



CHAMPS HILL
RECORDS

THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Fairy Tales, Adventures, Nursery Rhymes
and Lullabies



Gareth Brynmor John *baritone*
William Vann *piano*

I FOREWORD

*I hear in the chamber above me
the patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened,
and voices soft and sweet.*

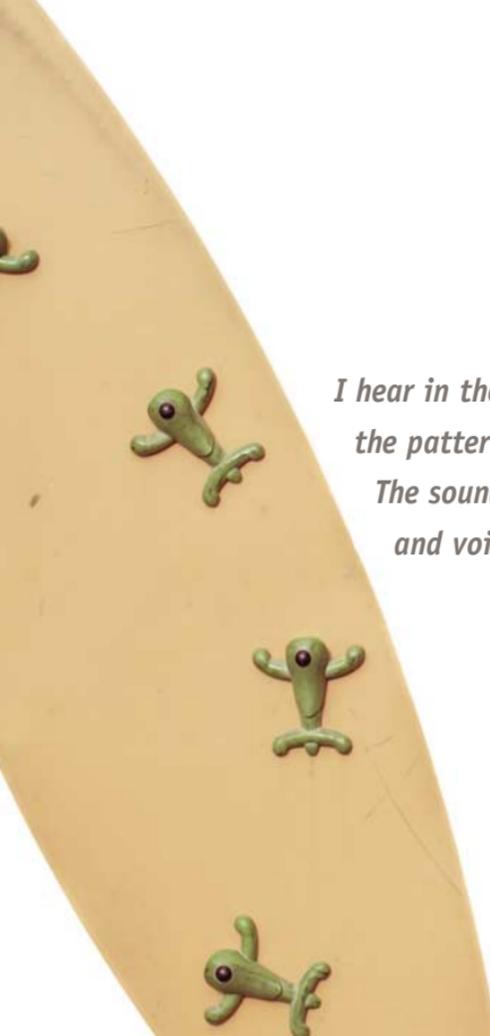
Charles Ives's charmingly tender setting of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow's poem *The Children's Hour* was the inspiration for this recital of Fairy Tales, Adventures, Nursery Rhymes and Lullabies. Each of us has two young children and the patter (or, perhaps, stomping) of tiny feet is now part of the soundscape (cacophony) of our everyday lives. Our programme weaves a tapestry of childhood experience: some tales stray towards the dark and nightmarish, even going as far as death, many are deeply comic, and others are charming or immensely profound. All of them, though, contemplate the wonder of childhood that continues to nourish us as adults, either through direct experience or via our memories. Our heartfelt thanks go to Mary and David Bowerman and Alexander Van Ingen for making *The Children's Hour* a possibility and to Matthew and Dave for bringing it to life. Our thanks also to Sarah and Helen for their support and for giving birth to our children, to whom this disc is dedicated: Benjamin, Isabel, Thomas and William.



William Vann



Gareth Brynmor John



1 **The Children's Hour** - Charles Ives 2'16

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DAYS OUT AND ADVENTURES

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LULLABIES AND BEDTIME

19 **Tired Tim** (from Peacock Pie) - Herbert Howells 2'15
 20 **Full moon** (from Peacock Pie) - Herbert Howells 3'00
 21 **Les Berceaux** - Gabriel Fauré 2'38
 22 **Nachtlied** - Felix Mendelssohn 2'39
 23 **Cradle Song** - Charles Ives 1'48

Total time: 65'11

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THE CHILDREN'S HOUR

Charles Ives's *The Children's Hour*, which gives its name to this charming CD, sets the first three stanzas of a poem by Longfellow which describes how the poet hears three young girls playing in the room above his study just before bedtime. In the seven stanzas not set by Ives we learn how the girls are 'plotting and planning together/To take me by surprise.' They eventually charge into Longfellow's study, fling their arms around him and 'almost devour' him with kisses. The poet then affectionately threatens to hold them captive 'in the round-tower of my heart'. None of this mock violence is present in Ives's gentle song – we only here the patter of the girls' feet as they clatter downstairs. Marked *adagio sostenuto*, the song conjures up that magical hour before bedtime, the voice singing a sort of hushed recitative over liquid semiquavers. Edith, by the way, was the name of the 4-year-old girl that Charles Ives and Harmony Twichell adopted in 1916 some 15 years after this song had been composed.

FAIRY TALES AND CAUTIONARY TALES

Loewe's *Tom der Reimer* is a late song, composed around 1860. Theodor Fontane's poem occurs in his travel book, *Jenseits des Tweed (Beyond the Tweed)* and is based on the legend of Thomas Ercildoune, a 13th-century bard who allegedly owed his gift of prophecy to his association with the fairy queen. The prelude, unusually long for Loewe, resembles a camera focusing in on the scene, which shows us the poet being ensnared by the Queen of the Elves with whom, in the final bars, he rides away to the ringing accompaniment of her horse's jingling bells.

Goethe's *Erkönig* appears at the beginning of *Die Fischerin*, a Singspiel written in 1782 for open-air performance at Weimar; it is sung by the heroine Dortchen, as she waits impatiently for her father and fiancé Niklas to return. Schubert magnificently conveys the eeriness of the scene in the repeated quaver octaves of the right hand and the

triplet rhythm that throbs throughout. Spaun, in his memoirs of the composer, describes his astonishment as he and Mayrhofer witnessed the gestation and birth of the great song – Schubert pacing the room, book in hand, reciting the poem, then feverishly committing the music to paper in a frenzy of inspiration.

By 1849, Clara Schumann had already given birth to five children (her first son died) and was expecting a sixth. In the previous year her husband had composed his *Album für die Jugend* and now, with the imminent birth of another baby and his own thoughts turning to music connected with childhood, Schumann set about writing his *Liederalbum für die Jugend*. One of the loveliest of the 29 songs and duets is *Der Sandmann*. Hermann Kletke's poem inspired Schumann to write a little prelude that depicts the sandman tiptoeing his way upstairs to sprinkle sand into the children's eyes. When he does so (two grains suffice) at the end of the song, the velvety semiquavers turn to minims spread over a whole bar, as sleep descends and God keeps watch.

Liza Lehmann was blessed with a keen sense of humour, and her *Nonsense Songs*, nine settings from *Alice in Wonderland*, were premiered with huge success in 1908. They were followed a year later by settings of Hilaire Belloc: Four Cautionary Tales and a Moral – 'Rebecca' (who slammed doors for fun and perished miserably), 'Jim' (who ran away from his nurse, and was eaten by a lion), 'Matilda' (who told lies, and was burned to death), 'Charles Augustus Fortescue' (who always did what was right, and so accumulated an immense fortune) and 'Henry King' (who chewed little bits of string and was early cut off in dreadful agonies). All are masterpieces of dead-pan humour, but my favourite is 'Henry King' which, according to the composer, should be sung in a snivelling manner; much overcome.

The seven songs of Britten's first volume of *Folk Song Arrangements* were all written during a six-month period on the East Coast of America while he and Peter Pears were waiting for a berth on board a ship to bring them back to England. In a letter, dated 20 October 1941, to the conductor Albert Goldberg, Britten wrote: 'I have arranged a

few British folk songs which have been a “wow” wherever performed so far!’ Each of them was dedicated to one of the composer’s American friends, and the dedicatee of *Little Sir William* was William Mayer, the psychiatrist in whose Amityville home Britten and Pears stayed for most of their time in America. The original text included the line ‘And the Jew’s wife hath me slain’ which Britten later changed to ‘And the School Wife hath me slain.’

Mahler’s *Das irdische Leben* tells of a child dying of starvation, while the mill grinds the corn too late. Both mother and child are given their own themes, the child’s consisting of dramatic octave leaps. The mill can be heard in the oscillating *moto perpetuo* accompaniment, and in the orchestral version, the scurrying accompaniment of the strings creates a mood of extreme anguish.

DAYS OUT AND ADVENTURES

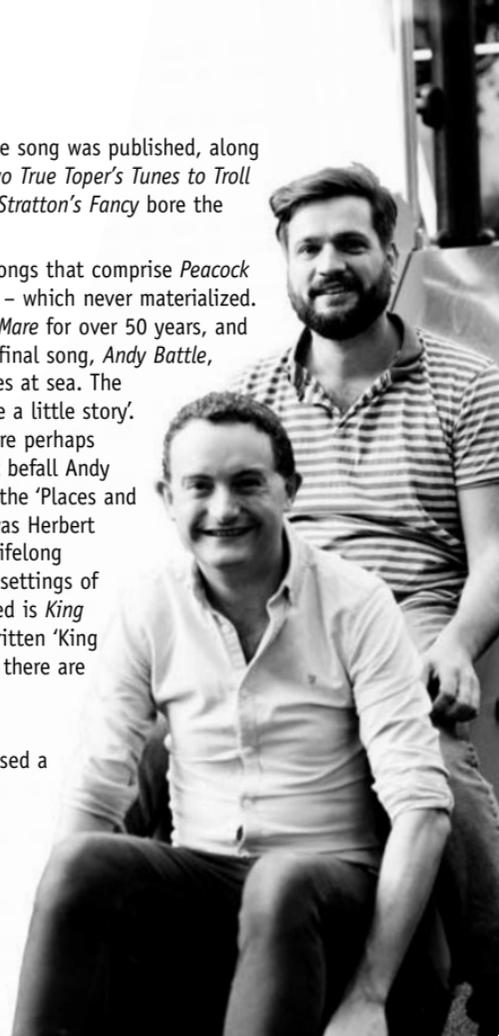
Charles Villiers Stanford’s *Drake’s Drum* has remained Stanford’s most famous song. Henry Newbolt wrote the poem on 5 December 1895, and a few weeks later in January 1896 Kaiser Wilhelm made ‘a threatening move’ at sea. The Royal Navy responded by launching a Special Service Squadron to oppose the Kaiser, and Newbolt felt it appropriate to send his poem to Sidney Low, Editor of the *St James’s Gazette*. Low published it on 15 January, having reversed the order of the first two verses, and changed some of the dialect spelling – without consulting the poet. Nombre Diós Bay in Panama was attacked by Drake on three occasions, the last of which occurred in August 1595. Drake fell ill, died on 29 January 1596 and was buried at sea in the harbour, wrapped in a hammock with a cannonball at his head and feet. The drum was brought home and can now be seen in Buckland Abbey.

Peter Warlock’s rollicking arrangement to John Masefield’s *Captain Stratton’s Fancy* has a folk-song feel about it, which links him with the composers of 17-century drinking

songs and the music-hall of his own era. The song was published, along with *Mr Belloc’s Fancy*, in 1922 as one of *Two True Toper’s Tunes to Troll with Trulls and Trollops in a Tavern*. *Captain Stratton’s Fancy* bore the subtitle ‘Rum’, ‘Mr Belloc’s fancy’ ‘Beer’.

Herbert Howells, having published the six songs that comprise *Peacock Pie* in 1923, intended to write a second set – which never materialized. He did however work at *A Garland for de la Mare* for over 50 years, and this was eventually published in 1995. The final song, *Andy Battle*, tells of the adventures that Andy experiences at sea. The idiosyncratic marking is *come storiella* – ‘like a little story’. But ‘storiella’ is also a ‘fib’, a ‘lie’ – so we are perhaps invited to take the catastrophic events that befall Andy with a pinch of salt. The poem comes from the ‘Places and People’ section of *Peacock Pie*. De la Mare was Herbert Howells’s favourite poet, and they became lifelong friends: of Howells’s 80 or so songs, 25 are settings of de la Mare, and although the most celebrated is *King David* (Howells said: ‘I’m prouder to have written ‘King David’ than almost anything else of mine.’), there are other de la Mare settings that run it close.

Tom Sails Away is the third song of a group entitled *Three Songs of War*, and was composed a year before the First World War ended. This poignant music recalls a series of intimate family memories that are clouded by the departure of Ives’s brother Tom to fight for freedom. Ives’s own text runs: ‘In freedom’s



cause Tom sailed away', and the music, marked *ff* and *marcato*, suddenly breaks free from the impressionistic texture of the song's opening, as Ives quotes the war tune 'Over there'. The music is based on a rejected sketch for Ives's own Third Violin Sonata. The circus band (1894) also started life as an instrumental piece, this time a quickstep march for band or piano. The song conveys a young lad's excitement at watching a circus parade, and Ives clearly had fun in illustrating how certain members of the band were consistently out of step!

NURSERY RHYMES

Richard Rodney Bennett's *Songs before Sleep*, commissioned from BBC Radio 3 and the Royal Philharmonic Society for Jonathan Lemalu, were composed in 2002 and first performed with Lemalu and Michael Hampton in Wilton's Music Hall in June 2003 as part of the Spitalfields Festival. The idea of taking the texts from the *Oxford Dictionary of Nursery Rhymes*, edited by Iona and Peter Opie, came from Bennett's sister Meg Peacocke. Bennett composed original vocal settings for all the poems, even those associated with traditional melodies. These songs manage to combine considerable rhythmic sophistication with a child-like simplicity, that is somewhat diminished in the slightly later string arrangement (premiered by Christopher Maltman, with John Wilson conducting the Britten Sinfonia, at the Bury St Edmunds Festival in May 2004).

LULLABIES AND BEDTIME

Gareth Brynmor John and William Vann begin their final group with two songs from Howells's *Peacock Pie*. *Tired Tim* is marked, appropriately for a line such as 'Too tired to yawn, too tired to sleep', languid. *Full Moon* is a delectable nocturne in which the vocal

line floats over an *ostinato* of bare 5ths, as Dick watches the full moon shine through his bedroom window.

Fauré's *Les Berceaux* was composed in 1879 when he had broken off his relationship with Marianne Viardot. Earlier in the same year he had confided to Mme Clerc that he had been going through a crisis for some time but didn't know what lay behind it. It is one of his most sombre songs, and has a vocal range of a 13th (from low A flat to high F) that is greater than that of any other Fauré song. The poet Sully Prudhomme, largely forgotten today, pipped Leo Tolstoy to the post in the 1901 Nobel Prize for Literature for 'the lofty idealism and artistic perfection' of his work.

Mendelssohn, writing to Charlotte Moscheles on 9 October 1847, described his mood as 'grau in grau' – grey on grey. Fanny, his dearly loved sister, had died on May 14, and her death unleashed in him a storm of anguish that we can hear in the F minor String Quartet and three of the songs from Opus 71: *Auf der Wanderschaft* (July 27), *An die Entfernte* (September 22) and *Nachtlied* (October 1). Transience is the theme in the first two stanzas of this lovely song: Death the Reaper will overnight snatch away your nearest and dearest. In the third stanza, however, the music rises to a climax of remarkable breadth, as God brings solace to the bereaved: despite his suffering, the poet is moved to praise Him as the nightingale bursts into song. Hermann von Eichendorff in the biography of his father Joseph (page 931) tells us that the song was sung to Mendelssohn as he lay on his death bed.

Gareth and Will end this recital, fittingly, with a cradle song. Marked *sognando* and slowly and with an even sway, Ives's song sets a poem by Augusta L. Ives, a distant relative. Composed in 1919, a year after he had suffered a serious heart attack, it is one of his last works.



Gareth Brynmor John *baritone*

Winner of the Kathleen Ferrier Award, baritone Gareth Brynmor John studied at Cambridge, the Royal Academy of Music where he won the Patrons' Award, and the National Opera Studio where he was supported by the Royal Opera House. He made his debut with Welsh National Opera singing Schaubard / *La Bohème* and went on to sing Masetto / *Don Giovanni*, Eugene Onegin, Papageno / *Die Zauberflöte* and Robert / *Les Vepres Siciliennes* all for Welsh National Opera. Other roles include Servilio / Lucio Papirio Dittatore at the Buxton Festival, and Ishmeron / *The Indian Queen* with Opéra de Lille under Emmanuelle Haïm. Concert performances

include *Elijah* at Birmingham Town Hall; *Carmina Burana* with the Bach Choir at the Royal Festival Hall, and at the Barbican; Handel's *Messiah* and Faure's *Requiem* at the Royal Albert Hall, Dream of *Gerontius* with the Leeds Philharmonic Chorus, Brahms' *Requiem* with the Bournemouth Symphony Orchestra, Stanford *Missa via Victrix* with the BBC National Orchestra of Wales and The Kingdom with the BBC Philharmonic Orchestra and at Ely Cathedral, various concerts with the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra and the Mozart *Requiem* with the Hong Kong Philharmonic Orchestra.

Gareth has given song recitals across the UK, including at St John's Smith Square, Wigmore Hall, Barber Institute, King's Place, King's Lynn Festival, North Norfolk Music Festival, Ludlow Festival of Song, Haddo Festival, Wallace Collection, Bath International Festival, Buxton Festival and at the Oxford Lieder and Leeds Lieder festivals.

William Vann *piano*

This is William Vann's second disc for Champs Hill, and he is delighted to return to a label of which he is very fond. Born in Bedford, he was a Chorister at King's College, Cambridge, and a Music Scholar at Bedford School. He subsequently read law and took up a choral scholarship at Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge, where he was taught the piano by Peter Uppard, and studied piano accompaniment at the Royal Academy of Music with Malcolm Martineau and Colin Stone. A multiple-prize-winning and critically acclaimed conductor and accompanist, he is equally at home on the podium or at the piano and he has collaborated across the world with a vast array of singers, instrumentalists and orchestras. His discography includes recordings with Albion, Champs Hill, Chandos, Delphian, Etcetera, Navona and SOMM. He is the Director of Music at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, the founder of the London English Song Festival, an Associate of the RAM, a Fellow of the Royal College of Organists, a Trustee of the Ralph Vaughan Williams Society and a Freeman of the Worshipful Company of Musicians.

williamvann.com



SONG LYRICS

Champs Hill Records regrets that it is unable to reproduce the texts of tracks 5, 9, 10, 11, 12, 19, 20 due to copyright.

1 **The Children's Hour** Charles Ives

Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations,
That is known as Children's Hour.

I hear in the chamber above me
The patter of little feet,
The sound of a door that is opened
And voices soft and sweet.

From my study I see in the lamplight
Descending the broad hall stair,
Grave Alice, and laughing Allegra
And Edith with golden hair.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–1882)

FAIRY TALES AND CAUTIONARY TALES

2 **Tom der Reimer** Carl Loewe

Der Reimer Thomas lag am Bach,
Am Kieselbach bei Huntly Schloß.
Da sah er eine blonde Frau,
Die saß auf einem weißen Roß.

Sie saß auf einem weißen Roß,
Die Mähne war geflochten fein,
Und hell an jeder Flechte hing
Ein silberblankes Glöcklein.

Und Tom der Reimer zog den Hut
Und fiel auf's Knie, er grüßt und spricht:
„Du bist die Himmelskönigin!
Du bist von dieser Erde nicht!“

Die blonde Frau hüt an ihr Roß:
„Ich will dir sagen, wer ich bin;
Ich bin die Himmelsjungfrau nicht,
Ich bin die Elfenkönigin!“

„Nimm deine Harf und spiel und sing
Und laß dein bestes Lied erschalln!
Doch wenn du meine Lippe küßt,
Bist du mir sieben Jahr verfalln!“

„Wohl! sieben Jahr, o Königin,
Zu dienen dir, es schreckt mich kaum!“
Er küßte sie, sie küßte ihn,
Ein Vogel sang im Eschenbaum.

„Nun bist du mein, nun zieh mit mir,
Nun bist du mein auf sieben Jahr.“
Sie ritten durch den grünen Wald,
Wie glücklich da der Reimer war!

Sie ritten durch den grünen Wald
Bei Vogelsang und Sonnenschein,
Und wenn sie leicht am Zügel zog,
So klangen hell die Glöcklein.

Theodor Fontane (1819–1898)

Tom the Rhymer

*Thomas Rhymer lay by the burn,
The pebble burn by Huntly Castle
When he beheld a fair lady
Sitting on a white steed.*

*She was sitting on a white steed
Whose mane was finely braided,
And brightly shining from each braid
There hung a tiny silver bell.*

*And Thomas Rhymer doffed his hat
And dropped on one knee, and greets her thus:
'You must be the Queen of Heaven!
You are not of this earth!'*

*The fair lady reins in her steed:
'I shall tell you who I am;
I am not the Queen of Heaven,
I am the Queen of the Elves.*

*Take up your harp and play and sing
And let your finest song be heard,
But if you ever kiss my lips,
You shall serve me for seven years.'*

*'To serve you, O queen, for seven years,
Shall scarcely frighten me!
He kissed her, she kissed him,
A bird sang in the ash tree.*

*'Now you are mine, now come with me,
Now you are mine for seven years!'
They rode through the green wood,
How happy now the Rhymer was.*

*They rode through the green wood,
The birds sang, the sun shone,
And when she lightly pulled the reins,
The little bells rang brightly.*

3 **Erlekönig** Franz Schubert

Wer reitet so spät durch Nacht und Wind?
Es ist der Vater mit seinem Kind;
Er hat den Knaben wohl in dem Arm,
Er faßt ihn sicher, er hält ihn warm.

Mein Sohn, was birgst du so bang dein Gesicht? –
Siehst, Vater, du den Erlekönig nicht?
Den Erlenkönig mit Kron' und Schweif?
Mein Sohn, es ist ein Nebelstreif. –

„Du liebes Kind, komm, geh mit mir!
Gar schöne Spiele spiel' ich mit dir;
Manch' bunte Blumen sind an dem Strand;
Meine Mutter hat manch gülden Gewand.“ –

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und hörest du nicht,
Was Erlenkönig mir leise verspricht? –
Sei ruhig, bleibe ruhig, mein Kind;
In dürren Blättern säuselt der Wind. –

„Willst feiner Knabe, du mit mir gehn?
Meine Töchter sollen dich warten schön;
Meine Töchter führen den nächtlichen Reihn,
Und wiegen und tanzen und singen dich ein.“

Mein Vater, mein Vater, und siehst du nicht dort
Erlkönigs Töchter am düstern Ort? –
Mein Sohn, mein Sohn, ich seh' es genau;
Es scheinen die alten Weiden so grau. –

„Ich liebe dich, mich reizt deine schöne Gestalt;
Und bist du nicht willig, so brauch' ich Gewalt.“ –
Mein Vater, mein Vater, jetzt faßt er mich an!
Erlkönig hat mir ein Leids getan! –

Dem Vater grauset's, er reitet geschwind,
Er hält in den Armen das ächzende Kind,
Erreicht den Hof mit Müh' und Not;
In seinen Armen das Kind war tot.

Johann Wolfgang von Goethe (1749–1832)

Erlking

*Who rides so late through night and wind?
It is the father with his child;
He has the boy safe in his arms,
He holds him close, he keeps him warm.*

*'My son, why hide your face in fear?'
'Can't you see the Erlking, father?
The Erlking with his crown and robe?'
'My son, it is a streak of mist.'*

*'You sweetest child, come go with me!
Wondrous games I'll play with you;
Many pretty flowers grow on the shore,
My mother has many a garment of gold.'*

*'Father, O father, can't you hear
The Erlking's whispered promises?'
'Be calm, stay calm, my child,
The wind is rustling in withered leaves.'*

*'Won't you come with me, fine boy?
My daughters shall take good care of you;
My daughters lead the nightly dance,
And will rock and dance and sing you to sleep.'*

*'Father, O father, can't you see
The Erlking's daughters there in the gloom?'
'My son, my son, I can see quite clearly:
It's the old willows gleaming so grey.'*

*I love you. Your beautiful figure excites me;
And if you're not willing, I'll take you by force.'
'Father, O father, he's seizing me now!
The Erlking has done me harm!'*

*The father shudders, swiftly he rides,
With the groaning child in his arms,
With a final effort he reaches home –
The child lay dead in his arms.*

4 Der Sandmann Robert Schumann

Zwei feine Stieflein hab ich an
Mit wunderweichen Söhlchen dran,
Ein Säcklein hab ich hinten auf,
Husch, trippl' ich rasch die Trepp hinauf.
Und wenn ich in die Stube tret,
Die Kinder beten ihr Gebet,
Von meinem Sand zwei Körnelein
Streu ich auf ihre Äugelein,
Da schlafen sie die ganze Nacht
In Gottes und der Englein Wacht.
Von meinem Sand zwei Körnelein
Streut' ich auf ihre Äugelein:

Den frommen Kindern soll gar schön
Ein froher Traum vorübergehn.
Nun risch und rasch mit Sack und Stab
Nur wieder jetzt die Trepp hinab!
Ich kann nicht länger müßig stehn,
Muß heut noch zu gar vielen gehn.
Da nickt ihr schon und lacht im Traum,
und öffnete doch mein Säcklein kaum.

Hermann Kletke (1813–1886)

The Sandman

*I wear two little soft boots
With marvellously soft little soles;
I carry a little sack on my back,
In a flash I slip upstairs.
And when I step into their room
The children are saying their prayers:
I sprinkle on their little eyes
Two little grains of my sand,
Then they sleep all night long,
Watched over by God and angels.
I've sprinkled on their little eyes
Two little grains of my sand:
For all good children
Ought to have happy dreams.
Quick as a flash with sack and wand
I steal downstairs again.
I can't afford to linger longer,
There are many more to visit tonight;
They're nodding and smiling in their dreams,
Yet I hardly opened my sack at all.*

6 Little Sir William Benjamin Britten

Easter day was a holiday
Of all the days in the year,
And all the little schoolfellows
Went out to play
But Sir William was not there.

Mamma went to the School Wife House
And knocked at the ring,
Saying, "Little Sir William
if you are there,
Pray let your mother in."

The School Wife open'd the door
And said "He is not here today.
He is with the little schoolfellows
Out on the green
Playing some pretty play."

Mamma went to the Boyne water
That is so wide and deep, saying,
"Little Sir William if you are there,
Oh pity your mother's weep."

"How can I pity your weep, mother
And I so long in pain?
For the little penknife
Sticks close to my heart
And the School Wife hath me slain.

Go home, go home my mother dear,
And prepare my winding sheet,
For tomorrow morning before eight o'clock,
You with my body shall meet.

And lay my prayer book at my head,
And my grammar at my feet,
That all the little schoolfellows
as they pass by
May read them for my sake."

Anon.

7 **Das irdische Leben**
Gustav Mahler

"Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich."
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir ernten geschwind!"

Und als das Korn geerntet war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
"Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich."
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir dreschen geschwind."

Und als das Korn gedroschen war,
Rief das Kind noch immerdar:
"Mutter, ach Mutter! es hungert mich,
Gib mir Brot, sonst sterbe ich."
"Warte nur, mein liebes Kind,
Morgen wollen wir backen geschwind."

Und als das Brot gebacken war,
Lag das Kind auf der Totenbahn.

Anon., ed. *Achim von Arnim (1781–1831) & Clemens Maria Brentano (1778–1842)*

Life on Earth

*Mother, ah mother, I am starving.
Give me bread or I shall die.
Wait, only wait, my beloved child!
Tomorrow the reaping will be swiftly done.*

*And when at last the corn was reaped,
Still the child kept on crying:
Mother, ah mother, I am starving,
Give me bread or I shall die.
Wait, only wait, my beloved child!
Tomorrow the threshing will be swiftly done.*

*And when at last the corn was threshed,
Still the child kept on crying:
Mother, ah mother, I am starving.
Give me bread or I shall die.
Wait, only wait, my beloved child!
Tomorrow the baking will be swiftly done.*

*And when at last the bread was baked,
The child lay dead upon the bier.*

DAYS OUT AND ADVENTURES

8 **Drake's Drum**

Charles Villiers Stanford
Drake he's in his hammock and a thousand
miles away,
(Captain, art thou sleeping there below?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre
Dios Bay,
And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.
Yonder looms the Island, yonder lie the ships,



With sailor-lads a-dancing heel-an'-toe,
And the shore-lights flashing, and the
night-tide dashing,
He sees it all so plainly as he saw it long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' ruled the
Devon seas,
(Captain, art thou sleeping there below?)
Roving tho' his death fell, he went with heart
at ease,
And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.
"Take my drum to England, hang it by the shore,
Strike it when your powder's running low;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port
o' Heaven,
And drum them up the Channel as we
drummed them long ago."

Drake he's in his hammock till the great
Armadas come,
(Captain, art thou sleeping there below?)
Slung atween the round shot, listening for
the drum,
And dreaming all the time of Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up
the Sound,
Call him when you sail to meet the foe;
Where the old trade's plying and the old
flag flying
They shall find him ware and waking, as
they found him long ago!

Henry Newbolt (1862–1938)

NURSERY RHYMES

Songs before Sleep

Richard Rodney Bennett

13 1 **The Mouse and the Bumblebee**

A cat came fiddling out of a barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm.
She could sing nothing but fiddle-de-dee,
The mouse shall marry the bumblebee.
Pipe, cat, dance, mouse!
We'll have a wedding at our good house.

Fiddle-de-dee, fiddle-de-dee,
The mouse has married the bumblebee.
They went to church and married was she,
The mouse has married the bumblebee.

The cat came fiddling out of the barn,
With a pair of bagpipes under her arm.
She sang nothing but fiddle-de-dee,
Which worried the mouse and the bumblebee.
Puss began purring, the mouse ran away,
And the bee flew off with a loud huzza!

14 2 **Wee Willie Winkie**

Wee Willie Winkie runs through the town,
Upstairs and downstairs in his nightgown.
Rapping at the window, crying at the lock,
Are the children in bed, for it's now
ten o'clock.

Hey, Willie Winkie, are you coming in?
The cat's singing quiet songs to the
sleeping hen,
The dog's sprawled across the floor, and
doesn't give a cheep,
But here's a wakeful laddie that will not
fall asleep.

Anything but sleep you rogue! glowering like
the moon,
Rattling in an iron mug with an iron spoon,
Rumbling, tumbling roundabout, crowing
like a cock,
Squealing like I-don't-know-what,
waking sleeping folk.

Hey, Willie Winkie, the child's in a creel,
Scrambling off its mother's knee like a
very eel,
Tugging at the cat's ear and spoiling all
her dreams,
Hey, Willie Winkie see, here he comes!

Weary is the mother that has a wakeful bairn,
A wee wilful mischief that can't be left alone,
That battles every night with sleep before
he'll close an eye,
But a kiss from off his rosy lips gives
strength anew to me.

15 3 **Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star**

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are!
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle all the night.

When the traveller in the dark
Thanks you for your tiny spark,
He could not see which way to go
If you did not twinkle so.

In the dark blue sky you keep,
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye,
'Till the sun is in the sky.

As your bright and tiny spark
Lights the traveller in the dark,
Though I know now what you are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Jane Taylor (1783–1824)

16 4 **Baby, Baby, Naughty Baby**

Baby, baby, naughty baby,
Hush, you squalling thing, I say.
Peace this moment, peace or maybe
Bonaparte will pass this way.

Baby, baby he's a giant,
Tall and black as Rouen steeple.
And he breakfasts, dines, rely on it,
Every day on naughty people.

Baby, baby, if he hears you,
As he gallops past the house.
Limb from limb at once he'll tear you,
Just as pussy tears a mouse.

And he'll beat you, beat you, beat you,
And he'll beat you all to pap,
And he'll eat you, eat you, eat you,
snap, snap, snap.

17 5 **As I Walked by Myself**

As I walked by myself
And talked to myself,
Myself said unto me,
Look to thyself,
Take care of thyself,
For nobody cares for thee.

I answered myself,
And said to myself
In the selfsame repartee,
Look to thyself,
Or not to thyself,
The selfsame thing will be.

18 **6 There was an Old Woman**

There was an old woman lived under a hill,
And if she's not gone she lives there still.
There was an old woman lived under a hill,
Put a mouse in a bag and went to the mill.
The miller did swear by the point of his knife,
He never took toll of a mouse in his life.

There was an old woman and nothing
she had,

And so this old woman was said to be mad.
She'd nothing to eat and nothing to wear,
She'd nothing to lose and nothing to fear.
She'd nothing to ask and nothing to give,
And when she did die, she'd nothing to leave.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children she didn't know
what to do.

She gave them some porridge without
any bread,
Then she borrowed a hammer and knocked
them all dead.

She went to the town to bespeak 'em
a coffin,

But when she got back they were lying
there laughing.

She went up the stairs to ring the bell
Then she slipped her foot and down she fell.
So she got the coffin to herself.

There was an old woman tossed up in
a basket,
Seventeen times as high as the moon.
And where she was going I couldn't but
ask it,
For in her hand, she carried a broom.
Old woman, old woman, old woman, quoth I,
Where are you going to, up so high?
To brush the cobwebs off the sky.

LULLABIES AND BEDTIME

21 **Les Berceaux**
Gabriel Fauré

Le long du quai les grands vaisseaux,
Que la houle incline en silence,
Ne prennent pas garde aux berceaux
Que la main des femmes balance.

Mais viendra le jour des adieux,
Car il faut que les femmes pleurent,
Et que les hommes curieux
Tentent les horizons qui leurrent.

Et ce jour-là les grands vaisseaux,
Fuyant le port qui diminue,
Sentent leur masse retenue
Par l'âme des lointains berceaux.

Sully Prudhomme (1839–1907)

The Cradles

*Along the quay the great ships,
Listing silently with the surge,
Pay no heed to the cradles
Rocked by women's hands.*

*But the day of parting will come,
For it is decreed that women shall weep,
And that men with questing spirits
Shall venture toward enticing horizons.*

*And on that day the great ships,
Leaving the dwindling harbour behind,
Shall feel their hulls held back
By the soul of distant cradles.*

22 **Nachtlied**
Felix Mendelssohn

Vergangen ist der lichte Tag,
Von ferne kommt der Glocken Schlag;
So reist die Zeit die ganze Nacht,
Nimmt manchen mit, der's nicht gedacht.

Wo ist nun hin die bunte Lust,
Des Freundes Trost und treue Brust,
Der Liebsten süßer Augenschein?
Will keiner mit mir munter sein?

Frisch auf denn, liebe Nachtigall,
Du Wasserfall mit hellem Schall!
Gott loben wollen wir vereint,
Bis daß der lichte Morgen scheint!

Joseph von Eichendorff (1788–1857)

Night Song

*Daylight has departed,
The sound of bells comes from afar;
Thus time moves on throughout the night,
Taking many an unwitting soul.*

*Where now is all the garish joy,
The comforting breast of a faithful friend,
The sweet light of the loved one's eyes?
Will no one stay awake with me?*

*Strike up then, dear nightingale,
With your cascade of bright sound!
Together we shall praise God,
Until the light of morning dawns!*

23 **Cradle song**
Charles Ives

Hush thee, dear child to slumbers;
We will sing softest numbers;
Nought thy sleeping encumbers.

Summer is slowly dying;
Autumnal winds are sighing;
Faded leaflets are flying.

Brightly the willows quiver;
Peacefully flows the river;
So shall love flow for ever.

Augusta L. Ives

*Translations © by Richard Stokes from A French
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of Lieder (Faber, 2005)*