

Joseph Haydn (1732-1809)

From *6 English Canzonettas (Set I)* (1794)

Anne Hunter

The Mermaid's Song

Now the dancing sunbeams play
On the green and glassy sea,
Come, and I will lead the way
Where the pearly treasures be.

Come with me, and we will go
Where the rocks of coral grow.
Follow, follow, follow me.

Come, behold what treasures lie
Far below the rolling waves,
Riches, hid from human eye,
Dimly shine in ocean's caves.
Ebbing tides bear no delay,
Stormy winds are far away.

Recollection

The season comes when first we met,
But you return no more.
Why cannot I the days forget,
Which time can ne'er restore?
O days too fair, too bright to last,
Are you indeed forever past?

The fleeting shadows of delight
In memory I trace;
In fancy stop their rapid flight
And all the past replace.
But ah! I wake to endless woes,
And tears the fading visions close.

A Pastoral Song

My mother bids me bind my hair
With bands of rosy hue,
Tie up my sleeves with ribbons rare,
And lace my bodice blue.

For why, she cries, sit still and weep,
While others dance and play?
Alas! I scarce can go or creep,
While Lubin is away.

'Tis sad to think the days are gone,
When those we love were near;
I sit upon this mossy stone,
And sigh when none can hear.

And while I spin my flaxen thread,
And sing my simple lay,
The village seems asleep, or dead,
Now Lubin is away.

Pleasing Pain

Far from this throbbing bosom haste,
Ye doubts, ye fears, that lay it waste;
Dear anxious days of pleasing pain,
Fly never to return again.

But ah, return ye smiling hours,
By careless fancy crown'd with flow'rs;
Come, fairy joys and wishes gay,
And dance in sportive rounds away.

So shall the moments gaily glide
O'er various life's tumultuous tide,
Nor sad regrets disturb their course
To calm oblivion's peaceful source.

From *6 English Canzonettas (Set II)* (1794-5)

She never told her love

William Shakespeare

She never told her love,
But let concealment,
Like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek...
She sat like patience
On a monument,
Smiling at grief.

Sailor's Song

Anonymous

High on the giddy bending mast
The seaman furls the rending sail,
And, fearless of the rushing blast,
He careless whistles to the gale.

Rattling ropes and rolling seas!
Hurly burly, hurly burly!
War nor death can him displease.
Hurly burly, hurly burly.

The hostile foe his vessel seeks,
High bounding o'er the raging main.
The roaring cannon loudly speaks
'Tis Britain's glory we maintain.

Rattling ropes and rolling seas!
Hurly burly, hurly burly!
War nor death can him displease.
Hurly burly, hurly burly.

Haydn's English Grand Piano, Longman & Broderip, London, 1794-5, with a compass of 5½ octaves. Cobbe Collection, Hatchlands Park. Lent by courtesy of the Trustees of The Cobbe Collection Trust. Adopted for 2022 by Sir Sydney and Lady Lipworth. Tuned by Paul McNulty.

This piano was brought by Haydn to his home in Vienna on his return from London in 1795. It was certainly played by Beethoven and seen, played upon and described in his journals by Vincent Novello in 1829.