Jacobsen,  
English version by Frederick Delius, with  
modifications).

There lived a King in days departed,  
Many treasures rare he owned;  
But far beyond all treasures rare  
He thought the beauteous Irmelin,  
Irmelin rose, Irmelin sun,  
Irmelin, loveliest of all!

Every knightly helmet shining  
mirrored back her image bright,  
Every poet sung of passion,  
Breathed her name by day and night.  
Irmelin rose, Irmelin sun,  
Irmelin, loveliest of all!

Knights by hundreds, noble wooers,  
Thronged the ancient castle hall,  
Wooed the maid with fond devotion,  
wooed with sweet and flowered word.  
Irmelin rose, Irmelin sun,  
Irmelin, loveliest of all!

But the Princess would not hear them,  
Cold her heart was, cold as steel,  
She lightly mocked their marks of anguish  
And scorned their pangs of hopeless love.  
Irmelin rose, Irmelin sun,  
Irmelin, loveliest of all!

[18] TWILIGHT FANCIES  
(from the Norwegian of Bjørnstjerne  
Bjørnson, translated by F.S. Copeland).

The Princess looked forth from her turreted  
keep.  
The lure of a herd-boy rang up from the  
steep.  
'Oh, cease from thy playing, and haunt me  
no more,  
Nor fetter my fancy that freely would soar  
When the sun goes down, when the sun  
goes down.'

The Princess looked forth from her turreted  
keep.  
But mute was the strain that rang up from  
the steep.  
'Oh, why art thou silent? Beguile me no \*  
more.  
Give wings to my fancy that freely would  
soar,  
When the sun goes down, when the sun  
goes down.'

The Princess looked forth from her turreted  
keep.  
The voice of the lure spoke again from the  
steep.  
She wept in the twilight and bitterly cried: \*\*  
'What is it I long for, God help me', she  
cried.  
And the sun went down, and the sun went  
down.

\* Copeland has 'once' for 'no'.  
\*\* " " 'sighed' for 'cried'.