

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, Ten Blake Songs part I

The Divine Image (Innocence)
To Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
All pray in their distress;
And to these virtues of delight
Return their thankfulness.

For Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is God, our father dear,
And Mercy, Pity, Peace, and Love
Is Man, his child and care.

For Mercy has a human heart,
Pity a human face,
And Love, the human form divine,
And Peace, the human dress.

Then every man, of every clime,
That prays in his distress,
Prays to the human form divine,
Love, Mercy, Pity, Peace.

And all must love the human form,
In heathen, Turk, or Jew;
Where Mercy, Love, and Pity dwell
There God is dwelling too.

Infant Joy (Innocence)

I have no name
I am but two days old.
What shall I call thee?
I happy am
Joy is my name,
Sweet joy befall thee!

Pretty joy!
Sweet joy but two days old,
Sweet joy I call thee;
Thou dost smile.
I sing the while
Sweet joy befall thee.

The Piper (Innocence, titled 'Introduction')

Piping down the valleys wild
Piping songs of pleasant glee
On a cloud I saw a child
And he laughing said to me

Pipe a song about a Lamb;
So I piped with merry cheer,
Piper pipe that song again
So I piped, he wept to hear.

Drop thy pipe thy happy pipe
Sing thy songs of happy cheer,
So I sung the same again
While he wept with joy to hear.

Piper sit thee down and write
In a book that all may read
So he vanish'd from my sight.
And I pluck'd a hollow reed.

And I made a rural pen,
And I stain'd the water clear,

And I wrote my happy songs
Every child may joy to hear.

Eternity (Several Questions Answered)
He who binds to himself a joy
Does the winged life destroy;
But he who kisses the joy as it flies
Lives in eternity's sun rise.

The look of love alarms,
Because it's fill'd with fire;
But the look of soft deceit
Shall win the lover's hire.

Soft deceit and idleness,
These are Beauty's sweetest dress.

A Poison Tree (Experience)
I was angry with my friend;
I told my wrath, my wrath did end.
I was angry with my foe:
I told it not, my wrath did grow.

And I water'd it in fears,
Night & morning with my tears:
And I sunned it with smiles,
And with soft deceitful wiles.

And it grew both day and night.
Till it bore an apple bright.
And my foe beheld it shine,
And he knew that it was mine.

And into my garden stole,
When the night had veil'd the pole;
In the morning glad I see;
My foe outstretched beneath the tree.

CYRIL SCOTT - Idyllic Fantasy
(Poem by Cyril Scott)

Ah, Ah
What plaintive melodies are these,
Sighing 'mid the shadowy trees?
O minstrels say,
Why do ye play so sadly?
Is it that ye mourn the end of day
And the dying sun behind the leas?

Well-nigh your pipe and strings
Murmur to me imperishable things,
Enveiled rememberings
Of incense-perfumed hours
And evening-shaded bowers
And gloamings of the heart.
Ah verily,
Almost the tears start
And I too
Must mourn with you.

Yet what is this,
What mystery?
For suddenly
A gayer note I hear;
Aye, something strikes my ear
Like dancing feet

Fairy-like and fleet,
And redolent of delight.
And now,
What strange and joyous sight
I see, for lo!
Ye minstrels with your strains ye
did evoke
The blythe fairy folk.

HERBERT MURRILL - Three Carols Rosa Mystica

Out of a tender root
a little rose has sprung
As foretold by the Prophets
from Jesse came the grace
and wrought a little flower.
In midst of coldest winter
to cheer the darkest night.

The little rose I think of
of which Isaiah spake
has the pure virgin Mary
alone to us now wrought
in God's eternal purpose
This Child of her was born
to cheer the darkest night.

Cradle Song

O my dear heart young Jesus
sweet,
prepare thy cradle in my spreit.
And I sall rock thee in my hert
And nevermair from Thee depart.
But I sall praise thee evermore
With sang - is sweit unto Thy gloir
The knees of my hert sall I bow
and sing that richt 'Balulalow'.

The Falcon (Corpus Christi Carol)

Lully, Lullay, Lully, Lullay,
the Faucon hath borne my make
away.
He bare him up, he bare him down
he bare him into an orchard brown.
In that orchard there was a halle
that was hanged with purple and
pall.
And in that halle there was a bed
It was hanged with gold so red.
And in that bed there lieth a knight
his woundes bleeding day and
night.
At the bed's foot there lieth a
hound
Licking the blood as it runs down.
At that bedside kneeleth a may
And she weepeth both night and
day.
And at that bed's head standeth a
stone
'Corpus Christi' written on.
Lully, Lullay, Lully, Lullay,
the Faucon hath borne my make
away.

CAREY BLYTON - Lyrics from the Chinese

(Translated by Helen Waddell)
Peach blossom after rain
Peach blossom after rain is
deeper red;
The willow fresher green;
And fallen petals lie
windblown,
Unswept, unswept
Upon the courtyard stone.

Within the massive cup of jade

Within the massive cup of jade
The yellow liquid shines;
Our Prince is sure a man of
men,
And splendid are his wines.

I saw the marsh with rushes dank and green

I saw the marsh with rushes
dank and green,
And deep black pools beneath
a sunset sky,
And lotus silver bright,
Gleam on their blackness in
the dying light,
As I passed by.

And all that night I saw as in a
dream
Her fair face lifted up
Shine in the darkness like a
lotus cup
Snow-white against the deep
black pool of night
Till dawn was nigh.

Blue Iris sweetest smells

Blue Iris sweetest smells,
Upon its stem unbroken.
A woman highest sells
With her fair name unspoken.

We load the sacrificial stands

We load the sacrificial stands
Of wood and earthenware,
The smell of burning southern
wood
Is heavy in the air.

It was our fathers' sacrifice,
It may be they were eased.
We know no harm to come of
it,
It may be God is pleased.

White clouds are in the sky

White clouds are in the sky
Great shoulders of the hills
Between us two must lie.

The road is rough and far
Deep fords between us are.
I pray you not to die.

RUTLAND BOUGHTON - (untitled)

(Poem: **Fairy-led** by Mary Webb)
 The fairy people flouted me,
 Mocked me, shouted me
 They chased me down the dreamy
 hill and beat me with a wand.
 Within the wood they found me, put
 spells on me and bound me
 And left me at the edge of day in
 John the miller's pond.

Beneath the eerie starlight
 Their hair shone curd-white;
 Their bodies were all twisted like a
 lichen apple-tree;
 Feather-light and swift they moved,
 And never one the other loved,
 For all were full of ancient dreams
 and dark designs on me.

With noise of leafy singing
 And white wands swinging,
 They marched away amid the grass
 that swayed to let them through.
 Between the yellow tansies
 Their eyes, like purple pansies,
 Peered back on me before they
 passed all trackless in the dew.

PHILIP NAPIER MILES - Four Songs

(Poems by Robert Bridges)

The Poppy

A poppy grows upon the shore,
 Bursts her twin cup in summer late:
 Her leaves are glaucous-green and
 hoar,
 Her petals yellow, delicate.

Of to her cousins turns her thought,
 In wonder if they care that she
 Is fed with spray for dew, and caught
 By every gale that sweeps the sea.

She has no lovers like the red,
 That dances with the noble corn:
 Her blossoms on the waves are
 shed,
 Where she stands shivering and
 alone.

The Cliff Top

The cliff-top has a carpet
 Of lilac, gold and green:
 The blue sky bounds the ocean,
 The white clouds scud between.
 A flock of gulls are wheeling
 And wailing round my seat;
 Above my head the heaven,
 The sea beneath my feet.

Thou art alone, Fond Lover

The evening darkens over
 After a day so bright,
 The windcapt waves discover
 That wild will be the night.
 There's sound of distant thunder.

The latest seabirds hover
 Along the cliff's sheer height;
 As in the memory wander
 Last flutterings of delight,
 White wings lost on the white.

There's not a ship in sight;
 And as the sun goes under
 Thick clouds conspire to cover
 The moon that should rise yonder.
 Thou art alone, fond lover.

When June is come

When June is come, then all the
 day
 I'll sit with my love in the scented
 hay:
 And watch the sunshot palaces
 high,
 That the white clouds build in the
 breezy sky.
 She singeth, and I do make her a
 song,
 And read sweet poems the whole
 day long:
 Unseen as we lie in our haybuilt
 home.
 O life is delight when June is come.

BENJAMIN BRITTEN - Nocturne

(excerpt)

(Poem: **The Kind ghosts** by Wilfred
 Owen)

She sleeps on soft, last breaths; but
 no ghost looms
 Out of the stillness of her palace
 wall,
 Her wall of boys on boys and
 dooms on dooms.

She dreams of golden gardens and
 sweet glooms,
 Not marvelling why her roses never
 fall
 Nor what red mouths were torn to
 make their blooms.

The shades keep down which well
 might roam her hall.

Quiet their blood lies in her
 crimson rooms
 And she is not afraid of their
 footfall.

They move not from her tapestries,
 their pall,
 Nor pace her terraces, their
 hecatombs,
 Lest aught she be disturbed, or
 grieved at all.

RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, Ten**Blake Songs part II**

London (Experience)

I wander thro' each charter'd
 street,
 Near where the charter'd Thames

does flow.
 And mark in every face I meet
 Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

In every cry of every Man,
 In every Infants' cry of fear,
 In every voice: in every ban,
 The mind-forg'd manacles I hear.

How the Chimney-sweepers cry
 Every blackning Church appalls,
 And the hapless Soldiers sigh
 Runs in blood down Palace walls.

But most thro' midnight streets I
 hear
 How the youthful Harlots curse
 Blasts the new-born Infants tear
 And blights with plagues the
 Marriage hearse.

Ah! Sun-flower (Experience)

Ah Sun-flower! weary of time,
 Who countest the steps of the Sun:
 Seeking after that sweet golden
 clime
 Where the traveller's journey is
 done.

Where the Youth pined away with
 desire,

And the pale Virgin shrouded in
 snow:

Arise from their graves and aspire,
 Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

Cruelty Has a Human Heart

(Experience, titled 'A Divine Image')

Cruelty has a Human Heart
 And Jealousy a Human Face
 Terror the Human Form Divine
 And Secrecy, the Human Dress.

The Human Dress, is forged Iron
 The Human Form, a fiery Forge.
 The Human Face, a Furnace seal'd
 The Human Heart, its hungry
 Gorge.

The Lamb (Innocence)

Little Lamb who made thee
 Dost thou know who made
 thee
 Gave thee life & bid thee feed.
 By the stream & o'er the mead;
 Gave thee clothing of delight,
 Softest clothing wooly bright;
 Gave thee such a tender voice,
 Making all the vales rejoice!
 Little Lamb who made thee
 Dost thou know who made
 thee

Little Lamb I'll tell thee,
 Little Lamb I'll tell thee!
 He is called by thy name,
 For he calls himself a Lamb:

He is meek & he is mild,
 He became a little child:
 I a child & thou a lamb,
 We are called by his name.
 Little Lamb God bless
 thee.
 Little Lamb God bless
 thee.

The Shepherd (Innocence)

How sweet is the shepherd's
 sweet lot!
 From the morn to the evening
 he strays;
 He shall follow his sheep all
 the day,
 And his tongue shall be filled
 with praise.

For he hears the lambs'
 innocent call,
 And he hears the ewes' tender
 reply;
 He is watchful while they are
 in peace,
 For they know when their
 shepherd is nigh.

Programme notes for this album are at
https://oboeclassics.com/Blake_notes.pdf