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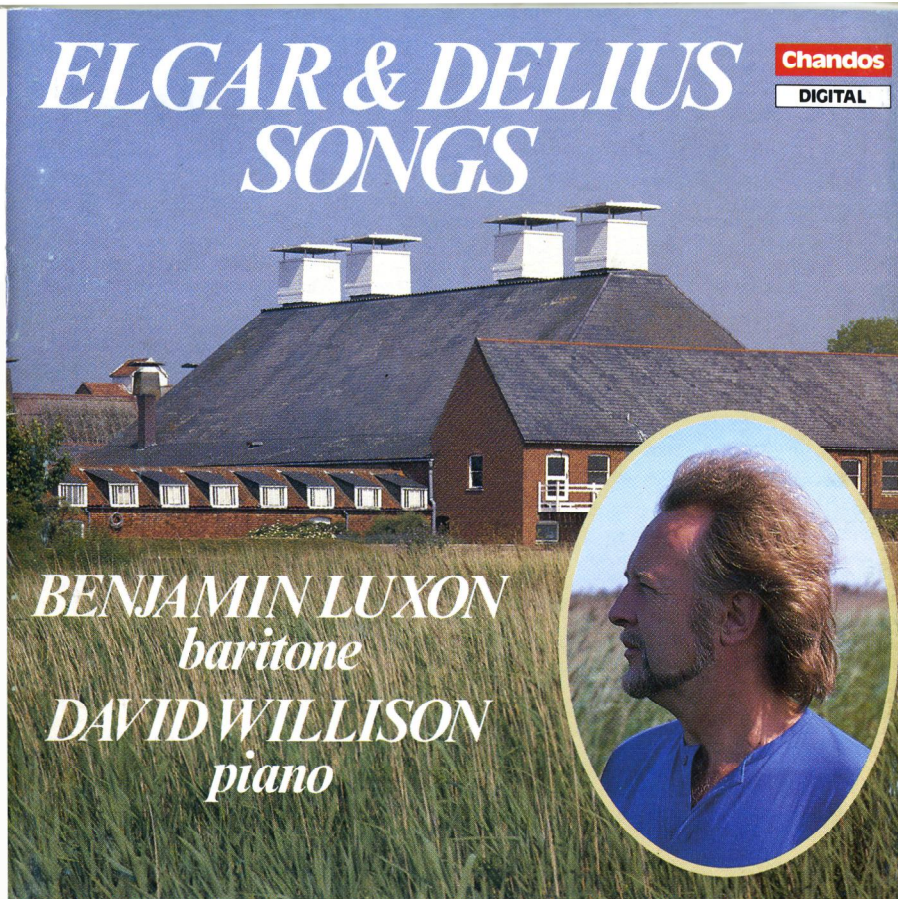


DAVID WILLISON

BENJAMIN LUXON

Photo: Philip Couzens

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ELGAR & DELIUS SONGS

LIEDER VON ELGAR UND DELIUS • CHANTS D'ELGAR ET DE DELIUS

EDWARD ELGAR

- 1 Pleading Op. 48 No. 1 (2:45)
- 2 After Op. 31 No. 1 (2:41)
- 3 Song of Flight Op. 31 No. 2 (2:25)
- 4 Arabian Serenade (2:06)
- 5 Oh, Soft was the Song Op. 59 No. 3 (1:29)
- 6 Was it some Golden Star? Op. 59 No. 5 (2:02)
- 7 Twilight Op. 59 No. 6 (2:54)

Seven Lieder of Edward Elgar

- 8 Like to the Damask Rose (3:40)
- 9 Queen Mary's Song (3:51)
- 10 A Song of Autumn (3:27)
- 11 The Poet's Life (3:09)
- 12 Through the Long Days Op. 16 No. 2 (2:12)
- 13 Rondel Op. 16 No. 3 (1:26)
- 14 Shepherd's Song Op. 16 No. 1 (2:49)
- 15 Is she not Passing Fair? (2:27)

FREDERICK DELIUS

- 16 Sweet Venevil (1:40)
- 17 Twilight Fancies (3:20)
- 18 Secret Love (2:44)
(from *Seven Songs from the Norwegian*)
- 19 The Nightingale (2:33)
(from *Five Songs from the Norwegian*)

- 20 The Nightingale has a lyre of gold (1:42)

- 21 Indian Love Song (2:45)
- 22 Love's Philosophy (1:35)
(from *Three Shelley Settings*)

- 23 I - Brasil (3:02)

Four Old English Lyrics

- 24 Spring, the sweet Spring (1:31)
- 25 To Daffodils (2:14)
- 26 So white, so soft, so sweet is she (1:31)
- 27 It was a lover and his lass (1:49)

DDD TT = 66:34

BENJAMIN LUXON *baritone* • **DAVID WILLISON** *piano*

ELGAR & DELIUS SONGS

In their lifetime neither Delius (1862-1934) nor Elgar (1857-1934) was highly regarded as a composer of songs. The prevailing critical view was that, in the case of Delius, he had little gift for word-setting, whilst Elgar wrote what were only one step removed from drawing-room ballads. Only comparatively recently has a closer look been directed at a compartment of each composer's work that contains many characteristically beautiful creations.

The melancholy which was never far below the surface of Elgar's personality is epitomised in *After*, composed in 1895 while he was at work on his organ sonata. Its reference to 'Great grief that desolates the soul' might stand for many a passage in bigger Elgar works. Insecurity was another facet of his personality and this found an echo in Arthur Salmon's poem *Pleading*. Its refrain 'Will you come homeward from the hills of Dreamland?' drew a beautiful melody from Elgar, as references to dreams usually did. *After* was published as Op. 31 No. 1; as No. 2, Elgar set Christina Rossetti's *A Song of Flight*. Both were given their first performance in March 1900 by the bass-baritone Plunket Greene, who seven months later was to be the first to sing the solo bass parts of *The Dream of Gerontius*.

The three songs from Op. 59 were originally with orchestral accompaniment and are all that was composed in 1909 of a projected set of six selected from poems by Sir Gilbert Parker (1862-1932). The verses were sent to him by his friend Alice Stuart-Wortley and they arrived when he was in a depressed mood between the triumph of the First Symphony and completion of the Violin Concerto. He picked three, numbering them as 3, 5 and 6, *Oh, soft was the song, Was it some Golden Star?* and *Twilight*. Their reticence barely disguises a deep inner loneliness but resulted in subtle, nostalgic songs. They were first sung in 1910 by the contralto Muriel Foster at the memorial concert for A.J. Jaeger ('Nimrod'). Elgar never returned to the cycle.

The *Seven Songs* by Elgar were not composed as a set but were brought together under the title *Seven Lieder of Edward Elgar* by a publisher in 1907. Three of them had already been published as his Op. 16. They have the melodic charm and easy grace which were Elgar's hallmark; and if their sentiments seem out-of-key today, that is our loss. The earliest, *Through the Long Days*, a poem by the American John Hay, was composed at Settle, Yorkshire, in 1885 after his engagement to a violinist, Helen Weaver, had been ended by her illness and departure to New Zealand ('Never on earth again shall I before her stand'). The haunting *Lute Song* from Tennyson's play *Queen Mary* was set in 1887, the *Rondel* in January 1894. The latter was Longfellow's translation from Froissart, the chronicler of chivalry who had already been the inspiration of an Elgar overture. Elgar's high-minded romanticism informs these songs,

as it does *Is she not Passing Fair?*, another translation from the French and a song that Elgar wrote just after he had met Alice Roberts, who was to become his wife and helpmeet.

Delius virtually exiled himself from his native country after he was 18. Going first to Florida, then to Leipzig, he settled in Paris in 1888, where his circle of friends included Gauguin and a group of Scandinavian writers, musicians and artists, among them Sinding, Strindberg and Munch. He also met and became good friends with Grieg, whose influence on his early works is strong. Even more important, he met Jelka Rosen, an artist whom he eventually married.

Between 1888 and 1890 Delius set twelve songs from the Norwegian, dedicated to Nina Grieg, the soprano and wife of the composer. From the later seven, three are recorded here, which are settings of Norway's patriot poet Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson (1832-1910), and include the deservedly popular *Twilight Fancies*. About this song in 1935 Jelka wrote: 'Even now when it is so popular and hackneyed, I can't think of it without a pang of the old passionate longing'. *The Nightingale*, to a text by Welhaven, comes from the first set of five.

The Shelley settings, of which *Love's Philosophy* rivals the fame of *Twilight Fancies*, followed in 1891. In itself this work answers the gibe that Delius was an insensitive word-setter, as does *I-Brasil* (sometimes spelt *Hy Brasil*), a setting of a poem about the legendary Celtic isles, where light and life are eternal, by Fiona Macleod (William Sharp, 1855-1905). This song makes much use of the 'Scotch snap', a syncopation found in Negro music which also occurs in Delius's Negro-inspired works such as *Appalachia* and *Koanga*. The *Four Old English Lyrics* date from the war years 1915-16, the setting of Ben Jonson's *Have you seen but a white lily grow?* (which Delius calls *So white, so soft, so sweet*) being especially lyrical and captivating.

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Born in Cornwall, **Benjamin Luxon** studied at the Guildhall School of Music where he won the school's Gold Medal. He went on to become a prizewinner at the International Competition in Munich. During the latter part of the 1960s and throughout the 1970s, he developed a versatile career, working with major orchestras both in the UK and abroad, and appearing in most of this country's major festivals. He is now established as one of Britain's most popular singers for opera, concerts and *Lieder*, and has appeared frequently on television.

He is a regular visitor to both Covent Garden and Glyndebourne Festival Opera. His appearances at Covent Garden include the title role in *Eugene Onegin*, Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*, Marcello in *La Bohème* and Falke in a production of *Die Fledermaus* which was televised throughout Western Europe and the USA. He has sung three major Mozart roles in Peter Hall productions at Glyndebourne: Don Giovanni, Papageno and the Count in *Le Nozze*

di Figaro. He is a regular guest at the Frankfurt and Holland Opera companies and has appeared in various productions at the Metropolitan Opera, New York, following his début there singing Onegin.

During the past few seasons Benjamin Luxon has appeared with all the major US orchestras, as well as other major orchestras including the London Philharmonic, the Concertgebouw and the Israel Philharmonic. He has performed *Elijah* with Ozawa and the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, and also with the Philharmonia Orchestra. In addition to his operatic singing, his repertoire includes works by Britten, Bach, Stravinsky and Walton, and he has made well over eighty recordings.

David Willison has come to the fore by his work with such distinguished musicians as Galway, Luxon, Palmer, Rolfe Johnson, Schwarzkopf and Tear. His principal partnership has been with Benjamin Luxon, a collaboration that now extends to twenty-five years of recital giving, over 150 broadcasts with much television, including the BBC Schubert anniversary tribute performing *Die Winterreise*, and travelling worldwide to the leading musical centres and festivals. Together they have given many first performances as well as the standard *Lieder* and song repertoire.

David Willison also plays in the family piano trio with his brothers John and Peter. He devotes much of his time to students at the Royal Academy of Music, London in his role as Professor of Piano Chamber Music. He is a director of the music publishers Alfred Lengnick & Co.

LIEDER VON ELGAR UND DELIUS

Zu ihren Lebzeiten waren weder Delius (1862-1934) noch Elgar (1857-1934) als Liedkomponisten geschätzt; die gängige Meinung war, daß Delius kein Talent für die Vertonung von Texten habe und Elgar in diesem Genre lediglich gehobene Salonmusik schreiben könne. Erst in neuerer Zeit hat man die entsprechenden Beiträge der beiden Komponisten genauer untersucht und ist dabei auf viele reizvolle und individuelle Stücke gestoßen.

Eine für Elgar charakteristische Melancholie, die man immer wieder unter der Oberfläche seiner Musik verspürt, kennzeichnet das 1895 während der Arbeit an der Orgelsonate komponierte Lied *After*, dessen Hinweis auf "great grief that desolates the soul", "großen Schmerz, der sie die Seele verwüstet", das Motto für viele Passagen in größeren Werken dieses Komponisten abgeben könnte. Unsicherheit war ebenfalls ein bezeichnendes Element seiner Persönlichkeit, und diese Empfindung fand er in Arthur Salmons Gedicht *Pleading* ausgedrückt. Der Refrain "Will you come homeward from the hills of Dreamland?", "Wirst du nach Hause zurückkehren aus den Hügeln des Traumlands?", inspirierte ihn zu einer wundervollen Melodie, wie er sie immer wieder

für das Thema Träume fand. *After* wurde als op. 31 Nr. 1 veröffentlicht; Nr. 2 ist eine Vertonung von Christina Rossetts *A Song of Flight*. Die beiden Stücke wurden im März 1900 von Plunkett Greene uraufgeführt, der sieben Monate später die beiden Baßpartien in der ersten Aufführung von Elgars Oratorium *The Dream of Gerontius* sang.

Die drei Lieder op. 59 hatten ursprünglich eine Orchesterbegleitung. Elgar plante 1909 die Vertonung von sechs Gedichten von Sir Gilbert Parker (1862-1932), die seine Freundin Alice Stuart-Wortley ihm zu einer Zeit tiefer Depression zwischen dem Triumph seiner 1. Symphonie und der Fertigstellung des Violinkonzerts schickte. Er komponierte drei Stücke, denen er die Nummern 3 (*Oh, soft was the song*), 5 (*Was it some golden star?*) und 6 (*Twilight*) gab. Es sind emotional zurückhaltende Lieder, geprägt von einer leisen Wehmut und einem Gefühl tiefer Einsamkeit. Die Altistin Muriel Foster sang die Uraufführung im Jahre 1910, anlässlich eines Gedenkkonzerts für A.J. Jaeger, den Elgar in seinen *Enigma Variations* unter dem Namen "Nimrod" musikalisch porträtiert hatte. Der Parker-Zyklus wurde nicht vollendet.

Die *Sieben Lieder* wurden von Elgar nicht als Zyklus konzipiert, sondern 1907 von seinem Verleger zusammengestellt und veröffentlicht; drei davon waren schon zuvor als op. 16 publiziert worden. Sie sind von einem charakteristischen melodischen Zauber, der uns die heute vielleicht etwas verstaubt anmutenden Texte näherbringt. Das früheste dieser Lieder ist *Through the long days* nach einem Gedicht des Amerikaners John Hay; es entstand 1885 in Settle in Yorkshire, nachdem Elgars Verlobung mit der Violinisten Helen Weaver wegen ihrer Krankheit und Abreise nach Neuseeland gelöst worden war (der Vers "Never on earth again shall I before her stand", "Nie wieder werde ich auf Erden vor ihr stehen", hat somit einen unverkennbar autobiographischen Bezug). Der eindringliche *Lute Song* aus Tennysons Schauspiel *Queen Mary* wurde 1887 vertont, und im Januar 1894 entstand *Rondel*, Longfellows Übersetzung des französischen Epikers Froissart, der Elgar schon zu seiner gleichnamigen Ouvertüre inspiriert hatte. Elgar erfüllte diese Lieder mit romantischer Innigkeit, ebenso wie *Is she not passing fair?*, eine weitere Übersetzung aus dem Französischen, die er kurz nach der Begegnung mit seiner späteren Lebensgefährtin Alice Roberts vertonte.

Delius verließ sein Geburtsland Großbritannien mit 18 Jahren und ging zunächst nach Florida und dann zum Studium nach Leipzig; 1888 ließ er sich in Paris nieder, wo u.a. Gauguin und eine Gruppe von skandinavischen Schriftstellern, Musikern und Malern (darunter Sinding, Strindberg und Munch) zu seinen Freunden zählten. Dort traf er auch Grieg, der ein enger Freund wurde und einen bedeutenden Einfluß auf seine frühen Werke ausübte, und die Künstlerin Jelka Rosen, die er später heiratete.

In den Jahren 1888 bis 1890 vertonte Delius zwölf norwegische Lieder, die er der Sopranistin Nina Grieg widmete, der Gattin des Komponisten. *The Nightingale* (Text von Welhaven) ist eines der fünf zuerst komponierten Stücke, und von den übrigen sieben Liedern sind hier drei eingespielt, nach Gedichten des norwegischen Patrioten Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson (1832-1910), unter denen *Twilight Fancies* besonders populär wurde. "Selbst heute, da es so populär und weit verbreitet ist", schrieb Jelka noch 1935, "kann ich das Lied nicht hören, ohne die alte Sehnsucht zu verspüren."

Die Shelley-Lieder, von denen *Love's Philosophy* fast ebenso beliebt wurde wie *Twilight Fancies*, entstanden 1891. Hier erweist sich die Ungerechtigkeit des Vorwurfs, Delius habe kein Talent zur Vertonung von Texten, ebenso wie in *I-Brasil*, einem Gedicht über die sagenhaften keltischen Inseln der Ewigen Jugend von Fiona Macleod (Ps. William Sharp, 1855-1905). Das Lied verwendet den "Scotch Snap", einen synkoptierten Rhythmus aus der Musik der Schwarzen, den man auch in anderen durch diese Welt inspirierten Werken Delius' findet, etwa in *Appalachia* oder *Koanga*. Die *Four Old English Lyrics* stammen aus den Kriegsjahren 1915/16; die Vertonung von Ben Johnsons *Have you seen but a white lily grow?* (Delius nennt das Lied *So White, So Soft, So Sweet*) ist von besonders eindringlichem lyrischem Reiz.

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Übersetzung: Siegfried Speyer

Benjamin Luxon stammt aus Cornwall und studierte an der Londoner Guildhall School of Music, wo er die Goldmedaille gewann; später war er der Sieger beim Internationalen Münchner Gesangswettbewerb. Ende der 60er Jahre und während der 70er baute er seine vielseitige Laufbahn aus; er sang mit führenden Orchestern im in- und Ausland und trat bei den wichtigsten britischen Musikfestspielen auf. Heute ist er einer der populärsten britischen Opern-, Konzert- und Liedersänger, der auch häufig im Fernsehen auftritt.

Benjamin Luxon singt regelmäßig in Covent Garden und bei den Festspielen von Glyndebourne. In London trat er u.a. in der Titelpartie von *Eugen Onegin*, als Wolfram in *Tannhäuser*, Marcello in *La Bohème* und Falke in einer Neuinszenierung der *Fledermaus* auf, die in Westeuropa und den USA im Fernsehen übertragen wurde. In Glyndebourne wirkte er bei drei Mozart-Inszenierungen von Peter Hall mit, als Don Giovanni, Papageno und Graf Almaviva. Er ist ständiger Gast bei der Holland-Oper und dem Frankfurter Ensemble und ist nach seinem New Yorker Debüt (als Onegin) mehrmals an der Metropolitan Opera aufgetreten.

In jüngster Zeit hat Benjamin Luxon mit den wichtigsten Orchestern der USA sowie mit dem London Philharmonic, dem Amsterdamer Concertgebouw und dem Israel Philharmonic Orchestra musiziert. Unter Seiji Ozawa sang er mit den Berliner Philharmonikern und dem Londoner Philharmonia Orchestra die Titelpartie in Mendelssohns *Elias*. Neben seinen zahlreichen Opernrollen umfaßt sein Repertoire Werke von Britten, Bach, Strawinsky und Walton, und er hat bisher mehr als 80 Schallplattenaufnahmen gemacht.

David Willison hat sich durch seine Zusammenarbeit mit so bedeutenden Interpreten wie James Galway, Benjamin Luxon, Felicity Palmer, Anthony Rolfe Johnson, Elisabeth Schwarzkopf und Robert Tear einen Namen gemacht. Sein häufigster Partner ist Benjamin Luxon, mit dem er schon seit 25 Jahren auftritt, in Konzerten, bei mehr als 150 Rundfunkübertragungen und in zahlreichen Fernsehsendungen (darunter eine Interpretation von Schuberts *Winterreise* für die BBC) sowie weltweit in den führenden Musikzentren und bei den wichtigen Festspielen. Gemeinsam haben sie auch zahlreiche zeitgenössische Beiträge zum Liederrepertoire zur Uraufführung gebracht.

David Willison spielt mit seinen Brüdern John und Peter in ihrem Familientrio. Er widmet einen Großteil seiner Zeit der Ausbildung von Studenten der Londoner Royal Academy of Music, wo er als Professor für Kammermusik mit Klavier unterrichtet. Außerdem ist er einer der Direktoren des Musikverlags Alfred Lengnick & Co.

CHANTS D'ELGAR ET DE DELIUS

De leur vivant, ni Delius (1862-1934) ni Elgar (1857-1934) n'ont pu s'imposer en tant que compositeurs de chants. Les critiques avaient coutume de dire, dans le cas du premier, qu'il savait mal mettre un texte en musique, et à propos du second, qu'il avait seulement écrit une série de chants extraite de ballades de salon. Ce n'est pas avant ces dernières années que l'on a songé à jeter un regard nouveau sur une partie de l'oeuvre de ces deux compositeurs, qui renferme de nombreuses créations d'une beauté remarquable.

La mélancolie, qui était l'un des traits majeurs de la personnalité d'Elgar, est omniprésente dans *After*, chant écrit en 1895 alors que celui-ci travaillait à sa sonate pour orgue. Sa référence à la "grande douleur qui désole l'âme" pourrait servir d'exergue à plus d'un passage de ses grandes oeuvres. L'insécurité était aussi l'une des facettes de sa personnalité, et le poème d'Arthur Salmon, *Pleading*, s'en fait l'écho; son refrain "Quitteras-tu les collines du pays des rêves, pour rentrer chez toi?" inspira à Elgar une belle mélodie, comme le faisaient généralement toutes les références aux rêves. *After* fut publié sous le numéro d'opus 31, no. 1. Le numéro 2 de cette oeuvre est *A Song of Flight*, d'après un poème de Christina Rossetti. Les deux chants furent interprétés pour la première fois en mars 1900 par le baryton-basse Plunket Green, qui allait être le premier, sept mois plus tard, à chanter les parties de basse solo du *Songe de Gérontius*.

Les trois chants de l'opus 59 étaient initialement assortis d'un accompagnement orchestral, et ce sont les seuls qui aient vu le jour, en 1909, sur les six chants qu'Elgar projetait de composer d'après des poèmes de Sir Gilbert Parker (1862-1932). C'est son amie Alice Stuart-Wortley qui lui fit parvenir ces textes alors qu'il traversait une période de découragement entre le triomphe de la Première symphonie et

l'achèvement du Concerto pour violon. Il choisit trois de ces poèmes, qu'il accompagna des numéros 3, 5 et 6, *Oh, soft was the song, Was it some golden star? et Twilight*. Leur réticence cache à peine la profonde solitude intérieure du compositeur, qui a pourtant su imprégner ces chants nostalgiques d'une grande subtilité. Ils furent créés en 1910 par la contralto Muriel Foster lors du concert donné à la mémoire d'A.J. Jaeger ("Nimrod"). Elgar n'acheva finalement pas ce cycle.

Les *Sept chants* ne furent pas écrits sous la forme d'un cycle mais réunis par un éditeur, en 1907, sous le titre *Sept Lieder d'Edward Elgar*. Trois d'entre eux avaient déjà été publiés sous le numéro d'opus 16; ils possèdent le charme mélodique et la grâce facile qui étaient la marque du compositeur, et si leurs sentiments semblent ont aujourd'hui démodés, c'est à notre détriment. Le plus ancien, *Through the long days*, d'après un poème de l'Américain John Hay, a été composé à Settle (Yorkshire), en 1885, après que les fiançailles d'Elgar avec Helen Weaver eurent été brisées par la maladie et le départ en Nouvelle-Zélande de celle-ci ("Jamais plus, sur cette terre, je ne la rencontrerai"). Le chant du luth (*Lute Song*) si envoûtant de la pièce de Tennyson *Queen Mary* fut mis en musique en 1887, et le *Rondel* en janvier 1894. Ce dernier était la traduction par Longfellow d'une partie de l'oeuvre de Froissart, chroniqueur de chevalerie qui avait déjà inspiré une ouverture au compositeur. Le romantisme noble d'Elgar donne corps à ces chants ainsi qu'à *Is she not passing fair?*, autre traduction d'un texte français; c'est un chant qu'Elgar écrivit juste après avoir rencontré Alice Roberts, qui allait devenir sa femme.

Delius s'exila vers l'âge de dix-huit ans. Après avoir séjourné en Floride, puis à Leipzig, il s'installa à Paris en 1888 où son cercle d'amis réunissait des artistes tels que Gauguin ainsi qu'un groupe d'écrivains, de musiciens et d'artistes scandinaves, dont Sinding, Strinberg et Munch. Il se lia d'amitié avec Grieg, qui exerça une forte influence sur ses premières oeuvres. Il rencontra également Jelka Rosen, une artiste qu'il épousa par la suite.

Entre 1888 et 1890, Delius mit en musique douze textes norvégiens qu'il dédia à la soprano Nina Grieg, épouse du compositeur. Trois des sept chants les plus tardifs, dont les textes sont dus au poète patriote norvégien Bjørnstjerne Bjørnson (1832-1910), figurent sur le présent enregistrement: L'un d'entre eux, *Twilight fancies*, est à juste titre très populaire; Jelka écrivit en 1935 à son propos: "Même aujourd'hui où il est si populaire et si galvaudé, je ne peux m'empêcher de penser à lui avec le pincement de coeur de l'ancienne passion". *The Nightingale*, d'après un texte de Welhaven, provient de la première série de cinq chants.

Suivirent en 1891 les mises en musique de textes de Shelley, dont *Love's Philosophy*, qui rivalise de gloire avec *Twilight fancies*. Ce poème contredit le préjugé selon

It is time to arise
To race for the promised prize.
The sun flies, the wind flies.
We are strong, we are free,
And home lies beyond the stars and the sea.

Poem by Christine Rossetti

Arabian Serenade

The silver silence of the night has spun
A web of glamour o'er the purple sea.
The Watcher of the Sky has lit his lamp,
Waken, my white one; come thou forth with me.
We will go softly through the shining meadows,
Setting our faces to the distant moon;
Drenching our feet in pureness, and our souls
Drenched in the sweetness of the bulbul's tune.
Come forth, O maid, the Feast is well prepared.
Between the dim wood and the purple sea
The world hangs breathless and the stars
look down.
Waken, Zareiba; come forth with me!

Poem by Margery Lawrence

Oh, Soft was the Song Op. 59 No. 3

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

Poem by Gilbert Parker

Was it some Golden Star? Op. 59 No. 5

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."

Poem by Gilbert Parker

Twilight Op. 59 No. 6

Adieu! and the sun goes awearily 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.

Poem by Gilbert Parker

Seven Lieder of Edward Elgar

Like to the Damask Rose

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 in 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!

Poem by Simon Wastell

Queen Mary's Song

Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing,
Beauty passes like a breath and love is lost
in loathing:
Low! my lute: speak low, but say the world is
nothing.

Low! lute, low!
Love will hover round the flowers when they
first awaken;
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be
overtaken;
Low, my lute! O low, my lute! we fade and
are forsaken.

Low, dear lute, low!

Poem by Lord Tennyson

A Song of Autumn

'Where shall we go for our garlands glad
At the falling of the year,
When the burnt-up banks are yellow and sad
When the boughs are yellow and sere?

Where are the old ones that once we had,
And where are the new ones near?
What shall we do for our garlands glad
At the falling of the year?

'Child! can I tell where the garlands go?
Can I say where the lost leaves veer?
On the brown-burnt banks, when the wild
winds blow,
When they drift through the dead-wood
drear?'

Poem by Adam Lindsay Gordon

The Poet's Life

A poet sang, so light of heart was he,
A song that thrilled with joy in ev'ry word:
It quiver'd with ecstatic melody;
It laughed as sunshine laughs upon the sea;
It caught a measure from each lilting bird;
But, though the song rang out exultantly,
The world pass'd by, with heavy step and loud,
None heeding, save that, parted from the crowd,
Two lovers heard.

There fell a day when sudden sorrow smote
The poet's life. Unheralded it came,
Blotting the sun-touch'd page whereon he wrote
His golden song. Ah! then, from all remote,
He sang the grief that had nor hope nor name
In God's ear only; but one sobbing note
Reached the world's heart, and swiftly, in
the wake

Of bitterness and passionate heart-break,
There follow'd fame.

Poem by Ellen Burroughs

Through the Long Days Op. 16 No. 2

Through the long days and years
What will my lov'd one be,
Parted from me?

Through the long days and years.

Always as then she was
Loveliest, brightest, best,
Blessing and blest,
Always as then she was.

Never on earth again
Shall I before her stand,
Touch lip or hand
Never on earth again.

But, while my darling lives,
Peaceful I journey
Not quite alone,
Not while my darling lives.

Poem by Col. John Hay

Rondel Op. 16 No. 3

Love, love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Nought see I or sure fixed in thee!
I do not know thee, nor what deeds are thine:
Love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Nought see I fixed or sure in thee!

Shall I be mute, or vows with prayers combine?
Ye who are blessed in loving, tell it me:
Love, what wilt thou with this heart of mine?
Nought see I permanent or sure in thee!

Words by Longfellow, from a Rondel
by Froissart.

The Shepherd's Song

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.

Poem by Barry Pain

Is she not Passing Fair?

Is she not passing fair,
She whom I love so well?
On earth, in sea, or air,
Where may her equal dwell?

Oh! tell me, ye who dare
To brave her beauty's spell,
Is she not passing fair,
She whom I love so well?

Whether she speak or sing,
Be jocund or serene,
Alike in ev'rything,

Is she not beauty's queen?
Then let the world declare,
Let all who see her tell,
That she is passing fair,
She whom I love so well!

Poem by Charles, Duke of Orleans
English words by Louisa Stuart Costello

FREDERICK DELIUS (1862 - 1934)

Young Venevil

Young Venevil ran with her heart on fire to
her lover so dear, to her lover so dear.
She sang till she made all the church-bells ring:
'Good day, good day, good day, good day!
And all the little songbirds made an answer
to her song:

'Midsummer day's for laughter and play,
Take care, little Venevil, your garland's
going astray.'

She wove him a garland of flowers blue:
'As my eyes so blue, my love, for you.'
He took it, and tossed it o'er the hill:
'Farewell, my sweet, my sweet, farewell,'
He laughed and ran like lightning, you hear
his laughter still:

'Midsummer day's for laughter and play,
Take care, little Venevil, your garland's
gone astray.'

Poem by Björnsterne Björnson
English words by Peter Pears

Twilight Fancies

The Princess looked forth from her maiden
bower.

The horn of a herd-boy rang up from below.
'Oh, cease from thy playing, and haunt me
no more,

Nor fetter my fancy that freely would soar,
When the sun goes down.'

The Princess looked forth from her maiden
bower,
But mute was the horn that had called from
below.

'Oh, why art thou silent? Beguile me once more.
Give wings to my fancy that freely would soar,
When the sun goes down.'

The Princess looked forth from her maiden
bower.

The call of the horn rose again from below.
She wept in the twilight and bitterly sighed:
'What is it I long for? God help me!' she cried.
And the sun went down.

Poem by Björnstjerne Björnson
English words by F.S. Copeland

Hidden Love

He listlessly stood by the wall,
She radiantly danced through the hall.
Her eyes shone in jest at every guest;
His heart in his bosom lay smothered,
But that could no one discover.

He bade her farewell at her home,
She ran to the garden alone,
To weep, and to weep for death's bitter sleep;
Long years she had dreamed of her lover,
But that would no one discover.

He wearily lived out his days,
Then sought out the familiar ways;
Her fate had been best: he found her at rest,
Her heart had been faithful for ever,
But that no one did discover.

Poem by Björnstjerne Björnson
English words by Peter Pears

The Nightingale

Sing, sing, nightingale blest,
Sing me a rondel of gladness.
Wilt thou not bring me as guest
Peace in my bosom to rest?
Ah! why must I be ever in sadness?
Sing, sing, nightingale blest.

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

Come, come, 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.
Come, come, carol thy lay.

Poem by Welhaven
English words by W. Grist

The Nightingale has a lyre of gold

The nightingale has a lyre of gold,
The lark's is a clarion call,
And the blackbird plays but a boxwood flute,
But I love him best of all.

For his song is all of the joy of life,
And we in the mad, spring weather,
We two have listened till he sang
Our hearts and lips together.

Poem by W.E. Henley

Indian Love Song

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night.
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright:
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Hath led me — who knows how?
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

The wandering airs they faint
On the dark, the silent stream —
The Champak odours fail
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;
The nightingale's complaint,
It dies upon her heart; —
As I must on thine,
Oh, beloved as thou art!
Oh lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast; —
Oh! press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last.

Poem by P.B. Shelley

Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the Ocean,
The winds of Heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle.
Why not I with thine? —

See the mountains kiss high Heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

Poem by P.B. Shelley

I - Brasil

There's sorrow on the wind, my grief, there's
sorrow on the wind,
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!

There's sorrow in the world, O wind, there's
sorrow in my heart
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.

Poem by Fiona Macleod

Spring the sweet Spring

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's
pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance
in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-wit ta-woo!
The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe
all day,
And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-wit ta-woo!
The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss
our feet,

Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet
cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-wit ta-woo!

Poem by **Thomas Nashe**

To Daffodils

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay
Until the hasting day
Has run

But to the even-song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you, or anything.

We die,
As your hours do and dry
Away,
Like to the Summer rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

Poem by **Robert Herrick**

So white, so soft, so sweet is she.

Have you seen but a white lily grow,
Before rude hands have touched it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver?
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smelt o' the bud of the brier?
Or the nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

Poem by **Ben Jonson**

It was a lover and his lass

It was a lover and his lass
With a hey and a ho and a hey no ni no
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the Springtime the only pretty ring time
When the birds do sing hey ding a dong ding,
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye
With a hey and a ho and a hey no ni no
These pretty country folk would lie
In the Springtime the only pretty ring time
When birds do sing hey ding a ding ding
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

And therefore take the present time
With a hey and a ho and a hey no ni no,
For love is crown'd with the prime
In the Springtime the only pretty ring time
When the birds do sing hey ding a dong ding
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

From the air by **W. Shakespeare**

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- 3 Song of Flight Op. 31 No. 2 (2:25)
- 4 Arabian Serenade (2:06)
- 5 Oh, Soft was the Song Op. 59 No. 3 (1:29)
- 6 Was it some Golden Star? Op. 59 No. 5 (2:02)
- 7 Twilight Op. 59 No. 6 (2:54)

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FREDERICK DELIUS

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- 26 So white, so soft, so sweet is she (1:31)
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