

Thursday, April 17, 2008, 7:30pm
Zellerbach Hall

Bryn Terfel, *bass-bartione*
Malcolm Martineau, *piano*

PROGRAM

Songs on Poems by John Masefield (1878–1967)

John Ireland (1879–1962) Sea Fever (1913)

The Vagabond (1922)

The Bells of San Marie (1918)

Peter Warlock (1894–1930) Captain Stratton's Fancy (1921)

Frederick Keel (1871–1954) Three Salt-Water Ballads (1919)

Port of Many Ships

Trade Winds

Mother Carey

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872–1958) The Roadside Fire (1904)

Silent Noon (1903)

Roger Quilter (1877–1953) Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal, Op. 3, No. 2 (1905)

Weep You No More, Op. 12, No. 1 (1908)

Go, lovely Rose, Op. 24, No. 3 (1922)

Fair House of Joy, Op. 12, No. 7 (1908)

George Frideric Handel (1685–1759) Sì, tra i ceppi from *Berenice* (1737)

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart (1756–1791) Io ti lascio, o cara, addio, K. 621a/
K. App. 245 (1787–1789)

Franz Schubert (1797–1828) Liebesbotschaft, D. 957, No. 1 (1828)

Heidenröslein, D. 257 (1815)

Litanei auf das Fest Aller Seelen, D. 343 (1816)

An Silvia, D. 891 (1826)

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924) Automne, Op. 18, No. 3 (1878)

Le Secret, Op. 23, No. 3 (1881)

Fleur Jetée, Op. 39, No. 2 (1884)

Songs from the Celtic Isles
Arranged by Chris Hazell

Loch Lomond

Passing By

Cariad Cyntaf

Danny Boy

Ar hyd y nós

Molly Malone

INTERMISSION

Cal Performances' 2007–2008 season is sponsored by Wells Fargo Bank.

Songs on Poems by John Masefield

John Masefield, born in rural Herefordshire in 1878, was educated at King's School, Warwick and then spent several years as a seaman, during which time he developed an insatiable taste for reading and a skill in writing about his shipboard experiences. By 1895, Masefield had determined to become a writer and he jumped ship in New York, living precariously for the next two years by working in a carpet factory and spending much of his money to buy books. In 1901, he returned to England and started publishing poems that won him a growing reputation. After serving early in World War I as a medical orderly, he was sent to the United States to lecture American soldiers on what to expect when they reached the front; Harvard and Yale awarded him honorary doctorates for his efforts. He published many well received poems, plays and novels during the 1920s, and in 1930 he succeeded Robert Bridges as Poet Laureate, a post he held until his death in 1967. Among the best known of Masefield's voluminous writings are the classic children's fantasy novels *The Midnight Folk* and *The Box of Delights* and his poems that evoke his days as a youthful seafarer.

John Ireland Three Songs

The English composer John Ireland, the son of two writers, received an excellent general education before enrolling in 1893 at London's Royal College of Music as a student of Charles Villiers Stanford. He left the RCM in 1901, and made his living as organist and choirmaster for several London churches, notably St. Luke's, Chelsea, where he served from 1904 to 1926. It was during that time that he established himself in the front ranks of British composers with a style combining the melody and vigor of the English national school with the harmonic subtleties of French Impressionism. In 1923, he was appointed to the faculty of the RCM, where Benjamin Britten was among his pupils. Ireland retired from teaching in 1939. His subsequent residence on Guernsey was cut short by the German occupation of the Channel Islands in 1940, which forced him to move to west Sussex. Though ill

health prevented him from composing much after 1946, his last years were cheered by the foundation of the John Ireland Society to promote the performance of his music.

Ireland's 85 songs, most composed within the decade following the close of World War I, are among the finest contributions to the modern English vocal repertory, strong in melody, colorful in accompaniment, and carefully illustrative of their texts, which were chosen from a range of the best English authors, including Shakespeare, William Blake, Dante and Christina Rossetti, Housman, Hardy, Emily Brönte and John Masefield.

Peter Warlock Captain Stratton's Fancy

Peter Warlock, born Philip Heseltine in London in 1894, received only rudimentary training in music during his teenage years at Eton. It was while vacationing in France in 1910 with an uncle, a painter, that he met the English expatriate composer Frederick Delius, who stirred his musical interests and found in the lad a devoted champion. Heseltine continued his studies (in classics) in Germany and at Oxford until the outbreak of World War I, when he declared himself a conscientious objector and withdrew from the university. He lived in Cornwall and Ireland during the war, but was principally based in London from 1918 until the end of his life. For reasons never made clear, in 1916 he started using the pen name Peter Warlock, under which all his compositions were published. He subsequently produced a substantial and wide-ranging body of songs and choral works, judged by some to be the finest in the English language between those of Purcell and Britten. Warlock, subject throughout his life to fits of depression, died from gas poisoning at his London flat on December 17, 1930; the coroner lacked sufficient evidence to decide whether his death was the result of suicide or accident.

Frederick Keel Three Salt-Water Ballads

Baritone and composer Frederick Keel taught at London's Royal Academy of Music and was a lead-

er in the early-20th-century British folk song revival. He was honorary secretary of the Folk Song Society and editor of its journal, and brought out important editions of Elizabeth songs in 1909 and 1913. His *Salt-Water Ballads* are based on texts by John Masefield.

Ralph Vaughan Williams The Roadside Fire Silent Noon

"The human voice," Ralph Vaughan Williams asserted in his 1934 treatise on *National Music*, "is the oldest musical instrument and through the ages it remains what it was, unchanged: the most primitive and at the same time the most modern, because it is the most intimate form of human expression." Though Vaughan Williams is best known for his nine symphonies, the *Tallis Fantasia*, the *Folk Song Suite* and other instrumental works, the bulk of his catalog is occupied by compositions for voice. His earliest piece to reach publication is a song from 1901 to words by Robert Louis Stevenson, *Whither Must I Wander?*, which he included in his 1904 cycle *Songs of Travel*. He went on to compose some 100 songs to poems by Shakespeare, Chaucer, Whitman, Bunyan, Blake, Housman and other fine writers, and arranged a like number of folk songs and carols for solo voice.

The Roadside Fire opens Vaughan Williams's cycle *Songs of Travel*, which gives a picture of a lover wandering across the world seeking solace for a broken heart, a sort of English counterpart to Schubert's *Die Winterreise*.

In 1903, Vaughan Williams made a beautiful, indeed openly sensual, setting of the well known *Silent Noon* by the influential Pre-Raphaelite poet and painter Dante Gabriel Rossetti and included it the following year in *The House of Life*, his "Cycle of Six Sonnets" to Rossetti's texts.

Roger Quilter Four Songs

Roger Quilter was a minor but endearing figure in the English musical renaissance of the early 20th

century. He was born into a prominent family in Brighton in 1877, and educated at Eton before undertaking five years of professional music studies with Iwan Knorr at the Hoch Conservatory in Frankfurt, where he was a fellow student of Percy Grainger, Cyril Scott, Balfour Gardiner and Norman O'Neill. Quilter was back in London for the start of the new century, and he soon began establishing a reputation as a song composer with his tasteful settings of verses by several of the best English poets. In addition to the hundred or so songs upon which his reputation principally rests, Quilter composed some partsongs for chorus, a few pieces for piano, several works for chamber ensembles, a *Serenade* and *Children's Overture* (based on nursery tunes) for orchestra, two ballets (*The Rake* and *Titania*), incidental music to Shakespeare's *As You Like It*, and, most ambitiously, the operas *Julia* and, for children, *Where the Rainbow Ends*. In addition to his original compositions, Quilter was also of important service to British music as a founder-member of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund, on whose board he served until his death. Quilter's health was never robust, and encroaching senility during his later years made composition difficult for him; he died in London in 1953. Quilter's music is marked by delicacy of expression and sensitivity to the text, a style that the musicologist and conductor Denis Stevens said represented "a peak in the English tradition of decorous romanticism."

Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal (1905) is a song text that Alfred Lord Tennyson inserted into his long poem of 1847, *The Princess*, which helped smooth his way to being named Poet Laureate three years later. W. S. Gilbert parodied Tennyson's poem in his stage play *The Princess* in 1870, which he revised for the libretto of the operetta he wrote with Arthur Sullivan 13 years later, *Princess Ida*.

Weep You No More and Fair House of Joy are from Quilter's *Seven Elizabethan Lyrics*, Op. 12 of 1908. The text of *Weep You No More* is anonymous; the poem *Fair House of Joy* is by Tobias Hume (c.1579–1645), a professional soldier who is remembered in music history as the composer of music for the viol.

Go, lovely Rose (1922) is a tender setting of a poem by Edmund Waller (1608–1687), who was

celebrated in his day for what the contemporary chronicler John Aubrey called the “great mastery of the English language” displayed in both his eloquent speeches in Parliament and his many poems.

George Frideric Handel **Sì, tra i ceppi, from *Berenice***

Composed in 1737. Premiered on May 18, 1737, in London.

Berenice, queen of Egypt, is in love with the Macedonian prince Demetrio, but he, in turn, loves Berenice’s sister, Selene. The Roman emperor Silla, wary of an alliance between Egypt and Macedonia, sends Alessandro to court the Egyptian queen. Jealous, Berenice imprisons Demetrio and orders his execution unless he renounces his feelings for Selene. Demetrio sings of his defiance in the noble aria *Sì, tra i ceppi*. Selene offers to die with Demetrio, and Berenice, realizing the depth of their love and the political realities, revokes his sentence, allows them to marry and takes Alessandro as her husband.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart **Io ti lascio, o cara, addio**

After Mozart’s death, his wife, Constanze, attested that he had written the bass aria *Io ti lascio* in September 1791 in honor of Countess Maria Anna Hortensia Hatzfeld, the widow of a man and fellow Mason whom the composer called his “dearest and most beloved friend” and herself an amateur soprano talented enough to have taken the part of Elettra in a private performance of *Idomeneo* in 1786. Constanze maintained that the melody (to an anonymous text) and bass line were composed by Gottfried von Jacquin, a bass singer and also a Mason who regularly hosted Mozart at his home for dinner, music and conviviality; she said Wolfgang just added the string parts. In the indispensable study of Mozart’s manuscripts that British musicologist Alan Tyson published in 1987, *Io ti lascio* is dated to “between the end of 1787 and spring

1789” and the notation confirmed to be entirely in his hand. Tyson’s findings allow the possibility that *Io ti lascio* was composed as a memorial sometime after Count August von Hatzfeld died in April 1787, perhaps as a sort of musical missive for the Countess from the next world (and perhaps sung to her by Jacquin). (Ludwig von Köchel placed the piece in the appendix [K. App. 245] of his 1862 catalog of Mozart’s works; later editions include it, apparently incorrectly for the moment, among the last entries in the catalog as K. 621a.) Composer and Countess remained friends, and in October 1790 she helped to underwrite the performance that Mozart gave in Frankfurt during the celebrations surrounding the coronation of Habsburg ruler Leopold II as Holy Roman Emperor.

Franz Schubert **Four Songs**

In June 1816, when he was 19, Schubert received his first fee for one of his compositions (a now-lost cantata for the name-day of his teacher, Heinrich Watteroth), and decided that he had sufficient reason to leave his irksome teaching post at his father’s school in order to live the life of an artist. Thus began the bohemian existence of his last dozen years—living by the gladly proffered aid of friends, daily climbing up to Grinzing to haunt the cafés, avoiding the higher levels of society for dislike of buying and wearing good clothes. And music, always music. He composed incessantly. Out of bed shortly after dawn (sometimes he slept with his glasses on so as not to waste any time getting started in the morning), pouring out music until early afternoon, then off to who-knows-where for a bit too much *Heuriger* wine and a few pipes of cheap tobacco. Compositions filled his head all the while, sometimes scratched out on napkins or envelopes if they could not wait until the next morning. Evenings were spent making music with his devoted band of friends, who were delighted to sing and play what he wrote. Franz von Hartmann recorded of one of these *Schubertiads*, “There was a huge gathering [including] Gahy, who played four-hand piano music gloriously with Schubert, and Vogl, who sang almost thirty splendid songs....

When the music was over, there was grand feast and dancing. At 12:30 [we went] home. To bed at 1 o’clock.” These convivial meetings were often hosted by prominent members of society, including lawyers and government officials, and were regularly attended by both professional musicians and *amateurs*.

Liebesbotschaft (“Love’s Message”) is the first song of the cycle *Schwanengesang* (“Swan Song”) of 1828, which provided a fitting capstone to Schubert’s career as a writer of some 600 songs. The poem is by Ludwig Rellstab (1799–1860), a prominent music critic in Berlin and a writer of high ambitions who tried (unsuccessfully) to convince Beethoven to set some of his poems, perhaps even one of his opera librettos. He did better with Schubert, who included eight of his verses in *Schwanengesang*.

Goethe wrote his poem *Heidenröslein* (“Little Wild Rose”) to fit a German folksong, and published it in 1773 in a collection by Herder titled *Von Deutscher Art und Kunst* (“From German Custom and Art”). The original folk tune, with Goethe’s new words, was harmonized by J. F. Reichardt, among others, but Schubert created for the pastoral poem a new setting in the unaffected style of a peasant melody in the miraculous year of 1815, during which he wrote some 145 songs, almost three per week.

Johann Georg Jacobi (1740–1814) was professor of philosophy at Halle and Freiburg, an art critic and a poet. He edited the literary periodical *Iris*, in which he published poems by Goethe, Klopstock, Herder and Jean Paul as well as many of his own verses. Schubert set seven of Jacobi’s poems in August and September 1816, including *Litanei auf das Fest Aller Seelen* (“Litany for the Feast of All Souls”), D. 343, of which Richard Cappel, in his study of Schubert songs, said, “There was never a truer or more touching expression of simple devotion and of grief consoled and yet still near weeping.”

The works of Shakespeare inspired much interest in the German-speaking lands upon their publication in excellent translations by Ludwig Tieck and August Schlegel early in the 19th century. The publisher Josef Trentsensky undertook a special “Viennese edition” of the dramas in 1824

based on the Tieck-Schlegel translations, and he commissioned the playwright—and friend of Schubert—Eduard von Bauernfeld to render into German the sonnets, epic poems and plays omitted from the earlier series. It was from Bauernfeld’s translation of *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* that Schubert borrowed the text for *An Silvia*, composed in July 1826.

Gabriel Fauré (1845–1924) **Three Songs**

Though Fauré wrote three operas, incidental music for a half-dozen plays, a Mass and several orchestral works, his creative genius was best suited to the intimate forms of song, piano and chamber composition. His distinctive idiom was, according to musicologist Milton Cross, an exquisite example of “the art of understatement. The pure and classic beauty that pervades his greatest works is derived from simplicity, restraint, delicate sensibility, refinement and repose.” Among Fauré’s most characteristic and highly regarded creations are his songs, some one hundred separate numbers that occupied him throughout his career, most of which he ultimately gathered into five cycles and three large published collections. The essence of Fauré’s art is codified in these exquisite miniatures—the precision and delicacy of melody, the subtle nuances of vocal and instrumental sonorities, the limpid rhythmic sense, and, above all, the remarkable harmonic vocabulary, which ventured along a new path that departed from both Wagner’s voluptuousness and Gounod’s sentimentality to embrace the fluidity of Gregorian chant, the modalism of Renaissance polyphony and the lucidity of the French Baroque clavecinists to create a musical language that flowered into the full blush of Impressionism with Debussy. Such a luminous manner of musical speech perfectly complemented the texts that Fauré set, many by Verlaine and other lesser symbolist poets, to produce what James Husst Hall, in his survey of the art song, called “mood pieces with a touch of sentiment, which are delicately, even mysteriously handled.”

Automne, Le Secret and *Fleur Jetée* set verses by Armand Silvestre (1837–1901), a Parnassian poet

whose emotional reserve and purity of meter and form were well suited to Fauré's precise sense of prosody, refined craft and impeccable taste.

Songs from the Celtic Isles

After King James II, unpopular for his autocratic rule and his aggressive Catholicism, was deposed from the British throne by the Glorious Revolution of 1688, a party of Jacobites arose in Scotland to reassert the Stuart's royal succession. The movement was not finally crushed until 1745, when the forces of Charles Edward Stuart (Bonnie Prince Charlie) were decisively defeated by the English at Culloden Moor. The famous song *Loch Lomond* is traditionally held to have originated as the sad farewell of a Jacobite to his sweetheart, written on the eve of his execution at Carlisle. The "low road" in the text refers to the grave, from which he hopes his spirit will wing its way back to Loch Lomond, the Highlands lake where he wooed and won his lady.

The music for the lovely *Passing By* was written by Edward Purcell-Cockram, a music teacher and for six decades organist at Clifton Down Congregational Church in Bristol, England. He published the song in 1875 under the name "Edward C. Purcell," and it was thereafter often misattributed to the celebrated Restoration composer Henry Purcell, as the anonymous verse was once incorrectly ascribed to the clergyman and noted poet Robert Herrick (1591–1674).

The wistful folksong *Cariad Cyntaf* ("First Love") has been long a favorite selection at the "Eisteddfod," the festive singing contests established as early as the 12th century that continue as a centerpiece for the preservation and transmission of Welsh culture.

The lovely melody widely known as *Londonderry Air*, after the town in northern Ireland, was collected by Miss Jane Ross, and first printed in Petrie's anthology of folk music in 1855; its composer was deemed "unknown." The song—"the most beautiful tune in the world," according to the eminent English composer Sir Hubert Parry—acquired many sets of words in subsequent years, none better known than English lyricist Frederick E. Weatherly's *Danny Boy* of 1913.

The melody of the beloved Welsh folksong *Ar hyd y nôs*—best known in English as *All Through the Night* for the lyrics provided for it in 1884 by the London businessman, philanthropist and songwriter Sir Harold Boulton (1859–1935)—was first published in 1784 in *Musical and Poetical Relics of the Welsh Bards*, a collection edited by the Welshman Edward Jones (1752–1824), harpist at the court in London from 1783 to 1787. The well-known Welsh verses were added to the tune by John Ceiriog Hughes (1832–1887), a poet and folksong collector who is sometimes referred to as the "Robert Burns of Wales."

"The Tart with the Cart"; "The Dish with the Fish"; "The Trollop with the Scallops"—all popular nicknames for the supposed likeness of "Molly Malone" represented by the statue of a bosomy young woman pushing a wheelbarrow that the city of Dublin commissioned from sculptor Jeanne Rynhart to celebrate its millennium in 1987. The city fathers undertook considerable research to determine the origins of the alleged late-18th-century working girl whose street vendor's cry of "cockles [small clams] and mussels" were woven into the song that has become the unofficial anthem of Dublin, but they could not unequivocally identify any single individual. The provenance of the song is hardly more clear. Its first known publication was in a collection of *Students' Songs* published by William H. Hills in Cambridge, Massachusetts (!), in 1883. The following year it was issued as a "comic song" by Francis Bros. & Day of London with an attribution noting that it was "composed by James Yorkston and arranged by Edmund Forman," writers and performers in the Edinburgh music halls; this edition acknowledged permission to reprint the song from Kohler and Son of Edinburgh, implying an earlier now-lost publication. Though the "real" Molly, if one ever existed, has apparently vanished into the mists of history, the account of a "girl so pretty" who "died of a fever" evokes a timeless, universal sentiment that makes this one of the most touching of all Celtic songs.

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Songs on Poems of John Masefield (1878–1967)

John Ireland Sea Fever

I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume and the seagulls crying.

I must go down to the seas again, to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's like a whetted knife;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's over.

Ireland The Vagabond

Dunno a heap about the what an' why,
Can't say's I ever knowed.
Heaven to me's a fair blue stretch of sky,
Earth's jest a dusty road.

Dunno the names o' things, nor what they are,
Can't say's I ever will.
Dunno about God—he's just the noddin' star
Atop the windy hill.

Dunno about Life—it's jest a tramp alone
From wakin'-time to doss.
Dunno about Death—it's jest a quiet stone
All over-grey wi' moss.

An' why I live, an' why the old world spins,
Are things I never knowed;
My mark's the gypsy fires, the lonely inns,
An' jest the dusty road.

Ireland The Bells of San Marie

It's pleasant in Holy Mary
By San Marie lagoon,
The bells they chime and jingle
From dawn to afternoon.

They rhyme and chime and mingle,
They pulse and boom and beat,
And the laughing bells are gentle
And the mournful bells are sweet.

Oh, who are the men that ring them,
The bells of San Marie,
Oh, who but sonsie seamen
Come in from over sea,
And merrily in the belfries
They rock and sway and hale,
And send the bells a-jangle,
And down the lusty ale.

It's pleasant in Holy Mary
To hear the beaten bells
Come booming into music,
Which throbs, and clangs, and swells,
From sunset till the daybreak,
From dawn to afternoon.
In port of holy Mary
On San Marie Lagoon.

Peter Warlock Captain Stratton's Fancy

Oh, some are fond of red wine and some are fond of white,
And some are all for dancing by the pale moonlight,
But rum alone's the tippie and the heart's delight
Of the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are fond of Spanish wine and some are fond of French,
And some'll swallow tay and stuff fit only for a wench,
But I'm for right Jamaica till I roll beneath the bench,
Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are for the lily and some are for the rose,
But I am for the sugar cane that in Jamaica grows,
For it's that that makes the bonny drink to warm my copper nose,
Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some are fond of fiddles and a song well sung
And some are all for music for to lilt upon the tongue,
But mouths were made for tankards and for sucking at the bung,
Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Oh, some that's good and godly ones they hold that it's a sin
To troll the jolly bowl around and let the dollars spin,
But I'm for toleration and for drinking at an inn,
Says the old, bold mate of Henry Morgan.

Frederick Keel Three Salt-Water Ballads

1. Port of Many Ships

It's a sunny pleasant anchorage, is kingdom come,
Where crews is always layin' aft, for double tots o'rum,
'N' there's dancin' 'n' fiddlin' of every kind o'sort,
It's a fine place for sailormen is that there port.
'N' I wish I wish as I was there.

The winds is never nothin' more than jest light airs,
'N' no one gets belayin' pinn'd no one never swears,
Yer free to loaf 'n' laze around, yer pipe atween yer lips,
Lollin' on the fo'c'sle, sonny, lookin' at the ships.
'N' I wish I wish as I was there.

For ridin' in the anchorage the ships of all the world
Have got one anchor down 'n' all sails furl'd.
All the sunken hookers 'n' the crews as took 'n' died
They lays there merry, sonny, swingin' to the tide
'N' I wish I wish as I was there.

Drown'd old wooden hookers green wi' drippin' wrack,
Ships as never fetch'd to port, as never came back,
Swingin' to the blushin' tide, dippin' to the swell,
'N' the crews all singin', sonny, beatin' on the bell,
'N' I wish I wish as I as there.

2. Trade Winds

In the harbour, in the island, in the Spanish seas.
Are the tiny white houses and the orange-trees,
And day-long, night-long, the cool and pleasant breeze
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

There is the red wine, the nutty Spanish ale,
The shuffle of the dancers, and the old salt's tale,
The squeaking fiddle, and the souging in the sail
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

And o' nights there's the fire-flies and the yellow moon,
And in the ghostly palm-trees the sleepy tune
Of the quiet voice calling me, the long low croon
Of the steady Trade Winds blowing.

3. Mother Carey

Mother Carey?
She's the mother of the witches
And all them sort o' rips;
She's a fine gell to look at, but hitch is,
She's a sight too fond of ships.

She lives upon a iceberg to the norred,
'N' her man he's Davy Jones,
'N' she combs the weeds upon her forred
With pore drown'd sailers bones.

She's the mother o' the wreck's, 'n' the mother
Of all big winds as blows;
She's up to some deviltry or other
When it storms, or sleets, or snows.
The noise of her wind's her screamin',
I'm arter a plump, young, fine
Brass-button'd, beefy-ribb'd young seam'n
So as me 'n' my mate kin dine.

She's a hungry old rip 'b' a cruel
For sailormen like we,
She's give a many mariners the gruel
'N' a long sleep under the sea
She's the blood o' many a crew upon her
'N' the bones of many a wreck;
'N' she's barnacles a-growing on her
'N' shark's teeth round her neck.

I ain't never had no schoolin'
Nor read no books like you
But I know it ain't healthy to be foolin'
With that there gristly two.
You're young, you thinks, and you're lairy,
But if you're to make old bones,
Steer clear, I says, of Mother Carey
'N' that there Davy Jones.

Ralph Vaughan Williams The Roadside Fire

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–1894)

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Vaughan Williams Silent Noon

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–1882)

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass, —
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms:
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms
'Neath billowing clouds that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup fields with silver edge
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour glass.

Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky: —
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour
When twofold silence was the song of love.

Roger Quilter Now Sleeps the Crimson Petal

Alfred Lord Tennyson (1809–1892)

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porph'ry font:
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake:
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

Quilter Weep You No More

Anonymous

Weep you no more, sad fountains;
What need you flow so fast?
Look how the snowy mountains
Heaven's sun doth gently waste!
But my sun's heavenly eyes
View not your weeping,
That now lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,
A rest that peace begets;
Doth not the sun rise smiling
When fair at even he sets?

Rest you, then, rest, sad eyes!
Melt not in weeping,
While she lies sleeping,
Softly now, softly lies sleeping.

Quilter

Go, lovely Rose

Edmund Waller (1608–1687)

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Quilter

Fair House of Joy

Tobias Hume (c. 1569–1645)

Fain would I change that note
To which fond Love hath charm'd me
Long, long to sing by rote,
Fancying that that harm'd me:
Yet when this thought doth come
Love is the perfect sum
Of all delight!
I have no other choice
Either for pen or voice
To sing or write.

O Love! they wrong thee much
That say thy sweet is bitter,
When thy rich fruit is such
As nothing can be sweeter.

Fair house of joy and bliss,
Where truest pleasure is,
I do adore thee:
I know thee what thou art,
I serve thee with my heart,
And fall before thee.

George Frideric Handel

Sì, tra i ceppi

Sì, tra i ceppi e le ritorte
la mia fè risplenderà!
No, nè pur l'istessa morte
il mio foco e stingerà.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart

Io ti lascio, o cara, addio

Io ti lascio, o cara, addio,
Vivi più felice
E scordati di me.

Strappa pur dal tuo bel core
Quell'affetto, quell'amore,
Pensa che a te non lice
Il ricordarsi di me.

Franz Schubert

Liebesbotschaft

Ludwig Rellstab (1799–1860)

Rauschendes Bächlein, so silbern und hell,
Eilst zur Geliebten so munter und schnell?
Ach, trautes Bächlein, mein Bote sei du;
Bringe die Grüße des Fernen ihr zu.

All ihre Blumen im Garten gepflegt,
Die sie so lieblich am Busen trägt,
Und ihre Rosen in purpurner Glut,
Bächlein, erquicke mit kühlender Flut.

Wenn sie am Ufer, in Träume versenkt,
Meiner gedenkend das Köpfchen hängt,
Tröste die Süße mit freundlichem Blick,
Denn der Geliebte kehrt bald zurück.

Neigt sich die Sonne mit rötlichem Schein,
Wiege das Liebchen in Schlummer ein.
Rausche sie murmelnd in süße Ruh,
Flüstere ihr Träume der Liebe zu.

Yes, among the stumps of trees

No matter how they may revile me,
my faith will remain resplendent!
Nor can death compel me
ever to extinguish this divine fire.

I leave you, my dear, farewell

I leave you, my dear, farewell.
Live more happily
And forget me.

Even tear from your dear heart
That affection, that love.
Reflect that you are not
permitted to remember me.

Love's Message

Translation © Richard Morris

Murmuring brooklet, so silvery bright,
Hurry to my beloved so fast and light,
Oh, friendly brooklet, be my messenger fair,
Bring my distant greetings to her.

All the flowers she tends in her garden,
Which she sweetly bears on her bosom,
And her roses in a purple glow,
Brooklet, refresh them with cooling flow.

When on the bank, immersed in dreams,
Remembering me, she hangs her head,
Comfort my sweetheart with a friendly glance,
For her beloved will soon come back.

When the sun sets with reddening glow,
Rock my loved one to slumber,
Murmur for her sweet sleep,
And whisper dreams of love to her.

Schubert

Heidenröslein

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1842)

Sah ein Knab' ein Röslein stehn,
Röslein auf der Heiden,
War so jung und morgenschön,
Lief er schnell, es nah zu sehn,
Sah's mit vielen Freuden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Knabe sprach: Ich breche dich,
Röslein auf der Heiden!
Röslein sprach: Ich steche dich,
Dass du ewig denkst an mich,
Und ich will's nicht leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Und der wilde Knabe brach
's Röslein auf der Heiden;
Röslein wehrte sich und stach,
Half ihm doch kein Weh und Ach,
Musst' es eben leiden.
Röslein, Röslein, Röslein rot,
Röslein auf der Heiden.

Schubert

Litanei auf das Fest Aller Seelen

Johann Georg Jacobi (1740–1814)

Ruh'n in Frieden alle Seelen,
Die vollbracht ein banges Quälen,
Die vollendet süßen Traum,
Lebenssatt, geboren kaum,
Aus der Welt hinüberschieden:
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Und die nie der Sonne lachten,
Unterm Mond auf Dornen wachten,
Gott, im reinen Himmelslicht,
Einst zu sehn von Angesicht:
Alle, die von hinnen schieden,
Alle Seelen ruhn in Frieden!

Schubert

An Silvia

Eduard von Bauernfeld (1802–1890)

Was ist Silvia, saget an,
Dass sie die weite Flur preist?
Schön und zart seh ich sie nahn,

Rose blossom on the heath

Translation © Walter Meyer

Passing lad a rose blossom spied,
Blossom on the heath growing,
'Twas so fair and of youthful pride,
Raced he fast to be near its side,
Saw it with joy o'erflowing.
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,
Blossom on the heath growing.

Said the lad: I shall pick thee,
Blossom on the heath growing!
Blossom spoke: Then I'll prick thee,
That thou shalt ever think of me,
And I'll not be allowing.
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,
Blossom on the heath growing.

And the lusty lad did pick
The blossom on the heath growing;
Blossom, in defense, did prick,
'Twas, alas, but a harmless nick,
Had to be allowing.
Blossom, blossom, blossom red,
Blossom on the heath growing.

Litany for the Feast of All Souls

Translation © Emily Ezust

Rest in peace, all souls
who, a fearful torment past
and sweet dreams over,
sated with life, scarcely born,
have departed from the world:
rest in peace, all souls!

And those who never smiled at the sun
but under the moon lay awake on thorns
to see God face to face
one day in heaven's pure light:
all who have departed hence,
rest in peace, all souls!

Who is Silvia?

William Shakespeare (1564–1616)

Who is Silvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair and wise is she;

Auf Himmelsgunst und Spur weist,
Dass ihr alles untertan.

Ist sie schön und gut dazu?
Reiz labt wie milde Kindheit;
Ihrem Aug' eilt Amor zu,
Dort heilt er seine Blindheit
Und verweilt in süßer Ruh.

Darum Silvia, tön, o Sang,
Der holden Silvia Ehren;
Jeden Reiz besiegt sie lang,
Den Erde kann gewähren:
Kränze ihr und Saitenklang!

Gabriel Fauré

Automne

Armand Silvestre (1837–1901)

Automne au ciel brumeux, aux horizons navrants.
Aux rapides couchants, aux aurores pâlies,
Je regarde couler, comme l'eau du torrent,
Tes jours faits de mélancolie.

Sur l'aile des regrets mes esprits emportés,
Comme s'il se pouvait que notre âge renaisse!
Parcourent, en rêvant, les coteaux enchantés,
Où jadis sourit ma jeunesse!

Je sens, au clair soleil du souvenir vainqueur,
Refleurir en bouquet les roses déliées,
Et monter à mes yeux des larmes, qu'en mon cœur,
Mes vingt ans avaient oubliées!

Fauré

Le Secret

Armand Silvestre (1837–1901)

Je veux que le matin l'ignore
Le nom que j'ai dit à la nuit,
Et qu'au vent de l'aube, sans bruit,
Comme un larme il s'évapore.

Je veux que le jour le proclame
L'amour qu'au matin j'ai caché,
Et sur mon cœur ouvert penché
Comme un grain d'encens il l'enflamme.

Je veux que le couchant l'oublie
Le secret que j'ai dit au jour,
Et l'emporte avec mon amour,
Aux plis de sa robe pâlie!

The heavens such grace did lend her,
That she might admiréd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness.
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,
That Silvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling;
To her let us garlands bring.

Autumn

Translation © Peter Low

Autumn, time of misty skies and heartbreaking horizons,
of rapid sunsets and pale dawns,
I watch your melancholy days
flow past like a torrent.

My thoughts borne off on the wings of regret
(as if our time could ever be relived!)
dreamingly wander the enchanted slopes
where my youth once used to smile.

In the bright sunlight of triumphant memory
I feel the scattered roses reblooming in bouquets;
and tears well up in my eyes, tears which my heart
at twenty had already forgotten!

The Secret

Translation © Peter Low

I want the morning not to know
the name that I told to the night;
in the dawn wind, silently,
may it evaporate like a teardrop.

I want the day to proclaim
the love that I hid from the morning,
and (bent over my open heart)
to set it aflame, like a grain of incense.

I want the sunset to forget
the secret I told to the day,
and to carry it away with my love
in the folds of its pale robe!

Fauré

Fleur Jetée

Armand Silvestre (1837–1901)

Emporte ma folie
 Au gré du vent,
 Fleur en chantant cueillie
 Et jetée en rêvant,
 —Emporte ma folie
 Au gré du vent:

Comme la fleur fauchée
 Périt l'amour:
 La main qui t'a touchée
 Fuit ma main sans retour.
 —Comme la fleur fauchée
 Périt l'amour.

Que le vent qui te sèche
 O pauvre fleur,
 Tout à l'heure si fraîche
 Et demain sans couleur,
 —Que le vent qui te sèche,
 Sèche mon cœur!

Songs from the Celtic Isles

Loch Lomond

Traditional

By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes
 Where the sun shines bright on Loch Lomond
 Where me and my true love will ne-er meet again
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
 But me and my true love will ne-er meet again
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

'Twas there that we parted in yon shady glen
 On the steep, steep sides o' Ben Lomond
 Where deep in purple hue, the hieland hills we view
 And the moon shinin' out in the gloamin'.

O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
 But me and my true love will ne-er meet again
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

Discarded Flower

Translation © Peter Low

Carry off my folly
 at the whim of the wind,
 oh flower which I picked while I sang
 and threw away as I dreamed.
 —Carry off my folly
 at the whim of the wind!

Like flowers scythed down,
 love dies.
 The hand that once touched you
 now shuns my hand forever.
 —Like flowers scythed down,
 love dies.

May the wind that withers you,
 oh poor flower,
 a moment ago so fresh
 and tomorrow all faded.
 —May the wind that withers you
 wither my heart!

The wee birdies sing and the wild flowers spring
 And in sunshine the waters are sleeping
 But the broken heart, will kens nae second spring again
 Tho' the waeiful may cease frae their greeting.

O ye'll tak' the high road and I'll tak' the low road
 And I'll be in Scotland afore ye
 But me and my true love will ne-er meet again
 On the bonnie, bonnie banks o' Loch Lomond.

Passing By

Anonymous

There is a lady sweet and kind,
 Was never face so pleased my mind.
 I did but see her passing by,
 And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,
 Her wit, her voice, my heart beguiles,
 Beguiles my heart I know not why,
 And yet I love her till I die.

Should I remain, confined there
 So long as Phoebus in his sphere,
 I to request, she to deny,
 Yet would I love her till I die.

Cupid is winged and doth range
 Her country, so my love doth change:
 But change she earth, or change she sky,
 Yet will I love her till I die.

Cariad Cyntaf

Traditional

Mae prydferthwch ail i Eden
 Yn dy fynwes gynnes feinwen,
 Fwyn gariadus, liwus lawen,
 Seren syw, clyw di'r claf.

Addo'th gariad i mi heno:
 Gwnawn amodau cyn ymadau
 I ymrwymo doed a ddelo;
 Rho dy gred, a d'wed y doi.

Yn dy lygaid caf wirionedd
 Yn serennu gras a rhinwedd;
 Mae dy weld i mi'n orfoledd:
 Seren syw, clyw di'r claf.

First Love

Translation © Sioned Jones

There is beauty, second to Eden
 In your warm, sylph-like bosom,
 Gently loving, vividly joyful,
 Bright star, hear the one who is ill.

Promise me your love tonight:
 We'll make vows before departing
 To engage come what may;
 Give your belief, and say you'll come.

In your eyes I see the truth
 Shining grace and virtue:
 To see you elates me so:
 Bright star, hear the one who is ill.

Danny Boy

Frederick E. Weatherly (1848–1929)

Oh Danny boy, the pipes, the pipes are calling
From glen to glen, and down the mountain side
The summer's gone, and all the flowers are dying
'Tis you, 'tis you must go and I must bide.
But come ye back when summer's in the meadow
Or when the valley's hushed and white with snow
'Tis I'll be here in sunshine or in shadow
Oh Danny boy, oh Danny boy, I love you so.

And if you come, when all the flowers are dying
And I am dead, as dead I well may be
You'll come and find the place where I am lying
And kneel and say an "Ave" there for me.
And I shall hear, tho' soft you tread above me
And all my dreams will warm and sweeter be
If you'll not fail to tell me that you love me
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me.
I'll simply sleep in peace until you come to me.

Ar hyd y nôs

John Ceiriog Hughes (1832–1887)

Holl amrantau'r sêr ddywedant,
Ar hyd y nôs,
"Dyma'r ffordd i fro gogoniant,"
Ar hyd y nôs.

Golau arall yw tywyllwch,
I arddangos gwir brydferthwch,
Teulu'r nefoedd mewn tawelwch,
Ar hyd y nôs.

O mor siriol gwena seren,
Ar hyd y nôs,
I oleuo'i chwaer ddaeaeren,
Ar hyd y nôs.

Nôs yw henaint pan ddaw cystudd,
Ond i harddu dyn a'i hwyr ddydd,
Rho'wn ein goleu gwan i'n gilydd,
Ar hyd y nôs.

All Through the Night

Translation © Sioned Jones

All the stars that shine are saying,
All through the night,
"Here's the way to glory beaming,"
All through the night.

Darkness is but other lighting
To display true beauty shining,
Heaven's family peacefully sleeping
All through the night.

Oh so charming, stars are smiling,
All through the night,
On our world, their light is shining,
All through the night.

Darkness folds us in our suffering,
And adorns us in our ageing,
Dimming lights, let us be sharing
All through the night.

Molly Malone

Traditional

In Dublin's fair city,
where the girls are so pretty,
I first set my eyes on sweet Molly Malone,
As she wheeled her wheel-barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

"Alive, alive, oh,
Alive, alive, oh,"
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh."

She was a fishmonger,
And sure 'twas no wonder,
For so were her father and mother before,
And they each wheeled their barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

"Alive, alive, oh,
Alive, alive, oh,"
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh."

She died of a fever,
And no one could save her,
And that was the end of sweet Molly Malone.
Now her ghost wheels her barrow,
Through streets broad and narrow,
Crying, "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh!"

"Alive, alive, oh,
Alive, alive, oh,"
Crying "Cockles and mussels, alive, alive, oh."



The Welsh bass-baritone **Bryn Terfel** rose to prominence when he won the Lieder Prize in the 1989 Cardiff Singer of the World Competition. In 2003, Mr. Terfel was awarded a CBE for services to Opera in the

Queen's New Year Honours list and received the Queen's Medal for Music in 2006. He is also the last recipient of the Shakespeare Prize by the Alfred Toepfer Foundation, Hamburg.

Mr. Terfel has performed in all the great opera houses of the world, and is especially recognised for his portrayals of Figaro and Falstaff. Other roles include Wotan in *Das Rheingold* and *Die Walküre*, Holländer in *Der fliegende Holländer*, Méphistophélès in *Faust*, both the title role and Leporello in *Don Giovanni*, Jochanaan in *Salome*, Scarpia in *Tosca* for the Royal Opera House, Nick Shadow in *The Rake's Progress*, Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*, Balstrode in *Peter Grimes*, Four Villains in *Les contes d'Hoffmann*, Dulcamara in *L'Elisir d'Amore* and the title role in *Sweeney Todd*.

He is also known for his versatility as a concert performer, with highlights ranging from the opening ceremony of the Wales Millennium Centre to Last Night of the Proms and the Royal Variety Show. He has given recitals in the major cities of the world and hosts his own festival every year in Faenol, North Wales.

Mr. Terfel is a Grammy, Classical Brit and Gramophone Award winner with a discography encompassing operas of Mozart, Wagner and Strauss, as well as more than 10 solo discs, including Lieder, American musical theater, Welsh songs and sacred repertory.

In 2007, Mr. Terfel added the title role in *Gianni Schicchi* to his repertoire, performing it at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. He also sang the title role in concert performances of *Sweeney Todd* as part of the re-opening of the

Royal Festival Hall, London, and gave his last performance in the role of Figaro in *Le nozze di Figaro* at the Metropolitan Opera in New York.

Highlights in 2008 include his return to Welsh National Opera in the title role in *Falstaff*, recitals in the Concertgebouw, Amsterdam; Wigmore Hall, London; a recital tour of North America; concerts in Denmark, Germany and Gran Canaria; and a tour of Scandinavia.

Mr. Terfel is pleased to have an association with several companies, most notably Rolex, Clogau Gold and the Penderyn Distillery.



Pianist **Malcolm Martineau** was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, read music at St. Catharine's College, Cambridge, and studied at the Royal College of Music, London.

Recognized as one of the leading accompanists of his

generation, Mr. Martineau has worked with many of the world's greatest singers, including Sir Thomas Allen, Dame Janet Baker, Olaf Bär, Barbara Bonney, Ian Bostridge, Angela Gheorghiu, Susan Graham, Thomas Hampson, Della Jones, Simon Keenlyside, Angelika Kirchschrager, Magdalena Kožená, Solveig Kringelborn, Jonathan Lemalu, Dame Felicity Lott, Christopher Maltman, Karita Mattila, Lisa Milne, Ann Murray, Anna Netrebko, Anne Sofie von Otter, Joan Rodgers, Amanda Roocroft, Michael Schade, Frederica von Stade, Bryn Terfel and Sarah Walker.

He has presented his own series at St. John's, Smith Square (the complete songs of Debussy and Poulenc), the Wigmore Hall (a Britten series broadcast by the BBC) and at the Edinburgh Festival (the complete Lieder of Hugo Wolf). He has appeared throughout Europe (including London's Wigmore Hall, Barbican, Queen Elizabeth Hall, and Royal Opera House; La Scala, Milan; the Châtelet, Paris; the Liceu, Barcelona; Berlin's Philharmonie and Konzerthaus; Amsterdam's Concertgebouw; and Vienna's Konzerthaus and Musikverein), North

America (including in New York both Alice Tully Hall and Carnegie Hall), Australia (including the Sydney Opera House), and at the Aix-en-Provence, Vienna, Edinburgh, Schubertiade, Munich and Salzburg festivals.

Current and forthcoming engagements include European recital tours with Magdalena Kožená, Dorothea Roeschmann, Simon Keenlyside, Michael Schade and Susan Graham and his own French song series at the Wigmore Hall.

Recording projects have included Schubert, Schumann and English song recitals with Bryn Terfel (Deutsche Grammophon); Schubert and Strauss recitals with Simon Keenlyside (EMI); recital recordings with Angela Gheorghiu and Barbara Bonney (Decca), Magdalena Kožená (Deutsche Grammophon), Della Jones (Chandos), Susan Bullock (Crear Classics) and Solveig Kringelborn (NMA); the complete Fauré songs with Sarah Walker and Tom Krause; the complete Britten folk songs (Hyperion); and the complete Beethoven folk songs (Deutsche Grammophon).

Mr. Martineau was given an honorary doctorate at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music and Drama in 2004.