

Dutton Epoch  
CDLX 7228

*Her Song*  
**Orchestral Songs and Arias by Sir Edward Elgar, Eric Gritton,  
Sir Hubert Parry, John Sanders, John Ireland**

BBC Concert Orchestra  
conducted by Martyn Brabbins  
Susan Gritton soprano

**Sir Edward Elgar** (1857-1934)

*The Torch* Op.60, No.1 (1909 orch. 1912)

Come, O my love!  
Come, fly to me;  
All my soul  
Cries out for thee:  
Haste to thy home,  
I long for thee,  
Faint for thee,  
Worship thee only, but Come!

Dark is the wood,  
The track's ever lonely and gray:  
But joyous the blaze  
That welcomes and shows thee the way.

Come, O my love!  
Come, fly to me;  
All my soul  
Cries out for thee:  
Haste to thy rest,  
I long for thee,  
Sigh for thee,  
Faint for thee;  
Come to my breast.

Cold is the stream,  
The ford is a danger to thee:  
My heart is a-flame,  
As the beacon that lights thee to me.

Come, O my love!  
Come, fly to me;  
All my soul

Cries out for thee:

Haste to thy home,

I long for thee,

Faint for thee,

Worship thee only; but Come!

*'Pietro d'Alba' [Elgar's pen name] ('from a folksong – Eastern Europe')*

***The Wind at Dawn*** (1888 orch. 1912)

And the wind, the wind, went out to meet with the sun

At the dawn when the night was done,

And he raked the clouds in lofty disdain

As they flocked in his airy train.

And the earth was grey, and grey was the sky,

In the hour when the stars must die;

And the moon had fled with her sad, wan light,

For her kingdom was gone with night.

Then the sun up-leapt in might and in power,

And the worlds woke to hail the hour,

And the sea stream'd red from the kiss of his brow,

There was glory and light now.

To his tawny mane and tangle of flush

Leapt the wind with a blast and a rush;

In his strength unseen, in triumph up-borne,

Rode he out to meet with the morn!

*Caroline Alice Roberts [ie: Lady Elgar]*

***Pleading*** Op.48, No.1 (1908)

Will you come homeward from the hills of Dreamland,

Home in the dusk, and speak to me again?

Tell me the stories that I am forgetting,

Quicken my hope, and recompense my pain?

Will you come homeward from the hills of Dreamland?

I have grown weary, though I wait you yet;

Watching the fallen leaf, the faith grown fainter,

The memory smoulder'd to a dull regret.

Shall the remembrance die in dim forgetting –

All the fond light that glorified my way?

Will you come homeward from the hills of Dreamland,

Home in the dusk, and turn my night to day?

*Arthur Leslie Salmon*

***Like to the Damask Rose*** (1892) Orch. G Williams

Like to the damask rose you see,  
Or like a blossom on a tree,  
Or like a dainty flow'r of May,  
Or like the morning of the day,

Or like the sun, or like the shade,  
Or like the gourd which Jonas had,  
E'en such is man – whose thread is spun,  
Drawn out and cut, and so is done.

The rose withers, the blossom blasteth,  
The flower fades, the morning hasteth,  
The sun sets, the shadow flies,  
The gourd consumes – the man he dies!

Like to the grass that's newly sprung,  
Or like a tale that's new begun,  
Or like a bird that's here today,  
Or like the pearled dew of May,

Or like an hour, or like a span,  
Or like the singing of a swan,  
E'en such is man – who lives by breath,  
Is here, now there, in life and death.

The grass withers, the tale is ended,  
The bird is flown, the dew's ascended;  
The hour is short, the span not long;  
The swan's near death, Man's life is done!

*Simon Wastell*

***The Shepherd's Song*** Op.16, No.1 (1892)

Down the dusty road together  
Homeward pass the hurrying sheep,  
Stupid with the summer weather,  
Too much grass and too much sleep,  
I, their shepherd, sing to thee  
That summer is a joy to me.

Down the shore rolled waves all creamy  
With the flecked surf yesternight;  
I swam far out in starlight dreamy,  
In moving waters cool and bright,  
I, the shepherd, sing to thee  
I love the strong life of the sea.

And upon the hillside growing  
Where the fat sheep dozed in shade,  
Bright red poppies I found blowing,  
Drowsy, tall and loosely made,  
I, the shepherd, sing to thee  
How fair the bright red poppies be.

To the red-tiled homestead bending  
Winds the road, so white and long  
Day and work are near their ending  
Sleep and dreams will end my song,  
I, the shepherd, sing to thee;  
In the dreamtime answer me.

*Barry Pain*

**Song Cycle Op.59 (1910) words: Sir Gilbert Parker**

**1) *O Soft Was the Song***

Oh, soft was the song in my soul, and soft  
beyond thought were thy lips,  
And thou wert mine own, and Eden  
re-conquered was mine:  
And the way that I go is the way of thy feet,  
And the breath that I breathe  
It had being from thee, and life from the life that is thine.

Oh, soft was the song in my soul –  
It hath being from thee, and life from the  
life that is thine, and thou wert mine own.

**2) *Was it Some Golden Star?***

Once in another land, ages ago,  
You were a queen, and I loved you so:  
Where was it that we loved – Ah, do you know?

Was it some golden star hot with romance?  
Was it in Malabar, Italy, France?  
Did we know Charlemagne,  
Dido, perchance?

But you were a queen, and I  
Fought for you then:  
How did you honour me  
– More than all men!  
Kissed me upon the lips;

Kiss me again.

Have you forgotten it, all that we said?  
I still remember though ages have fled.  
Whisper the word of life,  
“Love is not dead.”

iii. *Twilight*

Adieu! and the sun goes a-wearily down,  
The mist creeps up o'er the sleepy town,  
The white sails bend to the shudd'ring mere,  
And the reapers have reaped, and the night is here.

Adieu! and the years are a broken song,  
The right grows weak in the strife with wrong,  
The lilies of love have a crimson stain,  
And the old days never will come again.

Adieu! Some time shall the veil between  
The things that are, and that might have been,  
Be folded back for our eyes to see,  
And the meaning of all be clear to me.  
Adieu!

***There are Seven that Pull the Thread*** from ‘Grania and Diarmid’ Op.42 (1901)

There are seven that pull the thread,  
There is one under the waves,  
There is one where the winds are wove,  
There is one in the old grey house  
Where the dew is made before dawn.  
One lives in the house of the sun,  
And one in the house of the moon,  
And one lies under the boughs  
Of the golden apple tree,  
And one spinner is lost.  
Holiest, holiest seven  
Put all your power on the thread  
That I've spun in the house tonight.

*W. B. Yeats*

***The Sun Goeth Down*** from ‘The Kingdom’ Op.51 (1906)

Mary:  
The sun goeth down;  
Thou makest darkness,  
    and it is night:  
I commune with mine own heart,

and meditate on Thee,  
in the night watches.

Blessed are ye when men shall persecute you for His sake.

They deliver them up to the council,  
they are hated of men  
for His Name's sake;  
all this is come upon them:

some shall they kill and crucify;  
Blessed are ye, reproached for the Name of Christ.

Rejoice, ye partakers of His sufferings,  
that when His glory shall be revealed  
ye may be glad also,  
with exceeding joy.

How great are Thy signs,  
how mighty are Thy wonders;  
Who healeth all infirmities.

The Gospel of the Kingdom  
shall be preached in the whole world;  
the Kingdom and the patience,  
which are in Jesus.

The Branch of the Lord  
shall be beautiful and glorious.

Thou makest darkness,  
I meditate on Thee;  
in the night Thy song shall be with me  
a prayer unto the God of my life.

*Sir Edward Elgar*

***Gritton: O Stay, Madonna Stay***

O Stay, Madonna! stay;  
'Tis not the dawn of day  
That marks the skies with yonder opal streak:  
The stars in silence shine;  
Then press thy lips to mine,  
And rest upon my neck thy fervid cheek.

O sleep, Madonna! sleep;  
Leave me to watch and weep  
O'er the sad memory of departed joys,  
O'er hope's extinguished beam,  
O'er fancy's vanished dream;

O'er all that nature gives and man destroys.

O wake, Madonna! wake;  
Even now the purple lake  
Is dappled o'er with amber flakes of light;  
A glow is on the hill;  
And every trickling rill  
In golden threads leaps down from yonder height.

O fly, Madonna! fly,  
Lest day and envy spy  
What only love and night may safely know:  
Fly, and tread softly, dear!  
Lest those who hate us hear  
The sounds of thy light footsteps as they go.

*Thomas Babington Macaulay*

***John Sanders: Evening on Severn***

One by one, One by one  
Lazy boats drift by  
Caught in a quivering thread of sun.

Over the drowsy stream  
Deep shadows lie  
From delicate willows  
set in a dream of river hush.

A swan breaks from the dark'ning bush  
In mirrored whiteness on the  
The rippling tide, where now in gentle dance  
First stars ride.

The shy slow glance that is the fall of night  
Enfolds the last silver wave  
And breasting waters of the cloudy height,  
The moon has risen from her grave,  
The moon has risen from her grave.

*Leonard Clarke*

***Parry: Guenever's Act I soliloquy from the opera Guenever :***

Alas! God knows but little can I say;  
Yet hear me.  
Had Lancelot indeed been so dear to Guenever  
as yet have said;

She had now been far from all ill in sunny Brittany.  
Had Lancelot been traitor to his friends  
He had not stayed but borne his Queen away  
    To his fair realm beyond the sea.

O Knights what answer ye?  
Ye answer not, because you know we loved not so!  
I loved him; yea my lord, I will not lie!  
    but loving him could I for earthly sin  
    slay the one hope that I have had therein;  
    slay the one hope that I have ever known.  
To meet him smiling at God's holy throne  
    Blameless unstained.  
    And unashamed and glad.

What more, O knights, is there now need to say?  
Look on my face all scarred with tears!  
See now my loneliness in this my need  
My head unsheltered in this hour of shame!  
Witness we loved not so,  
For I have ne'er betrayed my Lord, King Arthur.  
    *Una Taylor*

**John Ireland:**

***Love and Friendship***

Love is like the wild rose-briar;  
Friendship like the holly-tree.  
The holly is dark when the rose-briar blooms,  
But which will bloom most constantly?

The wild rose-briar is sweet in spring,  
Its summer blossoms scent the air;  
Yet wait till winter comes again,  
And who will call the wild-briar fair?

Then, scorn the silly rose-wreath now,  
And deck thee with the holly's sheen,  
That, when December blights thy brow,  
He still may leave thy garland green.

*Emily Brontë*

***My true love hath my Heart***

My true love hath my heart, and I have his,  
By just exchange one for another given:



I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
There never was a better bargain driven:  
My true love hath my heart, and I have his.

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

*Sir Philip Sidney*

### ***The Trellis***

Thick-flowered is the trellis  
That hides our joys  
From prying eyes of malice  
And all annoys,  
And we lie rosily bowered.

Through the long afternoons  
And evenings endlessly  
Drawn out, when summer swoons  
In perfume windlessly,  
Sounds our light laughter.

With whispered words between  
And silent kisses.  
None but the flowers have seen  
Our white caresses -  
Flowers and the bright-eyed birds.

*Aldous Huxley*

### ***Adoration***

Why have you brought me myrrh,  
And frankincense and gold?  
Lay at the feet of her  
Whom you have loved of old  
Your frankincense and gold.

I have brought frankincense  
And myrrh and gold to you,  
From weary lands far hence  
That I have journeyed through  
To come at last to you.  
I cannot take your gold

And frankincense and myrrh;  
My heart was growing cold  
While you were following her:  
Take back your gold and myrrh.

Too late I come to you  
With prayers of frankincense:  
Pure gold, sweet myrrh, ye too,  
Scorned, must go hence, far hence  
As smoking frankincense.

*Arthur Symons*

### ***I Have Twelve Oxen***

I have twelve oxen that be fair and brown,  
And they go a-grazing down by the town.  
With hey! with ho! with hey! With ho!  
Sawest not you mine oxen, you little pretty boy?

I have twelve oxen, they be fair and white,  
And they go a-grazing down by the dyke.  
With hey! with ho! with hey! With ho!  
Sawest not you mine oxen, you little pretty boy?

I have twelve oxen, and they be fair and black,  
And they go a-grazing down by the lake.  
With hey! with ho! with hey! With ho!  
Sawest not you mine oxen, you little pretty boy?

I have twelve oxen, and they be fair and red,  
And they go a-grazing down by the mead.  
With hey! with ho! with hey! With ho!  
Sawest not you mine oxen, you little pretty boy?

*Anon.*

### ***The Sally Gardens***

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;  
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her did not agree.  
In a field down by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

*W.B. Yeats*

***The Heart's desire***

The boys are up the woods with day  
To fetch the daffodils away,  
And home at noon-day from the hills  
They bring no dearth of daffodils.

A field for palms the girls repair,  
And sure enough the palms are there,  
And each will find by hedge or pond  
Her waving silver-tufted wand.

In farm and field through all the shire  
The eye beholds the heart's desire;  
Ah, let not only mine be vain,  
For lovers should be loved again.

*A. E. Housman*

***Baby***

Love me,-I love you,  
Love me, my baby;  
Sing it high, sing it low,  
Sing it as may be.

Mother's arms under you,  
Her eyes above you;  
Sing it high, sing it low,  
Love me, - I love you.

*Christina Rossetti*

***Her Song***

I sang that song on Sunday,  
To which an idle while,  
I sang that song on Monday,  
As fittest to beguile:  
I sang it as the year outwore,  
And the new slid in;  
I thought not what might shape before  
Another would begin.

I sang that song in summer,  
All unforeknowingly,  
To him as a new-comer  
From regions strange to me:  
I sang it when in after years

The shades stretched out,  
And paths were faint; and flocking fears  
Brought cup-eyed care and doubt.

Sings he that song on Sundays

In some dim land afar,  
On Saturdays, or Mondays,  
As when the evening star  
Glimpsed in upon his bending face,  
And my hanging hair,  
And time untouched me with a trace  
Of soul-smart or despair?

*Thomas Hardy*