

# WIGMORE HALL

Thursday 13 October 2022  
7.30pm

## Birthday Celebration for Ralph

Roderick Williams baritone

Susie Allan piano

Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)	The Splendour Falls (?1896)
Charles Wood (1866-1926)	Fortune and her wheel
Ralph Vaughan Williams	Linden Lea (1901)
Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)	Chanson écossaise from <i>Chants populaires</i> (1910)
Max Bruch (1838-1920)	O saw ye my father? (pub. ?1863)
Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)	Down by the Salley Gardens (1919)
Grace Williams (1906-1977)	Jim Cro (1936)
George Butterworth (1885-1916)	Roving in the dew (1912)
Gustav Holst (1874-1934)	Darest thou now, O Soul (c.1905)
Ina Boyle (1889-1967)	The Last Invocation (1913)
Ivor Gurney (1890-1937)	Reconciliation (1919)
Ralph Vaughan Williams	A Clear Midnight from <i>3 Poems by Walt Whitman</i> (?1925)
Charles Villiers Stanford (1852-1924)	Joy, Shipmate, Joy! from <i>6 Songs of Faith</i> Op. 97 (1906)
Ruth Gipps (1921-1999)	The Pulley (1939)
Ralph Vaughan Williams	The Call from <i>5 Mystical Songs</i> (1911)
	The Twilight People (1925)
Herbert Howells (1892-1983)	The sorrow of love (1911)
Elizabeth Maconchy (1907-1994)	The Wind and the Rain from <i>4 Shakespeare Songs</i> (1965)
Hubert Parry (1848-1918)	Under the greenwood tree (1903)
Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)	Take, O Take Those Lips Away
Ralph Vaughan Williams	When icicles hang by the wall (1925)
Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)	Who is Sylvia? from <i>Let us garlands bring</i> Op. 18 (1938)
	<i>Interval</i>
Ralph Vaughan Williams	Songs of Travel (1901-4)
	<i>The vagabond • Let beauty awake •</i>
	<i>The roadside fire • Youth and love • In dreams •</i>
	<i>The infinite shining heavens • Whither must I wander? •</i>
	<i>Bright is the ring of words •</i>
	<i>I have trod the upward and the downward slope</i>
	Menelaus from <i>4 Last Songs</i> (1954-8)

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Reflecting on her time as **Vaughan Williams's** student, the composer **Ruth Gipps** said of him that 'he was the only altogether good person I have ever met.' He had a particular talent for companionship, and over the course of his 85 years accrued a rich network of close friends and supporters, many of whom were important figures in 20th-century British music. It feels particularly appropriate, then, to celebrate his 150th birthday year with a concert dedicated to his many pupils, teachers, friends and colleagues.

We open with two songs to Tennyson poems. The first song, 'The Splendour Falls', was one of Vaughan Williams's earlier efforts in the genre, and extends an invitation to a sumptuous fantasy world. This text was also set by **Charles Wood**, in the same group as 'Fortune and her wheel'. Vaughan Williams was taught by Wood while at Cambridge, and he considered Wood the 'finest technical instructor I have ever known' - even if he did not have 'the gift of inspiring enthusiasm or of leading to the higher planes of musical thought.'

The songs in the first half of tonight's concert fall broadly into three groups on themes significant to Vaughan Williams - the first are based on folksongs, the second set to texts by the American poet Walt Whitman, and Shakespeare is the poet for the third group. The folk arrangements represented here demonstrate the wide range of responses inspired by the early 20th-century fascination with folk music and national identity. Vaughan Williams's teachers **Maurice Ravel** and **Max Bruch** present us with European interpretations of Scottish songs. To European composers Scotland was a place of mystery and exoticism, providing a verdant source of inspiration, with Ravel alluding to the bagpipes in 'Chanson écossaise'.

The rendition of 'Down by the Salley Gardens' by Vaughan Williams's colleague **Rebecca Clarke** is exquisitely simple, the stripped-back piano part allowing the singer's voice to shine. She penned this piece in a single day while on a performance tour to Hawaii, and the delicate accompaniment may have been evoking the Chinese music that she heard there. Vaughan Williams and Clarke remained friends until he died, but he was much closer with **George Butterworth**, with whom he went on a number of folksong collecting expeditions. Butterworth's *Folk Songs from Sussex* came from trips such as these, and 'Roving in the dew' is one of the most jovial of the set.

'Darest Thou Now, O Soul' brings us to the Whitman songs. **Holst** and Vaughan Williams were lifelong friends, first meeting at the Royal College of Music when they were both students of **Charles Villiers Stanford**. They criticised each other's work and shared their passions - of which Whitman's sensual, transcendental poetry was one. Vaughan Williams returned to Whitman time and again, his expansive philosophical writing inspiring works as dissimilar as the bombastic First Symphony and the introspective, meditative song 'A clear midnight'.

**Ina Boyle** wrote her Whitman setting in 1913, a decade before she began studying with Vaughan Williams, but his influence is nonetheless evident - more so than in the

music of his other students on tonight's programme (the others being Gipps, **Ivor Gurney**, **Grace Williams**, **Elizabeth Maconchy** and **Madeleine Dring**). Teaching is an important part of Vaughan Williams's legacy, for he single-handedly nurtured an entire generation of British music, supporting a wide range of musical voices. Boyle and Gipps were perhaps closest to his own style, whereas Maconchy, in her Shakespeare song 'The Wind and the Rain', for example, embraces a rhythmic intensity and expressive dissonance that goes far beyond Vaughan Williams, her piano part evoking a relentless driving rainfall.

The Whitman settings are succeeded by three spiritual songs, dealing with God, death and love. 'The Twilight People' is one of Vaughan Williams's most striking songs. He gives no time signature, allowing the singer to shape the phrases freely throughout, and uses sweeping melodic lines full of dissonance to create the crying from the trees. From the stillness of this song Maconchy launches us into the Shakespeare settings which present five radically different responses to the playwright. **Hubert Parry** - another of Vaughan Williams's tutors - takes a characteristically forthright approach to 'Under the greenwood tree' from *As You Like It*, while 'Take, O Take Those Lips Away' is given a wistful, melancholy treatment by Dring. She wrote extensively for the theatre, and her dramatic affinities are evident here. This song could easily grace the theatrical stage, unlike the other settings which are obviously intended for the concert hall. The first half closes with a sprightly offering from Vaughan Williams's friend **Gerald Finzi**, celebrating the beautiful Sylvia from *Two Gentlemen of Verona*.

Premièred in 1904, the *Songs of Travel* are now among Vaughan Williams's best-known pieces. They are his interpretation of a 'wayfarer' song cycle where we join the protagonist on a journey - be it to find love, happiness, death, or on a more introspective process of self-discovery. In Vaughan Williams's vision, setting texts by Robert Louis Stevenson, human and nature are intimately connected. The singer travels through the English landscape, passing 'hill and heather' and 'uncountable angel stars' on the road with 'jolly heaven above'. His interest in folksong shines through, especially in 'Whither must I wander?' After the protagonist sets out on their journey with the evocative chords of 'The vagabond' establishing a waking rhythm, they find love in one of Vaughan Williams's most beautiful and idealistic songs, 'Let beauty awake'. Their passions are, of course, not without their complexities - 'In dreams' is the melancholy heart of the set, the singer lamenting in twisting, chromatic lines.

'Menelaus' comes from Vaughan Williams's final songs, written between 1954 and 1958 to texts by his wife Ursula. He said the voice 'can be made the medium of the best and deepest human emotion', and nowhere is this more clear than in this song where Ursula adopts the perspective of Helen of Troy's husband, imploring her to return to him.

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## Ralph Vaughan Williams (1872-1958)

### The Splendour Falls (?1896)

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

The splendour falls on castle walls  
And snowy summits old in story:  
The long light shakes across the lakes,  
And the wild cataract leaps in glory:  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear how thin and clear,  
And thinner, clearer, farther going!  
O sweet and far from hill and scar  
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!  
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:  
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,  
They faint on hill or field or river:  
Our echoes roll from soul to soul  
And grow for ever and for ever.  
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,  
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

## Charles Wood (1866-1926)

### Fortune and her wheel

*Alfred, Lord Tennyson*

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;  
Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;  
With that wild wheel we go not up or down;  
Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands;  
Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;  
For man is man and master of his fate.

Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.'

## Ralph Vaughan Williams

### Linden Lea (1901)

*William Barnes*

Within the woodlands, flow'ry gladed,  
By the oak trees' mossy moot,  
The shining grass blades, timber-shaded,  
Now do quiver underfoot;  
And birds do whistle overhead,  
And water's bubbling in its bed;  
And there, for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

When leaves, that lately were a-springing,  
Now do fade within the copse,  
And painted birds do hush their singing,  
Up upon the timber tops;  
And brown-leaved fruit's a-turning red,  
In cloudless sunshine overhead,  
With fruit for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

Let other folk make money faster  
In the air of dark-room'd towns;  
I don't dread a peevish master,  
Though no man may heed my frowns.  
I be free to go abroad,  
Or take again my homeward road  
To where, for me, the apple tree  
Do lean down low in Linden Lea.

## Maurice Ravel (1875-1937)

### Chanson ecossaise from *Chants populaires* (1910)

*Robert Burns*

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,  
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?  
How can ye chaunt, ye little birds,  
And I'm sae weary fu' o' care?

Ye'll break my heart, ye warbling bird,  
That warbles on the flowry thorn,  
Ye mind me o' departed joys.  
Departed never to return.

Oft hae I rov'd by bonnie Doon,  
By morning and by evening shine  
To hear the birds sing o' their loves  
As fondly I sang o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I stretch'd my hand  
And pu'd a rosebud from the tree.  
But my fause lover stole the rose,  
And ah, she left the thorn wi' me.

## Max Bruch (1838-1920)

### O saw ye my father?

(pub. ?1863)

*Anonymous*

O saw ye my Father,  
Or saw ye my Mother,  
Or saw ye my true love John?  
I saw not your Father,  
I saw not your Mother,  
But I saw your true love John.

It's now ten at night,  
And the stars gi'e nae light,  
And the bells they ring, ding dong;  
He's met wi' some delay,  
That causeth him to stay,  
But he will be here ere long.

## Rebecca Clarke (1886-1979)

### Down by the Salley Gardens (1919)

*WB Yeats*

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;  
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

## Grace Williams (1906-1977)

### Jim Cro (1936)

*Traditional*

Dacw Mam yn dwad  
Ar ben y Gamfa Wen,  
Rhywbeth yn ei  
ffedog  
A phiser ar ei phen;  
Y fuwch yn y beudy  
Yn brefu am y llo,  
A'r llo'r ochor  
arall  
Yn chware Jim Cro:  
Jim Cro Crystn,  
Wan, tŵ, ffôr;  
A'r mochyn bach yn eistedd  
Morddel ar y stôl.

Dafi bach a minne  
Yn mynd i Aberdâr;  
Dafi'n mofyn ceiliog  
A minne'n mofyn iâr;

### Jim Cro

Here's Mummy coming  
over the white stile,  
with something on her  
apron  
and a pitcher on her head;  
the cow is in the cowshed  
lowing for her calf,  
and the calf is on the  
other side  
playing Jim Crow:  
Jim Crow Crust  
one, two, four;  
and the little pig is sitting  
pretty on the stool.

Little Davy and me  
going to Aberdare Fair;  
Davy wants a cockerel  
and I want a hen;

Shoni Brica Moni  
Yn mofyn buwch a llo,  
A merlyn bach, a mochyn,  
A cheiliog  
"go-go-go."  
Ceiliog bach y dandi  
Yn crio trwy y nos,  
Eisic benthg ceiniog  
I brynu gwasgod coch -  
Jim Cro Crystn,  
Wan, tŵ, ffôr;  
A'r mochyn bach yn eistedd  
Morddel ar y stôl.

Shoni Brica Moni  
has a cow and a calf,  
a little goat and a pig  
and a cockerel -  
"Cock-a-doodle-doo!"  
The bantam cockerel  
is crying through the night.  
Wanting to borrow a penny  
to buy a red waistcoat -  
Jim Crow Crust  
one, two, four;  
and the little pig is sitting  
pretty on the stool.

## George Butterworth (1885-1916)

### Roving in the dew (1912)

*Traditional*

'Where are you going to, my pretty fair maid,  
Red rosy cheeks and coal-black hair?'  
'I'm going a milking, kind sir,' she answered me,  
'For roving in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.'

'What is your father then, my pretty fair maid,  
Red rosy cheeks and coal-black hair?'  
'My father's a farmer, kind sir,' she answered me,  
'For roving in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.'

'What is your mother then, my pretty fair maid,  
Red rosy cheeks and coal-black hair?'  
'The wife of my father, kind sir,' she answered me,  
'For roving in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.'

'May I come along with you, my pretty fair maid,  
Red rosy cheeks and coal-black hair?'  
'Just as it please you, kind sir,' she answered me,  
'For roving in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.'

'Suppose I ran away from you, my pretty fair maid,  
Red rosy cheeks and coal-black hair?'  
'The devil may run after you, I will stand and laugh at you,  
For roving in the dew makes the milk-maids fair.'

## Gustav Holst (1874-1934)

### Darest thou now, O Soul (c.1905)

*Walt Whitman*

Darest thou now O Soul,  
Walk out with me toward the Unknown Region,  
Where neither ground is for the feet  
Nor any path to follow?

No map there, nor guide,  
Nor voice sounding, no touch of human hand,  
Nor face with blooming flesh,  
Nor lips, nor eyes, are in that land.

I know it not O Soul;  
Nor dost thou -- all is a blank before us;  
All waits, undream'd of, in that region,  
That inaccessible land.

Till when the ties loosen,  
All but the ties eternal, Time and Space,  
Nor darkness, gravitation, sense,  
Nor any bounds, bounding us.

Then we burst forth -- we float,  
In Time and Space, O Soul, prepared for them;  
Equal, equipt at last, --  
(O joy! O fruit of all!) them to fulfil, O Soul.

**Ina Boyle** (1889-1967)

**The Last Invocation** (1913)

*Walt Whitman*

At the last, tenderly,  
From the walls of the powerful, fortress'd house,  
From the clasp of the knitted locks --  
From the keep of the well-closed doors,  
Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
With a key of softness unlock the locks -- with a whisper,  
Set ope the doors, O Soul!

Tenderly! be not impatient!  
(Strong is thy hold, O mortal flesh!  
Strong is thy hold, O Love.)

**Ivor Gurney** (1890-1937)

**Reconciliation** (1919)

*Walt Whitman*

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,  
Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time  
be utterly lost,  
That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly  
softly wash again, and ever again, this soil'd world;

For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,  
I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin -- I  
draw near,  
Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face in  
the coffin.

**Ralph Vaughan Williams**

**A Clear Midnight from 3 Poems by Walt  
Whitman** (?1925)

*Walt Whitman*

This is thy hour, O Soul, thy free flight into the wordless,  
Away from books, away from art, the day erased, the  
lesson done,  
Thee fully forth emerging, silent, gazing, pondering the  
themes thou lovest best,  
Night, sleep, death, and the stars.

**Charles Villiers Stanford** (1852-1924)

**Joy, Shipmate, Joy! from 6 Songs of Faith  
Op. 97** (1906)

*Walt Whitman*

Joy, shipmate, joy!  
(Pleas'd to my soul at death I cry,)  
Our life is closed, our life begins,  
The long, long anchorage we leave,  
The ship is clear at last, she leaps!  
She swiftly courses from the shore,  
Joy, shipmate, joy.

**Ruth Gipps** (1921-1999)

**The Pulley** (1939)

*George Herbert*

When God at first made man,  
Having a glass of blessings standing by,  
'Let us,' said he, 'pour on him all we can.  
Let the world's riches, which dispersd lie,  
Contract into a span.'

So strength first made a way,  
Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure.  
When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
Perceiving that, of all his treasure,  
Rest in the bottom lay.

'For if I should,' said he,  
'Bestow this jewel also on my creature,  
He would adore my gifts instead of me,  
And rest in nature, not the God of nature;  
So both should losers be.

'Yet let him keep the rest,  
But keep them with repining restlessness.  
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,  
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
May toss him to my breast.'

## Ralph Vaughan Williams

### The Call from 5 Mystical Songs (1911)

George Herbert

Come, my Way, my Truth, my Life:  
Such a Way, as gives us breath:  
Such a Truth, as ends all strife:  
And such a Life, as killeth death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength:  
Such a Light, as shows a feast:  
Such a Feast, as mends in length:  
Such a Strength, as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart:  
Such a Joy, as none can move:  
Such a Love, as none can part:  
Such a Heart, as joys in love.

### The Twilight People (1925)

Seumas O'Sullivan

It is a whisper among the hazel bushes;  
It is a long low whispering voice that fills  
With a sad music the bending and swaying rushes;  
It is a heart beat deep in the quiet hills.

Twilight people, why will you still be crying,  
Crying and calling to me out of the trees?  
For under the quiet grass the wise are lying,  
And all the strong ones are gone over the seas.

And I am old, and in my heart at your calling  
Only the old dead dreams afluttering go;  
As the wind, the forest wind, in its falling  
Set the withered leaves fluttering to and fro.

### Herbert Howells (1892-1983)

#### The sorrow of love (1911)

Seumas O'Sullivan

I whispered my great sorrow  
To ev'ry list'ning sedge;  
And they bent, bowed with my sorrow  
Down to the water's edge.

But she stands and laughs lightly  
To see me sorrow so,  
Like the light winds that laughing  
Across the waters go.

If I could tell the bright ones  
That quiet-hearted move,  
They would bend down like the sedges  
With the sorrow of love.

But she stands and laughs lightly  
Who all my sorrow [sorrow?] knows,  
Like the little wind that laughing  
Across the water blows.

## Elizabeth Maconchy (1907-1994)

### The Wind and the Rain from 4 Shakespeare Songs (1965)

William Shakespeare

When that I was and a little tiny boy,  
With hey, ho, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
A foolish thing was but a toy,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,  
With hey, ho, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I come, alas! to wive,  
With hey, ho, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
By swaggering could I never thrive,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,  
With hey, ho, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,  
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,  
With hey, ho, hey, ho, the wind and the rain,  
But that's all one, our play is done,  
And we'll strive to please you every day.

## Hubert Parry (1848-1918)

### Under the greenwood tree (1903)

William Shakespeare

Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me,  
And turn his merry note  
Unto the sweet bird's throat,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,  
And loves to live i' the sun,  
Seeking the food he eats,  
And pleas'd with what he gets,  
Come hither, come hither, come hither:  
Here shall he see  
No enemy  
But winter and rough weather.

If it do come to pass  
That any man turn ass,  
Leaving his wealth and ease,  
A stubborn will to please,  
Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:  
Here shall he see  
Gross fools as he,  
An if he will come to me.  
Under the greenwood tree  
Who loves to lie with me.

## Madeleine Dring (1923-1977)

### Take, O Take Those Lips Away

*Anonymous*

Take, o take those lips away,  
That so sweetly were forsworn;  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn:  
But my kisses bring again;  
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain.

## Ralph Vaughan Williams

### When icicles hang by the wall (1925)

*William Shakespeare*

When icicles hang by the wall  
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail;  
When blood is nipt and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl:  
Tu-who!  
Tu-whit! Tu-who! -- A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;  
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl  
Then nightly sings the staring owl:  
Tu-who!  
Tu-whit! Tu-who! -- A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

## Gerald Finzi (1901-1956)

### Who is Sylvia? from *Let us garlands bring*

*Op. 18 (1938)*

*William Shakespeare*

Who is Silvia? what is she,  
That all our swains commend her?

Holy, fair and wise is she;  
The heavens such grace did lend her,  
That she might admirèd be.

Is she kind as she is fair?  
For beauty lives with kindness.  
Love doth to her eyes repair,  
To help him of his blindness,  
And being helped, inhabits there.

Then to Silvia let us sing,  
That Silvia is excelling;  
She excels each mortal thing  
Upon the dull earth dwelling;  
To her let us garlands bring.

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## Interval

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## Ralph Vaughan Williams

### Songs of Travel (1901-4)

*Robert Louis Stevenson*

### The vagabond

Give to me the life I love,  
Let the lave go by me,  
Give the jolly heaven above,  
And the byway nigh me.  
Bed in the bush with stars to see,  
Bread I dip in the river -  
There's the life for a man like me,  
There's the life for ever.

Let the blow fall soon or late,  
Let what will be o'er me;  
Give the face of earth around,  
And the road before me.  
Wealth I seek not, hope nor love,  
Nor a friend to know me;  
All I seek, the heaven above,  
And the road below me.

Or let autumn fall on me  
Where afield I linger,  
Silencing the bird on tree,  
Biting the blue finger.  
White as meal the frosty field—  
Warm the fireside haven—  
Not to autumn will I yield,  
Not to winter even!

Let the blow fall soon or late...

## Let beauty awake

Let beauty awake in the morn from beautiful dreams,  
Beauty awake from rest!  
Let beauty awake  
For beauty's sake  
In the hour when the birds awake in the brake  
And the stars are bright in the west!

Let beauty awake in the eve from the slumber of day,  
Awake in the crimson eve!  
In the day's dusk end  
When the shades ascend,  
Let her wake to the kiss of a tender friend,  
To render again and receive!

## The roadside fire

I will make you brooches and toys for your delight  
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night,  
I will make a palace fit for you and me  
Of green days in forests, and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,  
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom;  
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white  
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,  
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!  
That only I remember, that only you admire,  
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

## Youth and love

To the heart of youth the world is a highwayside.  
Passing for ever, he fares; and on either hand,  
Deep in the gardens golden pavilions hide,  
Nestle in orchard bloom, and far on the level land  
Call him with lighted lamp in the eventide.

Thick as stars at night when the moon is down,  
Pleasures assail him. He to his nobler fate  
Fares; and but waves a hand as he passes on,  
Cries but a wayside word to her at the garden gate,  
Sings but a boyish stave and his face is gone.

## In dreams

In dreams unhappy, I behold you stand  
As heretofore:  
The unremember'd tokens in your hand  
Avail no more.

No more the morning glow, no more the grace,  
Enshrines, endears.  
Cold beats the light of time upon your face  
And shows your tears.

He came and went. Perchance you wept awhile  
And then forgot.  
Ah me! but he that left you with a smile  
Forgets you not.

## The infinite shining heavens

The infinite shining heavens  
Rose, and I saw in the night  
Uncountable angel stars  
Showering sorrow and light.

I saw them distant as heaven,  
Dumb and shining and dead,  
And the idle stars of the night  
Were dearer to me than bread.

Night after night in my sorrow  
The stars looked over the sea,  
Till lo! I looked in the dusk  
And a star had come down to me.

## Whither must I wander?

Home no more home to me, whither must I wander?  
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.  
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather:  
Thick drives the rain and my roof is in the dust.

Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,  
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door -  
Dear days of old with the faces in the firelight,  
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,  
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.  
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;  
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.

Now when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,  
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.  
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,  
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,  
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and  
flowers;  
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,  
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours.



Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood -  
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;  
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney -  
But I go for ever and come again no more.

### **Bright is the ring of words**

Bright is the ring of words  
When the right man rings them,  
Fair the fall of songs  
When the singer sings them,  
Still they are carolled and said -  
On wings they are carried -  
After the singer is dead  
And the maker buried.

Low as the singer lies  
In the field of heather,  
Songs of his fashion bring  
The swains together.  
And when the west is red  
With the sunset embers,  
The lover lingers and sings  
And the maid remembers.

### **I have trod the upward and the downward slope**

I have trod the upward and the downward slope;  
I have endured and done in days before;  
I have longed for all, and bid farewell to hope;  
And I have lived and loved, and closed the door.

### **Menelaus from *4 Last Songs* (1954-8)**

*Ursula Vaughan Williams*

You will come home, not to the home you knew  
That your thought remembers, going from rose to rose

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