

Liedtexte

Roger Quilter – Three Shakespeare Songs

1. Come away, death

Come away, come away, death
And in sad cypress let me be laid;
Fly away, fly away, breath;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it!
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet,
On my black coffin let there be strown;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be
thrown:
A thousand, thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there!

2. O mistress mine

O mistress mine, where are you roaming?
O stay and hear, your true love's coming
That can sing both high and low.

Trip no further, pretty sweeting;
Journeys end in lovers' meeting,
Ev'ry wise man's son doth know.

What is love? 'Tis not hereafter;
Present mirth hath present laughter;
What's to come is still unsure:

In delay there lies no plenty;
Then come kiss me, sweet and twenty;
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

3. Blow, blow thou winter wind

Blow, blow thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green
holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green
holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving
mere folly:
Then, heigh ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Benjamin Britten – Tit for tat

1. A Song of Enchantment

A Song of Enchantment I sang me there,
In a green-green wood, by waters fair,
Just as the words came up to me
I sang it under the wild wood tree.

Widdershins turned I, singing it low,
Watching the wild birds come and go;
No cloud in the deep dark blue to be seen
Under the thick-thatched branches green.

Twilight came; silence came;
The planet of Evening's silver flame;
By darkening paths I wandered through
Thickets trembling with drops of dew.

But the music is lost and the words are gone
Of the song I sang as I sat alone,
Ages and ages have fallen on me -
On the wood and the pool and the elder tree.

2. Autumn

There is a wind where the rose was;
Cold rain where sweet grass was;
And clouds like sheep
Stream o'er the steep
Grey skies where the lark was.

Nought gold where your hair was;
Nought warm where your hand was;
But phantom, forlorn,
Beneath the thorn,
Your ghost where your face was.

Sad winds where your voice was;
Tears, tears where my heart was;
And ever with me,
Child, ever with me,
Silence where hope was.

3. Silver

Slowly, silently, now the moon
Walks the night in her silver shoon;
This way, and that, she peers and sees
Silver fruit upon silver trees;
One by one the casements catch
Her beams beneath the silvery thatch;

Couched in his kennel, like a log,
With paws of silver sleeps the dog;
A harvest mouse goes scampering by,
With silvery claws, and silver eye;
And moveless fish in the water gleam,
By silver reeds in a silver stream.

4. Vigil

Dark is the night,
The fire burns faint and low,
Hours -- days -- years,
Into grey ashes go;
I strive to read,
But sombre is the glow.

Thumbed are the pages,
And the print is small;
Mocking the winds
That from the darkness call;
Feeble the fire that lends
Its light withal.

O ghost, draw nearer;
Let thy shadowy hair
Blot out the pages
That we cannot share;
Be ours the one last leaf
By Fate left bare!

Let's Finis scrawl,
And then Life's book put by;
Turn each to each
In all simplicity:
Ere the last flame is gone
To warm us by.

5. Tit for tat

Have you been catching of fish, Tom Noddy?
Have you snared a weeping hare?
Have you whistled "No Nunny" and gunned a poor bunny,
Or a blinded bird of the air?

Have you trod like a murderer through the green woods,
Through the dewy deep dingles and glooms,
While every small creature cried shrill to Dame Nature
"He comes - and he comes!"?

Wonder I very much do, Tom Noddy,
If ever, when you are a-roam,
An Ogre from space will stoop a lean face,
And lug you home:

Lug you home over his fence, Tom Noddy,
Of thorn-stocks nine yards high,
With your bent knees strung round his old iron gun
And your head a dan-dangling by:

And hang you up stiff on a hook, Tom Noddy,
From a stone-cold pantry shelf,
Whence your eyes will glare in an empty stare,
Till you are cooked yourself!

Benjamin Britten – Three Songs from ‘This Way to the Tomb’

1. Evening

The red fox, the sun,
tears the throat of the evening;
makes the light of the day
bleed into the ocean.

The laced grace of gulls
lift up from the corn fields;
fly across the sunset,
scarlet their silhouette.

The old owl, the moon,
drifts from its loose thatch of clouds,
throws an ivory glance
on an enamelled sea

Eyes of mice, the stars,
from their privacy of light
peep into the darkness
with the temerity of night.

2. Morning

Morning is only
A heron rising
With great wings lifting
day into the sky.

Morning is only
The white plumes of smoke
As the velvet snake
Night leaves the green valley.

Morning is only
A scarlet stallion
Jumping the ocean,
Its mane aflame on the sea,

Morning is only
Women bent at the well
Lifting their pails full
Of their hearts, too heavy.

3. Night

Night is no more
than a cat which creeps
to the saucer of light
laps, then sleeps.

Night is no more
than the place waves reach
with their hands of surf
seeking the beach.

Night is no more
than the hounds of fear
with bloody jowl and bark
bullying the year.

Night is no more
than my love who lies
She dreams of a dream
lives, then dies.

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 dancing 'n' fiddling of ev'ry kind o' sort,
It's a fine place for sailor-men 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, n' 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 was 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 o' the witches
'N' all them sort o' rips;
She's a fine gell to look at, but the hitch is,
She's a sight too fond of ships;
She lives upon an iceberg to the norred,
'N' her man he's Davy Jones,
'N' she combs the weeds upon her forred
With pore drown'd sailors' bones.

She's the mother o' the wrecks, '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 the 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 'n' a cruel
For sailor-men like we,
She's give a many mariners the gruel
'N' a long sleep under sea;
She's the blood o' many a crew upon her
'N' the bones of many a wreck,
'N' she's barnacles a-growin' 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, 'n' you're lairy,
But if you're to make old bones,
Steer clear, I says, o' Mother Carey,
'N' that there Davy Jones.

Ralph Vaughan Williams – Songs of Travel

1. The vagabond

Give to me the life I love,
Let the lave go by me,
Give the jolly heaven above
And the byway nigh me.
Bed in the bush with stars to see,
Bread I dip in the river -
There's the life for a man like me,
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around
And the road before me.
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I seek, the heaven above
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me
Where afield I linger,
Silencing the bird on tree,
Biting the blue finger.
White as meal the frosty field -
Warm the fireside haven -
Not to autumn will I yield,
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late,
Let what will be o'er me;
Give the face of earth around,
And the road before me.
Wealth I ask not, hope nor love,
Nor a friend to know me;
All I ask, the heaven above
And the road below me.

2. Let Beauty awake

Let Beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,
Beauty awake from rest!
Let Beauty awake
For Beauty's sake
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let Beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,
Awake in the crimson eve!
In the day's dusk end
When the shades ascend,
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,
To render again and receive!

3. The roadside fire

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.

4. Youth and love

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

5. In dreams

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand
As heretofore:
The unremember'd tokens in your hand
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,
Enshrines, endears.
Cold beats the light of time upon your face
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept awhile
And then forgot.
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile
Forgets you not.

6. The infinite shining heavens

The infinite shining heavens
Rose, and I saw in the night
Uncountable angel stars
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,
Dumb and shining and dead,
And the idle stars of the night
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow
The stars looked over the sea,
Till lo! I looked in the dusk
And a star had come down to me.

7. Whither must I wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?

Hunger my driver, I go where I must.

Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:

Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.

Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,

The true word of welcome was spoken in the door -

Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,

Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,

Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.

Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;

Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.

Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,

Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.

Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,

The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,

Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;

Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,

Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours.

Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood -

Fair shine the day on the house with open door;

Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney -

But I go for ever and come again no more.

8. Bright is the ring of words

Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them,
Still [they are]¹ carolled and said -
On wings they are carried -
After the singer is dead
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies
In the field of heather,
Songs of his fashion bring
The swains together.
And when the west is red
With the sunset embers,
The lover lingers and sings
And the maid remembers.

9. I have trod the upward and the downward slope

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;
I have endured and done in days before;
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

Zugabe – Aus “Folksong Arrangements” von Benjamin Britten

Greensleeves

Alas, my love, you do me wrong,
To cast me off discourteously.
For I have loved you so long,
Delighting in your company.

Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady greensleeves.

I have been ready at your hand,
To grant whatever you would crave,
I have both wagered life and land,
Your love and good-will for to have.

Greensleeves was all my joy
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but my lady greensleeves.

Dafydd y Garreg Wen (David of the White Rock)

"Cariwch", medd Dafydd, "Fy nhelyn imi,
Ceisiaf cyn marw roi tôn arni hi
Codwch fy nwylo i gyrraedd y tant;
Duw a'ch bendithio, fy ngweddwr a'm plant.

Llifai'r alawon o'r tannau yn lli,
Melys oedd ceinciau fy nhelyn i mi.
Nid oes a erys o'r afiaith a'r tân;
Gwywodd yr awen, a thawodd y gân.

Neithiwr mi glywais lais angel fel hyn:
-- Dafydd, tyrd adref, a channa trwy'r glyn. --
Delyn fy mebyd! ffarwel i dy dant.
Duw a'ch bendithio, fy ngweddwr a'm plant."

Life and its follies are fading away,
Love hath departed, why then should I stay?
Cold is my pale cheek and furrowed with care,
Dim is my eyesight, and snow-white my hair.

Near me, in silence, my harp lies unstrung,
Weak are my fingers, and falt'ring my tongue!
Tuneful companion, we parted must be;
Thou canst no longer bring comfort to me.

Yet ere we sever, thy master would fain
Swanlike expire in a last dying strain;
And when above him the cypress bough wave,
Spirits shall murmur it over his grave.

The Crocodile

Now listen you landsmen unto me,
To tell you the truth I'm bound,
What happened to me by going to sea,
And the wonders that I found:
Shipwrecked I was once off Perouse,
And cast upon the shore,
So then I did resolve to roam,
The country to explore.

To my rit fal lal li bollem tit!
To my rit fal lal li dee!
To my rit fal lal li bollem tit!
To my rit fal lal li dee!

'Twas far I had not scouted out
When close alongside the ocean
I saw something move which at first I
thought
Was all the world in motion;
But steering up close alongside
I found 'twas a crocodile;
And from his nose to the tip of his tail
He measured five hundred mile.

'Twas a crocodile, I plainly could see
He was not of a common race,
For I was obliged to climb a high tree
Before I could see his face;
And when he lifted up his jaw
Though perhaps you may think 'tis a lie,
He reached above the clouds for miles
three score,
And almost touched the sky.

While up aloft the wind was high,
It blew a gale from the south.
I lost my hold and away did fly
Right into the crocodile's mouth.
He quickly closed his jaws on me,
And thought he'd got a victim,
But I ran down his throat, d'ye see?
And that's the way I tricked him.

I travelled on for a month or two,
Till I got into his maw,
Where I found of rum-kegs not a few,
And a thousand fat bullocks in store.
Of life I banished all my care,
For of food I was not stinted,
And in this crocodile I lived ten years
And very well contented.

This crocodile being very old,
One day, alas he died.
He was ten long years a-getting cold,
He was so long and wide.
His skin was eight miles thick, I'm sure,
Or very near about,
For I was full ten years or more
A-cutting my way out.

And now I am once more got on earth
I've vowed no more to roam,
In a ship that passed I got a berth,
And now I'm safe at home.
And if my story you should doubt,
Should you ever travel the Nile,
It's ten to one you'll find the shell
Of the wonderful crocodile.