

Roland Hayes

WORDS OF SONGS

18th CENTURY SONGS

- CALDARA (1671-1763) SELVE AMICHE
(Sylvan Friends)
Sylvan friends, shady plants
Faithful refuge of my heart
This loving spirit asks of you
Only peace for its grieving.
- GALUPPI (1706-1785) EVIVA ROSA
"Long live Rosa Bella!"
So say in their discourse
The trees, the grass, the fruit, the flowers,
The little birds, the streams,
The dogs and cats,
The wise and the foolish,
The whole world speaks thus.
Long live the fair one who has wounded my heart!
- HANDEL (1685-1759) "AH SPIETATO" from the
Opera "AMADIGI"
Ah, implacable, and nothing swerves thee,
An affection so constant, wearies me!
- HANDEL "AMOR COMMANDA"
ARIA from FLORIDANTE
Love asks for honour in life, highest
duty is to risk your life,
No, no, no, one does give that.
Already the soul has been charmed
by glory and feels sure.
- HANDEL "WOULD YOU GAIN THE
TENDER CREATURE" (from "Acis and Galatea")
Would you gain the tender creature,
Softly, gently, kindly treat her,
Suffring is the lover's part.
Softly, gently, kindly treat her,
Suffring is the lover's part.
Beauty by constraint possessing
You enjoy but half the blessing,
Lifeless charms without the heart.
- ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI (1684-1757) "GIA IL
SOLE DAL GANGE" ("Now the Sun of the Ganges")
Now the sun of the Ganges
More clearly sparkles,
And every ray of the dawn
Comes forth a meadow gilded with light.
Every stem and bud are painted
With heavenly stars.
- ZANDONAI "ULTIMA ROSA"
("The Last Rose")
Last rose, the moon beholds thee
Snowy white and dying,
Intoxicated with divine love
Thou speakest a mystery to the moon.
Because thou art sweet and calm.
Because thou art resplendent—and die.
The moon, astonished, hears, is silent,
O! Mad Queen of the Flowers!
- J. W. FRANCK "SEI NUR STILL"
("Rest Thou Still")
Rest thou still! Rest thou still, and trust in God;
He knows all; He banishes pain and mockery,
Brings glory and rejoicing.
All things must happen as He wills;
Rest thou still, rest thou still!
The sun can shine upon thee before thou knowest it;
Take heart and change thy course.
Drive away sorrow and weeping—think that all
happens as God wills.
- DONAUDY Aria, "PERDUTA HO LA SPERANZA"
I contemplate you and lose my hopes,
Hope alone nourished my heart!
Ah, unless love shines as a beacon, faith founders,
May not faith have love?

GERMAN SONGS

FRANZ SCHUBERT:

- SCHUBERT "LIED EINES SCHIFFERS AN
DI DIOSCURI" ("A Boatman's Hymn to the Dioscuri")
Dioscuri, twin-stars, whose light guides my boat,
How becalming on the deep is your mildness, your
wakefulness!
Even the strongest of heart, meeting the storm bravely,
Feels himself in your rays yet more courageous and
blessed.
This oar which, to part the waves, I am swinging,
I shall hang up on your temple's pillars once I am
safely back, Dioscuri, twin-stars!
- SCHUBERT "RASTLOSE LIEBE"
("Restless Love")
Against snow, rain and wind,
Through steaming chasms and misty odours,
On, on, on, without rest or quiet!
Rather should I fight my way through sorrow
Than bear so much joy in life.
All this longing from heart to heart
Oh! how won't it is to cause pain.
How now, shall I flee?
Go to the woods? All, all in vain!
Crown of life, happiness without rest,
Love are you, oh, love are you!
- SCHUBERT "DIE STADT"
("The Town")
The far horizon shows us in vaporous hues portrayed
The town's high tow'rs and steeples all shrouded in
twilight haze,
A moist and chilly night breeze across the water blows,
With even and mournful cadence the boatman our
light skiff rows,
Once more the bright sun reviving sheds on the earth
his warm ray,
Once more the place illumines where pass'd my dar'ing
away.
- SCHUBERT "NACHT UND TRÄUME"
("Night and Dreams")
Holy night, thou sinkest downward:
As the moonlight through the spaces,
Flow thy dreams with gleaming traces,
Through the silent, silent breasts of men.
Joyful each to vision wakes,
Call they when the dawning breaks:
Come thou back, holy night!
O, noble dreams, return yel
Noble dreams, return yel

GERMAN SONGS—Continued

JOHANNES BRAHMS:

BRAHMS "HEIMKEHR"
(L. Uhland) ("Returning Home") Op. 7 No. 6
Oh break not, bridge beneath my tread
Oh fall not, rocks, above my head;
World end, approach not, Heavens fall not ye,
'Till I shall with my lov'd one be.

BRAHMS "ES TRAUMTE MIR"
("I Dreamed at Night")
I dreamed at night that I was dear to thee
But all too late came the morning gleam;
For ere I wakened, too well I knew
It was a dream!

BRAHMS "WIR WANDELTEN"
("We Wandered")
We wandered once, we two together,
I was so still thou so quiet;
Would I might know, would I might know,
What thy thoughts were that happy hour.

What my thoughts were unspoken ever
May that remain! But this I tell thee,
All that I thought, all was so lovely,
So heav'nly glad its magic pow'r.

That in my head the thoughts were singing,
As golden bells were gaily ringing,
More wondrous sweet, more wondrous lovely
Than any sound of earthly dow'r.

HUGO WOLF:

WOLF "LEBE WOHL"
Edward Mörike (1804-1875) ("Fare Thee Well")
'Fare thee well' thou dost not know
What despair these words awaken;
Lightly thou didst let me go,
Calm thy face, thy breast unshaken.
Fare thee well! how oft again
In my thoughts these words are spoken,
Till, with never ending pain
My poor heart at last is broken!
(Translated by Charles Fonteyn Manney)

WOLF "NUN WANDRE, MARIA"
("Come, Mary Take Comfort")
Translated from the Spanish of Ocana by Paul Heyse
Come, Mary, take comfort, now quicken thy pace.
The cocks crow for morning, and near is the place.
Now hasten, my dear one, my love's best crown,
We soon shall set foot in far Bethlehem town.
And there shalt thou rest and sleep a space:
The cocks crow for morning and near is the place.
Well know I, Lady, Thy strength doth languish;
Scarce art thou able to bear thine anguish.
Take heart! our path we shall surely trace;
Cocks crow for morning and near is the place.
When comes thine hour of deliverance, Mary
The blessed tidings well paid shall be!
The ass that I ride I'd give with grace!
The cocks crow for morning, come! near is the place.
(English version by Nathan Haskell Dole)

WOLF "BENEDEIT DIE SELIGE MUTTER"
(Blessed be the Happy Mother)
Blessed be the happy Mother,
To whom thou, sweet maid wert given,
Full of beauty most divine,
See me kneeling at thy shrine!
Earth doth hold no maiden fairer,
Heav'n can show no beauty rarer,
Thou my treasure, thou my pleasure,
Sweet one, ev'ry blessing thine!

When afar for thee I'm longing,
On thy beauty contemplating,
Sets my pulses palpitating,
Till I scarce the pain can bear!
I can feel the flames of passion,
In my bosom wildly throbbing,
And of peace me wholly robbing,
Madness threatens me I fear!

WOLF "DENK' ES O SEELE"
(Edward Mörike) (O Soul Consider)
A little fir tree grows in woods
It may be a rose tree too, who knows
In which fair garden?
They're chosen even now, oh soul, consider
Upon thy grave to flourish and to grow there.

Two small black steeds are grazing on the meadow,
Home to the town they soon will canter gaily.
How slow the pace when drawing thy dead body
Perhaps before upon their hoofs e'en the iron loosens
That I now see gleaming!

WOLF E'EN LITTLE THINGS
("Auch Kleine Dinge")
E'en little things can yield us perfect pleasure,
E'en little things may be supremely dear
Reflect, how precious are the pearls we treasure;
Though great their worth, how small do they appear.
Bethink, how small the olive is in size,
Which for its flavor rare we highly prize.
How small a thing the rose with heart aglow,
Yet how divine its fragrance, as ye know.

SCHUMANN THE NUT TREE
There stands a green nut tree near yon door
Rarely, airy, spreading its leafy array before
With sweetest of blooms on every bough,
Swaying, sighing, o'er it the tender breezes blow.
The blossoms are whispering two by two
Wending, bending, tenderly kissing their heads
they bow.
They whisper about a maiden,
Still, dreaming and scheming by day and night,
Hardly, she knows her own will,
They're whispering, they're whispering.
How may a mortal tell their spell,
Whispering a bridegroom will come next year
Will come next year.
The maiden harkens, they murmur low,
Wond'ring, pond'ring, dreamful smiling
She slumbers now.

FRENCH SONGS

GABRIEL FAURÉ CLAIRE DE LUNE
(Paul Verlaine)

Your soul is a landscape wondrous and rare
Where spirits quaint, like some gay masqueraders,
Play on their lutes while they dance.
Tho' gentle sadness still lurks 'neath their disguise
fantastic.
Chanting the while strains of minor mode,
Triumphant love and joy of life extolling,
They seem to doubt that love and joy are real,
And into moonbeams wan their song is woven;
In melancholy moonlight, sad and calm,
That brings the birds tender dreams in the willows,
Making the fountains sob with ecstasy
Among statues cold, of white and purest marble.

MASSNET "THE DREAM" from "MANON"

It is true. I am out of my senses—
But happiness is fleeting, and heaven has made it so
light that one always fears to lose it! The wonderful
moment when fear leaves us, when we two are alone
together! Hold, Manon, I have had a dream.

Closing my eyes, I see a humble retreat.
A neat, white cottage deep in the woods;
In the quiet shade the streams run clear and joyous,
Reflecting the foliage and singing with the birds!
It is Paradise! No, all is sadness,
For there lacks one thing — Manon!
No! There our life will be if you wish it, O Manon!

SONGS IN ENGLISH

RACHMANINOFF

AGAIN ALONE

See how glorious and gay is the spring!
Let me look into thine eyes as of yore,
Answer, why art thou silent and sad,
Let me hear what thy breeze has to tell me!
Sad thy smile and mournful thy gaze—
Speak thou not! Thy words are but lies!

Oh! mine is pain and sorrow:
I'm alone again!

RACHMANINOFF

DREARY NIGHT

Dreary is the night,— dreary as my dream.
In the plain, thro' woods in darkness lying
Far away a distant light is shining.
Love and sorrow side by side abide.
No one knows what stirs my deepest soul,
Leads me onward to some hidden meaning.

Far is the way. The plain is dark and silent,
And the night is dreary as my dream.

RACHMANINOFF IN THE SILENCE OF NIGHT

Oh, in the silent night I see your vision nearing,
With your caressing voice, your artful smile, smile
 endearing,
Your hair that I was wont to stroke, your hair in flowing
 strands of black:
How oft I bid you go, how oft I call you back!
The phrases of the past anew I try to fashion,
Wild and despairing, I summon past delight,
With your beloved name I wake the silent night!

GRIFFES "AUF GEHEIMEM WALDESPFADE"
(Henry G. Chapman) ("By a lonely forest pathway")

By a lonely forest pathway I am fain at eve to flee,
To the dreary rushy beaches, Dearest, there to dream
 of thee!
And I watch the woods grow darker, hear the reeds'
 mysterious sighs,
Hear them whisp'ring and complaining, till my tears,
 my tears arise.
And I fancy 'tis the accents of thy voice that round me
 play,
Till the music of thy singing on the water dies away.

GRIFFES LAMENT OF IAN THE PROUD
(Fiona McCleod)

What is this crying that I hear in the wind?
Is it the old sorrow and the old grief?
Or is it a new thing coming, a whirling leaf about the
 grey hair,
Of me who am weary and blind?
I know not what it is, but on the moor above the shore,
There is a stone which the purple nets of heather bind,
And thereon is writ: *She will return no more!*
Oh blown whirling leaf and the old grief,
And wind crying to me who am old and blind!

GRIFFES "ROSE OF THE NIGHT"

(There is an old mystical legend, that when a
Soul among the dead woos a Soul among the
living, so that both may be reborn as one, the
sign is a dark rose, or a rose of flame, in the
heart of the night.)

QUILTER

DREAM VALLEY
(William Blake)

Memory hither come,
And tune your merry notes,
And while upon the wind your music floats,
I'll pour upon the stream where sighing lovers dream,
And fish for fancies as they pass,
Within the wat'ry glass.
I'll drink of the clear stream, and hear the linnets' song,
And there I'll lie and dream the day along,
And when night comes I'll go
To places fit for woe, walking along the darkened valley,
With silent melancholy.

QUILTER "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 spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-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 spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey no-ni-no,
How that a life was but a flower,
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-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 crowned with the prime,
In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,
When birds do sing, hey ding-a-ding,
Sweet lovers love the spring.

From Shakespeare's "As You Like It."

STOREY-SMITH "CALM IS THE MORN"

Calm is the morn without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only thro' the faded leaf,
The chestnut pattering to the ground

*Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
And on these dews that drench the furze
And all these silv'ry gossamers that twinkle into green
 and gold:
Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
These leaves that redden to the fall,
And in my heart, if calm at all, if any calm—
A calm despair.*

"In Memoriam"—Alfred Tennyson

SLONIMSKY "AUTUMN"
Poem by Alexander Block

The autumn day descends on us so languorously. . . .
The yellow leaf whirls down and soft expires. . . .
 The day is crystal clear
 And gentle is the air,
My soul will not escape life's all-consuming fires!

Thus, ev'ry day my soul grows sad and old,
And ev'ry year whirls leaflike down to earth. . . .
 It comes to me, I feel it, I remember:
Ye were not sad as this, autumns of yesteryear!

SLONIMSKY ETERNAL CIRCLE
Poem by English version by
C. Baltrushaitis N. Slonimsky

*The day is nearing dawn,
Murmur of leaves is heard,
Morning's breeze has come
To wake the forest bird.*

Hearken. . . The dawn spreads alarm
Sparkling in the dew
The air is filled with charm,
Sunlight drenches the blue.

Pouring like flame into water
Flows victorious day,
Noonday's shortening shadows
Free the conquering ray!

All that have craved for freedom
See their victory won
Chorus of joyous creatures
Chant their Hymn to the Sun!

The day is nearing twilight
Shadows veil the sight. . . .
*Bless'd be the day's bright journey
Bless'd be the glorious night!*

NEGRO SPIRITUALS

"MADE MY VOW"

Done made my vow to the Lord, I never will turn back,
I will go, I shall go, to see what the end will be.
My strength, good Lord, is almost gone.
I will go, I shall go, to see what the end will be.

But You have told me to fight on.
I will go, I shall go, to see what the end will be.
I've opened my mouth to the Lord, I never will turn back
I will go, I shall go, to see what the end will be.

When once your hand is to the sword,
I will go, I shall go, to see what the end will be.
There's no retreat till you see the Lord.
I will go, I shall go, to see what the end will be.

"LIT'L DAVID PLAY ON YO' HARP"

Lit'l David play on your harp, Hallelu, Hallelu
Lit'l David paly on your harp, Hallelu.

David had a harp, it had ten strings
Touch one string and the whole Heaven rings.

I said to David, "Come play me a piece."
David said to me, "How can I play, when I am in a
strange land."

Lit'l David play on your harp, Hallelu, Hallelu
Lit'l David play on your harp, Hallelu,

"WADE IN DE WATER"

Wade in de water, wade in de water, go down
Wade in de water, wade in de water and-a be-a baptised.

I would not be a sinner,
I tell you de reason why,
'Cause if my Lorda shoulda call on me,
I wouldn't be ready to die.
Wade in etc.

I would not be a backslider,
I tell you de reason why,
'Cause if my Lorda shoulda call on me,
I wouldn't be ready to die.
Wade in etc.

"CAMPMEETIN' "

Oh, get you ready chillun,
Get you ready chillun,
Oh, get you ready chillun,
Dere's a great campmeetin'
In de promis' lan'.
Gon' to mourn and never tire,
Dere's a great campmeetin'
In de Promis' Lan'.

Oh walk together chillun,
Dere's a great campmeetin'
In de Promis' Lan'.

Oh sing together chillun,
Dere's a great campmeetin'
In de Promis' Lan'.

Goin' to fly and never tire,
Dere's a great campmeetin'
In de Promis' Lan'.

"ZION WEEP-A-LOW"

Zion, weep-a-low, Zion, weep-a-low,
Zion, weep-a-low, den a hallelujah to de Lamb.
My Jesus walkin' down de heav'nly road,
Out of His mouth came a two edged sword.
Oh, what kind a sword is that you talkin' about?
The word of God is like a two edged sword.
Zion, weep-a-low, etc.
Zion's been a weepin' all de day, sayin',
Come poor sinner come an' pray.
With a palm of vic'try ina my hand,
Goin' marchin' up a that golden strand.
Zion, weep-a-low, etc.
I've never been to hea'm though I've been told,
That the streets are pearl and the gates are gold.
De heav'n is so high and I'm so low,
That I don't know whether I'll ever get to heav'n
or no.
Zion weep-a-low, etc.

WHO'LL BE A WITNESS FOR MY LORD?

My soul is a witness for my Lord,
You read in the Bible an' you understand',
Methuselah was de oldes' man,
He lived nine hundred an' sixty nine,
He died an' went to heaven, Lord, ina due time.
O, Methuselah was a witness for my Lord
You read in the Bible an' you understand'.
Sampson was the strongest man;
Sampson went out ata one time,
An' he killed about a thousan' of de Philistine.
Delilah fooled Sampson, disa we know,
For de Holy Bible tells us so.
She shaved off his head jus' as clean as yo' han'.
An' his strength became de same as any natch'al man.
O, Sampson was a witness for my Lord,
Now Daniel was a Hebrew child,
He went to pray to his God a while,
De King at once for Daniel did sen',
An' he put him right down in de lion's den;
God sent His angels de lions for to keep,
An' Daniel laid down an' went to sleep.
Now Daniel was a witness for my Lord,
O, who'll be a witness for my Lord?
My soul is a witness for my Lord.

HERE IS ONE

Talk about a child that do love Jesus, here is one.
Talk about a child aint got no mother, here is one, etc

THE CRUCIFIXION

(He Never Said a Murmuring Word)
Wasn't it a pity and a shame?
He never said a murmuring word,
Not a word, not a word, not a word.
They nailed Him to the tree!
And He never said a murmuring word
Not a word, not a word, not a word.
They pierced Him in the side!
And He never said a murmuring word
The blood came twinkling down!
And He never said a murmuring word
Not a word, not a word, not a word.
He bowed His head and died!
And He never said a murmuring word
Not a word, not a word, not a word.

"I FEEL LIKE MY TIME AIN'T LONG"

Arranged by Gustav Klemm
I feel like my time ain't long,
Went to the graveyard the other day,
I feel like my time ain't long,
I looked at the place where my mother lay,
I feel like my time ain't long.
Sometimes I'm up, sometimes I'm down,
I feel like my time ain't long,
And sometimes I'm almost on the ground,
I feel like my time ain't long.

"CITY CALLED HEAVEN"

Arranged by Hall Johnson
I am a po' pilgrim of sorrow,
I'm tossed in dis wide worl' alone,
No hope have I for tomorrow,
I've started to make heav'n my home.
Sometimes I am toss-ted an' driven,
Sometimes I don't know where to roam,
I heard of a city called Heaven,
I've started to make it my home.
My mother has reached that pure glory,
My father's still walking in sin,
My brothers an' sisters won't own me,
Because I am try'n to get in.
Sometimes I am toss-ted an' driven,
Sometimes I don't know where to roam,
I heard of a city called Heaven,
I've started to make it my home.

"HOLD ON!"

Arranged by Hall Johnson
Noah, Noah, lemme come in, Do's all fast'n an de
winder's pin d,
Keep yo' hand on de plow, Hold on, Hold on!
Mary had a golden chain, ev'ry link was Jesus' name,
Keep yo' hand on de plow, Hold on, Hold on!
If you wanna go to Heb'n, I'll tell you how,
Jus' keep yo' han' on de gospel plow, Hold on, Hold on